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[MARTINGALE GIVING HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS ACCOMPLICES.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

His mind, like Time's repository, stored
With scraps of curious knowledge, gleaned
In the strange nooks and corners of the world,
Where solitary Wisdom hides her gems.
Science to him was a familiar thing;
The only mistress which knows no deceit.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

THE village of Mortlake has frequently been noted for the singular characters who have taken up their abode there. In the reign of Elizabeth, it was celebrated as the residence of that learned charlatan, Dr. Dee, the alchemist, scholar, mathematician, and astronomer, respecting whom tradition has handed down so many curious legends. The house which he occupied, in the early part of the present century was used as a school; in fact, it has only disappeared within the last twenty years. On more than one occasion, Elizabeth rode from her Palace of Sheen, to consult its owner there. During her long reign, she manifested a confidence in the arch impostor which would almost lead us to question the masculine vigour of a mind which procured for its possessor, not only from her courtiers and flatterers, but from poets and grave historians, the epithet of "England's Lion Queen." In an old mansion, which is still standing, Colonel Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, resided—there is even reason to suppose that the Protector himself occasionally inhabited it; for the house still goes by his name. It is a singular old place: an oak-panelled room is shown as the bed-chamber of the great regicide; leading from it is a secret staircase, or rather the remains of one, which communicates with the vaults below; from whence a subterranean passage—part of which we have explored—is reported to extend to the opposite side of the Thames.

This was the house which, by the direction of Meeran Hafaz, Colonel Mowbray had taken, and to which it was intended to remove his niece, for the furtherance of their unprincipled design against her happiness. The place was well suited for such a purpose: high walls surround the gardens on either side, and the wings are joined by an iron grille and gates, which extend the entire length of

the main body of the building, of which several of the upper rooms, judging from the grated windows and the massive bars still remaining on the outside of the thick oaken doors, have been used as prisons.

Most of the localities in England which have been rendered remarkable by traditions, either of superstition or crime, influence in some degree the character, feelings, and opinions of their inhabitants. Thus the Protestant citizens of Glastonbury are devout believers in the miraculous thorn in the ruins of the ancient abbey of that city—which thorn is said to put forth leaves and flowers on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour; the country-people near Bury St. Edmund's still think it unlucky for a bridal party to pass over the bridge under which the patron saint of the town was slain by his pagan enemies, and frequently go miles to avoid it; the Cornish miners retain a peculiar veneration for St. Michael, who has given his name to their picturesque mount; and at Durham, many will be found to assert that St. Cuthbert, who was so capricious in the choice of his burial-place, keeps watch over the stately pile where his ashes finally repose.

It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the inhabitants of Mortlake, who retain many confused traditions of Dr. Dee and his marvellous stone, even at the present day are slightly tinged with superstition. It is a common opinion amongst them, that Cromwell House is haunted; and even those who affect to laugh at the supposition, preter, at night, walking a considerable distance out of their road, to passing near it.

The arrival of so singular a personage as the Khan set all the tongues of the village in motion. The house he had taken was detached from the street by a large field, at the bottom of which it stood. He received no visitors, employed no servant, spoke with no one; twice every week the Richmond carrier deposited at his gate a basket, supposed to contain his provisions. The only thing positively known respecting him was, that he had a cage with two enormous serpents in his room,—some said he worshipped them; others, that, by a compact he had made with a certain dark personage, he was doomed, as the price of his services, to nourish them with his own blood,—and an enormous tortoiseshell cat—as they styled the hunting-leopard.

From their error respecting the cheetah, we may imagine that, forty years ago, a menagerie had never, or very rarely, visited the place. So great was the curiosity and excitement, that the rumour of Cromwell House being

about to be inhabited scarcely caused an inquiry as to the name of the new occupant; nothing was talked or thought of but the Khan.

The renegade was seated in his lonely chamber, near a table on which were several skulls, which, to all appearance, had but lately been the seat alike of life and reason, for the hair and flesh still adhered to them; beside him were scattered several surgical instruments; whilst in the centre of the room was a singular-looking frame—consisting of two semicircular pieces of wood, lined and padded, capable of being opened or shut by means of screws: the height of the machine was just sufficient to inclose the head of a person of moderate height seated in the chair to the back of which it was attached.

The cage, with the two serpents, stood by the window; the cheetah, with its chain and collar, was attached to a staple at the opposite end of the apartment.

With a thoughtful air the solitary inmate rose, and, taking one of the heads in his hand, placed it in the frame, and screwed the machine till the skull was so firmly held, that, had it been attached to a living body, it would have been impossible for the owner to have moved it a single line, or shrunk from any torture or operation which the Khan might have thought proper to inflict.

He next seized a large wooden mallet: just as he raised his arm, with the evident intention of striking a severe blow, there was a gentle tap at the door of the cottage. Throwing a cloth over the machinery, he replaced the mallet upon the table, and quitted the room; but returned almost immediately afterwards, accompanied by a thin, weather-beaten old man, with sharp, prying eyes, and frosty-looking features. The visitor carried a faded, rusty-black velvet bag in his hand, which had all the appearance of having been made out of an old pall.

He was the sexton and gravedigger of Mortlake.

"You have kept your promise," observed the Khan.

"Ay!" replied the old man, "although I am far from being assured that it is the part of a prudent man, or even of a good Christian, to do so: were it to become known in the village, I should not only lose my office, but run the risk of being torn in pieces by the women and boys of the place!"

"Fear not!" said the Khan. "I shall not betray you!"

The sexton eyed him with a half-terrified, half-serious air, as he proceeded to open his bag, and place three heads, recently severed from their bodies, but evidently not till after death, upon the table.

"There is little danger of your betraying me!" he replied; "since the consequences would be as fatal to you as to myself: they would burn you alive in your retreat! They already say —"

He paused, as if fearful of offending, and hesitated.

"Well!" said the Khan, "what do they say? Speak freely! Think you I have lived to these years, to feel either surprised or angry at the gossip of a set of ignorant villagers?"

His visitor looked round the room, as if he feared that the echoes of the lonely chamber would repeat his words, and, lowering his voice, demanded if he had ever heard of the famous Dr. Dee.

"Frequently," was the reply; "he was one of the most learned men of the age in which he lived, and, like myself, devoted himself to the pursuits of natural science."

"Natural science!" repeated the man.

"And forbidden, also," continued the renegade; "he was one of those enthusiasts who deceive others, being themselves deceived. But what of him?" he added, in a tone of surprise—for he could not comprehend how a fellow like the sexton should have ever heard of the mystic charlatan.

"He died in Mortlake!" said his visitor, with a knowing air.

"Oh! true—true! I recollect—it was here that Queen Elizabeth used to visit him!"

"Of course you recollect it—you must!" exclaimed the terror-stricken gravedigger, who considered the words of the Khan as a confirmation of his suspicions.

"I have read so," observed the renegade.

"No doubt!" continued the old man, "perhaps you can tell where he was buried? No stone marks the spot; and I have heard the rector say there is no mention of it in the registers!"

He to whom these questions were put, and observations made, looked up, as if to ask why the burial-place of the renowned alchemist should be a point of interest to him.

"I know!" continued the speaker.

"You?"

"I! And if you would like to see yourself again —" correcting himself, he added, "that is, if you have any curiosity to visit the old church, I will point out to you the spot where his body is concealed—for it can scarcely be called buried. I made the discovery years ago, but never had the courage to raise the lid of the old wizard's coffin. Is there any gold in it?"

"I should think not," replied the Khan, with a faint smile; for he had heard of a ridiculous idea, broached by the gossips of the parish, who had taken it into their heads that he was no other than Dr. Dee himself, returned in spirit to haunt the scene of his former achievements.

"Of course you must know!" observed the sexton, with an air of disappointment—for he had entertained an idea that the renowned philosopher and alchemist had been buried with his treasures.

"At least we can ascertain," said the renegade, who felt curious to see the last resting-place of a man respecting whose place of interment so much mystery had been observed, and inspecting his remains. "But, whatever the coffin may contain, I promise not only not to dispute the prize, but to reward you for your compliance with my request."

At the word reward the eyes of the old man glistened, and he glanced at the three cadaverous-looking heads which he had so lately placed upon the table. The Khan understood him, and counted several pieces of gold into his eager hand, the fingers of which were lean and crooked as the claws of a vulture.

"Are you satisfied?" said his employer.

A reluctant "yes!" to which the hungry looks still fixed upon the bag from which the Khan had drawn the coin, gave the lie to the old man's assertion.

"Will you want more heads?" he demanded.

"Bring me as many as you can procure; but I should prefer them from *ayed men*!" was the reply.

"No doubt!" thought the sexton—who fully believed that the speaker employed them, as Friar Bacon is said to have employed the brazen head of old, to draw oracular responses from them—"the older the wiser!" Speaking aloud, he inquired when the singular personage who had so profitably employed him would like to visit the church; adding, that it must be at night.

The Khan advanced towards the window, and noticed that the heavens were overcast, and the distant thunder gave warning of a coming storm. Few persons, on such a night, were likely to wander near the churchyard, or notice their entrance into the sacred building.

"This night," he said.

The old man trembled, but avarice mastered his fears. He assented; but added, that his visitor must come alone.

"Who should accompany me?" demanded the Khan, bitterly. "I am friendless—know no one—love no one—and am beloved by no one! The blasted elm, at the end of the cemetery, is not more withered than my heart!"

"And most likely not half so old!" thought his visitor.

"Probably he planted it himself."

As it wanted rather more than an hour to the time, the sexton took his departure, under pretence of seeking the keys, but in reality to avoid remaining longer beneath the roof, which he firmly believed to be occupied by no earthly inmate.

"You have noticed," he said, as he was leaving, "a small oaken door in the side of the old church tower?"

The renegade nodded, to intimate that he had.

"As soon as the church has struck twelve, I shall be there," continued the speaker; "you need only push it—it will be unlocked; mount to the first chamber, there I will await you—it is not far from the place we seek."

After promising that he would not fail his appointment, the Khan conducted his visitor from the cottage, and drew the heavy bolt athwart the strong oaken door after him.

When he returned, he removed the cloth from the framework on which the skull was fixed, and was about to proceed in some extraordinary experiment, ceremony, or incantation, when he suddenly changed his intention.

"Not now!" he murmured; "there will be time after my visit to the wizard's grave!"

CHAPTER LIX.

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven—
Now we know its woe and texture; it is given,
In the dull catalogue of common things,
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. KEATS.

It is an established and somewhat melancholy fact, that philosophy and science have destroyed much of the poetry of life: for every truth they have disclosed, they have at least deprived the world of one cherished article of superstition—one poetic illusion; driven from towns and cities, the wild and marvellous took refuge in their stronghold, the villages and retired nooks of England; but even there they are being gradually assailed and defeated in detail.

The lover of the mysterious and terrible, at the present day must travel far from the busy haunts of men, before he will meet with one tolerably authenticated ghost story. No sooner have boys and girls escaped from the nursery, than they laugh at its traditions; superstition is cultivated more as a taste than a religion; there are but few right-down believers. Pocklington Hall, which, thirty years ago, it was thought none but a priest could sleep in, would not now remain tenanted; since the trains have run five times a day to Windsor, the inhabitants of the place have lost much of their faith in Herne the Hunter. Our country cousins laugh at the idea of the lion on the top of Northumberland House wagging its tail when it hears the clock strike twelve. We remember once to have met a Scotchman, who pronounced the stains of blood in the apartments of Holyrood House, humbug. From that moment we looked upon the return to the ancient belief in ghosts, ever-burning lamps, treasures guarded by dead misers, and beneficent geni, as hopeless; and endeavoured to school our faith to modern opinions. After all, we fear that we have but partially succeeded. In an old house in the country, on a cheerless winter's night, the impressions of our early years return; and we are once more devout believers, at least till morning. How often have we wished, as the sunbeams streamed through the windows of our hermitage, that we could for awhile live under the poetic influence of fear and superstition!

How much that is magnificent in poetry and painting do we not owe to it! Milton, Dante, Caravaggio, and Shakspeare:

Oh! thou whose spirit most possessed
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast;
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke,
Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

The storm, as the Khan had foreseen, broke, long before the hour of midnight, with fearful violence over Mortlake; the wind moaned and shrieked as it swept round the gables of the houses, and swelled into a perfect hurricane when it broke against the tower of the church—which tower, *par parenthèse*, is much older than the rest of the sacred edifice.

Despite the inclemency of the weather, he sallied forth to keep his appointment with the sexton. He could not rest: not that his mind was disturbed by the war of elements, but his blood was feverish; like most natures which have been crushed, or secluded from their kind, his heart had preyed upon itself; his wisdom was of the character which analyses the granite—not the flowers of the earth—and dwells upon the phases of death, rather than the beauties of existence; he preferred the morbid to the joyous.

As he advanced along the narrow path which conducted to the place of rendezvous, he paused more than once under the impression that he heard footsteps following him; but the raging of the storm and the heavy splashing of the rain he concluded had deceived him.

At last he reached the tower of the church, but not till he had once or twice stumbled over the turf-bound hillocks which crossed his path at every step he took. Pushing the door as the sexton had directed him, he mounted the narrow staircase, and entered a sort of bell-loft or chamber, where, by the dim light of a solitary lantern, he found the old man awaiting his arrival. The last stroke of twelve struck as he made his appearance.

"You are punctual!" observed the gravedigger.

"As death!" replied his visitor. "If I waste my own hours in dreams and idle fancies, I have no right to rob others of their time. Few, perhaps, have so much upon their hands as myself."

His listener shuddered, for the words of the speaker confirmed in his mind the vague, superstitious idea he had conceived concerning him.

"It must indeed be a sad thing," he thought, "not to rest in one's grave!"

Armed with his crow-bar and a lantern, the sexton descended the stairs, closely followed by the Khan. At the bottom of the descent, he pointed to a small mound of earth, which had evidently been recently scraped aside, discovering a small oaken door, studded with nails, and fastened by a bar of iron drawn across.

"Where does this lead to?" demanded the renegade.

"To a vault beneath the tower of the church," replied his conductor. "I discovered it many years since, when a mere youth; for my father held the office of sexton

before me; and, I have heard the rector say, my grandfather before him."

"And you have kept the secret?"

"Religiously," said the old man. "In fact, I never saw how I could gain anything by revealing it. Many have asked me for the resting-place of Dr. Dee, but my finger refused to point it out till it was touched by gold."

With a look of contempt, the Khan motioned him to proceed. By their united efforts they raised the door, which opened from the floor of the tower like a trap, discovering a second flight of stone stairs similar to the first, terminating in a low, arched vault, which was evidently of very ancient date, the groining being exceedingly rude and massive.

The only attempt at ornament in the architecture was in the key-stone of the arch, directly in the centre of the chamber. It represented the head of an angel, with the wings furled at the back. The features had been sculptured by no apprentice hand. They were cold and passionless as death, and yet possessed that terrible style of beauty which appeals to the imagination rather than the reason. As the Khan gazed upon it by the light of the torch—for he had brought one with him—and reflected that, by the account which his companion gave, his were the only human eyes which for half a century had contemplated the spot, he could have fancied that the ange of silence had been transformed into a stone, and trans fixed there as the guardian genius of the place.

"It is indeed a singular recess!" he said, addressing his companion; "is there no record of its existence?"

"None that I ever heard of," was the reply.

"Nor tradition?"

"None," said the sexton; "I only found it out by accident. I don't mind telling you how it occurred. Fifty years ago, I and a few lads of my own age used to steal out at night, and sometimes shoot a deer or some of the smaller game in Richmond Park. On one occasion we were hotly pursued by the keepers: I concealed my companions in the tower of the church. When the hue and cry were over they left me, but were too much frightened with the risk they had encountered to remove the carcass of as fine a buck as ever graced the feast-day of a bishop."

"Well?"

"Well for them, as you will hear, that they did so; for they were most of them taken in the village; but, as the buck could not be found, the justice was compelled to let them go."

"What became of the game?" inquired the Khan.

"I buried it," said the old man; "and, in doing so, discovered the entrance to this vault. So you see that prudence at first kept me silent. See!" he added, pointing with his foot to a few bones which still remained scattered upon the damp floor of the vault, "the beetles and the rats feasted from a haunch fit for the table of a king!"

"Enough!" said his companion, satisfied with his explanation; "show me the wizard's grave!"

His conductor pointed to a stone sarcophagus or coffin, which stood directly in the centre of the vault: it was of unusual size—almost large enough for a tomb. The renegade examined carefully the interstices between the lower part and the lid, and discovered that it would not be difficult to open it. With the assistance of the sexton, he introduced the crow-bar, and the ponderous stone rolled aside with their united efforts.

A rich aromatic odour gradually filled the vault.

Both of them approached to gaze upon the relics of the dead.

In the coffin, dressed in a long mortuary vestment, was the body of a man apparently about eighty years of age; a white, flowing beard descended to his girdle, which was of leather; the hair upon the head, which was covered with a black velvet skull-cap, had been closely shaven. The hands of the dead man were crossed upon his breast; upon one of the fingers glittered a costly ring.

Whilst the Khan stood gazing upon the singular relic before them, the eyes of the sexton wandered alternately from the countenance of the corpse to the features of his companion, as if he expected to trace a resemblance between the living and the dead.

"This," murmured the former, "is the end alike of youth and age—wisdom and ignorance! How many schemes filled that once busy brain! What plots, conspiracies—deceivers or deceived," he added, "it matters now but little which, since, dupe or duper, all that remains is ashes!"

Suddenly the attention of his conductor was caught by the glitter of the gem upon the finger of the corpse. With a grin of satisfaction, he stretched forth his hand to seize it, when that of the dead man, the instant he touched it, appeared to sink into his breast. The terror of the sexton became extreme.

The renegade only smiled. He was perfectly aware that it is no unusual thing for bodies which have been discovered perfect, to fall to dust at the least touch, or even on their exposure to the air.

"Rob not the dead!" he said.

Before the old man could reply, the door of the vault was burst open, and two figures, masked and enveloped in black cloaks or mantles, sprang into the place. The face of the sexton became suddenly blanched with terror, then rigid, as he fell senseless at the foot of the sarcophagus. His companion remained firm and calm, as was his wonted manner.

"What seek you?" he demanded of the intruders.

One of them dashed aside his mask, and disclosed the features of Meeran Hafaz. The other retained his disguise.

"Meeran!" said the Khan.

"Ay, Meeran!" exclaimed the young Indian, passionately; "whom you would betray! I know the interest you take in my rival's welfare—how already you have

preserved him from my just resentment—the suspicions you have conceived against the warrener—the threats you have uttered!”

“Against him,” interrupted his former friend; “but never against you! I loved you till I found my presence was no longer pleasing to you—that I was a check upon your pleasures, though not upon your crimes.”

“Crimes!” repeated the young man; “recall the word!”

“Never!” said the renegade; “it is not my will to die with a lie upon my lips! Strike,” he added, “at the heart of him who watched over your infant years, who was your father’s friend! I shall not resist—my memory will avenge me!”

The masked stranger whispered a few words in the ear of Meeran, when the countenance of the Khan, which had hitherto been impassible, became suddenly animated and flushed with anger.

“*Fratricide* in heart,” he said, “if not in act!—raise your arm, or point a finger at me—dare but to make the slightest movement against my life, and I will circle thee in flames that shall consume thee, or cause the worm to gnaw the living flesh from off thy bones! Fool!” he added, “I may become the sacrifice of my own weakness, but not thy victim!”

As he spoke, he drew from his vest one of those small crystal phials, which are fabricated only in Venice, and stood ready to dash it to the ground at the feet of the colonel—before whom Meeran instantly sprang, as if to shield him from danger. When the speaker saw this, he slowly replaced the vessel in his bosom, at the same time murmuring:

“Not against thee! not against thee!”

The heart of his former pupil and friend was not proof against this unexpected manifestation of affection.

“Let there be peace between us!” he said, addressing him in the language of the East; “and let us converse calmly together.”

“I am always calm with those I love,” replied the old man.

“Answer me,” continued the youth. “I know thou wilt with truth—thou hast threatened the warrener?”

“After he had attempted my life!” said the Khan; “but for the man you hate I should have been numbered with his victims! I owe my preserver gratitude,” he added, firmly, “and will join in no plot against his happiness or safety!”

“And was this the only reason of your quitting me?”

“No other!”

“Hear me,” continued Meeran, whose opinions underwent a complete change from the explanation of the speaker—for Will Sideler had cunningly suppressed that fact in his narration. “Swear to me that you will never, by word, writing, or act, do anything to compromise my honour, or breathe a hint of any suspicion you may have conceived touching the death of Sir William Mowbray, and we are once more friends!”

The renegade remained silent.

“Do you hesitate?” demanded the young Indian, his eyes flashing with anger.

“No!” replied his quondam friend. “I solemnly swear—by your dead father’s memory, your mother’s name, and my eternal hope—never to breathe in human ear a hint of my conviction!”

“Enough!” said Meeran; “I know the man I trust! Farewell!”

Despite the remonstrance of Colonel Mowbray, who had far less reliance on the oath of the Khan than his companion, the speaker left the vault, without attempting the least violence against the life of the man whom they had jointly sought with the fixed determination of destroying.

“Go!” said the old man, sternly, at the same time pointing to the door; “the hour of punishment is but delayed! There is One who needs no proof, nor witness, nor confession—who sees into the heart—who prepares in secret the penalty of crimes like thine—strikes when the culprit deems himself secure, and he is gone! To Him I leave you!”

Without a word, the conscience-stricken colonel left the place.

No sooner had he departed, than the Khan began to take means to recover the old sexton, who still lay in a swoon at the foot of the coffin of Dr. Dee: by means of a pungent essence which he invariably carried on his person, he quickly brought the gravedigger to himself.

“Where am I?” faltered the still terrified wretch, staring wildly around him.

“With the living and the dead!” replied the renegade. “And—they—who are not of this world—the fearful beings who—”

A cold shudder broke his speech, and, with a trembling hand, he wiped the moisture from his brow.

“Are gone,” continued his companion. “Morning soon will dawn—it is time that we departed, too!”

By their joint efforts the ponderous lid of the coffin was replaced, and they left the vault together. They emerged into the open air just as the first grey streak of dawn began to pierce the veil of night; the storm had partially subsided, but the rain still fell heavily. The Khan drew from his vest several pieces of gold, and proffered them as the recompense he had promised.

“No!” said the sexton; “dearly as I love the glittering coin, I will not risk my soul to obtain it!”

The Khan smiled disdainfully, and cast it at his feet.

At an early hour that same day he departed from Mortlake in the same quiet manner he had arrived. None knew where he went, neither did he leave the least trace for love or hate to follow him—he was alone in the world, and had no leave-takings.

The next day all trace of the opening of the vault was effaced, and none of the inhabitants of the village ever

suspected that the burial-place of the wizard had been discovered.

Our readers can comprehend, no doubt, why the old alchemist had taken such precautions that it should remain a secret: he feared, most probably, that his remains should be torn by a superstitious populace from their unhallowed resting-place—hence the doubts which many who have written of him have expressed as to the real spot of his interment. Some have contended that he was buried at Manchester, where he held a valuable preferment. We feel happy to have thus set at rest all further question upon the subject.

Few, if any of our readers, we are sure, will doubt it.

CHAPTER LX.

But vain my suit—my madness vain—
Though gladly from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn those wingers which hung
Like banners furled, and o’er that fire,
Unmoved, in heaven their fragments flung.

MOORE.

WALTER MOWBRAY had drunk from the eyes of the beautiful Therese Colonna the deep, intoxicating draught of love; nor was it long before he won from the fair girl the half-whispered, blushing avowal that his passion was returned.

It is by far the happiest moment of our youth—perhaps of our lives—when first the voice of woman tells us we are loved. The heart, like some vagrant bird which at last has found a mate, forgets its wanderings, and begins the era of a new existence—an existence so pure and sweet, angels might resign their immortality to share it—and gain by the exchange.

O youth—youth! generous, bright, and joyous youth! Age may dim, but not destroy the recollection of thy glorious dreams, or the love which hallows them. They follow us through manhood, cheer us in age, and, like the last lingering sunbeam, rest even on our graves.

Much to the secret annoyance of our hero, his friend could only encounter the object of his heart’s worship at the palace of the Princess Pauline, whose caprice for the young barbarian—as she persisted in calling him—daily increased, manifesting itself in words and looks which it was impossible for the most obtuse comprehension to misconstrue. To the Palazzo Borghese, therefore, he was obliged to accompany him—for Walter never found either its mistress or her fair charge visible when he called alone.

Henry was too generous to let his friend perceive the embarrassment and repugnance these visits caused him.

On the evening appointed by Father O’Hara to conduct the lover of Ellen to the *religieuse*, who he stated could give him the clue he sought to the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray, the two friends, accompanied by their now constant companion, Martingale, walked to the palace of the princess. To the latter, intimate as they had become, Henry had never breathed a word of his rendezvous with the priest: not that he mistrusted him, but the concerns and secrets of his benefactor were, in his eyes, too sacred to be confided even to the ear of friendship.

“Do you not intend to pay your homage to the fair Pauline to-night?” demanded our hero, addressing the traitorous emissary of his rival; at the same time glancing at the morning costume which he still wore.

“Not this evening,” replied Martingale, with a sickly smile. “I have received letters from England which demand an immediate answer.”

“Happy fellow!” exclaimed Henry, with a sigh; “your friends, at least, have not forgotten you! I sometimes think,” he added, “although the idea is too absurd to entertain it seriously, that my correspondence has been tampered with!”

“Great heavens! by whom?” exclaimed the traitor.

Both the friends regarded him with a look of surprise.

“By the officials of this government of priests!” answered the unsuspecting youth; “who see a conspirator in every harmless traveller, and start at the shadow of their own abuses, instead of endeavouring to reform them! I have but one enemy in the world, and he,” he added, “unfortunately, is in England!”

“Unfortunately?”

“Yes; for my absence leaves him at liberty to plot against my happiness and peace.”

“A rival?” observed Martingale.

As Henry made no reply the subject dropped, and they separated. No sooner had the young man entered the vast courtyard of the Palace of the Borghese, than their late companion hastened to a low osteria in the neighbouring strada, where three or four ruffianly-looking fellows were drinking: they caught his eye the instant he entered.

Hastily tossing off a glass of the excellent Montefiascone, which may be had even in the humblest of these places of resort, he threw down a paulo, and, without waiting for the *bacochi* which the man was counting out for him, left the place.

“*Inglese!*” said the man, with a chuckle, as he returned the coin to the till: every man who shows a disregard for money in Rome, being set down by the cheating shopkeepers and tradesmen as Englishmen; they cringe to us for our custom, and mock us for our gullibility. In justice to them we must add, that many of our countrymen render themselves ridiculous, whilst travelling in a foreign land, by pretensions to rank as empty as their own heads. We remember once meeting, at the *table d’hôte* of the Croce de Malta, in Milan, the son of a Norwich silk weaver, who gravely requested a brother bagman who called upon him to use no name, as he was there *incognito*. The guests

before whom this little display occurred, took him for a personage. We, who remembered him from his childhood, at once set him down as a puppy.

Martingale, who had sauntered down one of the narrow streets leading to the Tiber, was quickly followed by the men whom he had left drinking in the osteria. As soon as he had reached a spot sufficiently secluded for his purpose, he stopped, and permitted them to overtake him.

“Good night!” said the leader of the ruffians—a tall, powerful fellow, whose jacket, with double rows of silver buttons, hung gracefully upon his arm. “Is it your excellency’s pleasure that we should complete our arrangement to-night?”

“To-night!” replied their employer, in a husky tone; for, despite his heartlessness, the frank, generous spirit of the intended victim had made an impression even upon his selfish nature.

“‘Tis well!” exclaimed the ruffian. “Where are we to wait for him?”

“At the Palazzo Borghese.”

“Perhaps,” observed another of the assassins, with a laugh, “we may have to wait longer than will suit our purpose.”

“How so?”

“Many a gallant,” added the man, “who visits the principessa at night, does not quit the palace before morning.”

This Martingale assured them was not likely to be the case. He then proceeded to give them directions which rendered it, as he thought, impossible for Henry Ashton to escape, describing more particularly a Spanish cloak with a white lining, which our hero had on when he parted with him.

“Enough!” said the leader of the gang. “I answer for the rest. Your excellency may sleep with the assurance of having an enemy the less in the world when you awake! But the reward!” he added, at the same instant extending his hand.

“There is half the sum I promised you,” answered Martingale, dropping a heavy purse into his palm; “the rest shall be paid when you have earned it. Are you satisfied?”

“*Sì Signor.*” replied the fellow, clinking the gold with an air of satisfaction; “you will not forget the *buono mano?*”

Pay an Italian what you will—exceed even the price he asks for his services—and he still demands his *buono mano*, or drink money. Their employer promised that it should not be forgotten, and they separated: the men to watch for our hero’s egress from the palace—Martingale to his hotel, to await the intelligence of his death.

Never before had the wretched man felt so dissatisfied with himself and the world. Perhaps originally there had been some good in his now reckless nature—he had been susceptible of manly friendship, confidence, and virtue; but lacked the courage to stare the lean spectre, poverty, in the face—to struggle with the hideous phantom which haunts so many from the cradle to the grave.

Accident had placed him in a false position: he had acquired luxurious habits and expensive tastes. Master of others, he was the slave of his own passions, which led him step by step to the abyss of crime.

Unfortunately for society, there are but too many Martingales in the world. Guilt or ambition finds in them ready instruments. Such men always have their price.

“I grow womanish and childish!” he exclaimed, as he paced with uneasy strides the floor of his apartment in the Via Condotti. “Why should I pity him? Would he—were my real character known, and my doom the galleys—feel one sentiment of commiseration towards me? No! And yet,” he added, with a sigh, “I cannot but wish this crime could have been spared me! Thank heaven, it is the last!”

In the gilded saloon of the princess, the two friends encountered the Duchess of Devonshire, who, being aware of the appointment which our hero had made for that very evening with the Capucin, regarded him with a look of surprise.

“What!” she whispered in his ear, “has the Calypso of Rome succeeded in detaining her *Trolemachus?*”

Henry coloured at the allusion, which it was impossible for him not to comprehend. Looking at his watch, he observed that it still wanted nearly an hour of the time.

“But the Capucini is a considerable distance from the palace,” answered the kind-hearted woman—who saw with regret the entanglement into which her friend Pauline was trying to draw him.

“I am a quick walker,” was the reply.

“Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind!” said her grace; “my carriage is in the courtyard—for I had not intended to remain long. I am getting tired of these *réunions*, where everything is said but what men really think and feel. No remonstrance,” she added; “you owe me some gratitude for the interest I have taken in the object of your visit: show me that you are sensible of it, by doing as I wish.”

To a request so made it was impossible to demur. Henry kissed the hand of the speaker, and hastily left the room, to avoid meeting the fascinating Pauline, who had just made her appearance.

“*Troppo tardi!*” said her grace, laughingly, as the eyes of the princess followed our hero from the saloon.

Her friend gave one of those pretty little shrugs which convey so much from a Frenchwoman; and, taking the arm of the speaker, began to make the tour of the room.

Walter—the happy Walter—was seated by the side of Therese, breathing in her heart’s young hope impassioned vows, and reading in her eyes the response her lips had

trembled to make: so absorbed was he in his felicity, that he noticed not the departure of his friend.

Pity the world should ever wake
The young heart from so fair a vision,
Or Time the rosy fetters break
Which hold it in love's gentle prison.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

At the gates of the Borghese Palace the myrmidons of Robert Martingale still kept their fearful watch: the gold they had already received had sharpened their avarice, and given them an appetite for more; they were like bloodhounds upon the track—only to be satisfied by the life of their victim.

As the carriage of the Duchess of Devonshire passed through the portal into the street, one of the ruffians peered at the occupant: fortunately the lamps were unlighted.

"Tis he!" he said; "let us follow it!"

"Fool!" replied his leader, remembering his employer's description of the cloak with the white lining; "he has no cloak!"

Long after the vehicle had disappeared, they remained upon their post: the accomplices of crime are generally faithful till they have received the wages of their guilt.

CHAPTER LX.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

ON reaching the Capucini, Henry dismissed the carriage of the friendly duchess; resolving, should he return to the Palazzo Borghese, to do so on foot—for the night promised to be a fine one. His visit was evidently expected, for the porter conducted him, without a word, at once to the cell of Father O'Hara, who was awaiting his arrival.

"You are punctual!" observed the old man, smiling; "it is scarcely the virtue of youth."

"In the present instance, father," replied the young man, "it is the virtue of gratitude: so anxious do I feel to bear some tidings of his lost son to my benefactor, Sir William Mowbray, that I could make a far greater sacrifice than one night's heartless pleasure in the world to achieve my object."

"It is time that we should depart," observed the priest. "Depart!" repeated the hero; "is it not here that I am to meet the lady you promised to introduce me to?"

The monk gravely informed him that it was contrary to the rules of their order for any female step to pass the threshold of the convent, although their church, like that of the Dominicans, Jesuits, and Benedictines, was open to them for confession, penitence, and prayer.

"To avoid scandal," he continued, pointing to a robe and cowl similar to the ones he wore, "you must dress yourself as a brother of St. Francis."

"Will that be right?" demanded his visitor.

"I have a dispensation for your assuming it," replied Father O'Hara, meekly; "otherwise it would be sacrilege."

This of course silenced all further scruples on the part of Henry, who quickly transformed himself, outwardly at least, from a man of the world to a humble brother of the cowl and cord.

When the metamorphosis was complete, they sallied forth. The youth observed, as they passed the porter at the gate, that his companion extended his hand, in order to display a massive ring. He had noticed the same gem upon the hand of the general of the order, Micara, on the occasion of his first visit.

This simple circumstance convinced him how much he owed to the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire with Gonzalvi, the minister and *alter ego* of the Roman Pontiff.

"And whither are we bound?" he demanded.

"To the convent of the Theresians, near the Four Fountains," replied his conductor; "the most austere order in Rome. The will of the Holy Father alone would unbar the grating to you: without it," he added, solemnly, "it would be death to enter!"

The Theresians was the name of a religious house held in most dread in Rome, on account of the severity of its discipline and the austerity of its rules. For eight days after profession, the parents and friends of the newly-received nun were permitted to see her at the grating. That period expired, they never beheld her more. True, they on rare occasions spoke with her, but a sombre veil, dark as her destiny, was drawn between them.

Henry Ashton sighed, as he thought how many a young and lovely girl had been consigned to such a living tomb.

In 1836, we witnessed the reception of the beautiful and gifted daughter of the late Admiral Hartwell, who took the veil there: the impression—the sad, the painful impression it produced upon our spirits—young as we were at the time—we shall not easily forget.

Instead of entering at the gate of the convent, Father O'Hara proceeded to the door of the little church adjoining, which he unlocked and carefully closed, after admitting his companion. The sacred edifice was illuminated only by the light of a single lamp, which burned day and night before the altar, to intimate the *mystery* contained there. After a short mental prayer, the priest unlocked the massive iron grating at the side, and they penetrated where unlicensed foot had seldom trod before: all was silent as the shadow of death's wing.

Guiding themselves by a light which streamed through an open door at the end of a long corridor, they entered a narrow cell, in which the *religieuse* who had so singularly attracted our hero's attention and sympathy at the church of the Capucini was kneeling, praying before a crucifix upon a table, upon which were the emblems of mortality,

From a feeling of reverence, they stood in silence till she had finished her orison.

"Welcome, father!" said the lady, addressing the priest in English; "is this," she added, in a voice slightly tremulous from emotion, "the young gentleman of whom you wrote to me?"

The priest bowed in the affirmative.

"I have heard," she continued, with increasing emotion, "that your purpose in visiting Rome was to obtain some tidings of the son of Sir William Mowbray?"

A violent sob, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, interrupted her further utterance.

"True, madam!"

"Not that title," whispered his conductor "you must address her as Sister Mary!"

"True, Sister Mary!" continued Henry Ashton, correcting himself; "of the infant whom his guilty mother robbed of his name and birthright, as well as the blessing of a father's love, when she fled with her seducer from the husband whom she had so heartlessly dishonoured!"

The canoness drew herself up to her full height, and fixed an indignant glance upon him.

"Wert thou a winged messenger from heaven," she exclaimed, "armed with the thunders of the judgment-seat, I would hurl back thy words, and say that they were false! Lady Mowbray was true to her marriage vow—true to the husband of her choice!"

"True!" repeated the astonished youth.

"She was betrayed!" continued the *religieuse*; "infamously, heartlessly, cruelly betrayed, by the man whom she had sworn to love, honour, and obey, had introduced like a serpent to his home—taught his young bride to trust as a brother! God!" she added, clasping her hands wildly, "where were thy lightnings, when the demon told her that her husband had killed a political opponent in a duel? that he was compelled to fly, to avoid a disgraceful trial, and still more disgraceful death? The confiding wife listened only to her fears—fled with the villain, as she thought, to rejoin the father of her child—was hurried from city to city, land to land, nor knew nor dreamed that he she loved was following on her track!"

"Monster!" said our hero, with a burst of generous indignation. "Give me some clue to track the ruffian! I will seek him at earth's remotest bounds, nor leave him till I have avenged her honour and my benefactor's ruined peace!"

"They are avenged," replied the lady, with forced calmness, "as far as human punishment can reach him!"

"Hush!" interrupted the priest, addressing Henry Ashton; "touch not upon that fearful theme! 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

"It was mine, father. Why should the deed be hid? rather blazon it to the world—it may redeem my fame, but not my peace! When the ruffian," she continued, "found that the woman he had betrayed, but could not dishonour, had discovered his treachery, and spurned him like a reptile from her presence—that she scorned his loathsome love—he determined to complete by violence the triumph which fraud had failed to gain. He sought her in her chamber—the sleeping cherub by her side, who already began to lip the name of 'mother,' was no protection; and yet a fiend might have respected her: sorrow and helplessness had made her sacred!"

The generous-hearted youth uttered a deep groan of rage and indignation. He thought of the sorrow of his benefactor—his blighted manhood—his years of shame and suffering.

"The ruffian," continued the recluse, with still increasing excitement, "knew not the spirit he had raised! Scarcely had his hand touched the infant, to remove it from her side, than its distracted mother awoke. She was armed! God gave her strength and courage! There was a blow—a gurgling sound—a hot stream upon the floor! and then a groan! The false friend and the oppressor—the destroyer of my husband's happiness and my fame—fell, like a cur, dead—dead—at my feet!"

Overcome with the emotion which the recollection of the fearful scene she had described had conjured up, the unhappy lady sank back upon her seat.

Her auditor continued to gaze upon her with mingled admiration and pity.

"Forgive me," he said, sinking on his knees, "that, misled by your cruel destiny, I doubted even for a moment of your virtue! Let me be the bearer of these blissful tidings to your husband! God! how will his heart leap with joy when he receives them!"

"A dream—a dream!" uttered Lady Mowbray—for so we now must call her; "in this world we can never meet again!"

"But why did you not write to your friends?" inquired Henry; "unfold the fatal truth?"

"I was mad!" exclaimed the lady; "mad with my wrongs and suffering! The blood of the villain I had slain had set my heart and brain on fire! They beat as they beat now!" she added, pressing her thin hand to her pale brow. "Husband and son lost!—both lost!—never, never to be restored to me!"

Overcome by the recollection of her sufferings and wrongs, the unhappy Lady Mowbray fell in violent convulsions upon the floor of her cell.

"I will tell you why," said Father O'Hara, as he stooped to raise her; "for two years the victim of the treachery of Captain Lucas was the inmate of a madhouse!"

(To be continued in our next.)

THE POOR AUTHOR IN ALL AGES.—If the flowers strewed before me had but a little gold leaf on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. It is strange that the people who value the silk so much, should not feed the poor worm who wastes himself in spinning it out to them.—*Mogre*,

GENEVRA;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE three weeks' absence of Monsieur de Serval was occupied in fulfilling our engagement in "Ajesha," which was performed twenty nights, and obtained great popularity for itself, and glorious fame for us. Upon the return of my lover, my comet-like career was to terminate into marriage, and retirement into private life. Blanche still adhered to her resolution of remaining unmarried, though many good offers had been made her; and of the opinions of Inez in that particular, we had been duly informed by a letter from herself, describing her happiness, her pleasant home, and her husband's love.

The prophecy of old Acte lingered in my mind, and constantly haunted me; and Blanche also seemed painfully impressed by her words. I observed for some days before M. de Serval's return, that she would sit for hours—often all day—in absent thought, noticing no one—answering no one, if spoken to. Wondering at this neglect of my kindness, in her who had always from childhood manifested so much attachment to me, I felt a reproach for this coolness rise to my lips; but when I glanced at that calm, sweet face, and saw the pre-occupation of sad thought, all anger vanished, and, quietly coinciding with her wish, I left her to her meditations.

The night before the day on which my lover returned, I sought my pillow early; but sleep fled my eager embrace. Restlessly I tossed—I could not rest. Madame Bonni had a library of select works, fitted up in a little room on the ground-floor: I remembered this, and, wanting to amuse me till repose should come, I arose, slipped on an opera-cloak of blue satin, which happened to be lying near the bed, and, thrusting my feet in slippers, descended the stairs: all the household had retired. I got my book from the library, and was about returning, when, passing the door which led into the garden, at that late hour I was surprised to see it open. The resplendent moonlight streamed brightly through, disclosing my favourite seat beneath the blooming acacia, and those beds of roses so odorous, and that pretty garden looked so inviting, that I stepped out in the moonlight, and looked around. All nature was hushed to repose—that delightful calm which, unlike death, tells of prostrated strength presently to be revived. As I stood under the porch, gazing vacantly around, voices struck my ear. Who could be there at that late hour? I thought of robbers, and trembled with fear. A moment's listening reassured me: it was a woman's sweet tones I heard, and then those of a man in reply.

Far down the gravel-walk, at the extreme end of the garden—by the margin of a little fountain which had once played there, but whose source was now neglected, and obstructed by weeds and stones—I thought I perceived two forms. Determined to ascertain who and what they were, I stole noiselessly down the walk, to the shade of my favourite tree, which now cast its deep shadow far down the way, and, concealing myself behind the broad trunk, peeped from around it, and beheld, to my astonishment, Lord Glenfells and Blanche!

I listened to hear their voices. He spoke:

"Is not love the same? Can an empty ceremony—said over two lovers—render more binding the greatest, best, and noblest sentiment of our nature? Say, Blanche!—my beautiful one, my ocean pearl!—could the words of the matrimonial service make me more constant—make me love you more than I now do? You, my heart's worship, my idol! shall I not give you my whole soul—and what more can I do? If an unhallowed, a conventional form into which I was persuaded—forced; if that wretched link of earth binds me in earthly form to another—what matters it? Consider, love, it is the same, so long as we are constant to our attachment: that constitutes the perfidy. Oh! listen not to the world's prudence—to the cold calculations of a prudish moral. Let feeling usurp its place, and that I know will triumph—will plead my cause! Come with me this night—now; beneath the light of yonder bright silver! We will seek some other land, or a distant part of this country, where your fault—if that can be called fault which consummates my bliss—will be unknown, unheard of; and we will live in blessed harmony and love! Come, dearest—come!"

"No, no!" and her voice was choked by tears. "My love is all wrong—it is unhallowed! You are a married man! If I fly with you, disgrace follows me! You have a wife in England: you must forget me, and I you. Even were you free, would you marry me? Consider your rank, and I an actress!"

"Blanche, you mean not what you say, when you tell me to forget you! Do you really wish me to return to England, to my dull wife—ten years my senior—and the stupidity of home—a home like that? Do you really wish it? If so—farewell!"

He made a movement to turn away; but she clung still closer to his bosom, and buried her head there.

"Cruel! oh, cruel! I do not want you to go!"

"Consent, then, to go with me. Come, now, this moment! I will get a carriage, and morning light shall find us far away! Decide, Blanche, between my loss and my happiness! No answer? Blanche, are you dreaming, love?"

"No; I was thinking of Genevra, my faithful friend. What will she think of my conduct? How mysterious it will seem to her—how ungrateful! But I love her—oh, so dearly! She is the only woman who ever loved me, and I return her feelings with usury. Let me at least run up to her room, and as she sleeps, kiss her, and say farewell!—I feel, for the last time; and here—while the moon shines so bright above—while I consent to forfeit,

or your sake, my good name, inviolate till this moment—here let me gaze upon those starry spheres, and call down upon her young head their resplendent blessings! O Heavenly Spirit! preserve her as she now is—beautiful and pure as the lily of the valley! Preserve her from that error of the heart which I now commit, which leads me to sin—knowing that sin! Grant that, in some future state, our souls may meet, may hold communion with each other, and be conscious of affinity! Holy influences of heaven—spirit of night and air—grant my prayer!”

I saw her sink upon her knees, clasp her hands on her white neck, and fix her eyes on the starry firmament. Thus she remained a moment, in a breathless ecstasy of thought, when Lord Glenfells gently raised her, and once more folded her to his bosom.

“Why this tumult of passion, dearest? What agitates you so?”

“Get a carriage: bring it round to the garden-gate. I shall soon be ready for you. Meanwhile, let me go and kiss her, and wish her good bye!”

I saw her break away from his fond arms; and, quick as thought, I retreated to my chamber, unobserved, as I had come. I would not for worlds that she should have known that I had overheard her. I got into bed again, and closed my eyes. She passed my door, and ascended to her own room. Her hasty steps sounded overhead for some time—hurriedly packing up, I suppose—then she again descended, and paused at my door.

The lock turned, and her sylph-like form glided to my bed-side. She stooped over me—imagining that I slept—and smoothed my hair beneath my cap with her tiny hand; then she kissed my forehead, and murmured:

“Genevra! dear Genevra! dear friend! when you awake in the morning you will seek me, but find me not: perhaps you may miss me for a little while, may sometimes think of me with love and kindness; I hope so. I go to a new life—the life of love! I go to accomplish my destiny.”

Once again she kissed me, then glided from the room. I heard her tell Lord Glenfells to bring the carriage round to the garden-gate. My room looked out on the street. I rose again from bed, and directed my steps to a little back room, near my own, which overlooked this gate. I wanted to see her go, though she knew not I was a witness of that departure. Her behaviour was an enigma I could not solve, and the reasons for which ever remained a mystery. If she was determined to become the associate of this man, why not go to him in broad daylight? What prevented her? She was her own mistress: no one did, or had the right to control her. She had long ago emancipated herself from her teacher's guardianship: what, then, was the reason of this secret flight? I knew not then—I know not now.

I had stood watching at the window of the room for some time, when I saw Lord Glenfells and Blanche emerge from the shadow of the porch, and pass through the gate; he put her in the landau, saw the baggage placed behind, seated himself by her, and, like lightning, they vanished from my sight.

The amazement of our hostess can better be imagined than described, when, on going to her room next day, she found it unoccupied—the stage and personal wardrobe of its fair proprietress gone also; and whither had she taken her flight? How strange the gifted child of song should yield to a momentary infatuation, and, listening to impulse, forgetting reason, abandon herself to such a life! What demon possessed her?

I had expected a violent storm on the part of M. Belmont; but, to my astonishment, he received my recital of the night's adventure with perfect indifference; and remarked, with imperturbable phlegm, that “it was her own affair: she ought to know best what she was about.” I had expected some surprise, sorrow, or at least an emotion of some sort; but I forgot that my teacher had been hardened in the ways of the world; and births, deaths, marriages, seductions, and every other evil thing, was a matter of course to him. He always maintained that every sensible person should be the best judge of their own conduct. Like a true Frenchman, he did as he pleased, and allowed every one else to do the same, unmolested, undisturbed by criticism or advice.

After breakfast, Madame Bonni and I sat together speculating and mystifying about Blanche's strange behaviour: the problem, however, could not be solved by us. It was past elucidation, and the more we talked, the farther we got from the point—the motive of action. While we were discussing, I was called away: my lover had returned.

I found him standing, hat in hand, facing the door where I entered—his face calm and happy in expression—and it warmed and brightened when I came towards him; catching my hands in his, he pressed them fervently, and, kissing me, asked:

“Have you missed me, darling?”

“Oh, very much, dear Rinaldo!”

“And I have been dreaming of you during my whole journey; I scarcely had sense enough left from reverie to attend to my business, and I have hurried back, leaving it half incomplete, to be arranged by lawyers.”

“But where is it you have been to, dearest?”

“Genoa and the frontier of Austria: an estate left me I was in danger of losing, through the perfidy of relations; but, thank heaven, their malice is defeated, and I am safe! Now, love, come, sit here by me on this sofa, and tell me all you have been doing. I left the night “Sonnambula” was to be performed: tell me about it; did it succeed?”

I described the opera, and singing; its success, and subsequently the disappearance of Blanche, with Lord Glenfells, the night before.

“Gone with Lord Glenfells! what an unwise action! But who is he?”

“A gay young Englishman, travelling on the continent for amusement. Dear Blanche, who would have dreamed, after all the temptations she has evaded—who would have thought she would have acted thus?”

“No one, in truth; it is very strange: your friend appeared so gentle, so indifferent to men's society, and fond of solitude; of all women, I should have thought her the very last one to commit so rash an action.”

“Blanche is one of those strange, impulsive beings, who, if you can only thoroughly warm and interest, will go all lengths to love and please you. Lord Glenfells has acquired a great influence over her, and she has consented to forego respectability, society, everything, for him. Oh, how I wish she had not done so! how I regret her loss!”

“She may repent this imprudence some day, and return to propriety; and you, do not grieve about her; summon your stoical philosophy, and practise your favourite aphorism. Never regret that which is past.”

“Yes, I know I ought to practise my precepts: philosophy triumphs over past and future ills, but present troubles overmaster philosophy.”

“True, love; a wise remark!”

“We were engaged to sing five nights yet, to complete our engagement. Now she is flown, I shall have to finish alone,” I observed, absently; for, notwithstanding my joy at seeing my lover again, my thoughts reverted to the absent Blanche.

Monsieur de Serval drew me gently towards him, as he sat upon the sofa.

“Come hither, dearest—come, sit close by me, your presumptive and future lawful protector; do not look so sad; cheer up, and let us talk of happiness and love, and delightful scenes and conversations, all in store for us in times to come.”

But I could not feel my usual cheerfulness, even for his sake, and after a slight conversation he went away, and I retired to my own room and my solitude; and then I wept for Blanche's loss, and Blanche's shame.

Nothing is sooner dried than a tear; and, as de Serval had said, my regrets could not restore her, could not undo her behaviour; and the deprivation of her sweet society made me fonder still (if that could be) of that of Monsieur de Serval; my whole heart now exclusively centered in him. I performed my last engagement on the Neapolitan boards, and bade adieu to the distinguished patronage of royalty, and the humble, yet heartfelt admiration of the people. The journals doled forth newspaper sentiment and lamentations at the dramatic loss; and private circles wondered at my good fortune. For myself, I did not think whether it was good fortune or not. I only knew, I only thought I loved him, and was willing to go anywhere, do anything, make any sacrifice for him. I will not describe the few weeks of courtship that intervened before my marriage: such scenes can only be felt, be experienced—they cannot be told; they are sad, yet sweet episodes in my memory; and though painful to recur to, yet mentally I treasure them, for that was my first love.

Signor, I married him; my wedding was simple, and celebrated with but little display; his noble friend, the Countess Bramanti, honoured it with her distinguished presence; and my guardian, teacher, and benefactor, Monsieur Belmont, gave me away. I was united to him in the pretty church of Sacre Cœur, where, some weeks before, I had attended mass with Madame Bonni: it was filled with spectators, every one wishing to see the new singer married; and my kind hostess kissed me at the conclusion of the ceremony, and wished me happiness, with tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips.

“May many blissful days and years be thine, fair girl!” said the countess, in her deep tones, as she swept her majestic form towards me, and clasped me in her arms; “may you love each other, and in that love be happy!”

Monsieur Belmont conducted me to the carriage which was to bear me away to my future home, in a valley amid the cloud-capt Apennines. Immediately on arrival there I promised to write to him, and regularly maintain a correspondence. My husband—how strange the word sounded to my ears!—joined me, and I was whirled away from the scene of my short-lived, yet brilliant triumphs.

Our journey to his mountain home occupied two days; and during the time my husband exhibited a frenzy of emotion, which terrified more than it pleased me. But the ways and loves of men were then Isiac mysteries to me, and you know their translation of the word love is rendered differently to ours.

On the evening of the second day of our travel, he told me we were approaching the Chateau of the Ravine, for that was the traditional name of the castle. The scenery was sublime, and, lost in contemplation and thought, reposing my head on his shoulder, I silently admired it.

Stupendous rocks, rising perpendicularly in the air to an immense height, faced the smooth road on either side for some distance; as these declined away, a broad vista of the dark-blue mountains far in the distance, and a beautiful level plain, such as I had seen when first I came to Naples, met my gaze. Like a panorama, these swiftly disappeared, and we entered on a broken chain of the Apennines themselves; the carriage slowly wound round and round the upward ascent of the rocky pass, barely wide enough to allow the vehicle room to roll along; then we descended as rapidly as we had come up, and thus continued on for some miles, when the ridge of mountains suddenly terminated, and I looked down from the great height on which we stood, and beheld at my feet the ravine, and in the midst of it, presenting an imposing appearance of grandeur and decay, the chateau. It had been built, my husband said, in the ancient times of feudal splendour; but its successive possessors, either for the want of means or inclination, had suffered it to

moulder away, as time, year after year, diminished its magnificence. He said he intended refitting it, and renovating the antique style, and I was pleased to hear the promise that so fine a structure should be rescued from decay.

A few minutes brought us to the gates, which were thrown wide open to receive us, and the carriage rumbled into the great courtyard. M. de Serval alighted, lifted me out, and, leaning on his arm, I ascended a marble staircase, and entered a pretty saloon, tastefully furnished, where I sat down, quite wearied by fatigue. He left the room for a moment, to order lights and supper to be prepared, for twilight was stealing over us; leaning back on the couch, I languidly closed my eyes, and was almost asleep, when a heavy footstep startled me: looking up, I saw standing before me, and fixedly looking at me, an old woman. There was nothing strange in the simple fact of her being old—for old women are as plentiful as stars; but this one was peculiarly singular in appearance: she wore a scarlet woollen petticoat, black stockings, and a little cap of green; her long, thick, coarse, black hair, fell below her waist in tangled braids; her eyes were piercing in expression, and they seemed to sparkle and glance fire as she fixedly stared at me. She appeared to be beating time to her own thoughts, for she repeatedly struck her breast with her right hand. Perceiving that I saw her, she curtsied, and, in a lofty tone, said:

“Welcome to your home, fair mistress! welcome to the Chateau of the Ravine!”

“Do you belong to the household of Monsieur de Serval?” I asked, strangely impressed by her manner and appearance.

“Yes, madame. I came here a long time ago, in the service of the first lady.”

“The first lady! who was she?”

“You know, madame, of course, the Lady Isodore, Monsieur's—”

She paused abruptly; and, turning, I saw my husband's stern gaze fastened on her: she covered beneath that look, and well she might, for even I could not have met it unabashed.

“Pasiphae, you can go—your young mistress is tired—she needs repose after her long travel.”

Silently she retreated.

“Who is that old woman, dearest? Her strange ways surprised me!”

“An old domestic I have retained in my service, though almost useless. Come, Genevra, your chamber is prepared, and supper arranged in the banquetting hall.”

Thither we went: the apartment was magnificent, and one of the tables set with dainties that might have delighted an epicure; the lamps, shrined in vases of alabaster, shed a sweet, soft light; the hush of stillness and repose reigned within and without. More than all, my husband's accents of tenderness, and the tumult of love that had usurped the place of gentler emotions in my breast, have impressed that scene in indelible traits on my memory.

After supper we returned to the saloon, and entertained ourselves, till the clock struck the hour for retiring, with a conversation in which words had all to do—not thoughts: they were differently employed.

Then, at ten o'clock, we retired to our bedchamber: the same old woman stood at the door of the room as I entered: an ominous smile sat on her lips; she opened her mouth, as if to speak; but, perceiving my husband close behind me, she went away without expressing the thoughts which seemed to tremble on the point of utterance.

I wish I could make you realise the ecstatic rhapsody in those first days of wedded love; such emotions as I experienced one can only experience once in a lifetime—for the novelty wears away; they also disappear. I wish I could make you feel as I felt, as we roved together, like children, hand in hand, through those flowery glades, and through the blooming gardens of that old castle—sometimes reading, sometimes talking, always loving, and picturing a continued increase of happiness, and everlasting bliss.

Alas! poor, frail human nature! poor, frail, inconstant mortals! What a strange mockery does it not seem to our own hearts, to look back after years have changed these delusions of fancy, and stripped them of their false lustre! what a mockery does it not seem, to think over what we once thought, and see the folly of dreaming of affections unaltered, and hearts that never could grow cold!

Old Pasiphae was my attendant. I preferred her to another, a younger girl, who had come to the castle to engage in my service. She was a very odd woman, and strongly infected with the popular superstitions of that section of the country.

The chateau was built with two wings, each side of the main building: the right wing was always closed, bolted, and barred. I had been married two months, when curiosity induced me one day to ask Monsieur de Serval the reason why that part of the mansion was unopened, unoccupied, and neglected. He answered, carelessly, that the castle was so large, he had not thought it necessary to refit that side of it—it was more decayed than the rest. This reply satisfied me for the moment; but woman's curiosity was on the alert, and I wished, I scarcely know why, to see the interior of that gloomy side of the chateau.

Six months had glided swiftly on since my marriage. Oh, days of hope! oh, hours of happiness! with what mournful pleasure do I retrace your flight! and with what lingering sadness detail the strange contrast which time developed all too quickly to my wondering eyes!

I had heard several times from my worthy teacher. No tidings had reached him of Blanche. He had heard nothing—knew not if she were dead or alive. This

distressed me, even amid my joy. Madame Bonni was well, and often sent her love; and the theatrical world, they said, still mourned my irreparable loss—the journals still dwelt upon my merits.

It was at this moment of time that Rinaldo left me for three days, for a hunting party, to come off some fifty miles from the castle. He bade me farewell with great tenderness, and departed. This was a favourable opportunity, I thought, for the execution of my long-cherished project of gaining admission to the closed and, I imagined, haunted rooms. The key my husband always kept locked up in a small casket, and I knew where the key of that was to be found.

Having unlocked the casket and obtained the key, I took a lamp from my dressing-table, and directed my steps to that quarter of the house. The quivering flame was often nearly extinguished by gusts of wind, and the shaking of the great oriel windows reminded me of the tread of ghosts. My feet often faltered from fear; but I continued on, and reached the great door in the centre of the long gallery, which gave admission to the interdicted apartments.

When I inserted the key in the lock, and unlocked the door which gave entrance to these deserted rooms, my heart quite failed me, and I regretted my curiosity. What was there to see about old, unfurnished, desolate apartments? How foolish of me, to pry into nothing! Yet an impulse I could not overcome bade me go onward; and accordingly I pushed open the door, which opened harshly. I went in: the first room was a large antechamber, like that on the other side of the house, naked and lonely. Crossing this, I opened another door, which led, as I supposed, into a similar apartment, when, to my utter amazement, I beheld what struck me dumb with astonishment.

The saloon in which I stood was well furnished. A Grecian couch occupied one corner; books and toys, and instruments of music, were scattered round; and, reclining on this couch, lay a woman of handsome form, but wild, haggard features, and insane expression; and, on a low stool at her feet, sat Pasiphae, my attendant.

Hearing the door open, she glanced around, and, seeing me, shrieked, and covered her face with her hands:

"Gracious heavens, madame! how came you here? what brought you to these fated rooms?"

"What does this mean? speak, I command you! Who is this woman?—what are you doing here?"

"Ah, madame, why did you come here? Alas, alas! how unhappy—how unfortunate!" was the only reply she made, as she rocked herself to and fro.

"Tell me! tell me quickly!" I cried, seized with a horrible suspicion of the truth. At this the strange woman raised herself to a sitting posture, and, regarding me with a countenance of melancholy wildness, said, clasping her hands together as she spoke:

"Oh, ask him, won't you, to take me out of this? I will be good—indeed I will! I never will come near him, if he don't want to see me, if he will only take me away! Oh, do ask him! pray do!"

I went towards her mechanically, so stunned and stupid was I with astonishment. I sat down beside her, and more closely observed the poor lunatic. I could plainly see the traits in that blurred face; traces of mind, now scared and erased, like a blotted, crumpled page. Love, jealousy, humanity, and disgust, all told me, that in this unhappy one I saw my husband's victim. What could he mean by shutting her up there? Old Pasiphae still sat with her head bowed between her hands, and she exclaimed:

"What will master say? oh, how he will curse me!"

"No, no, Pasiphae—you shall not be blamed! Monsieur de Serval shall never know of my visit here. Get up, and tell me what this strange scene means?"

The maniac stared at me with her great black eyes, and then continued on in her sad tones.

"No—no ball to-night! I cannot dance! he is coming for you to-morrow! I cannot dance when I expect him: take away the dress; send away the carriage. I am going to sleep, to dream of him!" and languidly closing her eyes, she sank back on the couch, and lay perfectly still.

Thinking the poor creature had fainted, I uttered an expression of fear, when Pasiphae, motioning me to silence, bent over her watchfully. Presently the sound of her regular breathing assured the old domestic that she slept. Smoothing back from her forehead the tangled masses of her hair, and covering the thin form with a large shawl, Pasiphae composed her delicate hands upon her breast, and then rising, took my hand in hers, and said, mournfully:

"Come, dear lady, this can be no pleasant sight for you. If you will return to your own room, I will tell you all. I have been on the point of doing so several times, but fear of master's anger prevented me; and I am old and broken down, and, were he to discharge me, might suffer and die from want. Come, lady, ere she awakes. Poor thing! she will soon be dead and far away! She has been very troublesome of late—I could scarcely manage her; but now she sleeps quietly—the first time in many days."

I silently contemplated the fitful repose of the madwoman for a moment before going, and in that instant I saw the whole fabric of delusive happiness I had erected on unstable air, shattered to the earth. I gazed on the neglected, cast-off victim of my lord's caprice, in whose emaciated form and desert mind I saw the records of long mental and bodily suffering.

Pasiphae interrupted my reverie by twitching my robe; and, after she had arranged the light on the antique mantel-piece, and adjusted her window drapery, taking my lamp in her hand, we left the saloon, locking the door upon her insane ward.

The outer door of the antechamber she also locked; and, satisfied that, if awaking, she could not follow us, I returned to my chamber, and, overwhelmed with sickness of the soul, threw myself despairingly into a chair, then, burying my face in my hands, wept bitterly. I felt disappointed—heart-broken: disappointed, that the man in whom I had centered all my hopes, should so utterly have ruined them; heart-broken at the melancholy sight I had seen. Sobbing like a child, I sat, forgetful of my own identity, or Pasiphae's presence. At length my grief in a slight degree abated, and, wiping my eyes, I looked up and perceived the poor old woman sorrowfully looking at me.

"I know, dear Lady Genevra, how sad you feel at this proof of your husband's infidelity; and sorry am I that you should have come to those rooms and seen my poor charge!" said Pasiphae; and sympathy almost rendered her voice sweet, and almost metamorphosed that weather-beaten face into one of youth and beauty.

"How long has she been insane?" I asked, my voice almost choked with sobs.

"This autumn coming, will be two years."

"Who was she? how came she here?"

"She was always called the Lady Isodore; that is the only name by which I ever knew her. Four years ago, master brought her here one night in a fine carriage, and commanded us to treat her the same as if she were our lawful lady: we always did so, and she ruled the household. Master seemed very fond of her; and, although he never took her travelling with him, and no one visited her, yet her great love for him appeared to supply the place of all other society. Two years after she came, he seemed to grow tired of her, and they often had furious quarrels. One night, in a difficulty of this sort, forgetting himself, he struck her violently with the butt-end of a pistol he held in his hand: she fell upon the floor, and when revived, from that hour was mad. In vain did my unhappy master use every endeavour to restore her: reason had fled—never to return. Since then she has been sometimes wild and gay, sometimes sad—as this evening you saw her. Master at first was nearly mad himself with remorse and despair; but after awhile he recovered from his grief, and having fitted those rooms up for her, consigned her to my care, and no longer troubled himself about her. From habit, I have acquired great influence over her, and even in her wildest moods she will obey me. I think, dear lady, that crime will always meet its just reward, even here on earth; and when I look at master sometimes, I think within myself: 'the hour of retribution for thy sin will surely come some day!'"

"When he came down to the castle, some months ago, and told me to have it cleaned and fitted up for the reception of its future lady, I could scarcely credit my ears, and wondered who would marry and risk her happiness with a man like him; and when he brought you here, and I saw how beautiful and innocent you were, I trembled for the future. I never intended to tell you this, and master trusted to my fidelity to him, that you should never discover the secret of the uninhabited wing of the castle. You are not more grieved than I, that chance or curiosity should have directed you there: your trust in monsieur I know is broken; but, dear lady, I feel it my duty to tell you, that you lean upon a broken stick, if you depend on him for faith."

"Hush, Pasiphae! oh, be still! don't say anything against him! how miserable I feel! I cannot believe that my Rinaldo can be so depraved—that he whom I trusted to reform, to render a better, wiser man, could act with such brutality towards a woman!"

My soul sickened with horror at such an inhuman action; and I soliloquised: "This was the man whose glowing description of the wrongs and troubles of his childhood had so interested and beguiled me; this was the man who had begged me to exert my influence to reform and purify his heart; who had promised, were I his Mentor, to be as gentle as Telemachus; who had entreated me to be his guardian angel, to warn him from the evils he had committed, yet deprecated: this was the man!"

Truly, reason might have reproached me with over self-confidence, and blind trust in the boy-god Cupid, who had so cheated me. And I had dreamed of future years of tranquil happiness and companionship, after the first flush of love had faded; and that, profiting by past errors, virtue hereafter should be his patroness: and this was the man on whom I purposed working these miracles! He who could wantonly inflict personal violence on a woman, and then keep a senseless idiot housed like a dog in an uninhabited part of the house. The veil which shrouded my eyes was being lifted off, like the mysterious veils of Isis, which conceal the grotesque absurdity of the image adored.

Perceiving Pasiphae still standing before me, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears, I said:

"Pasiphae, my good woman, you can go; I would rather be alone; I feel very sad: you had better return to the room—she may awake, and miss you."

"You look very unhappy, dear lady: had I not better stay a little while with you?"

"No, no; I prefer being alone. Go!"

She departed; and then thought usurped her sway. I wished my husband were there at that moment, to have told him what I thought of his conduct; but when I re-considered it, I saw it would do no good; for, to reproach a man with his vices, only alienates his affections, and gains his dislike: it does not convince his understanding, for that will not be convinced; nor better his heart, for he always thinks that could not be bettered; and, indeed, I think they are quite right, not often being troubled with any. A roar of words is generally the only result, and contempt and hatred the inevitable consequence. I was determined, however, to speak of it to Monsieur de

Serval on his return. Then, distressed in mind, caring not if I died that night, I sought my pillow, and wept till lost in the oblivion of slumber.

CHAPTER IX.

Two days afterwards my husband returned from his hunting party, bringing some game with him. It was now late in the fall, and the forest trees were tinted with many and various dyes, but the charms of nature had no charms for me then—it was all dark and desolate, like my soul. This strange, unlooked for event in my new-married life, carried back my thoughts to the miserable days of infancy, and the lonely hours I spent as a wandering beggar-girl in the streets of Vienna; the ideas the speculative mind of childhood then indulged in, again returned to me, and I began to take an inverted view of everything, and to look on nature and human beings with an abstracted gaze.

The evening of my husband's return, I was standing on the balcony of the castle, when he rode up to the gates, followed by his grooms; he rode well, and his appearance was distinguished on horseback. Seeing me, he lifted his hat, and smiled, then disappeared under the gateway.

Knowing he would expect me to meet him, I slowly dragged myself to the banquetting-hall; for so entirely were my feelings toward him changed, that now I would have avoided, where formerly I should joyfully have sprung to his arms.

He stood surrounded by his dogs and servants, giving directions to the grooms: saddles and housings, and game were lying about.

"My love, excuse me a moment; I will see you in your drawing-room presently," said Monsieur de Serval, as I came towards him.

Seeing him occupied with his retainers and servants, and glad to be alone, I went to my salon, and sat down to my piano; I began a sweet air from one of the operas I had formerly performed: it was Norma's reproach to Polleo, and, as I sang it, I felt how applicable it was to my own case. A heavy hand was laid firmly on my shoulder, and, turning, I saw Pasiphae.

"My lady, Monsieur de Serval has come back; I saw him just now in the hall."

"I know it, Pasiphae, I have just seen him. How is she—is she quiet?"

"No, my lady; rather wild and noisy this evening. Oh, you had better not let him know what you have discovered!"

"I shall tell him the truth: I am not afraid to speak the truth, Pasiphae; it should at all times be spoken; no blame shall fall on you; be quieted—you are safe."

The sudden entrance of my husband interrupted us, as I was about asking some question about the unhappy Isodore. At the sight of him, notwithstanding the injury I was satisfied he had done that poor woman, the thousand fascinating remembrances of the last six months crowded fast upon me; and, in looking on his fair face, whatever wickedness that face concealed, I felt I loved him still. It was a delusion, when I imagined I could so quickly learn to hate him. In fact, the transitions of human feelings are like the seasons of the year: so gradually do we pass from one line of feeling to the other extreme, that we are ourselves unconscious when the end is attained. Thus it was with me; I did finally consummate the climax of indifference and contempt towards my husband, but not then—I had not reached it then.

Pasiphae made a low obeisance to her stern master, and left us alone.

As usual, Rinaldo kissed me; I submitted to the caress without returning it. Noticing my coldness, a cloud gathered on his brow.

"You receive me very indifferently, Genevra, on my return from a perilous boar-hunt."

"I feel indifferent at this moment, Rinaldo."

"Pray, may I inquire, signora, the cause of this change?" said he, and drew his stately figure to its full height, and regarded me searchingly.

"I can easily explain it, monsieur; I have been in the right wing of the castle, and have seen the lunatic you keep shut up there—Lady Isodore."

He started back, as if shot: then rage shone in his eyes, and he angrily exclaimed:

"You have been to those deserted apartments! How dared you go there—what took you there?"

"My feet, of course, were the mechanical operators on the occasion, monsieur," answered I, derisively; "but curiosity was the only motive I had at first, till, gaining access, I beheld the victim of your cruelty!"

"You, Genevra! you to pry into my secret affairs! you, whom I have taken from a disgraceful profession, and elevated in rank to any lady in the land, to talk to me of cruelty!" Foaming with rage he tore up and down the room like a madman.

"Would, monsieur, for my peace of mind, my happiness, that you could undo what you consider so great an honour, and restore me to that 'disgraceful profession,' which I have reason to regret having left for the arms of a libertine, and a home that has been desecrated by wanton violence. Yes, when the night before last I went to those rooms, and gazed with feelings of intense pity upon that forlorn being, I plainly beheld the life you have hitherto led, and to which you will of course return, after the novelty of my love has worn away. Oh, little did I think, when I pledged you my whole heart and soul at the altar—little did I dream that my affection would be thus requited by living witnesses of shame and horror like this!"

I felt excited to a terrible degree: the recollection of her injuries, and my own shame, had excited me to a point I should, ordinarily, have believed myself incapable

of. With his arms folded, and head depressed, my husband contemplated me.

"If you have finished, signora, I should like to take the liberty of speaking!" said he, ironically.

"No, I have not done! I never could find words sufficiently strong to express my disgust and horror of such actions! Other women, perhaps—creatures of sensual, vulgar souls—might feel jealous of the husband's love, forgetting the villany extended to the betrayed one; but I do not. I blame you, not her—whoever she may have been, whatever she may have done!"

"Will you hear me, lady?" again demanded he, in the same cool tone as before.

"Yes, monsieur; speak on. I have expressed my thoughts; now speak yours."

Haughtily I flung myself on a couch, and, looking him in the face, awaited his remarks.

"The unfortunate woman you have seen," said Monsieur de Serval—endeavouring to compose his features and his voice to calmness—"that unfortunate is a Spanish woman from Madrid—her name is Lady Isodore Dosamados—she was of a noble, but impoverished family. When I first became her lover, I never enticed her from habits of morality—she voluntarily became my companion. When I passed through Spain, on my return to Italy, she attached herself to me, and I brought her here. It was her own jealous temper, exasperating my irritable one, which brought her to her present condition. If she chose to excite me to a quarrel, and work upon my feelings until, losing all consciousness, I inflicted a blow that crazed her, it was her own fault—I did not intend to harm her; but immoral women, when enraged, are more like wild beasts than human beings. Thus it was with her. I have provided for her during her insanity, and will continue to do so, as long as her wretched life continues."

"I do not believe all you wish to impress me with as truth, in regard to your moderation and kindness to her," I replied, as he paused, evidently expecting me to say something. "I don't believe all you say; for Pasiphae"—I stopped abruptly, remembering my promise not to implicate her.

"What of her?" cried he, sternly.

"Nothing!"

"I know what you would say: that she has told you many delightful tales of my cruelty, as you call it; well, let the old woman have her say: women and children should never be contradicted. Her crazy ward will not live long; I only retain her now because she can manage her better than any other. When Isodore dies, she shall go quickly; and, as for you, signora, learn that I take neither reproof nor advice from my wife, however much I love her. And beware how you provoke my anger thus a second time!"

He stamped out of the room, and his heavy tread echoed along the corridor. Amazed at his temper, I sat still, thinking over what he had said, and wondering if he had spoken the truth—which, in that case, would have been some extenuation of his fault—when Pasiphae came rushing into the room, her face expressing the greatest terror, and, frantically wringing her hands, she threw herself on her knees before me, and stared, without uttering a word.

"What is the matter, Pasiphae? what has happened? what ails you?" I cried.

"Oh, terrible, my lady! When I went back to the rooms, an hour ago—when I left you here with master—I found Lady Isodore had got out of her room. Frightened nearly to death, I went to hunt her. It seems she had wandered along the corridor, which is dark and gloomy in the evening, and not seeing the great staircase, tripped over it and fell from top to bottom, fracturing her skull, and bruising her body dreadfully! I found her lying senseless at the bottom of the steps, and got the men to carry her up to bed. Oh! come with me, dear lady! come quickly! she may be dead even now!"

I needed no urging to fly through the dim galleries to the deserted apartments; Pasiphae following as fast as her legs would carry her. There, stretched on her couch, apparently lifeless, her wild face out and gashed with wounds, blood streaming from her head, lay poor Isodore! The physician was already in attendance, bathing the blood from her face and head, and two or three of the household domestics, in astonishment beheld, what they had never dreamed of before—that the deserted wing of the castle was tenanted by a lunatic! Her existence there, during the period of her insanity, had always been a mystery, known but to one or two, who carefully guarded the secret—and they now stood gaping in stupid wonder.

I assisted the physician in bandaging that poor head, and applied aromatic vinegar to her hands and nose. The Esquapius eyed her with that peculiar expression physicians bestow on those whose case they consider hopeless. For an hour, perhaps, she lay insensible. I stood rubbing her hands, while tears fell fast from my face on that poor distorted one!

Presently a slight shiver ran through her frame; her eyes opened spasmodically, then closed again. She opened and shut her hands like one in intense pain—then she groaned sorrowfully. Oh! Pasiphae buried her weeping countenance in the pillows of the bed.

"Doctor," said I, "tell me the real truth: will she recover from these terrible wounds?"

"My dear signora, to be candid with you, I must say, judging from the severity of the fracture on the skull, she never will! She may linger a day or two, but I scarcely think she will survive that length of time—the poor woman has killed herself!"

This announcement, delivered with the habitual coolness of gentlemen of that profession, was a thunderbolt to me.

"Going to die, do you say? Oh, heavens! how dreadful!"

After leaving a potion to be taken at a certain hour, the physician went away, promising to call at daybreak, and we were left with the sufferer alone. Monsieur de Serval had been informed of the sad event. Pasiphae said he made no remark, but strode past her to his room, and locked himself in. Probably, if he felt any sentiment at all, it was one of joy at the prospect of release from his illicit tie. Oh, how selfish are men where their pride or vanity is touched, or their vices exposed!

All night I watched beside her. She remained in a state of stupor, manifesting no life, save by a feeble groan now and then, sometimes opening those great eyes, and then relapsing into lethargy.

The physician was punctual to his promise, and the grey dawn had scarce been born ere he came. He administered something which momentarily revived her, and, in the course of the day, she spoke!—oh! strange problem—spoke sanely—with that singular precision we frequently see in the insane restored to mind! Her memory reverted, and dated from the fatal moment when the blow was given which shattered that fair temple of reason!

I had not seen Rinaldo since the hour of ten, the night before; and, as he was acquainted with the sad disaster, I wondered at his indifference to what the physician too prophetically foresaw—her death-bed! "Alas!" thought I, as I leaned over her, and watched the slow dawning of mental consciousness, and the confused look and air of intense agony her face showed—"alas! it seems to be my fate to be connected with the worthless and unhappy! My husband, whom I thought so perfect—so repentant of former follies, and determined to amend in future—has sadly disappointed me! The world I imagined so beautiful an Elysium, I find the abode of fair deceit, and corrupt and rotten at the core! Oh, life! where are thy pleasures unmingled with the alloy of pain? Or is it thus in everything? No sooner do we possess it, than we discover it to be like those lovely apples of the shores of the Red Sea—very fair to look upon, but, when tasted, bitter as wormwood—rotten as dust!"

Pasiphae disturbed the sad tenor of my thoughts, by directing my attention to the door, at which stood Monsieur de Serval. Thinking his presence the indication of a better mood, I sprang towards him, and, forgetting our quarrel, caught his hand in mine. He looked melancholy; and I thought I could trace remorse on those delicate features.

"Oh, Rinaldo!" I cried, "you see what has happened! Last night, while the nurse was absent from the room, she left the apartment, and, not seeing the great staircase, stepped off it, and fractured her skull. The physician says she cannot survive. How terrible it is—is it not—to see one die who has led such a life? Come close to her; she is regaining her senses—her right mind!"

My husband started. He evidently expected to see her crazed still, and did not want to meet face to face, with reason restored, the woman he had brutalised; but, as she lay and looked at him, intellect shone in those dark, oriental eyes—not the quick, sharp, wandering stare of insanity! She recognised him, and feebly beckoned with her hands. I gently drew him to the bed-side. She made a motion as if to be raised, and I lifted her in my arms, and laid her head on my breast. The blood had oozed out from the bandages, and her hair was clotted with it. Her face was deadly pale, and the mists of death had already settled there; her eyes were growing languid and dim, and her hands and feet very cold. My husband looked at her with that expression of self-consciousness of having inflicted wrong, which alone can impress the human features, ere the heart is altogether hardened and depraved. As I have said, her memory flew back four years before, and she thought the quarrel had just occurred.

"Never mind, dear Rinaldo, I forgive you! Don't grieve, though I die from it! I know I am high tempered: I provoked you to do it! I did not mean to make you angry: don't grieve! Here, Pasiphae, bandage my head; put me to bed; when I recover, I will try and be a better woman—more deserving of your love!"

In agony I glanced at the physician: she had no idea of her real state. She knew not that death, in a few hours, would take her for his own! The good man eyed her with an air of interest—for this was a strange case.

He approached her, perceiving my wish; and, taking one of her hands in his, said, quietly:

"My good lady, listen to me! You are not aware of your condition at present; you are only this moment regaining your mind! You have been insane for several years, till, last night, escaping from the room, you fell down stairs; and that sudden concussion has been the means of restoring your mind! It is my duty to tell you, that a very few hours will close your life—you cannot live longer than to-morrow!"

"Been insane!" repeated she, with a scornful, indignant air; "you are dreaming, man! It was only a moment ago Rinaldo and I were quarrelling, and, enraged, he struck me with a pistol! I am very sorry; but, oh! how strangely my head feels! Oh, how painful! What ails me? Why am I lying here surrounded by people? How dim everything looks! I cannot distinguish anything—why is this? Get lights—I must arise and dress! I must find Rinaldo! where is he?"

She pushed me violently away from her, and, with the last effort of strength, sprang from the bed to her feet. Seeing my husband, she threw herself on his neck, and, wildly sobbing, kissed him! It was an awful sight, to behold that woman, already in the embraces of death, hugging and clinging to what had once constituted her joy of existence! I felt no jealousy, for I ever possessed this peculiar trait: the moment an object of affection disappoints me, that moment affection and infatuation disappear. I felt a sentiment of bitter shame and regret

that I had given myself to such a man: that is what I experienced as I witnessed this strange scene.

He looked annoyed—not grieved; and once or twice tried to lay her down on the bed, but her personal strength, to which was added additional power by the strong excitement under which she laboured, frustrated his endeavour. Her disordered hair hung down her back; the bruised and bandaged head, covered with blood, presented a ghastly sight. Her thin hands, which clasped his neck, scratched and wounded; and the long night-robe she wore, dabbled with blood!

"No, no, no!" she cried; "I have you—I have you! Now, you shall not go till you promise to love me, and forgive me my anger!"

"Take her away, Pasiphae! rid me of the mad woman!" shouted my husband. "Why do you stand there, stupidly inactive, when you see me thus annoyed? Take her off my neck—put her in bed!"

At the sound of his loud, vindictive voice, she relapsed her hold, staggered back, and, mournfully gazing on his enraged face, shivered, turned, if possible, more pale—then fell flat on the floor!

"Oh, miserable man!" I exclaimed, as the nurse raised the death-stricken, inanimate form, and laid it on the bed, while the doctor darted looks of contempt at him. "Oh, apology for humanity! and have you no pity for the unhappy sufferer from your vices?"

"Why did you summon me here, madam, to witness this mummery? We all must die some day—it matters not how! Do I wish to behold the death-bed of a lunatic? Can I assist her final departure? Why have you called me?—to anger me, I suppose."

"Well, monsieur, if you think it too great a condescension to see her die, go—leave the room! I will attend the poor dying creature!"

Without replying, save by a look of scorn and anger, he departed. I could easily understand that he felt doubly angered when he reflected (as he must have done) that my discovery of his illicit connection necessarily would weaken, if not wholly obliterate, my love for him. It was this that inspired his rage, and made him hate the unfortunate object of it. His love for me was still unabated—not so mine! A bar of ice seemed placed between us! In this respect women and men differ greatly; for though a man may indulge himself in many loves, yet he generally returns to the lawful one. On the contrary, when a woman's affections are once thoroughly alienated, they seldom return to the first object of attachment.

I cannot think of that woman's death-bed without bitter regret; nor write this portion of my memoir without dropping tears upon the page! Recovering from the stupor into which she had fallen when he repulsed her, her eyes roved anxiously around in search of him. Not seeing him, she closed them again, and remained motionless. An hour passed by. Finding she did not stir, I felt her hands and feet—they were growing colder and colder, and her eyes more dim! She was an hour nearer death!

"She will be dead before twilight, lady," said the physician, having felt her pulse. "Poor thing! her death is very painful: she has suffered much!"

"Yes, I have suffered much," was her audible reply, to our astonishment, and she uplifted her eyes and joined her hands as if praying. I remembered Monsieur de Serval's description of his mother's death-bed, and wondered how he could treat thus the last moments of his neglected mistress. So easy is it to express fine sentiments which one does not feel, and never practises! Fine words cost nothing, and may be equally well said by a bad as a noble soul; but fine actions must result from a good heart.

Gradually twilight drew near, and she was sinking momentarily. Raised on my breast, I held one hand in mine: she seemed labouring to say something. I stooped to the level of her ear, and tried to catch the sound. Her voice was low, faint, and broken.

"Dear lady," at last I thought I heard her say, "I thank you for your kindness, whoever you may be, and—" She paused, as if to reflect—"tell him I forgive him the injury he has done me!"

Backward she fell from my supporting arms on her pillow: slower and slower came her breath; more fixed grew her eyes; her hands grasped convulsively at the bed-clothes. I heard a rattling sound from her throat; then the eyelids remained half closed, the mouth half open; the hands released their hold, and the physician, bending over her, said:

"Madame, she is dead!"

I burst into tears, and fled from the chamber of death to my own room, and there wept long and bitterly, both for her and for myself.

(To be continued.)

OH, IF ALL WERE FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY JENNY.

Oh, if all were friends together,
Flowers might unheeded die;
Who would pine for summer weather,
Though seared leaves around them lie?
For all hearts would be united,
Pallid lips might learn to smile;
None could mourn affections blighted,
Saved from sorrow, sin, and guile.

Oh, if all were friends together,
Many more would meet above
Those with riches should endeavour
To serve the poor man's love.
Wealth or power can never bring us
Happiness beyond the grave
Oh, if all were friends together,
Many a wanderer we might save!



[PIGEONS OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO AND NEW GUINEA.]

GOURA VICTORIA PIGEONS.

THESE splendid birds, which are found in the large islands of the Indian Archipelago and New Guinea, generally live in the dense forests, and feed upon berries, seeds, grain, &c., which they seek for on the ground. They build their nests in a tree, and, like most of the species of pigeons, lay but two eggs. The pair represented in our pictorial illustration are the only ones in England, and were exhibited at the late poultry show in London. The extreme beauty of these birds, their brilliant plumage, and remarkable fan-like plume, obtained for them unusual attention, and they immediately came to be considered the gems of the exhibition in the pigeon department. That they will be bred in this country we do not in the least doubt, but as it takes a long time to multiply any variety of pigeon, it is almost certain that, for years to come, the Goura or Victoria Pigeon will be very rare, and command a high price. It is the largest of the pigeon family, and when perfectly domesticated among us, will be an extremely useful addition to our native stocks.

The pigeon is probably the most popular of all the tribes of the feathered creation; and in England it is so much esteemed, that it has been exempted by Act of Parliament from the category of game, and protected from wanton destruction by some stringent provisions. Indeed, it has been so thoroughly domesticated, that it is as much private property as a dog or a horse. The beauty of the bird, the many allusions to it in the Old Testament, and its rich dietetic qualities, have all contributed to render it such a universal favourite. It is found in all countries, and will thrive wherever man takes up his residence. Its peaceful and social life has endeared it to the affections of almost every people under the sun; for, from the burning plains of India to the frozen regions of North America, the pigeon is to be seen hovering about the habitations of man.

The domestic pigeon owes its origin to the Rock Dove (*Columba Livia*), which, as all our readers are doubtless aware, is a British bird, but is also widely distributed not only over Europe, but Asia and Africa. Everywhere it haunts rocks, precipices, and caverns along the shore—it also frequents towers, cathedrals, and high buildings. Even in London, wild blue pigeons make their nests in the crevices and on the ledges of several of our public edifices. They swarm along the cliffs bordering on the sea of Spain, Italy, France, and North Africa. Myriads tenant the recesses or caves of the rock of Gibraltar, and the rock of Teneriffe. In India this species congregates in vast flocks, and is a constant inhabitant of every dilapidated building. In Britain, it is found in various cliffs along the wide extent of our shores, and is a never-failing resident in the wild, romantic precipices of the Orkneys. This species, crossed through ages with others, has been domesticated in this country from time immemorial; and we are credibly informed, by those who are best able to form an opinion on the subject, that in no other

country in the world does it abound in such numbers and extraordinary variety. For ourselves, we can assert, that we never approached town, hamlet, or village in England, but we encountered in its outskirts troops of pigeons, whirling and sweeping about in the air at every possible angle. In the manufacturing districts, the numbers kept by mechanics and weavers are incredible: they must amount to many millions; and so strong is the tie between these beautiful birds and their masters, that they are rarely used as an article of food, although it is well known they are delicious eating in any form of good cookery. They are kept solely for ornament, or as domestic pets; and their breeding and management cost no little sum of money, and excite a vast amount of emulation.

There are very great numbers of these birds in England. A dove-cot is reckoned an indispensable adjunct to a country gentleman's residence, and in many counties it is customary for farmers to keep a few pairs. They are occasionally reared in the view of supplying the market, but for the most part they are kept as articles of luxury. They are very voracious, and destroy great quantities of grain. There are some rather curious speculations on this subject in Vancouver's "Survey of Devon." He supposes that there are in all 20,000 pigeon-houses, and 1,125,000 pairs of dove-house pigeons in England and Wales,* and that they consume 157,500,000 pints, or 4,921,875 Winchester bushels, of grain a-year! Of course there must be a good deal of looseness in this statement: it has been said by some to be much under, and by others to be much over the mark. But, without giving any opinion on this point, there can at all events be no question that the number of pigeons is very great, and that the destruction they carry on, when considered in the aggregate, must be very considerable indeed.

Of the varieties best known in England, the common pigeon, or Stock Dove, is too well known to be described; but what are called "fancy pigeons" form varieties that are very highly prized. The Carrier Pigeon is a great favourite, but the extension of the electric telegraph has quite ignored its amazing aerial powers and fidelity. This variety, which originally came from Persia and Syria, and about whose exploits the most wonderful stories have been told, is now seldom used as a messenger, except among the betting and pugilistic fraternity; and it is very likely that, in the course of a few years, it will become extinct in this country, except as an object of curiosity to those who have the time and the perseverance to devote themselves to their training. It is a very fine bird, and larger than the generality of pigeons, measuring sometimes, from the top of the beak to the end of the tail, fifteen inches, and weighing twenty-five ounces.

The Turbit is another favourite with the pigeon public: it is a pretty bird, something like the Turtle Dove, but

larger and stronger. Then comes the Jacobine, a slim, sulky bird; the Fan-tail, a miniature kind of peacock; the Tumbler, the smallest and most valuable variety; the Trumpeter, which repudiates cooing as effeminate; the Pouter, a not very handsome bird, with a crop which it can distend with air; the Nun, with its tuft or hood of white feathers; the Helmet, the Owl, the Spot, and a perplexing number of foreign varieties recently imported. Of these, the rarest are the Columbia Coronata, or Great Crowned Pigeon, from New Guinea; the Red Breasted Turtle; the Bronzed-winged Pigeon, from New South Wales; the Columbia Crestata, or Crested Dove, from the South Sea Islands; and several varieties from America.

While we are upon the subject of pigeons, we may as well inform our youthful friends that pigeons are remarkable for cleanliness. In their habits and diet they teach mankind impressive lessons; therefore, unless the dove-cote is kept extremely clean, the tenants will never thrive.

Before introducing the birds to their future domicile, it should be cleansed inside and out with lime-wash. The cells should be at least a foot square, with an opening in the front, but not too large, for they like to sit in secret and in comparative darkness. The dove-cote should also be placed remote from trees, or the noise of a manufactory or workshop; and as they are fluttered in their homes by enemies more terrible to them than Coriolanus was to the Volscians, it should be elevated on a stout post, having the lower part coated with sheets of tin, which would prevent cats and rats climbing. Keeping pigeons in cages or upper-rooms, is not healthy for either the birds or the people in the dwelling—for, if neglected, they die of a cough called the "roup."

The food of pigeons should be—first, plenty of pure, fresh water: secondly, as pigeons are granivorous, almost every description of grain may be given them. They like wheat, barley, oats, canary and hemp-seed, also beans, vetches, and tares. Hemp-seed should be used with moderation, as it is a very stimulating food. Fine, fresh gravel should be strewn about to aid their digestion, also salt; and if chalk or lime be placed in their way, they will peck at it with great delight, for it not only corrects acidity in the stomach, but assists in the formation of the egg-shell, which contains phosphate of lime in large proportion.

On the commercial value of pigeons a vast deal might be written, for we think they have not been sufficiently brought into general estimation as an article of food.

Young pigeons sell in the market for about a shilling per couple—the breeder, of course, sells them for much less; each pair will rear four pairs of young in the season. Will the price obtained for these four pairs remunerate the breeder for the keep of a pair of adult birds throughout the year? We much doubt it; however, we will not be positive, for in some districts these birds may be kept at far less expense than in others. In the markets in France pigeons are abundant and very fine, and in some parts of that country we have seen them in enormous flocks, scattered over the fields, gleaning for themselves but in spring, and again throughout the winter, they must require more food than they can collect by ranging the country. It is principally from France that the London markets derive their supply.

TOM MOORE'S CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.—Immediately after this (Moore's birth), my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had always kept carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on the 16th of February, 1831, and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age, I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode of recording them than by some such method as this fondness of mothers devised.—*Lord J. Russell's Memoirs, &c., of Moore.*

FIRE.—What a thing fire must have been to the primitive man the first time it flashed upon him! Say that he kept watch over his people; that at the chilliest hour of the night, just before sunrise, he noticed how a dry stick grew warm when rubbed against his club; that he rubbed them again, more stoutly still, and it became hot; at it again, with the wonder of a child and the strength of twenty men he flung it down, for it scorched his hand; yet he could not choose but try again, and it smoked; again and again, quicker and quicker, longer and longer, he pursued the wild experiment, until it burst into flame, and the sun arose in the east: what was the fire upon the brand but the spirit of the blessed sun come down to dwell with him and his? It is surely not impossible to feel how, in the absence of science, with the presence of only an incalculably small amount of experience, in an intellect far more observant than analytical, and a young soul capable of little more than wonder and love, the worship of the Sun and Fire might arise; and, once risen on a national and continental heart, it could never set until the fullness of a better time were come. Nor is Christianity herself, the reconciling genius of the world, ashamed to draw upon the memory of that old faith; for she lifts up her Prince of Peace to the homage of the nations, under the image of the Zoroastrian god: "The Sun of Righteousness with healing in his beams."

* This statement must be far below the actual fact. The number of domestic pigeons in England alone must exceed the population of the United Kingdom.



[THE PALACE AT GREENWICH—THE CHRISTENING PROCESSION SETTING OUT.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

In the midst a form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.

GRAY.—"THE BARD."

Of the many sovereigns who have swayed the sceptre of England, there cannot truly be said to be one whose reign has exceeded in importance and stirring events that of Elizabeth—the long-cherished idol of the nation. Her courage and energy established the Reformation—her prudence and far-sighted policy defeated the machinations of Spain and France; achievements which have thrown a dazzling veil over the vices of cruelty, deceit, and vanity, which unhappily deformed a character in whose composition so many elements of true greatness entered.

The age of Elizabeth was not only the age of great events, but of great men. Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, Sidney, and Harrington, illustrated her reign by their genius, wit, and eloquence. Raleigh, Drake, Sussex, and Perrot, defended it in the field—whilst Burleigh laboured for its glory in the cabinet.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that the illustrious subject of our present memoir was the daughter of Henry VIII., by his second queen, the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

The birth of the royal infant occurred on the 7th of September, 1533, in the Palace of Greenwich. Her father earnestly desired a son: had Anne Boleyn given birth to a boy instead of a girl, her fate, in all probability, would have been different. The Catholics secretly rejoiced at his disappointment, for they looked upon the overthrow of the ancient faith, with some degree of reason, as the work of the new queen.

In the royal closet, which overlooked the courtyard of the palace, were two persons in earnest conversation; both were remarkable-looking men, but dissimilar in costume and appearance: the elder, clad in the ecclesiastical robes of the period, was the celebrated Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; his companion, the ex-secretary of Wolsey—Cromwell—whom the capricious Henry had taken into favour on the downfall of his former minister and favourite.

"I trust that her majesty will have a favourable time," observed the prelate, "and present the king's highness with a son—a thing to be desired, no less for the contentment of his grace, than the security of the reformed religion."

"Amen!" replied Cromwell, fervently; lowering his voice, he added: "and the safety of the mother and her friends!"

An expression of doubt and hesitation was visible upon

the countenance of Cranmer, or the words of the speaker had produced a painful impression upon his mind. He was too clear-sighted not to comprehend that his position was anything but a secure one: through life it was his misfortune to be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to follow a temporising policy—always between two dangers, it was barely possible that he should escape them both.

"I scarcely comprehend the direction of your speech!" he said, lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

Cromwell smiled. He felt assured that the prelate had fully understood him—that his words had hit their mark.

"Deal frankly with me," continued the archbishop, at the same time wiping the perspiration from his brow; "I am slow of wit, and little skilled to sift the subtleties of speech—show me your thought more plainly."

"Is it a confession you desire, my lord?" demanded the layman.

"Rather a confidence," answered Cranmer; "for you are one of those who watch the tide of the times; that bark will be securely steered which follows in your wake!"

In this metaphorical language—then the fashion of the day—did the speaker convey to the astute statesman the high opinion which he held both of his prudence and discernment. Cromwell, although a courtier, and accustomed to such change, felt flattered by the compliment.

"My meaning, my good lord, when I prayed that her grace, for her own safety and that of her friends, might give birth to a prince, was simply this: a male heir, although the youngest born, by the laws of England excludes his sister from the crown. Should the Lady Mary ever live to mount the throne—"

"The Lady Mary!" interrupted the prelate; "improbable—impossible! You forget the act of divorce between Henry and Catherine of Arragon has been confirmed by parliament!"

"True, my lord—most true!" observed the statesman, somewhat sarcastically; "it was the foolish doubt of a weak judgment, unworthy second thought! Our royal master is constant in his loves, as well as friendships! It were treason to suppose his purpose could be shaken, or a parliament be found so mindless of its dignity, as to stultify its own deliberations!"

By this artful speech did Cromwell convey to Cranmer where the real danger lay—in the changeable disposition of the king, and the subserviency of the parliament, which had proved itself ready to make or unmake laws at the royal will. Perhaps, too, he had observed the first symptoms of the decline of Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn: if so, it was not without good reason, as the sequel proved, he so ardently desired that the child she was about to give birth to might prove a son.

Further conversation was interrupted by the door of the royal closet being violently kicked open, and the appearance of the monarch himself, accompanied by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, who had espoused his sister Mary, the Queen Dowager of France. Both were attired in riding dresses. The irritability of the king arose from his being disappointed of his favourite pastime of hawking, by the labour of the queen which irritability was not

lessened by his impatience to ascertain the sex of the infant about to be born to him.

"An it prove a boy, Suffolk," said Henry, speaking in his usual loud tone of voice, "we will keep our Christmas in such state as England has not witnessed since the Tudor wore the crown! Ho, ho! my Lord of Canterbury!" he continued, as he recognised Cranmer in the royal closet; "arrived at last—we have waited for you!"

"My barge, your highness, grounded at Rotherhithe," observed the prelate, meekly; "else I had reached Greenwich before noon—two hours at least!"

An ungracious, half-muttered "humph!" was the only notice which the despot condescended to take of the archbishop's apology.

"Anne," he continued, "it would seem, hath a sore time of it! I trust it will prove a boy; it were ill fortune to make such evil for a pining girl! Why, how you stand!" he exclaimed, glancing from Suffolk to Cranmer and Cromwell; "ye are pretty cumpers: not a word to help your master to pass a heavy hour like this!"

Both Brandon and the archbishop expressed their conviction that the child would prove a prince.

"Heaven owes it to your grace," observed the latter, "for the glorious work of reformation in the church, and the prayers of your grateful subjects."

"We shall reform it yet further, my lord!" interrupted Henry.

"To the welfare of the kingdom?" chimed in his brother-in-law.

Cromwell alone remained silent.

"An heaven pay the debt," impudently answered the king, "we will hold ourself quits with it, for our service in repelling the mockeries of Rome and the arrogant pretensions of its bishop, who claims the right to judge between princes and their consciences!"

The door of the royal closet opened, to give admittance to the aged Duchess of Norfolk, the grandmother of Anne Boleyn, who, at the earnest entreaty of her descendant, had undertaken to announce to Henry the disappointment of his hopes, and the birth of a daughter.

"Well, grandam!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands—a favourite action with him when he was either pleased or excited; "is it over? how fares the queen—and her son—her son?" he repeated, in a tone somewhat less confident—for there was an expression of painful disappointment upon the countenance of the venerable duchess.

"The queen's grace," faltered the messenger, "bore her pains bravely: your highness owes a thanksgiving, at least, for that!"

"Doubtless—doubtless!" drily answered Henry. "God's death, madam!" he added, with a sudden burst of temper, "can you not speak plainly? Must I be the last man in my kingdom to know what I have to be thankful for? is it a boy?"

"As sweet a princess," replied the duchess, with desperate courage, "as ever king was father to—the very image of your gracious self!"

The countenance of Henry underwent a marked change it became alternately flushed and pale, and the veins in his temples and bull-like neck were swollen with passion. He had ardently desired to have a son—and bitterly felt the disappointment. Without uttering a word, he quitted the royal closet, leaving those present in a state of painful suspense and terror.

"Heaven's will be done!" exclaimed Cranmer, with a sigh of resignation; then added, with his usual inconsistency, "would it had been a boy! would it had been a boy!"

"It might have been better for us all!" whispered Cromwell.

"Her grace's next child may prove one," observed the duchess. "Both their graces are young enough to be the parents of a numerous race! God's wot!" she added—for her womanly feelings had been outraged by the manner in which the king had received the intelligence; "one would think my granddaughter had brought him a monster instead of a fair princess!"

Here it may be observed, that swearing, in the reign of Henry VIII., was not considered the exclusive privilege of the male sex—the ladies generally indulged in it. Elizabeth, in after-life, was celebrated for the variety and frequency of her oaths.

Henry, feeling probably ashamed of the unnatural ebullition of temper he had displayed before his brother-in-law and the prelate, returned to the apartment; as for Cromwell, he cared but little for any opinion he might form.

"Grandam," he said, addressing the aged peeress; "you have had scant thanks for your news, and yet we do thank you! Bear our loving greeting to the queen, and bid her keep up her spirits for my sake! Heaven!" he added, with a satirical glance at the prelate, may pay its debt more honestly next time! Ha! said I rightly, prelate?"

"I trust so, my gracious sire," replied the archbishop, scarcely venturing to raise his eyes from the ground; for Henry evidently looked upon him as responsible in some way for the payment of the debt due by heaven, which he had so incautiously spoken about.

"Your grace ought not to feel disappointed," observed the Duchess of Norfolk, "or surprised, at the birth of a princess. Is not the chamber in which her highness the queen made her bed (this was the usual phrase at the time called the Chamber of Virgins?"

"Pish!" exclaimed Henry; "pish!"

"And is not this," continued the aged lady, "the eve of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, whose especial protection the noble infant will doubtless enjoy?"

Neither the king nor the Archbishop of Canterbury were in any way scandalised at the supposition of the speaker. Their Protestantism—if Protestantism it might be called—was very different from that of the present day: it was

merely a slight change—substituting the fallibility of the Pope for the infallibility of the royal will.

"Well," said Henry, "since the Blessed Virgin hath sent us a daughter, she shall be royally welcomed in honour of her patroness! It is our pleasure, my lord primate, that the christening should take place with the same pomp as if heaven had paid the debt you wot of, and favoured us with a son; in consideration of which we trust the Blessed Virgin will rest satisfied, and send us no more daughters!"

Cranmer bowed, to intimate his obedience.

"And," continued the speaker, "to mark our favour, which still is undiminished to your person, we invite your grace and the good Duchess of Norfolk to stand sponsors to this *godsend*, whom we intend to name after our mother, Elizabeth of York; the ceremonial," he added, "shall be settled at to-morrow's council."

Placing his arm familiarly upon the shoulder of his brother-in-law, King Henry left the royal closet for his private apartments. Before Suffolk he did not hesitate to give way to the bitter expressions of disappointment which the birth of the princess had caused him. And yet on the following day he commanded a "Te Deum" to be sung in the Royal Chapel, at St. Paul's, and Westminster, to express his gratification and happiness—a circumstance which ought not to surprise us, when we remember that Henry VIII. was a hypocrite alike in his resentment and affection.

Anne Boleyn awaited with considerable impatience the return of her maternal grandmother. She knew how ardently her husband desired a male heir to his crown, and although she put a good countenance upon the matter before her ladies and attendants, she secretly trembled at the effect the disappointment might produce upon his capricious heart. The aged duchess at last returned from the royal closet, her countenance radiant with smiles—for her pride had been so amply gratified by the invitation of the king to stand sponsor for his child, that she had forgotten the outbreak of his passion on being informed of its sex.

"And how did Henry receive you?" demanded the young queen, in a faint voice.

"Most graciously, Anne," replied the amiable lady, who at that moment asserted a grandam's privilege, and addressed her descendant by her christian name. "He hath commanded that the infant shall be christened with the same magnificence and state as if it had been a boy, and invited the primate and myself to answer for it at the font. Who knows," she added, glancing at the infant, as it slept upon the bosom of its mother, "but that little hand may one day grasp its father's sceptre?"

Anne Boleyn smiled at the anticipation, and fondly clasped her new-born infant yet nearer to her bosom.

Here the queen's physicians interfered, and declared that they would not hold themselves responsible for her safety unless she were left to the repose which nature required. The Duchess of Norfolk and the attendant ladies withdrew, leaving the anxious, overfraught spirit of their mistress to recruit itself in sleep.

CHAPTER II.

The populace do mutter in the streets,
Dreaming no good can come o'nt. Belshames say
His wish is made his punishment.

By the people generally, the intelligence of the birth of a princess was received with sullen indifference; for the marriage of Anne Boleyn with the king had been anything but popular with his subjects, the great majority of whom still adhered to the ancient faith, and looked with terror and dislike upon the innovations of Henry and his schism with the Holy See. The Catholic party secretly rejoiced at his disappointment in not having a son. They knew that, in the event of his death, the claims of the daughter of Catherine of Arragon to the crown would outweigh those of the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

It was to brave this feeling on their part that the king commanded the baptism of the infant to be celebrated with so much state and magnificence.

The tenth day of September was the one appointed for the ceremony, at which, for the sake of *éclat*, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and council of the City of London, together with many nobles, bishops, and abbots, were invited to attend.

The baptism of the infant princess took place in the church of the Convent of Greyfriars, which was adorned with arras for the occasion, and a stately canopy of crimson and gold was erected over the silver font. The aged Duchess of Norfolk carried the infant in her arms, under a cloth of estate, which was supported by the Lords Rochfort, William and Thomas Howard, and Lord Hussey—four nobles of her mother's blood. The train of the babe, which was of purple velvet, was borne by the Countess of Kent, assisted by two earls. The Duke of Norfolk, bearing his baton as Earl Marshal of England, walked on one side of the canopy, and the Duke of Suffolk, the king's brother-in-law, on the other. The procession was headed by the citizens, gentlemen, and esquires; then the chaplains and aldermen of the City of London, in their chains and gowns, followed by the Lord Mayor in his robes, privy councillors, peers, and bishops, according to their degree.

The Bishop of London officiated on the occasion. Cranmer was the godfather, and the Duchess of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Dorset her godmothers. Although the Reformation had made considerable progress in England, it is not a little remarkable that the ceremony was performed with all the rites of the Catholic church.

Before leaving the church, Elizabeth was confirmed by the archbishop. Thus the spiritual obligations of the sponsors were not of long duration.

Cranmer bestowed upon his royal goddaughter a standing cup of gold, similar gifts being presented by her godmothers—which gifts were carried in the procession on its return to the palace, when five hundred torches were borne before it, the trumpets sounding all the way to the Chamber of Virgins, where the queen still lay.

At the age of three months, Elizabeth and her governess, the Lady Margaret Bryan, removed to Hatfield—Henry not choosing that her mother should nourish the infant herself.

Parliament, which met a few weeks afterwards, passed a law, declaring her heiress to the throne, in default of the king leaving male issue—the claims of the daughter of the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon to the crown being completely set aside.

She was afterwards removed to Chelsea, and took up her abode in the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, who, as an especial mark of Henry's favour, had the honour of defraying the household expenses of his heiress out of the revenues of his see: a distinction which the worthy prelate no doubt would willingly have declined.

The various projects of marriage entertained either by herself or others, commenced in the second year of her age, and may be said to have terminated only with her life. The first husband proposed for her was the Duke d'Angoulême, the third son of Francis I.; but, like many other proposals, it was broken off.

Elizabeth was but two years old when Henry VIII., disappointed that Anne Boleyn had not brought him a son, satiated with her beauty, and madly in love with her successor, Jane Seymour, took advantage of certain levities in the conduct of the queen, to bring her to trial and the block. The axe is a sharp instrument, and, during the reign of the savage monster, trenced many difficulties besides his matrimonial ones. The particulars of her trial and execution will be recorded in their proper place, when we come to treat on the life of that unfortunate queen.

Cranmer—the timid and obsequious Cranmer—without the least hesitation pronounced the marriage between Henry and Anne Boleyn null, and their issue, consequently, illegitimate; which sentence preceded the execution of the queen, and rendered it legally as well as morally a murder; for if the unhappy Anne had never been the wife of Henry, she could not have committed treason by infidelity to him.

From the moment of her mother's death, Elizabeth seems to have been treated with the most cruel neglect by her brutal parent: a letter is extant, written by her governess, Lady Margaret Bryan, in which that lady declares that her charge had neither gown nor kirtle, petticoat, nor any kind of linen.

The letter, which is preserved in the Cottonian MSS., presents a curious list of articles of apparel deemed necessary for the wardrobe of a female infant of condition in the reign of Henry VIII., the names of which—such as rails, body-stitchets, muffers, and biggins—are unknown at the present day.

The letter is addressed to Cromwell.

The touching appeal of Lady Margaret Bryan appears to have produced but little effect; for, shortly afterwards, we find the Princess Mary, who resided with Elizabeth and the faithful governess, at Ilunsdon, wrote to the king, in behalf of her infant sister, and, as it would appear, with some success.

By his marriage with Jane Seymour, the favourite wish of Henry's heart was at last gratified—the queen made him the father of a son; but the birth of the long-desired heir was purchased at the expense of his mother's life, who survived her accouchement but a few days. At the christening of the infant prince, the daughters of Catherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn appeared in public, for the first time, together. No sting of conscience—no sense of decency or shame—prevented the cruel father from parading, as it were, before the people, the issue of his divorced and murdered wives. Elizabeth, then four years old, carried the chrisom—a vessel of gold, enriched with gems—containing the consecrated oil. To render the mockery yet more complete, she was borne in the arms of the Earl of Hertford, the brother of the new queen.

On the return of the procession, she was led by her sister, the Princess Mary; Lady Rivers bearing her train.

The future Queen of England must have been not only a beautiful and engaging child, but well trained by those who had the care of her education—since she found sufficient favour in the eyes of her savage father to be made the companion of his idolised heir.

According to contemporary writers, the royal children appear to have loved each other with a true brotherly and sisterly affection.

Lady Margaret Bryan, and those who had the care of her person and education, appear to have acted in the most judicious manner to promote the future welfare of their charge. Under every change they continued to keep her not only in Henry's favour, but continually about the court. Neither the people nor the nobles were permitted for an instant to forget that she was the daughter of their sovereign. How often must her time-serving godfather, Cranmer, have had occasion to blush in the presence of the innocent child, whose birth he had stigmatised as illegitimate; but a want of moral courage appears to have been the leading defect in his character.

On Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, in 1540, although it was well known that his highness had expressed both disappointment and disgust at his bride, the faithful governess did not lose the occasion of even a temporary advantage for her pupil. However short the reign of the new queen might be, she continued to make the most of it, and contrived to obtain an audience of the king, which most probably took place in the old palace at Greenwich.

The impatient bridegroom listened, as may be supposed, with an ill grace to the formal compliment of the messen-

ger, and replied with one of those inarticulate growls by which he usually expressed his dissatisfaction: growls which, like the echo of the distant thunder, boded but little good to those who had been foremost in bringing about his marriage—as Cromwell and others found to their cost.

Little daunted by her reception—for the Lady Margaret appears to have possessed no less courage than prudence—the governess concluded with a request that her pupil might be permitted to offer her respectful homage to the new queen.

"To what purpose?" exclaimed the tyrant, who even then meditated the divorce which he afterwards carried out, under the singular plea that he had not given his internal consent to the union; "she ought not to desire such a thing, seeing that she had for her own mother a person so different from the queen. Let her write to her, as she will," he added; "let her write to her!"

With this ungracious permission the messenger was dismissed: the result was an exceedingly elegant letter, which Leti, in his "Life of Elizabeth," has preserved; but which, having doubtless been written at the suggestion or dictation of those around her, we have not thought fit to insert.

The unfortunate Anne of Cleves appears to have entertained a sincere affection for her stepdaughter, whose favour was no less marked with her successor, the beautiful but guilty Catherine Howard—who, being related to the Boleyns by blood, treated Elizabeth with great consideration and kindness—the best trait in the character of that licentious woman.

Shortly after the execution of Catherine Howard, Henry entertained two projects of marriage for his daughter: one with a Portuguese prince, the other with the son of the Earl of Arran. The latter was intended as a bribe to that powerful noble, to win his consent to the union of the infant Queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, with his son, Prince Edward, by which means the two crowns would have been united.

Whilst these treaties were going on, Elizabeth resided with her sister Mary, at Havering Castle—or Tower, as it was generally called; nor did she again make her appearance at court till after her father's marriage with his last and best wife, Catherine Parr, who not only persuaded her husband to send for the princess, but superintended her education, and treated her with the affection of a parent—a kindness which, we regret to add, her daughter-in-law afterwards repaid by the blackest ingratitude: seeing that she encouraged the flirtation—to use the mildest term—of the widowed queen's third husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, the Lord Admiral—a folly or vice, whichever way it may be construed, which occasioned the first speck upon the character of the future Queen of England.

Although only thirteen, a fourth match was proposed for her acceptance, in the person of Philip of Spain, who afterwards married her sister. Never had princess so many suitors.

The period at last drew near when England was to be relieved from the arbitrary rule of the greatest tyrant who ever dishonoured the throne. Henry, bloated and suffering both in body and mind, was called to answer for his crimes at that tribunal where earthly dignities weigh not a feather in the great account.

His successor was with Elizabeth at Enfield, when the Earl of Hertford and Sir Anthony Brown announced to him his accession to the crown. The affection between the royal orphan appears to have been sincere and mutual; and they wept their common loss together. Edward, after his accession to the crown, did not forget his sister, as his correspondence sufficiently testifies.

Henry's will was no less just than politic. By it his three children were placed in the natural order of succession to the crown. His son, who succeeded him, first, as was the ancient and present law of England; then the Lady Mary; and lastly, Elizabeth—provided, of course, that neither of her predecessors left lawful issue.

The dower of both the princesses was made equal: that is to say, an annuity of three thousand pounds, and a further sum of ten thousand on the marriage of either of them, provided they married with the consent of the king and his council.

By the decision of the council, the Princess Elizabeth was placed under the guardianship of her father's widow. It was about this time that Sir Thomas Seymour, the uncle of the new king, made his proposal for the hand of Elizabeth. By some historians it is stated that the council interfered to prevent the marriage; by others, amongst whom is Leti, who had peculiar sources of information, the refusal proceeded from the princess herself—which, when we consider her politic conduct, even in childhood, is not at all improbable.

The daughter of Anne Boleyn appears to have inherited, with the energy and indomitable will of her father, much of her unfortunate mother's levity of character. Even to the last years of her life, she indulged in toying and coquetting with her lovers—a weakness which in youth caused her fame to be suspected, and in age rendered her ridiculous.

Fortunately for her future greatness, to her inordinate love of admiration was added a sound judgment, which stood her friend whenever her real interests were perilled by her levity and misconduct.

A CONCEIT.

Like unto a willow bending—ever bending—
Above the bosom of a lucid stream,
Did my soul waver, still to heaven sending
A prayer that something might reveal my dream.

Yea, like unto a slender willow growing
Upon the margin of a streamlet fair,
Was this fond heart: poor thing! how little knowing
That clearly did its image lie reflected there.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

BELTZUNG'S PATENT BOTTLE.—This is a very neat and simple little invention, which has for its object to substitute for corks a more convenient and equally secure method of closing bottles. For years the thing has been attempted, but unsuccessfully. Now, however, a machine has been patented, which makes the thread of a screw outside the neck of a bottle when manufactured, without any loss of time, any increase of labour, or any extra expense. The caps fitted on this screw may be made of gutta percha, copper, tin, zinc, and all alloys. It is quite unnecessary to point out the advantages of the invention.

CURE FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.—M. Bayard, a resident of Maine and Loire (commune of Jaille Yoon), has recently communicated to the French Academy of Science a method discovered by him of preventing the potato disease. Before planting the slices of potato, he inserts into each a pea or more, according to the size of the piece. He then plants the potato slices as usual, and, according to his testimony, the resulting crop is altogether free from disease. The theory of this action of remedy, according to M. Bayard, is as follows: The peas, by germinating, withdraw from the potato that excess of moisture to which the disease is attributable, and which result is attained to an inferior degree, and much less satisfactorily, by a dosage of common salt. Hence, M. Bayard considers that the agencies of salt and of germinating peas are precisely similar. Ashes, too, which have been lauded as a remedy by some, would possess a similar theoretic action. It is a curious fact, according to M. Bayard, that the potato disease never approaches very near to the sea shore; another fact, in his estimation, favourable to the theory, that superabundant moisture in the slice seedling is the primary cause of the potato disease. Those who do not consider the matter attentively, may regard common salt as the reverse of a drying agent, inasmuch as it soon becomes moist. This is, however, consistent enough. The moisture results from that which the salt takes away from substance containing water, and in contact with it.

WHAT STEAM HAS DONE.—The time was when eggs in Caithness stood a fixture, summer and winter, at 3d., and haddocks at 6d. per dozen, and woe betide the disposer if they ventured to ask a halfpenny more. We had no steamers then. The times have changed since, and even in the dead of winter, exporters can calculate on regular transit to the southern markets almost to an hour: and hence the price of eggs has risen to 9d. per dozen, and haddocks to 2s. per dozen. The parish of Bowyer gudewives and Whaligoe lasses are unco saucy even at that. We have heard of one exporter of eggs having sent up to Edinburgh market this season, from Caithness, upwards of £2000 value of that article alone. Of the quantity of smoked haddocks sent from Caithness we have no data, but it must amount to a large figure. —*John O'Groat's Journal.*

English consumers paid to the French farmers or gardeners, last year, no less than £287,000 for potatoes. This large amount is irrespective of those paid to the growers of Jersey, Guernsey, and Scotland. In the two articles of poultry and potatoes, it appears that little less than half a million of money is needlessly and annually paid to "Vorriners"—as the Hampshire people would call them—which might as well and as easily be put into their own pockets. In the year 1851, there were imported live animals: 192,585 sheep, 37,624 oxen and bulls, 24,026 cows, 24,870 calves, 15,597 swine. The last five items, at their market value, may be set down at £1,000,000 sterling. From all these, agriculturists should know that they permit £1,500,000 to be paid to foreigners for articles which may, as far as soil and climate is concerned, be grown at home. To say nothing of £2,132,179, paid in 1851 to the French for flour and wheat. If English farmers will slumber while those of other nations feed, and sow, and reap, who do they expect will "protect" them?

NEW AMERICAN RIFLE.

The fame which our trans-Atlantic cousins have achieved in the improvement of fire-arms bids fair to be considerably extended, by a new "shooting iron," which has recently been brought to this country, and lately tested at Woolwich. Its exhibitors, Messrs. Moulton and Eustis, claim for it two important qualities, which undoubtedly are acknowledged desiderata, and which, as far as an opinion may be pronounced without lengthened examination and trial, do certainly appear to be attained. These qualities are, first, a simple, safe, and expeditious mode of loading at the breech; and, secondly, the cleansing of the barrel secured at each discharge. On the value of such improvements, should they be realised, it is quite unnecessary to dilate, for the use of the rascal is obviously a clumsy mechanical expedient; and the employment of greased patches round balls is neither convenient nor effectual for keeping the bore in perfect order. Every one accustomed to the use of a gun will readily recognise the importance of any safe and effectual means for loading at the breech, the existing practice being the greatest drawback and inconvenience in handling fire-arms, since the abolition of the old flint-lock. American rifles have a very unnecessary quantity of metal in them, which, as it tends to diminish the amount of recoil, affords proportionate facilities for breech-loading. The balls commonly used in them are also smaller (the bore being less); and with this must be taken the fact, that the charge of powder in the cartridges of the new implement is only half that

of the ordinary rifle. Messrs. Eustis and Moulton, however, state that it will carry a half-ounce ball accurately 650 yards, and 14oz. 1500 yards. The French government have, it is said, approved of their invention, and given them a large order. It certainly appears well adapted for the use of troops, and, by the presence of the commander-in-chief at the late trial, our military authorities appear to regard it with considerable interest and favour. Its final success and adoption can only be secured by more extended experience of its merits; but, so far as it can at present be judged of, it seems the most formidable, simply-constructed, and economical rifle that has yet been produced, tending to increase the destructiveness of war, should it arise, but also tending to shorten it. If the importation of such inventions have no other effect, at least they may arouse our gun-makers to a display of more energy and skill than for many years they have put forth. The great improvements so recently made in this branch of industry all come from abroad, and, should this state of things continue, not only shall we lose an important trade, but perhaps a strong defence in the hour of national danger. The Americans won their independence with their rifles. Cheap and good rifles will at least help to strengthen ours.

LETTERS FROM A VIRGINIA COUSIN.

BY MARGARET IRVIN.

YOU must know that the negroes almost invariably prefer to intermarry with strangers, rather than with their own fellow-servants, even though by this arrangement they only meet once in a fortnight or so. One of the reasons for this preference seems to be, that when the husband comes to pay the weekly or monthly visit, some little present is generally expected and brought. A few pounds of coffee or sugar, a little parcel of tea, a pair of fowls, or a new head-kerchief, are the husband's gift, purchased with the eighteenpences that find their way to the pockets of any of them who choose to perform extra services. The wife, in turn, has a trifle for her "ole man," too—one of "young Mas'r's" vests, it may be, which she has made look "mighty nice," as she tells him—"tho' 't wa'n't of no 'count, no how, when she got it;" or she has a *bonne bouche* for him in the shape of one of her pet ducks, which she has roasted for the occasion, or a savoury pie, or something equally acceptable. A lady, speaking on the subject not long ago, told me that her mother had a valuable servant-woman, who seemed to be very strongly attached to her husband; and, as she only saw him once in a fortnight, it was proposed, as a reward for her faithfulness, to purchase him, merely for her gratification, as there was no call whatever in the family for his services. "Then please mam, Miss Sally," she said to Mrs. P., when the latter told her of her intention—"please, mam, sell me. I'd rather you didn't own me and Davy both!"

Well—not to run away from my subject again—Rhynie, a pretty and jaunty-looking mulatto girl, who had attracted my attention by her amusing imitations of the air and manner of her young mistresses, was that night to be married to a servant from a neighbouring plantation, and she wanted to be dressed as much as possible like Miss Maria, who had been the object of her most unbounded admiration when she had been married the year before, to the young planter down on James' River. Miss Maria had worn a satin dress, it is true, but a white dotted muslin satisfied Rhynie. Miss Maria had had a veil of most costly lace depending from the orange flowers in her hair to her white-slipped feet; and Rhynie had been teasing her pet, Fanny, for something that would look like a veil, even though it should be a piece of Miss Sophy's ole lace window-curtains.

You know the peculiarity that most Southern servants have of designating their mistress by the name she was accustomed to bear before her marriage. This arises from the fact of a young lady always carrying servants from her father's house, when she goes to one of her own, who of course retain the old name, and hand it down to the younger tribe that grow up about them; so that one constantly hears the mistress addressed by her maiden name, even though she be a grandmother.

Fanny had not succeeded in finding anything among her own possessions that would suit the purpose of the bride elect. Her sister Sue remembered an old-fashioned wrought tissue veil—such as used to be worn some twenty-five years back, by country brides on the first Sunday of their appearance at church—and she good-naturedly went in search of it.

An airy, summer dining-room of larger dimensions than the more cozy arrangements for the winter warranted, and which, accordingly, was not used in cold weather, except on the occasion of a great Christmas dinner, or something similar, had been granted by Mrs. —, for the bridal party. Miss Sophy's table linen and china had been lent for the nonce; and such a whisking about as there was of turbaned heads—such a running in and out of the great dining-room—such an air of importance among the little negroes who were bringing in irregular bunches of the garden flowers which the frost had spared—white, and red, and yellow chrysanthemums, with sprigs of jessamine and cedar—to the two little girls, Harriet and Sophy H—, who were busy weaving wreaths for the cakes that were to grace the table.

The list of invitations had been dispatched the day before, written by Harriet, at Rhynie's dictation, and amusingly imitative of the "white folks." The child had blotted her sheet, and so had to do her work over again, and it was thus I got a sight of the duplicate list. It may amuse you, Jeanie, to know that its wording was just what yours would be, were you issuing cards for a party. "Miss Rhynie H—'s compliments: she will be

happy, &c., &c." Then followed the names: "Mr. Pompey Randolph and lady," "Mr. Milton Peyton and lady," "Mr. Sambo Harrison," and so on—the surnames of course being those of their masters.

Dinner was gotten over considerably earlier than the usual Virginia hour of four, for the convenience of the servants; and we were duly informed that the bride hoped—"you alls white ladies would do her the favour to come and see her married."

At the hour designated, the children of the house—who had all their sympathies enlisted in the matter, and to whom Rhynie was scarcely less important a personage than one of their sisters—came running to inform us that "Uncle Adam" was come, and they were just going to begin. We followed the eager little girls, and together with the rest of the family, made our way to the dining-room, which was already filled with black faces. Fanny H—, who was about fourteen, had had the ordering of affairs pretty much her own way, and had taken care that there should be no lack of light. The silver candelabras were on the mantel, holding *tallow* candles, it is true, instead of sperm, and the long table, with its wreathed cakes and rows of light, did credit to the young hands that had arranged it.

As we entered, and the smiling, and tittering, and grinning groups rose to acknowledge the favour done them. Sue H— whispered into my ear a line of Byron, slightly parodied:—

"— bright
The lamps shone o'er brown women and black men!"

The little negroes were gazing about among the larger ones, in clean aprons and trousers, pinching one another's ears, and pulling one another's woolly hair, for very merriment, and receiving in return admulatory cuffs here and there from some white-kerchiefed "Aunt."

At length "Uncle Adam" gave the signal by stepping out into the floor: he was a venerable-looking, grizzled-headed old man, whose dignity of preacher gave him great weight among his coloured brethren.

The dark mass parted, and Rhynie, leaning languidly on the arm of her chosen, glided forward, followed by the train of sable attendants. All were bridally attired, and the veil floated most becomingly over the mahogany shoulders of the bride. The hands of all were duly incased in white cotton gloves, with the exception of Rhynie, who sported, through the favouritism of Miss Fanny, a pair of spotted kids. When "Uncle Adam" directed the groom to take his betrothed's hand, there was a deal of tittering from the difficulty of drawing off the tight glove. At last the bridesmaid succeeded in accomplishing it; but not without severing the thumb in her efforts, at which the titter became for a few moments an uproarious peal; but a shake of the preacher's head restored silence, and he went on.

"Do you, brother Sampson, take this lady whose hand you've got a hold of, to be your weddin' wife,—and do you promise afore God and these white ladies that you're a gwine to be a lovin' husband to her?"

"Yes sir!" promptly responded brother Sampson, with as decided a bob of the head as the stiffness of his high-standing collar would permit.

"And do you, sister Rhynie, promise to take this gemelman to be your weddin' husband, and not to give him up for nobody else till death you does part?"

The veiled head drooped in gentle affirmation.

"Kiss your bride, brother Sampson!"

The groom turned to do as he was bidden, but the coquettish Rhynie, forgetful of her position and her new dignity, whirled on her heel to escape the pouting lips that were proffered, and was lost for a little while to our view, among the laughing groups that closed around her. The remembrance of our presence soon recalled her, however, and put her upon her good behaviour again; and she came forward to receive the congratulations which we stood ready to offer.

We did not wish to impose the restraint of our presence long enough upon the wedding party to wait and see the bride's cake cut; so, with an assurance from the bride's mother, Mrs. H—'s old cook—that she would send up a waiter of "good eatens" to the parlour before she allowed anybody to touch a mouthful, we took our leave.

I wish, Jeanie, you could have heard the merry *law-haws* that reached us in the parlour, as we sat with our coffee-cups in our hands, round the well-filled waiter which had been dispatched to us. If you had, I do not think your heart would have been disposed to waste much superfluous commiseration upon the so-called poor, unhappy slaves. After the supper was fully over, you should have heard the tumming of the banjo, and the echo of the noisy feet that kept time to it. Indeed, the sound was so contagious, that we could hardly keep our own feet still, and felt like whirling one another round the room, from the mere force of sympathy.

When Mrs. H— thought the merriment had been kept up long enough, she sent word to some of the "old folks" to that effect. The noisy guests at once acquiesced; preparations were immediately made for departure, and by half-after nine o'clock all were gone, and the premises at Mount Albyn were reduced again to their usual quietude. Your inference may be, that Rhynie would be quite spoiled by all this fuss about her. Not at all, my dear. The next morning we found her at our bedside very little after the usual hour, dressed in her neat, every-day linsey coat (as the negroes call a dress), quite ready to do our bidding, and looking only a little abashed as we reminded her of her new dignity of wifehood. But surely, even if it did spoil our servants a little sometimes, is not this better than the utter and entire want of interest and sympathy that exists between northern mistresses and their domestics? But enough on this subject; so, dear Jeanie, *au revoir*.

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCENE—A village; peasants merry-making: JACOB very consequential amongst them.

PEASANT.
JACOB, give thee joy! We give thee joy, Jacob!
'Tis said thou art to be clerk of the parish.

JACOB.
It hath pleased the good minister
So to appoint it.

PEASANT.
The good minister? nay, the good Jacob
So to deserve it.

JACOB.
I do not vaunt—success maketh a man proud,
Nevertheless I assume no pride, peasants;
Though clerk is a pretty name and a worshipful,
Nevertheless I ask you not to say
Clerk Jacob! I say I ask ye not to call me
Clerk Jacob!
Although every man's title is his right:
Delectus esset dignitatis.
And Clerk Jacob's mine, if every man got his due.
I confess that I have a pretty manner withal,
And a voice of some mellifluousness.
Albeit it becometh not me so to exalt
Mine own acquirements: *principibus cede.*

PEASANT.
We give you joy, Mr. Clerk Jacob.

JACOB, smiling conceitedly.
Nay, good people; nay, of a verity
I take it most unfriendly of you,
As to the Mister—plain Clerk Jacob!
I would assume no dignity unworthy
The occasion and the antiquity of mine office.
Vitis nemo sine nascitur. I pretend not
To be better than my neighbours.

CLOWN.
Now, as thou art a learned clerk, I put it to thee,
Believ'st thou aught of witchcraft?

PEASANT.
Witchcraft? Oh, la, neighbours, let us away.
I dare never sleep alone o' nights
If I listen to witchcraft.

JACOB.
Of what craft, good Master Clown?

CLOWN.
Of witchcraft, sorcery, of bead and book;
Of magic circles, round which dead men's bones
Dance to the hollow drum of their own coffins.

JACOB.
Of a verity, Clown: did not the wisest queen,
Ay, and the best old England ever crowned,
Did not Elizabeth consult the stars,
And summoned Dee, the great astronomer,
Conjuror, foreteller, and Satan's agent,
To name the day for her own coronation?
Believe in witchcraft? Of a surety, Clown.

CLOWN.
But hold they intercourse with spirits, thinkst thou?
Eh, Jacob? thou art learned; a reader, Jacob;
A studier of sciences, I've seen; but mum!
I spied thee throat deep in old musty books,
Parchments, and piled papers; and I said,
If thou wouldst seek out knowledge, Master Clown,
Shake hands now with thyself; for here's the man
Could send thee home with every brain-shell loaded.
Tell me, though, honestly—now good Sir Clerk—
Believ'st in "numbers mystical." Eh, Jacob?
Eh, good Sir Clerk—good Master Jacob—Clerk!

JACOB.
Why Clown,—*quot homines tot sententiae*—
As many men so many opinions:
Nathless I like not seeing. . . .

CLOWN, interrupting him eagerly, and rubbing his hands.
No—well; no more do I.

What?

CLOWN.
Nay, I said nothing—did I? Well, good Jacob,
Thou lik'st not seeing. . . .

JACOB.
Mystical numbers from all time have been
The ready beads of superstition, Clown—
Credulity the thread to hang them on!
Nevertheless I like not number seven.

CLOWN.
No, thou lik'st better number one, Clerk Jacob;
A jest—no disrespect to thine office—a poor jest!

JACOB.
Thirteen at table suits my fancy not,
For thereon hangs a fatal prophecy.

CLOWN, solemnly.
Nine has been cursed.

JACOB.
Not cursed; there be nine Muses:
Curse not the Muses, Clown.

CLOWN.
I know not what a Muse is.

JACOB.
Why thou amuses—ha! was I not quick
'Twas jest for jest—a very nimble wit!
Three Graces. . . .

CLOWN.
Three?
I know but two: what's the third?
We say but two i' the kitchen.

JACOB.
Not know? then knowing not the third
Mak'st thee a graceless Clown!
Ha, good again, i' faith—a spicy wit;
A very racy wit.

CLOWN.
Nay, an' you be a fetching of wit,
I am myself no indifferent carrier:
Tell me now—

Gone?

[Goes a few steps, and calls after him.]
Jacob! Clerk Jacob! canst thou tell me . . .
He's gone, without hearing my best!
He should have heard my best;
Peter says it's my best! Why is . . .

[Enter PETER.]
I've told it thee before, Peter.

PETER.
Twenty times; thou scorest my memory daily.

CLOWN.
I lack counsel, Peter; construe me this—
Is good sleeping true sign of a good conscience?

PETER.
Sure, as good eating is sign of a good appetite.

CLOWN.
Then listen; for I have that withal to tell thee
Will knock the feet of thy knowledge from under thee:
A bad conscience sleepeth not during the night—
Good!

PETER.
How, good?

CLOWN.
Nay, the conscience is bad, but the *imprimis* good;
A bad conscience walketh at midnight—
Muttereth to itself—holdeth discourse
With things invisible;
For your bad conscience hath a cowardly sight!

PETER.
Well, well, get rid of thy bad conscience:
What next?

CLOWN.
Lend me thine ear, and keep thy tongue close
Betwixt thy teeth, thus, lest it slip to thy lips:
Then follows it, Master Peter,

[Whispering.]
That this Falkner
Hath an evil conscience! I sleep over him;
First floor of all others from the ceiling,
Cool in winter, hot in summer; I'm but a clown—
It matters not where I lodge.

But as I tell thee,
This Falkner waketh me all hours of the night:
It's not a little can rouse me, for I'm a hard sleeper.
Well! I start me up—midnight; the old tower
Striking one, two, three; and bolt upright I listen:
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, to and fro; then a noise
As though some one threw himself heavily
Into a chair; then—*noiser yet!*—groans—Peter;
Such heart-splitting groans: oh, dear!
Then a window slowly and creakingly
Heaved up, as though the air of the place
Had grown too hot for him.
Once, when I could bear it no longer, I knocked,
And inquired whether he were ill?

PETER.
Well?

CLOWN.
Well; no reply—silent as fear: after
Waiting some time I returned to my loft,
And heard no more of him that night.
Take my word for it, Peter, if our lady
Wedded him, the bridal wreath will prove
Of black flowers; a garland of crape,
With gloves to match; no man liveth long
That sleepeth not: they say he's been in India!
I like not people that have been in India.

PETER.
Thou mightst as well tell me—they say he's not
Had his dinner; I like not people
Who have not had their dinner.

CLOWN.
Well, peradventure I don't.

PETER.
Don't what?

CLOWN.
Like people who have not had their dinner.

PETER.
Thy most marvellous reason?

CLOWN.
'Tis plain as a pikestaff.
People who have not had their dinner
Are empty; emptiness is folly!
Folly is depravity—dost thou mark?
Depravity is vice, and vice is crime:
Ergo, it is a crime to be hungry!
People who have not had their dinner
Lack virtue; therein they are obnoxious,
Therefore in my disfavour.

PETER.
Thou hast been in wise company,
Where thou hast found more *whys* than *wherefores*

But herein thou art unwise,
Therefore a clown!

CLOWN.
A *non sequitur*, Peter—a *non sequitur*.
Thy civility is a little soured in the bleaching;
That is to say, thou takest liberties.

PETER.
Let me take the further liberty
Of advising thee . . .

CLOWN.
Ay, Master Peter.

PETER.
Not to be over liberal with thy story
Of this Falkner: thy not liking him
Matters little, but his not liking thee
Might cost thee thy place. Be wary, Clown.

CLOWN.
I will, an thou wilt own now I have a learning,
And a nice skill as to causes—cute in question:
I do enjoy a bit of your deep philosophy—
I should like to dive, and bring up
Out of the great sea of knowledge
The why and the wherefore of every thing.

PETER.
Keep as thou art, Clown; the sea of folly
Hath as many divers within it,
And the knowledge they bring to the surface
Is equally popular.

CLOWN.
Popular?
I remember an orator, Peter,
A fine, lipping, mincing, gentleman,
So much in love with his own eloquence
That he was always *clipping* his own words.

PETER.
Clipping! ha, ha, ha! thou shin'st to day, Clown.

CLOWN.
I had but little schooling worth calling;
But genius, Peter, genius makes up for it.
Old Headline, the schoolmaster, owes to this day
That when only in two letters, I made them
Sound out like words of three syllables.
Ay, Peter, but fine scholarship's a fine thing.
I learnt just sufficient to puzzle my brains,
And so made me a clown! If I get
A good thought, 'tis a blunder of nature!

PETER.
Why then, thy wisdom, Clown, might blunder here
This Falkner, after all, may be in love!
Forgetful of his food—why proof of love!
Absent when spoken to—sure sign of love!
Given to lonely musing—still 'tis love!
Sleepless o' nights—undoubtedly 'tis love!
Thy adder's nest will prove a very dove's.

CLOWN.
Love? if that be love, I know no picture on't.
The love I saw was apple-cheeked and plump
A game of forfeits in the rogue's blue eyes
Love, Peter?—pish, go wash thine eyes, good Peter
Love's ever where there's feasting—mind you that.
Love, quotha? I'd as soon wed the church-clock,
And be struck on the head all hours of the day;
Not but a wise man may be mistaken, Peter,
And one of *less* wisdom set him right.
Thou hast scholarship!
If I had sat on a Latin form for a fortnight,
Like thee, I'd have known the language ere this.

PETER.
So, then,
Thou dost own that some are wiser than thou?

CLOWN.
Ay, some are wise, Peter,
And some are other-wise, Peter!
I wish Jacob heard that:
Some are wise, and some are otherwise, Peter.

PETER.
Come along. . . .

[Seizing him jokingly by the ear, and pulling him off.]

CLOWN.
Ha! you see I'm not to be led by the nose.

[To be continued.]

PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.—Spry and others state that the snake-catchers in the East Indies have the art of enticing snakes from their concealment by a kind of song or humming sound; and Neale affirms that he tamed rattlesnakes by music, and, however dangerous they might be, he completely subdued them, which is confirmed by Chateaubriand, who saw the anger of one of these reptiles completely subdued by the tones of a flute. Lenz, on the other hand, describes these as mere fables, as in no instance could he ever succeed in making any impression on a snake by music; but he cites the instance of a goose which followed a harp-player whenever he performed. Bechtem says that mice are attracted by music, and Bettina noticed the same in running up the gamut. An elephant in Paris, within hearing of a concert, expressed, by gestures, its pleasure at some pieces, whilst others did not affect it. Some dogs are singularly excited by music, and accompany it with a distressing kind of howl. It is known to sportsmen that the deer and roe listen to music, and, according to Obsonville, monkeys are attracted by it, and exhibit marked delight.



[THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.]

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LIKE his predecessor, Mr. Disraeli, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, has sprung from the ranks of the people; for his father was a Liverpool merchant, who, to use a phrase—happily for the vigour of the British character, common in the land, and not at all considered low or derogatory—we say, to use a familiar phrase, Mr. Gladstone's father "began with nothing." That is to say, he started in business very humbly, acquired a little capital, and, through perseverance and indomitable industry, realised a splendid fortune, and died a baronet, having had that title conferred on him when that great man, Sir Robert Peel, was at the head of the councils of his sovereign, Queen Victoria.

Sir John Gladstone may be said to have been one of the lions of that extraordinary commercial emporium, Liverpool—for he grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. Sixty years ago, it was one of the third-rate sea-ports in the kingdom; but Sir John Gladstone lived long enough to see it rise to be the first seaport in the world—and not only become greater than London, but, taking its exports, excel London and the twelve other principal ports of the empire put together. The worthy baronet was very much attached to the town; and among the inhabitants, the memory of not one of its merchant princes is more respected. And with good reason, for he was a liberal benefactor to the chief local charities, and, in a day when religious destitution was more severely felt than at present, erected and endowed several beautiful churches in connection with the Established Church of England—for the baronet, although a Scotchman by birth, was one of the warmest friends the Establishment possessed; and no doubt it is to this strong predilection of the father for the support of the Establishment as a portion of the constitution, that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer owes the foundation of his strong bias for the institution being *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, one of the leading auxiliary estates of the realm.

The subject of our memoir was the third son of Sir John Gladstone, and he was born in Liverpool, in 1809—so that he has just arrived at the age when the mental faculties of a man of talent are in the very summer of their vigour. His early years were passed in his native town, from whence, at the proper age, he was transferred to Eton, and thence to Oxford, where, in 1831, he obtained a double first-class certificate. At college, no student could have been more diligent or more exempt from the influences that too frequently blight the moral freshness of young men of rank and wealth. Young Gladstone was a pattern scholar, and his father, being justly proud of his abilities, resolved that, as the family honours would devolve on the eldest son, and the dignity of supporting the mercantile renown of the name of Gladstone was assigned to the second, the third should dare the steep ascent to political fame. Accordingly, crowned with the bays of scholarship and authorship—for before he had attained his twenty-fifth year he had made his *début* in the latter capacity—he attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel, who,

oldest patrician families in the country, and must have considerably strengthened his position as a public man, if any such support were needed, when he commanded the rare advantages of talent, character, and wealth.

In September, 1841, he again took office with Sir Robert Peel, as Vice President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, which he retained until May, 1843, when he became President of the Board of Trade, retaining the Mastership of the Mint, but in 1845 he resigned both offices. In December, 1845, he was appointed Secretary for the Colonies; and in the July following, on the disruption of the Peel party, he finally retired, and never again had the opportunity of serving his sovereign in conjunction with the statesman whose untimely loss fell so heavily on the heart of the country.

Mr. Gladstone's literary efforts have been chiefly polemical. He is author of "The State in Relation with the Church," "Church Principles considered in their Results," and other works of a similar class. As an orator he ranks high, for he is chaste, unaffected, and forcible. With politics we have no connection; but we may venture to remark, that Mr. Gladstone is evidently of opinion that, as Great Britain is great, not merely in the extent, but in the diversity of its population, it is sound policy to give to every interest the utmost consistent liberty of action, and the utmost opportunity for legitimate development.

And we may also remark, that as Mr. Gladstone is generally looked upon as the successor, in the political world, of his late lamented leader, his views must have great weight in any cabinet of which he is a member, and be freely canvassed among the public. In social position, in character, in talent, and in domestic antecedents, he strikingly resembles the late Sir Robert Peel.

But it remains to be seen whether his intellect will expand with occasions as they arrive, as did that of his illustrious Mentor. The age is progressive in all its departments—new institutions and fresh conditions are springing up rapidly—hourly they may be seen to grow upon the mental vision; and the man who would direct and control them must emphatically be the man of the age. He must be capable of submitting to generous modifications, to liberal concessions, and to an abandonment of prejudices, however respectable they may be, or however hallowed by the respect of a past generation.

If Mr. Gladstone can realise this largeness of character—if he can follow the tendencies of civilisation as they arise and accumulate—he will unquestionably become a great man. A brilliant future lies before him, if he will but take due advantage of the opportunities that surround him; and as no man could better appreciate the solid benefits of a sound education than himself, the country, we think, will look to him for some comprehensive measure of instruction for all classes.

Let him but establish a system of general education, acceptable to every section in the community, and he will be the most popular minister the country ever had.

But in his present sphere he might do immense good. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will have to study the finances of the country; and, without committing ourselves to any positive expression of feeling on the subject, we may say that he has the chance of suggesting means

in 1834, was collecting under his ample wings that brood of youthful politicians who have subsequently acquired such well-earned celebrity as the Peel party, and was by him appointed a lord of the treasury; but, when Mr. Stuart Wortley failed in obtaining a seat in Parliament, superseded that gentleman as Under Secretary for the Colonies. He held this office so ably as to obtain the warm approbation of his political chief and patron, until the brief ministry of the latter expired in April, 1835. After that he distinguished himself on the benches of the opposition, and materially contributed to the overthrow of the Whig ministry, in 1841. But during this interval he was more agreeably engaged than in levelling his powers against the policy of a cabinet obnoxious to his party—for in 1839 he married Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. He thus became connected with some of the

for the equitable adjustment of the national burthens, and the establishment of a principle of taxation that will afford more satisfaction than that now followed.

Freedom of industry, of trade, and of commerce, demand a large allowance of liberty for other conditions; and we must boldly state, that all such taxes as those on knowledge are incompatible with the pure interests of the nation; they are opposed to its instincts—in fact, are impediments in the way of its course of action. Their repeal would occasion no great loss to the revenue, and if the question was made one of mere fiscal prudence, they might be transferred, with wisdom and decency, to the luxuries that come so extensively into demand with the accumulation of wealth, and the accompanying increase of wants that, in previous stages of civilisation, are deemed purely artificial.

Thought should be as free as the heaven from which it came; but thought cannot be free in England, until its machinery is delivered from the grasp of all restrictions upon its productive power, and the contamination of impositions entirely the inventions of a less enlightened period.

OUR AIM.

BY G. BENNETT.

Oh! that our thoughts, like winged spirits flying
Through the still air, could reach an absent friend!
Oh! that their souls, to those fond thoughts replying,
Could back to us some welcome message send!

Were it not well, ere sleep the world concealing
From human eyes, bids us its cares forget,
To let some thought, our hearts' deep love revealing,
Fly to the home where dearest friends are met?

There should it whisper, 'midst their quiet gladness,
Of faithful ones, that yearn with them to be;
That in their absence feel a secret sadness
Steal like a storm-cloud over memory.

Go, holy thought!—like a pure spirit soaring,
To bask amidst the noontide blaze of light—
Go! tell the loved of one whose soul is pouring
Its prayer for them in the deep silent night!

Go! bear to friendly hearts the fond assurance,
Of truth unchanged amidst the storm of years—
Of warm affection, proved by long endurance—
Of faith which still without a stain appears!

Go to the dying, as the chain that bound them
To earthly ties is broken, link by link;
With purer, higher, holier hopes surround them,
Lest from the darkness of the grave they shrink.

And whisper to the silent mourner, bending,
In such deep sorrow o'er the much-loved dead,
That the freed spirit to its God ascending,
Hath from the cares of earth for ever fled.

Go to the captive's cell, glad tidings bring
Of faithful hearts that strive for his release;
Go! on the aching brow and spirit fling
The hush of slumber and the calm of peace!

To the unquiet mind, which pain and sadness
Forbade to slumber through night's reckless hours,
That memory tortures almost into madness,
While storms have blighted all hope's sweetest flowers.

Say that misfortune hath not touched them *only*—
That others droop beneath the same dark care:
But that the loving heart is never lonely,
Still linked to other hearts by thought and prayer!

Go to the chambers of the poor and lowly,
Let them know that our thoughts are oft like theirs—
Our souls full of those feelings, pure and holy,
Which prompt in all the same deep, earnest prayers!

Tell them the links of human love have bound us
To all the human race; and that we claim
The sympathy of all true hearts around us—
A universal brotherhood our aim!

COMMUNION WITH DEPARTED SPIRITS.

A belief in the possibility of communion with the spirits of the departed, and that they watch over us, should, says Washington Irving, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured are invisible witnesses of all our actions. It would take away too, from the loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes of the heart. There are departed beings that I have loved as I shall never again love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments they have felt on earth—if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth—I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn and unalloyed delight. It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost

seem as if our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover about us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

FACETIÆ.

KEEP clear of the law; for when you *gain* your cause, you are generally a *loser* of your money.

"MRS. JENKINS," said a little red-haired girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of firewood, filling this cruet with vinegar, putting a little soft soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey roost on our fence."

A little farm well tilled, is to a farmer the next thing to a little wife well willed.

THINGS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT NOT TO LOSE ON A RAILWAY.—A limb, or an eye, or a tooth, or your time, or your patience, or your trunk, or luggage, or your wife, or your life!

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection."

A barber in London advertises that his customers are shaven "without incision or laceration, for the microscopic sum of one halfpenny."

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law,
And when he died,
The devil cried,
"Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!"

—*Russell's Life of Moore.*

SOME wag inserted in a London paper a notice of a meeting at the Reform and Carlton, to consider the propriety of an amalgamation.

TIMELY ARRIVAL.—The Marquis of Lansdowne called one morning on the Countess of Cork, and found the whole house in a state of great bustle and excitement. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne—come in! I am so glad you arrived at this moment! only think! the grey parrot has just laid an egg!"—*Moore's Diary.*

REPUTED ORIGIN OF "BLACKGUARDISM."—In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest depth there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people in derision gave the name of "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never before properly explained.—*Gifford's Notes to Ben Jonson.*

ABERNETHY AND LISTON.—With all his power of creating mirth, and provoking laughter in others, Liston was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the persuasion of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor. "Sit down, sir. What ails you?" said the doctor. Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation. "Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you! Low spirits! Pooh, pooh! Go to Covent Garden to-night, and see Liston perform; if that has no effect, go again to-morrow: that will do it. Two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman! There—go—go!" Liston was taken aback—tipped his guinea—and made a most theatrical exit.

CURRAN AND CHANCELLOR CLARE.—Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favourite spariel, or Newfoundland dog, seated by him; and all the world will remember the rebuke administered to him by that rarely-gifted man. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation, or malice prepense, Lord Clare, raised his head, and asked: "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

HEIGHT OF GALLANTRY.—At the late "fair for the blind," in Boston, a sailor was strolling past a table kept by a most lovely woman. Jack stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a ten-dollar note from his pocket, laid it on the table, and was passing on. "My good friend," said the lady, "won't you take something for your money?" "I thank you, madam," replied the tar, with another shy look; "I've had more than my money's worth already."

A western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer. "Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money." "But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?" "Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

A GOOD PLACE FOR HUNTING.—"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting—now we've tramped it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so—well I calculate, as a general thing, that the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"I say, square, what'll you take for that are dog o' your'n?" said a Yankee pedlar to an old Dutch farmer; "what'll you take for him? He ain't a very good-looking dog; but what was you callin', maybe, he'd fetch?" "Ah!" responded the Dutchman, "dat dog ish n't wort' nothin', most; he ish n't wort' you to buy 'um." "Guess tew dollars about would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him." "Yaas; he isn't wort' dat." "Wal, I'll take him," said the pedlar. "Sh'top!" said the Dutchman: "Dere's one ting about dat dog I can't sell." "Oh, take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested the pedlar. "Tain't dat," replied Mynheer; "he's a boor dog, but I can't sell de wag of his tail when I come home!"

THE Calcutta *Englishman* publishes the following amusing episode in the Burmese War: "The setting sun was gilding the broad waters of the Irrawaddy, as the steamer Mozuffer, with the Calcutta mail, cast her anchor below the Hastings shoal, dreading, at that late hour, to attempt its dangerous passage. But a little time had she lain there, when the Mahanuddy, feeling her way, cautiously yet closely approached her; and a staff-officer from the last-named vessel, hailing the Mozuffer, eagerly asked for the latest news. 'The news!—the news!' exclaimed he; and about fifty persons, officers and privates, clustered round, anxiously awaiting the desired information. 'News!' responded a gruff voice from the Mozuffer—'ay, there is news, and good news, too, for you military! That old woman, Godwin, has been superseded, and General Cheape has been appointed to the command in his room.' General Godwin was himself the officer who was asking the news: those around him were his staff, or the troops proceeding to the capture of Pegu! We will not attempt to describe the scene; it sufficeth to say, that the principal actor in it was furious: he immediately stopped the Mahanuddy, and ordered the officer commanding the Mozuffer to send him his despatches. Those present tell us, that it was difficult to say which was most amusing, the rage of the general, or the consternation on board the Mozuffer, when they learnt the name and rank of the officer to whom they had imparted the interesting intelligence."

"LARNING—larning—larning!" is the cry of father an' mother: if my boy had the "larning," what a janius he would be! In course, ye old fools, your *bouchal* would be a swan among the goslings; but it isn't "larnin" half the world want: instead of "larnin," by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline—that's the only education I ever saw that brought a boy to any good. What's the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin pothooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his first long-tailed blue, if ye don't teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics? Where's the use of instructing him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny piece? What height of bletherin' stupidity it is, to be fillin' a boy's brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omadras*, to pick up his victuals among the moderns!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.—In a district in the neighbourhood of Inverness, which of late has become locally notorious for breaches of promise of marriage, &c., the following incident took place lately: A farm servant had wooed and won the affections of a young woman; her consent to marriage was obtained, and Christmas night appointed for the celebration of the nuptials. A large party of friends and acquaintances were invited to attend the wedding, and the apartments of the principal inn in the district were secured for the occasion, a substantial supper having been ordered to be ready for all and sundry who chose to partake of it. The day preceding that set apart for the festivities, however, brought mine hostess the following laconic epistle: "Dec. 23, 1852.—Mem, you Will not Require to be at the terrible of Preparing a Wedding for Me." The party most interested—the intended bride—received no intimation of the change which had come over the spirit of her lover's dream, and, consequently, at the appointed hour, accompanied by a batch of friends, she reached the inn. The brief epistle quoted above was produced, the party became excited, and a number of those present sallied forth to effect the capture of the bridegroom, and compulsory fulfilment of his engagement. The clergyman was also present, and exerted himself to comfort the unfortunate affianced. While the proceedings narrated were going on, a farm lad from Forres arrived at the inn, on his way to visit his friends in a neighbouring strath; and having been made acquainted with the whole affair, gallantly "popped the question" to the deserted fair one, and was at once accepted. The minister was still present, the knot was tied, dancing commenced, and the evening was spent right pleasantly. It is hoped that the spirited young ploughman may never repent his hasty marriage.—*Inverness Courier.*

A FAMILY SCENE.—A gentleman deeply engaged in study—and a lady, pretending to knit, is perplexing him with her questions.—Lady (in the drawing, affectionate style): "Ma deah! correctly speaking, what is a dentist?" Gentleman (short, sharp, and rather cross): "Dentist is derived from *dent*, French for teeth. Dentist is a man who pulls teeth out." Lady (after knitting once round, in order to give the gentleman time to become immersed in his book again): "Ma deah! you said this morning that

Professor Musty was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin *lingua*, a tongue?" Gentleman (tartly): "Yes." Lady: "Well, then, is a linguist a man who pulls tongues out?" Gentleman (very decidedly): "No, madam; but I wish to heaven he did!" *Exit lady in a huff.*

A CLEVER DOG.—An individual in Montrose is in possession of a member of the canine race which is apparently far more sagacious than beautiful. Its owner, it seems, has been in the habit of visiting a friend, about sixteen miles distant in the country, pretty frequently by railway recently. However, the visits have not been so frequent as his dogship desired. Being evidently a high-minded animal, and scorning to depend upon others for his own pleasure, he went off the other day to the railway station, deliberately took his accustomed seat in a carriage, waited patiently till the train arrived at the station nearest his master's friend's house, and then leaped off, and made for his country residence, where he got safe, much to the astonishment of his host; but, if one might judge from the pendulosity of his tail, greatly to his own satisfaction.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend them!—*Punch.*

POLITICAL TRUISM.—If the present Ministers do not fall out, it is more than probable that they will keep in.—*Ibid.*

OBJECTIONABLE CHILD: "Lor! Pa, are you going to smoke?" My eye! won't you catch it when Ma comes home, for making the curtains smell!—*Ibid.*

TURNING A PENNY.—Among the new inventions of the day is an article called a revolving till. We are not fully aware of the advantage of a revolving till, but one of its uses may probably be the reception of good round sums.—*Ibid.*

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—Two men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess she was in the wrong.—*Ibid.*

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—Some Frenchman has been amusing himself in the fabrication of a new hat, which is made entirely of leather. We don't know why a hat made of leather should not be as good and as handsome as any other hat, but somehow it would seem strange to us if we had to leave our hat with our boots outside the door to be cleaned every morning, and it would sound equally strange to hear any one calling down the kitchen stairs: "Hallo! Mary; haven't you blacked my hat yet?"—*Ibid.*

"WHEN FOUND, DON'T MAKE A NOTE OF."

To find a government steamer which will compete in speed with any common coal-barge.

To find a better school for *Accidence* than a Railway.

To find the philosopher's stone, or its equivalent in rarity—a stone of butcher's meat, which by your own scale weighs fourteen pounds.

To find the centre of a dress circle without a shilling to the boxkeeper.

To find a clairvoyant who, upon his own responsibility, will venture to foretell when the Beer Monopoly will end, or the Amelioration of Ireland begin.

To find a vegetarian so strictly adherent to his principles as to decline eating a kidney potato.

To find the wife who will spontaneously give her husband the latch-key, rather than herself sit up for him.

To find an individual of sufficiently homoeopathic appetite to dine twice off a leg of mutton at a sea-side lodging-house.

To find so "plain" a cook that not even a policeman will "make up" to her.

To find a man who ever lent his umbrella "for five minutes," and lived to see it back again.—*Ibid.*

QUESTIONABLE SPORT.—The Court Circulars of the daily papers frequently state that "His Royal Highness Prince Albert went out shooting." But we remark that they never report his bringing home any game.—*Dryden.*

A TREAT.—Amongst the "law notices" the other day, we saw, under the head "Court of Chancery," that "The Lord Chancellor would sit in Lincoln's-inn to hear *humble petitions*." What else can he expect to hear? Surely no sane man would ever think of petitioning Chancery!—*Ibid.*

REMARKABLE.—The Metropolitan Poultry Show was honoured by a visit from the Ambassador of Turkey. Several fights took place between certain combative specimens of the feathered tribes, but they were soon suppressed by the vigilance of the police. The number of visitors amounted to 12,000; yet there was an entire absence of foul play.—*Ibid.*

WOMAN'S LAST NEW MISSION.

The "Women of England," a little while ago, wrote a very polite note requesting "their sisters," the women of America, to do them the small favour of abolishing slavery throughout the whole extent of the United States. Really, they would feel very much obliged to them if they would, and any little matter they could do for them in return they would be most happy. To this the "Women of America" have returned, what they call an *answer*; one, however, not alluding in any way to the trifling request addressed to them, but asking their English sisters if they would be kind enough to educate the lower orders of English society; just to set Ireland to rights again; to see that the journeymen tailors are paid proper wages, and not compelled to work on Sundays; to be so good as to raise the condition of the now wretchedly-paid needlewomen; to make the costermongers get married; to render the dwellings of the agricultural and labouring population comfortable homes; and, in fact, altogether to remove all the social abuses

and carry out all the social reforms, that have engaged the attention of philosophers and statesmen for years.

We like this extremely. It is better than all the arbitration schemes that the most violent member of the Peace Society could ever dream of. However superior moral force may be to force of arms—however much nations would gain by arguing their quarrels instead of going to war about them, we all know that when great, rude, big boys, like Russia, France, or England, begin arguing with each other, they are very apt to come from words to blows. Not so with the women—bless their dear, gentle little hearts! The tongue alone is their offensive and defensive weapon; and, however fierce the contest, it would only end in one or other nation having the last word.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

You are at all times what God sees you to be; you are not at any time what man judges you to be, only so far as his judgment is in agreement with the Divine light. This is a most interesting consideration.

CONTENTMENT is the great sweetener of life in every state.

So soft a pillow is death to a good man, so willingly, so gently does he leave the world, as a weary labourer goes to bed at night.

WHAT a beautiful virtue is benevolence! It is a precious one existing between man and man, as children of one common Father,—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a vain world have little power.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but ah! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say:

“Look on the rising sun, there God does live,
And gives his light and gives his heat away,
And flowers, and trees, and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

“And we are put on earth—a little space—
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud and like a shady grove.

“For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, ‘Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’”

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy—
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,
I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon his Father's knee,
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

MAN is a social being, and so desirous of fellowship, that he pines and grows sick of life when destitute of companions to share his joys. Cicero carries his social desire so far as to say, “A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys.”

In a conservatory I found a teacher who said more to me than sermons often do. It was a luxurious rhododendron, covered with blossoms. When some one passing, shook it roughly, it scattered a shower of honey-dew from its roscate cups, and immediately began to fill its chalice anew with transparent ambrosia. For a few days past I had been a little vexed, with the world and its rude thoughtlessness, but I took a lesson of the rhododendron, to shower sweetness on hands that disturbed me, and to fill anew with pure honey-drops the chalice of my inward thought.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If the 27,000,000 inhabitants of these islands were each taxed 30s., we should raise £50,000,000 yearly revenue—all we want.

THE Duke of Argyll is working some “home diggin's” near Inverary, where, two years since, while the land was being drained, a rich ore of nickel was discovered. At the present time many hundred tons of the valuable ore are collected in barrels ready for exportation. The duke has refused £30 a ton for it.

NEW THEORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—Prince Madog was the first, according to the “History of Wales,” that discovered the New World. After his discovery, he returned to Wales for followers, and sailed again, but never afterwards returned—this was about the twelfth century; and this, added to the fact that a tribe of Welsh Indians has been lately discovered in America, proves that these Welsh adventurers were the discoverers of the New World.—*Ellis Robert's Lecture on the Music of Wales.*

AUSTRALIA.—It is observed, in Mr. Lancelotti's book upon Australia, that almost everything in nature is, in Australia, the reverse of what it is here. When we have winter they have summer, when we have day they have night; we have our feet pressing nearly opposite to their

feet. There, too, the compass points to the south; the sun travels along the northern heavens; the plumage of the birds is beautiful, their notes are harsh and strange; the swans are black; the eagles are white; the moles lay eggs; the owls screech and hoot only in the day-time; the cuckoo's song is heard only in the night; the valleys are cool; the mountain-tops are warm; the north winds are hot, the south winds are cold, the east winds are healthy; the bees are without sting; the cherries grow with the stone outside; one of the birds has a broom in his mouth instead of a tongue; another creature (the duck-billed platypus) unites with the body, fur, and habits of a mole, the webbed foot and bill of a duck. Many of the beautiful flowers are without smell! and even the geological formation of the country, as far as ascertained, is most singular.

THE Commander-in-Chief lately examined a bullet-making machine invented by Mr. Anderson. It is completely self-acting, and, without a single attendant, is capable of producing 10,000 Minié balls per hour; and, as they are all made by compressure, they could not be made more perfect or uniform in the metal than they are by the new machine.

HAPPINESS OF CREATION.—We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of the creation—the meadows, flowers, and trees—in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair—to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures—if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

A FRAGMENT.

BY T. B. READ.

I WALK'D the woods of March, and through the boughs
The earliest bird was calling to his spouse;
And in the sheltered nooks
Lay spots of snow;
Or with a noiseless flow
Stole down into the brooks;
And where the springtime sun had longest shone
The violet looked up and found itself alone.
Anon I came unto a noisy river,
And found the bridge beneath me quiver;
Below the hungry waters howled and hissed,
And upward blew a blinding cloud of mist;
But there the friendly Iris builds its arch,
And I in safety took my onward march.
Now coming to a mighty hill,
Along the shelvy pathway of a rill
Which danced itself to foam and spray,
I clomb my steady way.
It may be that the music of the brook
Gave me new strength. It may be that I took
Fresh vigour from the mountain air,
Which cooled my cheek and fanned my hair;
Or was it that a-dawn the breeze
Came sounds of yondron melodies—
Strange sounds as of a maiden's voice,
Making her mountain home rejoice?
Following that sweet strain, I mounted still,
And gained the highest hemlocks of the hill,
Old guardians of a little lake which sent
Adown the brook its crystal merriment,
Blessing the valley where the planter went
Sowing the mould, and whistling his content
Through underwood of laurel, and across
A little lawn, shoe-deep with sweetest moss,
I passed and found the lake.

THE EXPOSURE OF SICK HINDOOS ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.—As we approached Bengal, I observed, on both banks of the Ganges, a gradually increasing number of cane mats, coverlets, drinking vessels, &c.; and also many sick persons lying upon mats, &c. On inquiring the cause, I found that it was the custom of the country among the poorer classes, that when a patient was supposed to be past all hope of recovery, his relations conveyed him to the banks of the Ganges, so that he might die in the vicinity of the sacred river. The relations or friends of the patients visit the spot, to ascertain whether they are still living: when death ensues, they purchase a sufficiency of wood to make a funeral pile, and commit the body to the flames; when their means do not afford the expense of doing this, they merely burn a portion of the face, and then push the body into the sacred river. When a patient, thus situated, happens to recover, he considers that he has, as it were, acquired a new life, and thenceforth all his former relations and friends are treated as strangers; he never returns to the dwelling in which he had formerly resided, but wanders down the Ganges, until he arrives at Santipore, near Calcutta, where he settles himself; and it is a curious fact, that nearly the whole population of Santipore is composed of such persons. These people never again hold any communication with those who had been nearest and dearest to them; and they contract marriages amongst themselves only. This town or colony—the only one perhaps of its kind in the world—may be called the colony of convalescents.—*Koneberger's Thirty-five Years in the East.*

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effects by being over-dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in the old statues, and in the pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration.

A TURKISH BREAKFAST.—A Turkish breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pilau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: a great round plate of metal, with a plain edge of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The legs are hidden in the extensive folds which encircle the body. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it in any way while eating. The right hand is permitted alone to be active. There are no plates or knives or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkins, and are often recurred to. Before and after dinner they wash their hands. An attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly embroidered napkin, for drying the hands upon.

THE RECENT FLOODS.—Amongst the most singular of the effects produced by the recent floods may be mentioned the fact of a corn-stack, fourteen yards long, which was standing in a field at Heversham, belonging to Mr. Wilson, of that village, having been lifted from its place by the rising waters; and, after floating about at their mercy, like a dismantled and rudderless ship, for upwards of an hour, being deposited in safety at the opposite end of the field, wholly uninjured, save by the wet—in as firm and compact a condition as before the flood—and, apparently, without a single blade of straw, in its body or its roof, having been disturbed from its relative position.

MARY STUART'S MARRIAGE WITH DARNLEY.

NEXT day, Sunday, the 28th of July, the marriage took place in the chapel of Holyrood House. Between five and six o'clock in the morning, the queen was first conducted to the chapel by several of her nobles; and it was remarked as ominous, that she was dressed in a mourning gown of black, with a wide hood. She was led into the chapel by the Earls of Levenox and Athol, who left her there while they went to fetch the bridegroom. They were received by two Catholic priests, who, after the banns had been asked the third time, and a notary had drawn up an instrument to the effect that no man opposed the marriage, or alleged any cause why it should not proceed, performed the ceremony. Mary was then conducted to her chamber, followed by her husband; and, as a part of the ceremonies, she was required to cast off her care, and, laying aside the sorrowful garments she then wore, to give herself to a pleasanter life. After some feigned reluctance, she consented; and then every man that could approach her was suffered to take a pin out of her dress, and she was committed to her ladies, who undressed her, and arrayed her in garments more fitting for the occasion. After this commenced the festivities of the day. As the newly-married couple were conducted to the dinner, the trumpets sounded, a “largess” was cried, and money was thrown in great abundance to the crowd of attendants. The king and queen sat together at the high table, the latter served by three earls—Athol as server, Morton as carver, and Crawford as cup-bearer; while three other earls—Eglington, Cassilis, and Glencairn—performed the same offices for Darnley. The time between dinner and supper was occupied with dancing and other gaiety, which was repeated after supper until the hour of retiring. Mary was at this time in her twenty-third year, and Darnley had just completed his nineteenth.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE MAYFLOWER. By Mrs. Stowe; Author of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” London: E. Farrington, Bath Street, Newgate Street.—This series of stories, scenes, and sketches, among the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, fully sustains the popularity of the authoress; and is a grateful as well as welcome addition to the literature of the Anglo-Saxon family. We cordially recommend the work to the readers of the LONDON JOURNAL, feeling assured that it will be found as acceptable to the admirers of Mrs. Stowe as any one of her numerous productions. It vigorously sustains her widely diffused and well-earned popularity in the world of letters and moral improvement.

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE. By Alexis Soyer. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—A new edition of this excellent and useful families, in all conditions of life, in the management of every department of their households, ought to receive the most encouraging, the more especially as the work has been fully revised, and contains additional receipts, and the most accurate directions for the preparation of every meal of the day, as well as for the judicious management of the nursery and sick-room.

TO OUR READERS.

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THE Proprietor of the LONDON JOURNAL, anxious to convey to his numerous subscribers and readers the expression of his gratitude for the unprecedented patronage he has received, begs leave to offer it in the form which he believes will prove most acceptable to them—namely, the Permanent Enlargement of the work to ONE-FOURTH more than its original size.

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In conclusion, the Proprietor begs leave to assure his patrons, that, whilst every exertion will be made to advance with the spirit of the times, in the progress of science, literature, and art, the same moral tone which has hitherto prevailed will be strictly preserved. No expense or effort will be spared to maintain the Journal in its present honourable position, as the head of not only the serial publications of England, but of the world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE CURIOUS.—The science of analogical reasoning supports the suggestion that other planets besides the earth are inhabited. There is a great similitude between all of them, particularly the Earth, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury. They all revolve round the sun, as the earth does, although at different distances and in different periods. They all borrow light from the sun as the earth does. Several of them are known to revolve round their axes like the earth, and by that means must have a like succession of day and night. Some of them have moons that accommodate them as our moon does us, and they are all in their motions subject to the same law of gravitation as the earth. Therefore it is only reasonable to think that those planets may, like our earth, be the habitations of various orders of living creatures.

W. FORD.—The commercial phrase, "settling a bill," means payment of the money. The receipt is a mere acknowledgment of the payment given and taken, not merely to prove the discharge of the debt, but to facilitate the operations of business.

R. ROBERTSON.—The money coming to your wife under the provisions of a deed, there would be no occasion for her mother to make a will, unless she had some accumulations of interest to bequeath.

HERCULES.—Duelling is still practised in England, and it is still fashionable; because if a man of rank, or a military or naval officer were to refuse a challenge, he would be branded as a coward, and "cut," and by none sooner than the women. The law is severe, but it is evaded by secret meetings or trips to the continent. However, no institution of a widely-spread character can be suppressed by the physical law. Opinion is the only power that can act effectually, and as we have become by degrees more refined in our manners and humane in our general tone of society, since duelling was a positive mania among us, let us hope that as we go on improving, duelling will gradually disappear. A moral disease can only be eradicated by the slow processes of thought and experience, and duelling will only have ceased when mankind will have advanced some considerable further distance from the savagery common to all nations and all races.

MANFRED.—Religious darkness is not peculiar to any age or people, for there is always extant an incompetent spirit of appreciation of existences and intelligences not patent to the capacity of the myriads who can only admire material forms. They are insensible to more remote creations, but should not be blamed for purely an organic defect. In their way they are useful, for they operate as a check upon enthusiasts and fanatics, by inviting the exercise of the reasoning faculties, instead of giving unbounded licence to the imagination.

ANNA.—When a man marries, it is quite an understood branch of etiquette that all former acquaintanceships terminate, unless a desire to renew them be intimated by sending their card, or, if distant from their residence, a letter. When this is not done, it must be considered that the husband wishes the acquaintance to drop. The reason for the rule is, that a married man has his wife's tastes to consult as well as his own, and that wives generally look upon old bachelor friends with great suspicion. Besides, the husband starting on a new career, acquires different habits and opinions, and, looking at the responsibility of marriage, it is not desirable or prudent to have too lengthy a list of acquaintances. Matrimony suggests economy and retrenchment. The best plan is to give bachelor friends a dinner previous to the marriage taking place, and they will readily and cheerfully understand it to be intended for their *congé*.

*—Suppressing the initials, we give the following as a cool sample of the tone of feeling which the emigration mania is producing throughout the country. We can only inform this contemplative and burglariously imaginative correspondent, that if he should commit a crime for which the punishment is transportation beyond the seas, he would most assuredly not be sent to any colony in Australia. He would suffer a probationary imprisonment in this country of two years, six months of which would be in solitary confinement, and then be sent to some dreary settlement, to labour in coal or lead-mines, or be put to harbour work, in which he would for several hours a day be up to his waist in mud and water.

A. D.—Under certain circumstances, divorce should be allowed. It was common in the earlier ages of Syria and Arabia, for it was always regarded as a privilege; and in the more civilised times of Palestine, was still considered to be of so much importance, that even the disciples of our Lord pronounced its extinction a sufficient ground for declining marriage altogether. In the Mosal code, formalities and delays were enjoined in practice, which must have greatly restricted the custom, and which at least softened the painful abruptness of divorce. A period of three months must elapse before the separation could be valid, during which the husband and wife were to be allowed the opportunity of reconciliation. This is only fair, but our law is monstrously unjust. It only allows divorce to the rich, for the costs of an Act of Parliament amount to £400. As marriage has been made a civil contract by the law of England, and always has been so by the law of Scotland, it is quite time it was deprived of the false character it has acquired.

G.—You must be guided by the circumstances of your own peculiar case; but we could not say it would be advisable for parties to marry when the lady was six years older than the gentleman.

LOGOS.—We do not think oaths could be dispensed with—but, viewed in the abstract, they are extremely repulsive; because the imposition of an oath carries with it the strong presumption that the individual is not to be believed without it. The idea has an extensively demoralising effect on those who are placed within the sphere of its influence; and we believe, with the Quakers, that it opens a wide door to the disgusting vice of lying; but how it can be done without, is the question. Human nature must be bound by some obligations, and among the highest discovered must be the voluntary request for the attestation by the Supreme Being to the truth or falsehood of a statement. Before we can discard old forms, new ones must be invented.

TUTOR.—Whenever the person with whom you are discussing a point—whether of love, war, science, or politics—begins to sophisticate, drop the subject instantly. Your adversary either wants the ability to maintain his opinion—and then it would be uncivil to press it—or he wants the still more useful ability to yield the point with unaffected grace and good-humour; or, what is also possible, his vanity is in some way engaged in defending views on which he may probably have acted, so that to demolish his opinions is perhaps to reproach his conduct, and no well-bred man goes into society for the purpose of sermonising.

ALFRED.—"Cutting" a person you do not wish to be further acquainted with, must be very delicately performed—for the act requires strong justification. Glaring instances of bad conduct would be sufficient to warrant the action, and then it must be done without offering an insult. A cold bow is very discouraging, and a stately display of ceremony ought to be taken as a pretty strong hint that an acquaintance is not deemed desirable. It is the manner which renders "cutting" effective. Vulgarly should be carefully avoided.

R. B. L.—The wife should be some years younger than the husband, but when the ages are equal, there is no violent disparity between them; and to your other question we unhesitatingly reply, that marriage between two persons known from infancy is infinitely better than a marriage between two young people comparatively strangers to each other. In the former marriage there is the additional guarantee of friendship cemented by the sweet commonality of years.

RODRICK.—The monarchies and higher classes on the continent have a vehement dislike of Great Britain. Among the people generally, Great Britain is at once envied and admired—envied for its greatness—admired for its liberal institutions. But as the multitude have no great influence anywhere, our country has not any firm hold on the affections or gratitude of the continental nations. As among individuals, so among nations, brilliant success is invariably looked upon with jealousy—and that being the fact, hatred is not far off.

ADA AND AGNES.—The rule is, whilst walking with a friend, never to introduce an acquaintance whom you may happen to meet. Should a lady, walking out with a lady friend, meet her lover, as he could not possibly pass her, she should scarcely avoid presenting her friend. All rules of etiquette have allowed exceptions, and, after all, the heart is the best judge of etiquette.

G. A. S.—Your half-sister opposes your marriage because it would interfere with her residence with you as housekeeper. We do not think that is fair, and if she can, as you state, earn a decent livelihood by following the trade to which she was brought up, she ought surely to prefer independence to dependence. Tell her that her chance of obtaining a husband would be much improved by her abandonment of her half-menial situation.

W. T.—Touching a lady's cheek with a wetted finger, to ascertain whether she painted, is an assault. As to the thrashing administered to him on the spot, it was only proper and manly, and you may light your cigar with his doctor's bill.

J. S. H.—The will must be proved, and you had better consult a solicitor. We can, however, inform you, that the first duty to the testator is to bury him, regard being had to his property and station in life. The family wishes should be consulted; but when a litigious spirit prevails among them, no more money should be expended in the funeral than is allowed by law. £20 has been allowed for a captain in the army, but in this matter the executor must be guided by the station in life of the deceased.

L. W. G.—Your friend is bashful. He is so sensible of the power of female charms, that he prudently admires them at a distance. Men of his temperament, when they do fall in love, become horribly exacting and jealous. Like volcanoes, they blaze out when least expected. Don't be alarmed—he is no woman-hater.

G. COLLE.—It is evident your sweetheart does not like the idea of going to Australia; and no wonder, if the accounts from the gold-diggings be true. Cannot you marry, and turn to money-making at home, instead of going abroad on a speculative errand?

W. F. A.—We would not recommend that all Shakespeare's plays might safely be placed in the hands of the juvenile student. Shakespeare—writing for a grosser age than this—too often wrote grossly. He had to tickle the ears of the groundlings of all classes. A judicious selection might be made from the tragedies. *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Richard III.* are perfectly unexceptionable.

HAWKLEY Z., a lady, desires to be informed of a cure for blushing—the habit annoys her so much when she goes into society. We do not know of any remedy but mixing frequently in company and studying the art of self-command, as practised to freezing perfection in the higher circles. But blushing, *per se*, is not a sign of weakness—it is rather a blooming index to unsophistication of character. The wicked and the evil-disposed never blush, for when they are confused they turn fiery red or scarlet, or pea-green, or saffron, or any colour save the delicate carnation of a perfect blush.

DOUBTFUL has a jealous lover, who cannot bear her to go out of doors unless with him; and, as she often prefers going out alone or with a friend, his lectures are very distasteful. Doubtful should yield a little in this respect to her lover's apprehension of danger, but not too much—for if she does now, what will he not insist upon after marriage? Woman's proper place is certainly home, but it is irrational to cage her up like a bird.

DESPAIR.—The etiquette of courtship is in direct opposition to that of every other condition in society. You may violate every known rule but that of propriety. Go boldly to the lady's parents.

AGNES must dismiss the trifler from her esteem with contempt, and strive, by future attention to her mother's wishes, to atone for her previous indiscretion. The man's object is to make you as docile under his will as a negro slave is under his master. As you will have money, and he has none, and is not likely to have any, his motives are sufficiently apparent. His heart is ashes—himself dross.

MERCATOR, who has spent many of the years which compose his age (thirty-one), amidst the perils of the deep, especially in the Arctic regions, would wish to correspond with some dark-haired girl, of a loving disposition, and accomplished; one, in fact, who would endeavour to render his home happy, he having retired from the naval service, possessing an ample competency.

H. L. A., having a fear of being left in a state of single-wretchedness, takes the present opportunity of responding to the appeal of "W. A. M.," stating that she is in her twenty-fourth year, rather under the middle height, neither fair nor dark, domesticated, but at the same time fond of music and innocent gaiety.

ELISE KENT could not resist the inclination to respond to the appeal of "Alfred Travers." When eighteen or twenty, she was said to have had her share of beauty; and now, though turned thirty, is considered good-looking. Why not? At thirty a single woman is in the full summer bloom of life. She adds, that she feels there is within the inmost recesses of her heart a deep font of fervent love, which, at the bidding of a master mind, would well forth a clear, bright stream, that only death could check. She could never love a coxcomb, however high his position:

"Give me a man of sterling worth,
Of temper all benign,
Whose heart with every feeling beats
In unison with mine.

One who can revel 'mid the lore
Of classic Greece or Rome,
Yet not disdain to spend an hour
In happiness at home."

PAULINE feels much flattered by being made the object of so many inquiries, and thinks she would prefer "Arthur."

ERNEST, who is very much pleased with the description of "Ernestine," begs most respectfully to submit to her notice the following particulars respecting himself. He is connected with a mercantile house in the City, from which he derives an income of £400 per annum. He is twenty-seven years of age, about five feet eight inches in height, with dark hair and eyes, and dark complexion, and would seek in "Ernestine" a loving and intellectual companion to cheer, warm, and brighten his solitary hearth.

THEODORE B. TO NELLY TRENT.

I have read your description, full fifty times o'er,
And Nelly, I love you, what can I say more
To the purpose in hand, without being a bore?
I wish I was handsome, but as I am not,
Complaining I know, will not alter my lot;
But my face is expressive, I'm told by the fair,
And I know very well I've a fine head of hair,
And not of hair only—I make some pretence
To a quantum sufficient of good common sense.
Twenty-four is my age, my complexion is dark,
I'm loving and steady, tho' fond of a lark,
In an innocent way, mind, and just to amuse,
And this (when you know me), I'm sure you'll excuse.
Nelly Trent, you have money (three thousand) you say,
I am very glad of it, 'twill brighten our way;
I've not much myself, tho' I wish for your sake,
I had three thousand also, that both might partake
In an equal degree of the blessings of wealth.
However (thank God), I have excellent health.
You'll accept me of course, I don't doubt at all,
So arrange the preliminaries—when shall I call?

LETTERS RECEIVED.—A. Sanders (The verses are not so very poor)—H. R. (The "O" is a numeral in conjunction with others, but not by itself, yet without it the figures would be useless for higher quantities than 9. A very good essay might be written on "O stands for nothing")—Q. Z. (The translation is, "Nothing in life is lasting or secure")—R. B. F. (There never was an English "Drake of Butler.") The latter is the name of the distinguished Orinda family.—Rabea Mico (Advertise for a situation in the daily Times. Clerks with a knowledge of one or two foreign languages, especially French, are in great demand in the metropolis at the present time.)—Semstress (Is referred to the advertising columns of the WEEKLY TIMES.)—Uncle Tom (Until the law of gravity is destroyed, you may have every confidence in Mother Earth. You cannot have read Newton)—Scribs (Clerks are not the class to succeed in Australia)—G. H. L. (At any of the large publishers)—J. W. A. (Gutta serena and India rubber may be dissolved in spirits of naphtha)—Fred. (The copper coinage of Geo. IV. was extremely limited, hence the popular idea of the supposed value of the penny pieces of his reign.)—J. W. G. (The address of the Insurance Office is Moorgate Street, London.)—Meditation (You cannot compel your master to provide you with clothing)—R. T. Y. C. (Apply at the Admiralty)—G. W. B. (Advertise the portrait for sale. Charles II. may have admirers at the present day.)—W. H. (Doctor of Laws)—Nauta (Apply at the office of a shipping master)—J. B. (There are no export duties on any articles of British manufacture exported to the colonies.)—C. S. (Chariton Crescent, Pentonville)—E. M. L. (Declined, with thanks.)—M. D. (Must peruse the advertisements in the WEEKLY TIMES)—J. S. G. (The "Sequels to Don Juan," by unknown hands, were vulgar parodies on that clever, but offensive poem)—J. D. Harford (See "Cunningham's Hand-book of London")—W. A. (Apply at the dockyard, Woolwich)—Gus (Being twenty-one, you are free, but, as a matter of honesty, you ought to serve your full apprenticeship.)—A. Conservator (Is too thin-skinned. He should not father upon us the evil deeds of that wicked fellow, Punch)—J. W. (The surname "Williamson," is simply "William's son")—R. D. (Is thanked for his communication, but, as he will perceive, it has been anticipated)—Runcorn (The name "Egerton," is generally pronounced "Edge-er-ton")—G. R. S. (There are several establishments of the kind in the metropolis.)—W. Davies (The thoughts are vigorous, the diction pretty fair, but the orthography is extraordinary. Four mode of spelling *liqueur* (likewise), would do credit to a Professor of Phonography)—M. S. L. (The subject has had its day.)—Rorey (In some parishes in England, public-houses are allowed to be kept open, during Divine Service; on Sunday afternoon, but the custom, we apprehend, is merely founded on usage.)—Good Temper (Is positively a Monomania.)—Sancho (The majority of situations in the civil departments of the English government, are in the gift of the lords of the treasury. The mode of application is by memorial.)—Henry B. (Any first-class modern treatise)—X. Y. (The Emigration Commissioners are not at present sending many single men to Australia.)—W. Moreland (In the event of the father having paid for the stamp, the master had no right to charge anything for filling up the indenture of apprenticeship—indeed, he would have rendered himself liable to a very heavy penalty, for practising as an attorney, without being qualified.)—Selah (Send one question at a time.)—W. Zamira (Apply at the Herald's College. The fees, we believe, are 8s. 6d.)—J. S. (We must decline embarking in any theological controversy. Both were right, but their arguments were naturally irreconcilable.)—W. W. R. (Ascertain in what part of the United States the testator died, and then apply to the American Embassy, in London, requesting to be informed where the will would most likely have been deposited.)—Hierichos (How could you make a melancholy case of intemperance a subject of comment in a public journal?)—F. W. (You would be liable. The property had better be disposed of before marriage.)—F. W.—Zenophon—J. Atkins—E. B.—Questioner—M. D. H.—E. J. H. B.—W. C. W.—A. Liberal—Elizabeth Bartock—J. K.—H. F.—Yorkshire—Ellen May—John Deane—Wm. Ellis—H. G. D.—G. P. J. James—L. R. Green—Walter M.—Mint Mead—T. C. Z.—G. T. D.—Cochin China—Edwin Fell—Gulielmus—An Amateur Gilder—C. R.—J. B. Glasgow—James Douglas—E. L. H.—G. D.—J. W. R. D.—Annie—St. Clare—Amy.

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THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.

But truth shall yet be heard—no human power
Can stifle or corrupt her purposes:
Thro' superstitious gloom her voice is heard—
It pierces e'en the silence of the tomb,
Bursting the barriers of mighty death.
And injured virtue walks triumphant forth,
Freed from the taint of calumny and crime.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

WHEN Lady Mowbray recovered from her long swoon, Henry Ashton was kneeling at her feet, bathing her hands with tears; every sympathy of his generous nature was touched by her unmerited sufferings—he felt as if he had been culpable of slandering an angel, by having, even for a moment, expressed a doubt of her virtue. The thought of the joy Sir William would experience at learning she had been true to him—of restoring her to his arms—of seeing his declining days cheered, as he fondly hoped, by the love of the woman whose seeming frailty he had mourned—filled his young heart with emotion. What a picture of their reunion did his imagination paint! Little did he dream that such an event could only take place in that better world, where friendship knows no treachery, and love has no alloys.

"Forgive me, injured martyr!" he exclaimed; "orgive the involuntary wrong my tongue, in echoing the judgment of a misled world, has done you! I can atone it!"

"Atone it!" repeated the *religieuse*, mournfully. "Oh, never—never! What atonement can restore to me my husband's love and confidence—the years of my lonely, blighted youth—the caresses of my boy—the name of wife and mother?"

"All!" replied the young man, with enthusiasm, "except the days you have wasted in this gloomy retreat of penitence and solitude! The heart of your husband, when he hears the proof of your innocence—the act which inscribes your name on the same glowing page with the heroic women of the olden time—will more than acquit—it will love and honour you! The past will ap-

pear only like some hideous dream or storm which has clouded the noonday of your existence—whose sunset shall appear as unclouded as its dawn!"

"You forget, my young friend," interrupted Father O'Hara, in a tone of deep interest, "that our sister is a canoness of the holy order of St. Therese—that the vow she has taken is irrevocable!"

"True!" said the nun, pressing the cross suspended round her neck yet closer to her bosom; "it has bound me to my God alone!"

"Not more than your marriage vow," replied Henry, warmly, "bound you to your husband: that was given with the full sanction of your youthful heart—rose spontaneously at the altar to your lips—was given with the sanction of unclouded reason; nature and religion alike approved the act—heaven smiled upon the words as the recording angel wrote them down: it cancels every other—your husband and your son alike possess the right to call for its fulfilment."

The tone of confidence in which the young man spoke imparted something like a hope to the unhappy lady: the thought of once more beholding the husband of her youth—the child from whom she had so long been separated—of closing her days in the land of her birth—caused the blood to mantle in her thin, pale cheek, and she cast an inquiring, almost an imploring glance at the priest, whose countenance remained cold and impassible as a sculptured statue's on a tomb.

Let us not do the worthy Capucin injustice: his heart felt deeply for the sufferings of the outraged woman; but discipline prevailed over feeling. He knew the difficulty, the almost impossibility, of procuring the dissolution of her vows—knew that the congregation of *rites*, before whom the question must be mooted, would oppose so unprecedented a step—felt assured that the virtuous but feeble Pius VII. would never exert his apostolic power, as sovereign pontiff, in opposition to their decision: therefore it was that he remained silent.

"Speak, father!" said our hero; "tell Lady Mowbray that the religion of which you are the minister is one of mercy—that it exacts no sacrifice from an unwilling heart!"

The old man shook his head.

"What!" continued Henry, "will Rome, when her husband shall demand her, dare to separate those whom heaven has joined?"

"It is against the discipline of the church," meekly observed the monk—"the canons."

"England hath cannons that will reply to them!" exclaimed the youth, impatiently; "a volley of British thunder, in the harbour of Civita Vecchia, would teach Rome reason, and its priests humanity!"

"Not for me!" interrupted Lady Mowbray, hastily; "not for me! In the hour of my madness I found pity—in that of sorrow, consolation! The cross hath shielded me from the sneers of the world!"

"Say rather," observed Henry Ashton, "from its atonement."

"I must be brief," continued the recluse. "He—the man I dare not name—was a Catholic. He had a relative high in the church—a holy man, whose influence, when reason at last resumed her sway, procured me an asylum here. To his care I committed my boy, to be conveyed to England. I parted with my heart's last treasure at the shrine of duty. When they took him from me—when I pressed my lips to his little cheek for the last time, and heard him lip the name of mother, I felt that the stone of the sepulchre was sealed upon my affections in this world for ever!"

"The angel's hand shall call it back again," gravely replied our hero; "pray, answer," he added; "does the priestly relative of the ruffian whose death was at once your vindication and an act of justice, yet live?"

Lady Mowbray looked towards the priest—not for advice but information. It was evident, that she knew but little of what passed beyond the walls of the convent.

"He does!" said the old man.

"And his name?"

"The Abbate Lucas, superior of the Benedictines."

At the name of Lucas, the inquirer observed that the countenance of the *religieuse* became deadly pale, and she shuddered visibly—but whether from the recollection of the false friend who had fallen by her hand, or from dread of his living relative, of course he had no clue to.

"I must see this man!" he said.

"Nothing more easy," observed O'Hara; "his convent is in Rome. He is one whom all who have the happiness of knowing, reverence and love. His name is uttered with blessings by the poor. His conduct in the affair of this unhappy lady," he added, "has been dictated by the purest charity and duty."

"Possibly!" answered Henry, doubtfully; then, seeing

that his tone had wounded the good monk's susceptibility, he took him by the hand, and added: "at least I doubt not yours."

"Farewell!" said Lady Mowbray, mournfully; "I need not ask you to vindicate my memory to my husband—your own heart will teach you to be more eloquent than my entreaties: to him and to the world my name must remain a memory—nothing more. Should you succeed," she added, "in convincing him that I was innocent—in restoring to his arms his long-lost son, Father O'Hara will inform me of your success, and from her lone cell the sad recluse will bless you!"

With these words, the speaker dropped her veil, and disappeared before her visitor could sufficiently master his emotion to reply to her—to entreat her to reconsider her determination. His heart trembled as it did when he first beheld her at the church of the Capucins, and the low, musical tones of her voice continued to vibrate on his ear, long after the speaker had retired to reconcile herself to her sad destiny by prayer and meditation.

He was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen, by his companion informing him that it was time for them to depart: without reply, he followed him once more to the little church of the convent, where O'Hara renewed his prayer before the altar.

As he knelt there, our hero could not help mentally reflecting how many broken hearts and blighted hopes had been offered up a sacrifice there—had sought it as a refuge from the sorrows and disappointments of life—and found that in flying from the world, they had only exchanged its sympathies for a living tomb, in which their agonies were benumbed—not cured.

As soon as the old man had finished his devotions, they returned to the Capucini, where Henry laid aside the robe he had assumed: he felt a relief to his spirits in getting rid of it—it had pressed upon him like an untimely shroud.

Before leaving, he had a long conversation with his conductor, on the chance of procuring for the recluse, if not a dispensation from her vows, at least the permission to visit England. The priest assured him that the attempt would be hopeless; he had never, during his long residence in the Eternal City, heard of such a thing: he admitted that the Sovereign Pontiff possessed the power; but that it was never, or very rarely exercised.

"Impossible!" thought the youth to himself; "we shall see!" at the same time he mentally repeated his favourite proverb—from which the title of our tale is taken:

"Where there is a will there is a way!"

At the same time the monk explained to him that the cross of canoness, which the Pope had conferred on Lady Mowbray—or Sister Mary, as he called her—gave her no other privilege than that of visiting the churches of Rome on the great festivals, and certain honorary distinctions in the choir of her own convent.

When Henry reflected on the adventure of the night, he perfectly comprehended how the unhappy wife of his benefactor—finding herself despoiled of fame, dishonoured in the eyes of the world and her husband—had yielded to the soothing influence of that religion which promises so much to its professors, and became a convert to the Church of Rome. To a spirit crushed like hers—reason still tottering on its throne—the gates of the convent had appeared like some port of refuge to the shipwrecked mariner. Nor was it difficult to understand how the Abbate Lucas, anxious to conceal the crime of his nephew, and the scandal which his death, under such circumstances, would reflect upon himself, had done all in his power to induce Lady Mowbray to take the veil, and employed his influence to baffle the researches of her husband.

But that which our hero could not comprehend, was the conduct of the abbate with respect to the heir of the baronet—why he had kept him so many years from his father.

"Was it," he asked himself, "knowing the wealth and rank which the boy would one day inherit, to bring him up as a member of his own church, and thereby extend its influence? Or had death removed the infant before he could restore him to his parent?"

"I will see this priest," he said, "and judge for myself. The good monk I have left judges others from his own excellent nature. He has studied books only, but never read that more difficult page—the human heart! And who can read it?" he mentally added; "not even the angel nearest the throne! He who framed it alone can trace its secret workings."

Still he resolved to try; for although the secrets of the heart may not be read, they will sometimes betray themselves.

As the hour was too late to admit of his returning to the Palazzo Barghese, Henry Ashton resolved to go to his hotel. During his solitary walk his mind naturally reverted to England, and the inexplicable silence of his friends, which began to alarm him: not for the fidelity of Ellen, or the friendship of her uncle—his trust in both was too firm for that; but for their health—for the machinations which he doubted not his rival would contrive against his happiness.

Little did the generous youth suppose to what extent Meeran Hafaz had already carried those machinations.

On reaching his hotel, he could not avoid being struck by the air of consternation and confusion which reigned in the courtyard; the entrance was guarded, too, by a party of police: something unusual, he felt convinced, must have occurred.

"You cannot pass, signor!" said the chief of sbirri.

"But I reside here," replied our hero.

"In that case," observed the fellow, lowering the point of his weapon, "you may enter."

"What has occurred?"

"An Englishman has been assassinated," said the

official, in a tone which proved how little there was to shock him in the event—by no means an uncommon thing in Rome—"that's all!"

Henry heard no more. He knew that himself and Walter were the only Englishmen residing in the hotel. With a groan, he darted up the broad flight of stairs leading to the upper apartments of the hotel, and entered the chamber of his friend. His worst fears were realised: Walter was lying on a couch, pale, and all but speechless; his shirt and the white lining of the cloak, which was still wrapped round him, were saturated with the blood which still continued to flow from a wound in his breast.

At the sight of Henry, a faint smile lit his features, and he tried to extend his hand—but had not strength to do so: it fell listlessly by his side.

"God!" exclaimed our hero, "how is this?"

Walter strove to reply, but his head sank upon the shoulder of his friend, who called loudly for assistance, at the same time holding his handkerchief firmly against the wound, to prevent, if possible, any further flow of blood.

"Dying!" he murmured; "dying!"

The next instant Freeborn, the English consul, accompanied by Dr. Kissock, the most eminent practitioner in Rome, entered the room. By command of the former, the police compelled all but his companion and Henry Ashton to withdraw.

CHAPTER LXIII.

From trials only do we know our strength.
As the sword's temper is not proved till tried;
Sorrow which crush the strong, make strong the weak,
When virtuous love sustains them.—OLD PLAY.

POOR Ellen was delighted to escape from the bustle and confusion of London, and eagerly pressed Lady Mowbray to fix the time for their departure to Mortlake. Her faithful attendant, Susan, was not half so anxious: her suspicions of treachery were more than awakened—they were confirmed—by the insidious manners and half-dropped hints of the heartless woman of the world, and the repeated visits of Meeran Hafaz to the colonel, who remained closeted with him for hours in the library; still, as she had no proof of any evil design against her young mistress, she was compelled to remain silent.

The morrow at last arrived; and, after a delightful drive, they reached Cromwell House.

Ellen was much struck by its antique air, and the solitude of its situation. Although far less magnificent than Carrow, it reminded her somewhat of the abbey: the same vast apartments, panelled chambers, and long, gloomy corridors. The gardens at the back extended to a lofty terrace, with a pavilion in the centre, separated only by a road from the river. Between the terrace and the lawn were the traces of an ancient pleasure, skirted on either side by a wall of yew-trees, whose interwoven branches excluded the rays of the sun, and even the air—scarcely a breath could penetrate it.

In this secluded spot she loved to walk—to meditate on the past, or indulge in hopes for the future. Towards the close of the evening of the second day after her arrival, whilst still lingering in one of these secluded avenues, the fair girl was startled from her reveries by a rustling in the branches near her. She started, and would have fled, but, ere she could accomplish her design, Meeran Hafaz was at her feet.

"Ellen!" he exclaimed, in a voice of anguish; "why fly me?"

"This is ungenerous!" replied the orphan. "Why persecute the being you profess to love?"

"In the very question you are answered," replied the young Indian, passionately; "because I love!" Why does the sunflower turn its leaves to the bright orb of day? Because it draws its life from its warm rays—deprived of its glorious presence, it expires."

"Words—words!" interrupted Ellen, who felt, however painful the task, that it was her duty, both to her absent lover and herself, to end his hopes at once. "True love is no selfish passion, seeking its happiness at the expense of a broken heart! Hear me, Meeran!" she continued, firmly; "there is a gulf between us, which even death cannot o'erleap. Were I driven to the choice, I would prefer my murdered uncle's funeral pall to the bridal couch with thee! There is a nameless terror in thy presence! I cannot hate thee, though my heart whispers thou hast merited my hate!"

"Thy hate!" repeated the youth; "why Ellen—why?"

The dying groan which haunts thy midnight pillow—the voice none else may hear," replied the orphan, bursting into tears, "which bids thee sleep no more the balmy sleep of innocence and peace—must answer thee! Farewell! Forcé me not to appeal to Colonel Mowbray for protection!"

"You shall hear me!" exclaimed Meeran Hafaz, seizing her by the hand. "I will not be condemned unheard! Dim and obscure as are your words, I must be dull indeed did I not comprehend them: they point at me—the brother of your childhood, the companion of your youth—as the assassin of Sir William Mowbray!—is it not so?"

His appeal failed to wring from the terrified girl a word to answer it—her convictions were not to be shaken.

"Hear me!" he continued. "For days before his death I was wounded—helpless as a new-born infant—stretched on the couch of fever and of pain! This accusation is the frenzy of your dreams!"

Still she remained silent.

"Or the malice of my rival," he added. "Say at least that you acquit me!"

"God will not acquit you!" replied Ellen, mournfully. "I cannot teach my tongue to utter the words my heart

denies—belie the strong convictions of my soul! Forcé me not to denounce you at the bar of human justice, or to claim the protection of my relative and guardian!"

"Claim it!" said the young Indian, sarcastically; "and see if Colonel Mowbray disapproves of my presence, or dares to drive me hence! Unlike his moonstruck brother, he will not sacrifice his niece and the honour of his name to her mad passion for a low-born churl!"

Great as was the indignation of the fair girl, at the disparaging terms in which the speaker named her absent lover, it was forgotten in the deep terror his words inspired. If true, they implied a compact between her guardian and himself.

"You slander my uncle!" she faltered.

"I repeat it," exclaimed the young Indian, "that I am here with the full permission of Colonel and Lady Mowbray, who approve my suit, and have promised me your hand."

"You must take it when I am in my coffin, then!" answered Ellen, firmly; "living, it can never be yours! God help me!" she added, in a tone of bitterness; "I am very wretched!"

"And why wretched?" exclaimed Meeran, suddenly throwing his arm around her waist, and endeavouring to press her to his bosom; "when my love promises all that earth can yield of happiness. Consent to be my bride—return with me to India. No other hope drew me from the land of sunshine and of flowers to the cold region of the north. Time with me shall seem one golden holiday—our home the abode of that deep, sweet content which knows no cloud nor tears! In India you shall reign a queen, and I will be your slave—forestalling every wish!"

"Release me!" said the indignant girl, breaking from him; "you will make me hate you!"

With a step light as that of the startled antelope, she darted down the avenue, and reached the lawn. As she passed the catalpa tree in her flight, she fancied that she saw a female figure crouching under its branches—but terror gave her no time for closer observation.

Lady Mowbray and the colonel were seated in the drawing-room, which was upon the ground floor, and opened into the great hall. The lady was busily engaged in admiring a *parure* of diamonds, which Meeran Hafaz that very day had presented her with, in order to confirm her in his interests.

"Silly girl!" she said—alluding to Ellen—"to refuse such a lover! So rich and generous!" Then added, with a sigh of regret that her own daughter had lost him: "Poor Isabel! How happy she would have made him!"

"Perhaps not!" drily answered her husband.

The lady regarded him with an air of surprise, as if to ask the reason for such a singular opinion.

"Because," continued the colonel, replying to her look, "there are beings in the world who demand a heart in exchange for their hand; and I question if Miss Harebell ever possessed one to bestow!"

"Romantic!" exclaimed the lady, with a sneer. "And at your age! Fie! I thought you knew the world!"

"You, at least," added the gentleman, "have studied it to more advantage!"

"Perhaps!" said her ladyship, carelessly—for, having secured his hand, she felt little anxiety about his respect; "women are naturally more observant."

The cool sneer annoyed him.

"I can understand, madam," he continued, "bowing to a necessity we cannot avoid, but not the heartlessness which finds a pleasure in evil! Those diamonds would have purchased your very soul, had the follies of a selfish life left you the right to barter it!"

"They certainly are very brilliant!" observed her ladyship, with provoking coolness, at the same time holding them up to the light; "and as I am never likely to wear the Mowbray jewels, it was very considerate of Meeran Hafaz to present me with these!"

The door of the drawing-room was thrown open, and Ellen, breathless with indignation and terror, rushed into the apartment.

"Bless me, child! continued the speaker, what has happened?"

The colonel was confused. He had still sufficient sense of honour left to feel ashamed of the part he was acting towards his dead sister's orphan daughter.

"Uncle!" said the poor girl, advancing to him—and it was the first time she had ever addressed him by the loved and once-familiar name—"he—that fearful man whom we came hither to avoid—whom you and Lady Mowbray promised me I should not meet again—waylaid me in the garden—pleaded a passion which he mis-called love—boasted that he had your authority to address me! Say that it is not so—that I have been deceived! I have no other protector, now, to whom to fly for refuge—say you have not deceived me, or my heart will break!"

The man of the world both felt and looked abashed before the innocent girl whose confidence he had so cruelly betrayed, and he bit his lips in silence. Lady Mowbray saw his embarrassment, and, like an expert general, hastened to his aid.

"This is folly, Ellen!" she exclaimed; "you cannot expect that either your uncle or myself will consent to quarrel with our friends, because you happen to dislike them! What objection can you have to Meeran Hafaz?"

"That, madam," replied the orphan, "is a question you have forfeited all right to ask!"

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated the lady.

"He knows!" continued the fair girl, turning extremely pale, at the same time pointing to Colonel Mowbray: "the mystery is becoming clearer! God!" she mentally added to herself, "for what am I reserved?"

It was in vain that both husband and wife endeavoured to persuade her to receive the young Indian on the footing of a visitor merely. She continued firm in her

refusal, and declared her resolution of returning the very next day to the rectory. Then it was that the last mask fell, and she discovered how completely she had been betrayed.

"You will ask my permission first!" replied her uncle, laughingly. "If I have hitherto humoured your absurd prejudices against my friend, it was in the hope that time and reason would correct them; but since I find my indulgence thrown away, I shall try what my authority as your guardian can effect!"

"It can effect much, uncle," replied his niece; "it can break my heart, blight my dream of happiness, drive me, possibly, to despair and death—but never to the arms of a man whom I abhor! I can never be the wife of Meeran Hafaz!"

"What should prevent it?" demanded her ladyship.

"The memory of the dead!" solemnly answered Ellen.

"Say, rather," exclaimed the angry woman, piqued at the firmness of one whom she considered as a mere child, "your disgraceful attachment to a low born boor—a base-born churl—who—"

"Madam!" replied the indignant girl, the rich blood rushing in eloquent denial to her cheek; "he"—she feared to say Henry, lest her tongue should falter—"he to whom you allude is noble, if nature's proudest gifts can make man so—nobler far than his unworthy rival; his greatest enemy cannot reproach him either with falsehood or deceit; his heart is the abode of every manly virtue! Would," she added, yielding at last to her feelings, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, "that he were here to protect me!"

Lady Mowbray raised her shoulders with a pitying shrug. Her worldly spirit could not comprehend a nature such as Ellen's.

"You had better retire to your room child," she said; "you will think differently in the morning!"

Without a word, she left the apartment—for the poor orphan felt how hopeless it was to attempt to touch the hearts either of the colonel or his lady. As she withdrew, her eyes glanced from the open *ecrin*, with its sparkling contents, to the countenance of the unprincipled woman. So eloquent was the reproof her glance conveyed, that even her ladyship blushed beneath her rouge, and hastily closed the case.

"Impertinent!" she muttered, with a disdainful toss of the head; "and such a child, too!"

"Say, rather, firm," replied her husband. "Ellen, in character and temper, resembles her dead uncle. You may crush, but you will never bend her."

"We shall see!" muttered her ladyship; "we shall see!"

When her young mistress entered her chamber, Susan perceived, from her agitated countenance and pale features, that something painful had occurred. Her first act was to secure the door—that done, she returned to her side, and, throwing her arms around her, entreated her to tell her all that had taken place.

"He," murmured Ellen—"my persecutor—is here!"

"I guessed as much!" replied the faithful girl. "Oh, why—why were you ever induced to quit the rectory?"

"Would to heaven I never had! I was safe there!" sighed the orphan; "but we will return! I shall not rest or sleep in peace till we are once more under the roof of the kind old Doctor Orme. Little does the good man dream," she added, "of the cruel persecution I endure!"

Susan remained silent: she knew, better than Ellen, how little chance there was of being permitted to quit the lonely house to which she had been so artfully ensnared, with the consent of Colonel and Lady Mowbray. By the direction of her mistress, she slept beside her; but it was long—very long—ere slumber sealed the eyelids of the broken-hearted, persecuted girl.

After an agitated, restless night, they both rose, and it was agreed that Susan should descend to see if there was any possibility of their quitting the mansion before her uncle and his watchful lady were stirring. During her absence, Ellen addressed herself in prayer to that Being who, in the hour of suffering and trial, is the orphan's surest friend. To Him she poured forth the sorrows of her innocent heart, and drew from her devotions that holy confidence which religion gives. Whilst the last words of supplication were still trembling on her lips, she heard a step approaching the door of her chamber: as she rose from her knees it opened—and, to her indignation and astonishment, the ayah entered the room. Ellen uttered not a word either of reproach or entreaty—both, she felt, would be useless; but, with the calm dignity of virtue, turned silently from her.

"I told you," said Zara, with a mocking smile, "that we should soon meet again! You cannot struggle against destiny, and yours is marked to be the wife of Meeran Hafaz!"

"Death, sooner?" mentally ejaculated her former mistress, as she seated herself near the window, and took up a book, to avoid reply or conversation with the woman she had once loved with all the girl-like confidence of her nature.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Why I can smile, and murder whilst I smile.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHILST Doctor Kiskoek proceeded to examine the frightful wound of Walter Mowbray, Henry remained in an agony of suspense, watching every look, as it to glean, from the expression of his features, if there was any hope. Each groan the sufferer uttered, as the probe searched into his flesh, wrung the affectionate heart of his friend, who mentally wished a hundred times that he could have endured his sufferings for him—for he loved the noble-hearted fellow with a brother's love—and reproached

himself for having quitted the hall at the Casa Borghese, leaving him to return alone: had he been with him, he fancied that it would not have occurred.

With the endurance of a martyr, he stood gazing silently on till the last bandage was applied; then, seizing the doctor by the arm, he whispered, in a broken voice:

"What hope?"

"None!" replied the man of science, in the same undertone; or at least so little, that I scarce dare call it hope: it is true the vital parts have escaped; but the exhaustion from loss of blood has been so great, that it alone is sufficient to cause death; should fever intervene," he added, "no skill can save him—the least agitation in his present state must be fatal."

Faint as was the chance, still there was one; and the heart of our hero felt relieved, as if a heavy pressure had been removed from it.

"Save him!" he said, fixing his eyes imploringly upon the doctor; "he is the truest friend—the noblest spirit—he could not continue—his voice became thick—something appeared to be swelling in his throat; and he turned aside to conceal the tears which honoured his feelings and his friendship, far more than they shamed his manhood."

"Rest assured," answered the kind-hearted practitioner, moved by the accents of grief in which the young man uttered his entreaty, "all that skill and attention can achieve shall be accomplished."

Drawing a pungent essence, contained in a small crystal flask, from his pocket, the speaker advanced towards the bed, and, whilst Henry raised his friend in his arms, applied it to the nostrils of the sufferer, who slowly opened his eyes. As he recognised the anxious countenance of our hero, he faintly smiled, pressed his hand, and murmured the name of Therese.

Dr. Kiskoek laid his finger upon his lips, to impose silence.

"Not a word!" he said, in a low tone; "not a syllable! every breath you draw must be low and gentle, not to destroy the hopes of your friends, or render useless the skill of your attendant."

At the word "hope" the dim eye of Walter Mowbray flashed with something like its former fire. It is hard to die in the full flush of youth—the heart intoxicated with its first dream of love; to quit the joyous scenes of this fair earth ere age has cooled the fever of our blood, and scattered its snows upon the brow of manhood.

The man of science next prepared a gentle opiate, which he administered; and shortly after, the wounded youth sank into a light slumber, his hand still grasped in that of his friend.

"You had better retire," whispered Dr. Kiskoek, addressing our hero; "your dress is stained with blood! Rest will —"

"I cannot rest," interrupted Henry, in the same undertone; "of consent to quit the side of my friend: should a fatal crisis occur, I should never forgive myself. No," he added, "it is the sad office of friendship to receive the last sigh of those we love. Lonely indeed must that man be, whose dying eyes are closed by the hands of strangers!"

"For twelve hours, at least, I will guarantee you against any such misfortune. Whilst he sleeps, science may prove a better guard than friendship. The instant he awakes you shall be sent for."

"Before," said Henry, reluctantly consenting to the arrangement—"before he awakes! Were his state mine, I should wish my wakening glance to fall upon the features of a friend."

The practitioner promised faithfully that such should be the case, and our hero, gently disengaging his hand from the cold, clammy one which grasped it, stole quietly from the chamber.

As he passed along the corridor, a female, whose features were completely hidden by the dark mantilla drawn over them, laid her hand upon his arm, and asked, in accents which proved how deeply her heart was interested in the question:

"Is he dead? Is there still hope?"

Henry started, for he recognised the voice of the speaker as that of the beautiful Therese Colonna, whose passion for Walter Mowbray he had long suspected. Respecting the maiden modesty which sheltered itself beneath the dark veil, he answered, not as he would a stranger, but without appearing to know her.

"Better—much better!" he replied; "his wound has been dressed by Dr. Kiskoek, and he is now enjoying a calm sleep."

"You deceive me!" exclaimed the youthful scion of the patrician house of Colonna; "and the sleep you allude to is the sleep of death!"

"What!" exclaimed our hero, reproachfully; "Think you I am so heartless?"

Then, with a tact which only a lover could have used, he took her gently by the hand, and led her towards the chamber of his friend. There was no occasion to bid her tread lightly—her timid step would scarcely have crushed the budding flower, unfolding its tender leaves to spring's first breath—it was light as affection's, watching round the couch of the object of its love.

Her conductor opened the door of the apartment so gently, that even Dr. Kiskoek scarcely noticed the sound.

"You see," whispered he, "that I have not deceived you."

"Forgive me—pray forgive me!" murmured Therese, in the depth of her emotion involuntarily pressing his hand: he could understand her feelings and the devotion of her girlhood's love.

Therese advanced into the apartment, and, after gazing upon the manly form of the wounded youth for a few seconds, loosened from the tresses of her dark hair one

of those exquisite small white roses so admired by the Roman ladies, from the absence of that which renders them comparatively of little esteem in England—perfume—and, gently depositing it on the bed, she retired from the chamber.

"Thanks!" she murmured, in the ear of our hero, as he led her to her carriage. "Should—any change—any fatal —"

Her voice faltered, and she could not proceed.

"You shall be warned," replied Henry Ashton, his heart interpreting the half-uttered request; "but heaven will spare us both so severe a trial. Rely upon my assurance, that all which watchful friendship can achieve, or skill effect, will not be wanting. Dr. Kiskoek and myself are the guardians of Walter Mowbray."

"Oh, love—love!" thought our hero, as he mounted the staircase of the hotel, after having seen the beautiful Therese to her carriage; "well have poets figured the young god blind! The fair girl, in concealing her features, deemed her secret concealed: she forgot the arms of her princely house upon the panels of her carriage—the historic column from which it takes its name!"

He had noticed the action of the princess with the flower, and that alone, had any other evidence than her visit and agitation been wanting, would have convinced him that Walter Mowbray was her accepted lover.

On entering the saloon, he was encountered by Mr. Freeborn, the English consul, and the chief of the Roman police. The former inquired, in a tone of kindness, after his friend; the latter, with the cold, professional indifference of his office, began to question our hero, in order, if possible, to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the outrage.

His first inquiries related to the name, age, and quality of the wounded youth.

"Has he had any quarrel since he has been in Rome? and if so, with whom?"

"None!" replied Henry.

"Has he any enemies?"

"Enemies!" repeated our hero, warmly; "he is too good and generous! All who know him, love him; he never had an enemy."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the functionary, with an incredulous smile; "but my experience proves that the very qualities you assign your friend too frequently excite the bitterest hate; permit me," he added, "to ask you one simple question more, and I have done."

"Certainly; anything which can possibly throw a light upon the motives or the perpetrators of this most infamous outrage upon my friend."

"You just now received the visit of a lady?"

Henry Ashton remained silent.

"I need not ask it," continued the man who could conceal few faces from me in Rome!"

"I presume as much."

"Was that visit," added the chief of the police, "a more serious tone, intended for you or your friend?"

"That is a question I must decline to answer."

"In declining it," observed the officer, "I am answered!" and, after a whispered conversation with the consul, he left the room.

It was evident, from the questions of the functionary, that his suspicions glanced at the father of Therese, who was known to be a fierce, revengeful man: had he entertained the least idea of his daughter's passion for the heretic Englishman, his anger would have been as intense as bigotry, pride, and prejudice could render it.

Mr. Freeborn, with many expressions of regret, took his leave, promising to address a report immediately to the cardinal secretary of state, who, he doubted not, would exert every means in his power to discover the assassins of his friend—unless—here the prudent little consul hesitated.

"Unless!" repeated Henry Ashton; "can there be a doubt upon the subject of the anxiety of the Papal government to pursue the murderers of Walter Mowbray? I do not comprehend your hesitation."

"Unless," said Mr. Freeborn, "they should prove to be the instruments of one too great to be punished."

"Too great?"

"Such as the Prince Colonna, for instance!"

This was uttered in an under-tone, as he left the apartment.

"God help me!" exclaimed Henry, with a sigh; "but misfortunes thicken round me! The inexplicable silence of Ellen and my friends in England was sorrow enough; I doubted the possibility of adding to it; but this last blow has crushed me!"

So saying, he retired to his apartment, and removed the traces of Walter's blood from his clothes and person.

At an early hour the following morning, Robert Martingale, fully convinced that his infamous design against the life of our hero had been executed—for his instruments had affirmed it, and public rumour informed him that an English gentleman had been murdered on quitting the Borghese Palace—directed his steps towards the hotel of his intended victim, and was shown at once into the apartment of the two friends.

A sarcastic smile lit his features, as he noticed the large blue cloak, lined with white, saturated with blood. He turned it over once or twice with his cane, to examine it.

"The villains struck sure!" he said; "they have well performed their fearful task!"

"Not so sure as you imagine!" replied a low voice behind him.

The conscience-stricken man started, and, to his astonishment and terror, recognised in the speaker Henry Ashton, so pale and careworn, that he deemed it was his spirit come to reproach him for his untimely death. With a deep groan, he sank upon the seat from which he had

risen, and remained, with blanched cheek and distended orbs, gazing upon him.

"God!" he faltered at last; "can such things be?"

"What things?" demanded our hero, advancing towards him, and extending his hand.

Martingale shrank back, and veiled his face with the cloak still red with the blood of Walter Mowbray.

Scarcely knowing what to imagine, Henry laid his hand upon the shoulder of his visitor, who started at the touch as if he had received an electric shock.

"Living!" he exclaimed.

"Yes!—it is poor Walter who has been wounded," answered the unsuspicious youth.

With a violent effort his visitor mastered his emotion, and returned the pressure of his hand.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you how you have terrified me!"

"I!—how so?"

"The stupid people at my hotel told me that it was you who had been murdered! Judge, then, of my surprise—my joy—"

"I see it all," interrupted Henry, with a faint smile; "you took me for my own ghost!—no wonder your reception of me was so strange!"

Martingale mentally congratulated himself that it had not been stranger still.

CHAPTER LXV.

Dreams are but recollections drawn
From memory's store—forgotten treasures,
Lost or mislaid in life's dark struggles.

OLD PLAY.

LAWYER ELWORTHY still remained an inmate at Carrow Abbey, under pretext of examining into the condition of the estate, making a fresh valuation of the land, and looking into the leases, as he had been directed by the late Sir William Mowbray. The colonel was secretly annoyed. Without knowing why, he felt uneasy at the protracted residence of his late brother's legal adviser, and more than once wrote to him, requiring his presence in London, but invariably met with a refusal, couched in terms so exceedingly polite, that it was impossible for him to quarrel with them.

He next ventured upon a stretch of authority which subjected him to still greater humiliation. The man of law delicately reminded him that he was neither the baronet's next heir nor entitled to exercise any legal control over the property; and that without an order from the chancellor, he could not, consistently with his duty, and the instructions he had received from his late lamented client, accede to his demands. He concluded his reply with a detailed statement of their respective positions with regard to the Carrow estates, purposely couched in terms which, if they did not enlighten his correspondent, served to increase his rage at the check he had met with.

Law, like religion, is sublime and recondite in its mysteries; reason cannot grasp them. In fact, we have sometimes doubted whether its ministers have any very definite science upon the subject. Consult two of the most learned of its professors on any given point. Each sees it in a different light, according to the interests or passions of their clients. There never was a question mooted yet, but, like Janus, it had two faces. Had one been wanted, the lawyers would have made it.

Whatever were Mr. Elworthy's motives for remaining, he was thwarted and annoyed at every step by the warren, who seemed to have no other occupation than dogging him in his walks. The only spot in which he found himself free from his intrusion was in the library of the abbey,—it appeared that the spy dared not enter there.

It was with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction, therefore, that the worthy gentleman heard of his departure for London, an hour or two after he had seen him sleeping in his cottage. He had seized the occasion of observing his features well—considering them at his ease—for, somehow or other, whenever he encountered Will Sidelar face to face, he experienced a choking sensation and a giddiness in the head. Strong as were his suspicions that they had met before, he had not as yet obtained the least proof.

The morning after he found himself unwatched, he sought out Joe Beans, whom he found, as usual, in the churchyard, with Martin and the gravedigger. The old man, since the interference of the warm-hearted young groom to protect him from Will Sidelar, was evidently regarded by the harmless idiot with affection: he remembered him, and whenever he saw him approaching, would look up in his honest countenance with childlike confidence, faintly smile, and welcome him.

"Joe," said the lawyer, "do you think you could bring your old friend down to the abbey?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; he would follow me anywhere!"

"I do wish it," replied Mr. Elworthy; "I have a strange sort of idea that if we could suddenly introduce him into the library in which the murder of Sir William took place, that memory would return: if but for an instant," he added, "it might afford some clue."

Several schemes were discussed and rejected. Joe at last suggested, as the only practicable one, that Martin should be conveyed at night to Carrow, by himself and the sexton. He was in the habit of accompanying the latter to ring—as is the custom in some country places—the church-bell at daybreak, and would follow him like a child.

"Excellent!" said the lawyer; "you have more imagination, Joe, than many give you credit for!"

The honest rustic felt not a little proud of the commendation; like most of his class, he had a mingled feeling

of reverence and suspicion for anything connected with the law.

"You must accompany him," added Mr. Elworthy.

The young man hesitated. He was as courageous as most men by daylight, or with enemies of flesh and blood; but a visit to the abbey—whose reputation had not improved in the opinion of the villagers by the murder of its late possessor—at night—and to the library, too—he could not bring himself to that.

"Noa, lawyer," he replied, "noa; by day I shouldn't so much mind"—this was rather reluctantly uttered—"but in the dark I can't say I should exactly like it."

"Why, what do you fear?"

"Oh, nothing—that is—nothing particular."

"Why I often remain there," observed Mr. Elworthy, thinking to give him courage by the assurance, "till late."

"You are a lawyer!" replied Joe.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Lawyers and parsons, I have heard, fear nothing."

The scruples of the speaker were finally overcome by the old gentleman pointing out to him how necessary it was for the happiness of his friend Henry Ashton, that the murderer of the late baronet should be discovered, and the will restored. The honest fellow would have risked his life without a thought for Master Harry, as he invariably called him; indeed, he had done so. He now gave a still greater proof of his attachment, by vanquishing his fears of the supernatural and terrible.

"You promise to come, then?"

"I do," said the poor fellow, with a sigh; "though all the ghosts of the Mowbrays should stand upon the threshold of the hall to scare me back!"

And so they separated.

Agreeably to the proposed plan, Martin was conducted by Joe and the sexton on the same night to Carrow. They had both observed with pleasure that the old man's mind appeared less clouded than usual, and the latter entertained a hopeful belief that the scheme of the lawyer would succeed.

To insure this, it was necessary that Martin should not have the least idea where he was being conducted—that no familiar object should strike him: this was difficult to arrange, but his conductors at last contrived it.

Before approaching the mansion, they threw a thick handkerchief over his eyes, but so as not to intercept his breathing. As long as he heard their voices, he was calm; they therefore continued to converse as he walked between them, leaning on an arm of each: his only observation was: "Dark, dark!"

The veil was not removed till he was seated in the library, directly opposite the chair in which the murdered baronet had been found. Elworthy, Joe, and Chettleborough watched the countenance of the old man with intense interest.

Gradually a phantom form—the offspring of Martin's imagination, or rather recollection—appeared to be seated in the antique, high-backed chair—it was Sir William—his hand holding a book, and his eyes resting upon the page.

"Master!" murmured the idiot—"dear master!"

"He sees him!" groaned Joe, his cheek turning pale with terror, and his teeth playing an involuntary tune in his head.

"Silence!" whispered the lawyer, impressively.

"Ha!" exclaimed Martin, his eye flashing brightly—"Will! the passage! blood! blood!"

At the name of "Will," the listeners exchanged mutual glances.

The faithful servitor of the Mowbrays started wildly from his seat, and in expressive action appeared to struggle with some phantom antagonist, calling aloud for help, and shrieking "Murder!"

He continued this species of pantomime till he reached that part of the library where he had been discovered by the domestics, when, roused by the cries of Ellen, they first entered the apartment: he clasped his hand to his head, as if he had received a sudden blow, and fell upon the ground, with a deep groan.

"God help us!" observed Joe; "but this is very strange! would parson were here! Who could he be fighting with?"

"His imagination!" drily answered the lawyer.

The young man felt but half assured by the reply: to him it appeared as if some supernatural means had been employed to produce the scene he had witnessed.

"Maybe!" he said; "maybe!"

"It is the work of heaven!" observed the sexton, whose solitary life and habits had rendered him less accessible to fear.

"Whom did he mean by Will?" inquired Mr. Elworthy, after his companions had raised the old man, and restored him to himself.

Both, without a moment's hesitation, made answer:

"The warrener!"

"I think so, too! But the passage?"

Joe observed that Martin had pointed with his finger to a particular portion of the room. All three advanced to the spot, and began to examine the panelling. At first it appeared equally solid with the rest.

"I fear," observed the lawyer, "that it is but a dream!"

"No, it beant!" exclaimed Joe, in a joyful tone—for he felt it gradually shaking, and at last yielding beneath the pressure of his broad shoulders; "it be giving way!"

His companions added their strength to his: the oak bent and cracked—at last there was a crash—the spring which closed it had yielded, and the panel flew back, discovering the narrow entrance to a concealed flight of stairs.

"The passage! Martin was right!" they all exclaimed. "Through this the murderer must have obtained access to his victim!"

At the urgent solicitation of the lawyer, Joe consented to explore the gloomy passage. Taking one of the candles with him, he descended the steps, at the bottom of which he discovered a small vaulted chamber, in the centre of which was a table with several articles, which, to all appearance, had been hastily thrown upon it.

Although his hand trembled as he did so, he slowly raised them. One was a handkerchief stained with blood, as if the hands of the assassin had been wiped upon it.

The other, a wallet containing papers.

"I think," muttered Joe, as he re-mounted the staircase, "here be something, lawyer, at last!"

(To be continued in our next.)

THREE SONNETS ON "GREAT MEN."

BY H. SEWELL STOKES.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN.

THEY say the great men of the world are few:
Cyrus was called the Great; so Philip's son;
Like title Alfred bore, and Cromwell won:
And Louis and Napoleon claim'd it, too;
And glory be to whom is glory due!
Some greater call the blind old Chian bard,
And him whose lyre for epic fame strove hard,
Yoking the Olympic coursers as they flew;
Him next, whose dust sleeps at Parthenope;
Then the stern Tuscan who saw Virgil's shade,
With him who sang the Holy City free,
And Nature's child on Avon's banks who stray'd;
Nor least, who sightless found lost Paradise:
That these are the world's great men none denies.

YET GREATER MEN.

YET greater men, perchance, are those whose names
Never yet reached Fame's lofty vestibule:
Meek pupils of Adversity's hard school,
None cares to note their unobtrusive aims,
Their silent sorrows and un murmuring claims.
In garret chill, in cell deep underground,
May noblest magnanimity be found;
The fortitude oppression never tames;
The resignation that with tearful eyes
Still upward looks in child-like confidence;
The love that lasteth till the latest sigh;
The charity that suffers long offence;
The honesty that is not to be bribed:
These, these will be in heaven's high roll inscribed.

GREAT AND GOOD.

Nov. 18, 1852.

But some there are who stand alone in glory,
Like mountains rising o'er the level earth;
We gaze and wonder at their lustrous worth,
Each like a light on some high promontory,
Oh! such was he the Warrior-Statesman hoary,
For whom his Queen's, his country's tears are shed,
Now number'd with the World's heroic dead,
Whose names are written in immortal story.
With reverent awe, 'neath England's loftiest Dome,
Around his bier Earth's gather'd chieftains stood,
And all pronounced him brave, and wise, and good;
The guiltless Julius of a mightier Rome;
Supreme in council, as in action great;
True to his God, his Sovereign, and the State.

THE LADIES OF ST. PETERSBURG.—In the burgher circles at St. Petersburg, the two sexes usually group themselves very much apart from each other. Even at meals, the gentlemen take one-half of the table, and the ladies the other. I will not venture exactly to praise such an arrangement, but certainly it spares many an old grey-beard, or busy merchant, engrossed with agios and percentages, the trouble of having to entertain a simpering sixteen-year-old neighbour. The chief subjects of conversation with the ladies of St. Petersburg, at the dinner-table, and in the circle they subsequently form round their coffee-cups, are music, theatricals, the gossip of the town, and literature. On this last subject they are inexhaustible. They do not as many a distinguished national assembly has done, waste their time in fruitless theories. Every project devised speedily becomes an accomplished fact; plans are no sooner sketched than carried out; theory quickly blossoms into practice; no undertaking is too difficult, no obstacle insurmountable, no sacrifice too great, for these devoted priestesses of the Graces.

READ CAREFULLY.—"There is nothing worth reading in this paper," is an exclamation which the impatient often deliver, as they throw aside the well-filled newspaper. Could such persons but know the many hours, ay, the many years, which have been passed in toil, in study, in hard labour, before the facts therein were born of the brain, they would not throw the paper so contemptuously aside. "Nothing worth reading!" Forbid your lips from ever uttering these three words again—for we believe that type never yet gave to the light of day that which was entirely worthless. It has been observed that there never was a book—good, bad, or indifferent—from which a utility of some kind might not be extracted. The remark is equally applicable to newspapers. Our advice is to read the newspapers carefully. Would the editor who has written, revised, selected, or translated, have published twenty or more columns without there being something worth reading? We think not. Impatience often causes us to throw aside that which, if closely investigated, would prove valuable. We do not know how soon this or that fact may prove of value to us; we do not know how soon we may be called to a position when information, which we have neglected to glean, would prove of immense value.



[MEETING OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND CECIL.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER III.

Adversity, thy iron lore,
With patience many a year she bore.

THE Lord Admiral, finding that Elizabeth was too prudently advised to accept his hand without the consent of her brother and his council, renewed his addresses to the queen dowager, whose suitor he had been previous to her marriage with the king. The indiscreet haste with which the match was concluded, deeply offended the Princess Mary, who wrote to her sister a loving letter, in which she advised her to quit the house of the newly-wedded pair, and take up her abode with her. Elizabeth declined the invitation, on the plea that, as she had received so much kindness from Catherine Parr, she could not, without ingratitude, put such a public affront upon her. The real cause of her refusal may be found partly in the deep policy which, even at that early age, was the mainspring of her conduct—for the Lord Admiral was well beloved by the king her brother; and partly in the disinclination which she felt to identify herself and her cause with Mary, who was looked up to by the Catholic party, with hope and expectation, as their head; the Protestants manifesting the same feeling towards Elizabeth.

On the death of William Grindal, who had been her first tutor, she was placed under the care of the learned Roger Ascham, with whom she read the works of Cicero and Livy, the orations of Isocrates, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the New Testament, in Greek; added to which, she was, as there is abundant evidence to prove, well skilled in French and Italian, and possessed a passable knowledge of German and Spanish—accomplishments very unusual at the present day in a young girl of fifteen.

It was whilst residing at Chelsea, with her step-mother and the Lord Admiral, Sir Thomas Seymour, that the queen dowager was startled by discovering the disgraceful familiarities which passed between her husband and her royal ward. If they did not amount to actual guilt, they approached so near it, that Elizabeth did not escape scandal; a report was even current that she had a child by him, which, according to some, was destroyed at the moment of its birth; by others it is stated to have been sent to Ireland, and secretly brought up there.

After much investigation, we cannot find that the evidence rests upon any stronger grounds than Elizabeth's levity of conduct with him. One thing at least is certain—that in order to separate her husband from the princess, the queen dowager arranged for the latter to take up her abode at her own house at Cheston. This

separation—which was much commented upon at the time—occurred a week after Witsuntide, 1548.

So generally unfavourable was public opinion on the conduct of Elizabeth in this matter, that it cost her years of hypocrisy and retirement, affected simplicity in dress and manner, to efface the impression.

The Lord Admiral appears to have been a bold, ambitious man. His aim was to dispossess his brother, Somerset, of the Protectorate, and get the reins of government in his own hands. His marriage with Elizabeth was to have been one of the stepping-stones to his greatness. At this period of her life, the future queen was much to be pitied: barely sixteen, surrounded by intriguing dependents, without one true friend to counsel her, it is almost a miracle that she escaped the snares set for her.

The designs of Seymour became at last so apparent, that he was arrested for high treason. He was committed to the Tower, and not only his own dependents were arrested, but those of the princess, amongst whom were Mrs. Ashley, her governess, and Parry, her cofferer—both of whom were deep in her confidence, but had tampered largely in the plot of her marriage with the admiral, whose creatures they appear to have been. Elizabeth herself appears to have been put under some degree of restraint, Sir Thomas Tyrwhit having been sent down to Hatfield to take command of her household.

Either there was nothing really to confess that could inculpate their mistress, or the prisoners saw that their only chance of safety lay in that of Elizabeth. No admission could be extorted from them beyond a repetition of idle gossip, and a relation by the governess of certain familiarities which had taken place in the life-time of the queen dowager. Elizabeth's correspondence at this trying epoch, betrays not only deep dissimulation, but much firmness and readiness of judgment.

Although Tyrwhit had been sent to Hatfield by the Protector to terrify the princess into a confession, nothing, except by gentle means—as he acknowledges in his letters to Somerset—could he extort from her. He more than hints that, in prevision of their plans being discovered, Elizabeth and her servants had agreed upon their tale.

It is more than probable that the knight was correct in his opinion—as their mistress, on their restoration to liberty, treated them with marked favour, and not only restored them to their offices about her person—although it was proved that Parry had been a defaulter—but, after her accession to the crown, continued her protection.

When the Lord Admiral was brought to trial, one of the articles in the bill of attainder was his attempt to obtain the hand of Elizabeth—in which scheme her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and the cofferer, Parry, were deeply implicated. Yet Elizabeth did not desert them in their peril: although resting under suspicion herself, she ventured to write an eloquent letter, in their defence, to the Lord

Protector—in which she even pleaded the relationship between Ashley and herself, as a justification of the interest she expressed in her favour. The hold of her servants on her fears or affection must have been very strong, to have induced the politic princess to take such a step.

This remarkable letter is preserved in the Lansdowne MSS.

On the evening preceding his execution, Seymour endeavoured to atone in part for the danger his ambitious projects had involved the youthful Elizabeth in, by writing letters both to her and the Princess Mary, in which he warned them of the Protector, Somerset—who certainly appears to have been the enemy of both the sisters of his sovereign. Being denied the use of pens and ink, the unhappy man traced the letters with the point of an aglet—one of the tags, formed either of silver or gold, with which the gentry and nobles of the period laced their hose. For greater security, he hid the letters in the lining of his shoes. Unfortunately they were discovered and destroyed. Their purport can only be drawn from the fact, that Latimer, in a sermon which he preached to justify his death, stigmatised them as being both dangerous and evil-minded, tending to excite a suspicion in the minds of the king's sisters that the Lord Protector was their greatest enemy: from which circumstance it would appear that the letters, either before or immediately after the execution, fell into the hands of the council. No copies of them, or traces of the originals have been discovered.

During this trying period, Elizabeth was held in honourable captivity, at her own manor of Hatfield; surrounded by spies, who watched her every word and look, and entirely under the superintendence of Sir Thomas and Lady Tyrwhit; her mental sufferings must have been great—for there is little doubt but that she loved the Lord Admiral with a strong and devoted affection: else, clear-sighted and politic as she had proved herself, she had never encountered the risks she ran on his account.

In fact, it may be observed of this remarkable sovereign, that most of her troubles arose from her lovers. She appears to have been susceptible of the influence of the tender passion even to the last. Witness her weak love for her last favourite, Essex. But we must not anticipate.

The execution of the ambitious admiral took place on the 20th of March, but it was some days before the news arrived at Hatfield. There was no post in those days, and intelligence travelled but slowly.

Elizabeth was seated, surrounded by her six ladies of honour—whose names and qualities have been handed down in one of Sir John Harrington's quaint poems—in the great hall of Hatfield, reading, most probably, some classic author—for she affected much learning—when Sir Thomas Tyrwhit made his appearance, accompanied by a messenger from the council: he was the bearer of letters from the Protector to the knight, and charged to report the effect which the news of the death of Seymour might produce upon the princess.

"Your grace's pardon!" said Sir Thomas, bowing respectfully to his charge—for he was exceedingly courtly in his manner towards her; "but a messenger hath arrived from London, and I thought it might be your good pleasure to question him."

"Hath he brought an answer to my letter from my Lord Protector?" demanded the princess, scarcely raising her head from the volume; for most probably she suspected that the courtesy of the speaker concealed some snare.

The man answered in the negative.

Elizabeth quietly resumed her reading.

This was not what her enemies wished; they desired to mark the effect the death of Seymour would produce upon her spirit—to read the agony of her heart—to catch her unguarded expressions, born of the impulse of the moment—and to report them as the groundwork of some future accusation against her.

"Hath he no news," maliciously inquired Lady Tyrwhit, "concerning the Ashleys, who are still in the Tower?"

"No!"

"Or the Parrys?"

The negative was repeated.

"And what of my Lord Admiral?" demanded the lady. "I am sure her grace must feel interested in aught which concerns so fair a gentleman!"

Elizabeth raised her eyes, and looked menacingly as well as reproachfully at the speaker—whose sex, at least, might have taught her more consideration.

"True, madam!" she replied; "though somewhat boldly spoken. As the husband of the late queen, I do feel an interest in his fate!"

The blood of the Tudor swelled within her, and she determined to learn the fearful intelligence of her own free-will—not have it officiously forced upon her. Turning to the messenger, who knelt before her, she demanded, in a cold, calm voice:

"How goes the trial of my Lord Admiral?"

"Against him!" replied the man; "he is condemned."

"And executed!" added Sir Thomas Tyrwhit. "His head fell for the just punishment of his treasons."

Every eye was fixed upon Elizabeth, whose countenance remained unmoved.

"Then died Sir Thomas," she made answer, "a man with much wit, and very little judgment!"

A speech which may be considered both an epitaph and an epigram, and one which it was impossible even for the most bitter of her enemies to construe to the disadvantage of her head, however it may call in doubt the qualities of her heart.

The hostility which Elizabeth evinced to the Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhit, her new governess, seems to have given way during the year which followed the death of Seymour. The similarity of their religious views promoted a better understanding between them.

The rude lesson the princess had received in the injury

done to her reputation by her love for the admiral, was not without effect. She devoted herself ardently to study, and affected such simplicity of dress, that she neither wore jewels nor cloth of gold or silver. Her costume resembled that worn by the followers of the Church of Geneva: a sacrifice of vanity to prudence, which she amply compensated herself for in after years—as the three thousand gowns, and immoderate quantity of jewels, enumerated in her wardrobe book, sufficiently testify.

When the Protector, Somerset, in his turn fell before the influence of the Dudley faction, and he was a condemned prisoner in the Tower, he had the meanness to write to Elizabeth—who had been restored to her brother's favour—to supplicate her intercession, that his life might be spared. Had he known the real temper and disposition of the daughter of Henry, he would have spared himself the degradation. In her reply, she coldly assured him that she had no power to do anything in his behalf.

Yet her credit with Edward at the very period she wrote the letter must have been considerable: since, soon after, she ventured openly to express her anger that Dudley, who had just been created Duke of Northumberland, should presume to retain Durham House, which Somerset had illegally deprived her of. She even appealed to the chancellor—a step which Elizabeth, with all her pride and energy, had not ventured to take, without first being assured of the countenance and protection of the king her brother.

CHAPTER IV.

Woe wot the day! my perils do increase:
My troubled bark is driven by hostile tides
To an unfriendly shore.

OLD PLAY.

It became the policy of the Duke of Northumberland and the council, who acted with him, to estrange by every means the love of the youthful Edward from his sister, whom he used to term his "Sweet Temperance"—in allusion to the simplicity of her dress and inclination to learning. Conscious that the power he so unworthily wielded must shortly pass from his hands, the duke, who had married his son, Lord Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, the cousin of the king, conceived the traitorous design of causing the claims of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth to be set aside in favour of his daughter-in-law—in which treason Latimer and Ridley were both accomplices: since they publicly preached in favour of the exclusion of the daughters of Henry VIII. from the crown, under pretence of the danger which might possibly arise to the Protestant institutions of the land by their marriage with foreign princes: a danger which, as far as Elizabeth was concerned, was purely imaginary—since her attachment to the reformed religion was a matter of public notoriety; and she had not only positively rejected an alliance with a foreigner, but evinced a disinclination to marriage.

Elizabeth no sooner heard of her brother's sickness, than she set forward to visit him. But every movement of her grace, it would appear, was watched and reported to those who were most interested in keeping her at a distance from the dying monarch. When her journey was half performed, she was intercepted, and received, in the king's name, strict orders to return to Hatfield—which orders she had nothing left but to obey.

It is on this occasion that she is supposed to have become for the first time personally acquainted with Cecil, who appears to have had strong claims to her gratitude before her accession to the crown.

As Elizabeth was returning slowly and sadly towards Hatfield, after the discourteous message she had received, her train was overtaken by a single horseman, who demanded speech with her. At first the attendants, naturally anxious for the safety of their mistress, would have forbidden his approach; but Elizabeth, who inherited, with many of his evil qualities, at least the courage of her father, commanded that they should show him no hindrance; perhaps, too, she felt assured that it was not by assassination—at least a public one—that her enemies would venture to assail her life.

"Now, sir," she said, as the disguised horseman drew rein before her, "we have somewhat inconsiderately, perhaps, permitted you to approach our person, in what can our humble power pleasure you?"

"I came to serve," replied the young man, bowing respectfully, "not to solicit favour!" Lowering his voice, he added: "there is a foul conspiracy afoot to change the order of the succession—to substitute the Lady Jane for her grace the Lady Mary!"

The countenance of Elizabeth flushed with anger: not at the thought of her sister's claims being set aside by the ambitious Northumberland, but at the blow levelled at her own rights.

"The traitor!" she muttered.

"You have been refused visiting your royal brother," continued the mysterious stranger, "by the duke's directions. The king knew not of your intention: he deems himself deserted by the sister whom he loves!"

"I know it," sighed the princess; "my heart divined as much. It is the fate of princes to be deceived by those they trust. Poor Edward! But why," she added, fixing a searching glance on her informant, "have you not revealed the dark projects of the traitorous duke to my sister?"

"Men worship the rising, not the setting sun," replied the young man. "The Lady Mary's reign will pass like an autumn day—brief and clouded! Her sovereignty will serve to herald yours!"

For a moment a suspicion crossed the mind of Elizabeth, that the speaker who had thus interrupted her in her melancholy progress was some agent of her enemies; but when she gazed upon his handsome, though serious features, and reflected that words unsupported by evi-

dence could work her little danger, she dismissed the thought.

"And what is the service, sir stranger," she demanded, "which you came to proffer? God help me! I have need of friends! Although the daughter of a king, I have lived to envy my own bower-woman!"

"You have need of friends," observed the young man; and never more so than at the present crisis. Northumberland, on the death of Edward—which is not, cannot be far distant—will doubtless attempt to get you and the Lady Mary into his power!"

"The traitor!"

"I would warn your grace to obey no summons to attend the dying king, unless accompanied by a sure token from a trusty friend!"

"And where shall I find that friend?" inquired Elizabeth; "since it can only be one about the court. The clouds are gathering darkly, and I see no shelter. If, ill-advised, I refuse compliance with my brother's summons, I fall in peril of his anger."

"Better that," observed the stranger, "than in the power of Northumberland, who will pause at no crime to secure the crown for the Lady Jane. As for the friend you name, I will be that friend!"

"You?"

"I!"

"It must be one about the court."

"I am about the court."

"One of the council," added the princess.

"If not of the council," replied the young man, "I know all that passes in it. As soon as the breath has left the body of your royal brother, I will contrive to send your grace safe token."

"Which token," said Elizabeth, all her former suspicions aroused, "you would first have of me. Is it not so?"

Master Cecil—for the gentleman who had thus waylaid her was no other than the future minister—smiled at the suspicion, so characteristic of the speaker's prudence.

"No, madam!" he made answer; "the token shall come from me; but I must first be well assured your grace will recognise it."

So saying, he placed in the hand of his future sovereign a small book of prayers and meditations, beautifully illuminated, and bound in gold. They were written on vellum, and Elizabeth recognised the writing as that of her former tutor, the learned Protestant, Grindal.

The sight of the book which was to serve as a token between them at once confirmed her confidence—for she felt assured that he could only have obtained it from a sure friend.

"Your grace will recognise it?" he said.

"From a thousand!" was the answer.

"When next you see it," observed Cecil, bowing to the saddle-bow, "you will be one step nearer the throne—perhaps nearer. Farewell, your grace, till better days for England and yourself!"

"Farewell!" replied the princess, courteously. "I give my confidence to few, but there is something whispers me that you will merit it. Fortune lies in one word—fidelity!"

"And I will be faithful!" thought the future minister, as, replacing the precious volume in his bosom, he prepared to return upon his way.

"Stay, sir!" said the princess; "we would not wittingly offend our brother Edward, or appear wanting in a sister's love. Should he summon us to London, be it understood that we shall obey the summons, unless forewarned by you."

"Be it so, madam; neither the heart nor head of him you trust will fail you!"

And so they separated. This was the commencement of that confidence between the great Protestant Queen and Cecil, which remained unbroken to the end of her long life and reign.

TWENTY-TWO DAYS AT SEA IN A CANOE.

We have obtained a copy of the following declaration, made at the police-office by the Malagasy Botto, who arrived lately from Rodrigues in a canoe, after having been twenty-two days at sea:

"My name is Botto. I am a native of Nosbé, Madagascar, where my father and mother still reside. I am a field labourer. I cannot state my age (seems to be about twenty-four). I arrived in this colony some years ago, but cannot say in what year. I engaged with a person named Baba, a Creole of this island, to go with him to Rodrigues, to be employed by him there as a fisherman. I left Mauritius for the above island a few days after my engagement, in a small colonial vessel (the *Anais*), in company with several Creoles and three Malagasies, who, like myself, had engaged themselves as fishermen, but to different masters. From the period of my arrival at Rodrigues to the day of my leaving that island, I was continually the victim of abuse by several Creoles, who were employed by my master. They not only abused me, but I was several times threatened to be beaten by these people. I frequently complained of their conduct to my master; but he seemed to treat my complaint with derision, telling me to give one or two of the Creoles a good thrashing, and then the others would not dare to torment me; but I could not do this, as I should have had the whole gang upon me. I did not go to the police to complain, because the place where I was employed was too far from the police-station. From the conduct of the Creoles to me, their constant abusive language, and their never-ceasing threats to beat me, I found my existence at Rodrigues altogether insupportable, and I made up my mind to leave the island, and endeavour, by the assistance of Providence, to reach Mauritius. I mentioned my pro-

ject to a Malagasy fisherman, named Tchaphahera, who was employed by another master; and after telling him my numerous grievances, he recommended me to carry my project into execution. On Saturday, the 30th of October, in the middle of the night, I put into one of my master's canoes about eight pounds of uncooked rice, a small barrel of water, a slender spar for a mast, and a piece of white cloth to serve as a sail. Having done this I embarked, loosened the canoe, and set sail. I did not know in what direction to steer for Mauritius, but I thought if I allowed the canoe to sail before the wind I might be lucky enough to arrive either at this island or Bourbon. After being at sea for seven days, I found my small stock of rice had been consumed, and I began to experience the cravings of hunger, and did not know what would become of me, as there was no land in sight, and not a vessel to be seen. Having a knife in my possession, I scraped some wood and ate it, washing it down with water. I found this appeased my hunger. During the eighth, ninth, and tenth days after my departure it fell dead calm, and the weather was very hot. I now began to feel very much exhausted, not having slept since I had been at sea; however, I sometimes found myself almost asleep; but the oar by which I was steering always kept me awake by shaking me. After being twenty-one days at sea, during which time I continued to satisfy hunger by eating the scrapings of wood, I had the inexpressible pleasure to see Round Island right ahead of me. I landed at Grand River, and then proceeded to Fort Louis in my canoe, where I made my report to the shipping master. During my passage to this island I experienced much heavy rain, with a heavy sea; but I did not consider the weather to be bad, as my canoe did not ship any water, but scudded over the waves with the greatest ease."

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCENE—Gardens and ornamental grounds adjoining the castle; statues of the Classic Deities grace the many beautiful walks and vias. Enter LADY BERTHA and ANNETTE.

LADY BERTHA.

MOST sweetly sang you; but though music be Almost a passion of my being, still The verse, like to a silver swan, should float Upon the stream of melody, and clear Its graceful presence should be borne along, Defined and perfect in its loveliness: Note following note, like wave succeeding wave, Should lift its theme still higher than itself, Not drown it in the tide of harmony, Lose it in billows of ambitious sounds, As thou didst now. 'Twas passing sweet, I own; But there were words as sweet, the which I lost, And should be glad to hear. Let's have them; come, And that without the music.

ANNETTE repeats the song.

I told my lips they must disguise
The secret of my soul;
But, oh, my heart flew to my eyes,
And told almost the whole!
Oh, eyes too swift of love to speak,
No more such thoughts reveal;
'Twas vain: Love next upon my cheek
Wrote all I would conceal!
And thus by every glance betrayed,
My hidden love made known,
I'm of my very heart afraid,
For it seems not my own!

BERTHA.

'Tis as I thought, words worthy of the notes;
If both thou canst not give, though both were best,
Then sacrifice the music, not the muse!
Sounds must be winged with thoughts and living words
To touch the heart; without them sweetness dies,
Like odours robbed from flowers.

I'd sit and list

The simplest village air that lips could breathe
If in its simple spirit lay enshrined
The poet's warmth, the poet's ardent soul.
Remember this: better to read than sing;
One task well done outvalues two done ill.

ANNETTE.

I will remember, madam; but in this
I followed out the method I was taught!
To give the note, nor heed, they said, the words,
Which were to music but subordinate.

BERTHA.

Hear this, ye spirits of harmonious song!
Poets that language have immortalised;
Enriched it with expressions sweet as love!
Speak, mead and river, singing bird and brook,
Mountain and vale, forest and flowery dell,
Speak for your poet! Oh, there's not a bud
Whose odorous birth the winds are conscious of
But owes associations sweeter far
Than its sweet self unto the poet's song!
There's not a feeling, passion, sentiment,
Grace, beauty, or attraction, but receives
A charm from his melodious utterance,
A spiritual gift, which half connects
The earthly with divine; makes beauty's self
Accordant to harmonious influences!
Oh, passionate spirit of poetic song,
How could I worship thee! . . .

But I forget . . .

ANNETTE.

Look, dear lady, what marble god is this,
Whose noble head bears such resemblance to . . .

BERTHA, interrupting her.

To Falkner, thou wouldst say. Apollo, girl:
It is, indeed, most like that lofty front;
Where intellect doth sit as on a throne;
The mouth instinct with gracious eloquence,
The grandeur of that all imperial air,
The majesty of manhood and of grace!
And yet unlike; for he, my love, seems sad,
Though all things smile as happy in his presence:
This god wore joy upon his conquering brow,
Yet sorrow dwelt where'er his footsteps trod;
No, 'tis not like, it is not like my Falkner!

ANNETTE.

The very children of the village love him,
Hold out their little hands with gifts of flowers,
Or aught to win a word, a look, a smile.

BERTHA.

Would they were here with flowers to win him now,
For all the world is dark without his smile:
My Falkner; no, he hath no paragon:
His voice is as the music of his looks—
Mournful, yet sorrowful as not of earth,
But as an angel thought of others' woes!
Oh, he is all that Love may idolise,
Exalted by its own idolatry!

ANNETTE.

Yes; Love is still its own interpreter,
None but itself should be its advocate.

BERTHA.

Oh, there's but one sweet word in all the world,
And that is Love: to love this beauteous earth,
This brilliant heaven, and Him that holds them thus,
In glory and perfection absolute,
Lasting as Truth, in His almighty hand!
To gaze upon the earth's majestic face,
And say, Here breathes the genius of a God!
To love the world, yet single from its breast
(One being to be loved beyond the world,
(Oh, then it is we live; then, then we live!
Affection is a child of Love, but wayward;
The mortal child of an immortal mother!
But Love itself! Seek from the centre, first,
To shake the sun ere shake true steadfast Love!
Harshness and cruelty, hate, coldness, scorn,
May make Love weep, but never make Love change.
Rob every flower from earth, and Love will find
Some way to bid it bloom! Cover Love's path
With sharpest flint; and though her life ebbed forth
At every step, un murmuring would she tread:
For in her breast—deep in her holy breast—
One flower still grows, root of celestial soil,
And angels' tears have watered its blest bloom,
Angels have wreathed its leaves around their heads,
So beautiful it is, and called its name,
That sweet flower's sweeter name, *Forgiveness!*

ANNETTE.

My dear, dear lady, God in mercy grant
Such love may find abundant recompense;
Yet thou'rt so sanguine, ardent, confident,
I tremble, lady, for thy happiness!
What wouldst thou do should accident befall him?

BERTHA, alarmed.

Accident? Falkner? he's been gone full long:
Know'st thou aught of it? Hath some evil chanced?
What is it? Speak! quick—quick, whilst I can bear it!

ANNETTE.

Nothing, dear lady; no, I but surmised . . .

BERTHA.

Surprised? did but surmise! 'tis very strange!
And yet he has been long, full long away:
I marvel it escaped me.

From the turret

The rough, wild road for miles is visible,
Haste, tell me what thou seest; and if him
Wave thy hand thus.

[Exit ANNETTE.]

O God, what fear is this?

Enter FALKNER, who starts, as though wishful to have avoided her.

BERTHA.

Thou com'st at last!
Falkner, dear Falkner, thou hast lingered long!

FALKNER, after several ineffectual efforts, in a broken voice.

"They linger long who bring unhappy news;
Slow are the steps which bear a heavy heart;
Tardy the tongue that utters words like mine—
I come to say, farewell.

BERTHA.

Farewell?

FALKNER.

But for a time.

BERTHA.

Farewell? Impossible! thou mean'st it not

FALKNER.

Farewell; 'tis but a word that startles thee;
Were it "Good night," 'twould breathe of earlier meeting;
But many say "good night" who meet no more!
Death fluds them at the turning of an hour,
And from their hopeful pillow to their grave
Is but one step.

Why, say 'tis not "farewell?" and let us part
As though to-morrow bound our lot again.

To-morrow comes—

A new to-morrow dawns for time to leap,
And our farewell is but a sleep, a dream,
To find that morn where parting weeps no more.

BERTHA.

Parting? Farewell? Am I alive? Falkner?
Thou lov'st me? I have not offended thee?
I have said nothing to have wrought this change?
Or have I loved thee so devotedly
My very truth is turned into offence?
What I have done that I should see thee thus,
With looks that do avoid, and love me not?

FALKNER.

That love thee not?

When all within my soul grew desolate
'Twas Bertha grasped the thorn to save me pain;
'Twas Bertha's love, like sunlight, o'er me fell;
Bertha, whose pity gave me back the world,
Robed in the brightness her own beauty flung,
And earth once more resembled Paradise!
That love thee not? With looks that love thee not?

BERTHA.

Oh, be thou merciful, and kill me, Falkner!

[Walks in violent agitation.]

Oh, it was most unkind, unfeeling, rash:
I saw thee not—I knew thee not—had been
Most happy in my quiet orphanage,
Hadst thou not come to shew my day, like night,
With all the magic of thine intellect,
Thy thrilling tenderness of look and voice,
To win the love of mine enchanted heart!
Oh, Heaven can witness how intensely dear
The sound but of a passing word became;
And thou—for pastime, for mere vanity—
Hast nursed this flower to cut it from my heart,
No matter how it bleed beneath thy knife!

FALKNER.

Bertha?

BERTHA.

Oh, was it right—or kind—or generous—
To woo—yet wound: to sue—yet sting the heart?
Whose only weakness was in too much faith!
Honour is love's vicegerent upon earth—
Was—was it honourable?

FALKNER.

Bertha?

BERTHA.

You spoke of wealth:
But what was wealth to me who had thy love,
Or, oh, too fond—too weak—*seem'd* that I had:
Love far surpassing wealth! Of title spoke;
But, weighed 'gainst nobler natures, titles seemed
The trinkets of a throne. Higher than kings
Is He who true pre-eminence creates:
Greater is He who stamps upon man's brow
Nature's high patent of nobility.
Wealth, title, all, were penury compared
To that best wealth, best title to be thine:
"Thine own!" "thine own!" I asked no other name,
No other rank, no dearer dignity;
To be "thy wife," in its sufficient love,
Comprised all riches, honours, and degrees.

FALKNER.

Yet hear me, Bertha. . . .

BERTHA, passionately.

Hear me!
And pause; yea, pause awhile, my Falkner;
I am not one to bear this agony;
Nor wait the gradual breaking of a heart;
And should we meet, indeed, no more on earth,
Then tremble, Falkner, lest we meet hereafter!

FALKNER.

Thou'rt not so rash? Let time bring time's account,
And let us meet it!

Heap fire upon me—torture me with words
Which, if thou think'st I merit, speak, nor spare,
Though every syllable's a poisoned thorn:
Yet is my heart so full of direst pains
It scarce can writhe much more!
Oh, misery of memory, to be
What I have been; to hear what I now hear;
Whichever way I turn, is wretchedness.

Not love thee? no, not love thee? Witness all
Ye blessed powers whose element is love;
Be witness heaven, which, like a shrine of love,
Sends light, and life, and union to the world;
Witness all holy and all beautiful
How dear, how passionately dear, I love!
And witness, too, this dreaded destiny,
That ever and for ever dogs my steps
Like the foul shadow of some spirit doomed,
Alone constrains my tongue to say. . . .

BERTHA, shrieking.

No, say it not!

Thou wilt not say farewell?
Oh, Falkner, shew some pity: or, if thou goest
Then fear what I may do! Fear and despair!
I am distracted, wild—'twere madness now
To leave me to myself.
I know not what I do—or what may do!
I am distraught with more than brain can bear.

FALKNER, aside.

Be iron, nerves: be firm, my faltering heart:
Thou hast an eagle's flight, and not a dove's:
To waver now were to relinquish all.
And yet

BERTHA.

Thou canst not go—thou'rt not the heart to go.
What, crush the dove which made thy breast her home?
Thou canst not do it, or looks belie the heart;
'Twere cruelty to do it—alas, thy pride—
I knew thy pride but not thy cruelty!

FALKNER.

Of what should I be proud—of misery?

The victim at the rack shrieks not—for pride!
Such pride should even be thy Falkner's now.
And yet—and yet—I weep, my Bertha, weep;
Tell me these tears are but false witnesses—
Say that this quivering lip is still untrue—
This throbbing pulse—deceit; tell me this heart,
That with tumultuous beatings cleaves my breast,
As though 'twould find a passage to thy feet,
Is hypocrite!—say still 'tis cruelty!
'Twere blissful to be aught but what I am;
Madness were mercy to this misery!
Again, that word again, 'twere what to do it?

BERTHA, imploringly.

Yet, for all this, thou didst not say farewell?

FALKNER.

God knows I did—and must.

BERTHA.

Then, guise it as thou wilt, 'tis cruelty!
Thou dar'st not see the heart bleed thou hast broken;
Thou stabb'st and leav'st thy victim.

FALKNER.

Am I so base!

I who've sought honour's path—
As to the height of all achievement here;
Who, were death cast between my path and it,
Had clung to honour rather than to life!
To hear—

[BERTHA droops; he supports her]

Bertha, my love, I will not say farewell!
Tears, tears—still tears to kiss away!
I am a boy, a child, and not a man,
An infant that the fates dash where they will!
I'll see thee, love, again, and speedily—when,
If thou'lt take this hand 'tis thine for ever!
But we must quit this spot: be patient, love,
Thou canst not hear me if thou weapest thus.

[A pause—she recovers—FALKNER retiring.]

BERTHA.

Stay, Falkner, I conjure thee!

I command thee, stay!

[FALKNER turns, she steps before him.]

Thou goest not hence.

FALKNER.

Not hence?

BERTHA.

No!

FALKNER.

What can restrain me?

BERTHA, sinking and exhausted with agitation.

A fragile thing—a slight and powerless thing—
Yet one thou could'st not, ingrate as thou art,
Thou would'st not tread upon! no, no, nor scorn,
Nor roughly pass; no, nor for kingdoms leave!
Though thou regard'st it little now perchance;
Yet then, my Falkner, then 'twill rivet thee,
As though an angel cried, "Thou goest not hence!"

FALKNER.

Nor earth, nor all earth holds, may stay my foot!
It is my fate; I act not of myself,
But am the very thrall of destiny!
What's that may grapple fate and bar its path?

BERTHA.

My corpse!

[Swoons at his feet.]

FALKNER, kneeling and raising her tenderly and pityingly.

Straws—straws are we upon the stream of fate!
Oh, worse than blind not to have this foreseen!
My poor, wronged girl, thus pale and stricken down,
How in thy desolation dearer far
Than in the beaming beauty of thy hope!
How weak looks vengeance near thine angel face;
It palsies so the hoarded hate of years,
That guilt might stand within the dagger's reach,
Yet vengeance turn aside with tears—not blood!
My love, my Bertha, have I veins of stone,
Unknowing mercy—knowing scarce myself!
My very hand seems changed and strange to me!
My love, I will return! a little while!
But for a little while, I do not say farewell!

[He bears her off with great tenderness and sorrow.]

(To be continued.)

A TEST OF TRUE AFFECTION.—A man of fifty years of age, and unmarried, who resided near St. Omer, was lately taken seriously ill, and, as it was known that he had some money, a host of nephews and nieces at once flocked around him, protesting their affection. As he was not the dupe of all these demonstrations, he told them very briefly that above all things he desired to be left tranquil, and that, in consequence, whoever came near him during his illness should be disinherited. They all withdrew accordingly, but not the less were most anxious to learn how the patient was going on. His state became every day more and more grave, and his relatives abstained, according to the orders given, from going to see him—all but one, a niece, named Josephine, who insisted on attending him during his illness. "If you persist in remaining here," said the sick man, "I will certainly disinherit you." "Do so," said she, "but you are too ill to remain without some relative to take care of you, and I am determined to stay." The uncle sent two days after for his notary, and made his will, which was duly witnessed, and the rumour was soon in circulation that the disobedient niece was disinherited. Some days after the uncle died, and, on the will being opened, it was found that everything he possessed was left to Josephine, on the ground that "she was the only relation he had that felt for him a disinterested affection." The property left amounts to about 80,000*l.*—*Galignani's Messenger.*



[GEORGE JOHN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, DUKE OF ARGYLL.]

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE love of old familiar names has not yet died away in this country. The descendants of the men who were dear to the national heart of our warlike ancestors, are not only cherished by their immediate dependents and neighbours, but that great aggregate majority which is emphatically the people; and the exhaustion of a distinguished family is still regarded with unaffected regret. This traditional affection is natural; for, although old ties have been weakened by the force of those astonishing circumstances which trade, commerce, and manufactures have introduced into society, history will always retain its wondrously eloquent voice. And so long as that brilliant expositor sheds a light on present associations, so long will great historical names be honoured in the persons of their possessors. In Scotland this feeling is stronger than in England, owing probably to the more poetical character of the people, their mountainous country, and the more recent date of their emancipation from the restraints of feudalism. The subdivision of the people into clans, and the interminable feuds that existed between them until so late as the past century, may also have left memories behind not to be extinguished within so short a space of time as two generations; and so have perpetuated attachments which have resulted in a warmer sentiment for the living links between the past and the present, than is entertained south of the Tweed. The war-note of Lochiel is silent, and the boast—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill—

has faded into a myth—a very shadowy myth, too; but the historical reminiscences of coarser, and, *par parenthèse*, more romantic times, have still a charm for the Scottish breast, and, as at Waterloo—

Evan's, Donald's famo rings in each clansman's ears—
and the noble families of that now more gloriously employed land are yet held in the utmost respect and veneration.

Of the number of these ancient families who have survived the ruin brought about by confiscation, by rebellion, and the slower, but equally fatal processes of domestic strife and improvidence, that of which the Duke of Argyll is at the head, has not been the least conspicuous in the exciting annals of Scotland. The clan Campbell had a name that was never nameless by day; but never more will the alarm, "The Campbells are coming," resound over the hills of bonny Scotia. The clan has been dispersed over the whole world; art, science, poetry,

commerce, and agriculture have long ago adopted its sons and daughters; and this race, among others of the shepherd warriors that in their day were famous, is extinct. The chief alone remains, to mark the progress of inevitable change, and mingle in scenes more ennobling than heading a foray, or being perched on a rugged hill, like an eagle—

That had long acquired
Absolute sway—the lord of a domain,
Savage, sublime.

The contrast between the past and the present is powerfully exemplified in the position and conduct of our titled nobility. Formerly they were, when at home, mere chieftains of a district or lords of a county; and when abroad, soldiers, either fighting as mercenaries, or engaging in a party quarrel, with all the ardour of a barbarous desire for excitement, and untamed propensity for war. Their lives were as rude as their manners and policy: physical renown was the highest object of their ambition, and, when not intriguing at court, they were hunting, or, through their want of occupation, tyrannising over their vassals, or getting up extempore quarrels with their neighbours.

How different is their position now. Without being deficient in one grain of the courage, or one atom of the chivalry of the best of their ancestors, they combine the refinement of high life with the intellectual dignity of the commonwealth of art, science, and literature. Instead

Of mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls
Of fearful adversaries,

or burying themselves in the seclusion of grim castles, they step forth into the public arena of busy, everyday life; and, by mingling in genial intercourse with their fellow-men, soften the features of a distinction "full fraught" with the tendency to become harsh in the presence of new institutions, and, by vigorous example, excite emulation to become not only wealthy, but wise, learned, and moral.

In ancient times, authorship was invariably associated with high rank. Most of the Roman writers were distinguished for their birth, and the high employment they had held. Knowledge was then the birthright of the few—it was never communicated to the people, who were scarcely considered as forming a part of the nation. Until almost recently, the reverse was the fact in this country; for men of genius of every variety sprang almost exclusively from the ranks of the people, and the patrician order was left an immeasurable distance in the rear. Thus threatened with complete intellectual ostracism, the young nobles of the present generation have gallantly entered the field of peaceful contention, and taken a creditable share

in the labour of building up a brilliant civilisation, by contributions to every branch of literature—and, we might add, to the rich treasures of art and science. Many of them have undertaken downright practical work. They have become sanitary reformers, promoters of education, and lecturers at mechanics' institutions. Lord Carlisle does not consider "the blood of all the Howards" polluted by such familiar contact with the people; nor does Lord John Russell; and most assuredly so does not the subject of the present notice—the Duke of Argyll, the head of all the Campbells; for it is not many months since he delivered an address to the members of the Athenæum Institute, Glasgow, on "the importance of literature to men of business." If "the Campbell's come" in this fashion, heaven send many of them to this side of the Tweed, for such mountain pipes are filled with a pure and generous sympathy—not a fierce brag about native daring, or

The stirring memory of a thousand years.

Such conduct puts iron feudality to the blush, and, in introducing the manly lineaments of such a patriotic nobleman to our readers, we could not resist the temptation to hold before the mind's eye the rare difference there exists between a ducal Campbell of the present day, and one of those hard-headed, soldierly chieftains, who flourished in periods when it was jocularly said: "The crown of a loon was hardly worth the cracking."

The Duke of Argyll, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, holds office under Lord Aberdeen, as Lord Privy Seal, and is one of the youngest members in the administration, for he is only in his thirtieth year. And here we would remark, that probably there never before was a ministry formed which embraced so many comparatively young men. The Colonial Secretary is not forty-two, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is forty-one, the President of the Council is forty-three, the Lord Privy Seal is not yet thirty, the Solicitor-General for Ireland is thirty-six, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies (Mr. F. Peel), is under thirty, and the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is not twenty-seven.

Well, the young and clever Duke of Argyll is Lord Privy Seal; and as our readers would like to know something of him personally, we beg to inform them that his baptismal patronymics are George John Douglas Campbell, and that he is the eighth duke in succession, the first having been created in 1701. Eight dukes in a century and a half—why that only gives about nineteen years possession to each: a brief time, indeed, some of them must have basked in the sunshine of a coronet.

However, the present Duke of Argyll was born in 1823, and in 1844 he married the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland—so that he is son-in-law to the present fascinating Mistress of the Robes, still a queen of beauty, and connected with some of the most ancient as well as wealthy noble houses in the kingdom. He succeeded his father in the dukedom in 1847, and, after the customary period of mourning had expired, has ever since been conspicuously before the public.

His maiden speech in the House of Peers was delivered on the 25th of May, 1848, on the second reading of the bill for admitting Jews into Parliament. He supported that measure, on the ground that Jews were entitled to all the rights of citizenship, and there did not exist sufficient reasons—either political or religious—for their exclusion. At the same time he eloquently declaimed against the assertion of Mr. Macaulay, that religion had nothing to do with the question, or that "Christianity had no more to do with our legislature than it had with cobbling." He believed that "Christianity had nobler and wider fields of action than those defined by the exclusionists," and argued, that "Christianity was best advanced by not maintaining these distinctions, which only produced division and perverted Christian union."

The speech was extremely favourably received, and those who differed in opinion from the youthful orator were equally warm with his friends in prognosticating that such brilliant promise of future ability as a statesman was not destined to be unredeemed. In the same year he spoke frequently, and on topics that showed he had not contented himself with the study of vague theories, but gone into practical details, and familiarised himself with the science of statistics, that key to all material truth.

At the opening of the session of 1849, the Duke of Argyll supported Free Trade, in opposition to the amendment on the Address, moved by the Earl of Derby. He afterwards, on all opportune occasions, gave to our Free-trade policy the energetic support of a liberal and enlightened Conservative; and generally, in other respects, supported the measures of the Russell administration. Since then he has diligently applied himself to his duties as a peer of the realm, and delivered several masterly speeches: one in particular—that on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, in 1851—materially strengthened his oratorical and political reputation.

But the Duke of Argyll has earned quite as much renown as an author as an orator, being the writer of several works on the Scottish Church—all of them of a controversial description—and of an essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation, which attracted much notice, and must have hit some parties hard, for some of his views were hotly assailed, both from the press and the pulpit. His Grace is also a devoted lover of science, being well known as a sound practical geologist. His sympathies with literature, and his ardent desire to promote the mental and moral welfare of those who are least able, or who neglect to help themselves, are all pure and unaffected; and when we mention that he is a powerful and eloquent speaker, we think we have said sufficient to warrant the unqualified presumption that the Duke of Argyll is destined to play a more important part on the stage of public life than that of Lord Privy Seal.



[CRESTED PIGEONS, FROM AUSTRALIA.]

AUSTRALIAN CRESTED PIGEONS.

OUT of the 249 pairs of pigeons exhibited at the late Great Metropolitan Poultry Show, probably no pair attracted more attention than the Australian Crested Pigeons, the property of Mr. G. C. Adkins, of Edgbaston, Birmingham.

The golden wonders of the land of their origin, the extraordinary emigration from these shores to that distant territory, and the future consequences of that alarming inroad on our population, about which everybody possessed of ordinary sense is now beginning seriously to think—all tended to invest these “winged inhabitants o’ the air” with a peculiar interest, which was much increased by the beautiful shape of the birds themselves, and the extreme brilliancy of their plumage.

This pair, of which we present our readers with an engraved illustration, obtained a prize, and we may mention that, with respect to the exhibition of foreign varieties, Mr. Adkins was the most successful competitor.

This variety were very much admired, but it seems they have not been, as pigeons fanciers express it, yet recovered from a state of nature.

They frequent the low and marshy grounds in all parts of Australia, and are but very rarely, if ever, found in the high lands. They have never been domesticated; and, although they have bred at the Regent’s Park Gardens and at Knowsley, the number reared has been very small.

In one respect they differ so far from the ordinary pigeons, that the feathers come off at the least touch. Their management requires great care, but they must at all times be kept confined, and if a portion of the pen is wired over and exposed to the weather, they will always remain in the open air during the night, however inclement the season.

This is not at all a singular trait, when the wild habits of the bird are taken into consideration; but it is far from improbable, that in the course of a few years they will have become so familiarised with our climate and mode of treatment, as to be as docile as the carrier—originally an oriental pigeon—by no means a social bird, but, on the contrary, wild and retired.

ESSAYS.

No. CLXXX.—HOW TO MAKE SUNDAY REALLY SUNDAY.

THE Divine law is, that “the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;” but we apprehend that man should not abuse the sacred gift, or attempt to wrest it from its original purpose. If we are to religiously accept a certain incontrovertible truth, we cannot do without certain forms, for the highest faith requires observances that, to a great extent, operate as a check

upon that freedom of action which is essential to human free agency.

Sunday in the realm of Christendom is an established institution—it has the sanction of the conscience, of the moral law, the political law, and that undefined code which, under all conditions, we are glad to avail ourselves of, under the general title of expediency. This is so universally recognised, that it is self-evident that the Sunday is essential to the discipline of the general church, and its observance a ceremonial portion of our conduct which cannot be neglected with impunity.

If there be a time for all things, there surely is a time for spiritual communion with the everlasting Unseen; but as all ceremonies, whether of the church or the laity, must necessarily be purely material, the question arises, and is daily being discussed—Can the observance of this particular day be consistently—in the temper of the present time, we might add, practically—enforced, either compulsorily or by such prohibitory enactments as would in their operation amount to compulsion.

For our own part, we do not like the thought of the Church of England flying to the police-office and to Parliament to help it in getting people to go to church. A voluntary compliance with any prescribed form is the only complete identification with it that can be freely admitted; and, without embarking in any discussion upon the spiritual proprieties involved in the question, we must candidly say, that if the church wishes Sunday to be really Sunday, it must have more faith in itself, and the efficacy of its teachings, than in the secular arm of the law.

It is a trite but expressive adage, that “one man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink;” and, following the saying to its obvious application, it might be affirmed, that Parliament might command Sunday to be scrupulously observed, but twenty Parliaments, each twenty times stronger than that of Great Britain, could not enforce that command, even if only a section of the community chose to be refractory. The civil law is one thing, the religious law another; and they are so far irreconcilable, that the former is comparatively powerless without the aid of the latter; and the latter never so strong as when it does not stand in need of any assistance from the former. Therefore, we say, let the Church fulfil its mission—let it appeal to the heart and the conscience of British society—and, if it does its appointed work well, it cannot fail to succeed. Let the London clergy trust themselves and their own teaching—let them fall back upon the church. If she cannot win the people by her own high appeals, it is certain that closing the Crystal Palace and the National Gallery will not do the work which she cannot achieve. The clergy would act more wisely were they to let these things take their course.

As in logic so it is in religion. A person who has acquired a knowledge of religion, will afterwards speak

and write religiously without ever thinking of the rules of religion. Knowledge of a truth must precede its appreciation and adoption. You cannot coerce a multitude into the belief that the whole infinite contrivance of everything above, around, and within us, appears directed to certain benevolent issues; and all the laws of nature are in perfect harmony with the whole constitution of man. All such knowledge comes by the slow process of induction, in its higher manifestations by intuition, or that equivalent for intuition, which invariably accompanies an improved standard of general intelligence and morality. Therefore we say to the clergy, do not commit the mistake of supposing that people can be driven to church on a Sunday like flocks of sheep under shelter, on the approach of a storm. First make the church, and the people will enter it without much asking; for not only is a congregation necessary to the solid foundation of a church, but a properly managed church indispensable to the collection of a proper congregation—that is, a sincere, earnest, voluntarily attending congregation.

Could we hope to be listened to by the London clergy, we should say: Meet the Crystal Palace, and even “all public museums and galleries,” on their own grounds—hold out counter-attractions. Englishmen are not naturally irreligious. Make your churches popular, convenient, and comfortable; arrange your Sunday services so that a man may do his duty to God and see the blue sky all the same. As matters stand—as you manipulate the Sunday—this is simply impossible. If you teach, that to travel on Sunday is to profane the Sabbath, you must take the consequence; and the consequence is, empty churches. But this need not be. Make your services earlier, shorter, and more attractive; make your churches clean and handsome; abolish your big pews; abolish your beadies; do not insult the poor by “free seats” under the gallery: as there is but one heaven for rich and poor, so there ought to be no distinction of cushioned and curtained boxes for the wealthy, with dark, cold “free seats” for some twenty poor in a parish of 20,000. In music, in decoration, in singing, in getting the people to join in the prayers, the church has attractions far higher than those of “public amusements.” Divide your services; get rid of the horrible absurdity of reading prayers to your congregations; and, above all, make your sermons much shorter and a great deal more lively. In a word, be true to yourselves and to the principles of the Church of England—encourage public worship and common prayer—and you will have nothing to fear from Crystal Palaces, or from all the museums and galleries in London.

Do all this, and then you will have a right to declaim against all violations of the sanctity of the Sabbath Day.

Compulsory religion is a mistake. Sion College met on this subject some months ago; and what is the result on the minds of the humbler classes? Simply this: that the religion which proscribes green fields and the treasures of nature and art, is somehow out of keeping with man’s physical and moral nature.

THE number of sea-going vessels in the world is about 85,000, of which two-thirds belong to England and the United States.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—A curious occurrence took place lately at Letham Grange House, the residence of John Hay, Esq. While Mr. Hay was engaged in writing in his library, two panes of the window were simultaneously broken, and the glass scattered upon his writing-table and about the room. Mr. Hay’s first impression was that a couple of shots had been fired, occasioning the crash; but, on further examination, he discovered that a blackbird, which had been pursued by a large sparrow-hawk, had, in its eagerness to escape, dashed through the window, and taken shelter, in a terrible state of trepidation, between two panes which were lying on the rug before the fire. It would seem that the hawk had been no less anxious to get at its prey than the blackbird to elude its pursuer; and that it had also flown against the window, broken a pane, and precipitated itself into the room, at the further end of which it lay extended. The poor blackbird, though much exhausted, after a time recovered, and was set at liberty. In securing the sparrow-hawk, Mr. Hay had his hand slightly injured by its talons.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

PREVENTION OF INCrustATION IN BOILERS.—Mr Overman recommends to use charcoal to prevent incrustations in boilers. That made from hard wood is preferred, and is to be broken up into lumps from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cube, and then thrown into the boiler, in the proportion of two bushels to a boiler of 20 or 30 horse power. At the end of a month it will require to be renewed. It is said not to condense the salts of fixed alkalies—as those of potash and soda—but will effectually absorb all salt of lime, alkaline earth, salts of iron, and almost all other heavy metals.

GAS.—The superiority of the Edinburgh gas over that of London arises from two causes—first, from the difference of the coal used for the manufacture of gas. In Edinburgh Cannel coal is used, which generates gas of a highly illuminating power. In London, Newcastle coal is used, which produces a very inferior quality of gas. In the second place, from the difference of the systems in use. In Scotland, the coal is only suffered to remain in the retorts a sufficient time to give out its gases, attention only being paid to the quality of the gas manufactured. In London, the coal is allowed to remain a much longer

time in the retorts, and, by excessive baking, a very weak gas is generated, of little illuminating power, and of little value for lighting purposes; indeed, it is well known that in London they are coke and gas manufacturers; in Edinburgh, only gas manufacturers—the one manufacturing light gas, the other gas-light: five feet of Cannel coal gas will give twice as much light as ten feet of the ordinary London gas; consequently, at the same rate of charge per 1000 cubic feet, the one costs only half as much to produce the same quantity of light, the products of combustion, and all the disagreeable attendants upon the use of poor gas, being lessened to a very great extent.

AN AUSTRIAN LAND STORM.—A land storm in the neighbourhood of Vienna is unique in its display of the effect of wind upon dust; and he who has only encountered a March gale on a high road in England, knows but little what those unfortunate Austrians endure who leave the walls of their city in dry and dusty weather. The effect of the visitation is curious: through the closed windows of a carriage one may be admiring the sparkling, sunshiny morning, the gaiety of the equipages on the road, the buildings in the distance; but in an instant, by one rending blast, the roads are swept clean of every atom which a square foot of dust to every foot of road may contain; the day's work of thousands of scavengers is done at a blow—the whole is up-whirled, a solid, dun-coloured mass rises against the windows, and gives the idea of solitary imprisonment, or of being buried alive.—*Tour in Austria.*

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—A buried city has been discovered in Egypt, named Saccakrah. It appears to be situated about five hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. An Arab having observed what appeared to be the head of a sphynx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance, who commenced excavating, and laid open a long buried street, which contained thirty-eight granite sarcophagi, each of which weighed about sixty-eight tons, and which formerly held evidently the ashes of sacred animals. The French gentleman has got a grant of the spot from the Egyptian pacha, and has exhumed great quantities of curiosities, some of them ancient earthenware vessels of a diminutive size. This street, when lit up at night, forms a magnificent sight. It is upwards of 1600 yards in length. Many of the curiosities dug out have to be kept buried in sand, to preserve them from perishing.

MEXICAN MODE OF TEACHING HORSES TO STEP OUT.—I was consoled by watching the beautiful horses, mostly high-stepping Brazeadors: they were prancing along, looking as conceited as any man, and twice as handsome. I have been positively assured that they teach them to raise up their fore-legs immensely high—which they almost all do—by putting on them magnifying spectacles when young, by which means the stones on the road are made to appear like large blocks in the way, and they lift up their legs in order to step over them, and so acquire the habit. I dare say that the reader will laugh incredulously, but I tell him what was told me as a fact; and I am further informed this is also constantly practised in South America.

PROPOSED METHOD OF RESTORING THE BLACKENED PORTIONS OF OIL PAINTINGS.—One of the chief drawbacks to the employment of white-lead in artistic painting, consists in the facility with which it becomes blackened by the sulphuretted hydrogen, and hydrosulphate of ammonia, both so prevalent in the atmosphere of towns. A very elegant way of instantaneously restoring those discoloured parts to their original whiteness was suggested by M. Thenard, the discoverer of peroxide of hydrogen, otherwise called *oxygenated water*. It is a prominent quality of this liquid to impart oxygen—and hence, if applied to a coating of black sulphuret of lead, the latter immediately acquires oxygen, and is changed into the white sulphate, thus restoring the original tint. Unfortunately, however, this peroxide of hydrogen is so difficult of manufacture, and so expensive, that its use for the purpose in question is almost impossible. A much easier plan, but founded on the same principle, has been suggested by M. Schonbein, of Bale, who, in the course of his studies on ozone, discovered that oil of turpentine, if exposed in an open glass vessel to the atmosphere in the sun's rays, and agitated from time to time during the space of two or three months, acquired such oxydising properties, that it was capable of acting on sulphuret of lead just like the oxygenated water of Thenard—that is to say, capable of changing it almost instantaneously into the white sulphate. Professor Schonbein has himself suggested the value of this oxygenised oil of turpentine to artists and picture dealers. Many other liquids, besides oil of turpentine, can be oxygenated in a similar manner, and would probably be as advantageous.

DEATH IN THE JAM POT.—The *Lancet* gives the following summary of the results obtained from a chemical examination of thirty-five samples of preserves: That the raspberry jam analysed contained a very considerable quantity of copper. That the four samples of gooseberry jam examined all contained copper. That copper, sometimes in large amount, was detected in twelve of the fourteen samples of orange marmalade analysed. That three of the marmalades were adulterated with large quantities of vegetable substance—most probably either turnip or apple. That the nine samples of greengage jam were all more or less impregnated with copper, it being present in considerable amount in five of the samples. That the greengages contained in three different boxes of crystallised fruits owed their deep-green colour to the presence of copper. That the limes and greengages present in a little glass jar of fruit, preserved in jelly,

also owed their brilliant colour to a salt of copper. That copper was present in the three samples of candid citron peel subjected to analysis. That copper was detected in no less than thirty-three of the thirty-five samples of different preserves analysed; three contained traces only; in eleven the metal was present in small quantity; and in nineteen, either in considerable, or even very large amount.

TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.—Our readers are aware that Prescott, the historian, is blind. In a letter addressed lately to an American publisher, he thus explains the mode in which he prepares his MS.: "My dear sir,—As you desire, I send you a specimen of my autograph. It is the concluding page of one of the chapters of the 'Conquest of Peru.' The writing is not, as you may imagine, made by a pencil, but is indelible, being made by an apparatus used by the blind. This is a very simple affair, consisting of a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted in it to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen, the writer uses a stylus of ivory or agate, the last better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner, arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen and when his lines run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by this simple writing-case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light. Though my trouble is not blindness, but a disorder of the nerve of the eye, the effect, as far as this is concerned, is the same, and I am wholly incapacitated from writing in the ordinary way. In this manner I have written every word of my 'historicals.' This *modus operandi* exposes one to some embarrassments; for, as one cannot see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than a performer on the treadmill sees what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make corrections. This requires the subject to be pretty thoroughly canvassed in the mind, and all the blots and erasures to be made there, before sitting down to my desk. When there, the work becomes one of memory rather than of creation, and the writing is apt to run off glibly enough."

GENÈVRA.

OR, THE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT.

(Continued from our last.)

PASIPHÆ told me, some days after, that the corpse had been buried in a cemetery two miles from the castle—that M. de Serval had gone to the room and looked at the dead, and she saw, or fancied she saw him shed tears. The old woman, now her insane charge was dead—so strong is habit—really seemed to regret the loss, and continually talked of her. For myself, I felt wretched, and wept at early dawn, at bright noon, and again when dark night came on. I thought of my husband: I regretted his behaviour; and notwithstanding all, I wished—oh, I don't know what I wished; but one thing I know is certain, that death, had he come then, would not have found me unwilling to go.

For two weeks after Isodore's death, I remained alone in my apartments—the communication between them and monsieur's having been, by my order, closed, lest he might intrude upon me. I neglected my dress, and my long ringlets hung in wild disorder around my face. I wore a black dress, as if in mourning, for my soul was mourning; and thus attired, and thus lonely, I sat opposite a mirror, in which I beheld myself—not the joyous bride of six months ago, but pale, dejected, and melancholy; and thus I sat and mused to no purpose, when my waist was clasped by a well-known hand, and a mouth, whose kisses I can never forget, imprinted one on my cheek, as Rinaldo's voice murmured in my ear:

"Genevra, I am miserable, living thus without you! Let the past be forgotten and forgiven; let us love each other as we did before this sad affair. You cannot so quickly have learned to hate me, have you?"

I hesitated a moment, I confess: then love triumphed over every other feeling, and, throwing myself into his arms, we fervently kissed each other, and he promised to lead a better life. Of that, however, from what I now comprehended of my husband's character and habits, I had little hope; for any habit, when once confirmed, be it *rouésm*, gambling, or drinking, obtains such fascinating influence over the mind, that it is rarely, if ever, relinquished. Still I endeavoured to cherish a fondness, which I felt his outlandish behaviour would soon oblige me to abandon.

The novelty of possession had now worn off, and he began to wish for other society than mine: accordingly he resumed his acquaintance with the neighbouring nobility, and frequently the banqueting hall resounded with their boisterous conviviality to a late hour of night. Then my husband would be carried in the arms of his grooms in a state of drunkenness to bed, while his guests were borne off in a similar condition to theirs. At first, when I gently reproached him with his excesses, he seemed grieved, listened to me quietly, and answered, sorrowfully, that he knew he did wrong; but soon this gentleness changed to roughness, and if I spoke reprovingly, he sternly bade me be silent, and not presume to admonish him of what he was the best judge of. Thus, in alternations of coldness, reproaches, quarrels, and reconciliations, a year of married life passed away.

As I became more estranged from him, I missed the gaieties and pleasures of Naples, which his affections had for a few months compensated me for the loss of. I often

thought of Blanche, of my teacher, and the kind Madame Bonni. Monsieur Belmont had heard nothing of Blanche, though within the year inquiry had often been made by him concerning her. My kind hostess had not forgotten me, and her love was often sent; my teacher's letters I carefully treasured, and read each one with double care, they seemed like tidings of life—for the quiet chateau, the rustic neighbourhood, could scarcely be designated by that name; and my regular existence, systematic as a clock, partook largely of lifeless monotony. Rinaldo, it is true, made amends to Bacchus for my dullness, for night after night found him at the gaming table, playing high, or carousing with his noisy companions. When, sometimes, I saw him excited with wine, I could with difficulty realise that it was the same refined man, whose sweet voice and gentle ways had won my virgin heart, on the beautiful shores of Parthenope. Guilo, my husband's valet, said, that although his master had always lived high and been very gay, yet, during the first months of our marriage, he had behaved much better than formerly—and the worthy domestic appeared astonished to see him return to his old habits; but he did not reflect, that the object for which this good behaviour was cultivated was attained, and there was no longer any need of playing a part.

I sometimes took long walks through that fair valley, and among the lofty hills which majestically surrounded it. I amused and entertained myself with the observation of nature, in its many different yet all beautiful modifications: I saw the birds, as they floated on the wing; I saw the waving of the foliage of the forest-trees, and the clouds, as they moved through the dewy atmosphere—for an eternal mist ever hung over those mountains and that valley. The shepherds tended their flocks there, and thither, in harvest and vintage time, came the pretty village girls and the hardy mountaineers, to gather the fruitful grape. Sometimes, sitting beneath some lofty tree, I reflected on the sottishness of the heart, which, the more it possesses, the more it wants; I wondered if there was any such thing as happiness, in what it consisted, and where to be found; and then I wondered if it was exemplified by the Epicurean belief, that happiness must consist in banishing from the mind all painful thoughts, and wholly surrendering oneself, spiritually and bodily, to pleasure; or, if the doctrine of the Stoics was true, that happiness or misery, pleasure or pain, was a principle of the mind, and could not be affected by external objects; that if the mind was properly tutored, it would be incapable of any other feeling than that of rational, quiet contentment—it would be insensible to the cares and sorrows of life, regarding all things with the proud eyes of ethereal, idealised philosophy. I inclined towards the Stoics, and resolved, if possible, so to school my mind, that no earthly disappointment should surprise or vex me; but, unfortunately, it is much easier to make resolves than to keep them.

Sometimes I extended my rambles to Isodore's grave—a simple mound of earth, unmarked by tablet or tombstone. She had now been dead several months, and the grass and wild flowers grew luxuriantly above the mound. I often sat down on it, and, fixing my eyes on the starry worlds overhead, at twilight, sought to penetrate the secrets of futurity, and read my destiny in their eternal light. I thought of the thousands and thousands of years that had passed into eternity since they were first hung there. "Why—oh, why?"—I cried aloud, from the fulness of my heart—"why is it, that the beautiful, the great, the good, all moulder back to dust, and are forgotten—while these shine on, bright as when first placed there, coeval with the Great Spirit, from time to eternity?—while we die, and, oh, worse than all! know not what is to come hereafter!" Such gloomy thoughts occupied my mind as I slowly returned home, after twilight had deepened into sombre night, my clothes damp with dew.

"Pasiphæ!" said I, as I flung myself into my fauteuil, tired and sorrowful, "get me some dry clothes, and arrange the fire. Where is Monsieur de Serval? is he at home?"

"Master was inquiring for you, my lady, this evening, and I sought for you, and could not find you, when Guilo told me he saw you go out of the castle gate, and take the forest road. I told master, and he went away to his shooting-gallery."

As she spoke, he entered the room in his hunting-dress, looking very pale after his night's carouse. We kissed each other; but the salute had little of the fervour of former days.

"I was looking for you this evening, Genevra, but you were not in your apartments."

"No; I went to take a walk in the woods."

He began whistling as he walked up and down, evidently wishing Pasiphæ gone. Anticipating his wish, after I had changed shoes and stockings, I dismissed her.

"I wished to see you," said he, after she had gone, "to tell you that I am going away again, a hundred miles back into the country, on a hunting party, to be absent a week. When I return, I shall bring a friend with me—the Count Malabrella—to spend some days."

"Yes," said I, mechanically.

Continuing his walk, he looked at me as I sat.

"You don't look well of late, Genevra! your face has lost its freshness; your eyes, their brightness."

"I feel altered, externally and internally."

"I think I am somewhat changed myself, within the last year. Let me see," said he, reflectively; "yes: this is the anniversary of our marriage—the year has been an eventful one to me." He seemed to expect some remark, and I determined to touch him to the quick.

"Yes," I replied, as if unconsciously, "it is five months since Isodore died: how sad her death-bed was!" His face flushed, and he exclaimed, fiercely:

"Why do speak of that woman? why do you remind me of her? She is dead; well, let her rest in peace, and cease to torment me with recollections of her!"

But I wished him to hear of her: I thought it only an act of justice to her injured memory, and I continued, quietly:

"You feel, then, no remorse for your past conduct towards her, monsieur? no regret? Yet she loved you much; and, if she erred, it may have been through unhappy circumstances, or through an overweening attachment to you."

"She sinned through nothing of the sort!" cried he, sharply: "her affair with me was not the only one she ever had; she had been a notorious woman long before I ever saw her. As for the deep regrets you talk of, I feel none. I consider I acted honourably in taking care of a lunatic, and suffering myself to be frequently annoyed by the antics of a crazy woman. She is better off where she is."

I saw my husband was impenetrable to any feeling on the subject, and, feeling misanthropic myself, I cared not to enter into a wordy war. Relapsing into silence and thought, I sat motionless. One thing I plainly perceived: that he was piqued that I pitied the dead Isodore, and manifested neither anger, contempt, nor hatred for her memory. He would rather have seen me furiously jealous, retaining the recollection of her error, and hating her name. But I had lost all hatred for anything and everything, and was sinking into a listless apathy.

"Well, farewell till we meet again!" said Monsieur de Serval, abruptly, after a moment's pause.

"Farewell, monsieur."

We shook hands, and he departed. I watched from my window, and saw his close travelling carriage rolled into the courtyard. Guilo placed numerous packages, boxes of cigars, and comfits, on the front seat; then my husband entered it, his hat slouched over his eyes, and enveloped in his great coat. Guilo mounted behind: the postilion huzzaed, and they rattled down the valley road.

I did not miss him: his society was no longer necessary to my very existence. We could live apart for days, weeks, months, without the same regrets and longings we should have experienced during the first months of married life. During his absence, I busied myself in household affairs, rode on horseback, played and sang, and endeavoured to kill time as fast as possible. I was very young, and my tastes and habits still bordered closely on girlhood—I might almost say on childhood. Pasiphae, with her weird-like countenance, as she sat over the fire in the banquetting-hall, on those chilly autumnal nights, and told me strange ghost stories, often laughed at the childish alarm I showed at her tales. She was my confidante, and, in fact, only friend, in that wild region. To her I confided all my thoughts, my griefs, and fears, and hopes. She sympathised with, but could not advise me.

The week of his absence passed quietly away: nothing of moment occurred worth relating; and I was sitting in my saloon, reading a romance, when Pasiphae entered, saying, Guilo had arrived in advance of his master, and announced that Monsieur de Serval would be with me in half an hour. Upon the delivery of this message, I consulted my mirror. Pasiphae declared herself satisfied with my appearance. I remember with vivid distinctness the dress I wore: it was a dark, deep crimson velvet, made high in the neck, and long sleeves concealed my arms; the rich, heavy falls of the robe swept the floor; a Grecian head-dress of lama lace formed my coiffure, and my hair fell in long ringlets to my waist.

"Ah, my lady, I never saw you look so beautiful!" said the faithful creature, in an ecstasy of delight—for the slightest thing will throw an Italian into a fit of enthusiasm. "That head-dress is so charming, and the robe so handsome! Ah, if fine dress only made people happy, it would be worth wishing for!"

"Pasiphae, I think I heard monsieur's carriage driving into the courtyard. See if it is him."

As I spoke, I heard voices and heavy steps in the hall: before she could reach the door, it was opened hastily, and my husband entered, followed by a figure so wrapped up in coats and shawls, that I could scarcely discern what it was. Pasiphae hastened to relieve this muffled form of its incumbrances, after disburthening my husband; and when the stranger, stepping towards me, bowed, the first glance at his face told me that I beheld the stranger of the opera. The same beautiful eyes were bent upon me, and the low, deep tones of his voice struck my ear, as he said:

"Madame, I am happy to make the acquaintance of the wife of my friend."

I felt the blood rush to my brow, my neck, my very hands, as I tremblingly replied:

"Count, you are most welcome to our home."

Rinaldo did not notice my embarrassment: he was occupied in giving orders about the luggage, the game, and a hundred other things; and when he had completed these commands, turning to me, who had been saying some confused nothings to the visitor, he said:

"Come, count, and you, madame, let us proceed to the supper-room; and after we have rendered our duties there, we will return hither for conversation."

All my husband's movements were abrupt and singular, otherwise I should have been astonished at this sudden interruption. Count Malabrella offered me his arm, and, leaning on that strong arm, and looking on that handsome, energetic face, which afterwards became, oh, how dear to me! I followed my stern lord, who strode before me to the banquetting-hall. Rinaldo sat at the head of the table, myself and his guest at each side. By the brilliant light of the lamps around us, I could more fully observe the stranger. The count was opposite in appearance to

my husband: he was taller, of an athletic form, strong, and manly. His eyes, large, languid, yet sparkling, sometimes flashed fire, sometimes were the impersonation of repose. His hands and feet were rather large, not so delicate as Monsieur de Serval's. His whole appearance was rather massive; not feminine, or soft, as was the look, the whole person of my husband.

Rinaldo's face was flushed from wine, and he talked loudly and gaily, not to me, but to his friend. He talked most of his success on the boar-hunt, cursing the ill attendance of the servants and grooms. He drank glass after glass of wine, and his evanescent spirits grew higher and higher under the influence. I regarded him with feelings of painful regret, but he seemed not to observe my earnest looks, save by a return glance of scorn.

The count appeared embarrassed. I saw he felt for me and for his friend, and looked relieved when the repast was over, and we returned to the saloon. He must have seen the coldness existing between my husband and myself, for he also seemed infected by it; and, after several efforts at a general conversation, asked me to favour him with a song. I did so with alacrity, to relieve the tedium which seemed to pervade the drawing-room; yet, though I sang, I did so mechanically. One idea dwelt in my mind: who was this Count Malabrella; this man, whose beautiful eyes had so long before haunted me, like a foreshadowing dream of futurity? How strange, that he should so unexpectedly cross my path now, when a married woman—now, when his acquaintance could be nothing to me. Still the same presentiment haunted me, that my destiny in future would have something to do with him; and as I glanced around at him, as he sat near my husband, listening to the song, leaning on the arm of the sofa, his strongly marked features distinctly shown by the glancing firelight, what a contrast did that manly form, so energetic, breathing, living—speaking of nobility of soul—what a contrast did it not present to my fair, yet dissipated, reckless husband! He had thrown himself in an attitude of ease upon a sofa, and with his eyes closed, seemed half asleep. That was scarcely polite to his guest, but Rinaldo cared not what any one thought: he cared more for his own comfort than for fixed rules of etiquette.

The count drew his chair towards me, and remarked: "Your castle, madame, is delightfully situated here, in this beautiful ravine: I have often heard Monsieur de Serval speak of his mountain home, but never, till now, had an opportunity of seeing it."

"Yes, the castle is a charming summer residence, though rather dreary in winter."

"I have never," continued he, "been so far north before; my attendance on his majesty has hitherto prevented me from travelling to any great extent; and Naples and its environs, you know, do not afford any great variety to one who has been accustomed to it a lifetime."

"You are, then, from Naples—beautiful Naples!"

Numerous recollections were recalled by that name; and I looked down, and almost unconsciously sighed. When I raised my eyes, I met those of the stranger, bent curiously on my face: he seemed endeavouring to read my thoughts; and I blushed as I met that look, though I scarce knew why myself.

"Yes," said he, in reply to my remark, "beautiful Naples was my birthplace; and there I have lived the principal part of my life."

Here Rinaldo, raising himself from his recumbent position, joined us, and began turning over the music leaves on the piano.

"My wife sings one of these songs magnificently, count," said he, as he sought among the other music for it. "Oh! here it is: oblige us, madame, by singing it."

It was the song of Ajesha: "We have lived and loved together, in sunlight and in tears; and I felt the tears gush into my own eyes as I executed it. It brought back, bright as yesterday, the night of its first representation—Blanche's spirited acting—the presence and applause of the royal family. The tones lingered on my lips, as if they obeyed the impulse of my heart, and, by remaining, could recall bygone hours more forcibly to my mind.

"That is a charming melody," said the count; "and it is needless to admire that voice, whose far-spread fame has roused all Italy!"

I felt weary, and, as it was growing late, on a look from my husband, we retired; he accompanying his friend to a bed-chamber, and I returning to my cheerful apartment, where, by the blazing fire, I sat down to dream and reflect on what, alas!—on what too many mortals while away existence in—dreams—unsubstantial, unreal dreams.

CHAPTER X.

I HAD for some weeks remarked the visits of several mysterious-looking strangers, who came often, and were closeted long with Monsieur de Serval in his studio. These men were dressed in the costume of the peasantry, but they all wore brown cloaks, with cowls drawn over their faces, which they jealously preserved from sight—perhaps from pity to those unfortunate hearts on whom they should bestow their glances. There was something very strange about them; and, as none of the domestics knew from whence they came, or whither they went, I determined to ask my husband their business at the castle.

The morning after his arrival, I rose early. I heard my husband about his room till a late hour, when silence proclaimed he had gone to rest. We no longer sank to rest cradled in each other's arms; and sometimes, when my lonely, impassioned heart fairly ached for compa-

nionship, I compared our present estrangement with the joyful hours we had formerly spent together; and then the midnight hour saw convulsions of passion, I should have been ashamed any one should witness, save that faithful, silent monitor, Time; but it was no fault of mine: the gay *roué*, whose fickle fancy was momentarily caught by my beauty and virtue, had wearied by possession; the same face, the same enduring love, no longer attracted him; he had not known his own heart when he promised fidelity—he was incapable of it. I sometimes felt disposed to forgive him the wild life he had led during the past year, could I have seen any indications of a reformation: I could have returned to my old love, and have been happy once more, would he have acted differently; but he would not. To reproaches, alienations, and recriminations, had succeeded a polite coldness, which, between husband and wife, means far more than the alternations of hot and cold feeling.

I often wept myself to sleep, hugging my pillow to me for company; my mind dwelt in the past, or speculated on the future. It was void and empty—for it is only when we are with one we love that we live in the present; and who loved me now—who, save old Pasiphae?

I sought the saloon, where, to my surprise, I saw the count seated. On entering, he rose, placed a chair for me, and made some general observation on the beautiful day. I replied, seated myself, and fixed my eyes on the fire, for there was a magnetic attraction in those orbs that influenced me strangely when I met them. The gentleman suddenly remarked:

"Madame, you are much improved since I first saw you, the night of your first appearance at Naples."

"Ah! you saw me, then, at that time?"

"Yes; and I shall never forget your look, your manner, your acting, and whole appearance: the tones of your voice, indeed the whole scene, is engraven on my mind."

The tone in which he said this, made the expression, and sent the blood to my cheek. How true it is, that looks and tones give the sense to conversation, far more than the words themselves. I knew not what reply to make to this extravagant compliment, and bowed in silence.

"I never thought my friend would ever marry," he continued—I thought to relieve my obvious embarrassment—"he used to be so volatile and gay; but I am glad he has, and that the correction of youthful errors has fallen to the guidance of one so gentle." And as he looked at me, the same light shone in his eyes. "We have been almost like brothers for many years; at one time he was aide-de-camp to his majesty, and during that period we were constantly together; being older than he, I naturally advised and guided him; but now I see how much better he is tutored by that power that rules the world—the influence of love."

The arch smile that played upon his lips called the blushes to my cheeks, while my mournful heart, alas! too truthfully denied the assertion.

At this moment a servant announced the breakfast: the count, rising, offered me his arm, and we went in together. Rinaldo was not there; I sent to request the honour of his presence, while the count entertained me delightfully with a description of his journey to the shores of the Dead Sea, and travels in Arabia. His descriptive powers were fine, and I listened eagerly: we were thus engaged when Rinaldo entered. The lassitude and dissipated air my husband had acquired of late, from negligent habits, had never so forcibly struck me before, as then, when he came towards me; his eyes were sunken, his form thin, and the expression of his features cadaverous—he looked worn out. He smiled on his friend, said "Good morning" to me, then sat down on the other side of the table.

"The morning is fine, count," he remarked, as the attendant handed him a cup of coffee: "it is a charming day for rambling, and I will show you over the grounds."

"I shall go with pleasure," answered he; and then continued his description of Mecca, and the grave of the Prophet.

"Of what are you speaking?" asked my husband.

"My travels in Arabia," said the count: "I have been there within the last three years. Since we parted at Naples, I travelled through the East."

"Ah!" said Rinaldo; "I did not know that. How desolate those countries of the Levant are now! what a contrast they present when we recall the olden time!"

"Desolate enough; and the means of travelling miserable, and stopping-places filthy."

"All life, all commerce, all enterprise seem progressing onwards to the north of Europe, leaving the East, and even us, far behind: we are on the decline, never, probably, to be revived again."

"Thus it is with everything on earth—everything has its beginning, its zenith, and its fall. But do not let us involve madame in a didactic controversy; we will continue our philosophies when alone, my friend," said he, bowing to me, as I accepted his escort to my saloon, when my husband and himself departed for their walk.

As I crossed the corridor to my bedchamber for my tapestry, to amuse myself during the morning, I again met some of those shrouded forms which seemed to haunt, like ghosts, the castle. One of them, pushing partially back the cowl he wore, disclosed to my view a remarkably sunburnt, repulsive physiognomy, whose harsh, dark features appeared to me the index to a harsh, dark soul.

"God save thee, lady, but I wish to see the master Monsieur de Serval,—is he at home?"

"No, my good fellow," said I, in a gentle tone, wishing to ascertain what these men wanted; "what is your business with him? tell me, and I will communicate it to him when he returns."

"We have orders, lady, from our chief"—at that, one of the others frowned on him, and he confusedly went on—"that is—I mean to say—it is a private matter of business with the master—I cannot tell any other than him."

"Well," said I, "You can go to the lower hall, and wait for him: he will return soon;" and, calling Guilo, I bade him conduct them thither, and added, in a whisper, an admonition to watch, and not permit them to depart till my husband returned. They seemed unwilling to remain, and the chief said he would come again at a more convenient season; but I gently detained them, bidding them wait monsieur's return. Reluctantly they followed Guilo, who regarded them with suspicious glances.

An hour afterwards, I was walking on the terrace, when I saw Rinaldo approaching, with Count Malabrella: he was speaking with great earnestness, and peering with penetrating eyes into those of his friend. They were evidently engaged in some deeply interesting discussion, in which the count, from his cloudy brow and downcast eyes, did not seem to acquiesce.

As they ascended the stone steps, at the summit of which I stood, both became silent, and the count, lifting his hat to me, made some remark about the beauty of the grounds. I hastened to tell my husband about the strangers.

"Monsieur de Serval,"—addressing him by his surname, as was most polite—"three strangers of very mysterious appearance, whom I have often seen here before, now await you in the lower hall. As you were out, I asked their business, but they declined telling, and preferred waiting your return."

"In the lower hall, did you say?" said he, abruptly, and with a disturbed look. "Why did you not send them to the studio? It must be him!" he added, as if to himself. "What can have happened? how strange!"

And, without saying another word to me, he walked rapidly away, and entered the castle. I looked after him with surprise—for by his startled looks and distorted manner, I plainly saw that this was some affair of importance, and could not refrain from wondering what it was. I had a vague presentiment that his conversation with the count in some way related to these men. I could have wished to have asked the count what had been the subject of their conversation, but he was almost a perfect stranger. I could not do so with propriety, and so, silently, he and I retired to the saloon. There was something so inexpressibly delicate and gentle in his manners, in his looks, in everything he said or did, that it threw a charm around him; and this magic influence, soon extended to those of his acquaintance. He had sojourned with us but two days, and yet had ingratiated himself into the good graces of the domestics, and by his fine conversational powers had whiled away some of the many lonely hours I daily passed. My husband, too, possessed, at first sight, the most attractive and winning ways, but these soon gave place to capricious variations of feeling, which soon ended in complete indifference; like all *roués*, the difficulty constituted the charm; that overcome, the graces, the charms soon vanished.

I often regretted—as I sat alone, gazing on the flicker fire-light—I often regretted having left the stage, and having exchanged the certainty of a brilliant fame, unbounded admiration, and a fortune in perspective, for the uncertainty of love.

My husband had been closeted with his visitors two or three hours, when I saw them depart, and he came from the room, pale and anxious. With hasty strides he reached the courtyard, and, having ordered one of the fleetest horses to be saddled, mounted quick as lightning, and rode off.

I pulled the bell, and Guilo answered the appeal.

"Guilo, where, in the name of heaven, has Monsieur de Serval gone to? I this moment saw him depart on horse-back!"

"I know not, madame! He seemed very angry at something: he swore and muttered to himself as he mounted. I supposed you knew where he was going, my lady."

"No; I know not. I have no idea!"

"I wish I could tell you, my lady; but master has acted so singularly lately, I am not surprised at anything he does. I never saw him seem so queer before!"

"Did the strange men take the same road your master did?"

"No, my lady; they went away before him, and took the opposite direction."

"Very well, Guilo; you can go!"

"Will you be pleased to have dinner served now?"

"What is the hour?"

"Five o'clock, madame."

"Well, serve it, and announce it to the count."

Guilo did so. When I went to dinner, my guest had preceded me: he looked very thoughtful. When I said we must excuse Monsieur de Serval, he having been called away by a matter of business, his face clouded; but it passed quickly away, and he was as entertaining as usual.

That night, after I had retired to rest, the clattering of horses' hoofs sounded on the valley road. They neared the house: now they were beneath my window—then stopped—then I heard the stamping of heavy boots, and loud voices in the hall; then I distinguished Rinaldo's piquant voice—for he had a bright voice, soft and cheering; and next I heard him enter his own room. Satisfied that he had returned safe, I composed myself to sleep, wondering what this mystery could mean—longing to ask, yet restrained by pride!

Next day Rinaldo appeared to have recovered himself entirely from his temporary agitation, and I ventured to inquire, indirectly, the cause of his sudden journey. He carelessly replied, that it was a small matter of busi-

ness which demanded his presence, and avoided the subject. I was not satisfied, however—I knew better; but I also waived the subject, as I could elicit nothing by questions.

A fortnight of dubious calm succeeded. Three gentlemen of the neighbourhood, my husband's friends, came to visit him. The same old scenes of riot and late hours were enacted over again; but I observed that the count avoided, as far as was consistent with politeness, all participation in these midnight revels, and often retired early to his chamber, to avoid them. This added to his attractions in my eyes; and, meeting me one evening, as I was gliding past the banquet-hall—whence I heard the drunken revels, the noisy songs and clamorous uproar of my husband and his friends—he came to my side, and, quietly placing my arm in his, silently conducted me to my salon, closed the door, to shut out those noisy sounds, drew my fauteuil to the fire, then placed another for himself, and, looking at me very sadly, said, in mournful tones:

"This behaviour of your husband is very distressing to you, I know."

"Yes; it saddens me much to see him wasting his life in such dissipations!"

"Has he always led this sort of life since he married you?"

"The first months of our wedded life we spent happily. He acted differently then!"

"Rinaldo always was very wild, very unprincipled in his views of women, yet the first day or two of my arrival here, I confidently thought you had reformed him!"

"Alas! that is not so. I wish it were!"

"Marriage is a mere lottery, at best!" said the count, thoughtfully. "I have always viewed it in that light; and my observation of its unhappy results, has deterred me from choosing a wife. Some frequently draw prizes—most get blanks! You, dear lady, have unfortunately—"

He paused, and did not complete the sentence, probably fearing to wound my feelings; for so strange it is, though you may despise your husband, yet to hear him depreciated will wound.

"In a month from now, I shall probably be at Epirus. I only feel happy in continual motion: travelling, war, politics—something to excite. Onward, seems to be my watchword; onward, as we on our little planet continually whirl round, and other worlds follow us, unceasing, eternal, in the sublime organisation of nature."

I had never seen my guest so animated before; his eyes sparkled, his alabaster face lit up with the warm glow of feeling and enthusiasm. The announcement of his intended departure somewhat surprised me, as we had expected to retain him for several weeks.

"We shall regret your departure, count," said I, trying to force a smile, but it was a sad one. "Monsieur de Serval intimated that we were to have the pleasure of your society for some time to come." As I spoke, my eyes met his, and their expression of intense interest riveted mine: those beautiful, sad eyes—those eyes of love, of ingenuousness, of truth and fidelity. He sighed, and withdrew them, and I resumed my contemplation of the carpet of the salon.

A long, loud laugh, from the apartment where my husband was revelling, startled me. I thought I heard footsteps coming, and, not wishing to see him in his present condition, I rose to retire to my room.

"Good night, dear lady!" said the count. "Remember me in your prayers, for I need them."

Some evenings after this, twilight found me in the beautiful garden of the castle, seated beneath a wide-spreading palm-tree, that threw far before me its blooming branches. From beneath this natural bower, lulled to repose by the beautiful scene before me, by the sweet, balmy air that played around me, and the glorious sky above me, I contemplated the landscape.

The sun went down behind a veil of heavy purple clouds, whose ragged edges were tinted with his parting rays; his smile dwelt lingeringly along the mountain's brow, as if he *must*, yet wished *not* to say farewell. The warm, oriental light illumined the summits of the trees, and showed forth more distinctly the tall gothic turrets of the castle. Part of the building remained in shadow, and the rising ground of terrace behind me concealed my view of the courtyard and its marble fountain.

The grounds, disposed in flower-beds of divers shapes and patterns, were thickly planted with exotic flowers, which, as if tired of their admiration of the god of day, now drooped their heads in mournfulness at his departure; the golden butterfly flew gaily from flower to flower, his purple and gold wings glittering in the glowing light;—the grasshopper hopped on the tall, thick grass; and the birds sang in the trees, carolling their love-notes so thrillingly, I almost envied them their joy. Their songs were the only voices of the hour, and in listening to them I felt soothed, consoled; sweeter, calmer thoughts came over me—etherealised feelings—and, leaning my head against the rough bark of the tree, I fell into a gentle slumber.

Cracking of brushwood, breaking of boughs, aroused me from my dreamy trance. I started, looked around;—I heard the sound of coming feet, and presently my husband emerged from the copse. The sun had disappeared, and the mellow dusk was gathering her dusky veil around me. Arousing myself from dreams, I spoke to him as he seated himself by me. He looked absorbed with melancholy pre-occupation, as was his wonted air of late; his dress was disordered.

"What an exquisite evening!" he observed; "how gloriously that sun declines along the hills!"

"Yes, it is indeed beautiful. I have been watching his departure for the last hour."

"I have been on a long hunt through the forest: some of the people said they thought they had discovered a boar's trail but I sought in vain—I found no traces of one."

"How can you like those boar-hunts—they are so dangerous?"

"They are exciting—I like excitements."

We mutually became silent, watching the clouds drifting across the sky, and the different hues of eve, as they blended into one. The air began to distil dew heavily. I rose, apprehensive that my health would be injured by exposure to it. As I rose upon my feet, a strange sensation came over me. Earth, air, mountains, clouds—all objects seemed to swim before my eyes. I felt as if falling, I knew not where, and, stretching out my hands for support, instinctively, I was received into my husband's arms, and lost to all consciousness.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in my saloon, my husband and Pasiphae anxiously bending over me: my bodice was loosed, my hair undone. I gasped for breath, and, partly raising myself, leaned on some one's shoulder—it was Rinaldo's. Everything in the room seemed indistinct, confused.

"Dear lady, what ails thee? what has happened?" I heard poor Pasiphae say, as she bathed my face and rubbed my hands.

"Your mistress fainted as we sat in the garden together," was my husband's reply, rendered inarticulate by tears. He kissed me repeatedly, smoothed my hair, and manifested by his emotion the grief he felt, not only at my illness, but his own incomprehensible, cruel conduct.

When strong aromatics had thoroughly brought back to earth my truant senses, Pasiphae watched that night my fitful slumber, broken only by strange starts and convulsive movements that half affrighted her; my husband tenderly attended me. For days, they said, my life hung on a thread; and when exhausted nature resuscitated to life and health once more, I had a beautiful, a lovely boy!

My health for weeks after his birth continued delicate. I seldom left the room—that cherished infant, whose life had so nearly been purchased by my own, my constant companion. And Rinaldo was kinder in those days; if our old feelings were not renewed, at least our child turned a connecting tie; we seemed drawn more nearly to each other. Pasiphae manifested, at seeing the child, the joy of a child itself at seeing a new toy. She would carry the little thing in her arms, admire its undefined features, and playfully caress its tiny hands.

Count Malabrella, at my husband's urgent entreaty, prolonged his visit, and often came to pay his compliments. The charms of his conversation and manners won daily upon my esteem; I never could look upon that animated face, nor listen to that melodious voice, which distilled such noble thoughts, such chivalrous sentiments, without wishing that Rinaldo was more like him—that he did not desecrate to unworthy uses the abilities with which nature had endowed him. Time fled, and I again resumed my walks in the castle garden and on the terrace, in which Pasiphae sometimes followed me, bearing the child.

We named him Raphael: it was a fancy of his father's to bestow on the little one the name of the great painter. As day by day developed his senses, and he became conscious of the difference of persons, would extend his baby hands towards me, and weep if I left him, I realised in this love a mother's pride, a mother's joy; often when caressing him I imagined I saw him grown to manhood, noble in his principles, handsome in appearance, and that he would reward me by his tenderness and duty for all the mental anguish I should have to endure before that time came. When he pressed his little hands on my face, or tried to bite my finger, as infants do, I always kissed that sweet little mouth, and sometimes tears followed the kiss, and fell upon that face.

On one occasion, when I was passing through the corridor, on my way to take my daily promenade, the door of my husband's studio was suddenly thrown open, and the mysterious stranger who had accosted me before in that corridor, rushed violently past me, and disappeared down the marble staircase. The sight of that shrouded form inspired me with a vague foreboding of horror. I had never been able to gather from my husband the object of their frequent visits, and I often attributed his dejection and gloom to his communications with them.

"Who can that man be, Pasiphae? and what can he and his companions want with monsieur?"

"Indeed, my lady, I know not; they come very often, I know, and I dislike them much!"

"God grant they bring no ill-fortune here; but I feel as if contaminated by their vicinity!" I devoutly exclaimed, as we stepped from the oriel window out upon the terrace. We did not walk much that day—the wind blew hard; the infant gasped for breath, and hid his face on his nurse's shoulder: we went in.

The next day I was occupied in my apartment with my tapestry, when Guilo abruptly entered, without knocking, and, with a countenance pale and troubled, requested me to come immediately to his master—he wanted me. Laying aside my embroidery, I left Pasiphae with Raphael, and went. What was my amazement, when, entering the banquetting-hall, I found it filled with strange men, wearing the uniform of state-officers, and, seated in their midst, Monsieur de Serval and Count Malabrella; my husband affrighted and shrinking, the count self-collected and calm, as usual. I moved hastily towards my husband, and seated myself at his side—the officers making way for me as I passed them.

"What does this mean, Rinaldo? what do these men want?" I cried, seized with a strange presentiment that their presence in some way related to, or was concerned with, the visits of the mysterious strangers.

"Be composed, poor child!" replied Rinaldo. "I will tell you: I must leave here—I must go away!"

"Leave your castle—go away! Wherefore? for God's sake, explain!" I demanded, perfectly bewildered.

"It is a dreadful thing to tell—but it must be told! I am arrested by these men for high treason! They have come to take me before my sovereign! I am utterly ruined! My castle is no longer mine—I am a bankrupt!"

"Oh, God!" I exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden blow. I fell down upon my knees, burying my face in my hands. "It is but too true! I have suffered myself to be engaged in a piratical expedition against the government! It has been discovered—destroyed! and I am commanded to answer the charges laid against me. I am to leave here to-day, in company with these men!"

"Engaged in a piratical expedition against the government! to be arrested—perhaps imprisoned for life! and where are they to take you? Cannot I also go?"

"You go with me to ignominious disgrace!—to a prison's walls! Oh, no!—that cannot be! and yet you cannot stay here! This house will pass into other hands. I know not what to do with you—where to send you! I must return to Naples, but I do not wish you there, amid the general contempt, the disagreeable publicity that will attend me: no, you will be better off away. I want you to go to Baie: you can remain there until the issue of affairs is known; then, if favourable, you can come to me."

"I will obey you. I will go there, if you wish it! But tell me one thing, Rinaldo, I entreat you: are not those singular men who used to visit you, the cause of this?"

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly; "they are!"

"I knew it. I felt they came for no good purpose!"

"Gentlemen," said my husband, addressing the king's officers, "will you allow me a private conversation with my wife before I go?"

"Certainly, monsieur!" replied the principal of the officers; and with their officials they filed slowly from the apartment—the count, who had not spoken during our dialogue, following them with a dejected air. When the great door of the banqueting-hall shut heavily behind them, Rinaldo, as if overcome by this sudden, unlooked-for misfortune, threw his arms around me, and, weeping, kissed me!

"Genevra—my poor Genevra! we are about to separate, and, it may be, you will never see your unhappy husband again! I have not been to you the kind husband I should have been; my conduct has often been harsh and cruel! My love for you has been an enigma to myself! I have not acted rightly towards you; and now, a strange fatality—as unlooked-for as strange—is about to tear me from you and that dear child!"

Sighing, he kissed me again.

"Let the past be forgotten and forgiven!" I answered, as I folded my arms around his neck: "let it go; it is done—it is nothing—I have forgotten it—only let me accompany you now! Why should sorrow separate a wife from a husband? I can share imprisonment with you, and take Raphael with me! I fear not its isolation nor its gloom!"

"No, no! do I as wish! What could be more brutal than to inclose in prison walls a young woman and her child—shut out from God's air and human society! Go to Baie: you will not be far from me—you shall hear from me often! Perhaps this unfortunate affair will be happily ended: then, reunited, we will seek some new home—since this will no longer acknowledge me as a master—some sweet, quiet place, where our days shall be spent more happily than the best part of our married life has been!"

"But that prospect is far distant—perhaps it may never come! You may be convicted of high treason! Oh, heaven! you may be decapitated!"

"Well, if that is my fate, I shall meet it bravely! I am not afraid to die—let death come in what shape it will!" And he laughed recklessly. "No, Genevra—I fear no such catastrophe; I shall be able to clear myself: tremble not for me!"

"How unfortunate this has been—how disastrous for you to have embarked in this ill-omened business! Why did you do it?"

"Talk not of that which is past, Genevra," said he, with something of his former sternness; "but come with me; the officials wait. Let us bid each other farewell at the bed-side of my child!"

He took my hand in his: the officials stationed without the door respectfully made way for us. We ascended to our bed-chamber, where, slumbering in his oaken cradle, lay Raphael—his rosy hands crossed upon his bosom, which rose and fell with his gentle breathing; his long night-robe hung without the cradle, and the calm little face, so innocent, so passionless, expressed the unconscious happiness of infancy. A large lamp, the shade depressed, to shield the glare of light from his eyes, was on a table near; and his nurse sat by the cradle-side and watched him—her strongly-marked features of dusky hue, and fantastic dress, thrown strongly into relief by the effect of the lamp.

I sent her away, not wishing a witness of this scene; and my husband, kneeling by the cradle, gently took up the child in his arms, but did not awaken him—he still slept on. He looked at the babe long and wistfully: his very soul seemed gushing into his eyes as he contemplated the features of his son. He seemed looking forward into future years; he seemed inspired; he took one of the little hands in his, and kissed it: the child, with a slight start, withdrew it, and re-crossed his arms on his bosom.

"Sweet little lamb, as yet innocent of guile, pure as thy Maker: of such, if there is a heaven, should it be composed; sleep on, and mayst thou ever remain as innocent as now!"

His thoughts appeared too deep for words; he replaced the babe, laid its satin coverlid over it, and rose on his feet; once more he wistfully regarded it, then turned to me.

"Let us kiss each other; adieu here, Genevra. You

had better not come down stairs again: those officials are rude sometimes, and I, being under arrest, cannot protect you against whatever they choose to say to you. Farewell! you shall hear from me soon; be comforted—you know your religion teaches you that out of much tribulation shall arise joy; be comforted, all is not lost."

But I would not be put off with that abrupt farewell. I went down with him into the lower hall, where, standing around on the marble floor, in various attitudes, were the king's functionaries. Count Malabrella had offered large sums of money to the chief, making himself responsible for Monsieur de Serval's appearance for his trial in any state they should name—but the men were inexorable. Their commands from government were to bring him in person to Naples. No influence, no money could shield him. The count was traversing the hall with hasty strides, and gloomy expression of countenance, his steps resounding as he walked: seeing me approach, on Rinaldo's arm, on which I leant heavily, he came towards us, endeavouring to conceal his uneasiness by a forced smile.

"This is a most singular affair. How came Alcantara to be detected?" he inquired, speaking in a low tone.

"The stupid fool had the imprudence to boast of what we were doing in the coffee-houses: some persons informed the government, which led to my exposure."

"I have been trying to persuade them to return alone, naming some day for your appearance, promising to come with you myself—but they will not consent: what is to be done, my friend?" he anxiously inquired, looking sorrowfully at Rinaldo.

"What is to be done? why I am to go, of course, my dear Alfieri. Don't be annoyed, don't be alarmed at this! you know I told you, weeks ago, I was prepared for the worst: all that troubles me is the welfare of my wife and child. This old castle, though partly ruinous, is still a home; but even this I am obliged to part with. I sold it some days ago to a friend, to raise money for this expedition; and that is also gone. She and the infant must leave here; I wish you to attend her to Baie, where she will be not far from Naples, and can hear from me often. Promise me to see her safely there to-morrow."

"I will do all that mortal man can do for Madame de Serval, you may be sure; whatever she wishes I will perform," said the count, with fervour.

"Thank the fates, then, I do not leave them friendless—utterly uncared for!" ejaculated Rinaldo.

The chief of the officers now came out of the banqueting-hall, and whispered to my husband.

"Very well," said he, in reply; "in an hour I shall be ready, if you wish it, to start."

"In an hour! are you going in an hour?" I cried. "Oh, cannot they stay till to-morrow? do make them stay till then!"

"To-morrow, child—to-morrow I shall be far away from you."

We three continued to walk up and down: I tearful, desponding; the count abstracted, silent; Rinaldo with a sort of affected reckless gaiety, assumed, doubtless, to conceal his real feelings. The men were sent away into the servants' hall, and what little luggage my husband was allowed to take with him brought down. I imagined I had a world of things to say in that hour, yet, when I went to speak, they escaped my recollection. I could think of nothing but the suddenness of this separation, and my own sad situation. The hour elapsed, it fled: the man came to summon Rinaldo, the carriage was ready, the luggage was placed behind, the officers got into their carriages, the chief came to escort my husband to his!

"I regret extremely that it should be my misfortune to convey such disagreeable tidings, and to be the cause of bringing sorrow to such a lady," said the man, politely raising his cap to me.

"It is not your fault; we excuse you; you merely act officially. If the carriage is ready, I am. Proceed, sir."

I walked with him to the courtyard, notwithstanding he cautioned me not to do so, saying I would catch cold. Four carriages contained the inferior men, and their principal occupied the same carriage with my husband. He did not kiss me farewell there before others, but, relinquishing my hand with stoical energy, he entered it with his companion, and closed the door. He shook hands convulsively with the count, who went round to the carriage window to bid him adieu. I did not move; I was riveted to the spot where I stood. The carriage started, it whirled through the avenue, it passed the lodge—it was gone, the others following it. When my eyes could no longer discern any traces of it—when I was fully convinced that it was reality—no dream, but reality—stern reality—I turned within the hall, went up stairs, fell upon my knees by the child's bed-side, laid my cheek by his, and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XL.

REASON almost failed me, when I awoke the next day. I wandered into the banqueting-hall, calling for Rinaldo. The count followed me, entreated me to recollect myself, to bear misfortunes with calmness, with fortitude; asked what he could do for me. I answered not: I began to doubt my own identity. I only remembered distinctly that I was to leave that day, to go to Baie: everything else seemed blank, intangible.

I summoned Guilo to my salon, and told him that the castle was sold by my husband to another, who would come in a few days to claim it. I offered to pay his expenses to any city he chose to go, or he might stay in the vicinity of the castle, and endeavour to obtain employment of the new owner. He thanked me for my kindness to him, and said he preferred remaining. The other domestics were sent away; my household was broken up.

Pasiphae determined to accompany my precarious fortunes as the nurse of Raphael; and so all things being definitely arranged, Count Malabrella, myself, Pasiphae, and my beloved babe, started that afternoon for Baie. I, almost unconscious, allowed myself to be placed in the barouche, and, without looking back at those proud turrets and massive walls, within whose confines I had passed two years of alternate joy and grief, I was borne away. We rode all day. The count, anxious to beguile me from sad thoughts, conversed charmingly, but though ever agreeable and fascinating, yet my mind was too pre-occupied to listen, and the object so kindly intended failed of its purpose; nor did my melancholy abstraction cease, when, on the second day of our travel, we entered Baie.

Oh, Baie! classic, beautiful, time-honoured Baie! when again shall I revisit thy tranquil, lovely shores? when again shall I gaze upon thy pellucid waters, or roam over thy gentle, verdant hills, once the home of happy thousands—thrilling with life, hope, perhaps happiness—now silent, deserted; the seat of ruins, the abode of solitary peasants, who lead their flocks over the spot where once rose stately Roman villas, temples, theatres, and all the haunts of what *was* human vanity and life—all which have faded into fragments, into dust, leaving those few remains to tell that the tide of human life had once passed there.

"Why am I not also gone?" thought I, despondingly, as the barouche rolled over the smooth road, among the ruins. "Why do I still live on, unfortunate, unhappy? my husband arrested for high treason; myself and child alone and desolate; our home lost to us for ever! What has the future for me but disappointment, continued isolation; and my child, my Raphael! what is to become of him?"

The stopping of the carriage aroused me from my gloomy reflections. It paused at a small cottage kept as a place of accommodation for strangers. Tired, faint, and weary, I found myself in the parlour of this rustic abode, scarce knowing where I was. The apartments were comfortable and scrupulously clean, but in contrast to the elegant home I had just left, they appeared contemptible to me. An image of the Virgin stood in one corner, under it a crucifix; some pictures decorated the plastered walls, and flowers were trained to creep outside the latticed windows—a gaily-coloured parrot, in a gilded cage, mockingly imitated our words, repeating them after us in playful tones; the hostess, a peasant vintner's wife, came curtsying in to receive us, wearing a Neapolitan dress, which reminded me forcibly of Naples—the domestics of the castle wearing another style—embarrassed and awkward at the sight of one so far superior in worldly station. Ah! how far happier, if they did but know it, are those lowly ones of earth! how quiet, how untroubled by ambition are their lives! Very little envy is theirs; very little of those fierce hatreds we see in society! Calm, peaceful, obscure, they walk to their graves, seldom known, seldom wishing to be known—yet often tasting much real, substantial happiness.

The count explained that I wished apartments for myself, nurse, and child, and the woman left the room to prepare them.

"And you, my friend," I said to him—"you also are going to stay here?"

"Until to-morrow I shall have that honour," said he; "but after that I shall not have the pleasure of being near you."

"Oh!" I cried, "will you also desert me? Shall I be utterly alone?"

"Alone! oh, no! not all alone, with the companionship of your own sweet thoughts and your lovely child. Do not grieve; to meet to separate is the inevitable law of nature. Why should we cavil at that we cannot change? Existence is, as I have often told you, a play, a farce; do not let us be its most miserable actors. Your husband will doubtless be liberated soon. You will be restored to him; life will put forth new buds and blossoms from its giant tree. In his renewed affection you will find new joys; and I shall pursue my solitary travels, rejoicing at your happiness."

"But if you were not there, the measure of our joy would be incomplete. If what you predict comes to pass, will not you partake of our joy?"

"I! what shall I be to you, but a strange dream, associated with unhappy circumstances, disagreeable to your memory? I shall have been but the witness of one of those vicissitudes of fortune which always fall to the lot of the talented and beautiful. No! I had better be forgotten. To be forgotten! how mortifying is the reflection! Yet, has it not always been the law of destiny?"

"Do not philosophise now; let us be matter-of-fact. I thought, when my husband was so cruelly taken away, that you, who have always been so kind, would be spared me—at least for some time—till I should recover a little from this violent shock; but I am disappointed in this, as in all other things."

"Lady," said he, bending a piercing glance upon me from his expressive eyes, "the request you make would be as dangerous to myself (if granted) as it would be useless to you. The charms of your person, your judgment and talent, I appreciate to their fullest extent; and nothing could give me more delight than to revel in the sunshine of such presence; but that enjoyment would be as injurious to you as perfidious in me to my friend."

The sad tones of his voice and significant manner of expression, did not allow me to misunderstand him. In my careless innocence I never recollected the cruel interpretation malice would put upon such companionship.

"My departure," he continued, "will be all the more advantageous to you, since to-morrow I will proceed immediately to Naples, and, perhaps, through intercession with his majesty, be the means of liberating your hus-

band. I shall, of course, see him immediately, wherever he is; and write you a description of affairs."

He became silent; and mechanically stroked my infant's cheek. The winter's wife came tripping into the room, saying she would attend me to the apartments; Paspahae, sad and quiet, preceded me, carrying Raphael; the count remained absorbed in thought. The rustic stairs were climbed, and with many low curtsies I was ushered into a large chamber, in which I noticed nothing but an immense *fautuil*, into which I sank mechanically, completely overpowered. After making numerous demonstrations of respect and duty, the hostess withdrew.

In the meantime, Raphael, who had slept nearly all the way from the Chateau of the Ravine, awoke from the slumber in which he had been wrapt all day, and looked inquiringly for me: I took him in my arms, and kissed him. The little one laid his tiny hands on my face, and raised his large eyes wistfully to mine. He was too young to miss his father, or know that father's fate—that unhappy, wayward man who now inhabited, perhaps, a prison's gloom; and as I childishly toyed with the ribbons of his dress, and watched the light and play of his features, I wished—oh! what does not a mother wish?

I did not go down stairs again that afternoon and evening; but I distinctly heard the footsteps of the count, as he continued to pace the floor of the lower room till a late hour: My own heart was the prey of contending emotions—of conflicting thoughts: Raphael fell asleep on my breast—his tiny hand clasped in mine—with an expression of conscious happiness on his smiling countenance. I fixed my gaze upon a crucifix which hung in a corner, and invoked to my support that invisible influence whom we worship in an earthly form; but, in spite of myself, other thoughts came stealing over me, and the recollections of the happy days of love and sunshine I had passed during the first part of my married life, were mingled with regrets at my husband's misfortunes.

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

A farmer, when flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing. "Thrashing wild cats," was his reply.

The young lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler, is convalescent.

"WHY is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French fight only for honour?" "I suppose," answered the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack!"

LINES ON LINES.—A modern poet gives this axiom:

Curved is the line of Beauty,
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
The other ever follow thee.

A gentleman travelling in Ireland, said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "Un, it's time I'd parted with 'um, when I'd nothing for 'um to do."

BLESSED is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

WHEN should an innkeeper visit a foundry? When he wants a bar made (barnaid).

If you wish to collect together all the pretty girls in town, advertise a "Lecture to Young Men."

WHEN is money damp? When it is *dew* in the morning and *mist* at night.

WHAT islands ought to be good singers? The Canaries.

JONES asked a friend to go with him to church. "No," said the gentleman, "I'll send my wife—I never go to church except by the proxy." "Ah," said Jones, "I am afraid that people who worship God by proxy must expect to go to heaven the same way."

THE GARB OF NATURE.—In Spring, Nature puts on her newest livery, but, during the rain of Winter, generally appears in "slops."

VEGETARIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—An enthusiast so detests the very name of animal food, that he refuses to partake of kidney beans.

NOTHING so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find, after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind, recorded of an eminent English surgeon. He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said: "Heavens, sir! I hope there is no danger?" "Indeed there is," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling-off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint, unless you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or at a box at the Opera—or being taken to some *fête*—or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.—Do not too soon pronounce your lover a duck, lest you should afterwards discover him to be a goose.

THAT monstrous tyrant, Henry VIII., was so little prone to shilly-shally; that he married his wives first, and axed them afterwards.

A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of the boarders mesmerises the rest, and then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerised being satisfied from sympathy.

A SNAKE HOOP.—An English sportsman, when in America, being one day in pursuit of game, observed a snake lashing about after a small animal, which he could not readily capture; it was near a declivity, of which the animal took advantage, and down hill he ran, beating his pursuer in speed to a distance. The snake's reserved power soon became conspicuous; by placing his tail in his mouth, and forming a perfect circle, down the hill he trundled; and, after a very extraordinary chase, captured his prey. The Englishman's astonishment was put forth in the first village he came to. Yankee told him "it was nothing new he had discovered; as a little boy, a few days ago, in our village," said Jonathan, "having picked up one, and mistaking it for a hoop, sported with it for some time, until the lad attempted to tie a few bells to his plaything; but the snake, not liking a rattle of music as an appendage, modestly thinking, no doubt, it would appear in imitation of one of a superior grade, and not pleased with the compliment intended, let slip his tail and glided away to the great regret and dismay of the astonished playmate."

HORSE-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.—A novel case of horse-dealing came off at the Albion Hotel, in this city. The landlord (Mr. Gale) had a nag which attracted the attention of a horse-dealer, and negotiations were opened for its purchase. The animal, named Faugh-a-Ballagh, had done his late master good service, and so he demanded a considerable sum as the value of his steed; but the dealer, with the tenacity of bargaining peculiar to his calling, stuck to the offer which he had made, for a considerably less amount than that asked by the landlord. As a last resource, therefore, it was suggested that the horse should be sold by weight. This was assented to by both, and 5½d. a pound was the price agreed to. The horse was quickly put upon the scale, and ascertained to weigh 6 cwt. 3 qrs. 14 lbs., which, at 5½d. per pound, amounted to £17 12s. 11d. We understand that the value fixed upon the animal by its former owner was 20 guineas; so that he has rather lost by his odd deal. In the evening, the animal which had been disposed of in so droll a manner was taken up the steps at the front entrance to the house, into the smoking-room, and exhibited to the company.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE POACHERS.—He was once tramping over the Marshfield meadow, shooting ducks with Seth Peterson, when he encountered a couple of Boston sporting snobs, who happened to be in trouble just then about crossing a bog. Not knowing Mr. Webster, and believing him to be strong enough to help them over the water, they begged to be conveyed to a dry point upon his back. The request was of course complied with, and after the Cockneys had paid him a quarter of a dollar each for his trouble, they inquired if "Old Webster was at home," for as they had had poor luck in shooting, they would honour him with a call. Mr. Webster replied, "That the gentleman alluded to was not at home just then, but would be so soon as he could walk to the house;" and then added, that "he would be glad to see them at dinner." As may be presumed, the Cockneys were never seen to cross the threshold of "Old Webster."—*Private Life of Daniel Webster, by Charles Lanman*.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE GOVERNESSES?

Isn't it strange, Nelly, but there doesn't appear to be a real governess in the world—I mean a governess who was really educated to be one. They are all governesses by accident. And yet we know there are many poor girls who are brought up young to the business, and intended for nothing else. I wonder what becomes of them? All I know is, that out of all the governesses we have here, there is only one who has received an education for it. That one is Twigg. All the others have been driven into it by necessity. I will run through our governesses, Nell, and you shall judge for yourself. Why, there's Blight. Her father kept his hounds, and it seems they ran through his property in no time. Then there's Snapp, she has danced at Almacks (so she says), and had her lady's maid—not an English one, but a *real femme de chambre*, direct from Paris. Our French governess has been just as unfortunate. She had *chateaux* innumerable in the south of France, and domains covered with the richest vines, olives, and truffes, only she lost them all during the revolution. The same with Fraulein Pinchinertz. One half the Danube would have been hers, if it hadn't been for the Hungarian war. And even down to poor Mrs. Dove; she would be a rich woman if her fool of a husband hadn't taken a theatre, and squandered all her fortune in less than a year. These reverses are very pitiable, dear; but I must say that, for ladies who have been accustomed in their youth to so much wealth and luxury, they have settled down to their present drudgery with the greatest ease and the happiest contentment. I am sure if I had ever a couple of powdered footmen standing up behind my carriage, that I could not have brought myself to wash and small-tooth-comb little girls in the unconcerned way they do, without a precious deal of grumbling.—*Letter found at a Pastry Cook's*.

WHO'S AFRAID?—Every one in a railway train has good cause to be.—*Diogenes*.

AUSTRALIAN CROTCHETS.—Some of the pianoforte-makers are said to be exceedingly busy in making instruments for exportation to Australia. Contrary to expectation, the plenitude of gold creates a great demand for notes.—*Ibid*.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—There was a great fall of chalk from the Dover Cliffs on the 20th, and it is remarkable that on the same day the French funds went down at a rapid rate. The connection between chalk and credit is thus singularly impressed upon the public mind.—*Ibid*.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.—The American ladies taunt their English sisters with the number of working tailors in London that are underpaid. A master tailor begs us to remind them, that a great number of his fraternity are never paid at all.—*Ibid*.

THE GREATEST WORK OF FICTION OF THE DAY.—Bradshaw's *Tales of the Trains*.—*Punch*.

THE AUSTRALIAN BANKING SYSTEM.—The banks of the Australian Gold Fields are so constituted, that you draw money out of them with a scoop instead of a cheque.—*Ibid*.

THE THEATRICAL FRANCHISE.—The registration of a box costs as much as the registration of a vote, which makes the one privilege of a Briton as dear as the other.—*Ibid*.

AN ELECTRIC LADY.—The German papers give an account of an Austrian lady who is so charged with electricity, that sparks are constantly given out from her fingers' ends. It is seldom that a lady is found sending sparks away from her, though it is a common attribute of the sex to attract sparks, and even to twirl them round the finger with the utmost ease. We suspect that the account in the German papers is—like the electric lady herself—a little over-charged.—*Ibid*.

A BURNING SHAME.—The City of London Coal Tax.—*Ibid*.

A CAPTAIN BOLD.—A certain Captain Henry Hugh Clayton has greatly distinguished himself by caning a housemaid; because the aforesaid maid would not listen to the advantageous offers—as no doubt he considered them—of the man of valour. She spurned him, and the warrior caned her. Well, for this caning Mr. Long, the magistrate, fined the captain 50s: a mere trifle, for the hero—as it appeared—was perfectly ready to pay fifty pounds. We are not aware whether the prowess of the captain will be duly gazetted; but, any way, it ought to be marked in some very especial manner. We suppose he cannot be made a K.C.B.: but, nevertheless, he ought to be distinguished. We think it clear that the warrior who canes an honest housemaid ought himself to receive the Order of the Broomstick.—*Ibid*.

LONG RANGE FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

A scheme has been submitted to us for the pacific conquest of despotism throughout Europe.

This great victory over persecution and tyranny it is proposed to achieve by means of an intellectual Long Range.

Balloons are to be provided, each carrying a bale of books, to be detached and dropped, at a certain distance, by means of a match calculated to burn accordingly. Each mass of information is to be connected with a parachute, that it may fall gently, and not break any of those heads it is destined to benefit.

The books shall consist of various enlightened periodicals—besides the principal one—newspapers, works on natural science, metaphysics, history, moral philosophy, and, in general, such volumes as are interdicted on the continent on account of their truth—including Bibles.

To make sure of dropping the books in the right place, an extensive series of meteorological observations will be instituted, to ascertain at any given time how the wind blows. The only difficulty likely to be encountered will consist in raising the wind.

It is hoped the Peace Society will patronise this grand project, whereby it is designed to reduce tyrants and bigots to reason, or bring them to book, by a peaceful bombardment with shells loaded with useful knowledge: exploding only to demolish falsehood and nonsense. If human liberty can be vindicated by such means, we so far agree with our friends above-mentioned, as to be inclined to resort to them in preference to ordinary bombs, and other appliances for sweeping oppressors from the face of the earth.—*Ibid*.

THE WIZARD AND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

EVEN the conjuror's trick has to give way before the practical little device of the sheriff's execution recently applied to the effects of a bankrupt "Wizard of the World," at Chicago, United States. In the hurry of departure he unluckily left at the depot a couple of large boxes, which the creditors of his wizardship immediately pounced upon, and which were found to contain the implements of his trade. Still more unluckily for professors of *diablerie*, the articles revealed the *modus operandi* of their business—showing how it is done and how it isn't. The most cumbersome article of this "stock-in-trade" is the large copper kettle, in which Doctor Faustus and the Devil were wont to boil their dinners. The kettle is suspended before the audience, and into it are thrown several pailful of water which is suddenly converted into solid ice, or mysteriously metamorphosed into half a dozen pigeons, rabbits, &c., which, on removing the cover, hurry away in every direction. This is the silliest jugglery in the world, to such as can perceive that this mysterious kettle is made with double sides, with a vacancy between them into which the

Water passes, and thence is drawn upward through the ball and suspending rods, which are hollow, and passes off in the manner of a syphon to a tub below the stage. The cover is sufficiently large to contain the birds and rabbits, which, by turning the knob of the cover, are let down, together with the separatrix that concealed them, into the kettle. The celebrated "bottle feats" of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass bottle is no less simple, and, when understood, no less silly than the foregoing. The "common glass bottle," borrowed from the audience, is of course not the one used on such occasions, but is exchanged for another, made of jappaned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquor. Each receptacle has a valve, and these valves may be opened or closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connection with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and more liquor poured out. There are a couple of these "inexhaustible bottles" in the "present collection," both of which are soon to be sold to the highest bidder.

INQUIRING BOY.—"Father, it speaks here about illuminated manuscripts. What were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desperately: "With the light of other days, my son!"

INQUISITORIAL ENACTMENT.—In some countries a stocking is looked upon as the family bank. In France, however, the Emperor has resolved for the future to see what the stockings of each of his visitors contain!—*Diogenes.*

NOTHING NEW.—An invention has been advertised as a new application, by which is substituted for corks "a more convenient and equally secure method of closing bottles." The invention is explained thus: "A machine has been patented, which makes the thread of a screw outside the neck of a bottle manufactured." The inventor says: "For years the thing has been attempted, but unsuccessfully." We differ from him quite. The "screw" principle has already gone so far, that our bottles are almost closed entirely.—*Ibid.*

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The following announcement has just met our eye: "Burglary prevented for half-a-crown." This certainly is a step in the right direction; for hitherto the Crown has not been able to prevent the crime specified; although, indeed, it may be said, that in such cases the policeman's crown has rarely been proffered at the right time.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean but a mirror which it warms and fills.

The love of ruling and the love of accumulating are the two furies which torment mankind beyond all others.

OLD AGE.—Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping, mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work: she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruit of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessing. God forbid we should not call it beautiful! It is beautiful; but certainly not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow—the life of which the Cross is the symbol: a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave—which the grave gasps to finish before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history: there is none whose life has been other than this.

Oh! never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh! let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound, but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.
'Tis god-like to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson, too.
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this;
When all man's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts a brother's bliss.

By contemplating beauty, the character becomes beautiful; and in this wearisome world, I deem it a duty to speak genial words and wear cheerful looks.

Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber; the first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following countries use postage-stamps for the prepayment of letters, viz.: England, France, America, Portugal, Rome, Wurtemberg, Canada, and New South Wales.

In some parts of the country, owing to the late rains, wells which have been dry for forty years are now filled and running over with water from springs.

GREAT CITIES.—The area of Babylon was 225 square miles, that of Nineveh 216 square miles; while that of London and its environs is but 114 square miles.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Many years ago, Mr. John Amos, one of the oldest settlers in Swan Port, whilst ploughing, with his feet bare, accidentally trod upon a large black snake, close to its head. With admirable and surprising presence of mind, knowing that it could not hurt him while in that position, he let go hold of the plough and stood fast, whilst the reptile twined itself tightly round his leg, and struggled to get away; but he held on stoutly until a knife could be brought to cut off the snake's head, and free him from a situation which very few would have nerve enough to endure, notwithstanding the prudence of doing so.—*Mrs. Meredith's "My Home in Tasmania."*

A WHITE CROW.—A gentleman from Augusta, who has taken up his residence in Portland, brought with him the stuffed and mounted skin of a crow, purely white. He took two of the kind, with one black one, from the same nest, near Augusta, and kept them alive for awhile, when they suddenly died—he supposed from something poisonous which they had eaten—and he had this one stuffed.

BRAMHAM MOOR.—Upon the middle of this moor a man may see ten miles around him. Within those ten miles there is as much freestone as would build ten cities, each as large as York. Within those ten miles there is as much good oak timber as would build those ten cities; there is as much limestone and coals to burn into lime as the building of those ten cities would require; and there is also as much clay, and land, and coals to burn them into bricks and tiles, as would build those ten cities. Within those ten miles there are two iron forges, sufficient to furnish iron for the building of those ten cities, and 10,000 tons to spare. Within those ten miles there is sufficient lead for the ten cities, and 10,000 fadders to spare. Within those ten miles there is a good coal seam, sufficient to furnish those ten cities with firing for 10,000 years. Within those ten miles there are three navigable rivers, from any of which a man may take shipping and sail to any part of the world. Within those ten miles there are 70 gentlemen's houses, all keeping coaches, and the least of them an esquire, and ten parks and forests well stocked with deer. Within those ten miles there are ten market towns, one of which may be supposed to return £10,000 per week.—*An Old Writer.* [Is there another spot in the kingdom of which as much may be said?]

SHOCKING SUPERSTITION.—A short time ago a respectable looking man, with an elderly female on his arm, accosted a person in Castle Street, requesting to be shown the whereabouts of a celebrated fortune-teller, notorious in the purlieus of that street as one of the most wretched of its inhabitants. On being asked what was his intention in visiting the spawwife, he very plainly intimated that he had come from his farm in the neighbourhood of Montrose, where one of his men had been robbed of a sum of money, supposed to be perpetrated by a fellow-servant. The person accosted, of course, could hardly repress his feelings, but as the individual was known to him, and having a desire to satisfy a gentleman, he went with him to the croon, who readily consented to denounce the delinquent; but first of all requested her palm to be crossed with half-a-guinea. She then began to ask a variety of questions—as, where was the money placed? when was it stolen? and how? To all the interrogations, the gentleman promptly replied—and, in addition, whispered the name of the suspected party. The "spawwife" retired to a closet for a few minutes, and, on returning, told the gentleman that the suspected person had the money. He no sooner received this intelligence than he hid homewards in a twinkling, and (will it be credited?) immediately charged the suspected person with the robbery; but, greatly to the chagrin of the credulous gentleman, he was informed that, in his absence, the money had been found in the servant's over-coat, which had been overlooked in the previous search.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A rich farmer, named Denel, of Champigny-les-Saint-Maur, near Paris, was lately walking in one of his fields near a wood, when all at once the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he fell in. He uttered a loud cry before disappearing, and three labourers who were near hastened to the spot. But as they saw the earth falling in for a considerable distance, they were afraid to attempt to render any assistance. A gendarme, who was passing, hastened to the spot, and, in spite of danger, seized a spade, and began digging to get at the man. His example encouraged the labourers, and they aided him, as did also some persons who came up. But though they worked hard, it was three hours before they reached the unfortunate man, and he was quite dead. The falling of the earth was caused by the recent heavy rains having soaked to a great depth, and then filtered to a stone quarry at a short distance.

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.—At St. George's Hall, Liverpool, they are erecting the largest organ in the world. Mr. Willis has sent down a considerable portion of the frame-work of the organ, with the bellows, wind-chests, and a portion of the pipes. The committee are about contracting for the case and platform, which will cost together about £3000. The bellows will be worked by a steam-engine, having two 8-inch oscillating cylinders turning a crank, but without a fly-wheel, that the power may be more under rapid control. This is probably the first application of steam-power to the production of music on record, except the frightful railway whistle, suggestive of a train of thought of a very different nature. The organ will be the largest in the world—some think too large.

WET SEASON IN 1348.—Accidentally looking into Holinshed some time ago, I found that our present unusually wet season is not without a parallel—indeed, much ex-

ceeded; as, on that occasion, the harvest must have been a complete failure, and dearth and disease consequently ensued. Providence, however, has kindly blessed us with an average harvest; and, exclusive of the disasters attendant upon storms and floods, I trust we shall escape any further visitation. I annex an extract of the passage in Holinshed: "In this 22d year [of Edward III., A.D. 1348], from Midsummer to Christmase, for the more part it continually rained, so that there was not one day and night drie together, by reason wherof great floods insued, and the ground therewith was sore corrupted, and manie inconueniences insued, as great sickenes, and other, inso-much that in the years following, in France, the people died wonderfullie in diverse places. In Italie, also, and in manie other countries, as well in the lands of the infidels as in Christendome, this grievous mortalitie reigned, to the great destruction of people. About the end of August, the like dearth began in diuerse places of England, and especiallie in London, continuing so for the space of twelve moneths following. And vpon that insued great barrennesse, as well of the sea as the land, neither of them yielding such plentie of things as before they had done. Wherevpon vittels and corne became scant and hard to come by."—*Notes and Queries.*

CHINA FOWLS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.—By a late steamer from the United States, a cage of very choice domestic fowls was brought to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, a present from George P. Burnham, Esq., of Boston, Mass. The consignment embraced nine beautiful birds—two males and seven pullets, bred from stock imported by Mr. Burnham direct from China. The fowls are seven and eight months old, but are of mammoth proportions and exquisite plumage—light, silvery-grey bodies, approaching white, delicately traced and pencilled with black upon the neck-hackles and tips of the wings and tails. The parent stock of these extraordinary fowls weigh at maturity upwards of twenty-three pounds the pair; while their form, notwithstanding this great weight, is unexceptionable. They possess all the rotundity and beauty of the Dorking fowl; and, at the same age, nearly double the weight of the latter. They are denominated Grey Shanghaes (in contradistinction to the Red or Yellow Shanghaes), and are considered, in America, the finest of all the great Chinese varieties. That they are a distinct race, is evident from the accuracy with which they breed, and the very close similarity that is shown amongst them; the whole of these birds being almost precisely alike, in form, plumage, and general characteristics. They are said to be the most prolific of all the Chinese fowls. At the time of their shipment these birds weighed about twenty pounds the pair.

A WILD BOY.—There is a singular exhibition in Philadelphia, which is perhaps worth the attention of Barnum. It is described as a "wild boy;" he is double-jointed; goes on all fours; sees with the whole pupil of his eye; lives on bread and water alone; possesses great strength in his arms and legs, although no muscles are discernible. He has been examined by a great number of medical gentlemen, and the reason they give of his not walking erect is, that his heart lies directly in the centre of his body, which compels him to move both hands or both legs at the same time. He has no articulation of sounds, but speaks without moving his lips or tongue. He measures when standing erect thirty-three inches, and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

THE REAL SEA-SERPENT.—Some evenings since, when the tide was high, and a gale blowing, there was cast ashore at Torduff Point, parish of Grainetay, a large tree, which was at the time mistaken for some monster of the deep, and may have led some who saw it in far distant latitudes to believe that it was, in verity, the mysterious sea-serpent himself. The tree is thirty-eight feet in length, and at its thickest part six feet in circumference, and is estimated to weigh about five tons. The huge roots are still attached to the trunk, and from one end to the other the tree was covered with sea-weed from one to two feet long, while adhering to the end of each strip is a shell-fish. The sea-weed was thrown round the tree, as it rose and fell with the waves, like a flowing mane; the shells made a rattling noise against each other; and as the roots now sank under water, now rose above the waves, there is little wonder that the vegetable was taken for some huge production of the animal kingdom.—*Dumfries Courier.*

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

TAKE MY HORSES, TAKE MY MEN.—When Messrs. Smith, the distillers, were requested to lend the twelve horses from their stud to draw the funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington, they at once consented, but added, "You must have our men with them." "No," was the reply. "Well," said Messrs. Smith, "see what you can do with the horses before you take them." Accordingly, the men who were to take them away did their utmost, but the horses knew nothing about the noises which were expected to have effect upon them; whereupon their own drivers came forward and showed that the monstrous steeds would do just what they told them. So the carmen received a new suit of clothes and two guineas per man, to attend the horses that day.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.—After the lapse of twenty years, a legacy is not recoverable.

C. G. B.—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not lawful in England or any part of the United Kingdom. The law in this instance is injudicious, and opposed to scripture reason and expediency.

IVANHOE.—When a wedding party walks to church, the bride should be conducted by the bridegroom. This is the etiquette we have always seen observed, and very proper it is, too—for who is more fitting to escort the future wife than the future husband?

ROMEO informs "Joe Beans" how he may assist a lady to dismount from her horse. After releasing the lady's foot from the stirrup, you ought to make a rest for it with your left hand, pass your right round her waist, and, with her leaning on your shoulder, gently lower her to the ground.

WILL NEWTON.—The salaries of law clerks in the metropolis average from £50 to £500 per annum.

R. W. G.—Stationers may charge a per centage on the postage-stamps they sell; but when stamps are sold at the cost price at the post-offices, the public has only itself to blame for its patronage of the stationers, who, like every other class of tradesmen, must have a profit on the articles they vend.

LUCY BEAUMONT.—The Lancers, being a set of French quadrilles, La Fontaine is the best authority. Promenade means a gentle walk to slow time; gallopade a quick movement—in fact, a furious race to quick music.

KLEBER.—Two-pence divided among three persons, would give to each a halfpenny and two-thirds of a farthing.

W. P.—The consumption of tobacco is indirectly an encouragement of the slave-trade. But the same may be said of coffee, rice, and cotton. Slavery is one of the curses of this world, and it can only be removed by the growth of a new intelligence, and the creation of fresh material conditions. Slavery in England died a natural death—it never was abolished, either by the crown, the parliament, or the church; and that is the only probable termination we can see to slavery in America. In another century the beginning of the end will be discerned.

E. G.—We do not think it foolish to give publicity to every new invention in war, for the more the means of destruction are multiplied or rendered more certain, the less chance there will be of war. Gunpowder, by making wars less protracted, has saved hundreds of thousands of lives, and so has proved a material promoter of modern civilisation. When more formidable forces are brought into requisition, war will cease altogether.

PRINTED.—Recruits for the Life Guards must be young men of good character, at least six feet in height, and proportionably stout in figure.

ALBION.—A widow leaves a will properly attested, but one of the legatees having misconducted herself, the testator wishes to revoke her legacy without giving the trouble of making a new will. She has added a codicil, but has not thought it necessary to have the same witnessed. The alteration would be null and void; for a codicil, to have effect, must be executed with the same formality as a will itself. No portion of a will is revoked by any presumption of an intention to revoke or alter it on the ground of altered circumstances or change in intention.

UNCLE TOM.—The act for embodying the militia does not extend to either Scotland or Ireland.

DOLLY VARDEN.—In filling a decayed tooth with gold-leaf or tin-foil, the only preparation required is to cleanse the cavity of the tooth of all impurities, and remove from it every particle of moisture.

J. MARTIN.—The title of emperor is higher than that of king. It means authority over several countries—king refers to rule in one country merely.

A. B. C.—In pronouncing the letter "G," the tongue should touch the roof of the mouth. Dr. Johnson was quite correct in stating so.

IVYSTER.—The Earl of Aberdeen did not marry his deceased wife's sister, but the latter's sister-in-law, the widow of her brother, Viscount Hamilton.

J. M. R.—The Rev. Doctor L., late Professor of Trinity College, Dublin, happened one day to overhear one of the students in the act of swearing at something that crossed his temper. The Dr., who was a strict disciplinarian of college rules and morals, severely lectured the student on the heinousness of his sin, and in conclusion told him such practices would send his soul to perdition; adding, with ludicrous emphasis, "and more than that, sir, you will be fined by the board."

E. H.—A father dies intestate, leaving a second wife, and a son and daughter by a former marriage. The freehold property would go to the son, and the personal property, including leaseholds, would be divided between the widow and the son and daughter, the widow taking a third, and the son and daughter two-thirds between them.

NORRIS.—You are one of that large class who seek happiness in the wrong direction, and, not finding it, waste their powers in the cultivation of those high aspirations, which their peculiar temperaments, or the combinations of peculiar circumstances, render impossible to be realised, and because they have tasted the bitterness of failure, they turn even former pleasures into present sorrows; and a cultivated intellect, which should be the kindest of nurses, they teach to envy the past, slander the present, and create distrust of the future. This is a lamentable weakness, and if you go on as you have commenced, your heart in time will be a Dead Sea apple—filled with ashes. Turn to some profitable pursuit, and because profitable, useful and elevating.

IGNORANT.—The personal property of a father dying intestate, and leaving a second wife, and a son and daughter by a previous marriage, would be divided as follows: one-third to the widow, and the remaining two-thirds to the children, equally. We may add, that if the father died intestate within the province of York, or was a resident freeman of the City of London, the division would be—one-third to the widow, one-third to the children equally, and one-third between the wife and children in the same proportions as if the deceased had not been a freeman of the City of London, or resident within the province of York.

DOUBTFUL asks whether the soul of man is a material body or an immateriality. Should it be material, he argues, he cannot conceive how it can be immortal; and if immaterial, how it should exist at all save as the phenomenon termed life, which depends on organisation for its appearance. For matter, however subtle, is still matter, and therefore subject to the same natural operations that entirely change the aspect of the most durable material forms. Do we know of any quintessence, however fine, that may be said to constitute a medium between existence and non-existence—any link to unite that which is with that which is not? Such inquiries are the result of vain speculation, and a daring repudiation of revelation. Draw, in his inimitable treatise on "The Immortality of the Soul," settles this question, as far as it can be settled by human argument; and we will only remark, that if from the manifold proofs of design in the world, we infer the existence of a designer, it is very easy for the mind to admit that the highest intelligence known on earth could scarcely be limited to a present existence. Nothing is created in vain, and we will refer you to Dr. Cumming's "Sermon on God in Science," for a consoling exposition of the most solemn of mysteries; also to Dr. Croly's Sermons, Paley's "Natural Theology," and the "Bridgewater Treatises."

LILLY M.—There would be no impropriety in your marrying the son of your stepmother.

UN HOMME.—All taxes, with the exception of the Property Tax and a third of the Sewers' Rates, fall upon the tenant.

ALEXIS.—The share classic literature had in creating a good taste in Europe, has been very much overrated. What has been called the revival of letters in the west, cannot be attributed to the influence of the few Greek scholars who fled from the sword of the Turks after the fall of the Eastern empire. The Greeks were not more enlightened than the other nations of Europe. They who could write and they who could read with pleasure such works as the "Meadow," and the "Ladder of Paradise," could not with justice reproach their western neighbours with any deficiency of taste. Knowledge, indeed, became more common, a disposition to read was more generally spread throughout Europe, immediately after the taking of Constantinople; but that circumstance had nothing to do with such a state of things. The invention of printing—by rendering books more common, by bringing them within the reach of a greater number of readers—readily brought about the change. When the difficulty of reading was removed, men soon found out its pleasure. This important discovery had preceded the fall of the Caesars. The same year that saw the standard of the Prophet waving on the walls of Constantinople, beheld a splendid edition of the "Psalter" issue from the presses of Mentz. But it is useless to heap up facts in refutation of the theory. The present age knows full well that mere learning is only the mechanism of intellect, and can no more claim the merit of genius than the steam-engine can the hand and head that sets it in motion. Had the Turks never crossed the Bosphorus and driven away a horde of idle bookworms, knowledge in the west would not have progressed less rapidly.

PARVO.—The maxim may be carried beyond its meaning. "Trust in Providence!" Very well. We all trust in Providence—we could not get on at all without trusting to Providence—our very life is a continual trust in Providence; but, in material matters, we should discard the tradition of a clouded age of thought, and go at once to the fountain-head of interpretation. What does the text, that every one ought to read, say? "If any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath not the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The Rev. Dr. Cook has vigorously commented on this view of "trusting to Providence." "What right," said he, "has any man to trust to Providence to do for him, directly, or through the mediation of others, what it has enabled him to do for himself? The wisdom and goodness of Providence appear in giving him this power, and placing him in circumstances in which he can exercise it. Not trust in Providence, but disregard of Providence, and of its plain and manifest design, is shown by neglecting to use that power. Would a man show his trust in Providence by entertaining the expectation that though he neither ploughed nor sowed, somehow a crop might spring up, which he should be permitted to reap? Is not the right trust shown, by ploughing and sowing, planting and watering, and then, after all, looking to Providence for the increase?"

DOCTOR ORME has been for these nine months past paying his addresses to a young lady, who informs him that she does not intend to keep company with any gentleman above twelve months. He has entirely dependent upon him an aged parent, and could not possibly afford to be married in so short a time. We suspect the lady is a quizz. But should she be in earnest, the loss of her won't be overwhelming. A man cannot be called upon to sacrifice his earliest affection and bounden duty, to gratify either the ardour or coquetry of any woman.

EDWARD HIND.—Although slightly defective, we admire your song very much, and willingly publish it.

SHE passed by me slowly, in beauty so fair,
Ah, would that I gazed on its loveliness now!
With her blue merry eye, and her bright, satin hair,
And the soul of an angel express'd on her brow;
I raved to the winds as I roamed in the shade,
Oh, to be but the greensward she moves o'er! how sweet
To be press'd by the steps of that beautiful maid,
Sighing forth my pleasure in flowers at her feet.

As lovely as virtue her beautiful face;
As tender as pity her delicate form;
My heart brighten'd up in the glance of its grace,
Like a cloud thro' which passes the bow of the storm;
Sigh, my harp, to the winds, as I rest in the shade,
Oh, to be but the greensward she moves o'er! how sweet
To be press'd by the steps of that beautiful maid,
Sighing forth my pleasure in flowers at her feet.

Alas! she is gone from my vision. No more
Do I see that sweet face where all charms were contained;
And remembrance alone can but feebly restore,
The beautiful being their excellence shrined.
Sigh, my harp, to the winds, as I rest in the shade,
Oh, to be but the greensward she moves o'er! how sweet
To be press'd by the feet of that beautiful maid,
Sighing forth my pleasure in flowers at her feet.

REGINALD KEMP inquires how it is that all our lady correspondents, with but rare exceptions, have so great a prepossession in favour of tall young men. R. K. is only five feet six inches in height, and must confess that he often feels inclined, when perusing the page set apart for correspondents, to tear it off and commit it to the flames. Let it be hoped that the incessant demand for tall gentlemen will very soon tell in his favour, as it can hardly be possible that many can remain to supply the extraordinary requirements of the times.

LIZZY, having been jilted by a man she never loved, but whom she would have married rather than have broken her word, now finds she really is in love with another gentleman, who has not the slightest idea of her strong partiality, but she fancies he has a secret regard for her. What shall she do? Why, penance, to be sure. Her want of principle in the first engagement deserves some punishment, and as the loss of the man she never liked is no punishment at all, she must wait a wee while. After Cupid has sufficiently revenged the slight cast on his mission, he will bring Lizzy's dear ideal to her feet.

PECULIAR.—We have not much respect for the time-honoured and solemn ceremony of petitioning for anything either to a legislative or less august body—for the thing asked for is never granted, unless conceded to some strong necessity. Forms are essential, and should be respected, but formal precedents are not vital principles. And we would ask, did the barons, who extorted the Magna Charta from King John, petition? Did Henry VIII. humbly request the Pope to relieve this country from the usurpations of the Romish Church? Did Elizabeth go down upon her sovereign knees and piteously ask the Spanish Armada not to approach these shores? Did the Commons, after they had discovered the utter faithlessness of the man, ever beg of Charles I. that he would have a greater regard for his royal word? Did England petition James II., or William III., or the Jacobites, or the Pretender? Did the United States of America obtain their independence by pen-and-ink appeals to George III.? We might enumerate many modern instances to prove that the fact has been made sufficiently apparent—that the memorialisation process has had little to do in bringing about great changes. Still it is a respectable preliminary, and will always keep its ground among a people whose intelligence keeps pace with their material developments.

W. EVANS.—The merit of introducing Christianity into England, has been attributed to St. Augustine; but it is a received opinion among learned men, that St. Paul himself preached the Gospel in Britain.

OXFORDIAN would be happy to correspond with "Aggie." He is twenty-five years of age, is rather tall, and has striking features. He has an income varying from £350 to £450 per annum. He is thoroughly tired of a single life, and perfectly coincides in the opinion, that a bachelor is an inconsistency.

J. M. thinks she would suit "Constant;" her parents are considered to be worth money. She is eighteen, fair, with brown hair, rather short in stature, but animated, and considered rather a good housekeeper by a very fidgetty brother.

W. A. is anxious to meet with an affectionate and domesticated partner, and thinks "Edith" would suit him. He is a physician, thirty-two years of age, considered good-looking and of gentlemanly manners; has seen much of foreign countries, and is in comfortable circumstances.

ALICE EVELINE to **THEODORE AUGUSTUS.**

DEAR sir, I'm tired of a single life,
And though I fear perhaps you'll think me bold;
Still, as I learn you're wishing for a wife,
In spite of blushes shall the truth be told:

I am an English maiden of nineteen,
Soft, azure eyes; complexion very fair;
And my high forehead, placid and serene,
Is shaded by long curls of anuburn hair.

With deep affection doth my heart o'erflow—
A heart that ne'er before has bowed to love;
But how I long my constant truth to show,
To one dear object cherished all above.

I have not wealth, it must not be denied,
He will not marry me who weds for pelf;
But sure, a youthful, gentle, loving bride,
Must always be a treasure in herself.

In some accomplishments I do excel,
In manners quiet, but distinguished, too;
Speak French, dance, sing, play, the piano well;
Sir, I have sketched myself, shall I suit you?

L. E. L. is struck by the remark that "J. B." wants a wife of "genuine worth;" she therefore concludes he is a man of sense, who is seeking for happiness of the higher sort, and not mere beauty, which fades as a dream. She would therefore be happy to correspond with him. She is the daughter of a very eminent member of the legal profession, is twenty-two years of age, rather short, with dark hair and eyes, and has been termed a pretty brunette, of a lively temperament, kind-hearted, affectionate, and longs for a husband whom she could love with all the depth of a profound attachment.

EVA, feeling interested to save "W. A. M." from the miseries of a bachelor life, begs to say she is twenty-two, about the middle height, with dark hair and eyes. Having received a good education, she flatters herself she would make a good wife. She is of a lively disposition, and would make home happy.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—John Atherton (Work harder and think less about your "rights," as you call them)—G. C. M. (You must abide by the agreement)—A Carpenter (The name is of English origin. See the derivations given by Dr. Johnson)—Yak (No such street in London)—W. B. (*Eclat* is pronounced something like "a-claw")—M. R. S. (You will be free at twenty-one)—J. E. T. (You are incomprehensible)—Puck (Apply at the company's offices)—W. J. F. (Our authority for the statement was one of the largest iron-masters in Staffordshire)—S. Early (The only guarantee for the security of a Savings' Bank, is the character of the trustees and respectability of the officers)—Old Banbury (The seven-shilling pieces were a gold coinage)—Roy (The recommendation of your friend would be sufficient)—John Peters (Liverpool is a parish by itself, and does not form part of any other of parishes, as regards the operation of the Poor Laws)—Aquarius (At the same place)—Florence Howard (Don't marry yet. It would be too great a risk, for the marriage would be illegal, and you would only have your brother-in-law's sense of honour to look to)—W. L. (Lists of bankrupts are kept in the Bankruptcy Court, London)—G. M. F. G. (Dead, buried, and forgotten long ago)—G. W. B. ("Gideon Giles" was published in Vols. VII. and VIII. of this Journal. The price of each volume is 6s.)—B. Allen (The salary of a good violin player at a first-class theatre averages from £2 to £4 per week)—John Eaton (The answer is "Wellington")—P. Q. (Your father can make any legal disposition of his property just as he pleases)—F. Withers (We must refer you to the "Lives of the Poets")—Rev. J. Robbards (Lay the particulars of the case before the committee of management)—C. J. F. (The lady, we believe, is afflicted with blindness)—Glastonbury (One of the large publishers)—John Crewe (Write more explicitly)—A. A. A. (The general address, "London," will be sufficient)—"Purchase" (Warren's Introduction to Law Studies)—Isaac Harrison—M. Y. Z.—H. L.—Hy. S.—Fanny and Anne—J. R. Ward—Como—S. B.—Thomas Ashton—Charles Lemon—J. P. W.—Stanislaus—A. Schoolboy—S. A.—Ben Brust—C. G. Y. Z.—Fanny—Adam Burns—Mary S. J., jun.—Desdemona—Frugality—A Merry One—Lizzie W.—Eliza—Claude—Sarah—A. Marshall—Emmeline W.—Affection—A. B. Lindsay—W. F. P.—Maria—F. G. C.—G. W. D.—Leander—Elmira—W. R.—Ruth Pinch—Mary Serena—Theodoris—S. D.—Clementina—G. W.—Roland Grame—Charles—Edward—Adolphe—Ego—Teresa and Agnes—J. F. Gordon—Edward G. P.—P. H. P.—Eveline M.—G. A. M. S.—F. V. G.—F. A. F.—St. Clair—F. H. H.—Bessie—J. B.—Willie—Shakespeare—Sunderland—Andrea—J. L. A.—Medicus—Henry William—Emma—Ada—Evangeline—S. M. J.—Eva—Aggie—J. L. S.—Kate—K. M.—E. M. J.—Juliette—L. M.—J. P. Barlow—J. S.—Marion and Fanny—S. P. T.—Lavinia—M. A. W.—Edwin and Henry—J. W. W.—Arthur William—Mignonette—Mrs. Lupin—Augustus—W. A. W.—Euclid—Kenneth Howell—Anne—Charles Brand—Edith and Grace—E. F. Y.—Holland—J. T. Bamford—X. X.—Ela—W. W.—J. Banister.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED, AND RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Blind Boy," and "The Poor Slave," by J. G.—"Think ere you speak," by J. M. L.—"A Fire-side Reverie," by J. A. B.—"Scotch Poetry," by W. T.—"The Spirit's Home," by W. H.—"The Draught of Death"—Pieces, by E. Simmons—"Night," by M. W.—Several Pieces, by E. H.—"The Wreck," by R. H.—"Brotherly Affection," &c., by P. H.—(Attempt a tripping love ballad)—Lines, by R. K. S.—"The Rhine," by A. N. B.—"The Heart," by M. L.—"Do Good," by C. H.—"The Autobiography of a Slate," (This class of compositions have gone completely out of the esteem of the public, and deservedly so, for the best were puerile)—"Twins in this Cot," by J. R.—"Tell me where is Happiness found," by E. P.—"Forbear," &c., by C. B.—"I'm Weary," by M. F.—"Star of the Night," by Claudian—"The Soul's Ideal," "The Funeral of Youth," by P. Q. R.—"We've Happier Days in Store," (One defective line in the first verse spoils an otherwise pretty little poem).

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE AYAH RESCUING SUSAN.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Owls make their home; the raven haunts each tower;
The crumbling walls are with strange echoes fill'd;
The peasant, homeward wending from his fields,
Quickens his toil-worn steps as they approach
The solitary pile.

KIRWAN.

WHEN Susan descended from the chamber of Ellen, where she had passed the night, to the servants' hall of Cromwell House, she was startled at finding the warrenner seated by the fire, which burnt briskly in the grate; everything else in the place bore that lonely, deserted appearance which strikes a chill both on the heart and mind. With all her self-possession, she could not conceal the alarm which the presence of the ruffian occasioned her. She had heard her lover, Joe Beans, speak of him frequently as a man suspected of many crimes—a fellow fitted by the malignant depravity of his heart for any act, however desperate; a ready tool for those who could minister to his ruling passion—avarice.

The honest rustic, in his moments of confidence, had imparted to her his vague suspicions that he was no stranger to the death of Sir William Mowbray; also his attempt upon poor old Martin in the churchyard. No wonder, therefore, that she looked upon his presence as an ill omen for her young mistress, and probable danger for herself.

Will, who was probably aware of the courtship between Joe and the pretty rustic, eyed her with a glance in which insult and mockery were blended; and the idea of avenging himself upon the man whose strong arm had struck him down, glided like a serpent into his heart.

"Good morning, my pretty lass!" he exclaimed; "this old house does not appear half so dull since I have seen you."

"You will see but little of me," replied Susan, endeavouring to suppress her fear and indignation at his familiarity; "my time is generally passed with my young lady."

"We can relieve you of that portion of your duty," observed the ruffian, sneeringly; "the silly girl has one to attend her who will replace your services—one to

whom she is more accustomed, and quite as faithful!"

"Indeed!" answered the girl, with affected indifference; "the place is not so agreeable that I care to remain in it: I can return home."

"Return home!" repeated the warrenner, in the tone of a man very much amused by some absurd idea; "of course you can—what should prevent you? Nothing! nothing in the world!" he added, mockingly. "I should advise you by all means to return home—as soon as you can!"

The marked emphasis which the speaker laid upon the last words of his insulting speech, caused the heart of the pretty Susan to beat with apprehensions which had never startled her innocent heart before. While uttering it, the eyes of the ruffian had wandered over her person with an expression which mantled her cheek with blushes. In her distress, she almost regretted having yielded to the solicitations of her lover, and accepted the dangerous part she was acting.

"We shall see what Lady Mowbray will say to this!" she exclaimed, as she attempted to leave the room.

"Lady Mowbray," replied Will Sidel, with provoking calmness, "left last night for London."

"The colonel, then?"

"He accompanied her," added the ruffian. "With the exception of Miss Ellen's new attendant, you and I are the only persons in the house: the keys are in my possession."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a large bunch of keys, and shook them insultingly in her face.

"We shall be excellent friends!" he continued; "especially at night, when the hours are dark and long, and the wind wails and cries like a human thing, through the corridors and halls of this old mansion: we shall be glad of each other's society then—I hate the night!"

"Perhaps," said Susan, bitterly, "it reminds you of your evil deeds!"

A dark scowl overshadowed the features of the warrenner: he sprang from his seat, and advanced towards her, demanding, as she retreated before him:

"What deeds, fool? what deeds?"

In his fury, the wretch most probably would have struck her, or have proceeded to some other act of outrage equally unmanly, had not the door of the room suddenly opened, and a boy, apparently about thirteen years of age, made his appearance; he was clad in

a wretched suit of parish clothes, the most glaring imperfections of which were covered by a smock-frock; he had neither hat nor cap to guard his head from sunshine and showers—but nature had provided him with a substitute, in the enormous mass of red, shaggy hair with which his skull was thatched. His features were broad, flat, and inexpressive; the only symptom of intelligence was in his small, deep-set eyes, which never seemed for an instant at rest: they glanced first from the countenance of Susan to that of the warrenner, then became suddenly attracted to the smoke-jack, set in motion by the fire, which, probably for the first time for many years, had been lighted in the enormous grate.

"Who in the fiend's name are you?" demanded Will Sidel.

"Eh!" ejaculated the boy, with a stare of wonder.

"Who are you, I say?" continued the ruffian, seizing him by the shoulder, and shaking him violently; "and how did you gain admittance here?"

"I be Remnant's boy, and looks arter the cows! Who be thee?"

Remnant was the name of the tenant who farmed the land attached to Cromwell House. This the warrenner knew, and his alarm at once was dissipated.

"And how did you gain admittance here?" he continued.

"Can't ye see!" replied the lad, holding up a large, rusty key, which was instantly snatched from his hand. "Who be that young woman?" pointing to Susan.

While the poor girl was meditating how to make the intrusion of the speaker available in some manner for her protection, her persecutor, who had never once quitted his hold of the boy, drew him from the room—led him through the courtyard to the side-door by which he had entered, and dismissed him with strict injunctions not to intrude there again, as the gentleman who had taken the place had a great dislike to strangers.

"But I beant no stranger!" observed the intruder. "I know'd the house ever since I wor no older than Brindle Bet's last calf. Mother lived here in old lady's time."

Without listening to any further explanation or excuse, Sidel pushed the lad through the gate, and added a blow, by way of intimating the treatment he might expect if ever he ventured to show his face upon the premises again.

As the door closed, Bed Ralph, as he was generally

called in the village, cast a bitter look towards his assailant, and muttered between his teeth, that he would return in spite of him.

He kept his word.

Accustomed from his earliest childhood to wander about the place, he had none of the superstitious fears respecting it which were entertained by the lower orders in Mortlake. As he used to observe to his master, he had never seen anything worse there nor himself—the ghosts had never hurt him; and he felt a secret pride in having terrors which he took no small pains to propagate. Many a half-pint of home-brewed had he obtained from the wives of the market-gardeners, for relating the tales of Cromwell House.

The instant the warren left the servants' hall, Susan ran, as fast as her agitation permitted her, to the chamber of her young lady—the door was locked.

"Open, Miss Ellen!" she exclaimed; "for heaven's sake open the door!"

"I cannot, my poor girl," replied the orphan; "I am a prisoner!"

The ayah smiled.

"In the hands of my bitterest enemy!" continued the speaker.

The silence which Ellen had hitherto observed towards her former attendant, had only tended to raise the evil passions of the Indian woman, who, by one of those strange contradictions in our nature, both loved and desired to be loved by the being she was persecuting; but when she heard the child she had nurtured at her breast designate her as her *bitterest enemy*, her eyes became clouded: the words struck upon her heart; the first impression was made, although she was scarcely conscious of the change here.

"Bitterest enemy!" she repeated; "because I will not see you disgrace yourself by bestowing your hand upon a churl—a peasant! Because I wish to see you rich and happy! Be it so! I can bear even that for your sake!"

Her former mistress disdained to reply to her. It appeared like treason to the absent to vindicate her choice. It was her pride and consolation. A heavy step was heard ascending the staircase: it was the warren's. The heart of poor Susan beat wildly with terror and disgust. Clinging to the door, she entreated—almost shrieked for admittance; using, in her deep agony, the words which women utter when alarmed by the approach of brutal violence, threatening more than life.

"Open, for mercy's sake!" she exclaimed, addressing the ayah; "as you are a woman, have pity on your sex! I have never injured you! Why blight my young existence? Pity! Pity!"

The loud shriek which followed, announced that her persecutor had already laid his grasp upon her shoulder. Still she clung to the door of the apartment with desperate strength. Zara remained unmoved.

The features of Ellen became dreadfully convulsed, as she listened to the cries of her humble friend, and felt her inability to save her. Pride, resentment, all gave way before the danger of the despairing girl, whose shrieks were mingled with the half-uttered oaths of Will Sidel, whose passions were now completely roused. She cast herself at the feet of her gaoler, with the intention of imploring her interference—but the words choked her, and, with a wild sob—like that which comes from a broken heart—she sank senseless on the floor. The ayah raised her, and saw, to her terror, that blood was oozing from the lips of the unhappy orphan.

With the rapidity of thought she raised her desolate charge, placed her upon the couch, and then threw open the door of the chamber. The ruffian had already succeeded in dragging his victim partially down the great staircase. We say partially, for Susan still clung with the tenacity of despair to the massive oaken bannisters. More than once Sidel had recourse to blows to induce her to quit her hold. Just as he had succeeded in dragging her to the great hall, Zara confronted him. Despite her devotion to Meeran Hafaz, her heart was not all of clay, and her womanly nature was roused to indignation when she witnessed the state to which Susan was reduced.

Few, judging from her slender figure, would have imagined the great personal strength of the Indian woman. In an instant she snatched the all-but senseless girl from his fierce grasp, and stood like a roused pantheress, with scornful lips and flashing eyes glaring upon him.

"What now?" muttered the villain.

"Fool!" exclaimed the ayah; "miserable fool! Is it for this that your employer has bought you body and soul—paid for your services with gold which might have gained a Brahmin's faith?"

"She is a spy!" muttered the warren.

"She is a woman!" replied Zara.

"And what do you call the one up stairs?" demanded the fellow, insolently. "Is she less fair—less young—less delicate—less helpless? I but follow the example of him we both serve."

This was the second time, during the morning, that the ayah had had her conduct towards Ellen reflected, as it were, in a mirror before her—that she had been compelled, as it were, to see herself, the moral depravity into which, step by step, she had been led—and the lesson was not thrown away.

"You cannot judge my motives," she said.

"Nor you mine!" replied Will Sidel. "It is not that I care so much for the girl, as the hatred I feel towards her lover, who struck me—spurned, insulted—more, who threatened me! I swore at the time to be avenged upon him, and shall keep my promise: so you had better," he added, in a conciliatory tone, at the same time advancing towards Susan, who clung in breathless terror to her protectress—"leave the wench with me, and attend to your own charge in the chamber above."

"Save me from him!" faintly murmured the poor girl; "I have no hope but you!"

"I will not fail you!" answered Zara, resolutely; "although I have little cause to love you, for you have supplanted me in the love of my foster-child! Back, ruffian—back!" she added, addressing the disappointed warren; "lay but a finger on her, and I will slay thee as I would a cub from the jungle, or a reptile that had crossed my path!"

It was not the first time that Will Sidel had seen the keen, sharp blade which glittered in the hand of the speaker—for, as we before had occasion to observe, the ayah never went unarmed. He knew her courage, and more than suspected her address in the use of the weapon.

In the struggle which had just taken place, his neck-cloth had fallen, and the eyes of Zara were fixed upon his throat, like those of a serpent meditating where to strike. He was cowed, subdued; for, like most cruel natures, his heart was cowardly—courageous only with the helpless and unarmed.

Muttering something about "women's fancies" and "another opportunity," he retreated sullenly from the hall, baffled and disappointed—but still bent on destroying, if possible, the happiness of his enemy, Joe Beans, and the innocent Susan.

On reaching the chamber of Ellen, the Indian and the rescued girl both occupied themselves—despite the weakness and recent agitation of the latter—in recovering the unhappy orphan from the state into which the scene of the morning had thrown her.

It was long—very long—before their efforts were successful. When life returned, it was evident that the mind of the persecuted prisoner had received a shock from which it would not easily recover. At the sight of the ayah she screamed violently, and hid her face in the bosom of Susan, calling upon her murdered uncle and Henry to protect her. Each time the guilty woman attempted to renew her attentions, the paroxysm returned, and she found herself condemned to witness her foster-child receive from another those services which her heart yearned to offer. Like many other passionate natures, she had calculated only her strength—not her weakness.

Dissatisfied with herself and the part she had undertaken, but still resolved to persevere, she removed to a distance, and sat silently watching them. Instead of abating, the exclamations of Ellen increased in incoherency, the expression of her eyes became more wild. It was evident that fever had seized upon her brain.

Susan was in despair, and Zara—the conscience-stricken Zara—truly wretched. Her crimes became their own avenger.

A lightstep was heard upon the stairs. The sufferer, with the quickness of insanity, recognised it: it was Meeran's. With a shriek which made the walls of the old chamber ring, she sprang from the arms of Susan, and would have dashed herself through the window to avoid him, had not the ayah intercepted her, and bore her back to the bed, upon which she replaced her in a state of insensibility.

It was fortunate that the guilty woman still retained her presence of mind. Leaving her charge to the care of the weeping girl who hung over her, she left the room, time enough to prevent the entrance of her persecutor, whose presence she felt assured would cause her death. Raising her finger to her lips, to command silence, she motioned him to retrace his steps. The young man wonderingly obeyed her.

"What has happened?" he demanded, anxiously.

"The hound," replied Zara, speaking in the figurative language of the East, "has presumed to hunt on its own account, and startle the deer reserved for its master!"

"What mean you?"

A few brief words put him in possession of all that had taken place: the ruffianly conduct of the warren, the danger of Susan, and the state into which it had thrown the unhappy object of his persecution and love.

As the ayah concluded the latter part of her narration, the usually impassible countenance of Meeran Hafaz became dark with passion. Bitterly did the proud youth feel the degradation of the association into which his evil genius had betrayed him.

It was a fortunate thing for Will Sidel that he was not present at the outbreak of the storm, whose lightnings would have scathed him.

"Dog!" exclaimed the young Indian, his eyes glancing round the hall as if in search of the object of his wrath. "Miserable villain! Was it for this I bought and trusted him! I'll trample the life from his hideous carcase, and leave his felon limbs to blacken in the sun!"

"You dare not!" observed Zara, calmly.

"Dare not!" he repeated, scornfully.

"You are in his power!" added the woman. "Oh that my child had never visited this accursed land! Had she remained in India, her young heart would have known no other love—she would have been free from crime as well as danger—and I happy in the union of my foster-children, which now appears a dream—a hopeless dream!"

Meeran eyed her for an instant suspiciously.

"A dream which shall be realised!" he exclaimed, advancing towards the staircase which led to the apartment of Ellen.

"The only hand which could oppose it," quietly observed Zara, "has passed between you!"

"Whose?"

"The hand of death!" she calmly replied; "its shadow is already over her! At the sound of your step she sprang from the bed, and would have found refuge in the grave from your approach—by dashing herself through the window—had I not prevented her: your presence at once destroys her!"

The heart of Meeran—in which every generous impulse

was not yet entirely crushed—sank fearfully at her words; for they convinced him how deep must be the love of the orphan for his rival—how hopeless his chance of supplanting that love; true, he might obtain possession, by violence, of her hand and person—reconcile her, perhaps, to a dull and soulless existence; but win from her the exchange of heart for heart—the sympathies which twine the hymeneal chain with flowers, make suffering pleasure, and gild the snows of age with spring's sweet sunshine—never—never.

As the conviction gradually pressed upon him, then commenced his punishment.

Ellen was ill, suffering—perhaps dying—yet he dared not visit her, lest his voice and presence should in an instant snap the slender thread of life—or, in the desolation of her soul, the fever of her brain, her lips should curse him. Should he call in medical aid, all would be discovered—and yet to risk the loss of her!

Meeran Hafaz clasped his hands to his burning brow, to hide the tears which, despite his pride and passion, fell like drops of molten lead upon his cheek.

The ayah was moved by the agony of her foster-son. At present she was a stranger to the promptings of her own heart—she heard its whisperings, but without comprehending them.

"She must be saved, at all risks!" murmured the young Indian.

"Leave her to me," replied the woman; "thou knowest that I possess no mean skill in herbs and plants of many virtues. I have sat too oft beside the couch of those I loved, not to discern the approach of death—the gradual dimming of the eye—the fluttering pulse—the moisture of the skin—the hard-drawn breath: should such signs appear—"

"Send instantly for the best advice gold can procure!" interrupted Meeran. "Day and night a horse shall be saddled in the stables! I will leave Zadag—this was the name of the Indian boy who attended him—with you! Stay!" he added, the fear of losing her blinding him to every other fear; "I will seek and bring you aid myself!" So saying, he rushed like a madman from the house, to give orders for his departure.

"He is worthy of her!" muttered the ayah, with a look of affection; "and never shall another call her bride!" Then, as if some secret monitor reproved her words, she added, slowly; "unless the bride of death!"

Full of this resolution, she returned to the chamber of the suffering girl.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Friendship, like love, is oft the hollow mask
Of a more hollow heart. Words are the coin
With which men cheat their fellow-men.
Fools only trust, to be deceived.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

TEN days elapsed before Doctor Kiscock, who really took a deep interest in the progress of his patient, ventured to give any positive hope of his ultimate recovery. Meanwhile the Roman police pretended to use every exertion in order to trace out the assassin; but, as usual, without success. They had been too well paid to compromise each other. It is rarely, very rarely, that those who attempt the life of a foreigner are brought to justice in the Eternal City; consequently, the tariff for assassinating a foreigner is much lighter than for a native of Italy, or a citizen, who have generally friends to clamour loudly, and stimulate, by their indignant remonstrances, the laggard steps of justice.

During this anxious interval, Henry Ashton was a close prisoner by the bed-side of his friend; who would receive no medicine but from his hand, nor permit—with the waywardness of suffering—any other to smooth his pillow. Fortunately the fever which supervened was slight, and, at the end of the tenth day, totally disappeared.

Then it was that the kind-hearted physician ventured to express his first decided hope.

Amongst the visitors which interest or curiosity drew to the hotel, none were more constant than Robert Martingale: true, he was not admitted into the chamber of the wounded man—but our hero contrived when he came to quit it for an instant, press him by the hand, thank him for his sympathy, and express how deeply he felt the friendship which displayed itself at such a moment. He even commissioned him to make daily inquiries for him at the post-office for his long, anxiously-expected letters from England.

It was not till the fourth or fifth day that the arch-deceiver ventured to present him with one which he had fabricated, from Ellen: he smiled as the deceived lover pressed the superscription to his lips, and murmured, in accents which indicated how much they relieved his heart:

"Thank heaven! at last!"

We presume that it is scarcely necessary to explain to our readers that the correspondence of the lovers had been suppressed at the post-office—by bribing the employees. At Rome such persons are generally so wretchedly paid, that they would not only risk their appointments, but their salvation to boot, for a handful of ducats—and Martingale was most liberal.

Possessing the letters thus cruelly intercepted, it became no difficult matter for an expert master of calligraphy like himself, to imitate the hand and even the style of the artless writer.

"You smile!" he said, as our hero eagerly perused each line of what he believed to be the writing of Ellen. "Pleasant intelligence, no doubt!" he added; "and not the less welcome for having been so long delayed!"

"Welcome—most welcome!" exclaimed Henry Ashton; "it has relieved my heart of the worst agony—suspense; informs me of the recovery of a dear and valued friend

from a most dangerous illness: the writer, like myself, has been chained by affection to the bed of sickness," he added, "but, thank heaven! every cause for uneasiness has passed!"

The emissary of Meeran Hafaz was secretly delighted at the gullibility of his dupe—at the tact with which he had deceived him. So cleverly had he described the pretended illness of Sir William Mowbray, and the cares and fears of his niece, that the confiding youth doubted not for an instant but the letter was from Ellen; not a word which did not breathe the deep and earnest love of the graceful girl for her second father. Little did he imagine that the baronet had been for weeks the tenant of an untimely grave.

During the long hours he had passed by the couch of Walter, Henry Ashton had occupied himself in drawing up a statement of the melancholy circumstances under which Lady Mowbray had been induced to accept the veil—the extraordinary disappearance of her child, whom for many years she had been led to believe safe in the arms of its father—and concluded by a demand for a dispensation from her ill-considered vows—or, if that were refused, permission to visit England. This, as his friend was still progressing favourably, he resolved to lose no time in forwarding to the congregation of *rites*, to whom such demands were usually preferred; for which purpose he sent for a procurator. The man was an honest one.

"Have you any interest to back your memorial?" he demanded, after he had carefully perused the papers.

"None," replied our hero, "but the justness of my prayer."

His visitor shook his head.

"What!" exclaimed the indignant youth, "a wife—an English matron—foully lured from the arms of her husband—her son, the heir of one of the noblest names and fortunes in England, disposed of—no one knows how! Such an appeal cannot be permitted to remain unanswered!"

"It will be answered!" replied the procurator, with a smile.

"And how?"

"Unfavourably!" replied the experienced legist: "the prayer itself is most unusual. But that is not the greatest difficulty," he added; "the Abbaté Lucas is a member of the sacred congregation to whom it is addressed."

This was a blow which Henry had not expected; he determined to persevere, nevertheless, and directed the procurator to forward the memorial. In a fortnight it was returned under an official cover: the demand was rejected.

"Henry," said his friend, who saw, despite the effort which he made to conceal it, that something had occurred to irritate and vex him; "I must insist upon your once more mingling in the world. I am better—much better, now! I know by experience how wearying are the long days and nights passed in a sick chamber, even when suffering enchains us there; in health they must be doubly irksome!"

"Irksome!" repeated Henry, in a tone of deep feeling; "no, dear Walter—no!"

"Not to friendship, Harry," continued the invalid, with a faint smile, "but to love—to duty, if you will. I know not what has occurred, but something, I am sure, which gives you the desire of freedom—action. I can read it in your eyes," he added; "therefore it is vain for your lips to deny it!"

Our hero could not deny it—therefore remained silent. "If only for a few hours," urged Walter; "Martingale will, I am sure, remain with me!"

The deceiver, who had been within the last few days a constant visitor in the sick room of the speaker, eagerly expressed his willingness to undertake the task of nurse, in the absence of Henry.

"I shall not be as kind, but I will endeavour to prove as faithful a one!" he observed, with affected *bonhomie*.

It would have been unkind longer to have resisted their solicitations, and the young man suffered himself to be persuaded.

"My first visit," he said, aloud, "will be to the duchess, whose inquiries have been incessant after your progress; my next to the Palazzo Borghese. Have you any message," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "for any one I may encounter there?"

The blood faintly rushed to the still pale cheek of Walter Mowbray, as he pressed the hand of his friend, and then pointed to the withered rose which Therese Colonna had left on the occasion of her visit, and which was carefully preserved in a silver vase beside him.

"I understand—I will be eloquent!"

"And discreet!" added the invalid, in the same suppressed tone.

"As all who love should be," replied our hero, as he withdrew to make preparation for his visit. "You are quite safe!"

On entering the boudoir of the Duchess of Devonshire, who welcomed him with the warm interest of a friend, Henry Ashton was much struck by the appearance of a gentleman whom he had not previously encountered in any of the salons of the Roman nobility: this was no other than the celebrated Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, if he was not the first painter, was certainly one of the most elegant men of his day. His visit to the Eternal City had been made by command of the Prince Regent of England, in order to paint the portrait of the amiable Pius VII., who then sat in the chair of St. Peter. From his easy, graceful manner, and the studied absence in conversation of everything which might have a political allusion, he had become a great favourite with the Pontiff, who used to call him "my painter," and frequently declared that no one, save the heretic Englishman, had ever made at the same time a portrait and a picture of him. How far the commendation was merited, those who have seen the

likeness in the gallery at Windsor can judge—at least in the latter instance.

"And what do you intend to do?" demanded the duchess, as her visitor concluded his narration of the refusal of the congregation of *rites* to accede to the prayer of Lady Mowbray.

"Appeal to the Cardinal Gonzalvi!"

Her grace shook her head discouragingly. She knew that his eminence, although minister, seldom ventured to interfere in such matters—his influence being regarded by the sacred college, the holy office, and the congregation of *rites*, with extreme jealousy: the reason was, that, although a cardinal, he was not a priest.

"He could not serve you," she said, "even if he would; he has too many enemies to risk it!"

"In that case," replied Henry, "I will appeal to the Pope himself: he has suffered, and suffering should have taught him mercy. But permit me, your grace," he added, "to doubt the disinclination of the cardinal to serve me. I have some reason to believe that it was to his interference I owe the privilege of an interview with the unhappy Lady Mowbray."

"Hush! that was easily arranged," whispered the kind-hearted woman; "because it could be done *privately*. Had you demanded such a permission through the usual channel, it might have been a year before you obtained it. Stay!" she continued, a thought suddenly striking her; "here is the very person who can best assist you."

She gracefully invited the artist to approach, and rapidly related to him the history of Lady Mowbray, and the difficulty of her *protégé*. With the former portion of her narration Sir Thomas was already acquainted: he had painted her soon after she became a bride, and heard of her supposed lapse from virtue with regret. As the duchess proceeded, he became deeply interested.

"Poor lady!" he exclaimed, with a sigh; "her fate is indeed a sad one, and, I believe, unmerited; but, as respects her husband, your efforts, unfortunately, are too late."

"Too late!" repeated both the duchess and our hero.

"Yes; a letter, which I received at least a month since from England, mentioned his death. Some think he died a suicide; others, that he was murdered."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Henry Ashton; "impossible! I this very morning received a letter from"—his niece, he was about to say, but delicacy restrained him—"one," he added, "who watched by his sick couch with the affectionate solicitude of a child! Read!—read!"

He placed the letter which Martingale had brought him in the hands of the duchess.

"Your informant must have been deceived, Sir Thomas," she observed, as soon as she had perused it, and marked the date; "this was written not quite three weeks since—written by the side of his sick bed, by one who must have known."

"Possibly," replied the painter, doubtfully: your grace knows how report is liable to err; and yet—no matter; as you say, I must have been misinformed."

Although fully convinced that his information was correct—for the details of the unhappy affair had been too circumstantial to admit of a doubt in his own mind—the speaker resolved to make himself yet further acquainted with the particulars before he alluded to the subject again, and begged of her grace to point out in what way he could have the pleasure of obliging her, or being useful to Mr. Ashton.

"Present him," said the duchess.

"Willingly," said the artist, after a pause, during which he considered that, as his portrait was nearly finished, the cardinals, many of whom, from jealousy, made a point of being present at his sittings, could not interfere with that. "The first time I am summoned to the Vatican, I will drop your young friend a note. I do not think," he added, with a smile of benevolent interest, "that the Holy Father will receive him less cordially that he is presented by a poor painter, instead of a prince of the Church, as he was promised."

Our hero was profuse in the expression of his gratitude, and soon after took his leave. The kind-hearted hostess seized the occasion of a *tête-à-tête* with her remaining visitor, to relate all that she had heard from the late baronet respecting his young *protégé*. The heart of the painter warmed as she proceeded. Like Henry Ashton, he had risen from the people, and, despite his courtier-like manners, and the artificial atmosphere in which he moved, his sympathies were with them.

"What a noble head he has!" he observed, with professional gusto: "it would show splendidly upon canvas."

"And, from your easel," replied the duchess, "would be worth a thousand guineas, at the very least; although I fear it would scarcely realise as many shillings on the shoulders of its possessor, were he in poverty."

Most women, it is said, reserve the most important parts of their correspondence for the postscript: her grace, faithful to the tactics of her sex, kept the request she was most anxious to make to the last; it was not till Sir Thomas Lawrence had risen to take his leave, that she ventured to urge it.

"Come," she said, extending her hand, with one of her most winning smiles; "you must not refuse me. I ask it, by the recollections of our old friendship!"

The courtly painter bowed, and kissed the fair hand held out to him, gallantly observing that it was impossible to refuse a request so flatteringly urged.

"You promise, then?"

"I promise!"

And her visitor took his leave.

What that promise was, and how it was fulfilled, must appear in another place.

Henry Ashton next directed his steps to the Borghese Palace. The groom of the chambers, accustomed to ad-

mit him at all times to the *salons* and even the boudoir of his mistress, ushered him at once to the apartment in which the beautiful Pauline was seated, with her mother, Madame Letitia, and her sister Caroline, the ex-Queen of Naples.

"Who is this young man," demanded the mother of the fallen Emperor, in a severe tone, "admitted thus unceremoniously to your presence?"

Although the words had been uttered in a whisper, Henry Ashton heard them. He remembered the words of the Duchess of Devonshire, at the Princess Doria's ball, and he hesitated to advance. He respected even the prejudices of the woman of so many sorrows—

"The Niobe of modern years,"

As Byron poetically called her.

"I believe," replied her daughter, "that he is an admirer of Therese Colonna."

"And an Englishman?"

"Something of that kind," added Pauline, petulantly. "How can you expect me to remember the nationality of all the men who are presented to me?"

"*Inglese!*" exclaimed Caroline, spitefully; "I can read it in his eyes!"

"You have been accustomed to do so!" replied her sister, sarcastically; for she cared little for the opinion of the ex-queen, however she might dread the severe rebuke of her mother. "You courted so many of his countrymen at Naples, that poor Joachim used to complain at last that your accent became English!"

Remembering what was due to his own dignity, our hero advanced, and paid his homage to the mistress of the mansion, with that quiet ease and self-possession which marks the consciousness of merit.

"The Signor Ashton," said the princess, presenting him to her parent and sister by name; "on a mission from the English government to Italy."

This sounded well, and the brow of Madame slightly unbent as she returned the profound salute which the young man made to her misfortunes, rather than her titular rank, as mother of a fallen sovereign.

The ex-Queen of Naples was too deeply offended by her sister's unkind allusion to utter a word.

"I have met but few of your countrymen," observed Madame, struck by the really distinguished air of the young diplomat; "and they have not all produced the same favourable impression as the Signor Ashton."

"The honour of this presentation is doubly grateful to me," replied our hero; "and I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to her imperial highness for making me known to the mother of the illustrious man whose genius has left its impress on the progress of nations—whose fail," he added, in a tone of deep respect, "even his enemies deplore!"

At this moment Therese Colonna entered the apartment, in her usual quiet manner; with Madame Mère she was really a favourite.

"Come hither, child," she said, extending her hand to the fair girl, "and aid me to thank the first Englishman who has rendered justice to the misfortunes and genius of my son!"

Henry bore in his hand a full-blown rose. Therese understood the signal. When her lover was first wounded, he had sent her a bud of the same flower, scarcely developed. Every morning, as the patient slowly progressed towards convalescence, the token had been renewed, its tender leaves more and more unfolded. The eyes of the high-born daughter of the Colonnas sparkled as they glanced upon the flower in his hand—it announced the certain recovery of his friend.

As well as her agitation would permit, she murmured a few words expressive of her gratitude.

Pauline was too experienced in the language of the heart and eyes not to notice her embarrassment, and a pang of jealousy rose within her breast. For, without being absolutely in love with the young barbarian—as she once called him—she had taken a caprice, which, in Italy, is near akin to it. Suspecting that the rose contained a billet intended for Therese, she stretched forth her hand, exclaiming:

"Oh, Signor Ashton, what a beautiful flower!"

He had nothing left but to present it. This he did in so unembarrassed a manner, that her suspicions were dissipated, and soon after he took his leave, satisfied with having given consolation to the heart which beat so warmly for his friend.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Could we but analyse those secret springs
From which the heart's strange contradictions rise—
Its changing purpose—bright imaginings—
Its vain regrets—a word which never dies—
We should discern 'mid passion's strife, that all
Of Eden fell not in our parents' fall.

ITALY, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE JESUIT.

WHEN Meeran Hafaz started from Mortlake, he was in a condition scarcely less to be pitied than his victim's. His heart was torn by remorse at her danger. Horror of himself—pity for her sufferings—the thought that his cruelty had driven her to the verge of madness—to the grave, perchance—was more than he could bear. The hand he had so recklessly braved at last had struck him.

"God!" he murmured, apostrophising the Deity whose laws he had broken; "spare me this proof of Thy power, and I will own Thee! Fresh in her youth and innocence, let not the worm pollute her lip—her voice of music be hushed in death! Death!" he repeated, with an involuntary shudder, "to the guilty soul more tremendous than annihilation!"

With the usual inconsistency of his ill-regulated mind,

he forgot that there was an embrace that could pollute more than the earthworm's kiss—a cry to whose despairing agony the silence of the grave would appear as mercy.

The colonel and Lady Mowbray were both seated in the drawing-room of their London mansion, when the young Indian, with bloodshot eyes and haggard features, appeared before them. Even the heartless woman, appalled at the change a few hours had produced, demanded what had happened.

"She is dying!" hoarsely murmured Meeran. "We have murdered her!"

He cast himself upon the seat beside her, despair in every look. The colonel rose from his seat, and whispered a few words in his ear. The young man started as if a serpent had hissed in it.

"No!" he exclaimed; "I am not that monster yet! I would win her love—not destroy the perfume of the flower I prize! I am not so vile a thing as your base nature would suppose: from any act of unmanly violence of mine she is safe! Safe," he added, with a burst of remorse, "as an infant nestled at its mother's breast! Safe as an angel at the shrine it worships!"

"Quite poetical, I declare!" observed Lady Mowbray, with a sneer. "This penitence is a fit episode for such romantic passion! Better at once resign her, send for your rival from Italy, place her hand in his, and die; or return to India a wiser man than you left it, but not a happier one!"

At the allusion to Henry Ashton, the evil principle in Meeran's nature once more prevailed. The artful woman had touched the chords aright, and the response answered to her wish.

"Never!" he exclaimed bitterly; "never—never! I would rather see her dead than in his arms! The agony of losing her would be nothing in comparison to the torment of knowing that she was another's! My brain is fevered! I am unreasonable—wretched—mad! Pity me—counsel and console me!"

This was the very state of mind to which Lady Mowbray wished to bring him. She treated the illness of Ellen as something slight—an hysterical attack, from which a few days' repose would see her recover. The heartless woman even suggested that she had deceived the ayah by imitating illness.

"Zara has watched her from her childhood," answered Meeran, somewhat more collectedly; "and is not to be deceived."

"Bribed her, then?" added the colonel.

"And what price could bribe the foster-mother to deceive her child?" demanded the young Indian, scornfully. "Her life has been devoted to me. To see me happy in the love of Ellen, she would sacrifice it without a sigh, and think that happiness too cheaply purchased. She has descended even to crime for my sake," he added. "Zara, the Hindoo, must not be judged as you would judge one of your faith and country. *She is not to be bought!*"

The unprincipled woman of the world coloured, even through her rouge, at the reproach thus sarcastically conveyed; and, to conceal her confusion and anger, left the room.

"Meeran," said the colonel, as soon as they were alone, "for the first time you have betrayed irresolution and weakness."

"How so?" haughtily demanded the young man.

"By bandying words with a woman: they are their natural weapons—men should disdain them; but enough of this—the danger of my niece requires action, not reproaches. I am acquainted with a man whose skill as a physician is unquestioned, but whose character is more than doubtful; for gold," he added, "he would lend himself to any action, however vile or good—provided you gratify his avarice, he is indifferent which."

"Where does he reside?"

"In a miserable street near the Almonry," replied the unnatural relative of the persecuted girl. "I forget its name, but know where to find him."

Meeran's impatience would not permit them to lose an instant. His carriage was still at the door, and in a few minutes they were on the road to the French doctor's, as he was usually called in the neighbourhood where he resided.

Quitting the carriage at the abbey, the colonel and his companion threaded their way through the infected purlieus of the Almonry, till they reached a close, narrow street, which has since disappeared before the hand of modern improvement. Without hesitation, or once mistaking his road, the former walked hastily on till he reached a small shop, with old-fashioned windows, through which it was impossible even for the lynn-eye of curiosity to peer, so dim were they from the accumulated dust of years. A few vases, filled with coloured waters—a solitary snake in spirits—together with the head of a New Zealand chief, were the only indications of the pursuits of the occupant of the house: not even his name appeared over the door—and yet that name was well known to many who dwelt in curtained saloons, and were waited on by ivied menials; but vice brings round strange acquaintances.

"Where is your master?" demanded Colonel Mowbray, of a simple-looking country boy, who was pounding drugs in a mortar upon the counter.

"In the study, with a lady."

"Say I wish to see him."

"I dare not!" answered the lad.

"Why so?"

"He has forbidden me," was the reply; "he has many such visitors," continued the youth; "not poor people, but ladies—*real* ladies, who pay for his services in gold! He is a wonderfully skilful man—and that is why the regular doctors are so envious of him."

After waiting for nearly half-an-hour—which, to the impatient Meeran seemed an age—the door of the inner apartment opened, and the shrivelled form of Doctor Guyot appeared upon the threshold, ushering out a female, whose simple but rich attire denoted that she was of no ordinary rank. The folds of the large cashmere which veiled her form, without concealing the grace of her walk and manner, betrayed to the experienced eyes of the two gentlemen that she was of the same class as themselves. As she passed near them—although the shop was sufficiently obscure to render recognition, even had they known her, all but impossible—she raised her handkerchief to her features, which were covered with a thick veil.

"That was no vulgar hand!" observed the colonel, in a whisper, to his companion, who simply nodded assent.

"Now, gentleman," said the owner of the singular establishment, "what is your pleasure with me?"

"A consultation."

"Private?"

"Private!" repeated the colonel, placing a marked emphasis on the word. "You shall not have to complain of your recompense!"

The doctor led the way to the back room which he had so lately quitted—carefully closed the inner and outward doors, which separated it from the shop—then quietly seated himself, with the air of a man who expected some important communication.

"I never visit," he replied, after Meeran had explained to him the danger of Ellen and the nature of her illness; "it is against my custom."

"What sum will tempt you?" demanded the youth, indignantly.

"Scarcely any," was the reply.

This, as the young Indian afterwards discovered, was merely said to enhance the value of his services. At his repeated entreaty, the old man at last consented to name a sum.

"It shall be doubled," exclaimed his visitor, joyfully, "provided that I may rely on your silence and discretion."

"Discretion!" repeated the man of science, with a chuckle—for the prospect of gain made him jocose—"the grave is far less likely to disclose a secret than I am! Means have been found to extort a confession from mouldering bones—even from the earth to which the flesh has been converted; but not from me: my secrets are locked here—here, in my brain! I never trust them to my heart—for the heart is flesh, and therefore weak!"

He struck his withered hand upon his forehead as he spoke.

"But this is unnecessary," he continued; "you know that you may trust me; else you had not sought me."

"And how should I be assured of that?" demanded the young man, struck by the singularity of his manner, and his mode of expressing himself.

"He sees that I am with you," said the colonel; "Guyot and I are old acquaintances—are we not, old mummy?"

"Since you are pleased to recognise me, Colonel Mowbray," replied the old man, with mock humility, "we are old acquaintances—so old, that I almost forget when first we met!"

Up to the moment he uttered the words, the speaker had not betrayed, either by look or tone, that he had ever encountered either of his visitors before. The proof was enough—Meeran was at once convinced that he might trust him.

"I will but give directions to my boy," said the doctor, "and provide myself with some necessary drugs; I will then attend you. I presume," he added, "you have a carriage near—I am not fond of walking?"

Both the gentlemen assured him that they had.

The singular man—singular both in his person and his professional pursuits—left the little chamber in which they had been closeted, and gave directions to his apprentice—for such the lad in the shop was—respecting the answer he should give to any inquirers, and then disappeared through a second door. In about half an hour he returned, fully equipped for his journey: he was accompanied by a person closely muffled in a cloak, whom he conducted to the door of his shop, and then dismissed.

"A patient?" observed the colonel, carelessly.

"No—a pupil," replied the old man, "who is possessed of the singular desire of treating one disease—and one alone."

"His name?" asked Meeran.

"I do not know it."

"His country, then?"

"I am still less acquainted with it," replied the singular personage; "his knowledge is as varied as the tongues he converses in; he has studied in many lands, and possesses something of the wisdom of all. Were I to venture a guess, I should judge him to be from —"

"The East!" interrupted Meeran, bitterly; who fancied that he had recognised, in the person of the doctor's mysterious pupil, his former friend and preceptor, the Khan.

"No," replied Guyot, without moving a muscle or expressing the least surprise; "from Italy: his genius, like his person, bears all the characteristics of the race who first imposed the yoke of conquest, and then the one of superstition, on the world. Yes, yes!" he added, thoughtfully, as if debating within himself; "he must be from Italy!"

There the subject dropped: Meeran either was, or affected to be, convinced: the interest he felt in discovering some clue to the intentions of his former friend, were absorbed in the danger of Ellen; added to which, he oath of the Khan reassured him.

(To be continued in our next.)

GENEVA;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT.

(Continued from our last.)

A GLORIOUS morning sun, beaming through the lattice, awoke me at an early hour: a beautiful landscape met my eyes on going to the window; it commanded a view of the sea-coast, which was not far distant; and I beheld with delight the blue, rolling waves of the ocean, crested with foam, and swelling proudly as they rolled onward, and came and beat against the rocks on the shore, with a hoarse, echoing sound; the high cliffs at the water's edge melted into quiet, unassuming hills, as they disappeared in the distance. The light fishing skiffs of the fishermen, chained to the shore, danced on the bosom of the blue waters, and the joyous song of the men, as they drew in their nets, was wafted to my ears by the clear morning breeze. The shepherds, and their flocks browsing on the hill-tops, diminished by distance to the size of mice, were dimly visible. On that classic, quiet shore, silence and repose kept vigils gentle and imposing as such presence should be.

When I descended, I found the count below in the parlour: he said his sleep had been disturbed by dismal dreams, and his sad face bore testimony to his words. After breakfast, at which little was said, he proposed a walk on the beach: mechanically I consented, put on my bonnet and shawl, and we went forth together.

We pursued a path through a small forest of palm, linden, and fir-trees; their thick shade formed an impenetrable bower, relieved at their base by wild flowers of every description; the meandering course of numerous rivulets ran through the wood.

We continued on, the count occasionally making some remark about the beauty of the scenery, to which I responded by monosyllables; my mind was too intensely absorbed to talk. The forest was passed. The sun broke brightly from a cloud, and the beach and the murmuring waves lay before us; a small schooner, contending against the tide, was drifting slowly along.

"That bark, struggling for anchorage, is like your life, dear lady; now it rises, now falls amid the waters; the sails gathered in—the pilot endeavouring to gain a position of safety: presently she will rest quietly, securely anchored on the bosom of that bay; so will it be, I predicate, of thee."

"God grant it may!" I murmured.

As he said, after many tacks and manœuvres, the little bark succeeded in gaining safe anchorage, where, riding tranquilly, it rested. The birds of the ocean surrounded it, flapping their wings, and making the air resound with their mournful cries.

A road wound along the shore, bordered by a footpath: on this we wandered at random, stooping sometimes to pick the flowers strewn the way. The count philosophised on nature in his sweet voice, and nature smiled upon us, wearing her fairest dress. At last, after we had gone some distance, he looked at his watch.

"The hour has come, dear lady; I must go: the carriage will be at the house to bear me away, and your forebodings will be relieved when I shall arrive at Naples and write to you."

Seeing that he was really bent on going, we retraced our steps to the house; the barouche which brought us was already there: he did not enter the dwelling, but, pressing my hand with earnest fervour, stepped into it, and drove away.

A week of quiet, daily routine and intense mental anxiety succeeded the count's departure; the days sped slowly in monotonous regularity; the nights were lonely, and would have been terrible, had it not been for my child and faithful servant.

The evening of the sixth day after he went to Naples, I was sitting at the window of my room, abstractedly gazing on vacancy, when I saw a man rapidly approaching on horseback, urging his spurs into the animal's sides, and moving his arms in such a ridiculous manner, that, had my mind been at ease, I should have laughed at his absurd gestures—but in my grief they were unnoticed. Suddenly, reining in his horse at the door, he handed a letter to the peasant who was taking his siesta before the door, and rode away as rapidly as he had come. The man brought it to me, and I eagerly yet tremblingly opened it, and devoured the contents: it was from my husband, superscribed in the count's handwriting, and as follows:

"Barberini Prison, June 11th.

"Dearest Geneva,—

"Count Malabrella will find means to send you this. Were it not for him you would hear nothing of my condition, as I am under such close surveillance, that nothing concerning me escapes suspicion. The principal agent in this sad affair exposed all by his blunders; and this has brought me, perhaps, to a felon's death! It is not known when my trial will take place—I hope soon, as I have secured powerful mediation in my behalf. These prisons are dark and cold—frightful from their solitude! I sit in one corner of my cell, and write this by the light of a lantern, while the count waits to take it away. I wish I could see my boy again! but the strange, inexorable fate which has pursued me from my earliest years, will probably continue its malice to the close of my life. Farewell—farewell! take care of yourself! Remain at Baie till the result of this is known. You shall hear from me soon again. Yours till death.

"SERVAL."

This strange epistle, written on a piece of paper evidently torn from some book, and almost illegible from blots and blurs, was too general and incoherent to satisfy

me. Perhaps, for fear of being surprised by the gaoler or some of the officials, he was unable to write more; yet he told me of nothing that had transpired. Perhaps it would have harrowed my heart too much had he told me all—he wished to spare me the sorrow.

Then came a note, within the other, from Count Malabrella.

"Most respected lady,—

"Immediately upon my arrival I asked permission to be admitted to see your husband, but was refused the favour, and only obtained it yesterday, through the intercession of a cardinal of the church, a friend of mine. I then hastened to see Monsieur de Serval. I found him sad, but not as desponding as I had expected. Of course you can imagine what was said of you, and I should be rude to repeat to you what you will have already anticipated. We then conversed upon this ill-fated affair. I told him that Alcantara was arrested, of which fact he was ignorant—the minor confederates had fled. We conferred as to what was best to be done; and I decided on soliciting the intercession of the foreign ministers, and some of the cardinals, together with as many others as I could secure.

"When I left him I hastened to the house of the French minister. I was admitted to an audience. He received me most politely—listened attentively to my explanation of the facts of the case, which it is needless to trouble you with. I entreated him to interest himself for his countryman. He did not definitely say he would, but deferred the question for re-consideration. I think, however, I shall be able to persuade him into doing something. I have secured the interests of several cardinals, and intend to do much more before the trial comes on. Believe me, everything that is within the range of human possibility shall be done. I do not despair: and I entreat you also to be consoled—to hope. Yours in faith,

"MALABRELLA."

This letter partially revived my drooping spirits, for it breathed hope and elasticity of mind. My husband's was gloomy, but that was attributable to his unhappy situation. I had expected an explanation—I received only general assurances of brighter times, which to me seemed far distant—dubious—if not impossible.

I resigned myself to the course of circumstances, and patiently abided my time. Beautiful sunny days and moonlight nights fell upon Baie at that time—the warm, bright glow of the sun, and the calm, sweet light of the moon was soothing as its rays. I often walked, beneath its light, up and down the road on which the house faced.

One evening I started before sunset, and walked in the direction of some curious ruins, situated on a cliff on the shores; the road diverged in a fork leading down to the beach. I preferred this walk, and followed it; when I had walked some distance I reached the beach, the waters now quietly swelling and falling beneath the brilliant rays of the sun; the road was thickly strewn with shells, some of which I picked up and examined; then, my mind naturally running back to philosophy, I compared human life, human joys, human expectations, to those shells at my feet, and those ruins on the cliff before me. As the light played upon the broken archway, the desolate courtyard, the ruined chambers, the falling turrets, I felt my old feelings of gloom and morbid thought come wandering back.

I ascended the hill by a beaten pathway, and wandered in and around the little temple; myself and my thoughts were the only inhabitants of the place. I gathered a bouquet of flowers, and was preparing to return, the moon having now risen: when, glancing up at the sky, I saw that which had been a few moments before so serene, dark and lowering; the horizon obscured by immense black clouds, which were rapidly spreading over the sky; heavy gusts were borne howling along, and the glaring foam of the waves was visible far away.

It was impossible to take the beach road under such circumstances—the tide having arisen, I was in danger of drowning; it was impossible to go through the woods the other side of the ruins—I was in danger of being lost in their density. I knew not what to do. Meanwhile the sky continued to darken; the moon was completely overcast; the wind continued to howl around me; the only thing to do was to remain in the temple, and claim the precarious benefit of its shelter. I could scarcely see to re-enter the ruins, and seated myself on a broken column in their midst; everything was buried in stones and darkness; the gloom was so intense I felt it.

The storm increased rapidly; the waves, lashed to fury, broke against the rocks with a roaring noise; the waves in the distance shone with phosphoric light; the clouds swept hither and thither over the face of the sky—now in tremendous masses, now scattered, white, dim, and ghost-like; such a scene as this was calculated to inspire any one with horror, and the blood ran cold in my veins as I sat and listened.

Thus it raged for I know not how long: I could not reckon time in such a place. I thought it must be two hours. Then another sound was mingled with the gale: a strange crashing, a wild, unearthly yell rang out on the storm—then all was absorbed in the rushing gale. Presently another interval of calm succeeded to these sounds of terror, when the waves and winds apparently paused to take breath, and gather their strength for another onset. The uproar of echoes, reverberating around me, was frightful: I almost thought demons from a lower world were playing their fantastic tricks within the old ruins. The weather during the day had been delightful, but the storm had rendered the air severe; and, as I sat shivering on the column, my hair standing on end, and teeth chattering with fear, the moon momentarily broke through the clouds, and disclosed the lurid landscape, strange and unearthly-looking by the mysterious light. I could not express on paper the agony I suffered, till, by

the faint streaks of morning light in the east, I perceived day would soon dawn. The roar of the gale gradually subsided, the clouds became less strongly dark, the ocean's waves less tumultuous; and, an hour afterwards, when I could fully perceive objects, I saw the light of day—and it shone upon a strange scene! When assured that the danger was over, I summoned strength to rise; my trembling limbs almost refused to support me. I wished to return to the house, anxious about my child. Walking down the hill towards the beach, my attention was attracted by pieces of spars, rigging, and a small boat, stranded by the waves: this explained to me the horrid sound I had heard during the storm. A ship had been wrecked off the coast, which in that part abounded in breakers. Numerous other objects now caught my astonished eyes: a little further on a number of bales and some personal property lay scattered about; an object, clothed in white, was stretched across my way: going towards it, I knelt down and sought to distinguish what it was: it was a corpse—a female form; the drapery concealed the face. I raised the robe from the countenance, and beheld! yes—no—yes—it was *Blanche*!

Blanche! Great heaven! what could it mean? Yes, it was her! There she was, dead: the same calm, sweet features; the same graceful form, dressed in white; the fair arms crossed on the breast. From the position in which I found her, she seemed not to have made the slightest effort to save herself: the angels of heaven seemed to have fanned her with their wings—so innocently calm—so pure looked she. But how came she on board this unhappy bark? Where was she going to? I had supposed that when she fled from Naples, it was to some foreign land—not to remain in Italy. And where was her lover? I resolved to leave the body, and go to some fishermen's huts on the cliff behind the ruin, and seek assistance—to have the body conveyed to town. As I prepared to do so, several other bodies presented themselves to my gaze, and, in the corpse of a man, lying with his face exposed, I recognised Lord Glenfells. He was dressed in royal blue cloth, such as he had always worn (preserving his English customs) at Naples. One hand was buried in his bosom, the other hung stiff and cold by his side; and, even in death, he retained his perfect beauty. This unexpected, incomprehensible event, coming so suddenly upon me after my own sorrows and the fright from the storm, overpowered me; and, sitting down on a fragment of stone, I wept over the bodies. Along the beach for a quarter of a mile the wreck was strewn in confusion: masts, cargo, rigging, luggage, all lay in different positions. The principal part of the passengers and crew probably had perished. One or two bodies came floating along as I frantically rushed up the hill again, in the direction of the fishermen's huts. They were not there when I reached them—gone, an old woman told me, to plunder the wreck. She and a young girl were the only occupants of the hut, and I earnestly entreated them to return with me to the shore, and carry the body of Blanche to their house, to remain there till I could obtain assistance from Baie. They consented to accompany me, and we returned together: they talking incessantly about the storm and the wreck, wondering what the name of the vessel was, and whence it came. The bodies were undisturbed when I reached them. The woman, apparently used to such scenes, carelessly took up the inanimate form of my beloved friend, and strode away to the house again, while the girl remained to watch that of Lord Glenfells.

Meanwhile the sun had fully risen, and threw his golden rays on the scene. The waves had subsided somewhat: they were growing calmer. The sky was bright and glowing; the hues of morning lit up the shores.

The wreckers were busy at their plunder—wretchedly dressed—some of them in tatters, running here and there—even the dead bodies they spared not. The girl sat down on the sand, near the gurgling waves, and I, standing on my feet, regarded the fair young Englishman. His eyes, which in life had been a soft, brilliant blue, were wide open, and their unnatural glare startled me. The deadly pallor of his features, and the languid air his form and face bore, too surely showed that life was not there. Presently the old woman returned, and, with the aid of her husband, an athletic peasant, they raised the corpse, and I and the girl following, went back whence we came.

They laid the two beautiful, yet guilty lovers, side by side on a rustic bed, poor and lowly as the lot of those to whom it belonged. Then the woman began to wash away the sand which thickly obscured their faces, and gathered on their clothes, all the while uttering sad cries that two so beautiful should die. Wiping the tears from my eyes, I turned to the peasant, and asked him if he could proceed immediately to my house at Baie, procure biers to take the bodies thither, and tell my maid and some of the peasants there to come also? He replied with alacrity that he would, and departed.

When the sand and red clay of the shore were entirely cleared from their persons, I regarded the corpses more attentively. Two years had not changed my Blanche: she was as beautiful as in those times past, when we sang together at Naples. I remembered the night of her departure, and her nocturnal farewell—so sad, so strange. Where had she gone then, and whither was she going now, in this ship? Perhaps again to Parthenope, when the scissoring of the fatal sisters cut short the thread of her days. Oh, unhappy fate—sad destiny!

Lord Glenfells then continued faithful to his vows of faith and love. Oh! marvellous instance of attachment in a man, that his love should last two years. Perhaps, if there were more women like her, their love would last longer. Together they had died, and now it was my sad task to see them buried amid the wild, romantic scenery of Baie.

I was alone with the bodies for more than an hour,

ere the peasant came back with my poor, astonished Pasiphae, accompanied by several men, bearing handbiers. News of the shipwreck had reached the town, and great fear had been entertained lest some evil had befallen me, as hour after hour passed away, and I came not, and the terrible storm arose. Great was their amazement when they beheld me watching two corpses, and when they saw the agony imprinted on my face. The sympathising Pasiphae threw herself at my feet, and weepingly buried her face in the folds of my robe.

"This is a most inexplicable affair, my poor Pasiphae!" said I. "I will tell you some other time. I could not return to you last evening. I spent the night in the ruins of the temple, to avoid the storm. I wish to get home quickly."

"The sweet child wept much last night, my lady, but I hushed him to sleep at last," said my faithful servant.

I turned to the men, who had placed upon the bier Lord Glenfells and his beautiful Blanche, and, after paying the women for their attention, the mournful cortege set out.

We took the road along the beach to the fork, whence it diverged to the house; then following that, we soon arrived at home. The women came rushing to the door to see so strange a sight, and scarce believed their eyes when they beheld what I brought. They were carried up stairs into an empty room, next to mine, placed on a bed, covered with a white coverlid; and I left the room, locking the door and taking the key with me. I returned to my child.

I buried them at Baie. They have a lonely grave on that rock-bound coast, at the top of the cliff on which the ruined Temple of Fortune stands. The ocean's waves wash the base of the rocks, and the flowers and trees are gathered thickly around it. No splendid monument marks the last repose of one of England's brightest, handsomest sons; no inscription tells of the fair, ill-fated songstress. Her death, like her life, was isolated. But her memory, at least, is still fondly cherished by one who knew and loved her well.

When last I visited their graves, I found them overgrown with flowers—odoriferous and beautiful as had been the character of Blanche. There the rose, the acacia, japonica, myrtle, and cypress, form unfading bowers, unfailing mourners, over their graves. When the sea is calm, the quiet murmur of its waves seems to utter unknown regrets. In storms their swelling tumult sounds like a requiem. Vain would it be for me to describe the many sad hours I passed there, silently offering as an ovation the grief of a sincere heart. During my stay at Baie, not a day elapsed but found me a visitor there. There the sadness of the scene taught me to moderate my own regrets—taught me to uplift my heart to God—taught me to be humble, thankful, and resigned.

A month passed without my hearing anything further from my husband or Count Malabrella. I was terribly anxious: I dreaded lest something of a frightful character had happened, and that they feared to tell me of it. I sometimes walked half the night up and down my room, conjuring my brains to imagine the reasons of this mysterious silence; but I could bring my mind to no clear explanation. I could resolve on nothing; everything was dark to me. At length the dreaded, yet wished-for explanation came. Another courier came with another letter, which I have still preserved. I submit it to you:

"I have made my escape. I have left Naples and Italy for ever. Had I awaited my trial, I know I should have been utterly lost. I jeopardized my life in getting out of prison; but am safe now. I release you from all faith, all allegiance to me; forget me—heaven never intended us for each other. Return to the gay world: may you be happy. Kiss my child for me. I had a presentiment, when I stood over his cradle, that I should never see him more; his baby-features are imprinted on my soul; they will only be obliterated when I shall cease to breathe. Remember me in those prayers you so fervently offer to your God, and may that God watch over you.

"I go to seek a new fortune in some foreign land; as yet I know not where: everything in the future is dark and uncertain. Farewell! Farewell!"

"SERVAL."

When I had read this strange epistle, and fully comprehended it, I remained petrified with amazement: the tone of it was so reckless, wild—almost incoherent—I scarcely believed it to be my husband's. He gave me up; he told me to forget him; to return to the world I had quitted for him. He seemed to write without feeling any regret, any sadness at this eternal separation. His child alone elicited a sentiment of humanity: and this was all the reward I received for the forbearance I had manifested towards him—the devotion I had practised for more than two years to that unhappy man. I was thrown off—cast away!

After reflection, I resolved to go to Naples, to learn something definite. Our travelling arrangements were soon made, and the following afternoon we left Baie.

The classic ruins, the ocean, the beautiful shore, and the graves of Blanche and Lord Glenfells, were soon lost to my longing eyes, in the windings of the road. The town, the mountains, sea, rivulets, ruins and all, were enveloped in the blue mists of heaven.

The next day I again beheld the fair city of Naples rising on the hill, with her lofty towers, gardens, churches, castles, and splendid private dwellings, rearing their superb height one above the other; and again I drove through the beautiful street Toledo. I hastened to the house of Madame Bonni; but two years had created changes in Naples. The good woman was gone, and another dwelt in her house. I secured apartments, how, ever, in one of the most retired hotels, and then sent for

the Court Guide, to ascertain the residence of Count Malabrella, whom I regarded as my only friend in this great trouble: it was brought, and after ascertaining his address, I sent mine to him.

He came immediately. When he entered my parlour I rushed towards him, and, showing him the letter I held in my hand, exclaimed:

"Is this true? Oh! tell me, dear count, is it true?"

"Be calm, dear lady, I entreat you; be composed; this is an unexpected meeting. I had intended coming to you at Baie to-morrow, to tell you the strange news."

"But tell me, I entreat you, is it true? has my husband really escaped from prison? has he left me in this way?"

"He has escaped, and gone I know not where. Three days ago I visited him, to tell him some favourable news regarding himself: he seemed cheerful; spoke much of you, and confidently of the result of the trial. Yesterday it was noised abroad that he had fled from Naples. Doubting whether it was not mere rumour, I inquired, and found it true: it astonished me much. Knowing your husband's determined character, I had been actively engaged in obtaining all the influence I could in his favour. I doubt not, myself, had he awaited his trial, it would have terminated favourably."

"Gone! gone!" I cried—thinking only of the desertion—"for ever gone! and what is to become of me and the child?"

"Don't give way to grief, madame; be comforted; you will find numerous friends—those who have known and loved you before your marriage."

"Oh, count! I feel as if this were the acme of my misfortunes!"

"I know life has had many changes for you; but sorrow will not last for ever; and destiny sometimes presents a pleasant face."

Thus for an hour he endeavoured to divert my mind from dwelling with too much intensity on this inexplicable affair; but in vain did I try to talk or think of something else; and he, perceiving the abstraction of my thoughts, probably thought that quiet and repose would be the best consolers at that moment; and, after repeated adjurations to be calm, to hope, he went away. I appreciated the delicacy of his behaviour in not reverting to anything that could pain me: he had impressed me agreeably at first, and acquaintance had not dissipated that impression. I was determined, however, to learn more concerning my husband; and that day, calling a calesso, bade him drive to the Barberini prison. It was situated in an obscure quarter of the city, down near the harbour, surrounded by dark and dirty-looking buildings on all sides, and itself presenting an appearance of dark, impenetrable gloom. I alighted, and entered the keeper's room, where he sat, amid old papers of all descriptions, reading from a great book, which looked to me like a ledger. Great bunches of keys adorned the smoked walls, dirty and old as their proprietor; and an old writing-desk stood in one corner, with a high stool before it.

He rose civilly as I entered, and asked in what he could please me. I told him that I had come to ask the particulars of my husband's escape, and then informed him that I was the wife of Monsieur de Servat. He seemed surprised at that; and, on my requesting to be shown my husband's cell, immediately acquiesced, locking the door of his stronghold previous to accompanying me.

We threaded several long stone galleries, off which, on either side, opened the doors of the cells. Then we descended a long flight of stairs; then came another gallery; then he paused, and unlocked an iron door, and ushered me into the dreary cell, lighted by one window, in which Rinaldo had written me the letter I received at Baie. One of the iron bars of the window was gone; the keeper pointed to it, and said:

"Through that aperture your husband made his escape, two nights ago. I know not how he obtained possession of the file with which he sawed apart the bar; but he did so, and swam, probably, to the opposite shore; at any rate, nothing has been learned of him, though government has sent spies everywhere to look for him."

I looked down at the stone pavement at my feet—and up at the dim light above my head—and soliloquised, that a month in a dungeon like that must be equivalent to ten years in the world.

"Did not one come to see my husband during his imprisonment?" I asked, wishing to learn if any one besides Count Malabrella had visited him.

"A tall, dark gentleman came often; and once another man came—but he wore a cloak, and I could not see his face: as he presented a permit, I admitted him."

"That must have been the man who was accessory to his departure," thought I; and having nothing further to say to the keeper, I left the cell and returned to the carriage, and was driven home to the hotel.

All the inquiries I made were baffled; all my suppositions were useless; nothing further concerning my husband's dubious fate was learned. I found myself once more thrown out on the world, obliged to resort to my usual resources for a support. The old manager of the San Carlo theatre, hearing I wished to return to the stage, called on me, and I entered into an engagement with him to perform in one of my old operas. I cannot describe the heartaches I experienced at being obliged to resume the laborious and distasteful profession I had so gladly resigned: but something must be done—I could not remain idle—I knew of no other means by which I could maintain myself as well as by singing, and therefore decided on that.

The night of my reappearance, a crowded house awaited me; and the Austrian nightingale, in her misfortunes, was more admired than had been the gay Genevra; yet, could those brilliant crowds have looked into my heart,

and have seen the bitter sadness imprinted there, even my rivals would have pitied me; but the world only beheld the celebrated beauty—the great singer; and my rivals could see nothing—their envy blinded them. My only joy was to return from those crowded houses—to run away from the plaudits of the multitude, the dubious admiration of the men, the patronising envy of the women, and bury myself in the solitude of my own room—devote myself to my smiling, happy boy. It was generally understood that I denied myself to all visitors: consequently I was not annoyed by any of those disagreeable attentions so often extended to actresses. I even wished to deny myself to the count, dreading the consequences of such companionship; but gratitude forbade such incivility, and he came.

One evening Raphael had fallen asleep on a sofa, after creeping about on the floor till sleep overcame him. As I sat near him, listening to his gentle breathing, I heard a light step on the carpet, and turning, saw the count. He sat down on the sofa, at the feet of Raphael, and, looking at him, said:

"How sweetly he slumbers how innocent is the sleep of a child!"

"Yes, their unsuspecting innocence is a charming attribute which they soon lose."

I never could raise my eyes when the count was present without encountering his fixed gaze—and I met it now, as I looked up from my child. He turned his away as I did so, and changed his hat from one hand to the other with a confused air.

"Can nothing be thought of? can nothing be done, to find out something more about Monsieur de Servat?" I suddenly inquired, reminded more strongly by the presence of the count, of my unhappy lord.

"Everything that the ingenuity of the government could devise, or I or others suggest to find him out, has been done—but in vain. He has baffled pursuit. Perhaps some day in future will find you reunited to him on some fair isle, of which you and your child will form the Venus and Cupid—your husband the Mars; then, in those days of sunshine, all recollections of unhappy hours will be forgotten: that will be another sphere of existence."

"It is very kind of you to reassure me, but I am convinced that will never be."

"It is possible, and whatever is possible is probable. As for me," he continued, "I wonder what fate has in store for me: a life of loneliness, I suppose, as it always has been—travelling, wandering alone."

"Oh, say not so!" I cried; and, anxious to soothe, I laid my hand on his; "not if you were near me, should you be lonely; friend to me and my husband, I would always cheer you."

"You!" he exclaimed, catching my hand; "oh, heaven itself would seem to dawn upon me, could I always be near you as I am now!" Then, as if amazed at the fervour with which he had spoken, he dropped my hand, and confusedly looked down. An agitated silence followed; this singular avowal had been so abrupt, it startled me into a tumult of thoughts I had not dreamed of for a long time past; my cheeks blushed carnation hues as I looked away. My confusion, however, did not last long; for the count, as if struggling against some feeling he wished to hide, rose abruptly, and ejaculated, as if with an effort:

"I have alarmed you; I have acted foolishly; but God knows it was involuntary; I did not intend to wound your feelings; forgive me, dear Lady Genevra—forgive me; good night!" He extended his small, thin hand for mine: with my head averted, I placed mine within his. He shook it gently, and when I looked up, he was gone. Oh, how fervently I wished I had a right ever to retain that hand—ever to lean on that arm, and gaze into those star-lit eyes—to feel that some one human being on earth cared for me, was true to me, would not desert me or disdain my love! Oh, how I wished for that faithful heart! And then to think I had found it, but under such circumstances that it was guilt itself to think of it! Had I not better determine never to see him again—to deny myself the syren-like attraction which was drawing me I know not where? Ought I not to think of my husband—to mourn his loss, regret his destiny? Yet he had himself bade me forget him—abandon all allegiance to him—be happy without him. What was to become of me? Whither should I turn for consolation? Monsieur Belmont had gone to Paris, to direct the opera there; Madame Bonni had left the city; sweet Blanche was dead, and Inez far away. Oppressed with these thoughts, I sank into a reverie, when my child stirred, and, turning, I took him in my arms.

CHAPTER XII.

In my loneliness, I reminded me of the words of the superior of the convent of Sacre Cœur, and resolved to visit her. The same nun admitted me, and I again found myself in the little convent parlour.

Presently I heard the rustling silk dress, and the superior stood before me. Her features bore the same calm expression of severity—her manner the same impressive solemnity. She immediately recognised me, and, pressing my hand, almost cordially said:

"Well, daughter, I see you again; you have remembered me; and how fares the world with thee? has not its hollow heartedness already tired you?"

"I feel tired of it sometimes, mother; and, remembering the invitation to visit you, which you gave me two years ago, I have come."

"You have done rightly, daughter: I am glad to see you. I think you told me you were a Catholic; I hope you still remain faithful to our blessed faith?"

"It has often been a consolation to me in much trouble."

I was about to enter into more general conversation, when other visitors came, and I took leave, the superior cordially bidding me adieu, and inviting me to come to mass in the chapel of the sisters.

Thinking upon the solitude of a convent life—the austerity of such an existence—I sought my room, where I found the count playing with Raphael's baby-rattle, to amuse him. He came towards me, as if doubtful of his reception after the incident of our last meeting; but, forgetting the slight pique I then felt—thinking only of the happiness of seeing him—I smiled, and extended my hand.

"You see I have been endeavouring to amuse little Raphael during your absence."

"For which I am very much obliged;" and, not knowing what to say—for his presence, of late, always embarrassed me—I sat down on the sofa, and, as the infant began to cry, told Pasiphae to take it away—which she did, and we were left alone. I turned, momentarily, to look from the window on the busy street; an audible sigh fell on my ear: when I turned round, the count was at my feet.

"Genevra! let me call you by that name!" said he. "Why should I seek to conceal a passion which I know you must have already discovered? why should I hesitate to declare that, of all the women I have ever seen in all the lands I have ever been, I single you out as the fairest, the noblest of all; that when I first saw you in the opera, I was struck with your beauty; and afterwards, in that lonely castle, where you led so isolated a life, a personal acquaintance did not dispel that illusion. Now, when I see you struggling against the adverse tide of life—forsaken by your husband—surrounded by envy, with no happiness save the society of your child—why will you not let me consecrate to your pleasure a soul which would be only too happy to dedicate itself to you? Why will you evade my sympathy? Why not let me be the sharer of those sorrows which you try to conceal?"

"Oh, count!" I cried, bursting into tears, as he held my hands; "you must not talk thus to me—remember I am a married woman: respect my situation. Whatever may be my sentiments towards you, I must smother them, and you, for my sake, must do the same!"

"I? No, never can I do that! your sweet image is too deeply impressed upon my heart: there shall it remain, a sacred solace to me. Oh! why did we not meet before your marriage, when you first made your appearance here—why do we only understand each other when it is too late?"

"Yes! ask the question of fate: in vain have I demanded it! Why do I continually long for a shade which eludes my grasp? Why does solitude ever haunt my footsteps?"

"But I offer you society, happiness; everything on earth that I can command shall be yours. Has not your husband deserted you? What faith do you owe to him? If you returned my love—if you would honour me by your confidence, imagine, my Genevra, what days of happiness might be in store for us!"

"Count!" I exclaimed, clasping both hands before my eyes; "forbear—I pray you forbear! I do like you—I acknowledge it; but this must be our last meeting. This must be the first, last, only expression of my feelings, and I feel I am doing wrong even in saying this. Consider, what happiness could I feel in doing anything that could reflect upon my character, hitherto so unblemished? What joy could I experience in a future clouded with shame? How differently should I regard you from that calm, abiding sentiment of security with which a wife regards her husband! What a tempest of emotions would succeed the happy quiet I have always enjoyed! And can you wish me to change even the uncertain life I now lead for such a scene? Depend upon it, dear count, we are better as we are. The feelings we now entertain for each other are pure: do not let us dim them by guilt!"

"You love me, then?" he whispered, still holding my hands; "you acknowledge it; say it again: if we are to be hereafter separated, let me at least be sure of that; say so, Genevra?"

"Why—oh, why do you still tempt me? If you know I like you, you know it without my telling you: words are easily spoken—they might deceive you!"

"Not words from your mouth, my Genevra! I distrust the world generally, but I know in whom to confide; and who could distrust you?"

"Oh! if you only knew how miserable I feel, you would pity me!" I passionately exclaimed, comprehending the necessity of our separation, yet feeling wretched at that thought. "Let us talk of something else; let us try and remain friends only."

"Friends!" said he, vehemently, starting from his knees, dropping my hands, and rapidly walking the room. "My feelings could never answer to so cold a title, nor could yours, if they are what I wish them to be. No, dear lady, we can never again be merely friends!" and he emphasised the word scornfully. He walked on for some minutes, then, suddenly pausing before me, looked long at my face.

"How beautiful, how truthful you are! How misplaced is your present position!" Then, as if animated by a frenzy of feeling, he again caught my hands, and, drawing me to the open window, said: "Genevra, look there—look at that beautiful scene! see how the sun glids the lofty domes; the tall trees, the gardens, the flowers! See how he warms whatever he looks upon, and his light might also warm two loving hearts, if my prayer was heard! Fly, Genevra—fly with me!" and he moved, drawing my hand towards the door; but I, though penetrated by a profound emotion, remained immovable, and, suppressing all external indications of it, quietly drew him back to the casement, and, pointing to the clear blue sky, now near twilight, said to him:

"You spoke to me allegorically; I will answer you the same. As you said to me at Baia, when we together stood upon the shore, watching the little schooner struggling for anchorage, which it at last secured, and you predicted that thus would it be with me; so do I say to you now—behold that heavy white cloud, obscuring the light of the sky; see, it gradually moves away, and the light shines clear again: so will destiny alter for us: wait and hope—everything is comprised in these words."

"No, Genevra, I have no hope now; this is not an occasion on which hope is permitted me. If this is our last meeting, and your refusal has signified it, give me one of those fair curls, that, when I look upon it, I may recall the lovely head on which it grew; yes, give me one of them, and let me paint your beautiful eyes, your lips, your cheeks, your whole face, your whole figure, on my heart; but memory has been the artist: who could paint as well as she?"

A pair of tapestry scissors lay upon the table: he took them up, and tremblingly severed one of my curls. It was soft and silky, and at least half a yard long. He smoothed the glossy tress, then laid it in his bosom, and turned from me as if to go. I saw nothing, felt nothing, but that he was going away.

"Stay! stay! you are not going from me thus indifferently; not thus for ever?"

"Have you not said so? have you not bade me go? am I not obeying you?"

"Yes, you are obeying me. I meant what I said; but stay yet awhile—I have something to say. I —," overpowered by my own sadness, my head sank upon his shoulder, and, with my hands pressed to my eyes, the tears forced their way through them. Suddenly he encircled me with his arms, and, bowing that proud yet noble head on mine, smoothed the ringlets from my brow.

"My beautiful Genevra—you will let me call you mine, will you not?" I bowed acquiescence—I could not speak. "Since you refuse my love, decline my visits, I shall write to you: you will not refuse me that pleasure, will you?"

"No," I stammered.

"To-morrow, then, a letter shall explain. Farewell, now—farewell, beautiful one!"

He went towards the door. I stood motionless. As he turned half round before opening the door, I involuntarily stepped towards him. He extended his arms—I rushed into them, and clung convulsively to him, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"My God! how hard it is!" he ejaculated, as he tore himself away, and the echo of his footsteps died away on my ear. I still grasped at air, as if seeking him, and it was some moments before I could convince myself that he was really gone. Then I went to the windows, pushed back the curtains, admitted air and light, and sought to cool my burning forehead—to recall my scattered thoughts—but neither air nor light brought me relief. Objects were dim; nothing appeared as it had in the morning. The noise of voices and carts in the streets below sounded strange and unnatural. One only thought haunted me, dwelt in my mind, lingered in my ears: he was gone—I had sent him away. I knew I had acted honourably, uprightly; that I had shown myself to be virtuous and high principled; but I was miserable—utterly wretched. I recalled his winning ways, his lofty mind, his handsome person; I imagined my destiny united to his—imagined myself his wife—I could be his on no other terms. Then I revelled in ideal happiness—then no invidious fate stood between us, but I stood lawfully by his side—then I was happy.

Thus pre-occupied, agitated, and desponding, I sat till dusk had thrown a veil over the fair city. I did not notice, but dreamed on, and was only aroused from my meditations by the entrance of Pasiphae with lights.

The next morning, more dead than alive, I went to rehearsal. The performance was tedious—the theatre cold. I hurried through, glad to escape from the tiresome scene, and returned home, where Pasiphae handed me a letter. In haste and confusion I opened it. It was from the count:

"You have told me I cannot be to you what I wish to be. You have bade me be your friend, and as I cannot be that with safety either to you or myself, we must see each other no more; at least not now, as you say; but to me the prospect of a future lawful reunion is very dim and remote. But you have not denied me the honour and pleasure of writing to you, and that shall be a slight link of friendship between us when I am far away—for I intend leaving, a few days hence, for Epirus, having to-day resigned my commission as chamberlain to his majesty—and I shall treasure the precious replies you send me as mementoes breathing your own pure spirit.

"I shall resume my lonely wanderings in the Levant, where, two years ago, I spent many happy hours in silent contemplation. To those scenes I shall transport your fairy form, and in your imaginary society, the ruined grandeur of Athens, the stately remains of Agrigento, the classic shores of Troy, will acquire new beauties for me, from association. Would that you were with me—that your dreamy, philosophic mind, might conjure up visions of past magnificence, and revel in the recollections of what it was, contrasted with what it is!

"But why do I wander into dreams again? Suffice it to say, that I must go while yet I have the will to do so, and in bidding you farewell, I feel as if bidding adieu to life. But most generally in life so it is. No sooner have you found a sympathetic mind—one in whose society existence would wing itself away only too delightfully—than some fatal accident tears her away, as if Providence envied human felicity, so rarely is it found on earth. I know, however, that that angelic virtue which has so

nobly sustained you thus far, will continue to do so to the end; and that it will, of itself, be a great reward. And that heaven may shower upon your pathway roses, the brightest, the most beautiful, is the fervent prayer of your own

"ALFIERI MALABRELLA."

Below his signature, was written in small characters: "I shall write you next from Epirus, and expect an answer there."

I read it again and again; I kissed the words and examined the handwriting; then I folded it, and carefully laid it away in an album. Within a week, then, he would be away on his journey to Epirus. Far away from me, I should only hear from him through the indifferent communication of letters; and how unhappy I should feel when I actually saw him depart. But I felt in my own heart that I had acted rightly, and the consciousness of moral rectitude upheld me.

That night I played the part of Norma to a crowded house. Again the lips and eyes of royalty applauded me. Never did I look better: the excitement of my mind had sent the hot blood to my cheeks, and my long auburn hair, falling to my waist in spiral ringlets, relieved my face. An unwonted inspiration came over me that night, and my voice was unusually clear; the house was in an uproar of delight; but neither elated by my triumph, nor caring for the admiration I elicited, I was about leaving the stage, when the silk curtains of the lower stage-box were drawn aside, and the beautiful, but pale and sad face of the count presented itself to my view. So sudden was the encounter of our eyes, so strange this unexpressed adieu, that I scarcely had recollection enough to leave the stage.

Determined to avoid the crowd which always awaited me in the green-room, I requested the manager to hand me to my calesso—which he did, and I drove to my hotel.

It was one o'clock. Pasiphae sat in the bed-room, near an open window; Raphael lay on his bed in a sweet slumber. I thought I saw something glitter on my dressing-table. Going towards it, I perceived a small Tripoli chain, with a tiny gold heart attached to it, and a slip of paper pinned to it, with these words written upon it:

"Let the child wear this in remembrance of me."

"MALABRELLA."

I asked Pasiphae who had brought it. She said an African servant had left it half an hour before. It was a delicate parting gift to my child, and a souvenir for me; but no—I was mistaken: so slight a present was not intended indirectly for me. Three days after, a small package was handed me. I opened it, and beheld an exquisite miniature of the count, set in brilliants. The beautiful black eyes seemed to smile on me with their languid fervour; the clear white complexion, the long nose—slightly aquiline—and waving black hair, were all detailed naturally; the blending and commingling of expression, which gave an air of haughtiness and benevolence to his countenance, was all there.

That was his parting gift; that day he left Naples.

If I had been unhappy in the struggle between love and duty, how much more so was I when left utterly alone in that great city; when I looked forward, and saw nothing; when I looked back on strange scenes, and at the present, which was so unsatisfactory.

I renewed my engagement, and continued to sing.

The stagnant calm of a monotonous routine requires little detail: to rise early, attend to my child, then go to rehearsal as often as a new opera was to be performed; practise my favourite songs, then walk on the Toledo, and dine at six, completed my daily existence. I received a glowing letter from the count, dated Epirus, in which he thrillingly described the country, dwelt upon its associations, its desolate, ruined condition now; then, delicately bringing the subject back to reality, spoke of himself, of me. I will not insert it here, nor the many others he sent me equally beautiful; my story is drawing to a close, my kind friend, and I am convinced its length must have already tired you.

He continued his travels in the Levant and through the East, while I went to Florence, to fulfil an engagement there. The charming society of that fair town; the fine scenery of the city itself, and the air of repose so different to the busy activity of Naples, combined to cheer and calm me. There I remained a month, and when I left, it was with feelings of regret. I carried away with me, they said, the hearts and imaginations of all; but if I did so, it was unconsciously, for never had I exerted myself less.

Genoa next claimed my attention, and it was three months ere I saw Naples again. The laurels I won seemed to me to adorn the head of a corpse, so listlessly did I regard my fame.

Visions of my husband and the count haunted my dreams, and I always saw them under strange circumstances, in strange places, when I would seem to be trying to reach either one or the other, but could not get near them—some obstacle always interposed; then, in my despair, I would feel as I felt at parting with the count. From these tumultuous dreams I awoke in terror, thankful they were mere dreams; and my perceptions being rendered more acute by these nocturnal visitations, I would renew my anxious searches for my husband, and send new agents to endeavour to discover him; but in vain—I heard nothing more of him.

Six months elapsed in the same quiet way, when one day, as I was waking up and down my parlour, leading Raphael by the hand, a servant announced that an old man wished to see me.

"Show him in," said I, and he presently returned, ushering in a tall man, attired in sailor's clothes. He came towards me, holding his tarpaulin-hat in his hand, and apparently confused at my presence.

"Is this the lady?" asked he, bashfully.

"I am Madame de Serval—do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, lady; I have a letter for you from Pondicherry."

"From Pondicherry—who can it be from? I know no one there. Give it me!"

I extended my hand, and the sailor placed in it a letter, coarsely folded and sealed. I hastily tore it open, and read the following:

"A gentleman, giving his name as Monsieur de Serval, committed suicide in my house six days ago, by blowing his brains out with a pocket-pistol! Having by accident seen a Neapolitan paper, containing a description of a Madame de Serval, a great singer, I address this letter to the lady in question, thinking, from the names, that there may be some relationship between the dead gentleman and the lady. If there is, I beg she will answer this, and tell me what is to be done with his effects, which consist of several large chests, heavily locked with padlocks, and four trunks, together with a toilette case of rare value—the interior being set with gold—and the utensils of the same metal, adorned with precious stones.

"The gentleman was buried in the English burying-ground, and a small sum of money in his purse paid for his interment.

"Pondicherry, Jan. 10th." "JEROME TUBIA."

When I had read this fatal letter, I endeavoured to look around for the man who had brought it, but I could not see him: the room darkened, and, with a wild shriek, I fell into Pasiphae's arms, and lost all recollection.

* * * * *

I must carry you onward another year. When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of this unexpected news, I sent to Pondicherry, and had the remains of my unfortunate husband brought to Naples. I thought I should have gone mad when I saw the body: and, with bitter sadness, did I consign it to Mother Earth. A marble tombstone was placed over him, in the cemetery of the convent of Sacre Cour. Of his adventures, or the cause of his going to Pondicherry, I never knew. All I learned was, that he came there, boarded at the house of the man who had written to me, and was gentlemanly and reserved. They knew nothing of him. He told no one anything concerning himself. He had been there some weeks at the period of his self-destruction; and it was merely by accident the landlord had supposed that perhaps there might be a relationship between two persons of the same name. Thus, through the merest chance, after six months of anxiety and sadness, did I once more, and for the last time, look upon my Rinaldo's face.

There is a feeling between husband and wife—that is to say, between husbands and wives of any sensibility, who have ever loved—there is, I say, a feeling of affection, which will sooner or later return, however alienated the parties may have become. As I stood over that lifeless form, and thought of his erratic career, and wayward, uncertain character; of his love for me, and subsequent desertion; his entering into a conspiracy against the government; then carried as a prisoner of state to Naples; his escape and after-wanderings—all rushed through my mind. Why had he acted thus? Why had he not been honest, upright? Why? Of whom could I ask that question? The earth falling on the coffin was my only reply.

Let me pass over those times.

It was in the dawn of spring; I occupied a small Gothic cottage, about a mile from Naples. Two domestics and my child—now a lisping, rosy boy—together with Pasiphae, were its sole tenants. The grounds of this sylvan abode were beautifully laid out, and the fairest flowers planted there. There, too, a marble fountain threw high in air its airy spray—cooling the air, and adorning the garden by its beauty.

Several rustic arbours, formed of the pliable bamboo, and shaped in Gothic turrets, were placed at intervals along the gravel walks, which, meeting in one broad attic before the porch, ended there; the birds sang their sweetest songs in the day-time; and at night the spiritual warbling of the nightingale was the inspirer of the hour.

Here, one sunny afternoon, I sat under the shade of a tree, watching Raphael, and Zoe, his pet dog, running races. The frolicsome glee of the child, the graceful antics of the dog, as he sometimes ran after his baby master—sometimes solicited pursuit in return—amused and diverted me. As the child grew older I could trace his father's lineaments in his young features; and the thoughts which were recalled by that resemblance only rendered me sadder than I was. I was reading Petrarch's sonnets, a volume of which had been presented me by my husband during the first months of my marriage: their gloomy descriptions of love and beauty entranced my soul; and, absorbed, I read on, forgetful even of the playful cries of Raphael, when I saw Pasiphae coming towards me, her face lighted with more than usual animation; and, with a gleeful voice, she told me a man desired to see me in the saloon.

"Ask him to send me word what he wants, Pasiphae. I do not wish to see any one this morning. Why did you not deny me yourself—you know I do not want to talk?" was my reply; for I was indisposed to see visitors, or answer business engagements.

"Do come, my lady—do come!" said Pasiphae, urgently and joyfully; "indeed you won't regret it; the person has something particular to say."

Thus urged, and wondering what it could be, I left my book on the seat, and, taking Raphael by the hand, followed by the dog, went into the house. The rooms were all on the ground-floor; a broad hall ran through the house, and opening off it were four rooms: two were fitted up as saloons, the other two constituted my bed-room and dining-room. They were furnished alike, with red velvet drapery, Turkey carpets, and mirrors. Pasiphae regularly each day placed fresh flowers in the Chinese vases on the marble consoles, and their delightful perfume scented the rooms with oriental fragrance.

I entered the room, holding Raphael by the hand, and, coming from the clear light of the garden into the crimson light of the saloon, I could scarcely discern objects.

A tall figure stood with its back towards me, facing the window. As I stepped forward on the carpet, it turned, and I beheld Count Malabrella. Animated with a supernatural joy, I sprang towards him.

"It is you!" I cried; "oh, is it you? You have come! you have come!"

"Yes, beloved one!" answered he, as he clasped me in his arms. "At last we are united: now the unstable dreams which have buoyed me up through this long separation, and my lonely wanderings, are realised; now we meet, not to feel again the same sorrow we mutually experienced at our last parting!"

"Oh, let me die now!" I answered, as I laid my head on his breast; "for now I am happy, and life cannot have many repetitions of such emotions for me!"

"Instead of dying, let us picture long years of happiness, and be determined they should be verified," replied my Alfieri, laughingly.

Naples once again saw me as a bride: not as at the first, blooming with health and joy, my mind in an ecstatic rhapsody of romance—but a woman chastened by experience, that best of monitors. Subdued, but not downcast, was my mien the morning of my bridal; the sobered happiness of my husband's face was mirrored in mine—and surely I could not have had a more beautiful mirror.

And in that marriage I was supremely happy; my life glided like a fairy dream away. The elegance of mind and manner which captivated at first, did not prove, on mature acquaintance, a fictitious dress, worn merely for ornament. Judgment, tempered by feeling, guided him, and in obeying such a guide, how could he fail to act rightly? The calm good sense, the nobility of soul, and sweet disposition of Alfieri, day by day more completely gained my loved and esteem.

Before leaving Naples, on a journey we took, soon after our marriage, to the north of Italy, I chanced to meet, in the suburbs of the town—while walking with my husband—old Acte, the sybil of the rock. She stopped my way, and, looking at me with her piercing eyes, said:

"Well, fair lady, we meet again: I knew we should; and the other, where is she? You need not tell me: I know already—she is dead. She lies on the shore, where the winds howl and the waters beat. Say, lady—say—have not my words proved true?" demanded she, in her shrill tones.

"Yes, good woman, you were right," was my hasty reply, as I and my husband hurried away, anxious to avoid any further conversation with the weird-woman.

Soon after we took our departure on a tour through the north of Europe. Those magnificent cities, beautiful scenery, and the different nations we visited, acquired new interest in my eyes, when viewed in such society. Then, after we had satiated our eyes and ears with the wonders of other lands, we came finally to the Eternal City, where I have had the pleasure of forming your acquaintance; and I number it as one of the most agreeable episodes of my life; so, also, does my husband.

My tale is done. You have asked it of me, and, knowing your integrity, I feel no hesitancy in complying with the request. The hours I have passed in your studio have been among the pleasantest I have spent in Rome.

Should the count and myself never have the pleasure of seeing you again, at least the copy of my portrait and this diary will seem to be an invisible link to the chain of thoughts between us three.

Adieu, dear Signor Carrara: we shall leave to-morrow, and I have completed this in haste, to leave with you.

GENEVRA MALABRELLA.

The latter part of this diary was very old, yellow, and much torn, from apparently repeated readings: I had some difficulty in deciphering it. Its perusal had deeply interested me, so I folded it up, and rose upon my feet. I saw my little time-piece indicated the hour of one.

The next day I waited on Signor Ferra, the attorney: he lived in a dark, dirty street, in an old tumble-down house. Upon opening Carrara's will, I found, to my utter amazement, that, with the exception of the house in which he lived, and the gallery of paintings, he had made me heir to his considerable property in Rome and the environs, together with the beautiful portrait of Genevra. My kindness to the solitary old artist had not been ill repaid: so impossible it is for us, in this strange existence, to foresee the result of even the slightest action; and which only more fully demonstrated to me the propriety of always being polite.

A few days after, my friend Morton and myself left Rome for Athens.

[END OF "GENEVRA."]

A BOY OF EIGHTY AND HIS FATHER.—There is now living at Tolleshunt Major, Essex, a labourer, named Joseph Bateman, who has reached the advanced age of 102 years. His wife has been dead many years, but he has a son living, eighty years old, and the veteran is often solaced by the boy calling upon him to have a little chat.

PASTIME.—The possibility of putting a bulk so large as twenty shillings, weighing four ounces, into a wine-glass already full to the brim, may be doubted; yet with a steady hand it may be thus accomplished: First procure a wine-glass, wipe it perfectly dry inside and out, especially round the rim; pour the water gently into it from a spouted mug until the glass is full to the brim; then drop the shillings edgewise gently in. Immediately the edge of the shilling touches the water, let it fall. Be careful not to wet the edges of the glass. Spring water is better than soft.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE STEPHENSON.

STATUE OF THE LATE GEORGE STEPHENSON.

It has passed into a proverb, that public bodies are essentially selfish, that, being all head and no heart, they are incapable of gratitude.

We fear the accusation is too substantially founded to be denied; for, when a multitude of money-making interests converge to one point, there seems, by a tacit unanimity, to be amongst them an understood repudiation of all the warmer impulses that actuate mankind individually.

This has always sounded like a reproach—and, in the present day, justly so; but formerly it did not consistently apply, for corporations originally were defensive associations, managed in a defensive spirit. Thus, they were necessarily sordid in their conduct; and that led to such a mean appreciation of everything beyond the narrow boundaries of their operations, that they were as incapable of rewarding merit as of giving liberal encouragement to a splendid suggestion. The same feeling prevails in all those corporations that have been permitted to rest on their ancient bases. The universities are examples in point; the City of London is another; for, while clinging to Smithfield Market and such ugly obstructions as Temple Bar, it has coldly rejected a comprehensive scheme for a central railway terminus.

But, with the establishment of railways, a better spirit began to prevail. The grandeur of the idea, and the magnitude of the works that had to be executed, contributed largely to render these modern corporations more liberal in their management and more enlarged in their views. Owing everything to mechanical genius, the directors of these undertakings have considered mechanical genius worthy of reward instead of neglect. But hitherto, in the majority of instances, the reward has been not at all proportionate to the merits of the recipient. A mere pecuniary payment, the discharge of an ordinary money obligation, is surely not such a recognition of rare mental endowments as ought to satisfy such men as Brunel, Stephenson, or any other of the great engineers whose names are patent to the whole world. Yet this has precisely been the only kind of acknowledgment any one of them has received, beyond formal votes of thanks and the applause of dinner parties. While our towns swarm with statues of naval and military heroes, we look in vain for monuments in honour of Watt, of Telford, of Arkwright,

of Stephenson, or of the father of the steam-engine, the Marquis of Worcester. Glory, in this country, would seem to be reflected only in the horrors of warfare; and we think it greatly to the discredit of our railway companies, that they should not have earlier exerted themselves to do something towards rescuing the national character from this ignominy. England owes all her present greatness to her men of thought—it is her boast, and poets have nervously apostrophised the fact:

Thou in the soul of man—thy better wealth—
Art richest. Nature's noblest produce, thou
Beatest with an opulence prodigal; this, thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil.

How we have hitherto estimated this "privilege," is too notorious for comment.

Railway companies, being modern institutions, ought not to have submitted to the trammels of ancient precedents, but boldly have started a new era in the history of British appreciation of native worth, and the immortal influences of power founded on the labours of men who have devoted their energies to the development of newer and grander modes of working out a more perfect civilisation for the human race. The various railway termini might have been so adorned with tributes to "nature's noblest produce," that the legislature so lavish, when a warrior's name is to be graced, and the people so indifferent, unless stirred by "sonorous metal, blowing martial sounds," might each have been shamed into a better course of conduct, and a keener sympathy for the greatness that really builds up the glory of man.

However, we have an impression that this omission, in the course of a few years, will not have to be charged to our railway boards, for there are some promising indications of a more liberal spirit prevailing amongst them—and not the least cheering among them is the evidence we have before us, that the men who planned and executed

Structures of more ambitious enterprises
Than minstrels, in the age of old romance,
To their own Merlin's magic have ascribed,

will not go down to posterity unhonoured, save by the ever diligent pen of the biographer, or the esteem of true greatness, which even tradition faithfully transmits from age to age.

At the metropolitan station of the London and North Western Railway, it is proposed to erect—or, before our publication is issued to our readers, it is likely there will be erected—a statue to the memory of GEORGE STEPHENSON, the celebrated engineer.

This piece of sculpture, of which we present our readers with an engraved copy, represents the great constructor of the first long passenger line in England, in "his habit when he lived." The likeness is remarkable, and the whole attitude characteristic of the unostentatious deportment of the man who was "DETERMINED NOT TO BE PUT DOWN,"—although a member of a parliamentary committee, before which he said "it would not be difficult to make a locomotive travel from fifteen to twenty miles an hour," declared that "such an engineer could only be fit for a lunatic asylum," and he had to struggle against opinions which obtained uncompromising advocacy in the highest quarters. The "Quarterly Review," of the time when railways were first proposed, thus assailed Stephenson and his scientific compeers: "As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the waggons, mail and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine—or, to speak in plain English, the steam-carriage—may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned."

Stephenson was not a man to be beaten by mere writing, or the sarcasms of those who then, as in every period, are to be found resolutely setting their faces against change of any description. He persevered with his brilliant suggestions, as only a man who has unlimited confidence in himself can; and lived long enough not only to triumph over all his adversaries, but to see railways actually supersede "every other mode of conveyance."

In No. 188 of the LONDON JOURNAL, we gave a sketch of the career of this distinguished engineer, and now, while paying to the directors of the London and North Western Railway Company the compliment they have justly earned, by this posthumous tribute to the genius of George Stephenson, it will be sufficient if we direct the attention of our readers to this statue, as a graceful as well as eloquent exposition of what integrity, mental energy, and high moral courage can accomplish, even under the most adverse circumstances.

The late George Stephenson was the son of a poor collier, and he himself worked in a coal-pit until he was fourteen years of age. His first essay in mechanics was in repairing his own old eight-day clock, and his next, putting in order the engine at the colliery in Killingworth, where he was employed as breaksmen. There he began to study the steam-engine, perfected himself in the mathematical sciences, and in 1814, when only thirty-three years of age, he had not only made and tested locomotives, but was the patentee of engines which went beyond all that had previously been constructed, in the perfection and performance of the machinery. Those seventeen years were unquestionably the most arduous as well as the most creditable portion of his life. He had not only to study after his severe daily labour, but to contend with the scepticism of friends as well as the world, and those cold-hearted sneers which enthusiastic genius invariably encounters in the dawn of its career. How-

ever, the future railway engineer was dauntless—he toiled late and early. Like the oak—

Type of an honest English heart—

he nobly braved the storm of ridicule and doubt by which he was assailed, and soon demonstrated the practicability of drawing heavily-laden trains of waggons from the coal-pits to the ships in the Tyne. His reputation had extended far and wide; and when the Liverpool and Manchester Company, after surmounting enormous difficulties, obtained their Act of Parliament, he was selected to be the engineer. How he succeeded in his daring attempt to surpass in mechanical hardihood all that had previously been attempted in engineering, the history of that undertaking sufficiently attests. The works were the first of the kind in the world; and, when it is considered that the scheme was quite novel—that hills had to be pierced, embankments formed, viaducts built, and Chat Moss, a spongy bog of four miles, converted into a solid road—some idea may be formed of the skill as well as courage of the engineer, and the confidence of the directors in his ability and resources; for, without the latter, Stephenson must have paused just on the threshold of his triumph.

But probably what contributed more than anything else to the successful establishment of railways as a system, was the successful adoption of locomotives as a tractive power. After the Liverpool and Manchester Company had decided in favour of locomotives, Stephenson, Hackworth, Braithwaite, and Ericsson, entered the lists to contend for a prize, which each knew perfectly well was one of the most dazzling ever offered to competition in the world of mechanical science. The 8th of October, 1829, was the eventful day fixed for the trial, and Stephenson—to adopt a jockey phrase literally applicable—came to the post with his Rocket, Hackworth with his Sans Pareil, and Braithwaite and Ericsson with the Novelty. The test assigned was to run thirty miles along a level, at not less than ten miles an hour, with a load three times the weight of the engine.

As our readers are well aware, the Rocket was the winner, having reached so high a speed at one time as twenty-nine miles an hour. This was astounding. All scepticism on the subject, like a decent old lady, went to bed, and died a peaceful, natural death; and Stephenson thenceforth became, to use an Americanism, one of the most distinguished men of the day. His fame was on every lip, and thus, at the age of forty-eight, in the very prime of his useful life, he had not only securely laid the foundation of his own success, but demonstrated, beyond all cavil or question, the wonderful superiority of the locomotive steam-engine over every other known tractive power. His competitor on that occasion, Mr. Ericsson, has since startled the two hemispheres with his caloric ship—all good fortune and prosperity attend on so faithful a son of science; but we question whether the present generation will date the commencement of a new era in civilisation at any later period than that interesting 8th of October, 1829. The hero of that day is now in his silent grave, but his memory and reputation must endure through untold ages; and those who gaze upon his familiar lineaments, as they appear in dumb significance in the great hall of the Euston Square station, should bear in their remembrance that their living original started in life amid the gloom of a coal-pit, and descended to the tomb rich in everything contributory to the glory, honour, and happiness of mankind.

CHANNING AT SCHOOL.—There was a beaming beauty about the boy Channing; his eye brilliant, his cheeks glowing, his light-brown hair falling in curls upon his shoulders. In the dame's school, where he received the first elements of his education, he was distinguished for his goodness. "I wish in my heart," said his mistress, to an unruly companion, "you were like William Channing." "Oh," exclaimed the poor child, "I can't be like him; 'tis not half so hard for him to be good as it is for me!"

THE FIRST PITT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. Bancroft, writing on the repeal of the Stamp Act, says: "Early the next day every seat in the House of Commons had been taken; between four and five hundred members attended. Pitt was ill, but his zeal was above disease. 'I must get up to the house as I can,' said he; 'when in my place, I feel I am able to remain through the debate, and cry aye to the repeal with no sickly voice;' and he hobbled into the house on crutches, swathed in flannels; huzzas as he passed through the lobby, by almost all the persons there." [He was partial to appearing in Parliament on crutches, wrapped up in blankets.]

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the hand-irons and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family get into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw others into the scrape, and let one harsh word be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendours. The venerable Philip Henry understood this well, and when his son Matthew, the commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:

Love one another, pray oft together, and see
You never both together angry be.
If one speak fire, 't'other with water come;
Is one provoked? be 't'other soft and dumb.



[THE BRIDE OF NAPOLEON III.]

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
A crown.

On the 16th of April, 1746, two armies were engaged in furious contest on a barren, black, ugly moor, in the Highlands of Scotland. A crown and innumerable destinies hung on the event. On one side was arrayed the chivalry of Scotland, headed by a prince cursed with the indecision of his race; on the other, the disciplined bands of England, led by valiant captains, who fought by rule and compass, but inspired by, in the true soldier's breast, the indomitable principle of duty. Even now, as the plain of Culloden glooms on the imagination, it might be exclaimed:

Hark to the mingled din

Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin.
"Ho, for King Charles!" "Ho, for King George!" are the rival cries; but little reck either side of the far-off future, shrouded in those invocations to the god of battle. Exploded right and stalwart freedom, in the bloody fray of "hot horse to horse and man to man," strive for mastery—nothing but the mastery. Neither cares for the spell it breathes upon the future—of the ruined houses and the broken hopes that wait upon the fortunes of the one—the splendid greatness and magnificent realisations that follow the success of the other. The shadows of coming events are ever drowned in the thick darkness of war. So, "Ho, for Divine Right!" and "Ho, for a people's choice!" and the combat deepens. Vainly do Lochiel and Macdonald brandish the redoubtable claymore; vainly does Lord George Murray make skilful dispositions; vainly does Prince Charles wave his Highland bonnet: Cholmondeley, Price, Burrell, Howard, Wolfe, Cobham, with their "ancient war-cry of 'St. George,'" with some material assistance derived from cannon-balls and grape-shot, hurl back those daring warriors on weeping and wailing Inverness; and, when night closed on the carnage, the power of the royal house of Stuart was spent and broken for ever. The heart of the Highlands was cleft in twain; hushed was the war-note of Lochiel. The day was dark indeed for "exploded right;" but, peering over the horizon, was a star of greater magnitude, portending mightier destinies. Had it been quenched at Culloden, there would have been no England, in the overwhelming greatness of physical power and stirring example, to arouse the spirit of liberty in France; no Napoleon the Great to be crushed—no Napoleon III. to take unto himself a bride, sprung from the wave that rolled over "Divine right," on that 16th of April, 1746, and submerged a cause upheld by men whose romantic bravery will never fail to excite a generous glow of admiration in the heart of every true Briton.

The victory, however, was given to a political combina-

tion, which led to the establishment of the highest conditions yet experienced by humanity—but we must not anticipate. While the battle raged fiercely, a father and son fought side by side: their Scottish-Irish blood tingled at fever-heat; and wherever deeds of valour were to be done, thither they flew. In vain. The Highlanders fly in confusion, and Cumberland's dragoons and light horse complete the rout. The son, borne away in the headlong flight, is separated from his parent, and on earth they never meet again. So, let it be imagined that, foot-sore and weary, the poor lad—for, in truth, he was no more—reached London in the ripe month of August. Some ghastly heads, from which the flesh had not all dropped, saluted him at Temple Bar; and when he had found friends and shelter, he learned, to his horror, that one of those grim memorials of dismal Culloden had once spoken to him in the sweet accents of parental love; and the lips, now so dry and withered, had often rested fondly on his cheek. In his strong agony, London became hateful to him; in the land of his birth he was a proscribed fugitive; and, detesting England and everything English, he resolved to leave a country red with the blood of his idolised father.

Whither should he go? He might have hidden himself in the American colonies, but there the fiery flag of England waved; or have gone to Holland, but it was in close amity with England; or to France, but he scorned its perfidy to Charles Stuart: in short, there was no country that offered him anything like a home but Spain—and to Spain he resolved to go. There he could cherish his own faith, and at least receive some countenance from the Duke of Berwick—the greatest of all the Stuarts, although he had the bar sinister in his shield.

Well, to Spain the houseless wanderer went; but of the particulars of his career in that then warlike and commercial country, we are not informed. Most likely the catastrophe which had befallen his father, had induced him on the voyage to cast his sword into the Bay of Biscay; for we find that he founded a commercial family, and in 1823, or thereabouts—a year or two is immaterial—the male descendant of the fugitive from decisive Culloden was firmly established as a merchant in the peaceful port of Malaga, where—so weak are vengeful traditions to withstand the wearing influences of the spirit of trade—he occupied the very honourable and responsible post of British Consul, which obliged him to watch over and protect the interests of the very nation his ancestor had fled from in hatred and disgust.

And now, having brought this historic romance to this interesting point, we must inform our readers that Don Kirkpatrick, the British Consul at Malaga, being, like all men who can boast of Scottish blood, either paternally or maternally, possessed of some imaginative powers, was one calm, summer's evening seated in his *sanctum sanctorum*, thinking, among other things, of the wonderful events which had occurred since his father or grandfather

had arrived in sunny Spain. In three-quarters of a century, England had become the foremost nation of all the earth. France had been the theatre of the most tremendous scenes in the history of the world. Spain had been desolated by a foe from which England had rescued her; a mighty republic had risen in the western world; and, as a Scotchman would say, more propitious to his own traditions, that Goliath of war, Napoleon, had run his meteor course, and left a dazzling trail of light behind him. Unexampled, wonderful, precious period! But as the old gentleman's mind was becoming bewildered by the magnitude of the subjects that presented themselves for thoughtful study, he fancied he heard a manly but very melodious voice, singing an unmistakable love-song beneath his very window.

"That odious de Montijo!" he growled, as he proceeded to take a covert survey of the gallant serenader.

The moon was not up, but he could easily discern the outlines of the person of a cavalier with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who he well knew was young, noble, and extremely handsome.

According to the Spanish custom, he was serenading the beautiful Mona Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, with whom he had long been passionately in love. When the song had been brought to a conclusion, the British Consul heard the silvery voice of his daughter in reply; and, on putting his head out of the window, he plainly saw her tall, well-developed figure in the balcony below him. He listened—in fact it must be admitted he played the spy on the lovers; and as his aged ear drank in their ardent vows of mutual affection—which reminded him of a spring-time of his own, with a dear one then far away, and very cold, he softened. He forgot the poverty of the young man, and only remembered his worth and devotion to Mona. Probably the meditations in which he had been indulging, combined with the poetry of the still hour, had somewhat idealised his fancy; or very likely he thought what a handsome couple they would make, or that an alliance with a poor member of such a distinguished family as de Montijo's was not to be despised. However, whatever his influencing emotions were, certain it is that he left his window of observation with an increased regard for the youthful noble, which in the course of a few weeks deepened so far, that he cheerfully consented to his taking his lovely child "for better for worse."

And so the charming daughter of the British Consul at Malaga wedded with the best blood in Spain; and her husband having scarcely any fortune of his own, the presumption is, that the consul did not present him with a "tocherless" bride. Fortune, however, as if to compensate the young couple for their early trials, and reward their fidelity to the passion that, when faithfully pursued, keeps a rainbow in every pure human sky, in a few years showered her gifts upon them. To assist in the working out of the destiny that was in store for the great great something of the unfortunate man whose head, in 1746, was grinning on the top of Temple Bar, in London, all the elder branches of the De Montijo family were consigned to the vaults of their illustrious ancestry; and the once poor but proud and aspiring serenader, under the operation of the terribly maligned law of primogeniture, succeeded to the rank of grandee of Spain, and, among other titles, to those of Count de Montijo, Duke de Teba, and Duke de Penaranda. Princely estates accompanied these glittering distinctions, and not to elaborate a catalogue, the grandchildren of the British Consul at Malaga became in time the richest heiresses in Spain.

The eldest daughter of this marvellously endowed younger son, and still more marvellously fortunate daughter of the British Consul at Malaga, married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, the descendant of the celebrated duke of that name, who no doubt befriended the exiled son of the Scottish-Irish gentleman whose connection with Culloden brought him to the scaffold.

The second daughter of this marriage is now the Empress of the French. But, not to let the details of this strange, eventful history bewitch our sober senses, let us mention that the once fascinating and adored Mona Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, is now a widow, and that, until January 30, she was described by the Spanish heralds as—Countess Dowager of Montijo, De Miranda, Banos y Mora; Duchess de Penaranda; mother, guardian, and administratrix of the person and property of my daughter, Dona Maria Francisca de Sales Portocarrero, Palafox y Kirkpatrick, Croy de Havrá y Lant, Lopez de Zuniga, Fernandez de Cordoba, Leiva y la Cerda, Rojas, Guzman, Luna, Enriquez de Almanza Cardenas, Puehoco y Acuna, Avellaneda, Guzman de Iscar, Rodriguez de Aza Uchoa, Bazan Osorio, Enriquez de Valdes y Cardona, Acevedo, Chaves, Hinojosa, Chacon, Mendoza, Cardenas y Zapata, Vargas, Luna, Vivero, Cabrera y Bobadilla, Lopez Pacheco, Funes de Villalpando, Frances de Arino, Albion, Gurrea, Fernandez de Heredia, Monroy, Aragon, Enriquez de la Carra, Navarra, Loden, Bracamonte y Davila; Countess of Montijo, De Miranda, De Banos, De Mora, De Fuentiduena, De Abilas, De San Estevan de Gornaz, De Casarubios del Monte y de Santa Cruz de la Sierra; Duchess of Penaranda; Marchioness of Valderrabano, De Osera, De Barcarotta, De la Algaba, De la Baneza, De Moya, De Villanueva del Fresno, De Valdunquillo y de Mirallo; Viscountess of Palacios de la Valduerna y su Infantazgo, Y de la Calzada; Lady of the Casa Fuerte de Arteaga, &c. &c.

And that bringing us over the second point in this romance from real life, we will approach the third and final one, by inviting the reader to study the history of the past thirty years, beginning at the very day when the British Consul at Malaga overheard the clandestine courtship of his daughter and the handsome, but poverty-stricken, De Montijo.

While the wife was devoting herself to her children, the throne of the Bourbons was again shattered to atoms,

and an elective one, somewhat after the fashion of England in 1688, erected on its ruins.

Louis Philippe began his reign in France when the infant Donna Maria Francisca was in her third year; and little did the fond mother dream, as she watched its cradled slumbers, that shadows of coming greatness silently gathered thick around its innocent head. But when the child grew apace, and she thought, in the grand estate she had afterwards acquired, of the peace and amenities Louis Philippe had established in France, and of the superior educational facilities that country afforded, she adopted that land as the best adapted for the development of the mental and moral nature of the future Countess of Teba in her own right; and when that determination had been carried into effect, she became as well known in the fashionable saloons of Paris as of Madrid. France became her second home, and as Donna Maria progressed towards a brilliant maturity, France, and the countries with which her race had become strangely connected, were either noiselessly or violently passing through their appointed phases.

England was careering along in her own grand, unapproachable way—Spain was throbbing with intestine commotions—France was tuning and fretting under an authority which, to her sicklied imagination, looked like a tyranny. The ceaseless shadow of destiny, within whose circle

The Pyramids look pale—
The festal halls grow hushed and cold—
The everlasting hills wax old!

was marching in its sublime, mysterious silence; and in 1848 its last tremendous doings—the revolutions of that year—broke upon the astonished world. Louis Napoleon, the nephew of that Colossus whom Europe had overthrown, one day saw himself a neglected and despised fugitive in London, and the next at the head of the very people which England, more than any other nation, had frantically striven to restrain. Thus proving in this, as in other innumerable instances, how futile is the attempt to impose terms on posterity.

Well, not to recapitulate the transactions of our own immediate day, this same Louis Napoleon became Emperor of the French. How he obtained "the round and golden top of sovereignty, it is not for us to question. *He did obtain it*, and that fact is more significant than all the homilies which have been spoken and written on the means.

But "the massy weight on't galled the laden brows" of the bachelor Emperor, and he must needs have a bride to share the burthen, and divide the glory. Newspaper scribes indulged in a vast deal of speculation as to his overtures to foreign courts, to beggarly German princesses, and saffron-visaged Braganzas, in scorching Brazil—but they were all most woefully deceived. Louis Napoleon, with the impenetrable secrecy natural to his adamantine resolution, did not choose to make his election known until the hour which he himself should appoint. Instead of hunting for a bride among aliens and enemies to France, he fixed his regal regard on the tall, fair girl who had haunted his imagination from the moment he had seen her in the halls of the Elysée. Her bright English face and luxuriant auburn hair had captivated his fancy; and her unexceptionable manners, modest dignity, rare mental endowments, and peculiarly fascinating smile, completed the conquest. So that, while all the rest of gossiping Europe were gravely discussing the probabilities in favour of this or that foreign princess becoming "the bright particular star" of imperial France, the Emperor, on the 22nd of January last, quietly called his senate together, and thus addressed them:

"I yield to the wish so often manifested by the country, in coming to announce to you my marriage.

"The alliance which I contract is not in accord with the traditions of ancient policy—and therein is its advantage. France, by its successive revolutions, has ever abruptly separated from the rest of Europe. Every wise government ought to try to make it re-enter the pale of the old monarchies. But this result will be more surely attained by a straightforward and frank policy, by loyalty in conduct, than by royal alliances, which create a false security, and often substitute family interests for those of the nation. Moreover, the example of the past has left in the mind of the people superstitious feelings. It has not forgotten, that for seventy years foreign princesses have not mounted the throne, but to behold their race dispossessed and proscribed by war or by revolution. One woman alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than the others in the memory of the people—and that woman, the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue of royal blood. It must, however, be admitted, that, in 1810, the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event. It was a pledge for the future, a real satisfaction to the national pride, as the ancient and illustrious branch of the house of Austria, who had been so long at war with us, was seen to solicit the alliance of the elected chief of a new empire. Under the last reign, on the contrary, the *amour propre* of the country had to suffer, when the heir to the crown solicited, fruitlessly, during several years, a princely alliance, to obtain it only in a secondary rank and in a different religion.

"When, in presence of old Europe, one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon (*enrichissant son blason*), and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly, in presence of Europe, the position of *parvenu*—a glorious title when one obtains it by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus, obliged to depart from precedents followed to the present day, my marriage became

a private affair, and there remained only the choice of the person.

"She who has been the object of my preference is of distinguished birth. French in heart, by education, by the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne; in the day of danger, she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I have the firm hope, endeavour to revive in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I come, then, messieurs, to announce to France, that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mixed with sacrifices. Without disdaining any one, I yet yield to my inclinations, but after having taken counsel from my reason and my convictions. In fine, by placing the independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free.

"Soon proceeding to Notre Dame, I shall present the empress to the people and to the army: the confidence they have in me assures me of their sympathy; and you, messieurs, on learning better to appreciate her whom I have chosen, you will allow that on this occasion also I have been inspired by Providence."

For cool, premeditated audacity, concentration of thought, and unblenching firmness, this state document is unequalled. It is unquestionably a glove thrown at the feet of the old dynasties of Europe, and will, we are assured, be hereafter referred to as the first hostile manifesto of the deliberator, but remarkably daring man who now holds the future of civilisation in his impenetrable keeping.

His courtiers were amazed; the press was amazed, also chagrined, at its fancied want of foresight. France exulted—the continental nations writhed under this studied repudiation of their hackneyed traditions. But, before the matter had become a nine-days' wonder, Donna Maria Francisca Montijo was wedded to Louis Napoleon, and now bears on her beautiful brow the crown that never adorned a better or fairer head than Josephine's—the discarded, but, to the end, still loving Josephine.

And thus ends the third and concluding portion of the romance which we have described from the fatal field of Culloden, to the wedding pageant of the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame. The worshipper of destiny has wedded the child of destiny—and their union is consistent. What the future career of either may be, it is beyond all human sagacity to determine. Both have attained the culminating point in their respective lives and family traditions, and both have as dark and illimitable a futurity before them as the ancestor of the Empress had, when, with quivering lips and brows moistened with mortal anguish, he gazed upon the ruined temple of his father's soul crumbling away, bit by bit, on the top of smoke-begrimed Temple Bar.

A century and seven years have passed away since then; and, looking backwards along that broad highway of time—even while pausing to trace the consolidation of England's liberties, and the birth of her modern material grandeur, to the Battle of Culloden—it is impossible not to be much impressed with the singularity, the more than chance-like character of the incidents which, by systematic, uninterrupted occurrence, have conducted to the imperial throne of one of the greatest nations of the earth, the descendant of a bereaved, houseless, wretched fugitive from the last battle-field within the limits of the British territory.

LOST IN THE PRAIRIE.*

WHEN the hunters found that their brother was lost, the first thing they did, in the hope that he had not wandered far, was to fire off their pieces, and then wait a sufficient time to give him an opportunity of loading his gun, in case it had been previously discharged, to answer them. In this way they fired again; and no reply being made, they resorted to the expedient of smoke. Lighting a fire, they took some pieces of burning wad, and, placing them on the open ground, raked together a pile of dry leaves and grass, and ignited it. Upon this sticks were piled, and, on the top of these, green leaves and boughs, with several armfuls of Spanish moss, which hung plentifully from the oaks. A thick, blue smoke soon ascended high into the heavens; and, if the lost hunter should not see such a signal, it must be a proof that he was very far off indeed. In this case he did not see it.

Fortunately, the party had a bloodhound with them. Tying the mule which carried their provisions to a tree, they fixed a piece of paper on its back, directing their brother to remain there, in case he should have found his way back during their absence. Then commenced the operation of "trailing with a bloodhound." Proceeding to the spot at which they had last seen their brother, when he had started on the turkey-hunt, they saw the tracks of his horse distinctly visible upon the turf. The eldest brother dismounted, and, after minutely examining the hoof-print, in order that they might know it again, in case the scent should be lost, called the hound to him. At this moment he held upon his arm the lost hunter's blanket. The dog scented it, uttering, as he did so, a low whimper, and gazing in his master's face with a look of intelligence. The latter now "thung the blanket over his own saddle, stooped again, drew his fingers along the

* "The Boy Hunters," by Captain Mayne Reid.

grass, and, with a wave of his hand, motioned Marengo to follow its direction. The hound, uttering a single yelp, bent his nose to the ground, and sprang forward upon the trail."

Dashing forward at a gallop, the hunters followed the dog, now and then stopping to break a branch of some conspicuous tree, in order that they might know their way back. After riding a considerable distance, they observed the dog begin to double, and run in circling courses over the prairie. They now drew up, lest they should ride upon the track, and baffle him. Presently, however, he stopped, with a howl of disappointment: *he had lost the trail.*

After some minutes of agonising suspense, the eldest brother dismounted, and walked slowly, bent forward and downward carefully, observing the ground as he went. In these cases, the hunter must have many strings to his bow. Fortunately, he had examined the hoof-prints of the lost hunter's horse ere they set out, and now as he recognised them, he sprang forward with a shout of joy. In a moment the dog once more caught the right scent, and started off again, nose down, over the prairie. The brothers followed.

At this moment a new difficulty presented itself. The sun was setting on the high southern plateaux, over one of which they were travelling. They knew there was no twilight, and should it come on a dark night, how were they to follow the dog. It grew darker and darker, till it was difficult to distinguish the dusky body of the hound passing over the sward. What was to be done?

"I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Basil, the eldest, and at the word he spurred his horse forward to overtake Marengo. The next moment he flung himself from the saddle, and, seizing the hound, arrested him in his tracks. Then making his brother strip off his shirt, which was whiter than his own, he tore off the sleeves, and drew it upon the dog; and, having passed the animal's fore-feet through the arm-holes, tied the collar securely round his throat with a piece of string, and knotted the skirts over the flanks behind.

The dog was let loose again, while the brothers mounted hastily, and followed him.

It was not long before they were rewarded by discovering their lost brother.

Such is the mode of tracking with the bloodhound, when any one is lost upon the prairie, and when he is fortunate enough to have friends in possession of the dog and the blanket.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

THE TELEGRAPH LINES OF THE WORLD, UP TO 1853.—The extent of telegraphic communication, completed and in operation throughout the world, at the beginning of the present year, may be estimated, as far as can be gathered from the returns, at nearly 40,000 miles. Of this amount there were nearly 4000 miles in Great Britain, of which 100 miles only were underground, with about 400 or 500 miles in course of construction in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and as many more projected. In America there were 20,000 miles of telegraph completed and in operation, with 10,000 more in process of construction. Russia has just commenced her system of telegraphs between St. Petersburg Moscow, and Cracow, and the ports of the Baltic and Black Seas. About 4000 miles are about to be constructed in India. The only unsupplied portions that will soon present themselves on a telegraphic map of the world, will be Australia, Africa, and China.

IRON PAVEMENTS.—Workmen are paving Howard Street, Boston, United States, with cast iron. The pavement is composed of circular boxes of cast iron, about twelve inches in diameter, and five inches in height, divided into six compartments, so small as not to admit the hoof of a horse. These spaces will be filled with gravel; but some other substances, such as a composition of asphaltum and sand or gravel, may be found more suitable. The surface of the pavement is grooved, to prevent horses from slipping, and on the outer edge of each box are keys which fit into the edges of the surrounding boxes—thus binding the whole firmly together. The thickness of the outer rim and the inner divisions, is about an inch. The street will be covered with a network of iron, filled in with a substance to produce a smooth and durable surface.

PREVENTION OF SMOKE.

At a late sitting of the commissioners for the City of London, who are empowered by Act of Parliament to enforce the consumption of smoke within their district, a very important invention was produced for the approval of the court, the particulars of which are thus reported from the daily journals:

Mr. Lee Stevens, the successful inventor of the fan paddle-wheel, referring to his model and drawings illustrating his invention, remarked, that his proposition in this respect represented facts, and not theories. By a peculiar arrangement at the far end of the furnace, he opposed a column of air of the high temperature of from 800 to 1000 degrees to the gases evolved from the coal, which caused the entire combustion of the latter, without the formation of any smoke; while, by an equally peculiar construction of revolving bars, with screw flanges or worms on their surfaces, at the near end, he supplied the furnace with fuel gradually and continuously, motion being given thereto by the engine itself, without exposing the stoker to the intense heat of the furnace. To prove the utility of his invention, Mr. Stevens read testimonials to the court, chiefly from Mr. William Batley, C.E., manufacturer of portable engines, Bridge Street Works,

Northampton, who, after many weeks' use of it, said, "that the saving of coal, compared with the ordinary consumption, is twenty per cent., and that the smoke nuisance is entirely removed—no smoke being now visible from the top of the chimney in my factory; while in the adjoining corn and oil mills, using the same sort of coal in the ordinary furnaces, a large quantity of dense smoke is produced;" and who concluded by observing that "by this practical experience I have most satisfactorily proved the value of your invention, more especially in ocean navigation, where fuel becomes, from the mode of conveyance, so expensive. And I beg to state that I shall continue the use of your economising system for my own sake."

Several questions were then asked of Mr. Lee Stevens by the chairman (Mr. Deputy Peacock), Mr. Phillips, Mr. H. L. Taylor, Mr. Deputy Holt, Mr. T. H. Hall, Mr. Humphreys, and other members of the court, to which Mr. Lee Stevens replied, that he certainly could not produce smoke and then cut it off, as after the fire was once fairly lighted, his system prevented the formation of any smoke at all. The invention, he said, is applicable to any description of boiler, land or marine, large or small, and requires no more space than a common furnace; and, as compared with other self-feeding furnaces, it is infinitely cheaper—indeed, but little more expensive than common furnaces. He added, that the draught produced by the perfect combustion of the fuel, under his system, will render high funnels for steam-boats, or lofty shafts for land furnaces, wholly needless.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON'S CALORIC-ENGINE.

VARIOUS accounts have appeared respecting the wonders achieved by the caloric vessel of Captain Ericsson. One very remarkable statement is, "That there was a saving of nine-tenths of the fuel, as compared with steam."

If this be true, it will prove only that steam-engine builders are so ignorant of their art as to waste nine-tenths of their fuel. They would be very glad to see this made out, because it would open up a very wide scope for improvement. If Captain Ericsson can do it with an air-engine, by a process of taking up his heat after it has done its work, and using it over again, similar processes may also be applied to steam. For, call them by what names we will, they are both heat-engines, giving forth power by the consumption of fuel, or the conversion of solids into gases—i. e. enlarging the volume of matter by swelling it with particles of heat, the matter being in one case air and in the other case water.

A perfect steam-engine is supposed to waste no heat whatever. All the heat generated in the furnace should pass into the boiler, and so furnish power to the cylinders, except so much as it is needful to pass up the chimney in order to produce draught and urge the fire. If more than is needful passes away thus, it is waste, and an evidence of faulty construction. Heat may radiate very rapidly from the boilers, the chimney, and the cylinders; and the greater the pressure of the steam, the greater will be the radiation. For this reason, the boilers of locomotives worked at high pressure, are clothed in felt and wood and metal, and the cylinders likewise, unless when covered within the smoke-box or base of the chimney. Whenever great heat is experienced in the engine-room of a vessel, it is a proof of so much waste; and the use of a wind-sail to cool the room, although it may diminish the annoyance, does not diminish the waste. A hot chimney is a large source of waste, and an evidence of ill-regulated draught. There is, no doubt, much room for improvement yet. Boilers clothed so as to prevent radiation, and chimneys constructed with double plates and an interstice of air between, would save much waste, and increase comfort and diminish risk. If radiation were entirely prevented, and draught economically regulated, there would be no advantage in a dry caloric over a wet caloric machine.

But Captain Ericsson, it appears, catches his heat after it has done its work in the cylinder, turns the air out nearly cold, and then uses the same heat to inject other air, and pass again through the cylinder. A similar process is used in the steam-engine. High-pressure steam, after having impelled the piston of a small cylinder, is turned in an expanded state into a larger cylinder, and the heat does duty twice.

There is an advantage in high-pressure steam, that a smaller space is occupied by the engines and boilers with a given amount of power; the consumption of coal being the same. Nor does it follow that the risk is greater. A boiler worked at four pounds' pressure may get short of water and explode, as well as one at one hundred pounds' pressure; and with a given thickness of plate, the small boiler is stronger than the large one.

Captain Ericsson, however, claims the advantage of getting rid of explosion altogether. If it should turn out that he gets rid of power at the same time, the advantage would be only of the same kind as using a gun without charging it. If a cylinder of fifty inches area be worked at a pressure of one hundred pounds per inch, we have a power of five thousand pounds. To get the same result with a pressure of four pounds, would require a cylinder with an area of twelve hundred and fifty inches. What we really want to know is—the size of the cylinders and the effective pressure in them, the number of strokes per minute, and the weight and quality of the coal used per hour. If the heat can be used over again to the extent that has been vaguely alluded to, we shall be very near perpetual motion: lighting a fire in the harbour of New York, and using the heat over and over again till we reach England, with perhaps an occasional scuffle of hot coals from the galley.

Captain Ericsson is not the man to propound such things, and his friends are not judicious to do it for him. There was a caloric-engine in the Great Exhibition, but

it was never worked. The pressure claimed then was four pounds per inch. I have heard that eleven pounds is now claimed. The heat-catcher, as described, appears to be a sort of gigantic respirator, such as is worn over the mouth in cold weather.

"They drank the red wine through the helmets barred."

As the wires of the respirator catch the warmth of the breath in passing from the mouth, so the cylinder exit is barred with heat-catchers. In locomotive cylinders the exits for the steam can scarcely be made too large; and any attempt to catch the steam, to compel it to disgorge its heat, would be fatal to the velocity: so if a wire cap be placed on a chimney, the draught is impeded. Why the caloric-engine should not be subject to the same law does not yet appear.

By the description, the caloric-engine appears to be very similar in structure to the old atmospheric steam-engine, but with four-pound pressure air substituted for four-pound pressure steam. Whether the saving of the boilers and space be not counterbalanced by other circumstances remains to be seen; but it must be quite clear, that if any advantages are to be gained by the mere saving of waste, that applies to the steam as well as the caloric engine.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

WHEN on a visit to the United States of America, some years ago, I spent a short time—only a few days—in two of the slave states; but, short as the time was, it was sufficient to let me see the horrors of slavery as practised there. I make the following extracts from my journal written at the time:

On landing in Virginia, two carriages were provided for the passengers. An English gentleman and myself stepped into the first and drove off, there being only two passengers for the other carriage. Having no American in company, I had a good opportunity of questioning the driver, a black man, respecting the slaves and their condition. He appeared to be about 50 years of age, of a quick and intelligent countenance. He informed me that he was a slave; that there were very few free blacks in the state—if any; that he had been sold four times, for 500 dollars each time. He had been married 11 years, and had three children; 13 months ago his wife was sold, by his master, during his absence. This cruel deed took place whilst he was 100 miles from home, on his master's business. On his return home he met a gang of negroes on the road, and amongst them was his own wife. She was sold to the new slave state of Alabama. The poor distracted man entreated the purchaser to sell him his wife again—to which he agreed; but whilst he was trying to make friends to lend him the money, the slave-dealer drove his gang forward, and thus was the wife and companion of 11 years cruelly torn from her husband, and from her three children, never to meet again. I asked him what were his feelings on the occasion? To which he replied, his distress was so great that for a considerable time he seemed almost in a state of insanity, and that for three months he scarcely knew what he did.

Who could hear a husband relate such a tale of woe, and not shed the tear of sympathy—and not feel the horrors of slavery—and not say in his heart, surely the vengeance of the Almighty must fall on those who can be guilty of such wickedness?

He said it was a common thing to sell wives from their husbands, and husbands from their wives; and that when their masters wanted money they would sell any of their children the same as they would their cattle.

On his telling me that the women frequently had children by their masters, I said:

"Surely they don't sell their own children?"

"Yes," he replied, "they sell them exactly the same as any others."

Can any wickedness be greater, or more horrible? The cup must be nearly full.

The children have no instruction, and a slave found with a book in his hand would be liable to a severe flogging.

At Richmond, in Virginia, I was present at an auction, when four female domestic servants were exposed for sale, and I give the following account, as extracted from my journal written at the time:

A variety of articles were exposed in the street for sale—brandy, oats, coffee, earthenware, &c. Four girls were seated on the foot-path—or, rather, the two eldest, who were sisters, one 15 and the other 17 years of age. They were very clean and well-dressed, being domestic servants. The two younger were sisters also, about 8 and 10 years of age.

The sale commenced at 11 o'clock, a.m. The auctioneer first tried some brandy, but not finding such bidders as he expected, he suddenly turned round, saying:

"Well, gentlemen, as there seem to be several inquiries about these negroes, we'll put them up."

He then read the conditions, which were, that according to the will of their late master, deceased, they were to be free at 30.

The eldest girl was first put up. The buyers had crowded round them. She was ordered to stand up. The biddings were too low, only 100 dollars being offered. The auctioneer, finding no one disposed to give more, turned about, saying: "Well, girls, you may sit awhile longer; we'll sell some oats."

During this time the tears often started to their eyes. They endeavoured to repress them; they sat down again with looks of sad resignation. Oh, what a sight for humanity to behold! Whilst the auctioneer was selling other things, I kept my eyes on these poor forlorn creatures, and my ears open to what might be said to them, being a little concealed from view within the door.

There were many unfeeling, indecent, and brutal observations made before them; but through all their countenances never changed: their demeanour was modest, grave, and sad—but not without feeling, as their frequent tears would indicate. One rude fellow, looking at them, roughly pulled the handkerchief from off the head of one of the older girls, which she quietly drew back, and with it covered her face and wiped away the tears which this unfeeling action had brought to her eyes. Another man, who had the appearance of a heartless negro-buyer, seemed much disposed to amuse himself at the expense of their feelings—he ordered the eldest girl to hold out her arm, which he examined as a dealer would the limb of an animal.

After these poor girls had been exposed in the street for about two hours, they were dismissed, to be sold by private contract—as no public buyer was found. A short time after they were dismissed, I met them in the street. I stopped to speak to them, and, addressing myself to the eldest, a good-looking girl, I asked her why their present master wished to sell them? She replied, "I believe he is obliged to sell us for want of money! We have been put up twice: this is the second time, but I don't think the cryers (by cryers she meant auctioneers) have patience enough to sell us." This speech she made in a mild and resigned tone, as if she thought it was their lot, and was concerned that it could not be accomplished. It was a heart-touching speech. She informed me that they were now seeking somebody to buy them, and asked me if I wanted to buy a servant.

On another occasion, a mother, with her three children, were sold. She was advertised as a good cook and excellent washer, ironer, and sempstress; and to be sold for no fault. After the sale, she was seated in a chair on the foot-path, very clean and neatly dressed, her children playing unconsciously about her. She was a respectable-looking woman. I inquired of her who had bought her. She said she did not know, but that she and her children were sold to South Carolina. To my further questions she informed me, that she had a husband, to whom she had been married 13 years. She did not know till that morning that she was to be sold; but her master had ordered her to be at the auction at eleven o'clock; nor was her husband yet acquainted with her sad lot. She could no longer restrain her feelings. Her heart was full, and her eyes overflowed with tears, which rolled down her sable cheeks, and for some time put a stop to our conversation. Poor creature! I tried to comfort her, but I could say little. Thus is the wife of 13 years barbarously torn from her husband, and the three children from their father, never to meet again. Surely this is the consummation of iniquity, and must bring down the judgment of Heaven sooner or later. The people stood about this heart-rending scene with perfect unconcern.

It is very common to sell a few negroes when they want money, without regard to the alliances of nature; and thus are the tenderest and closest ties unfeelingly broken asunder. Virginia being over-stocked with slaves at that time, seemed to make it their policy to breed slaves for the new slave states.

On entering a large tobacco warehouse, an elderly slave came up to me, and said, "Ah, massa, have you any good for the black people? They are the most oppressed people on earth." I knew not how to offer him any consolation, but said, "There is the same God in heaven for the blacks as for the whites." He replied, "Ah, massa, that is true!" and seemed comforted with the consideration.

From all the observations I have been enabled to make, I think the negroes naturally possess much of the benevolent and affectionate disposition. I saw frequent instances of this character whilst amongst them.

The public papers abound with advertisements of human beings for sale, cattle being frequently included in the same advertisement. I collected many of them, which I still have by me; amongst the rest, I took the following from a Baltimore paper:

"FOR SALE.—A healthy Negro Woman, aged about 20 years, with or without her infant male child. The woman is active, and has always been accustomed to house work."

What will English mothers say to this? What would they feel were the case their own?

"A mother to be sold, with or WITHOUT her child at the breast!"

I add the following copies of Advertisements:

AT RICHMOND.

"Negroes at Auction.—On Wednesday next, the 29th of March, at ten o'clock, will be sold, in front of the Eagle Hotel, fine likely Negroes—a woman, who is a good cook and excellent washer, ironer, and seamstress, and her three children; also a remarkable likely boy."

"Will be added to our sale on Wednesday next, the 29th, a likely Negro Fellow, aged 29; also a Milch Cow and Calf."

"At Auction, March 30, prime Groceries of all kinds, to which will be added four likely young Negro Girls, accustomed to house business, aged from 8 to 17; also a very likely young Negro Fellow, a good cook."

AT BALTIMORE.

"A healthy Negro Woman, aged 20 years, with or without her infant male child. She is active, and has been accustomed to housework."

"For Sale.—A hearty strong Negro Woman, aged 24, and her two female children, one aged 5 years, the other 11 months, slaves for life. She is a good plain cook, washer, and ironer; sober and honest."

"For Sale.—Negro Woman, aged 30 years; a good cook, &c. A Negro Boy, 13 or 14 years of age; slave for life."

These are the cases alluded to in the foregoing account.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN J. NEVINS.

Clew Dale, near Bristol, Jan. 31, 1853.

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XV.

SCENE.—A wooded ridge sloping to a ravine; a wild rude bridge spanning a rocky chasm; two of the gipsy-gang are seen crossing the bridge; they come forward.

BROLSON.

THY scheme's o'er long—the briefer plan the better—
A dagger in his throat were quicker done,
And quieter. Granting we seize the lad,
What then? At every step there stands a bar:
Take we the path thy project travels out—
Detection is as certain as the act;
And we may lock the gyves upon our wrists
At once. Egad, I feel them now even with thy talk.

RIVDILL.

Pooh, thou wert born *at night*, and thus thy brain
Is full of boggart shapes and nervous fears;
I, who saw light one fine bright summer-morn,
Am fearless, enterprising, strong, and bold;
Belike too sanguine—'tis a better fault
Than thine, of meeting trouble half the way.

BROLSON.

If thou demurr'st, why be it so, say I.
But think, his death just doubles our reward.

RIVDILL.

And Wolfbane, too, how wilt thou manage him?

BROLSON.

Lord Kelford doubts this Wolfbane, and demands
Our utmost secrecy, with prompt despatch.

RIVDILL.

Secrecy with Wolfbane? with . . . ha! ha! ha
Were he against the murder of this youth,
If thy quick hand were even at his throat,
Thy knee upon his breast, thy dagger's point
Uplifted for the blow—that Wolfbane's eye
Would, like a spell, arrest it in mid-air,
And fix thee powerless!

BROLSON.

I defy his power! first for the deed,
And next for the reward, which having fast,
We'll put some thousand leagues between this wood
And our abiding-place. What need we fear?

RIVDILL.

Fear? Fear his art, his spells. Laugh on, I care not!
I too can laugh pretended power to scorn;
But Wolfbane's no pretender: he *has* power!
I've seen, ay, felt it shivering through my frame
Until I stood like ice; no foot could stir,
The ground and I were one, incorporate,
Until he breathed upon each marble limb,
And I stepped free!

BROLSON.

Stand back, for here he comes.

RIVDILL, pale and trembling.

Who? Wolfbane?

BROLSON.

No, 'tis that witch, old Midgley.
And with her comes our prize—look to thy knife:
Back . . . 'neath the trees!
So, we're in luck.

[They conceal themselves.]

Enter MIDGLEY and ADOLPHUS.

ADOLPHUS.

How drear and dismal hang these toppling cliffs,
Haggard with age! It seems a place unblest!

MIDGLEY.

'Tis scarce the spot for thy young eyes, my boy.
They'd better love the free and open fields
Than these o'erhanging, frowning precipices:
There are as strange deformities in Nature,
As many passionate and reckless features,
As there be moods of mind: thy love is yet
For Nature's mild, unrinkled countenance—
It suits the softer memories of thy youth.
But cheer thee; thine's a good brave heart, my boy,
And most unlike thy proud unnatural father.

ADOLPHUS.

My father? You knew my father, then?
I've some remembrance of a lofty form—
A noble soldier whom they called my father
Was he so?

MIDGLEY.

Thy sire was in the army.

ADOLPHUS.

Mine is a dim, deceiving memory:
Sometimes I fancy I have dreamt it all.
You knew my father? Oh, I'm glad to speak
With one that knew my father!
What is thy name?

MIDGLEY.

Call me Midgley.

ADOLPHUS.

Midgley! it seems as in a dream I'd heard
That name before; yet is not all a dream?
This savage wild, these woods, thyself?
The wailing voices of the wind-lashed trees,
As though the storm had scourged them ruefully?
And these strange mutterings of mysterious things

MIDGLEY.

This wood is never silent; its great heart
Beats with a thousand pulses; in the night
'Twould make one think that spirits walked abroad,
Such shapes and sounds startle the eye and ear.
But of your father? Think you of him still?

ADOLPHUS.

There never passed the day I thought not of him:
I love my father; but my heart ne'er beat,
My eyes ne'er filled with tears, my tongue ne'er faltered,
As when I thought of her, my poor, lost mother!

MIDGLEY.

Dead! that, too, I know; woe for her loss!

ADOLPHUS.

Dost thou believe the Dead can list our prayers?
That they, who loved us to their end of days,
Retain their sympathy with human love?
That, conscious of our tenderness, they watch
In angel pity o'er us? Can it be
That our remembrance is yet dear to them?
Oh, blest persuasion! oh, most sweet belief!
Angels of brightness, is there one indeed,
One of your heavenly host, who watcheth now,
With all a mother's tenderness of gaze,
To guard the pathway of her orphan child?
Oh, when, dear angel mother, may I kneel
Beside thy humble grave, in humble hope
That still thou seest my love, and lov'st me still!

MIDGLEY.

I have wept more with thee, and for thee, boy,
Than e'er I sorrowed for my own hard griefs,
Or death of kin, where tears are natural.
If e'er thy mother watched, she watcheth now!
What age wert thou when she, thy mother, died?
'Tis fancy, boy; thou canst not recollect her!

ADOLPHUS.

Oh, yes, I do! Not recollect my mother?
I was not six, yet I remember her:
Though nothing in the room, nor frame, nor furniture,
Nor aught, only my mother; only my poor mother!
How pale she looked! I cannot call her features:
A pale and weeping face, and garbed in black;
So pale, I weep at its remembered paleness!
Oh, I bethink me well—how close she clasped me!
Again, and once again, how sad she spoke,
'Till some one entered, speaking angrily,
And bore her weeping, shrieking, and imploring,
Where I ne'er saw her more!
And now she's dead! my poor, unhappy mother,
And left me with one only wish on earth,
Which I have prayed for daily, yes, and nightly;
It is to see her grave, to kneel upon it,
To say how much I loved, would have consoled her,
How still I cherish her dear memory,
And that I count the swiftly passing days
As steps upon the road which leads me to her!

MIDGLEY.

I know thy mother's grave!
Now, wouldst thou to it?

ADOLPHUS.

Thou know'st it? thou? They said she died abroad,
Was buried none knew where; but let us go!
Thou'rt human? nothing evil? that would tempt my soul,
And make my love the bait for my perdition?
I am a boy, a poor neglected boy,
Wishing to be good, yet no one teaching me;
I know not where begins that sin we read of,
That sin against the Spirit, where it ends.
I may be jeopardising even now
That hope which is the lamp of my existence,
To reach my mother's sainted arms in heaven!
What art thou? thou hast a dark, unpardoned look,
Like one God hides his face against . . .

[Starts away, alarmed.]

MIDGLEY.

I am going to thy mother's grave!
Wilt go?

ADOLPHUS.

Thou wilt not harm my soul?

MIDGLEY.

But one besides myself can shew it thee,
And when we die
All knowledge of her burial-place dies too!
Thine eyes will never gaze with filial love
Upon that hallowed mould!

[Going.]

[Exit MIDGLEY.]

ADOLPHUS.

Hear me! have mercy!
Oh, assist me, Heaven!
Angels, that hover round me in my dreams,
Be near me in my waking! Midgley stay!
Take me! do what thou wilt!
Shew me my mother's grave!

[Exit ADOLPHUS.]

Re-enter BROLSON and RIVDILL, cautiously and stealthily,
from under the brushwood.

BROLSON.

Cast thy cloak thus round the old beldame's throat,
Strangle her first, then hurl her o'er yon rocks
Beyond the firs; they have a dismal depth
No eye can penetrate. Leave him to me;
The fewer hands the better for despatch;
I'll finish him, and quickly: hush! be firm!

[Resent severity.]

(To be continued.)



[DEATH OF EDWARD, AT THE PALACE AT GREENWICH.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER V.

Seldom can truth approach a royal ear—
Its avenues are guarded by deceit.
The craft men misname policy—the lust
Of power—the courtier's scheming—bar her steps.
OLD PLAY.

NORTHUMBERLAND, by his unprincipled policy, had succeeded in completely weaning the affection of the dying Edward from Elizabeth, whom he used to call his Fair Temperance, and towards whom, in boyhood, he had evinced so strong an attachment. It does not appear that the Princess Mary ever held any considerable place in his regard. Their intercourse was cold and formal: the gloomy temper and retiring disposition of the daughter of the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon, even more than their religious differences, had divided them.

There is little doubt that the impolitic act which transferred the crown from its legitimate heirs to the Lady Jane Grey, the daughter-in-law of the intriguing Duke of Northumberland, was the result of the youthful monarch's estrangement from his favourite sister, whose letters to him had been suppressed, and actions misrepresented.

The future great Protestant queen had even been accused, by more than one member of the council, of a secret inclination to the Church of Rome. The court were opposed to her; her godfather, Cranmer, the primate, deserted her interests. Amongst those to whose hands the direction of affairs was trusted, Elizabeth had but one friend—but that one was Cecil!

On the 6th of July, 1553, the guards were doubled at the Palace of Greenwich, by the orders of Northumberland, who disposed of everything in the king's name. A report had been circulated that Edward was much better, and the members of the council remained to attend his grace, for the purpose of hearing some fresh declaration respecting his testament, the contents of which had got whispered abroad, and created great discontent amongst the people—who naturally observed, that the exclusion of both the daughters of Henry VIII., on the plea of illegitimacy, was a manifest absurdity, since one of the marriages of Henry must have been lawful. Northumberland disputed the validity of both.

Latimer and Ridley both preached in favour of the exclusion of the princesses, on the ground of the danger which might arise to the independence of the realm, and the safety of the new Established Church, by either of the king's sisters marrying a foreign or a Catholic prince.

These sermons were but coldly received; and bitterly did they pay, on the accession of Mary, for their impolitic conduct.

Along the bank by the landing-place leading to the palace gardens, were moored the barges of the lords of the council, the lord primate, and several of the nobility; their retainers and rowers were seated in groups—for the day was a sultry one—upon the gazon, discussing the greatness of their masters, and the events of the time.

More than one statesman who prided himself upon his shrewdness and clear insight into the politics of the future, might have taken a useful lesson from the opinions and speculations of his domestics.

"And so it is whispered," observed a stout, burly-looking man, whose badge denoted that he served the noble house of Arundel, "that your mistress, the Lady Jane, will succeed to the crown!"

"And why not?" demanded the young esquire to whom the speaker had addressed himself; "is she not worthy of it?"

"I have nought to say against her!" drily answered the old man.

"Or her claim, I should suppose, should the king think proper to leave it to her: is she not of his blood?"

"So are the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth," cautiously whispered the servitor of the great Catholic peer, whose person it had been a part of Northumberland's scheme to obtain possession of.

"Illegitimate, sir!—illegitimate!" was the rejoinder.

"Both?"

"So parliament has decided in its wisdom; and I do not suppose," added the retainer of Lord Guilford Dudley, who naturally felt anxious for the advancement of his lord and the Lady Jane, "that even you, Master Ward, pretend to be wiser than the parliament!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the old servitor, hastily. "I have too great a respect for my ears and neck! But a man may confess he cannot comprehend their wisdom, without disputing it."

"Certainly, certainly!" chimed in some half-dozen of the idlers, who were gathered round them; "there is no treason in that!"

"And what canst not understand?" demanded the esquire.

"How both the ladies can be illegitimate. If Henry's marriage with the Lady Catherine was unlawful, then his marriage with Anne Boleyn was a good marriage!"

"Granted!" chimed the crowd who had gathered round; for the subject was rife in men's minds, and public opinion generally divided upon it. "Proceed!"

"Therefore," continued the orator, "it would appear to me, had not parliament in its wisdom decided otherwise, that one or the other of Henry's daughters must be legitimate. Mark me, I do not pretend to say which."

Many of the boatmen seemed to be of the same opinion

as the speaker; for they did not all, like the esquire of Lord Guilford Dudley, follow the politics of the house they served.

"They are only the half-sisters of the king," observed the advocate of the claims of Lady Jane.

"Quite as nearly related to his highness," retorted the staunch upholder of legitimacy, "as the descendant of his father's sister; unless, indeed, her claims to the crown have been strengthened by her marriage with the son of the Duke of Northumberland; of whom, I pray you to observe," added the speaker, with prudent afterthought, "I speak with all respect, as befits the friend of the king and the minister of the crown."

Varner—the name of the esquire of the husband of Lady Jane Grey—was far from being satisfied with the tardy profession. Like most men who discover that they have the worst of an argument, he began to lose his temper, and accused his opponent of entertaining treasonable views: words ran high, the boatmen and domestics siding with the disputants according to their political and religious views.

During the above conversation, a barge, rowed by four men in plain livery, had quietly drawn up to the landing-place, and two gentlemen, plainly but richly dressed, had advanced near enough to the wranglers to catch the subject of their discourse. The first was the Secretary Cecil, as he was generally called, and his companion a young man of good though decayed family, named Throgmorton.

"How now, my masters!" exclaimed the first person, speaking in a tone of authority as well as reproof; "does this loud brawling and unseemly noise befit the palace of his highness? Have ye no regard for your ears, that ye presume to prate of such high matters?"

Every cap was doffed, for the speaker was generally looked upon as a rising man at court.

Both Varner and Ward felt eager to justify themselves in the eyes of so influential a person as Cecil.

"I have no time to listen to such folly," he continued; "the times recommend prudence to every loyal subject: you will both of you act wisely to forget your quarrels, and keep a guard upon your tongues. The good Duke of Northumberland," he added, fixing his glance reprovingly upon the esquire of Lord Dudley, "would feel offended at the indiscretion of the servitor of my lord his son."

Varner coloured at the reproof: his temper began to get the better of his discretion.

"And the Earl of Arundel approve as little," observed Throgmorton, "of the lack of prudence of his boatman!"

Few of those who had witnessed the dispute wished to identify themselves as the advocates of either party. Several, on the approach of the statesman, had quietly retired to the boats; but two or three besides Ward and Varner remained. The latter declared, impetuously, that the time was come when the friends of the Protestant cause must show themselves. For his part—and he cared not who knew it—he looked upon the claims of the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth to the crown as worthless, parliament having pronounced them both illegitimate.

So saying, he turned upon his heel, and directed his steps towards the courtyard of the palace, where a party of Northumberland's men were drawn up, under the command of one of his kinsmen; the old boatman and the two statesmen were consequently left alone.

"You had better leave the palace," good-naturedly observed Cecil; "it is wiser to risk your service than your liberty."

The person thus warned, instead of thanking the speaker for his kindness, fixed his eyes upon him with a peculiar expression, and glanced significantly from him to his companion—plainly intimating that he wished to be alone with him. The politic secretary understood the hint.

"Throgmorton," he said, with affected indifference, "I have left some papers in the barge—bring them to me."

His companion perfectly comprehended the *ruse*, although he did not appear to notice it, and retired towards the landing-place.

"Speak!" said Cecil, in a hurried tone.

"Is your honour aware that the council are all assembled in the palace?" demanded Ward.

"The council!" repeated the statesman, with an air of surprise, for he had been summoned on a very different pretext. "Yes; doubtless—doubtless!"

"The king," added the boatman, "is in his last agony!"

Cecil started. Like many others, he had not anticipated the death of Edward to be so near. The wily Northumberland, too, had purposely misled him as well as others, by statements of the improving health of the young king.

"Thou art mad to say so!"

"Very likely!" replied the honest fellow; "for I have put my life in your power, by telling you the truth. Men call you a time-server, but I cannot think that you would injure a poor man only for feeling grateful. My noble master," he added, with a sigh, "is a prisoner!"

"A prisoner!"

"He promised to send me a token if the king's highness was either better, or received him; and it has not come!" he added, bitterly.

"Which token you were to convey to the Lady Mary?" observed Cecil, whose cool, calculating spirit at once comprehended the position of affairs. "You need not deny it—I am not her grace's enemy!"

This was one of those prudent speeches which the speaker frequently made use of to mask his feelings, and keep himself secure with both parties.

"It were worth some risk," he added, lowering his voice, "to obtain it—and if I thought that I could trust you—"

The devoted follower of the Earl of Arundel expressed

the utmost willingness to remain, no matter at what danger to himself, if the secretary thought there was the slightest hope of receiving the promised token from his lord.

"Enough!" said the statesman; "you shall have it in an hour."

By this time Throgmorton had returned: he had found no papers in the barge, nor had he expected—for he knew his friend too well to suppose him capable of carelessness.

"Throgmorton," whispered the future minister, "you must return to London immediately—not an instant is to be lost!"

The young man smiled, and his expressive countenance beamed with intelligence. He more than guessed the nature of the mission on which he was to be dispatched—it was one which promised to open to his ambition the path he had so long been seeking for.

"Remain at my lodgings," continued Cecil, "until the evening; and that your time may be profitably employed, here is a small volume of prayers, worthy of your perusal: you may find in it," he added, "something suited to the state of the young king."

With these words, the speaker drew from his bosom the small, golden-bound volume which was to serve as a token between himself and Elizabeth, and which his friend perfectly understood the use of. The hint for him to remain at his lodgings until the evening, was that Cecil might have time to assure himself of the state of the dying Edward, before he compromised himself too far by communicating with his sister.

"I will be mindful of your words," replied his friend, "as our own fortunes, as well as the future weal of England, depend on them."

"They do depend on them!" whispered Cecil, impressively, as he wrung the hand of his companion, and motioned him to depart.

It was too late: a guard had just been marched down to the landing-place, with strict command to suffer no boat to depart without an order signed by the Duke of Northumberland.

With unruffled countenances, the two friends at once directed their steps towards the palace—where the closing scene of the youthful Edward's reign was rapidly drawing near.

CHAPTER VI.

You may break, sir, but you cannot bend me;
Honour can hold no parance with vile safety:
Life were not life, if bought at such a price.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

THE Duke of Northumberland, the primate, the Bishops Ridley and Latimer, together with the members of the council, were assembled in the chamber of the dying king, whose confidence to the last, in the wisdom as well as justness of the arrangement he had made for the succession of the crown, appeared unshaken.

The only person not in the confidence of the duke, or ostensibly of his party, was the Earl of Arundel, whose influence and popularity the intriguer justly feared. He deemed it was a master-stroke of policy to secure the person of that powerful noble, by inviting him, under a false pretence, to Greenwich—where he was exposed to the solicitations of Edward, who begged him to sign the act of settlement which secured the throne to the Lady Jane. True to his honour and principles, the high-spirited peer refused.

"Ask my life, your grace," he replied, as he pressed the hand of the suffering youth, "and I will lay it down freely at your bidding; but I dare not tamper with my duty to the crown!"

"Your duty, my lord," observed the Duke of Northumberland, haughtily, "may be taught you in another place! The council have condescended too far, in advising his majesty to solicit your concurrence in an act which the nation will hail with acclamation—which secures the happiness of the people and the safety of the church!"

"Then why solicit it," demanded the earl, "if you are so positive of the sanction of the people? My liege," he added, turning to the boy-king, "you are deceived—but one voice at least shall utter truth to you! Neither the parliament nor the nation will confirm the settlement you have made—a settlement in itself unjust as well as impolitic—which disinherits the blood of the Tudors for the race of the Dudleys!"

"Insolent!" exclaimed the duke, pale with mortification and rage. "Who is this bold man, that he should presume to censure the wisdom of the council, and the act of his king? Such treasons must not pass unpunished, or rebellion will grow strong in the weakness of authority!"

"Treason!" repeated Lord Arundel, with a scornful look; "if there be treason here, it is thou, Robert Dudley, who art the traitor! The same, too, I brand all who have aided you in this foul act—who have imposed on the weakness and credulity of your trusting monarch, to dishonour and mislead him! Edward," he added, sinking on his knees by the side of the couch, "my sovereign, listen to the voice of one whose fathers have stood by the crown and its just rights for centuries—whose race can number more ages of fidelity and service than these men who have deceived you can claim years—recall this act—disturb not the will of your dead father—touch not the inheritance of your sisters!"

"And let the Catholic Mary succeed!" exclaimed the Duke of Northumberland. "Abandon the church which cries to him for succour!"

"Renew the idolatries of Rome!" observed Cranmer.

"The persecution of the saints!" added Ridley.

"And the war of creeds!"

The last observation was from the lips of Latimer, who

appears—in the part he took in endeavouring to transfer the crown from the daughters of Henry VIII. to the descendant of his sister—to have been actuated by a desire of avoiding those religious disputes, which he foresaw would inevitably take place on the accession of Mary.

"They are right, Arundel!" murmured the king. "I feel that they are right! I dare not leave the fold of the church to the mercy of the wolves! Mary is Catholic!"

"But not her sister!" whispered the peer.

"True!" somewhat impatiently answered the monarch—for the recollection of Elizabeth was a painful subject with him—"but Mary comes first! Besides, Elizabeth has forgotten me—she no longer loves her brother!"

"And so, officious lord, you are answered!" exclaimed the Duke of Northumberland, with a triumphant smile; "it is well the state hath been taught to know its enemies! You will remove, my lord, to the Tower, until the pleasure of the council shall be known!"

"Say rather the pleasure of its master!" indignantly replied the earl; "for the council are but the echoes of your will! Farewell, my liege!" he added, turning to the dying Edward; "the blood of your faithful subject rests not on your head, but upon those of your perfidious counsellors!"

Loud murmurs broke from the creatures of Northumberland, as they listened to the charge, which conscience whispered them was too true. Cecil, who at this moment entered the apartment, accompanied by Throgmorton, exchanged a meaning glance with his friend the instant he saw the countenance of the king: it was evident that he had not many hours—perhaps minutes—to live.

"Blood!" said the dying boy. "I will have no bloodshed—there has been too much already!" he added, with a sigh.

"He is thinking of his uncle's!" whispered Cecil.

"Dudley," continued the king, "Arundel came here on our invitation: it suits not with our honour that he should be deprived of liberty; there will be time enough for wrangling when I am dead!"

"Pardon me, my dearest lord!" replied the duke, for the first time venturing openly to dispute his royal master's will; "but reflection will, I am sure, induce you to recall your words—it cannot be!"

"Cannot?"

"Reasons of state—the safety of the realm," he added, in an earnest whisper, "oppose it!"

An expression of painful surprise, not unmixed with suspicion, overspread the countenance of Edward, as he gradually raised himself upon his pillow, and fixed his eyes upon the speaker. All present were struck—perhaps for the first time—with a resemblance between him and his father—a likeness which consisted more in expression than feature.

"Dudley," he exclaimed, "hitherto I have spoken with you only as a friend; my words are now those of a king—although a dying one!"

There was a dead silence in the royal chamber—mistake was upon all: a sudden revolution in the feelings or purpose of the monarch—a few hours more of life—and their lives, as well as the success of their schemes, might be in jeopardy.

"It is my will," he continued; "mark me, lord, my will, that our true and loyal cousin of Arundel be permitted to depart! Let not his path be troubled; harm but a hair of his head, and I will find the means to punish you, even though the blow be struck from my tomb!"

Overcome with the unusual effort, the sufferer sank back upon his pillow, and for several moments breathed heavily.

The countenance of Northumberland was pale as death. He had never but once before heard the royal boy express his will so firmly: this was on the occasion of the downfall of his uncle, the Protector Somerset. Falling on his knees, he exclaimed, with hypocritical tears:

"Forgive me, my royal master! Forgive me, if my zeal outran respect! Think not that Dudley—who has revered you as his sovereign, loved and watched over you like his son—would fail in obedience to your slightest command! My honours, wealth, offices, are all your gift: your bounty gave, your pleasure can resume them!"

"No, Dudley—no!" sobbed Edward, whose feelings were touched by the pretended affection of his favourite. "I do not mean that; but Arundel shall depart in safety!"

"My life shall guard his!" exclaimed the duke; "since I find that it is dear to you! My lord," he added, bowing to the earl in mock humility—for the crafty intriguer had not the least intention of carrying out the directions of the dying monarch—"I will myself conduct your lordship to the courtyard of the palace!"

Although Lord Arundel was not deceived by the specious promise of his enemy, he did not think fit to disturb the last moments of his sovereign, by a scene which would be useless. The members of the council were too deeply implicated in his schemes to venture to give force to the declaration of their master—added to which, they were, to all intents and purposes, as completely prisoners as himself; for the crafty politician had taken care to surround the palace with a body of troops devoted to his interests.

Kissing the hand of the dying Edward for the last time, he thanked him for his noble conduct towards him, adding, "that his heart was lighter, since his sovereign had done him justice."

"Not quite!" whispered Edward; "not quite! but it is in my heart to do so! Would we had met sooner!"

No sooner had the duke conducted the earl to the courtyard of the palace, than, instead of setting him at liberty, he gave him in custody to Sir John Marshall, one of his creatures, and commanded him to convey him close prisoner to the Tower.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the peer, in a tone of cold contempt; "it will not be long before your own turn comes! The block will be dressed for your head sooner than mine!"

His enemy turned from him with a scornful laugh. The block for him—preposterous! The resources of the kingdom were in his hands—the fleet manned by his creatures—every place of trust filled by his friends: what had he to fear?"

"Let him rail!" he said, as he returned to the chamber of his dupe—and, there is too much cause to fear, his victim; for the physicians of the king had been dismissed by his orders, and the sufferer placed under the care of an old woman, whom many accused of vending poisons. "A few moments more, and the crown will have passed from Edward's race to mine! My daughter-in-law, the Lady Jane," he added, "may wear the bauble; but mine must be the power—hers the shadow!"

Casting his eyes round, to assure himself that his orders had been obeyed, and that the posts of the palace were in the hands of his followers and friends, he mounted the staircase which led to the royal apartments, and entered the chamber with an impatient step—for he began to tire of the mask he had so long and so successfully worn.

"In a few moments!" he muttered, as he gazed upon the features of Edward, which were fearfully distorted.

"Hush!" exclaimed Cranmer, sinking on his knees, and commencing the service for the dying. "The death-agony is upon him! Pray for a departing soul! Pray for a dying king!"

FACETIÆ.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

QUICK IRRESISTIBLE.—As an inducement to their clients, the *Circleville Journal* says, that all subscribers paying in advance, will be entitled to a first-rate obituary notice in case of death.

WHAT comprises man's life? His follies, his faults, and his misfortunes. That's about all.

THE heart of a flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections, than a button does on one of his shirts—for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

THERE is a gaol down east so "shabby," that the prisoners are ashamed of it. One day a great rogue told the keeper that if he didn't get it fixed, he would break out and "thrash" him. Fine place that for the encouragement of honesty.

RUNNING into debt often tempts people to tell falsehoods. This made a great wit say, "Lying rides on debt's back." When you have contracted a debt you may think little of payment, but creditors have better memories than debtors: being a superstitious sect, they are great observers of days and dates.

A locomotive on the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad, has been adorned with the title "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

AN ingenious down-easter has invented an umbrella with a gutter all around it, so that the water pours off in a single stream. What next?

A Frenchman has just opened, at Paris, an institution to teach people to smile.

Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye?

An old Scotch lady was in the habit of inculcating the duties of charity into her grandchildren after the following fashion: "My dears, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals, when you have all eaten as much as you conveniently can, and when you have fed the three cats, and the parrot—then, my dear children, remember the poor."

COURT SCENE.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply, "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "I do!" "You take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Ye-a-s, sir!" "Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write!"

GOOD DESCENT.—It is a question whether being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

THE papers have discovered some grass from the "path of rectitude." We fear that path must be sadly overgrown with grass, it is so little travelled now-a-days.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We have just seen, in a country paper, the marriage of Peleg Rowinston to Miss Orphelia Morse.

LOOKING OUT IN TIME.—A short time ago, a decent married woman, in whose husband's name a small sum was deposited in the savings bank here, called upon the actuary, and intimated that she wished to have the whole amount withdrawn. It happened to be after bank hours, and she was therefore requested to call back that day so-nigh. The blank aspect of her countenance, when this announcement was communicated instantly betokened that there was something wrong. She was allowed to go, however, unquestioned. Punctual to the hour specified, she made her appearance that day week with her pass-book in her hand, and renewed her request. The visible anxiety which she betrayed induced a question as to the

motive for her conduct, when out at once came the secret: The thrifty pair had got a newspaper sent them, in which some apprehensions were expressed as to the probability of a French invasion, and the sacking of the Bank of England by the hostile troops: "So that," quoth she, "the guidman and myself thought that the sooner we wad tak' our money out o' your bank the better, as it wad be safer in our ain keepin'." The good woman suffered herself to be persuaded that her alarm was somewhat premature, and finally became reconciled to the leaving of the "siller" where it was.—*Inverness Advertiser*.

"How do you get on with your arithmetic and catechism?" asked a father of his little boy, the other night. "How far have you got?" "I've ciphered through addition, subtraction, justification, sanctification, and adoption," answered the little fellow.

EYES are the electric telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS BROTHER EZEKIEL.—When Daniel and Ezekiel were boys together, they had frequent literary disputes; and, on one occasion, after they had retired to bed, they entered into a squabble about a certain passage in one of their school-books; and having risen to examine some of the authorities in their possession, they set their bed-clothes on fire, and nearly burnt their father's dwelling. On being questioned the next morning in regard to the accident; Daniel remarked, "That they were in pursuit of light—but got more than they wanted."

A wag describing an elephant, remarked, that this sagacious animal takes care never to be robbed, for he always carries his trunk before him.

A REASON FOR NOT LIKING STEP-FATHERS.—A little fellow once observed: "I do not like these new papas; they whip the old papa's children."

A DELICATE LIBEL.—A quiet, elderly gentleman found himself one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey—kept up, in fact, so lengthened a conversation, that it was exactly two hundred miles long. When nearly at the terminus, the most voluble of the ladies expressed a hope to the gentleman that the incessant colloquy had not disturbed him. "By no means, madam," he said, politely: "I have been married exactly five-and-thirty years."

The most of the trouble in this world is caused by disappointed desires rather than positive evil. Out of every hundred men you meet with, ninety-five are low-spirited: not because they lack comforts, but because they are not blessed with a surplusage. Queer critics!

ONE of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry, is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature, and fat. One day, being alone with the beautiful Madame de Crouzas, he dropped on his knees before her, and made a declaration of love, in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon—I beseech you, rise!" Mr. Gibbon still kept his posture. "Mr. Gibbon, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas, madam, faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot!" He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Crouzas rang the bell, and said to her servants, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!"

SCARCER ARTICLES.

- A Parson, who practises all he professes,
- A Beauty that never feels proud when she dresses;
- A Lawyer whose honesty pleads for his client,
- A Braggart whose courage is always defiant;
- A sensible dandy—an actual Friend—
- Philanthropy publishing "money to lend"—
- A skilful Physician regardless of self—
- A stanch Politician forgetful of self—
- A sour old bachelor neatly arrayed—
- And last, tho' not rarest—a cheerful old maid.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.—When he cuts a certain number of little square bits of paper every night, and lays them on his toilet-table, ready to wipe his razor when he shaves in the morning—that's a symptom. When he carries his fingers perfectly straight in his gloves, for fear of friction on the knuckles—that's a symptom. When he leaves a friend's house in the middle of the evening, to avoid a walk home with a lady—that's a symptom. When he keeps his hat on in a lecture-room, till the latest permitted minute, on account of a draught—that's a symptom. When he wears a large moustache and heard to conceal certain defects—that's a symptom. When he turns a huge coat-collar up over his ears, every time there's a cloud in the sky—that's a symptom. When he refuses a hymn-book in church, because he don't like to be seen using glasses—that's a symptom. When he can't go to sleep till he has ascertained whether the seam of the sheet is precisely in the middle of the bed—that's a symptom. When an anthracite fire and a wadded wrapper have greater charms for him than a pair of bright eyes, jingling sleigh-bells, and a *l'le a-l'le* under a buffalo robe—that's a symptom. When a whiskey punch and a flannel nightcap are the *ne plus ultra* of his earthly felicity—that's a symptom. When he says "pshaw!" to children, and has a growing partiality for stuffed rocking-chairs and well-aired linen—that's a symptom.

A COULDER CARD.—Now that the British dominions include the Australian Diggings, her Majesty can add to her present titles that of the Queen of Spades.—*Punch*.

THE ULTIMA RATIO.—As war has been called the "ultima ratio of kings," so a duel may be stigmatised as the "ultima ratio of fools."—*Ibid*.

AN EDITORIAL CRY.—(Overheard in the Counting-house of a Shabby Newspaper Office.)—"Give your Orders, gentlemen—give your Orders for the Theatros, gentlemen—the Advertisers are in the room."—*Ibid*.

A TEMPERANCE FROLIC.—We lately saw, in a paper, an announcement of the promotion of the "Assistant Engineer of the first-class of the Devastation," by name "Mr. R. Grog." We suspect that the paragraph thus connecting Grog with Devastation must have been concocted by some teetotal wag.—*Ibid*.

EGGING THEM ON.—A country barrister in France, named Billot—and a most tempestuous, frothy Billot he seems to be—has published a pamphlet, in which he humbly announces that we English must all be massacred, and England herself destroyed "in its egg." When this ranting would-be cut-throat talks of destroying England in its egg, he seems to forget that there is something in the shape of shell to be met before the egg is to undergo the process of batter.—*Ibid*.

THE ALARMING SACRIFICERS.

THOROUGHFARES just now are infested by gangs of suspicious looking characters, who go about for the purpose of thrusting into our hands, throwing into the windows of cabs and omnibuses, or impudently leaving at our houses a quantity of printed letters, having the words "From the Commissioners," "Private Issue," and not unfrequently the Royal Arms on the envelope. These things are becoming an intolerable nuisance, not only in London, but in several provincial towns, into which a set of hawkers have intruded themselves, and getting possession of a room at one of the principal inns, they diffuse their fraudulent announcements among the unsuspecting inhabitants. For the instruction of the public we shall take the liberty of translating one of these swindling circulars into the plain truth, so that people may know what they really have to expect if they visit the "Commission Rooms," "Marts," "Emporiums," "Public Halls," or whatever else these dens of dishonesty may be called in town or country.

ALARMING SACRIFICE OF TRUTH AND HONESTY.

The well-known—and much better known than trusted—firm of

SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, AND COMPANY, having purchased, with accommodation bills drawn upon the notorious houses of Swindle, Dwindle, and Co., the whole stock of Damaged Damasks, Rubbishy Stuffs, Short measure Longcloths, and Bad Goods, have determined to get them cleared off in a few days, so that Swag, Brag, Tag, Rag, and Co. may get clear off themselves before they are traced by their dupes and creditors.

The whole must be got rid of without any reserve, but with the usual amount of unblushing impudence, and wholly regardless of cost—to character.

Among the principal bargains will be found 5000 Opera mantles, worth 10s; present price, £1 1s. These elegant articles may be said to be so reduced as to be had for almost nothing, as they are so small that scarcely any use can be made of them.

3000 pieces of Common English Stuff, lately translated into French Merino, and now offered for six times as much as they are worth, as they must be got rid of in order to effect a good riddance.

About 1000 dresses in pieces—every dress being in at least 8 or 9 pieces—but must not be opened before purchase, as time will not allow; at, say 6 and 9 per dress.

Thousands of Lovely Barèges, at a nominal price—the value being literally nominal.

Several Shawls in beautiful designs—the principal design being on the pockets of the public.

170 Dresses at 8 and 6! Very costly—at that price.

1000 Ell Wide Robing Silks at 2 guineas, worth at least ten—shillings.

Several pieces of Satin in lengths, greatly reduced—in length, by short measure.

7000 Transparent Encaustic Shawls, at 25 shillings—the transparency being so complete that the imposition may be seen through immediately.

Several thousands of extraordinary Muffs—quite worthy of the purchasers at this establishment.

All goods—and bads—must be paid for before they are taken away, as, if time were allowed for inspection, no one would ever think of paying for them afterwards. Any article complained of will be rectified on inquiring at the other establishment, Number 2400, Regent Street, with back entrance in Cheapside.—*Ibid*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.—We have lately been shown a monster egg, laid by a common white fowl, bred by M. V. D. Mark. It weighs no less than three and a half ounces, is six inches in circumference, and seven inches in the oval. The fowl is yet scarcely a twelve-month old.—*Bristol Gazette*.

WITCHES RAISING THE WIND.—In the reign of the "British Solomon," some poor women, said to be witches, were accused of raising a storm when his queen was to cross the sea. Evidence to the following effect was given in the High Court of Justiciary: They baptised a cat, and passed her thrice through the links of the chimney cruk (on which the boilers hang); then, at Bessie Todd's house, they tied four joints of a dead man to the cat's feet, and at midnight all the witches and their allies at Leith sallied out, and carried the cat to the pier-head; from thence they cast her as far as possible into the sea, and cried out, "See, there be no deceit among us." Poor puss, notwithstanding her impediments, swam safely on shore, from which the whole sisterhood inferred that the queen would arrive safely in Scotland.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—A considerable quantity of wreck has been recently cast ashore on the Galloway coast, including a quantity of tallow, which has evidently been a long time in the water, as the staves which had encircled it were nearly all decayed. We learn from a ship captain, who has just come from the Isle of Man, that, about fifty years ago, a vessel, partly laden with tallow, was wrecked near the island, and at a short distance from the spot where the fearful catastrophe lately occurred, by which an explosion of gunpowder took place on board the ship Lily, when the vessel was blown to pieces, and thirty lives destroyed. It is supposed that the force of the explosion had been felt for some distance along the shore and that the tallow casks, which had lain for half a century at the bottom of the sea, started from their resting-place, had risen to the surface, and been carried by winds and waves to the coast, where they have at last been recovered.—*Dumfries Courier*.

AN old sailor, upwards of one hundred years old, met with a miserable death, lately, on the platform of the railway station at Winchester, under circumstances which reflect considerable disgrace upon the police. The corner's inquiry lasted two days, from which we gather the following facts: The deceased was known by the name of James Bennett Welch. He represented himself to have been born at New York, in 1750, and to have served under Captain Cook, when he sailed round the world. He was well known in Portsmouth, and almost wholly supported himself by the pence which were dropped him by the men-of-war's men. One evening, a short time back, he hobbled into the tap of a house near the railway station. He was got out; but it would appear that he was injured by some horse and cart, as his left leg was fractured in two places, and the limb was bleeding. He was again taken into the house. The old man said he could not walk home, and, as twelve o'clock drew nigh, the police were called in. They helped to get him out of the house, left him on the pavement outside, and went to their beats. He attracted the attention of a marine going by, who managed to carry him to the guard-house; and Lieutenant Rawlins, the officer on duty, seeing his distressed condition, directed him some nourishment, and warm water to bathe the leg. A doctor saw him, but it did not seem that he knew the limb was fractured. The officers who had previously ejected him from the house then appeared at the guard-house, and, procuring a wheelbarrow, conducted the poor sufferer to the station-house, and, with his clothes on, laid him in bed. There he remained three days, and another doctor, who visited him and found him shivering with cold—the cell window being open—appeared to have learned little more than the previous one respecting the unfortunate man's broken leg. The police then communicated with Capt. Samuels, a county magistrate, who proceeded to the cell—the deceased being unable to move—and, after hearing the testimony, committed him to the gaol for twenty-one days, as a rogue and vagabond. On the following morning the poor fellow was wheeled to the railway-station in a Bath chair, and placed on the bottom of a carriage, for removal to the city. On reaching the station, he was helped out, and laid on the gravel ground of the platform, while a cart was procured to take him to the gaol. He was observed to gradually sink, and, making a slight effort to recover himself, apparently, he raised his hands, and expired. Medical aid was then sent for, but of course all chance of saving the old fellow was gone. On a *post-mortem* examination being made, the extent of the injury to the leg was discovered. The surgeon described death to have been caused by the shock which the system had sustained by the injury, and which might have been accelerated by exposure to the cold, &c.

SWEET AND SAD.

'Tis sweet to mark the violet blow,
A spot of Heaven on winter's snow,
To feel the balmy South, in airs
That tremble sweet on icy stairs,
And warmth to buried flowerets bring,
While birds their first blithe carol sing.

'Tis joy to mark the tiny face
Ripen with traits of blooming grace,
To see the light, thro' dawning sense,
Of meaning and intelligence,
While lisping murmurs, careless wiles,
Deepen to words, and tears, and smiles.

'Tis joy to mark the love we store,
From little grow to more and more;
Nurtur'd by gentle looks and deeds,
To those fair buds, the little seeds,
That swell with strength and beauty now,
To bloom on love's eternal bough.

'Tis sad to mark the leafy fringe
Of woodlands take a deeper tinge;
Amid the fall of ripen'd fruit
The forests don their russet suit;
To note, while breezes moan and sigh,
The glorious works of nature die.

And sad to gather round the bed
That shrouds in gloom the silent dead,
To hear the stifled sob, the prayer,
From lov'd ones breath'd, oppress the air,
To take one last deep look, and then
To mingle in the strife of men!

But sadder yet to feel the love
We fondly priz'd all earth above,
Grow cold and careless day by day,
Till all like dreams hath passed away,
And joys so bright in days of yore
Have fled, to beam on earth no more!

PECCIE.

TO OUR READERS.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT OF "THE LONDON JOURNAL"

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL, anxious to convey to his numerous subscribers and readers the expression of his gratitude for the unprecedented patronage he has received, begs leave to offer it in the form which he believes will prove most acceptable to them—namely, the Permanent Enlargement of the work to ONE-FOURTH more than its original size.

THE LONDON JOURNAL is not only the cheapest and argest, but by far the most extensively circulated of the serials devoted to the amusement and instruction of the people. It is the welcome guest alike of the drawing-room and the cottage. Fathers place it with confidence in the hands of their children—assured that not a line which can sully the purity of the youthful mind will be found to disgrace its pages.

In conclusion, the Proprietor begs leave to assure his patrons, that, whilst every exertion will be made to advance with the spirit of the times, in the progress of science, literature, and art, the same moral tone which has hitherto prevailed will be strictly preserved. No expense or effort will be spared to maintain the Journal in its present honourable position, as the head of not only the serial publications of England, but of the world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W.—Cousins should not marry. The relationship is too close. But there are other objections, equally, if not more powerful. The Church, in not prohibiting these marriages, has emitted to perform a very responsible duty.

POCKET BOOK.—A certificated bankrupt cannot be compelled to discharge any of the debts from which he was relieved by his bankruptcy. The object of the process is to do justice to creditors, and enable the debtor to begin again without any incumbrances.

ZARA.—The conventual system is repugnant to the discipline of the English church; but a section of its members have been attempting some experiments in the way of societies of "Sisters of Mercy." Most of them have been ridiculous failures, and owe their origin to the same disordered moral feeling which finds room for activity in Agapemones.

JOHN CLAYTON.—The first English duke, as the title is now understood, was Edward the Black Prince, whom his father created Duke of Cornwall. In the reign of Elizabeth the title became extinct, and half a century afterwards was revived by James I., who created his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

YANKEE.—You say your daughter was married in America, a licence being procured at a court-house, and the ceremony was afterwards performed by a Methodist parson, at his own house, the parson and his wife being the only witnesses. Such a marriage is valid in America, and being so, is good in England; the English law cannot ignore the law of a foreign country.

C. C. S.—As a drop of water incessantly falling on stone will in time wear it away, so will man's devotion overcome woman's indifference. Have patience. The third declaration will be made, but not yet. Having gathered wisdom from experience, he will test your sincerity before he risks his final avowal. There is luck in odd numbers.

A SON.—What! seventeen, and in love! Nonsense! It's only a boyish dream! perhaps somewhat the sweeter for being a boy's dream. Dream on; at twenty-five you will have a very different idea of love.

ONE OF THE CLOTH.—The reason why we advocate the seniority in years of the husband is, because woman's intellect is more precocious than man's; and when the ages of husband and wife are equal, or she is the older, her mind is almost invariably the stronger, and she leads him instead of his leading her, and thus the union becomes discordant—the very institution of marriage is perverted. On an average, girls of eighteen have wiser heads on their shoulders than young men of twenty-two, or even twenty-five.

MONASTOON.—Buckingham Palace being in the diocese of London, and Windsor Castle in that of Oxford, you ask whose parishioner her Majesty the Queen is considered. The Queen is the parishioner of the Archbishop of Canterbury, no matter where she may reside: it was solemnly decided so by Parliament, in a dispute between the primate and the Bishop of Winchester, as to the right of crowning the sovereign.

BLUE PETER.—To avoid the bad habit of liquidising the sound of all words in which the letter "r" occurs, you must accustom your tongue to the sounds which a child makes when first endeavouring to speak. When you find yourself pronouncing "rule" "chule," begin to burr, and rattle your tongue just as a child does. There is no other cure.

POUTER.—In purchasing pigeons, regard must be had to the age, for eight years is about the average duration of a pigeon's life, and it is prolific only during the first four years. The voice is a good guide. The young pigeon squeaks, and it is not until after the expiration of a year that it has obtained its full, deep-toned voice. In young pigeons the eyes appear smaller than those of the old ones, but, as age advances, they become sparkling, and have a more convex appearance. The beak of the old bird is long, strong, and hard; with the young ones, on the contrary, it is weaker and softer, while its extremity is sharper and less worn by the gathering of its food. An old pigeon has darker, harder, and stronger feet, with longer spurs than the younger ones, whose feet are red, soft, and tender. The feet become stronger with age, the outer skin becomes horny and scaly, and the pretty redness is changed into a blackish red or dark blue. The brilliancy of the feathers on the neck is another test of the age of a pigeon: on a young pigeon the brightness of the colour is scarcely perceptible from the plumage of the body; but as the bird becomes older, the feathers become, as it were, more matted, and a beautiful diversity of colour is exhibited. Frauds are practised by dealers, in painting pigeons; but this may be easily detected by the sickly appearance of the birds. The purchaser should also pay particular attention to the number of feathers in the wings and tail. Every wing has at the end three long feathers, called the flight feathers; the six immediately following gradually diminishing in length; then eight smaller feathers, which gradually increase in length, three of which are more prominent than the others, the middle one being particularly so. The tail consists of twelve feathers, six on the right, six on the left, the latter one being rather circular. A fanciful pigeon ought to have thirty-six feathers in its tail, and no pigeon possessing a less number is considered a well-bred or a valuable bird.

A TRADESMAN writes to us on the crime of embezzlement, and particularly by a class of men who do business on what is called commission. The police reports inform us that this offence is alarmingly on the increase; that all classes of tradesmen, coal dealers, spirit dealers, clothiers, and drapers, are being victimised to an alarming extent. The characters of some of the men employed is a sufficient explanation of the frequency of the offence; but we think tradesmen are much to blame themselves. In wishing to extend their business in a hurry, they are not over cautious as to the means, or the kind of agent they trust. Excess always brings its punishment, and in nothing sooner than trade. Still, honest men should be protected; and we think the law which snaps up a defaulting clerk, ought to trip up a swindling agent, although he has only a commission for his salary. Tradesmen, however, are beginning to understand how they can be "penny-wise and pound-foolish," for small salaries, in addition to a commission, are extensively given. Our correspondent should submit his statement to the Trade Protection Society.

C. C. B.—You say you deceived the young lady to whom you are attached by understating your age by a year: ought you now to inform her of the actual fact? Certainly; better make a clean breast of it before than after marriage. Love will plead with you for pardon. But be warned by this fault as to your future conduct. Neither the most disinterested affection nor the best of motives will justify or palliate a lie.

C. E. BIRK has been in love with a young lady, who, in turn, has reciprocated such love—but no promise of marriage has been given, nor, indeed, thought of—for a very good reason, viz.: that neither her circumstances nor for her own good, in a pecuniary point of view, be sufficient at present to maintain a married couple. What he wishes to know is, how he can honourably, and with the feelings of a gentleman, break up the attachment; for he feels confident that it would be several years before he should be in sufficiently good circumstances to bear the expense of a wife. Our correspondent cannot with any honour retire from the engagement. He should have thought of his circumstances before he had gained, or attempted to gain, the affection of the young lady. He must be candid, lay aside all reserve and deception, and inform her of everything. If she loves truly, she will be faithful and true any number of years.

A. Z. To give a fresh colour to Morocco leather, grind three ounces and a quarter of lake, and three ounces and a quarter of carmine, in spirits of turpentine, add to it half a pint of turpentine, and a quart of copal varnish. Wash the leather with spirits of turpentine, and, when dry, colour it slightly with the paint. Repeat this two or three times, the last two coats the same day. The paint must not be too thick.

TOM PINCH.—The salutation, "good morning," used after noon, is sanctioned by custom. When an employer thus salutes a servant, he should reply in the same words, with the addition of "sir." In the fashionable world, "morning" is all the time from sunrise to the dinner hour. Many of our customs are ridiculous when closely examined, but they must be followed until better are adopted.

ZANGA.—We think that the prosperity of commerce and manufactures, and the physical happiness of a people, depend on the accumulation of wealth and the acquisition of fortunes by private individuals; for the accumulation of wealth in civilised communities is not only the safeguard and protection against famine and scarcity, but it is also the means by which the country's resources are developed. The disparity of fortune which exists is not only inseparable from human nature, but also a wise provision for the happiness of mankind. This disparity certainly benefits individuals at the expense of the many, but at the same time it adds to the happiness of all, in providing and storing up something beyond our immediate wants—in stimulating enterprise, and affording room for healthful emulation. The masses in the present state of society are prodigal and disposed to consume or expend all they can obtain. The wants of mankind, though naturally very small, are capable of infinite expansion by habit or example. The luxuries and enjoyments in which the rich can indulge, increase a desire for similar things in the many, and stimulate wants and enterprise. A nation, therefore, owes its greatness and commercial prosperity to those few who are more prudent, who possess more self-denial, who have a greater desire to accumulate, and who are also gifted with more intelligence in knowing how to avail themselves of opportunities, than the people at large. These are the causes of commercial prosperity, and the danger attendant on them consists wholly in their being carried to extremities.

ROBERT AND EMILIA.—Conversation is essential to civilisation, for it is man's gregarious nature which is the cause of his superiority over all other animals. Sydney Smith contended, that "Every man's understanding and acquirements how extensive soever they might appear, was made up from the contributions of his friends and companions." This is partly true, and shows how important a part conversation plays in society. It is therefore necessary that it should be regulated by rules, or at least have its special etiquette. Even in good society, this etiquette is grossly violated, but as it is difficult to define *à la non scripta*, we will merely mention one or two generalities which must be observed. 1. Conversation should never degenerate into discussion. It requires so much tact and good breeding to sustain an argument, however logical and correct the argument may be, that an avoidance of it will give him more popularity than a triumph over his antagonist would accomplish. 2. Never lose your temper, nor take offence at any supposed slight. If a vulgar person is disagreeable, never resent it at the time. 3. Never defend friends unless the conversation be pointedly addressed to yourself. 4. Never "talk at people" or use expletives, and particularly avoid repeating the name of the person to whom you are speaking. How ridiculous it sounds when you hear a voluble person say: "Really, Mrs. Jenkins, I quite agree with you Mrs. Jenkins." 5. When referring to your children, never add anything to their names. "Master John," or "Master James," or "Miss Katharine," is extremely little, because none but intimate friends will take the liberty of calling them by their Christian names. 6. Of all things avoid a loud tone of voice in conversation. "Horse laughs" are suggestive of familiarity with tavern or omnibus society. 7. Never show off in strange company—for unless you are *au fait* with your subject, you may meet with a Tartar, and be distinguished in a moment. Among the bores in society are those who are perpetually holding forth on music, the drama, and the fine arts. As a rule, never attempt to rise above the mental level of the company you are in, for the mere introduction of such topics will be sure to be resented as an assumption on your part. 8. Never whisper in company, or take a person aside—this is a great rudeness. 9. Never lounge on sofas, or recline in chairs; it is indecorous, and, in the presence of ladies, offensive. 10. "Keep out of the shop." Never "spin long yarns," or indulge in slang or musty professional jargon. 11. Mothers should never repeat nursery anecdotes or *bon-mots*. 12. Never address a person by the initial of his or her name. Nothing is more abominable than to hear a woman speak of her husband, as "Mr. B."

MORNINGTON was much charmed by perusing "Ernestine's" sprightly communication. He believes he would be exactly the kind of individual to suit her; being considered very affectionate, well-educated, agreeable-looking, and accustomed to some of the best society in the metropolis. He is also in good circumstances, his income amounting to fully the sum specified. He is twenty-seven years of age.

J. G. cannot be very sagacious; at all events his organ of self-esteem must be remarkably small. He says that he is intimately acquainted with a young girl for whom he feels a sentiment warmer than friendship, but is positively at a loss to understand her. At a party lately he saw that she studiously avoided him, actually refusing to dance with him; but sometimes he detected her looking at him; however, on their eyes meeting, she instantly withdrew her gaze. At other times, when she was apparently listening to the person next her, she would occasionally make a remark—a sarcastic one—upon what J. G. might say. She is frank and cordial with other young men, but towards him she is all reserve and coldness; when speaking she will never look him straight in the face, and when alone with him she seems anxious to get rid of him. J. G. is blind. The girl dotes on him; and let him for assurance-sake be informed, that a true affection ever delights in coyness, mystery, and something that may be called coquetry, but is not really that pernicious quality. She loves, and now he must learn how to woo.

ADA, a respectable girl, twenty-three years of age, nice-looking, very amiable and cheerful in disposition, would be most happy to correspond with "Valerius."

FITZ GLENNIE thus announces his, we are sorry to say, not uncommon want:

Dear sir, I'm in want of a wife,
Who is amiable, pretty, and young;
But don't think, though I send you these lines,
That I've quite lost the use of my tongue.

To tell you the truth, I scarce see,
From one end of the year to the other,
A young lady, fair, droll, tall, or short,
But the fair one engaged to my brother.

For money I care not a straw,
For I've more than sufficient for two.
I should like her to play, sing, and draw,
And a few things (domestic) to do.

I'm affectionate, steady, and kind,
In years I'm more than one score
Dear ladies take pity on me,
And you'll never regret it, I'm sure.

A SCOTCH LASSIE, the only daughter of respectable parents, wants a good-looking, accomplished, and pious husband—the latter quality must not be wanting, as she feels nothing in this world can give pleasure or happiness without piety. She is twenty-two years of age, and considered very good-looking; but, deeming beauty nothing without true worth, would like her husband to be about thirty or forty years of age, with a comfortable home to bestow, and an income of from two to three hundred a-year.

THE BLUE VIOLET AND THE YELLOW LILY, two young ladies, milliners' apprentices, would be happy to correspond with two gentlemen, holding respectable situations, in their own rank of life. The Blue Violet is eighteen, with large, blue eyes, a tall, graceful figure, and, as her friends say, very distinguished in appearance. The Yellow Lily is seventeen, with beautiful black hair and eyes, and a tall, slight figure. Although both milliners' apprentices, they are descended from two families almost noble, but suddenly reduced from affluence to comparative poverty.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Charles Gould (The verses have merit)—Difficulty (Your period of servitude will not expire until the 30th of April, 1854)—M. D. (Mr. Henry Russell, the vocalist, was born at Sheerness, in 1814)—Grace and Isabel (Apply to some music publisher)—E. M. T. (Well written, but too grandiloquent for the subject)—J. Delmont (You are at liberty to better your condition)—H. Langton (Persevere. We may use the poem, but cannot promise)—F. R. (Take the book to a dealer in rare literary works)—J. W. (Soyer's is considered the best "Cookery Book" which has been published)—L. S. H. (The allowance to witnesses attending assizes in criminal cases, is regulated by their position in society. The lowest is 2s. 6d. per day, and the highest 7s. 6d.).

—C. Wigam (It would depend upon the kind of situation you could procure. All government clerks must have a knowledge of book-keeping and accounts)—W. B. W. (A very good style of handwriting)—Ada Byron (A mere penny-a-line concoction. No marriage was ever contemplated between the late Duke of Wellington and Miss Burdett Coutts)—Charles Winderst (Read the Reports of the Registrar General, the Sanitary Commissioners, and the various committees of the Ragged Schools in the Metropolis)—W. M. (We do not know the private address of Lady Franklin, but the general one, "London," would be sufficient)—Mary Bell (The old "Gentleman" is a very old knave. He means to make you his victim. His trumpery offer of a worthless bit of paper ought to have let you see the cloven-foot of the arch-sinner)—J. M. A. (The "Will and the Way" commenced in No. 338 of this Journal)—Orison (Procure a draft upon some responsible American bank)—Augustus Howard (Follow our instructions implicitly)—Topsy (Napoleon II. was sixteen at his death)—* * (Mr. Hume may be seen in the lobby of the House of Commons almost every night Parliament is sitting)—Defyddap Jevan (All in print)—Alfred James (The advantages of a freedom of the City of London are, having a vote for members of Parliament and some privileges as a trader)—Adela (Apply to Mr. Grove, at the offices, Adelaide Buildings, London Bridge)—W. T. O. (Very good. Try again)—W. H. Miller (Procure the book from Heywood's, Manchester)—D. M. R. (We do not approve of emigration)—Vindex (We must refer you to a recruiting sergeant)—Un Voyageur (Postage-stamps are used in Australia, but we cannot say to what extent)—Thos. York (Peruse the book advertisements in the daily papers)—C. Ebsworth (Send your "Essay" to the Rector of Whitechapel Church, London. It has offered a prize for the best, "On the Means of Improving the Condition of the Working Classes")—* * (The French Lessons commenced in No. 312 of this Journal)—John Oakes (Marriage licences may be obtained from a surrogate. With the fees, the costs vary from £2 10s. to £3)—Frank (Pretty, but not suitable for the press)

M. H. (We do not quite understand the question)—Questure (Write to the editor of a Coventry newspaper)—A Novice (A number of valuable recipes for making ink will be found in the first volume of this Journal)—R. B. (A feeling, but still a dreary monody)—Hector, Orkney (Pursue the path you have chosen. The drawings are brimful of promise. Study hard, and you will be a great painter. But take our advice: begin at the beginning—master all the elementary rules)—W. H. Parke (Apply at the district church)—Marie (Too long for insertion in our pages)—Jno. Dalton (Too defective in construction)—William Drake (Several of the numbers are out of print)—David Hunter—W. B.—R. B.—Ada M.—George Chapman—Rusticia Henry Harrison—Marie A.—John Warnock—J. C. D. L.—E. B. Reekes—W. H. Millman, jun.—L. B. T.—C. W. J.—J. M. C.—J. Allen—J. Carne—Sophia—White Rose Bud—Annie—Thos. Vernon—T. V.—Myrtle and Daisy—G. T. A.—James Crowley—Wallace—James S.—The Inquisitive Maid—Florence—Agnes—E. L. S.—J. Lively—Josephus—A Sailor—Reeves—W. Ewing—John Ritely—C. Walter—Frederick A.—M. A. D.—Derry Down—G. H. F.—Lavinia—Adeline B.—Jane Emma Wilson—Harriet—Laura—W. T.—Maude—F. J. L.—F. R. C.—Norma—Thos. C. K.—A. Z.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[JOE BEANS IN THE HALL AT COLONEL MOWBRAY'S.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Friendship hath angel eyes, and watcheth o'er
The safety of the absent and the loved.
Friendship is proved the truest shield of life;
Blunting its darts, turning its ills aside.

ISABEL.

THE morning after the scene in the library of Carrow Abbey, Joe Beans and the lawyer started for London; but not without giving repeated directions to Chettleborough to keep a sharp look out touching the safety of his harmless charge; not that the old sexton needed any additional caution, for he had become so attached to the poor fanatic, that the care he bestowed upon him was rather the result of affection than the service of a hireling. The old groom was the constant companion of his labours in the churchyard, of his solitary hours at night, in the lone cottage—where Martin would sit, patiently watching his guardian, as he played upon the bells.

Joe's first step on reaching the metropolis was to call at the house of Colonel Mowbray, in St. James's, to inquire after his sweetheart Susan. The tall, powdered footman who opened the door, eyed his rustic garb with that supercilious air of contempt which characterises funkiness in its intercourse with the humble, even more fully than its cringing servility marks its contact with the great.

"Su-u-san!" deliberately drawled out the fellow, as he counted the large pearl buttons on Joe's shooting-jacket; "I think we had such a young person in our establishment, but she's gone."

"Gone!" repeated her lover.

"Yes—with her young lady, Miss De Vere."

"Where?" demanded Joe, impatiently.

"Can't say."

The powdered rascal had received his instructions from her ladyship—whose own gentleman he considered himself—and was about to close the door in the face of the honest rustic, when the latter unceremoniously pushed it back, and entered the hall: he was not to be put off so easily.

"What do you mean?" demanded the astonished lackey.

By way of illustrating his intentions, the unwelcome visitor seated himself in the porter's great chair, which happened to be unoccupied at the moment. Deliberately stretching out his legs, and imitating the affected, drawling tone of the speaker, he made answer:

"Re-e-main here till I see the young person whom I came to see!"

"But you can't—she's gone!"

"Where?"

"Don't know."

"Don't believe a word of it!" replied the rustic.

"What!" exclaimed the indignant funk, astonished that his veracity should be doubted; "do you suppose me capable of—"

"Anything," interrupted Joe; "lying, I am certain, comes more easily to you than your prayers; true, you have greater practice: like most of your tribe, you have caught the vices of your betters—their manners you only imitate!"

"Impertinence!" drawled the footman.

"That's the London name for truth, I suppose?" drily observed the lover of the pretty Susan.

"Go!"

"When I have seen the person I came to see!"

The pampered menial at last began to lose all patience, and, calling two or three of his fellow-servants into the hall, they threatened to eject the intruder by force.

At the word "force" Joe sprang from his seat, and, grasping the tough ash stick—his constant companion, and which he facetiously called his "persuader"—firmly in his hand, dared them to attempt it.

The liveried herd drew back irresolute: they did not like the expression in the eyes of their visitor; still, less did they admire the stout eudgel in his grasp.

"Send for an officer!" said the coachman.

"It's my opinion," observed the butler, "that the fellow only wants to steal the plate!"

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the stick of the insulted youth descended with fearful rapidity upon the skull of the speaker, which it must have broken, had not nature, with a mother's prudent foresight, made it of more than ordinary thickness. It is wonderfully beautiful to observe how she adapts her works to the ends for which they are created.

The confusion and noise brought Lady Mowbray from the library into the hall. At the first glance she recognised the countenance of honest Joe and guessed all that

had occurred. Her plans were laid in an instant—for she was a woman of tact.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" she inquired.

Each party was eager to explain: the servants pleaded their mistress's orders—Joe, his determination not to quit the house without seeing Susan, and how the butler had more than insinuated—had asserted—that he came with the design to rob the house.

"Ridiculous!" said her ladyship, with a good-humoured smile, "to suppose for an instant that one whom my esteemed friend Dr. Orme places so much confidence in could entertain such an intention! Susan has accompanied her young lady on a visit to a relative a few miles from town, or of course you should be permitted to see her. Go into the servants' hall," she added, "and take some refreshment, whilst I write a note to my niece, of which you shall be the bearer."

All this was so naturally uttered, that the poor fellow could not suspect the least treachery was concealed under such apparent kindness. Thanking Lady Mowbray for her great condescension, the faithful fellow followed his conductor to the servants' hall: the butler, who was the least satisfied of the party, lingered behind.

"James," said his mistress.

"Yes, my lady," sullenly answered the man, who felt little inclined to do the honours of the servants' hall to his assailant.

"Go instantly," said the artful woman, "to the police-office, and, whilst this insolent ruffian is settling below, procure a warrant for the assault, and return as quickly as possible with the proper persons to execute it."

"I will, my lady," exclaimed the fellow, with alacrity.

"And if you really think, James," continued Lady Mowbray—"of course not otherwise—that this rude young man really had the intention of robbing the house, you had better state it before the magistrate."

"I'll swear to it, my lady," replied the fellow, with a grin of satisfaction; then, with sudden recollection, he added: "suppose he should call upon your ladyship for a character?"

"On me!" replied his mistress, with a bitter look; "neither the colonel nor myself know anything about him. Stay," she continued, as the butler was leaving the hall; "you may have some fees to pay for the warrant, and it would be hardly just for the expense to all upon you."

"No more it would, my lady."

She dropped her purse into the extended hand of the ready instrument of her scheme for ridding herself of the embarrassing presence of poor Joe.

"Thank you, my lady!"

"You need not mind the change," she added.

These last words were whispered in a tone which conveyed to the wretch—who was quick of apprehension where his interests were concerned—the nature of the service expected from him. The touch of the gold, joined to the smart of the blow he had received, made him ready to swear to anything that might compromise his assailant.

Before leaving the house for the police-office, he called for the footman, whose dignity had been so offended by the manner in which Joe Beans had mimicked him, and whispered something in his ear.

"I'll do it!" said the dunkey, with a knowing wink—and he immediately returned to the servants' hall, where the unsuspecting youth was waiting for the letter from Lady Mowbray.

Fortunately for him, his good looks and merry humour made a favourable impression upon the susceptible heart of the cook, who admired his curly hair, width of shoulders, and manly frame. For the last four years she had indulged in dreams of settling in the country—she began to tire of service; and, having saved a matter of three hundred pounds, thought it was high time to abdicate her empire over the boiled and the roast.

Joe had not been introduced to her more than a quarter of an hour before she felt convinced that he would make an admirable landlord for some village inn: as for a landlady, she had never seen any one, in her own opinion, more calculated for such an important position than herself.

Joe, although a rustic, possessed great natural tact: he knew, if not by experience, at least by instinct, that in warfare there is nothing like having a friend in the enemies' camp. He ogled, sighed, and returned the coquettish glances of the fat and fair *cordon bleu* with interest, to the dreadful annoyance of the tall, aristocratic footman, who fancied that he had long since secured an interest in that quarter.

His rage, however, did not prevent his remembering and executing the directions of the butler—which he accomplished by quietly slipping a silver spoon, with the Mowbray crest, into the pocket of his rival's shooting-jacket, as he passed behind his chair.

The moment after he had accomplished this dexterous *coup de main*, there was a loud knocking at the street-door: it was the butler, returned with the officers. With a smile of malice at the anticipated humiliation of his presumed rival, the fellow left the room.

"Feel in your pocket," said the cook—who had noticed the action of her fellow-servant.

The young fellow did so, and drew forth the spoon. He was about to protest, in indignant terms, his ignorance how it came there, when the woman interrupted him with a good-humoured smile.

"Not a word!" she said. "I know it! Quick, give it to me!"

He passed it to her, and squeezed her fat hand as she received it from him, in token of his gratitude; he would even have ventured upon a kiss—but she quietly repulsed him.

"No time to lose!" she whispered—for the approaching footsteps warned her that the butler and footman were returning; and, with a presence of mind worthy of a *soubrette* of Molière, she dropped the piece of plate into the pocket of a livery coat which was hanging in the room.

The next instant the servants, accompanied by the officers, made their appearance. The latter arrested Joe upon a charge of assault only—nothing as yet had been said about the robbery.

Great was the indignation of the cook—she had serious thoughts of attempting a rescue; but, judging that her efforts would be useless, she did, woman-like, what she considered the next best thing—began to scold. She felt confident that he was an honest youth—his enemies were cowardly wretches—he had been invited by her ladyship into the house, and it was a burning shame, &c. &c.

These severe observations were followed by a string of expletives still more expressive; but, as the blow could not be denied, the object for whom she felt such sudden and tender interest was marched off to give an account of himself at the police-office.

The butler and footman remained: the former began to count the plate in the basket and on the table.

"The rascal!" he exclaimed, with well-affected indignation; "as I suspected—a spoon missing!"

"We-e had better *folter* to the *pelise office*!" affectedly drawled his fellow servant, at the same time taking down his livery coat from the peg.

It now became the cook's turn to smile.

"Sorry for your di sappointment!" continued the scamp darting a reproachful look at the too susceptible maiden as he left the room.

"More than I am for yours!" muttered the indignant girl. "There is one consolation—the rascal will be disappointed in his design! Mercy on us!" she added, "if it wasn't his own coat that I put the spoon into! I neither like him nor his mistress, and wish I was out of the family: it is time that I had a home of my own!"

Whether the sigh—something between the puffing of a seal and the wheeze of a pair of bellows—which followed, had reference to Joe or to the longing she experienced for a home, I must leave our readers to surmise: certain, the cook's ideas of a home were not confined to a house alone—there was a husband in the perspective; and that very day she resolved on the purchase of a cap, with bright, cherry-coloured ribbons, which had attracted her attention the previous week; but which, strong as had

been the temptation, from motives of economy she had declined.

After such an instance of strength of mind, we may conclude that she was no ordinary woman: cherry-coloured ribbons became her—for, as the tall footman used to observe:

"They contasted beauty-fully with the colour in her *chweek*!"

CHAPTER LXX.

Between the two she stands: as life

Were loth to lose her—death to win her,

Most impatient.

OLD PLAY.

WHEN Meeran Hafaz, accompanied by Colonel Mowbray and Dr. Guyot, arrived at Mortlake, they found poor Ellen a prey to a delirious fever. The ayah was seated at a short distance from the bed, watching with intense anxiety the countenance of her victim. Several times she had approached, with endearing words, to raise her heavy head, or hold the cup to her burning lips; but on each occasion had been driven back by the loud shrieks of her foster-child—who, clinging to Susan with frantic terror, begged of her, in piteous accents, to protect her from the cruel Zara.

"She will murder me!" she exclaimed, "as she has murdered my dear, kind uncle and poor Henry! Well, well!" she added; better to die than suffer as I suffer! We may be happy in the grave—Meeran cannot reach us there!"

Then she would extend her hand, and offer, in piteous accents, to drink the poison which she was fully persuaded the ayah had mixed for her.

The Indian woman turned aside, more deeply wounded by the abhorrence which Ellen expressed than she would acknowledge even to herself. On one occasion Susan thought she saw her wipe aside a tear: if so, it was but a momentary weakness—one of those sudden ebullitions of feeling which, despite our resolution and the case-hardening lessons of the world, will at times remind us we are human. The next instant her countenance resumed its usual immoveable expression, as she seated herself, as we have described, at a distance from the bed, counting the heavy moments till the return of Meeran Hafaz with assistance.

For some minutes Dr. Guyot stood at the threshold of the apartment, silently making himself master of the situation, as he termed it. Before he approached the couch of his patient, he motioned to his companions to retire.

"But you do not know—" whispered the young Indian.

"I know everything," interrupted the man of science, in the same under-tone; "the young lady has received a shock, the repetition of which must prove fatal; and that shock," he added, "was caused by the sight of you! Her life hangs upon a thread so fine and delicate, that a breath, a sigh, would almost sunder it!"

Without a word of remonstrance, Meeran and the colonel descended to the drawing-room. The mind of the former resembled a volcano after an eruption—it was exhausted by the overflow of its ungovernable passions. With a deep sigh, he threw himself upon the sofa, and something like a prayer trembled on his scornful lips, when he recalled Ellen—the companion of his childhood, the object of his boyhood's love—suffering—mad—perhaps dying. He felt for the moment that there was something even more terrible than losing her—the reproach of having destroyed her.

All was not earth in his fierce nature yet.

"You are sad!" calmly observed the colonel.

"Sad!" repeated the young man, starting to his feet, and beginning to pace the apartment; "by heavens, man, it requires the presence of a heartless thing like thee to reconcile me to myself—to convince me that there is an abyss of degradation into which I have not yet fallen!"

"And who led me to its brink?" demanded his confederate, stung by the tone of bitter contempt in which the reproof was uttered; "who, when, like some giddy traveller, I stood tottering upon its verge, hurled me down? I may deserve reproach," he added, "but not from your lips!"

"You are right!" replied Meeran, mournfully; "I have lost the right even of despising you!"

As he spoke, the warrenner entered the room, with a bold, swaggering air. His partnership in crime made him, in his own imagination, the equal of the man who had employed him. The heart and brain of the young Indian resembled those heavy, solitary clouds which sometimes disfigure the summer sky, charged with electric thunder—black as the veil of night with the impending storm—requiring only a conductor to discharge their fury. The appearance of the warrenner proved that conductor. As the ruffian was confidently advancing towards the spot where Meeran was standing, the concentrated rage in the heart of the young man broke forth with fearful violence.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed; "brutal, vile, senseless, and loathsome as the thing made in man's image, in scorn of his humanity—to mock his pride, by showing him how fine the link between him and the beast, when reason abdicates her throne, and passion grasps the empire of the mind!"

"What have I done," demanded the wretch, in a sulky tone, "more than yourself?"—for community in evil made him bold. "I like the girl, and only wanted to terrify her into better humour!"

With a laugh which might have rivalled the hyena's savage cry, as it darts from its secret ambush on its victim, Meeran sprang upon him; the nerves and muscles of his slender limbs seemed formed of tempered steel.

Without any apparent effort, he raised the huge frame of the warrenner from the ground, till it was on a level with his head, then hurled him to the extreme end of the room.

Will Sidelers, as we have shown, had always been of a revengeful nature. He rose in an instant, and, shaking himself like a shaggy hound, rushed upon his assailant.

Twice the attack was repeated, and with the same result; the third time the brutal ruffian lay, his strength exhausted, bruised, bleeding, and subdued, at the extreme end of the room.

Meeran stood calmly regarding him—not a pulse beat quicker: the contest had dispersed the gathered tempest of his soul, but left his nerves unshaken.

"Is the fellow dead?" demanded the colonel.

A low groan from the warrenner assured him that he was not.

"Humph!" continued the heartless man of the world, "only bruised and maimed! You have acted unwisely," he added, lowering his tone; "it is far better to destroy the instrument for which we have no further use than to abuse it!"

"What should I fear?" demanded the young man, scornfully.

"Nothing—of course, nothing!" replied his friend; "you know best! I merely expressed an opinion; but I have known a discarded dog to bite its former master!"

"Then, as if the fate of the wretch was no affair of his, he opened one of the windows of the drawing-room, stepped out, and strolled to a distance on the lawn.

A prudent man—a very prudent man—was Colonel Mowbray: he neither wished to hear nor see anything which might ultimately compromise either his friend or himself.

"Rise!" said Meeran to the warrenner, as soon as they were alone.

Twice did the bruised and half-stunned wretch endeavour to raise himself upon his feet, but without success: at each effort he staggered and fell, and remained crouching, like a maimed beast of prey, gazing with bloodshot, terror-stricken eyes upon the hunter.

"I can't!" he murmured.

Although the young Indian shuddered at the contact, he extended his hand to assist him to a chair. As soon as the wounded man was seated, he groaned heavily.

"Your insolence has merited death," observed Meeran, mildly; "for it has nearly caused the death of one, to spare whose heart one sigh, whose eyes one tear, I would have sacrificed a thousand lives like thine!"

"Anything but your own passions!" mentally thought the warrenner; but prudence kept him silent.

"Few," continued the speaker, "have ever escaped my hand when it has been raised to strike: thou art one of those few; but beware how you offend again—I spare not twice! This girl—this attendant upon Miss De Vere—he could not bring himself to profane the name of Ellen by pronouncing it to such a being—'offend her but with one word—insult her only by a look—and I will trample thy hideous soul from thy yet more hideous carcass. You know me," he added, "and are warned!"

The cold, passionless tone in which the menace was uttered made it far more terrible than if pronounced in the ebullition of passion.

Will Sidelers shuddered as he listened to it: for once he had found his master.

Meeran needed not his assurance of obedience—the subdued look of the ruffian convinced him that the lesson he had given him would not be thrown away; added to which, experience taught him that no animal is more submissive than a cur thoroughly broken by the lash.

Dr. Guyot made his appearance in the drawing-room. At the sight of the withered old Frenchman, the young Indian forgot everything but Ellen, and the danger which threatened to remove her from his power.

"What hope?" he demanded, grasping the hand of the man of science with such nervous eagerness that he winced beneath the pressure.

"But slight," replied the doctor; "three conditions are necessary to save her."

"Name them?"

"The first is silence the most profound."

"Not a breath shall ruffle the rose-leaf at her casement window!" exclaimed Meeran; "the tomb pyramids of Egypt shall not be more silent! I will watch over the mansion: all shall be still as if the wing of the angel of death rested over it!"

"It does rest over it!" observed the Frenchman, seriously. "The next condition is, that neither yourself, Colonel Mowbray, nor the dark woman who calls her her foster-child, pass the threshold of her chamber."

Meeran looked at him doubtfully.

"The fever is of the nerves and brain," continued the speaker, in the same cold, professional tone; "a second shock must prove fatal to her. But do not let my words influence you," he added; "I have no interest in her recovery, since my fees will be the same whether she lives or dies!"

The young man turned away from him with disgust, and impatiently muttered:

"The last condition, sir—the last?"

"Light must be carefully excluded from her chamber: the eye is the window of the brain—it must be closed; all impression from external objects carefully excluded from the overladen mind."

"And how long is this to last?" inquired the young man.

"About ten days," replied the physician.

"And in that time—"

"The patient will be either past all danger, or ready for the grave!"

A cold shudder ran through the veins of Meeran.

Hafaz as he listened to the response, which was pronounced with the heartless tone of an oracle—in fact, coming from such lips, it might almost be deemed as the response of fate—for Dr. Guyot was one of those remarkable men to whom science had as few secrets as humanity had claims; and yet, with all his wisdom, he was the slave of earth's most debasing passion—avarice: that canker of the heart which in youth chills its most generous impulses—in age becomes the engrossing passion of the soul.

Of all idols, gold most debases its worshippers.

There was a violent struggle in the heart of the young Indian before he could induce himself to promise compliance with the directions of the speaker. Resign for ten days—which appeared to him as many ages—the happiness of seeing Ellen—of pouring his prayers in her ear, offering the burning homage of his headstrong passion at her feet; but the thought, the dread of losing her prevailed, and he reluctantly yielded his assent.

A smile—so faint that it escaped the glance of Meeran—played for an instant on the lips of Dr. Guyot—then disappeared.

"She must hear no voice save that of her young attendant," observed the latter, "or mine."

"Be it so," said his employer; "but till the crisis is past, I shall not leave the place."

The old man merely shrugged his shoulders, to denote how indifferent the arrangement appeared to him.

"I shall at once prepare my draught," he said, as he quitted the room; "I will remain to watch its effect, and then return to London."

To all Meeran's entreaties to remain at Mortlake till the danger was past, the doctor turned a deaf ear. He proffered gold—an enormous sum—but the man of science remained unmoved: he had other patients to attend to, he said, whose safety required his presence as much as Ellen's.

"You shall not leave here!" interrupted the young man, passionately; "what are the lives of a thousand of earth's daughters compared to hers?"

"And what shall detain me?" demanded the Frenchman, coolly.

"Force."

"My person, possibly," answered the doctor; "but not my mind, my skill, my knowledge! You rave, young man! no violence can compel me to employ the only qualities for which you desire my presence. The slightest hindrance to my free action would only be the warrant for the death of her you would preserve!"

The argument was unanswerable; even the strong will of Meeran bent to the iron law of necessity—and he reluctantly consented to the departure of the doctor, who seemed to hold in his hands the balance of life and death. After requesting the physician, at his leisure, to attend to the hurts of the warreners—who, all the time of their conversation had been suffering in silence, in the chair where the young Indian had placed him—he stepped upon the lawn to rejoin Colonel Mowbray.

"Well," said the latter, "what have you done with him?"

"With whom?"

"Will Sidelers."

"Left him to the care of Dr. Guyot."

"His friend received the intelligence with a dissatisfied air: he remembered how the ruffian for years had cherished a vindictive feeling against his brother. True, the late baronet had not been bound to him by the bond of mutual guilt, and the colonel was supposed to ignore the tie which existed between him and Meeran Hafaz.

"Tell me," said the young man, whose suspicions of the Frenchman were only partially allayed; "this Guyot—"

"Is possessed of more skill than half the College of Physicians put together. I have known him succeed a hundred times when every other hope had failed."

"It is not his skill I doubt."

"What, then?"

"His fidelity," replied Meeran—who proceeded to relate the conversation which had just taken place, and the conditions which the old man had exacted.

"And you assented?" demanded the colonel.

"What could I do?"

"You acted wisely," continued the querist. "As for his fidelity, as long as you gratify his avarice, I will answer for it he will not betray you; besides," he added, "none know of Ellen's illness—at least none who are likely to feel an interest in the result; the few servants who are aware of her being here are devoted, body and soul, to your will: there is no fear."

Meeran endeavoured to persuade himself that such was really the case: but, like most natives of the East, he was naturally of a suspicious nature, and more than once he regretted the promise which the fear of Ellen's illness had extorted from him.

The ayah was even more impatient at being driven from the chamber of her charge. With the inconsistency of all violent and passionate dispositions, she refused for a long time to be separated from the poor girl whose happiness she had so successfully laboured to destroy: her heart yearned to watch over her; it was torture to her proud spirit to see her attended by another—to be made to feel that her presence was abhorrent to her foster-child—whom she still loved with the wayward, capricious affection of a nurse.

That same evening, Susan, who had descended to the servants' hall to prepare a cooling drink from some herbs which Dr. Guyot had given her, was startled by a tapping at the lofty window which looked upon the lawn at the back of the house.

"Are you alone?" demanded a childish voice.

"Yes."

"Then 'tis you down," continued the speaker.

"The doors are locked," replied the poor girl, trembling with apprehension lest Zara or the warreners should make their appearance—for as yet she knew not of the injuries which the latter had received.

"I've got a key," was the response.

In a few seconds it was heard to turn in the rusty wards of the long-disused lock, and the red-haired urchin who had been so unceremoniously treated by Sidelers, crept cautiously into the room. With a broad grin upon his features, he stood for some time staring at Susan—who thought, as she recognised him by the light of the solitary lamp suspended from the ceiling, that she had never seen a being more hideous.

"I like thee," said the boy; "else I wouldn't have come back. What beest thee here for?"

The prisoner answered only by a sigh.

"I could let 'ee out, if I loiked!"

Susan's first impulse was to accept the offer thus unexpectedly made; but the recollection of Ellen's unfriended state prevented her.

"I cannot leave," she said.

"Why not?" demanded the lad, with an air of surprise; "does 'ee loike the old man who wor tuzzling wi' thee yesterday?"

"Like him!" she replied, with a shudder; oh, no! I fear his presence more than anything on earth!"

"If I wor thee, I'd catch him!"

"What do you mean?"

"Trap him," continued the strange visitor, "as I do the birds. Cromwell House be a rare old cage! I don't mind if I show 'ee how, for speaking kindly to me, and telling the old un not to beat me: they generally laugh in the village," he added, bitterly, "when any one beats or mocks me—that's why I hate un so."

Feeling that any chance, however desperate, in her present position was not to be neglected, she entreated the unearthly-looking urchin to explain himself.

"Come with me," he cried; "I'll show 'ee!"

Passing before her, he led to the passage running parallel with the great hall—which passage it was necessary to traverse in order to pass from the servants' rooms to the great staircase; originally there were two staircases—but the one leading from the offices having fallen into decay and become dangerous, had been removed. As soon as they reached the spot, her conductor, with a grin which rendered his features yet more hideous, pointed to the floor.

"What mean you?" demanded Susan, who suspected that he was trifling with her.

"There it be!"

"What?"

"My trap—and yours, if you loike to catch un: if the old man begins to court 'ee again, and thee don't loike it, look here!"

Kneeling on the ground, as near as possible to the door, the boy pushed back a part of the moulding at the bottom of the panel-work, and discovered an iron ring—by pulling which he caused the floor to open for the space of ten or twelve feet, discovering a sort of pit or cellar, of considerable depth. Delighted with what he had done, he remained staring at Susan, grinning and nodding all the while.

The sharp-witted girl saw in an instant the advantage to be derived from the discovery: it enabled her to place a barrier between the apartments of Ellen and the lower part of the house, where the warreners and the ayah were banished. She thanked the poor grateful little fellow, and, drawing forth her purse, proffered him a piece of gold. The boy looked disappointed, and refused it somewhat sullenly; Susan repeatedly urged him to accept it.

"I want!" he muttered.

"But why not?"

"Because it wor not for money that I showed it."

"For what, then?" demanded the girl, with an air of surprise.

"For the koind word and look you gave me, when the old man wor so hard upon I," replied the lad. "I thought I could be of use to 'ee, and so I comed back; and I'll come agin," he added, "if you want me."

Susan gave him her hand, which he shook heartily, at the same time observing that it wor better nor money.

A step was heard in the hall: he hastily closed the trap, and motioned to her to fly.

"And you?" she whispered.

"I know a dozen ways to be off without their catching me; for the matter of that, twenty or more. This be a queer old place: I can come in and go out as I loike, and nobody the wiser."

So saying, he crept along the passage, and disappeared under a small recess beneath the great staircase. Susan retraced her steps rapidly to the servants' room. When she reached it, the ayah was already there: the woman regarded her suspiciously.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

Susan hesitated.

"You need not answer me," she continued; "I will spare you the trouble of hatching a lie, which could not deceive me: you have been trying to escape!"

"And what if I have?" replied the poor girl, secretly rejoiced that her suspicions extended no further; "the treatment I have received here has not been such that I feel very anxious to remain."

So saying, she removed the herbs which had been simmering on the fire, and returned to the chamber of her young mistress.

Zara's suspicions were not so easily allayed as Susan imagined. After looking carefully round her, she left the apartment, determined to make a personal inspection of the house—to leave no room unexplored except the chamber of Ellen.

With a light step, she glided along the corridors; visited alternately the long deserted drawing-rooms, the

sleeping-chamber and the oaken gallery—called the council-chamber of Cromwell: not a sound fell upon her attentive ear. Just as she was on the point of returning, a slight rustling near one of the windows which opened on the roof startled her; as she gently drew aside the casement, and peered forth, a countenance encountered hers so closely, that they almost met: it was that of the cow-boy, who was so terrified by the oriental style of head-dress and swarthy features of the ayah, that he mistook her for one of the ghosts he had so often heard of.

With a yell of terror, he rolled along the roof, and, but for the parapet, must have fallen over, screaming:

"The ghost! the ghost!"

Zara descended to invoke the aid of Meeran: when they returned, the boy had disappeared; it was some days before he ventured to approach the house again.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us.

OTWAY.

WHEN Joe found himself at the police-office, his first care was to dispatch a messenger to Lawyer Elworthy, confident that the clear-headed old man would be much better able to deal with any charge which his enemies might bring against him than he himself could hope to be. It was the first time in his life he had ever been taken before a magistrate, and he naturally betrayed that dread which the uncharitable take as an indication of guilt—the more fair as a proof of innocence.

"Humph!" muttered an old officer, as poor Joe, after an hour's detention, was conducted before his worship; "an old offender!"

The speaker had been drinking at a neighbouring public-house with the butler and the footman.

"Did you ever see me before?" demanded Joe, who perceived that the magistrate had noticed the expression, and that the effect was unfavourable.

The man shook his head: he did not venture to assert positively that he had, although he felt an inclination to do so; but the shake of that grey head conveyed to his worship more even than a response in the affirmative would have done.

The prisoner naturally felt indignant, and repeated his question, with the same result.

"Speak, Simmonds!" said the magistrate.

"Vy," your worship," deliberately answered the officer, "perhaps I should not exactly like to swear to it—these gentry do disguise themselves so very cleverly: sometimes they dress as parsons, sometimes as countrymen; it was a feller in a welweten jacket like that, who robbed Lady Dacre of her diamonds, in the Green Park—not that I mean positively to say it was the same."

"You had better not!" muttered Joe, significantly.

"Proceed with the charge," said the magistrate, gravely.

The footman mounted into the witness-box, and, being duly sworn, stated—that the prisoner called at the house of Colonel Mowbray, under pretence of seeing a young woman who had lately resided there; that, suspecting his intentions, he had tried to dismiss him—but the feller refused to leave; that, despite his remonstrances, he had forced his way into the hall, and committed the assault complained of upon the butler.

The butler next displayed his broken head, and added that, since the departure of the prisoner, he had examined the plate-basket, and missed a spoon.

"Ah! ah!" said the magistrate; "robbery as well assault! Let him be searched!"

Poor Joe's person was immediately turned inside out by the officers: nothing, however, was found upon him, except a well-filled purse and the letter he had received from Susan: it was read by the clerk. It ran thus:

"Now is the time to come—ask for me—say you come from the country; the servants are very stupid and conceited, especially the footman; they will not suspect anything; her ladyship, I fear, begins to look coolly upon me. Your affectionate
SUSAN."

"A regular plant!" muttered the old officer.

"Evidently an accomplice!" observed the justice; "has his cell been searched?"

One of the attendants replied in the affirmative, and added, that nothing had been found.

"The butler glanced reproachfully at the tall footman, who began to look excessively puzzled at the result.

At this state of the proceedings, fortunately for Joe, Mr. Elworthy made his appearance. The worthy lawyer proceeded at once to the bench, shook hands with the magistrate, and then nodded familiarly to the prisoner. At the sight of the man of law, the butler was observed to turn very pale.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the justice; "are you acquainted with the prisoner?"

"Perfectly well," replied Mr. Elworthy; "he is a friend of mine."

"A friend!"

Such a declaration from a person of the lawyer's well-known respectability produced an evident impression in favour of the accused; even the old officer began to think that he had judged a little too hastily.

"He is charged with an assault!"

"Possibly!"

"And suspected," continued the magistrate, "of a design to rob the house of Colonel Mowbray."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Elworthy, emphatically; "it is not more than four-and-twenty hours since he left Norfolk, by my advice and request; we travel fast here. I was perfectly aware of his intended visit to your house, Mowbray's, and can answer that his intentions were only honest but misapprehended."

most preposterous, unless," he added, smilingly, "you suspect me of being an accomplice!"

Such an idea of course was not to be entertained for an instant. The charge of intended robbery was therefore at once dismissed, and nothing then remained to be disposed of but the assault, to establish which the butler was called into the witness-box: he mounted most reluctantly—all his effrontery seemed suddenly to have deserted him, and he studied as much as possible to turn his face from the bench.

The lawyer eyed him for a few moments, with an air which betrayed a confused recollection. Suddenly he turned to the magistrate, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Are you certain?" said he.

"Most certain," continued Joe's friend; "question him."

The justice remained silent, however, till he had made his deposition. He then asked of Joe what he had to say in answer to the charge.

"I cannot deny it," replied the young man, modestly, but firmly. "I called to see a good and virtuous girl, to whom—" Here he hesitated, but an encouraging smile from Mr. Elworthy urged him to proceed.

"Speak out!" exclaimed the clerk.

"To whom," continued Joe, "I am engaged to be married: there be no harm in that. I was accused of an intention of robbing the house—ordered to quit it like a dog—and so I—I did give him a tap, just to remind the fellow that civility was due to every one. If he bears any malice," he added, "and your worship will see fair play, I'll have it out with him Norfolk fashion. I bear no malice."

We need not inform our readers that Joe's offer was not entertained for an instant: it was contrary to the practice of the court.

"Mr. Beans," said the magistrate, suppressing a smile, with some difficulty; "you are fined forty shillings to our Lord, the King, and discharged."

The money was handed to the clerk, and the prisoner told by one of the officers that he might leave the dock. The instant he was released, he advanced to the table, and begged to know if he might speak a few words.

"Certainly!" was the reply.

"It is only to inform that pale-faced rascal, who stands as if he could not look an honest man in the face, where he may find the spoon whose loss he complained of."

"Dear me!" said the magistrate, "do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, your worship!"

"Where is it?"

"In the footman's pocket," replied Joe, who recognised the livery coat, and proceeded to relate how the kind-hearted cook had witnessed the rascally attempt to criminate him, and the manner in which it had been transferred from his possession to that of the crest-fallen servant, who looked as if he meditated an escape. The butler was already skulking out of the witness-box.

The footman was searched, and, to his confusion, the spoon produced from his pocket.

"I have acted more honestly to you," said Joe, "than you would have done to me. I have explained to his worship how it came there!"

"And I can prove it!" exclaimed a female voice from the crowd.

"Silence in court, there!" exclaimed the red-nosed officer.

"I won't!" replied the same voice; "I am a witness—justice is justice! The young man is nothing to me—of course not—but I'll speak the truth. It's not often that I make up my mind to anything, but *when I do*, I'd like to see any one that could stop me!"

The cook, her countenance flushed with anger, bustled her way to the table through the crowd, and, without waiting to be sworn, began, with that amiable volubility so peculiar to her sex and profession, to relate everything that had taken place in the servants'-hall; adding, "that she was ready to take her oath to Joe's honesty." In confirmation of which, she seized the book, which the clerk had been vainly tendering, and kissed it with a smack which proved the heartiness of her testimony, if not its truth.

"Your worship," said the tall footman, in a mincing tone, "she is *hamorous* on the young fellow, and will swear anything!"

"Will I!" replied the woman, with spirit. "At any rate, I am not such a fool as be hamorous on a pitiful, cowardly, sneaking, lickspittle cur as you are! Please sir," she said, turning towards the bench, "I never seed him till this morning, and ten to one," she added, with a sigh—for she had heard Joe's declaration respecting Susan—"after to-day, if ever I see him again."

Who would have thought that mountain of flesh concealed so much true womanly nature? but we should never judge by appearances. On the demand of Mr. Elworthy, her evidence was regularly taken down, and he declared his intention to prosecute the two servants for conspiracy and forgery.

The men saw that their scheme was defeated. The opinion of every one in court was unfavourable to them. Even the red-nosed officer, who had so condescendingly shared their drink at the public-house, began to look indignantly at them. He felt that his respectability had been compromised.

"Officers!" said the magistrate, sharply, "see that neither of those men leave the court!" Then, addressing the butler, who had been forced back into the witness-box, he asked him how long he had lived in the service of Colonel and Lady Mowbray.

The fellow replied with great volubility, and endeavoured to shirk the question, by assuring his worship that he had lived only in the most distinguished families,

and that, if he would send for the colonel or her ladyship, they would give him the best of characters.

"Doubtless!" drily muttered the lawyer.

The experienced man of justice was not to be so baffled: he repeated the question, and demanded a straightforward answer.

It came at last—"reluctantly as birdlime comes from furze"—but it did come at last.

"About three months."

"And who recommended you to the colonel?" continued the justice.

There was no reply.

"Shall I tell you?" added the speaker. "Perhaps it was your late master, Captain Elton?"

At the name of Captain Elton, several of the officers began to rummage amongst the papers and handbills offering rewards for goods stolen or lost, and the apprehension of various offenders. They soon came to one giving a description of the valet of the late son-in-law of Sir Jasper Pepper, charged with absconding from the hotel, on the night of his death, with a dressing-case, containing a considerable amount of cash and jewellery. The thief had been accurately described, and the reward was one hundred pounds.

The red nose of the old police officer became of a yet darker hue as he perused the document.

"Curse the fellow!" he muttered: "he has robbed me of a cool hundred! To think that I should have been drinking with him, too! There is one consolation," he thought: "he is sure to hang for his impudence!"

In the days of George III., the punishment for the crime the valet of the late Captain Elton had committed was nothing less than death. No wonder, then, that he turned pale when he first recognised Lawyer Elworthy upon the bench: something whispered him that he was betrayed.

"This is a mistake!" replied the terrified wretch.

"That you must prove upon your trial," blandly observed the magistrate; "the laws are very humane, and afford every facility to a criminal to clear himself—if he can!"

"Send for my master!"

"He can speak to your character, if you wish it, on your trial, my good man."

"I am sure he will bail me!"

His worship, in the same mild tone, gently reminded him that it was out of his power to accept bail for a capital offence; but added, that he would remand him, if he particularly wished it.

It is curious to observe, that the instant a man is charged with any crime affecting his life, with what extreme courtesy the magistrates, judges, and even the gaolers, treat him; he becomes an object of personal interest; is surrounded by the most delicate attentions; sheriffs, chaplains, and turnkeys address him in the blindest tones. When Claude du Val, the dashing highwayman, was sentenced to execution, he declared that he had lost all hope of life, from the politeness of those around him.

Despite his intreaties the justice decided on remanding him, in order to give time to complete the evidence against him; and the tall footman shared his fate, on a charge of conspiracy, Joe being bound over to appear against him on a future day.

As the honest fellow left the office, accompanied by Mr. Elworthy, they encountered the cook, who looked rather reproachfully at the hero of the day: it was not his fault that her dreams of the road-side inn and handsome landlord had been so suddenly dissipated.

Joe pressed her fat red hand in his, and warmly thanked her.

"I have only acted like an honest girl," she said; "and you owe me no gratitude. I shall lose my place through it," she added, "no doubt, but that is no great matter: I can live without serving any one."

"Should that prove the case," observed the lawyer, "you have only to apply to me—I will provide you with a home."

Her heart was too full to thank him. True, she had only seen Joe for an hour; but that hour had melted her susceptible heart—although a cook, she had both feelings and a conscience.

"Have you learnt anything?" inquired Mr. Elworthy of his companion.

"Alas, nothing!"

"I," replied the woman, "can tell you what, perhaps, you will be glad to know: if, as I suppose, your inquiries are for the colonel's niece."

"They are!"

"You must seek her, then, at Mortlake!"

So saying, she turned aside, and disappeared from their gaze.

(To be continued in our next.)

A GHOST STORY.

A GENTLEMAN, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings at a house in Soho Square. After he had resided some weeks at this establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for his funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance. The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He stayed out late, but this was no uncon-

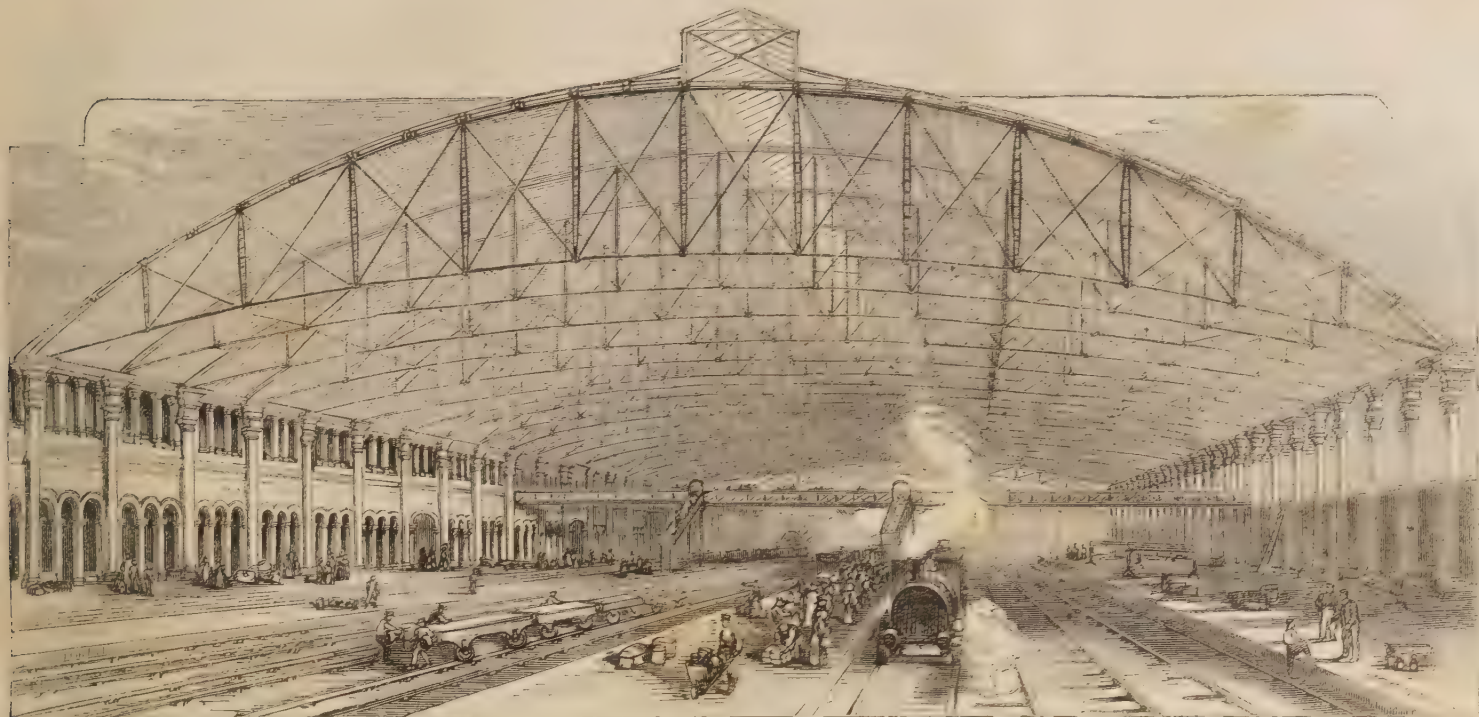
mon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be prepared for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting alone in the kitchen, when a spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her. The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression—lonely as she was—at the unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side-door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud and with a death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that the creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it.

The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sank nearly insensible by the side of the bed. At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for, though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear an incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror. At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but behold the ghost was gone!

Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a deal of shaking. In a short time they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodgings. It turned out that it was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers—who was executed at Tyburn, in 1706—who had whitened his face and hands with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her; and, seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

PERSONS generally, both men and women, love because they think themselves loved; and it is folly to suppose, under ordinary circumstances, one can arouse a feeling of affection in another whom he treats with coldness or indifference. Pride is at the bottom of *la grande passion*, and that being flattered by what it believes to be appreciation, gives place to a softer sentiment, which is its fellow. Of a hundred wedded couples you meet, ask ninety of them why they married, and they will each answer, in the spirit of Benedick and Beatrice: "I was so loved, it were ungrateful in me not to return such absorbing affection."

A SILVER MINE IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.—There is a tradition in this part of this country, handed down from sire to son, that there lived in Easter Moy, on the Seaforth property, some two or three generations back, a blacksmith of the name of Ferguson, who was never known to run short of a supply of silver. It is said that he found the metal in abundance below and above the rocks of Moy, and, to escape detection, always went in search of it in the dusk, or through the night-time; on account of which some of his more superstitious neighbours had him convicted of holding communion with the banshee. On one occasion, some of his newly-coined shillings fell into the hands of his superior, Mackenzie, of Fairburn, at a market held in Contin (this part of the Seaforth property was possessed by the lairds of Fairburn till the late Lord Seaforth's time), who soon traced out the maker, and he, it is said, threatened him with the simple but sure punishment of hanging, if he should see any more of his new shillings in circulation. In these good old times it was customary to hang at the bidding of the laird, and to escape this, Ferguson discontinued his diggings. Subsequent to the time in which Ferguson lived, a number of his coins were found in a pit at the foot of the rocks, by people employed in planting. It was supposed that they were hidden by him when he was threatened by the laird. Immediately below these rocks, in the pools of the Cairn, are found pearls of considerable value, which are of two kind, brown and white. These pools are visited annually by a blind man and his better half, whose occupation is that of fishing for pearls, by which means they manage to earn a livelihood. This blind pearl-fisher says that, without doubt, there is a silver and a gold mine below these pearl beds; and, strange to relate, he will know the smell that contains the pearl without opening it, which saves him the trouble of opening all the shells he takes out of the river: this so far corroborates the tradition regarding Ferguson's silver mine. There is no doubt, if a practical geologist were to explore these rocks, that silver would be found in sufficient quantities to remunerate more than the labour, when Ferguson, in his night rambles, managed to find it, without great labour, as much as kept him in a comfortable way. It is also said that Ferguson was employed by the laird to dig a sufficient quantity of the metal, which was at that time converted into plate for the family of Fairburn. It is worthy of remark, that Ferguson's great-grandson is a successful game, living in this vicinity.—*Lancaster Advertiser*.



[THE BIRMINGHAM CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION.]

THE GREAT CENTRAL STATION, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

RAILWAYS themselves are unquestionably the greatest facts of the age, but there are many things equally substantive in character in the various points in their construction, and line of progress. The tunnels, bridges, viaducts, and tubes on these mighty modern highways, are wonderful feats in architectural and mechanical science. When they can be inspected at leisure, they excite our liveliest admiration; but as the majority of railway travellers can only contemplate them in a flash of lightning kind of manner, the enthusiasm of the public seems to have been concentrated on the stations, where at least opportunities for a brief, but studious lounge is afforded.

The English are enamoured of comfort and convenience, therefore it is not surprising that after railways had been accepted as legitimate enterprises, the approaches to them should have occupied much of the anxious consideration of directors and engineers. The booking of passengers—afterwards superseded by the present admirable system of issuing tickets, the marshalling and starting of trains, the housing of carriages, and punctuality in departure, all required extensive accommodation: accordingly, shed-like erections, fringed by sentry-box offices, and barn-like refreshment-rooms, sprang up in the neighbourhood of the various termini, with mushroom like rapidity. Utility entirely ignored ornament in these erections—which, by the way, were always understood to have been merely temporary in their purpose—and it was not until the Liverpool and Manchester Company placed their passenger station in the very heart of Liverpool, at the end of a tunnel under the town, more than a mile in length, and the great station at Euston Square had been erected, that any attempts were made to render these edifices more worthy of the period which had introduced, and to a certain extent perfected, the railway system in less than twenty years. The great stations at Birmingham, Derby, Manchester, Sheffield, York, Paddington, and London Bridge, at length arose, to show what might be done in the way of embellishment, with a due attention to the main want and leading feature—capacity; and we have frequently since had occasion to give our readers some interesting details, artistic as well as literary, of some of the principal of these, in every mechanical respect, colossal undertakings.

The last large railway station we described in this Journal, was the Great Northern, at King's Cross, in the metropolis; and on this occasion it gives us some pleasure to announce that there is a station in rapid course of construction at Birmingham, which will emphatically not only be the grand one of Birmingham, but of Great Britain. This immense erection, which has been in course of construction for many months past, is fast approaching completion, and, it is expected, will be finished in July.

The old station in Birmingham—one of the most extensive in England, notwithstanding the enormous diversion of traffic from that town, consequent on the opening of the shorter route between the metropolis and the manufacturing districts afforded by the Trent Valley route—was found utterly inadequate for the accumulating traffic of the many railways that converged on such a central point as Birmingham; and accordingly the great convenience of a grand central station, into which several before disconnected lines of railway should enter, was so obvious, that it was determined to erect the building at present in progress, which we will describe as succinctly as our readers would desire.

Turning out of New Street, down a rather steeply-descending, but wide opening, called Stephenson's Place, the principal front of this grand central station comes into view. It consists of two wings, with a central mass supported upon a Tuscan arcade, projecting twenty feet from the faces of the wings. The style of the whole is Italian, and, from this level, four storeys in height, with a bold but chaste cornice and balustrade. The arcade, up to the first-floor level, is executed in Darley Dale stone; above this, the building is white brick, with Portland cement dressings.

Passing under the arcade, we come to the various booking offices for passengers going to the north or south, including also the offices of the Stour Valley, Midland, South Staffordshire, and other lines of great local importance; from thence to a gallery leading to a stone staircase, from which we emerge on to the platform, and then stand under the magnificent roof represented in our engraving. This is another of our splendid iron victories, and is, we believe, of the greatest span in the world. It varies from 188 to 211 feet clear width, and is therefore equal to the two roofs of the Great Northern Station, King's Cross put together, though it differs in being a segment instead of a semicircle. Each truss is supported on the one side by Doric pilasters forming the wall of the station, and on the other by iron columns of the same order. It is thirty feet from the platform to the springing of the roof.

It is difficult to form a correct conception, while standing below, of the immense space thus covered in without a single intermediate support; but when we state that ten lines of rail, four wide platforms, and a roadway of ample space for cabs, omnibuses, &c., is under it, it may give a better idea of its extent than a mere statement of figures. We may, however, mention, that it will be 1080 feet long, with a span varying from 188 to 211 feet, unsupported by a single pillar except at either side.

Notwithstanding the necessarily great size of the members used in the construction of the ribs, the struts, tie-rods, &c., they appear, when up, of a cobweb lightness, the whole being constructed with a view to economy of material, combined with the necessary strength and endurance.

The bridge running right across, shown in the engraving, is a convenient arrangement to admit of passengers passing from the booking-offices, on the higher level, to the opposite platforms, without descending the staircase in the building, and then crossing the rails; and also to enable persons to pass from one platform to another, thus putting any chance of accident from that fruitful source beyond almost the possibility of occurrence. This is the more to be admired, from the number of lines running into the station, and the fine spectacle of activity and grandeur of action it will afford to the beholder from this novel gallery of observation.

An hotel adjoins the station, and forms part of the whole composition, so that the traveller may book himself, without passing from under cover, to almost any part of the kingdom: thus effecting an immense saving in the way of cabs, transfer of luggage, time, &c. The procrastinating traveller, who takes up his abode in this hotel, may thus with impunity delay till the last moment, having but a few yards between his tea or coffee and his train.

The view shown in our engraving is supposed to be taken by a spectator standing at the end of the platform towards Wolverhampton, and would in reality continue overhead, but is here made sectional, in order to give the reader a better idea of the manner in which the ribs are

joined together. The rib arches, erected under the direction of Mr. Phillips, superintendent of works for Messrs. Fox, Henderson and Co., are each composed of three sections, and the weight of each rib is 25 tons. There are 45 of these in the roof, at distances of 24 feet apart, and at a height of 75 feet from the rails; nevertheless, their appearance is exceedingly light and fragile to the eye.

The difficulties attendant upon this portion of this latest triumph in mechanical daring, were much enhanced by the circumstance, that no interference with the traffic on the Stour Valley Line could take place. Consequently, a gigantic traversing scaffold had to be constructed, reaching from one side of the station to the other, and of the most ponderous description, by which the work was carried on without blocking up the rails at any point. The roof will be fitted with fluted glass, of which a vast quantity will be used; and we are confident that, when finally completed, "The Grand Central Railway Station at Birmingham"—in Shakspearian phraseology, the very "bowels of the land"—will be the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world. We cannot anticipate that it will in the first instance show much sympathy on the part of railway directors for the fine arts; but after what that Colossus of railway companies, the London and North Western, has done in that department at their beautiful metropolitan station, we dare hope that this mighty feat in iron will not be long found destitute of some of the more delicate attractions of art and science.

SAD AND SIGNIFICANT.—A Georgiana correspondent of the *Janus*, a German paper in New York, says that he was at Cedartown lately, when a negress was hanged, and thus relates the case: The master of the negress told her that he had sold her four children to a man to whom they were to be delivered next day. The purchaser was known through the neighbourhood as a tyrant and miser, who not only half starved his slaves, but beat them brutally at every opportunity. The mother, who tenderly loved her children, was overcome with grief at the thought of having them sold to such a monster. She begged her master on her knees to keep the children, or, if they must be sold, to let them go to a more humane master. But, after all her efforts proving vain, and being driven to desperation, she, on the following night, murdered the children. This was the crime for which she was hanged.

OUR DINNERS.—It is a vulgar notion that a dinner to be good must be expensive—a fatal mistake, preventive of much social enjoyment. To say nothing of those

Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
When seated near them of some pretty lisper,

nine-tenths of the recipients of a grand state dinner, formal and costly, would infinitely prefer a fish, a joint, and a bird, with freedom and a good talk.

Boys, 'tis little I care to dine
Where the host is vain, and the guests are fine,
Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
And the mutton is young, and the spinsters old.

Some of the most delightful dinners in memory have been the simplest—all wit, fun, and good sense, with merely "flashes of silence." "Cheerful looks make every dish a feast." The very essence of a dinner is the absence of ceremony. Half the dinners that one goes to offer but dry leaves instead of flowers; they are but mockeries of enjoyments, waste of hours, through fear of tyrant custom, and desire to be thought genteel. "Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to insure the greatest amount of health and enjoyment."

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCENE.—A mountainous pass; the path rugged and dangerous; a huge trunk of pine thrown, as a bridge, over a torrent.

Enter FALKNER.

FALKNER.

ARE we by both deceived, Virtue and Vice?
Doth Virtue cheat and crush us? Vice deceive
And curse? In different modes betrayers of our hope?
Dark is the world, and drear, and difficult!
Nature's doom'd children are baptised with tears,
And Misery is their sponsor!

Love and Friendship are

But other names for life's anxieties!
This little round of time, this petty sphere,
Revolves amidst perpetual woe and care—
Disease and suffering, poverty and sin!
What's life to care for? and for that honour,
Which I have idolised as next to heaven,
What is't?—a dream, a passing dream; and yet
Great minds love lofty action not for fame!
'Tis the spontaneous product of the soul,
Springs from itself, and is its own reward:
Long be it so.

Two acts I must perform,

Which, if I now may judge from what I feel,
In honour and in justice are demanded!
Yet these two acts, born of my brotherly love,
My deep, o'erflowing, never-ebbing love,
May brand me but with infamy; and her,
Whose name I dare not speak and think upon
The deed I am about—what unto her
May be the issue?

Enter JURUS, hastily, whose interruption seems to ruffle FALKNER.

JURUS.

Leave him unscathed to an offended God!
His death could nothing grace thy sister's grave;
Her griefs are wept away! Think better on't;
The Lady Bertha loves thee, fame reports;
Think less of him, more of thine interest.
If all the wicked must be hurled to death,
The world would lack inhabitants ere long;
I'd have thee to thine interest more alert
Than cast thy life upon a ruffian's sword!

FALKNER, contemptuously.

Interest! Self-interest! 'Tis the common cant,
The mean in mind call wisdom of the world;
'Tis that which leads the shallow stream of life,
Arrays the hypocrite in virtue's guise,
Calls over-reaching, knowledge of mankind!
Dull Honesty the workhouse slave, whose rags
Lend jests to those whose finer cunning thrives.
Self-interest! 'Tis a thing whose heart is coin!
And yet the higher virtues of the soul
Find in its mouth an hourly currency;
None speak of reputation, honour, worth,
Frank liberality, and generous faith,
None, like self-interest; so expert the cheat,
It half deceives itself with its own vanities!
Self-interest! 'tis the dastard's ready shield,
The tyrant's plea, the swindler's crafty creed,
Who, honouring law, stops short of legal crime;
'Tis—mark me, sir! a booster in success;
A mean and abject driveller in that hour
Adversity's sharp whip cracks at its heels!
Self-interest! name it not! there is no sound
So sickening, so perfidious to mine ears:
If e'er my stay offend thee, there's the word
Shall rid thee of my presence! Interest!
Self-interest!

JURUS.

Too hot, and over nice!

But 'tis thy humour to behold things thus,
With a most jaundiced and distemper'd view;
If each man studied his true interest
His fellow-men were better'd by that study.
Exaggeration is not argument,
Nor hard words facts. But be that as thou wilt,
Another's happiness is in thy keeping!
Thou hast no right to peril her young life
In perilling thine own: avoid this man!
His sins, like bloodhounds, hunt him to a death
More sure, more keen, than stab of any steel!
When broken, friendless, old before his time,
Revenge could seek no fiercer punishment.
Less abject, less debased, might claim thy sword.
Oh, I implore thee give this venture pause!
Instead of the corrosion of thy conscience,
Reap the enjoyment of a godlike act,
And learn forgiveness!

FALKNER.

JURUS!
Thou'st heard of one, a pilgrim to some shrine,
Who travelled weeks and months, nor food, nor sleep,
For the dry crust could scarce deserve that name,
And the few snatches of outworn nature
Might scarcely claim the title of repose.
What wouldst thou think, after all toil and fasting,
All conquering of the rough impediments
Mountain, flood, rock, might cast upon his way,
To count not elemental harassings—
If, when his eye beheld the shrine he sought,
His foot pressed—ay, within few steps of all
For which he'd welcomed pain, fatigue, and fasting,
Thou crossedst his path, and saidst, "Proceed no further,
'Tis Superstition, and not Sanctity,
Which mocks thee here! Get to thy vineyard back!"

Thinkst thou he'd turn his staff from east to west,
And easily, as the blown thistle-down,
Go, at thy breath, the way thou marshall'st him?
No! Feelings time hath rooted change not thus:
Granting his theme Devotion, mine Revenge!
His Love, mine Hate! Why human hate is fixed
As Herculean rock when love's a reed!
Thus 'tis with me, each hour that intervenes
Between Resolve and my assured Revenge
Is cursed as barren! Let me hence!

JURUS.

A moment and I quit thee; yet beware
Lest Passion urge thee down a gulf so deep
That Honour ne'er again may snatch thee back;
Stain not thy sword but in accepted challenge,
And Heaven shield well the right!

[FALKNER impatient.]

Be calm!

FALKNER.

Thou seest I'm calm!

JURUS.

Calm? Yes, that calm which follows when we hurl
A rock from some high cliff that fronts the sea;
That calm which intervenes between its fall
And its hoarse thunder in the deep below!
Thus calm art thou! For now is thy descent;
The thunder is to come!

[FALKNER still more impatient.]

Soon, thou shalt go soon!

FALKNER.

Shall? Nay, I will!

JURUS.

Thou shalt!

FALKNER.

'Tis shaming time to linger; but hereafter,
Lest thou might'st think hadst thou resisted more
I had been turned away from this intent,
I'll tell thee, Jurus, of my dream last night.
My sleep is but a torture of foul dreams,
And not repose. 'Twas a dull, vapoury night,
The stars came few, and in their misty hoods
Looked cold and comfortless; straight in my dream
Steps numberless I saw, as to a throne,
The throne itself invisible; yet something
Vast and imperial through the hovering clouds
Mine eye could trace, heaving its shadowy front
Midway amidst the heavens. On the steps
Forms of all times, all ages, and all nations—
The young, the old, the brave, and the beautiful,
The proud and poor, the beggar and the prince,
The maiden, with a presence like the rose,
The babe, as from the mother's breast withdrawn,
Lay dead upon the steps of that huge pile.
Far as the sight could range nothing was there
But death! nothing but death!—some lay with heads
All gashed and bleeding—others with bare breast
Stabbed—and the clotted current purple-dried:
Others—'twas horrible—

When, suddenly,

Broad as a comet streaming upper air,
Appear'd a mighty sceptre—on engraved
Was Destiny. The shadows heaved convulsive,
In cloudy billows tost the sea-like sky,
And, as though palsy shook their marble veins,
The throne-steps lost their dead! I woke,
Yet did the vision long enwrap my soul,
Still blazed that mystic scripture, Destiny!
It haunts me still; so blinds with blood mine eyes,
That all I see is crimson to my sight—
All earth incarnadine, the very air,
Is gory! Let me on; thou'rt mad to hold!

[Breaks from him.]

I follow Destiny!

[Exit FALKNER.]

JURUS.

Counsel unloved is vain: alas, for Man,
Who lifts his evil Passions on a throne,
Crowns it with curses, swears allegiance to it,
Bends, like a slave, to minister its wish,
And steep'd in sin, cries out, "Thy Destiny!"
Call it by any name, 'tis Passion still:
Whereon—
If there's, indeed, that thing called "Destiny,"
It rides as with a whirlwind to destruction:
I follow; but to what? Oh, dreadful thought!
May Pity hide the page that tells the deed,
Or blot it out for ever!

(To be continued.)

[Exit JURUS.]

THE IMPROMPTU COAT.

M. DE LOUVOIS had been very wild in his youth, and had spent his money with marvellous facility. His father, irritated by his extravagance, refused to supply him with the means of continuing his disorderly career; and, his credit being quite exhausted, he was forced to return, like the Prodigal Son, to the paternal chateau. He arrived unincumbered by a second coat. A large party had been invited to dinner; but, as our hero expected the company to be rather stupid, he wished not to appear, giving his toilet as an excuse.

"Monsieur," said his father, "I will expect you to join this dinner party."

"I should feel much pleasure, but it is impossible!—this coat—"

"Wear another!"

"I have not got it!"

"You have not one! after spending sixty thousand livres with tailors and embroiderers?"

"That would have been a very good reason formerly, but it is no longer so. They are all worn out!"

"Get one!"

"Monsieur, that is easily said, but to get a coat one must have money: and at this moment—"

"What! after borrowing two hundred thousand livres from usurers?"

"Mon Dieu! monsieur, I do not mean to contradict you, but the crowns have followed the coats!"

M. de Louvois raised his eyes and arms to heaven, uttered an exclamation of anger, and left the room. He turned when he got to the door, and said:

"I will not enter into a discussion on your extravagance, monsieur; but I will say that I desire to see you at my table on the appointed day, and that I forbid you to appear there in the coat you now wear!"

The chevalier was stunned—embarrassed; he knew not what to do. The parental mandate was positive, and he had no hope of future assistance from his father, if he did not obey him now. He called his valet, a second Scapin, and they put all their wits to work to find some means of getting out of this dilemma, but all in vain—human invention seemed unequal to the task. The chevalier was distracted, he paced his chamber in dismay, when, casting his eyes upon the hangings (which represented the marriage procession of Alexander and Statira), a sudden thought struck him.

"Ah!" said he, "I know what I will do. Go into the village, and bring me the tailor, with all his implements, immediately; and tell him to prepare to spend the night here."

"But, M. le Chevalier—"

"Go immediately, and do not reply."

When the valet had left the room, he proceeded, with great coolness, to take down the curtains of his bed, and laying them on the table, marked out the figures he admired most. The tailor was brought.

"Come, my man," said he, "you must make a coat, vest and culotte out of this; be sure to choose the handsomest ladies for the front, and this high priest with his long beard will do very well for the back."

The valet and the tailor thought, and with very good reason, that their young master was losing his senses, but he was so determined that they were obliged to obey. The suit was finished in time, and fitted extremely well; the chevalier was very well pleased, and, having completed his toilet, descended to the dining-room, which he entered with an imperturbable countenance. He was received with shouts of laughter. His father was very angry; but the public disgrace obliged him to open his purse for his extravagant heir, who, with fresh funds, returned to Paris.

THE WIZARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

THE following article in relation to Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, and the Maine liquor law, as enforced in Massachusetts, is furnished us (*Charleston Republican*) by one of our citizens, who has lately been sojourning in the east.

On Friday evening, as Professor Anderson was concluding his performances in the Melodene, in Boston, which he did with his "bottle," the audience were somewhat alarmed by seeing a large body of police rush into the hall, and, without ceremony, walk into the professor's "Magic Temple." A warrant was produced, not only for the immediate apprehension of the professor, but of his "bottle." The professor having read the warrant, assured the audience that it was *bona fide*, and that he must obey the law.

Here a scene, which it is impossible to describe, ensued, shouts of—"Don't go, Anderson—we'll protect you!" "Never mind the liquor law!" "Don't give up your bottle!"

Mr. Anderson begged to be heard. When silence was gained, the professor stated, "that in all countries he had visited he obeyed their laws, and hoped the citizens would not wish him, for the first time in his life, to disobey them." He further said, "that he was not aware that he was breaking any law, when he supplied the citizens of Boston from his bottle." (Cries of "No, no!")

Mr. Anderson asked the officer if the "bottle" had to be taken to the police office? Yes, was the reply of the official. The professor handed him the "bottle," and no sooner was it in his hands than the "bottle" commenced to emit streams of liquid fire. As soon as he dropped it, the fire became extinguished. Another officer lifted it up, when the fire again made its appearance: of course he was also glad to drop it. The audience screamed, roared, and never was such a scene witnessed. At last the professor lifted up the "bottle," and giving the audience thanks, and bidding them good night, he walked off with his "bottle" to the police office, followed by two or three thousand persons, whose shouts, going to Washington Street, soon augmented the crowd to many thousands, all calling out "Shame on the liquor law!" "Down with fanatics, compulsory and coercive policy!" "Eat and drink what you please, when you please, and in what place you please!" "No legislation for the stomach!"

The professor was bound over in one thousand dollars to appear and answer the charge of selling without a licence; the "bottle" was locked up as the principal witness against him; the whole of the officers having had a taste of its contents before it was locked up, and bound to appear as witnesses to prosecute, as they swore this was the bottle from which Mr. Anderson had supplied his audience with brandy, rum, gin, and whisky, according to choice. The professor then left for his hotel, followed by an immense crowd. In the morning, every available inch of the police court was crowded long before the usual hour of opening. The magistrate arrived, and took his seat on the bench.

"Anderson's case" was first called, when a long indictment was read, setting forth that Professor Anderson, better

known as the "Wizard of the North," had been in the habit of nightly supplying the citizens of Boston, during the last five weeks, with all kinds of spirituous liquor without a licence, and against the laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and was therefore liable, for the first offence, in the penalty of ten dollars fine, and securities for one thousand dollars; the second offence double the fine and forfeiture of bonds; the third offence, imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Various witnesses were then called, who stated that they had been frequently supplied by the professor from his "bottle." One, a native of the sod, declared that, "by Saint Patrick," he had never tasted better "potheen" in his life.

Here the magistrate asked "if that was the bottle Professor Anderson was using when he was apprehended?"

"Yes."

"Did you drink from it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night, before it was locked up in the marshal's safe."

"What did you drink?"

"Rum," said one; "brandy," said a second; "I had gin," answered a third; while a fourth said "he was satisfied with that bottle, for it had blistered his hands," which he showed the court was the case.

"And is this the identical bottle?"

"Yes."

The magistrate here asked the marshal if the "bottle" had been out of his possession since. The marshal said the safe had not been opened until the "bottle" was wanted in court.

This was the evidence for the prosecution. Professor Anderson, who was undefended, here stated that he was not aware he had acted in opposition to the statute, inasmuch as he had presented a petition to the aldermen of the city for a licence to give his performances in the Melodeon, which they granted on payment of ten dollars per week for the said licence. Here the professor handed in a receipt for the payment of the above; and he said further, the "bottle" is a part of this entertainment, duly licensed and paid for. If any clause had been inserted by the aldermen at the time they granted the licence, prohibiting the performance of the "bottle" feat, of course he would not have done it; but, as he received the licence without qualification, he considered the performance of the "bottle" as duly licensed with the other part of his entertainment.

The magistrate, after a little consideration, decided that the professor was duly licensed, and could use his "bottle" as he thought proper. He then asked if the "bottle" was still full?

"Oh, yes," replied the professor; "you can help yourself."

No sooner did the magistrate touch the "bottle," than he dropped it again, stating that it was red hot.

The "wizard" asked if his honour was satisfied? He answered in the affirmative, and told the professor that he did not care how soon he left the court. The wizard asked the magistrate to hand him the bottle. The magistrate, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, for the purpose of taking the bottle by the neck, was about to lift it, when lo, it vanished! to the utter astonishment of his honour and all present.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

GOLD FOUND IN ARRAN.—We learn that a course of prospecting has been going on of late on the Island of Arran, under the instruction of the Duke of Hamilton, the proprietor, and that gold has actually been found near the north end; to what extent, however, we are not yet able to say.

WHITE'S HYDRO-CARBON CANNEL GAS.—The *Belfast Chronicle*, says: "For several weeks the extensive bleaching premises of Messrs. James and Thomas Kennedy, at Woodburn, near Carrickfergus, have been lighted up with this beautiful gas, to the entire satisfaction of these gentlemen; and who have thus set an example to the mill-owners of this country, which, we have no doubt, will be extensively followed, as the following experiment places the value of this gas beyond any doubt. The experiment was conducted by Mr. Barlow, so long the respected manager of the Belfast Gas Works, in the presence of Dr. Andrews, Vice-President of the Queen's College; Dr. Ritchie, of the Chemical Works, Ballymacarrett; and James Kennedy, Esq., Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce in this town. The coal retort was charged with 56 lbs. of Boghead cannel, and the hydrogen retort being filled quite full with peat charcoal, a supply of water was introduced at the rate of about eighty drops per minute. The hydrogen gas made from this small supply of water passed into a coal retort, exercising its valuable influence of conserving the illuminating properties of the cannel gas, and, at the same time, largely increasing its volume. From the retort the gas thus made passed through the usual process of condensation and purification, to the gas-holder. The results of this experiment were: 1st. As to quantity—755 feet was registered on the station meter, being 1510 feet per cwt. or 30,200 feet per ton of cannel: the average registration by the old process, from caking coal, being about 8000 feet per ton. 2nd. As to illuminating power—Dr. Fox's shadow meter was used, when a flat flame burner, consuming four feet of gas per hour, gave a light equal to eighteen mould candles. 3rd. As to purity—The presence of sulphur or ammonia could not be detected by the usual tests, and in appearance we never observed more brilliant, pure, or beautiful gas. As to cost, Mr. Kennedy made an accurate calculation of its

cost to him, and reports that 1s. 4d. per 1000 feet will amply cover all. The economy of this will, we are satisfied, attract immediate attention, for an article so essential as gas is becoming in every department of manufacturing and commercial industry, as well as in social comfort, should be produced at the lowest cost.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINE.

MR. GEORGE CRISPE is at present daily delivering, at the Polytechnic Institution, a popularised lecture upon the subject of Ericsson's new motive-power. In consideration of the interest attaching to the topic, we give his lecture as he delivered it:

This new motive-power may be properly classed under the head of thermodynamic engines, or those in which power is obtained through the agency of heat. The word caloric was introduced by the celebrated French chemist, Lavoisier, for the purpose of designating what he termed "the principle or matter of heat, or the simple element of heat;" regarding heat as an effect merely, and caloric as the cause of it. It is not at all necessary, however, that this abstract view of the matter should be considered in order to fully understand either the action or theory of the new engine. For all practical purposes caloric and heat may be regarded as synonyms, and, in the present instance, we prefer employing the latter, as it is more generally understood.

Heat, the effects of which are so truly wonderful in connection with the organic creation, exhibits surprising changes also in the inorganic world, modifying matter in a variety of ways, and rendering it subservient to the uses of man; not the least remarkable fact being, that all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, expand under its influence. It is this all but universal law (there being one partial exception) which is taken advantage of in the caloric engine. It has been found that atmospheric air expands for every degree of heat imparted to it about 1-480th part, so that if we raise its temperature 480 degrees, we double its bulk. If it can be imagined, therefore, that we take a closed vessel of iron or other suitable material filled with atmospheric air, the temperature of which we then proceed to raise, the air, in its endeavour to expand, will exert a force tending to burst the sides of the vessel, and, as it is with steam when confined, the force it exerts to get free, if properly applied, may be turned to a useful account.

Sir George Cayley, the president of this institution, was the first person to arrange an air-engine in anything like a suitable form for practice; and so great a similarity is there between his and Ericsson's contrivances, that, if we understand the one, the other will be evident; so that whilst we are taking the readiest means for the elucidation of our subject, we shall at the same time be awarding a suitable tribute to those who have paved the way to this important invention.

A stove was divided into two compartments, so that atmospheric air, upon being forced into one, made its way through the fire into the other. In its passage it of course became heated, and consequently expanded—say, to twice its original bulk. This heated air was then permitted to make its way into a cylinder similar to that of a steam-engine, when, by the usual mechanism of the side valve, &c., the piston having been driven to the top of the cylinder, was then driven down again, and a reciprocating motion kept up so long as air was applied to the stoves—the hot air, which had done its work, being allowed to escape into the atmosphere. Now, in order to furnish the stove with air, a supply cylinder, or air-pump, of about half the capacity of the working cylinder, was placed in an inverted position under it, the two pistons being connected by the intervention of a rod merely; so that every time a large cylinder full of air was used, a small cylinder full was pumped into the stove, where, being at once increased in bulk by the fire, it became capable not only of filling the working cylinder but exerting a useful mechanical effect at the same time. This engine was tested by Mr. Babbage, Mr. G. Rennie, and other scientific gentlemen, and found to be equal to five-horse power, with a consumption of about 21 or 22 lbs. of coke per hour.

In 1817, Mr. Stirling, of Edinburgh, contrived an engine in which air was heated and cooled at the opposite ends of a vessel; so that whilst he obtained a force by the expansion of the air, a reaction was produced by its contraction. He introduced at the same time what has since been termed, in Ericsson's engine, the "regenerator," a contrivance the beauty of action and importance of which it is impossible to overrate. In it we have a remarkable illustration of the power which man possesses over even those elements of the very nature of which he is in absolute ignorance. In this instance, operating upon one which is impendable, he may in simple language be said to apply a suitable sieve, and to sift out heat from atmospheric air. In the new engine, this is a *sine qua non*—take it away, and the thing is useless; retain it, and there is no telling where the economy in fuel may end. In order to explain it, imagine the heated air which has already done its work passing from the hot to the cold end of the vessel, where, under ordinary circumstances, all the heat which has been imparted to it is taken away by the refrigerating surface, and for all practical purposes lost. Upon the return of the air, therefore, from the cold to the heated end of the chamber, as much heat must be imparted to it as will elevate its temperature from (say) 60 deg. to 500 deg.; but, under such circumstances, the engine would not be economical. Now, imagine, instead of this condition of things, that the hot air in its passage is made to pass through hundreds of parallel pieces of wire gauze, and, as it wends its way through the multitude of meshes, gradually yielding up its heat to the iron wire, which in its turn becomes hot as the air becomes cold. This having been effected, the cold air, in its passage to

the hot end of the vessel, is made to traverse this labyrinth of wire in the opposite direction, take up from it the heat which had been previously imparted, and thus reach its destination at a temperature of about 400 deg. or more, rendering it necessary for us to impart not more than 80 deg. or 100 deg. of heat, instead of 440 deg., or 460 deg. Probably the best illustration of the action is to be found in Jeffry's metallic respirator, where the hot breath in passing out warms the wires, and the cold air in passing in is warmed by contact with them. So in the regenerator, the fiery breath of the air-engine in exhalation heats the wires, which in their turn heat the cold air during inhalation.

A paper was read upon this interesting subject before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in 1845, and an engine was described of the kind referred to, and of about 45-horse power, which had then been at work at the Dundee Foundry for about two years, with a consumption of little more than 11 lbs. of coals per horse-power per hour.

John Ericsson is a native of the province of Vermeland, in Sweden. At a very early age, his great talent attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, through whose agency he was appointed a cadet in the corps of Engineers; and, at the age of twelve years, a *nivelleur*, at the grand ship canal, under the count. Several works of a meritorious character emanated from him at this time—amongst others, an engine to work by the application of flame. The hope of propagating this contrivance brought him to England in 1826, but success did not attend him: he found that the clear and vivid flame of pine wood could not be obtained by mineral coals, and this proved fatal to his scheme. He afterwards became connected with Messrs. Braithwaite, the eminent engineers, and invented the "Novelty," one of the locomotives which competed for the prize upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1829. This was followed by the steam fire-engine, which created at the time so great a sensation in London. He was also one of the earliest advocates and inventors of the screw propeller.

The caloric engine, his last work, has been, it may be said, his hobby for many years, and an immense amount of both labour and capital has been expended in bringing it to its present form, which, after what has been said, will doubtless be at once understood. A working cylinder, with its piston, side valve, &c., is fixed in a vertical position, and a fire made beneath it, so as to elevate its temperature to about 500 deg. At the side of the cylinder, and communicating with it by a passage, a reservoir is placed of about three or four times its capacity. Inverted above the working cylinder is a supply cylinder or air pump (the capacity of which is to that of the cylinder as 14 to 22-5), for the purpose of supplying the reservoir with air; and between the reservoir and working cylinder the regenerator is placed. The action is this—atmospheric air is first pumped into the reservoir by hand, until it has reached a pressure of 8 or 10 lbs. upon the square inch; the side valve being then opened by the usual hand gear, this compressed air makes its way under the piston and forces it to the top of the cylinder; the piston of the air-pump also being attached to that of the cylinder, is forced up by it, and the contents of the pump are, in consequence, driven into the reservoir; but now by the ordinary mechanism the side-valve is reversed, and the air, which in the cylinder has become heated to about 500 deg., makes its escape through the regenerator into the atmosphere, leaving its heat behind in the manner already described; the piston having no longer anything to maintain it in its elevated position, sinks of its own weight, pulling down with it the piston of the air-pump, which consequently receives a fresh supply of air; and, upon the piston once more reaching the bottom of the cylinder, the slide-valve is again reversed, cold air passes through the now hot regenerator, and reaches the working cylinder almost at the temperature required to repeat the operation; and so it goes on as long as sufficient fuel is supplied to the furnace, which, for the reasons given, amounts to scarcely 1 lb. of coals per horse-power per hour.

But while we can but admire the beautiful principles which are involved in this engine, and the admirable arrangement of parts for the production of the required effect, yet certain difficulties which present themselves lead us to pause, and ask, can this in its present form succeed? The difficulties are certainly of a mechanical nature merely, and we may therefore hope to see them removed. The most prominent are these: First, the high temperature of the cylinder renders lubrication very difficult, in consequence of the fatty matters employed becoming viscid. Then the fire being applied directly under the metal, has been found by others to be fatal to its durability, and a kind of oven has been substituted; but this is not done in Ericsson's engine. The low pressure also which can be obtained under the circumstances, added to the fact of the cylinders being single-acting, renders it necessary, in obtaining the requisite power, to increase the piston surface enormously. In the best Ericsson, for example, there are four cylinders, each 14 feet in diameter, and also their attendant supply cylinders, each between 11 and 12 feet in diameter; whereas, in a steam-engine of equal power, two cylinders, of 7 or 8 feet in diameter, would do the same work. This enormous extent of piston surface is attended with several evils, such as great friction, increased chances of breakage, &c.; and since in the caloric engine leakage is of much more importance than in the steam-engine, this becomes a matter for serious consideration. There is also some difficulty in starting, &c., in consequence of the necessity for keeping up a supply of air in the reservoir; but whether these practical difficulties will be found of too formidable a character, practice alone can tell. We sincerely hope not; for the advantages held out by the extension of the principles involved are of no ordinary character.



[THE CHOIROPOTAMUS, OR RIVER PIG.]

THE CHOIROPOTAMUS.

THE Zoological Society must be an exceedingly industrious body, for they are continually making additions to the extraordinary collection they have gathered together in Regent's Park, at an enormous outlay. Like the late Earl of Derby, they seem to be actuated by quite a passion for the science committed to their charge, and to consider, as he did, that the theory of the living tribes by which the earth and the water are peopled, form one of the departments of that course of mental culture to which every man, in every condition of life, should be subjected. Because it is argued, and we willingly subscribe to the conclusion, that such study supplies pleasant and profitable companions, amid the solitude of the shore, the dell, or the mountain—brings an abundance of cheerful thoughts and healthful occupations—and, above all, it teaches lessons of appreciation of the beneficence of the First Great Cause, even in the humblest of created creatures.

The Zoological societies established throughout the country, particularly that in the metropolis, have done wonders towards the formation of these habits of investigation; and we are always gratified when it falls to our lot to have to chronicle and illustrate some fresh specimen of their indefatigable labours in the vast territories of animated nature. The engraving above given represents their latest acquisition among the rarer animals that are to be found in the least explored parts of the earth.

It is the Choitopotamus, or River Pig, an animal whose haunts seem to be confined to the banks of the rivers of Western Africa. This interesting member of the family of the Pachydermata, was brought from the banks of Senegambia, amongst the swamps on whose borders his kindred delight to dwell. His appearance is not unlike that of a common pig, but he is larger limbed, and more squarely as well as strongly built. His hair is longer and less coarse than that of the common pig, and in colour is of a sandy hue. The ears are very long, and quite black. The face, like that of the wild hog, is rugged and picturesque, but has decidedly more character in it than is to be found in our domesticated swine. And it must be said, in addition, that in his habits he is decidedly the cleanest and most gentlemanly of the hog tribe. In this respect he is quite a model pig.

He is not, as his name would imply, a rival to the Hippopotamus—for neither in size nor appearance is he any match for the famous river horse of Egypt. Nor are his aquatic tendencies very extraordinary. He is simply a wild pig, and in all respects a very valuable addition to our zoological knowledge.

But, while giving the Royal Zoological Society every credit for the introduction of this species of the pig tribe, let us be allowed to indulge in the hope; that, if at all found capable of improving our native breeds, it will not be allowed to live in luxurious ease in its very commodious sty in the Regent's Park Gardens. Pork is not only a favourite but a proper description of animal food for the inhabitants of Britain; and if it can be improved either in quality or quantity, the economic value of that article of diet is, of course, proportionably raised, and the supply of that variety of the substantial food of the nation rendered less casual, and—what is of vast importance to the consumer—cheaper.

Of all descriptions of live-stock prized by the farmer or the cottager, the pig has been for ages the easiest to rear, and most profitable to send to market. In Ireland, the pig for a long time was supposed to be the only responsible tenant of the cottager's cabin, for out of its fat sides the rent was to be extracted. In England, a flitch of bacon, flanked by a couple of hams, has always hung in the cottage of the thrifty labourer; and when it is well known that it is from the wild boar that all our European varieties have sprung, it is not asking too much to request that at least the African River Pig should, if found desirable, be adopted as a stock animal, with a view to the still further improvement of our famous Berkshire, Hampshire, Suffolk, and Yorkshire varieties of the swinish multitude.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE BRETON PEASANTRY.

THE village tailor performs in Brittany a most important part; and as he is generally the poet, so is he frequently selected as the negotiator of the rustic marriages of the district. When the preliminaries have been arranged, the tailor, then called the "baz valan," or "messenger of love," from the young man to his fiancée, proceeds to the residence of the parents of the latter, bearing with him a branch of broom in his hand, as a symbol characteristic of his mission. Here he is introduced to the brentaer, or advocate or defender on the part of the young girl, whose duty it is to baffle the importunity of the lover's missionary as long as possible. The baz valan, after the usual courtesies of greeting, replies to the brentaer respecting the purpose of his visit, and informs him that "a certain pigeon and a beautiful white dove were wont to consort together, but that the latter, having been scared away by a sparrow-hawk, he is now seeking for her in every direction." The brentaer replies, "That he has seen neither dove nor pigeon."

"Young man, you lie," responds the baz valan, rather unceremoniously; "our people beheld the white dove, in her flight, descend into your very orchard."

The brentaer still denies all knowledge of the lost one; upon which the messenger of the young man declares "that his pigeon will surely die, and that he must depart to seek the dove elsewhere."

"Stop, friend," the other replies, "I will go and search the house; perhaps I may find your white dove."

He retires, and shortly returns with a little girl.

"No, no, that is not my dove; yet, charming little flower, if my pigeon were a drop of dew, he would descend upon thee!" then, after a pause, he adds, "I shall ascend to your granary—perhaps she has entered it in her flight."

"Wait awhile, friend," says the brentaer; and retiring, he again returns with the mistress of the house. "I have been into the granary," he cries; "I could not find your dove, only this ear of corn, abandoned by the harvesters."

"As many grains as have the ear of corn," replies the young man's advocate, "so should my white dove, when seated in her nest, have of little ones under her wings."

Again the brentaer departs; he returns with the grandmother.

"I cannot find your dove," he says, "but I have found an over-ripe apple; an apple wrinkled by the sun and the wind, that has hung a long time on the tree among the leaves; put it into your pocket and give it to your pigeon. to eat, and he will mourn no more."

"I want not your ear of corn, nor your wrinkled apple, but my little dove; and seek her I will."

"Good heavens!" have patience, friend," replies the young lady's advocate; "your little dove is not lost; she is well taken care of in my chamber, in cage of ivory, with bars of gold and silver; so gay, so sweet, so beautiful, my little dove!"

At length after this awful delay the fair betrothed is produced. The father of the family also makes his appearance, and brings a horse's girth; while he fastens this rude appendage, the brentaer sings an appropriate but by no means delicate song.

Other ceremonies and songs follow, and it is long after the marriage is concluded before the exactions on the wedded pair cease. In parts of Brittany, in Leon, for example, the bride and the bridegroom are the subjects of the "fete of the cupboard," a piece of furniture of that description being presented to them as a bridal gift. It is commonly made of walnut-tree, highly polished and ornamented. Decorated with garlands, it is conveyed to the house of the newly-married pair, in a car drawn by horses, whose manes and tails are adorned with glittering ribbons. The mistress of the house covers the cupboard with a linen cloth, upon which she places two piles of pancakes, a jug of wine, and a drinking cup. The oldest member of the family of the husband fills the cup and presents it to the eldest of the parents of his bride. After still further ceremonies, all present partake of the wine and eatables, and the cupboard, amid the cheers of the assembled guests, is placed in the most conspicuous situation in the mansion. The day after the marriage the poor of the parish, or rather the mendicants, wait upon the bride and bridegroom, and divide the remnants of the marriage feast. The young wife, with her petticoats tucked up, attends upon the females, and her husband upon the male portion of their guests. At the conclusion of the repast the husband offers his arm to the most respectable of the women, and his wife, following his example, gives her hand to the best dressed beggar, and the entertainment ends with a dance and a song. The latter, "Le Chant des Pauvres," is addressed for the most part in praise of the newly constituted mistress of the house, who is extolled as the most beautiful creature in the parish; "as amiable as pretty, with feet light as those of the fawn, and eyes bright as two drops of dew."—*Tait's Magazine*.

FEELING IN A SOLDIER.—A soldier in the war was one day told by his officer to take aim when he fired, and make sure of his man. "I cannot do it, sir," he replied: "I fire into their ranks, and that does as well; but, to single one out among them, and mark him for death, would lie upon my mind afterwards."

AN EXPENSIVE PLEASURE TRIP.—A report has been circulating several days to the effect, that a wealthy gentleman of New York intends to embark for London next spring in a beautiful steamer yacht, and visit all the principal cities of Europe, at an expense of about two hundred thousand dollars. Of course everybody is anxious to ascertain the name of this princely merchant. Some persons say that Colonel Stevens is the hero of the scheme, but we are informed that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., is the gentleman who intends to visit Europe in the spring.

A DESERTER FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN LOVE.—In the Baltimore county court, State of Maryland, Joseph Sinott was sentenced to six years and six months' imprisonment in the penitentiary, for enticing a slave-girl of a Mr. Marsh to run away. His reason for the crime was, that he was devotedly attached to her, and desired to take her to one of the free states and make her his wife. He is an Englishman by birth, and a deserter from the British army in Canada.

AN AGED FRENCHWOMAN.—The *Pays de Caux* relates the following: "An old woman at Frosville, nearly 101 years of age, twice married, and having the full enjoyment of all her faculties, states, that she has never been out of mourning for the last seventy years. She has lost her father, mother, two husbands, a number of uncles and aunts, eight brothers and sisters, as many brothers and sisters-in-law, six children, and thirty-two grandchildren and great-grandchildren. There now remains to her only one granddaughter, seventy-two years of age, whom she calls her *petite*, and makes her pet. They live in comfort, but with great economy. A person lately asked the old woman why she attempted to save money, instead of affording herself more comforts? 'Oh, dame!' replied she, 'it is necessary to put by something for a rainy day; one may get old!'"



[THE LANDING STAIRS AT ROTHERHITHE.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

And now, O God, is this our doom?
Must thus man's fairest hopes decay?
And shall the surly winter come,
Ere spring and autumn fade away?

No sooner had the breath departed from the body of the royal sufferer, whose many virtues had given promise of a reign so beneficial to England, than the Duke of Northumberland rose from his knees by the couch, and, lifting his plumed hat, exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"God save Queen Jane!"

A ready "Amen" burst from the lips of all present, who, one and all, were implicated in the act which was to transfer the crown from the sister of the dead king to the brow of her cousin, Lady Jane Grey, in whose name her ambitious father-in-law imagined it possible he could reign.

Cecil and Throgmorton exchanged uneasy glances: the former was too astute a personage to suppose for an instant that the claims of the Lady Mary could be set aside—for, despite the religious differences which divided the kingdom into separate parties, the people generally were favourable to the settlement made by Henry VIII.

"Come, my lords," added the speaker, "let us in to council—the best way of testifying our sorrow for the loss of our late monarch, is to provide for the fulfilment of his last wishes. My lord primate," he continued, "addressing Cranmer, 'a dark cloud has suddenly fallen; we must entreat your presence and wisdom to direct us.'"

"Alas, my good lord," replied the prelate, "your wisdom and experience need but little aid from me—duty to the dead claims me here!"

The wily duke was too calculating a man to permit so important a member of the council to absent himself from the meeting in which the claims of Lady Jane were to be formally acknowledged: it was his policy that every one of his colleagues should be implicated in the treason as deeply as himself. Cranmer, who never possessed much stability of purpose, yielded to solicitations which gradually assumed the character of threats.

Cecil, too—the prudent Cecil—was compelled to assist: for the first time he repented his ungenerous conduct in not having forewarned the Princess Mary as well as her sister Elizabeth. Like most men who play a double game, he incurred a double danger.

A thought suddenly struck him, and he hastily approached the duke, and whispered a few words in his ear, touching Ward, the boatman of the Earl of Arundel, and the token which his master was to send him, at the same

time secretly trusting that the old man had left the palace.

"Fear not, good Cecil!" replied Northumberland; "we have taken our precautions wisely and timely. In a few hours both the sisters of the late king will be the prisoners of the council."

With a bitter feeling of disappointment, which he could scarcely conceal, the future minister of Elizabeth was retiring to his former place, near the window, when the duke called him back. The zeal he had displayed in his service had given him a favourable opinion of his trustworthiness—added to which, he knew Cecil to be devoted to the Protestant cause.

"Stay, Mr. Secretary!" he said; "although I have no fears touching the escape of the two pretenders to the crown—seeing that I dispatched messengers with letters from the king, summoning them to London, which summons neither will venture to disobey—still this fellow may do much mischief by spreading idle rumours amongst the people. He must be arrested!"

Cecil instantly proffered his services to go in search of him.

"You forget," said the duke, "that your presence will be required at the council. Stay—there is Mr. Throgmorton," he added; "I have long noted his zeal as well as yours. The day is not far distant, I trust, when I shall be able to reward ye both, by advancing your interests in the state."

The secretary bowed, and professed the warmest wishes for the accession of the Lady Jane, and devotion to her cause. He was one of those who knew that words could not condemn him. He would have been a clever man who induced him to write as much.

Northumberland drew from his bosom a paper, signed by his own hand, and sealed by his seal. He had prepared several such, to be used as occasion served. Placing it in the hands of Cecil, he said:

"Give Throgmorton your instructions; on producing that paper, he will be permitted to quit the palace. Let him follow the fellow, if necessary, to London, and arrest him wherever he can lay hands upon him."

"Saved!" thought the politic Cecil, as, with a low bow, he received the important document, and hastened to rejoin his companion, who had been watching their conversation from one of the recesses formed by the deep bay-windows in the apartment.

"You have the token?" he whispered.

His friend nodded in the affirmative.

"To horse, and to Hatfield, instantly! Ride as you would a race against death or time, or as if the headsman were on your track! If you see the boatman Ward, tell him the king is dead, and his master a prisoner in the Tower! He will know how to act. Another word: you are supposed to be sent to arrest him. This paper smoothes all difficulties. Away, and God speed you! I am a prisoner here!"

"A prisoner!"

"And every member of the council!"

These directions, so hurriedly whispered, were sufficient for Throgmorton, who perfectly understood the game he had to play. Without losing an instant's time, he left the palace. Calling two of the guard to attend him, in order to seek for the servitor of the Earl of Arundel, he produced the order of the Duke of Northumberland.

The old man was seated disconsolately on the bank, waiting the return of his master, who had been conveyed to the Tower, according to Northumberland's orders, by land, without being permitted to communicate with any of his retainers or friends.

"You are our prisoner!" said Throgmorton, touching him on the shoulder, and at the same time pointing to the paper in his hand.

In vain the faithful fellow would have expostulated: the two soldiers seized him rudely by the throat, and began to drag him towards the barge.

"Use no unnecessary violence," said Throgmorton, mildly; "he is old, and incapable of resistance. I and my men here," he added, "are sufficient to convey him to the Tower. Should your uniforms and badges be seen upon the river, it might excite idle rumours and suspicions amongst the people."

The men looked doubtfully at each other.

"Still, as a precaution," continued the speaker, "perhaps you had better bind him; not that I think," he added, with a smile, "there is much chance of his escape!"

At the last word the countenance of Ward brightened. The two soldiers, perfectly disarmed of their suspicions, did as Throgmorton directed them: cutting a rope from the barge of Lord Arundel, which they suffered to drift up the river, they bound the old man by the arms and feet, then tossed him, like a bale of merchandise, into the bottom of the boat in which Cecil and his companion had arrived.

"Now, my men," said Throgmorton, "row for your lives! A golden piece for each of you, if you reach Rotherhithe within the hour!"

Fortunately the tide was running up. The men pulled stoutly, and in a few minutes the royal towers of Greenwich began to disappear. But it was not till they were quite of sight that the captor approached his prisoner, who had remained all the while, without the least expression of impatience or anger, at the bottom of the boat—and yet the cords with which his limbs were bound must have galled him sorely.

"You bear it bravely, old man!" he observed.

"Show me the use of bearing it otherwise," replied Ward, "and I will begin to murmur. I can but die, and death to a man of my years has few terrors; especially," he added, "when it overtakes us in the exercise of our duty."

"Right!" said Throgmorton, approvingly. "Had others the same courage as yourself—"

"The Duke of Northumberland would be in my place," added the boatman, finishing the sentence for him. "Patience, sir! patience! He has not long to wait!"

"You think so?"

"I am sure so!"

"Are you aware that your master is a prisoner in the Tower, whither I am conveying you?"

"Where you are supposed to be conveying me!" replied Ward, in a confident tone; "but where you and your friend, the Secretary Cecil, have too much wit to send me!"

"Why so?" demanded Throgmorton, with a smile.

"Because you have too much respect for your heads. Poor as I am at this moment, there is not a man who has better surety for his life than I have."

"You have a token for the Lady Mary?"

"For the queen's highness, you mean," replied the boatman, bluntly. "You forget yourself, young sir, to speak thus of your sovereign! Bah!" he added, "how these cords cut into my flesh!"

Throgmorton drew his dagger, and carefully severed them, to the no little surprise of Cecil's men, who were too well trained to make any observation—for they knew that he who did so was deep in the confidence of their master.

"Thanks!" whispered Ward.

"Where will you land?" demanded his liberator.

"At Rotherhithe," replied the boatman. "And now, young sir, although I owe you but little gratitude—for I suspect that, had your interests required it, you and your time-serving friend with equal readiness would have consigned me to the mercies of the hangman—I will give you one piece of advice: keep aloof from London! The queen is better informed than you imagine of all that is taking place. You and your friend are not the only time-serving partisans of Northumberland and his treasonous faction!"

Throgmorton looked—as he felt—surprised and intrigued: the language and manners of the speaker had undergone a sudden change: he spoke like one versed in the affairs of state.

"You are no boatman?" he said.

"I am, for the moment," replied Ward, "that which I appear to be. Most of us are compelled to wear a mask in these troubled times, and he is the best guarded who veils his features the closest. Shall I read you a riddle, Master Throgmorton?" he added, with a half-mocking smile; "you and Cecil serve Queen Mary because you fear her; I, perchance, because I love her: no matter, so that she is served! If Elizabeth were dead, I question if the Lady Jane Grey would have more devoted partisans than yourselves!"

"I'll question thee no more!" said the gentleman; "keep thy secret as thou best can—it would do me little good to learn it!"

"That might depend upon the use you made of it!"

replied his prisoner—for so we must still designate him. "But see—we are near Rotherhithe; am I to understand that your purpose still holds good to release me? or must I accompany you to the Tower?"

"Now," said Throgmorton, "you are free for me! Yet permit me to ask you one question?"

"Freely."

"Are you provided with funds for any journey you may wish to undertake?"

The pretended boatman struck his doublet: from the metallic clink which followed, it was evident that it was quilted with gold.

By this time they had reached the landing-place, and stepped on shore.

"Return to Greenwich," said Throgmorton to the barge-men, "and wait for your master. You need not hurry yourselves too quickly!"

The men nodded, as much as to say they perfectly understood him: they had long been in the employment of Cecil, and were devoted to his service. In the double game which the aspiring secretary was playing, it became necessary to have persons about him of whose fidelity he was assured.

"And should any one ask you," added the speaker, "where I landed, you can easily fancy these stairs lead to the Tower!"

Tossing his purse to them, in order, if necessary, to aid their imagination, he advanced hastily up the stairs, followed by his late prisoner, whose bounty, to the great astonishment of the rowers, exceeded that of their master's friend.

"Here, then, we part," said the strange boatman; "yet I will not leave without some token of my gratitude. If I rightly interpret your thoughts, the thing you most desire at the present moment is a horse?"

"Right!" said Throgmorton, in a tone of surprise; "though how you should have discovered it—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Ward; "the times are the key to men's wishes as well as principles; even the blind may read them: in half an hour make your way to the hostel at the outskirts of the town, known by the name of the Lion; ask for the host, and tell him that Dick Lutton sent you for the steed he left there."

"In half an hour!" repeated the gentleman, suspiciously—for the thought struck him that it was perhaps a ruse to detain him.

"Not a minute sooner. I must have that start of you: your road lies towards Hatfield—mine to Framlingham."

The tone of noble frankness in which the reply was given at once dissipated his doubts, and Throgmorton frankly accepted the proffered service. The two men thus singularly thrown together touched each other's hands, in token of amity, and said "Farewell."

Till the half-hour elapsed, Cecil's messenger walked about the straggling village of Rotherhithe, which was far from presenting the busy scene it does at present. At last he ventured to make his approach to the hostel of the Lion: as he drew near the house, he saw his late companion, mounted on a powerful horse, ride off—he waved his hand to him, in token of adieu. The landlord was standing with one ready saddled in front of the dwelling.

"A cup of wine," said the Boniface, "before you start, young sir—for I presume you are the gentleman Dick Lutton spoke of?"

The wine was drunk; but, unlike the landlords of the present day, the host refused the piece of money which Throgmorton extended to him: the man had a conscience—his late guest had paid for both.

"Everything is paid for," he said.

"For your civility."

"That is included, sir," added the landlord; "Master Lutton is no niggardly paymaster!"

As he rode off, Throgmorton could not help secretly wondering who Master Lutton really was: time, perhaps, may solve the question.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Providence designs great ends,
It finds the means to work them.

CREON.

On the morning on which the events related in the foregoing chapter took place in Greenwich, the Princess Elizabeth was walking, attended by Lady Tyrwhit and two of her maids of honour, when a couple of horsemen dismounted at the entrance of Hatfield Manor, and demanded an audience of her grace. They were Sir Thomas Marshall and a cadet of the Howard family—bearers, as they announced themselves, of letters from the king, commanding the attendance of his sister.

Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, who had been placed at first as a spy over his royal charge, had gradually become so devoted to her interests, that he felt uneasy at the summons: his position was a painful as well as dangerous one—he knew not whether to advise Elizabeth to refuse or to obey.

"And how fares the king's highness?" he demanded.

"Badly, Sir Thomas—badly!" replied the elder of the messengers; "his physician give poor hopes of him; he breaks daily."

This reply tallied so well with the private information which Sir Thomas Tyrwhit had lately received from court, and was to all appearance so honestly given, that his suspicions were partly dissipated.

"It is whispered," observed young Howard, "that our royal master contemplates making a fresh settlement of the crown: probably in my Lady Elizabeth's favour—for her name is popular amongst the people."

His companion, who was better informed of the secret views of Northumberland and his party, appeared annoyed at the observation, for he answered him sharply, by observing:

"That such matters were fit only for the discussion of the council, and might be safely left to their wisdom and that of the king, who, although so young, had shown great solicitude for the welfare of the nation, and the future stability of the Reformed Church. Whatever be their intentions," he added, "it is for all loyal subjects to obey them."

This was an extent to which Sir Thomas's principles did not go. As far as the Princess Mary was concerned, he would willingly have witnessed her exclusion from the crown, but would have risked life and lands to maintain the rights of his young charge, her sister.

Leading the way to the garden—for the messengers had declined his proffers of refreshment, pleading the urgency of their mission—he conducted the knight and his companion to the spot where Elizabeth and her ladies were walking.

Although so young, the princess could, when necessary, assume the dignified bearing of her rank. The instant she perceived the approach of the strangers, she stopped short in some observation she was making to Lady Tyrwhit, who involuntarily fell back into her proper place.

"Know you these gentlemen?" she demanded of her companion. "They appear to have ridden hard. Their business must be pressing," she added, "that they venture in our presence in such unseemly guise!"

"Even at that early period of life, whilst puritanically affecting a simplicity of dress and manner which was far from being in accordance with her real taste, Elizabeth displayed her extreme sensitiveness at the least want of fitting respect in the attire of those who approached her person."

"Probably, your grace," replied Lady Tyrwhit, "they are from the court, and their errand may be of haste, for my husband is with them."

Instead of continuing her walk along the smooth, sanded path, bordered on either side with quaintly-clipped trees and shrubs, the princess paused till the strangers approached within fitting distance, when both of them respectfully doffed their caps, and bent the knee before her.

"Sir Thomas Marshall and Master Howard, please your grace," said Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, "charged with letters from his highness the king."

The personage first designated took from his bosom a packet tied curiously round with yellow silk, and sealed with the royal seal, and proffered it to Elizabeth, who directed her cofferer to receive it—for she felt an involuntary repugnance at taking it with her own hand from the sinister-looking personage who presented it.

Carefully examining the seal, to assure herself that it had not been tampered with, she read it twice: it contained an affectionate invitation, as well as command, from her brother, to visit him in London on the instant. The signature was undoubtedly Edward's—but the writing of the letter a stranger's.

Twice she perused it before she replied.

"And how fares our royal brother?" she demanded.

"Badly, your grace—badly; his highness's physicians seem to be baffled by his disease!"

Elizabeth smiled bitterly: perhaps she thought that she could name it—for she believed the ambitious Northumberland capable of any act of villany, even to the poisoning of his sovereign.

"And where is the king at present?"

"At Greenwich, your grace," replied young Howard, who had been joined by the crafty duke with his creature Marshall, in order to avoid exciting the suspicions of the princess, who turned an inquiring eye upon his companion, as she observed that the letter was dated from St. James's, London.

Sir Thomas Marshall appeared embarrassed, yet there was nothing very unusual in the circumstance: royal letters, charters, and missives, even at the present day, are frequently dated from places far from the spot where they are written and executed.

"I know," continued young Howard, respectfully, "that it is the intention of his highness to remove this very day to the metropolis. I heard the orders given for the royal barge to be in readiness at mid-day. The council, too, are summoned to attend him."

"Rise, gentlemen!" said Elizabeth—for hitherto both the messengers had remained kneeling before her; "our royal brother summons us to his presence, and the proof of his affection is too precious to be neglected. Sir Thomas Tyrwhit," she added, "see to the entertainment of these gentlemen. I will send word by my cofferer, Parry, when I shall be ready to depart."

"I trust, your grace, it will be soon!" observed Sir Thomas Marshall, who felt anything but satisfied with her manner and speech.

"And why so, sir?" demanded the princess, turning suddenly round, and eyeing him sharply—for her suspicions were anything but dissipated by his manner and words.

"I know how impatient the king's highness is to see your grace," he replied; "since he charged me with his own lips to use all diligence in my journey to Hatfield."

The countenance of young Howard became suffused: he knew that his companion was uttering a falsehood, for he had seen the Duke of Northumberland give the letters into Marshall's hand himself: his confusion did not escape the keen-sighted Elizabeth.

"And did you see our dear brother?" she somewhat sarcastically inquired.

"I had not that honour, your grace," he answered, bowing deeply to hide his embarrassment—for he began to suspect that his fellow-messenger was making a tool of him, and his pride and sense of honour revolted at the thought.

"Sir Thomas," said the princess, "you will attend to our directions. Treat these gentlemen with all the cour-

tesy fitting our brother's messengers—we will send to them anon!"

So saying, she took the arm of Lady Tyrwhit, and, followed by her bevy of ladies, retired towards the house. As soon as she reached her closet, she called her favourite waiting-woman, the beautiful Isabella Markham, to her, and whispered something in her ear. The fair girl replied with a look of intelligence, and left the room. In about an hour she returned, followed by young Howard, whom Elizabeth had resolved to question privately, and, upon his answers, decide either to obey her brother's letter, or remain at Hatfield.

"God help me!" she murmured; "I have few friends whom I can trust—still fewer to counsel me! Had Cecil but kept his promise, I should have known how to act; as it is, I have nought but my own untaught wit to aid me!"

Little as she deemed it, in the hour of her doubt and distress it proved more than sufficient to guide her in her decision: she had resolved to question the messenger, and judge from his replies.

"If he has a heart or sense of honour," she thought, "I shall not fail to learn all that I wish to know!"

NEGLECTING A FEE.

PART I.

THE evening was cold and clear. The stars sparkled dazlingly above, the frost sparkled white and chillingly below. Young Mordaunt wrapped his cloak closely around him, and walked on with a rapid step. Mordaunt was very poor. He had but one guinea in his pocket, and he knew not what the morrow would bring forth. He was a young physician, just commencing practice. He was now treading the margin of his profession, watching the great rushing sea of life that roared around him, ready to seize hold of some sinking mariner, and save him from destruction. But the poor wretches were sure to stretch out their trembling arms to some older, more experienced swimmer on the human tide, and the young man was obliged to work off his superfluous energy and skill in acts of gratuitous service. This evening he had been unusually fortunate: he had received one guinea as a fee; and, having a passionate love of the drama, he was about to indulge himself in a visit to the theatre, whose doors poverty had long closed against him. A distinguished actor was starring on the boards, and Mordaunt was hastening to secure a favourable seat. At the corner of the street, he met a young man of the name of Irvin, who, turning round, walked in the same direction with him. Mordaunt always felt as if he came in contact with a counter-stream of thought when he met this young man; and now it seemed as if a dash of cold, quenching water was thrown over the glow of his anticipations. There was no sympathy, no congeniality: it was the contrast of fire and ice.

"Whither so fast, Mordaunt?"

"To the theatre. Are you disposed for the same amusement?"

"No, I cannot afford it!"

"Afford!" repeated Mordaunt, in an accent of surprise.

Irvin was reputedly wealthy, and thousands taken from his pockets would scarcely leave as deep a void as Mordaunt's solitary guinea.

"I cannot afford the time," repeated Irvin; "life is too short for the great purposes of utility, and too precious to be wasted in search of amusement. I find no leisure for such things myself; but every one has a right to put his own estimate on the gifts of God, and improve them as he thinks best."

There was something cold and cutting in the tone of his voice, something assimilated to the frosty atmosphere, that penetrated the ear of Mordaunt and chilled him.

"I know there are some," he replied, "who can keep on, day after day, and year after year, in the same mode of existence, unconscious of weariness as of progress; but I cannot: I must have occasional excitement. The principle of vitality burns too intensely in my bosom. It must have fuel. If not of the kind I most desire, the light combustibles which a random breeze may throw in its way—"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed a broken voice, so suddenly that it made them both start; "for God's sake, gentlemen, show me the way to a doctor! My wife is dying! Where can I find a doctor?"

The blaze of a gas-lamp fell full upon the face of the speaker. It was a man, miserably poor, to judge by his patched and threadbare garments. He had no outer covering to protect him from the cold night-air, and his old, napless hat—that beacon-sign of decaying gentility—looked as if it had been Fortune's foot-ball. In the weak, trembling under-lip, the worn, bloodshot eye, the ravages of intemperance were written in delecting characters. At this moment, however, he was in the sober possession of all his faculties. Despair and remorse lent urgency and eloquence to his accents.

"For the love of heaven," he again repeated, "direct me to a doctor! Though," he added, with bitterness, "I have not a cent in the world to pay him!"

"I am a physician," cried Mordaunt, his warm, impulsive heart glowing within him at the prospect of being able to administer relief to suffering humanity. "Show me where you live. I will see what I can do for your wife."

"The Almighty bless you!" exclaimed the suppliant, the tears, which are ever ready to flow from the eyes of the imberbe, washing his bloated cheeks.

"I wish you joy of your patient!" said Irvin.

Just as Mordaunt was turning to follow the steps of his miserable conductor, without answering the sneering

remark of Irvin, another man came rushing along, as if the avenger of blood was behind him.

"What is the matter?" cried Irvin, moving instinctively from the path.

"The horses have run away with my master," answered the man, panting for breath; "he has been thrown upon the pavement; his leg is broken; I want a doctor. For the love of mercy, direct me to the nearest!"

"Well, Dr. Mordaunt," said Irvin, "your star seems to be in the ascendant to-night. I know this man's master. It is Mr. Goldman, the modern Cæsus. Your fortune is made!"

"I have promised this poor creature to go with him," answered Mordaunt, struggling with the strong temptation that beset him. The glow of compassion faded. Turning suddenly to the wretched being who had been calling down blessings on his head, he said:

"Tell me where you live, and as soon as I have attended to the gentleman who requires my assistance, I will call and see your wife."

"O, sir, she is dying—I left her in spasms! She will die if you delay! You promised me—you know you did! God gave her life as well as the rich man: if you let her perish, God will judge you for it, and man, too!"

The pale eye of the drunkard kindled fiercely as he spoke. He forgot that he had been draining, drop by drop, the heart's blood of her whose life he was requiring so vehemently of another.

"He is right," said Mordaunt, heaving off the temptation, with a long, deep inspiration; then directing the servant of Mr. Goldman to the office of Dr. Lewis, an eminent surgeon as well as physician, he immediately followed the rapid but unsteady steps of his guide.

"Yes," repeated he to himself, as he walked along, glad that he had girded himself for his task of mercy; "yes, he is right! Though waves of gold should roll over my path, they could not drown the faintest whisper of accusing conscience. Yet what a glorious opportunity I have lost! Rich! Irvin says he is rich, and riches always give influence."

By a sudden transition of thought, Mordaunt recalled the scene when the Chaldean shepherds beheld the star of the east, beaming above the manger which was made the cradle of the infant Saviour. Should one be ashamed of lowliness, when the Deity had wrapped himself in it, as a mantle? Mordaunt felt a sublime contempt for all the gauds of this world. And this sudden lifting of the soul was caused by that one bright, ascendant star, on which his wandering gaze had fixed. That star was his—the whole heavens, with their resplendent host, were his. A soul capable of taking in this amplitude of glory was his; a heart large enough to embrace all the suffering children of humanity was his. How could he call himself poor? All the dark past was forgotten.

He was obliged to bend his head while passing into the low dwelling occupied by the patient. The light was so dim, he did not at once see with distinctness the interior of the apartment into which he was ushered. But gradually every object came out as through the gloom of a morning twilight. A low bed, whose snow-white covering spoke of neatness and lingering refinement in the midst of penury and domestic misery, stood opposite the door; and above that snowy covering rose a pale and ghastly face, with closed eyelids and parted lips, through which the breath came slowly and gaspingly. By the side of the bed sat a figure, wrapped in a large, grey shawl, which nearly enveloped the whole person. The face belonging to this figure turned slowly towards him, as he approached the bed, and it shone upon him in that dim apartment like one of those evening stars he had just been contemplating, beaming through a dull, grey cloud. It was a face of youth and beauty, but pale, sad, and holy as a nun's; a countenance which had been bending over the couch of the dying till the shadow of mortality had passed over its brightness. No conscious start disturbed the quietude of her attitude—no sudden blush coloured the fair cheek, as she met the wondering glance of Mordaunt, who bowed his head in acknowledgment of her presence. A groan from the apparently dying woman recalled his attention to her, and taking her thin, sawn hand in his, he counted the low and flickering pulse; then, lifting the candle from a little table not far from the bed, he held it so that the light might fall upon her faded and sunken features. Her eyelids moved not, as the rays flashed over them. He spoke to her in a clear, deep voice, but the sound did not penetrate her deafened ear.

"She is not dying, doctor?" cried the man, fixing his faded and rueful eyes on Mordaunt's serious and earnest countenance. "You don't think that she is dying, doctor?"

"She is very low—very low, indeed!" replied Mordaunt.

"How long has she been in this exhausted state?"

"About half an hour; ever since the spasm subsided," said the young lady with the grey shawl.

The voice was so sweet, and had such a subdued and holy tone, that Mordaunt held his breath to listen.

"Oh, it was terrible!" she continued, "to witness that awful paroxysm!"

"Surely you were not alone with her?" exclaimed the young doctor, involuntarily.

"No," she replied, with a slight shudder; "a servant was with me, whom, a short time since, I sent for wine, thinking it might possibly revive her."

"Her nervous system seems completely destroyed," said Mordaunt; "worn out by long struggles, I should think."

Here he riveted his gaze on the drunken husband, with a look that spoke volumes.

"I haven't killed her!" he cried, weeping and sobbing aloud. "I know I have not always treated her as I ought—I have sometimes been rough to her, when I didn't well know what I was doing! I never struck her

but once—as I remember—never—I didn't mean to hurt her—I haven't killed her, doctor!"

"But once!" exclaimed Mordaunt, indignantly. "It was enough!"

Mordaunt took up the vials clustered on the table: after having examined them, he poured some ether in a glass, and having diluted it with water, put it to the passive lips of the patient. The odour of the ethereal fluid seemed to revive her. She breathed more easily, and the eyeballs began to move under the closed lids.

"She needs stimulants," said Mordaunt; "wine will not be strong enough. She must have brandy. Here," added he, to the husband, taking from his purse the solitary guinea—that which was to have been the open-sesame to the magic caverns of fancy—and placing it in his hand, "here, go to the nearest apothecary's, and get a bottle of the best French brandy, such as they keep for the sick. Make haste!"

The bloodshot eyes of the drunkard flashed up with a sudden and fierce delight: the very sound of the word brandy tingled his blunted senses—the sight of the money was fuel to his feverish and brutish desires. Mordaunt felt a gentle touch on his arm, and, looking round, he saw the gleam of a white hand on his dark coat. The folds of the grey shawl swept momentarily against him.

"He is gone!" said the young lady, in a tone of disappointment; "alas, he cannot be trusted!"

"Surely, at a moment like this, he must be faithful!" cried Mordaunt; yet the recollection of the insane gleam of his eye made him shudder.

"Strange, that Hannah does not return!" said the young lady, looking anxiously towards the door. Her countenance brightened even as she spoke; for a woman came to the threshold, and beckoned her to approach. Mordaunt heard a startling exclamation from the grey-shawled damsel, in answer to something the woman said, in a quick, low voice.

"Good heavens! My uncle! How could it happen? His arm and leg—both broken! Oh, what a dreadful night!"

She leaned against the frame of the door, as if overcome with the shock she had received. Mordaunt saw that she was deadly pale, and handed her a glass of water.

"You will not leave this poor creature," said she, folding her shawl closely around her, and making a motion to Hannah to follow her. "My poor uncle! how much he must suffer!"

She stepped upon the threshold, unbonneted and unveiled.

"Surely you are not going abroad without a protector, at this hour?" cried Mordaunt, feeling the impossibility of leaving his poor patient alone, to offer his services as an escort.

"I have only to pass through the gate," she replied; "this cottage is at the back of my uncle's yard. God bless you, sir, for your kindness to this poor woman! she is worthy of it."

Yes! this must be the niece of Mr. Goldman, whom he might have had for a patient, and who might have opened to him the golden portals of success. He fed the waning lamp of life with the oil of kindness, and continued to watch by the bed of the sufferer, bathing her temples with water, and moistening her lips with wine. He listened for the footsteps of the drunken husband, but the wretch came not: he was doubtless steeping his soul deeper still in the burning fluid. Mordaunt remembered the soft pressure of the white hand on his arm, and wished he had sooner felt its warning touch.

About midnight, the poor, weak pulse his fingers pressed suddenly stopped, and Mordaunt found himself alone with the dead. As the inexpressible calm and placidity of death stole over the features, restoring something of youthfulness and beauty, and the charm of a great and solemn mystery rested upon them, he looked upon her with a strange interest. The human frame was to him a wondrous and curious machine—a God-constructed, glorious instrument. He looked upon it with the eyes of science, and, whether clothed in rags or fine linen, he recognised the hand of the Divine Architect.

But what must he do? Whom could he summon to that death-tenanted chamber? The evening star was now shedding its soft, pitying rays over another couch of suffering—that couch which his ministrations might also have soothed. Just as he was rising, resolved to rouse the inmates of the next cottage, and induce them to attend to the last duties of humanity, the door opened, and Hannah quietly entered. She was a grave, respectable-looking woman, and seemed to understand at one glance the office that devolved upon her. Mordaunt felt as if his mission was now ended.

"How is the gentleman? How is Mr. Goldman?" asked he. "Is he very badly hurt?"

"Dreadfully, sir! His leg and arm are broken, and he is shockingly bruised besides; you can hear him groan all over the house!"

"And the young lady?"

"Miss Constance? She is with her uncle. She will not leave him, though the doctors all urge her to go, and she looks ready to drop."

"Has he many doctors with him?"

"There are three below—enough to kill him, I am sure."

"I might have been one of that favoured trio," thought Mordaunt; "and now the weight of my last crime is added to the millstone of sin that is dragging a wretch to the abyss of perdition! But I meant to do good. God forgive me for repining!"

Days and weeks passed away. Mordaunt continued to struggle on—to struggle on the very verge of penury—just able, with the strictest economy, to pay his daily expenses. His practice was extending, but chiefly among the poor, whose scanty purse he felt unwilling to diminish.

He was gaining experience, but losing hope. His youthful appearance was a bar to his success. He had a strong desire to cut off his bright, brown locks, which had a most obstinate and provoking wave, and assume a venerable-looking wig; to cover his sunny, hazel eyes with a pair of green spectacles, and wear an expression of supernatural gravity and intense wisdom. Everything short of this he did to make himself older, but in vain. The fire of youth was burning in the temple of life, and it illuminated all surrounding objects.

Once, when he was walking with Irvin (for, uncongenial as they were, they were frequent companions), a carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion just before them. A lady descended, whom he immediately recognised as the Evening Star. The grey cloud no longer enveloped her graceful figure, which was robed in all the elegance of fashion. The face was less pale and sad than when he saw her last, but still wore that celestial fairness which is seldom warmed with the colouring of earth. Mordaunt bowed low to the recognising glance, while Irvin stepped forward with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and offered his assistance in leading her up the flight of marble steps which led to the door.

Mordaunt felt a sudden swelling of the heart against Irvin. He could not help it, though he despised himself for it. He knew that Constance would speak to him. He felt that he was not forgotten. Though her cheek, like the pure asbestos, kindled not at his approach, her eye had beamed with a modest but joyous welcome.

We will leave Mordaunt for awhile, and follow Irvin into the dwelling of the modern Cæsus.

PART II.

MR. GOLDMAN, who was still suffering from his broken limbs, reclined upon a couch, near the fire. Irvin sat by his side—Constance at a little distance. Irvin, when he wished to please, had the most insinuating manners, and he had a strong desire to please the uncle of Constance. He felt confident of success with him, but there was something about Constance he could not fathom. A holy serenity, a passionless calm, over which the breath of admiration flowed like a cloud over-crystal, leaving no impression on its pure, smooth surface. As she now sat, looking into the fire, with a soft languor diffused over her features, he was flattering himself that he might be the subject of her waking dream, when she startled him with the question, in her peculiarly sweet, low tone of voice:

"Who is the young gentleman who was your companion this evening?"

"It was young Dr. Mordaunt," answered Irvin, vexed at finding that another than himself was the subject of her reverie. "But surely he could not have had the presumption to bow as an entire stranger?"

"He is not an entire stranger; nor do I believe that he would be guilty of presumption, under any circumstances," replied Constance, with a slight shade of haughtiness.

"Who is that you are speaking of?" asked Mr. Goldman, whose ear caught the sound of "doctor." "Dr. Mordaunt? I never heard of him. Is he a distinguished physician?"

"He is a young tyro," answered Irvin; "a true Don Quixote in his profession. To show you what chance he has of arriving at distinction, I will mention an incident connected with him, in which you, sir, have a personal interest. The night when you were thrown from the carriage, and your footman came rushing through the street in frantic haste for a doctor, ready to seize the first he could grasp—would you believe it, sir, he refused to follow your servant—refused to administer to your relief!"

"Refused!" exclaimed Mr. Goldman, with an air of surprise and displeasure. "That was very unaccountable behaviour. Did he imagine I was some poor wretch, who could not pay him for his services?"

"I told him who you were, sir, and that it was a life of no common value that was endangered. But because he had promised a few moments before to prescribe for the wife of a vile drunkard, who, with reeling step, arrested us in our path—a creature too low to be considered within the pale of humanity—he turned a deaf ear to the tale of your sufferings, and allowed her life to outweigh yours, in the scale of his judgment!"

"Fool!" exclaimed Mr. Goldman.

"Perhaps he put his promise in the scale to balance the temptation?" said Constance. "Of course he is wealthy, or he would not slight a golden opportunity."

"Not worth a penny in the world," answered Irvin.

"Uncle," said Constance, with a sudden lighting up of her fair, calm face, "when I tell you what I know of this young Dr. Mordaunt, you will withdraw the opprobrious epithet you have given him. The night of your dreadful accident, I was with poor Kate O'Brien, when he visited her, and I was struck with the kindness of his manner and the heartiness of his sympathy. It seemed to me that he was skilful, and that he felt as much interest in her recovery as if a great reward were to be his. Kate O'Brien, sir," added she, looking towards Irvin with a glance he could not understand, "was a favourite servant of my mother's. My mother had her from childhood in her household, and loved her almost as her child. She was faithful, gentle, and affectionate. Ever since her unfortunate marriage she has lived near us, an object of interest and compassion. She was worthy of the profoundest pity, whatever may be said of her miserable husband. That Dr. Mordaunt should conscientiously adhere to his promise of visiting the poor and lowly, in the face of a strong temptation, is, I think, a noble instance of generosity and self-sacrifice. I esteemed him before—I honour him now."

"And what is this young doctor to you, that you defend him so warmly, Constance?" cried her uncle, looking suspiciously on her shining countenance—for it literally shone with moral admiration.

"To me, nothing, uncle; but the cause is everything."

"What cause?"

"The cause of truth, justice, and humanity. I thought if you and Mr. Irvin understood the circumstances which I have related, they would vindicate Dr. Mordaunt from the charges of Quixotism and folly. Uncle, you were attached to poor Kate—I was summoned to your bed of agony—her brutal husband forsook her—this young man remained with her till she died. Even then, he watched by her lonely corse. Hannah found him guarding it, as a sacred trust—"

Constance paused. She had spoken with more energy than she was aware of, and a faint colour dawned perceptibly on her alabaster cheek.

Irvin, exasperated to find that, instead of lowering Mordaunt, he had only exalted him in her estimation, rose to depart. Constance drew a sigh of relief as the door closed on his departing figure. Mr. Goldman looked anxious and irritated.

"You have displeased him, Constance."

"I care not, uncle. His displeasure or approbation are alike to me."

"He loves you. He has wealth, talents, and a rising reputation. I do not like to see you blind to his merits, and infatuated by those of a poor stranger. I wish to speak to you openly, Constance. I do not think I shall ever recover from the shock my constitution has received. It is time that I should transfer my guardianship to another. Irvin is rich himself, and cannot be allured by your fortune. His attachment is disinterested and sincere, yet he has sufficient worldly wisdom to watch over your property; and his sobriety, prudence, and good sense will secure your domestic happiness. I like Irvin. I wish you to marry him."

"I do not like him, uncle. I do not wish to marry him, or any one else. His worldly wisdom chills the very atmosphere I breathe. If I ever do marry, it shall not be a man without one warm and generous affection—one noble, magnanimous feeling. Kate O'Brien, the drunkard's wife, was not more worthy of pity than I should be. Her heart was crushed—mine would be frozen."

"Constance," said her uncle, suddenly raising himself on one elbow, then falling back with a groan of pain, "if you have conceived a sudden passion for this young doctor, I will never countenance it; I warn you against this folly. It shall be blasted in the very bud."

"Oh, uncle, have you so poor an opinion of me as to believe me incapable of an unselfish, generous sentiment? I am not one to be governed by the impulse of passion. You know I am not. I am called the snow-maiden, because I am deemed so cold and unimpassioned. I do feel interested in this young physician, for he has shown himself magnanimous and strong to resist temptation. A noble spirit struggling with destiny is worthy of admiration. I would give worlds to hold out to him a helping hand. I would give anything that I were a man, that I could offer him a brother's aid, a friend's assistance. I feel guilty in the possession of wealth, so far beyond my want, when it might serve as a golden ladder, on which a great soul could mount to the heights of honour and distinction."

"You are a strange girl, Constance. I do not understand you," cried her uncle, feeling through the icy coldness of his nature, in spite of his own will, the penetrative sun-rays of her philanthropy. He said he could not understand her—but he did in some measure. He understood her enough to know that she was misled by no girlish fancy, no unmaidenly passion—but actuated by a high and holy benevolence. He listened to her with more patience, on that couch of suffering, to which she had been a waiting, ministering angel, than he would have done in his days of health and ease.

"Uncle," she added, fixing her clear, serene eyes on his face, and taking his thin hand in the soft palm of hers, "you are a man, and can do what I cannot. You are rich—one of the stewards of God's gold. You can take this young man, by the hand, and lift him above the influences of poverty, so chilling and depressing to the young and ambitious mind. You said this morning that you did not like Dr. Lewis—that he was careless and indifferent—that he would not listen to your complaints, and seemed to think you had no right to make them?"

"Yes, I did say so," interrupted Mr. Goldman; "and I say so again. He never stays with me longer than three minutes, and treats me like a common patient."

"He has too many patients, uncle. You are of no consequence to him. Your money is no more to him than any other man's. If you should employ this young doctor, he would be grateful and attentive; you would have the satisfaction of feeling that you were doing him a favour—perhaps laying the foundation of his future eminence; you would be the honoured patron of youthful talent and now unknown worth; you would exult in your own works. Oh, uncle! it is not what we do for ourselves, but for others, that is written in the Book of Life!"

"You say he was very kind to poor Kate?"

"Oh, so kind and compassionate! no brother could have been kinder!"

"What would Dr. Lewis say?"

"I think he would rejoice, for the sake of the young man: he is too eminent in his profession to indulge in the meanness of jealousy."

"What will Irvin say?"

"Irvin! Let him say what he pleases. He is envious, and I despise him. He is malicious, and I dislike him. He is cold-hearted, and I shun him. He is avaricious, and cares not for me, but my wealth. Believe me, uncle,

he is unworthy of your confidence. The lips that, cold and sarcastic, can breathe the venom of slander on an absent brother, never shall address the words of love to me!"

"Brother?"

"All mankind are brothers, uncle. Oh, I feel the chain that binds me to my race. I cannot bear to think that mine should be made of links of gold, and others of galling iron. There will come a day of great equality, uncle. Blessed are those who labour in this world to establish the equilibrium here, which will settle at last on the meeting waves of the great human mind."

Mr. Goldman cast a look of perplexity and admiration on his niece. He could not follow the divine aspirations of her spirit; he even felt awe in her presence: she seemed scarcely of the earth, earthy. How came this young girl by these holy sentiments, surrounded by such worldly influences? Cast in the furnace of temptation, with the dangerous gifts of beauty, wealth, and genius, how is it that she walked unscathed 'mid the scorching flames, serene and unmoved? Was it that one in the likeness of the Son of God walked with her, as he did with the children of Israel, and disarmed the elements of the world of their destroying power?

"How shall I send for this young doctor?" suddenly asked Mr. Goldman. "Do you know where he resides?"

"We have a Directory. I will get it."

Constance sought the book, and immediately ascertained the location of the young physician.

"I will try him, Constance. If I do not like him, I shall dismiss him. Remember, it is only an experiment."

"Certainly, dear uncle. I ask no more. Thank you a thousand times for this kind concession! It is good it is noble of you! If you find him unskilful, it will be your duty to withdraw your influence—for life is too precious to be lightly dealt with, and yours most of all. Good night!"

She bent and kissed the forehead of her uncle with unusual tenderness. He drew her gently nearer and nearer, till she was rested against his heart. He folded his uninjured arm around her, and laid his hand on her smooth, soft hair.

"Constance!" said he, "you are a good girl—too good for this world! I wish there were more like you. It is very strange, when talking with Irvin, I feel as hard and worldly as he seems to be. When listening to you, I seem a different being: the monitor within responds to your sweet accents. When I mingled with the gay world, everything around me wore a bright, metallic glare: I found myself valued for my wealth, and I took a pride in its possession. Why should I not glory in what gave me power and influence? Since I have been confined to this couch, and when I am alone with you, my better nature rises, and sometimes triumphs. Good night! God bless you, Constance!"

"And you too, dear uncle!"

A tear, which glittered on the fringed curtain of her eyes, fell on the cheek of the invalid, as she turned from the couch. It was only deep emotion that could draw tears from the eyes of Constance: her feelings were not upon the surface; they were far down in the "sunless retreats of the ocean" of thought.

The next day, when Dr. Lewis called, Constance perceived a shade of embarrassment on her uncle's countenance, and she hastened to relieve him.

"Dr. Lewis," said she, as he turned hastily to the door, "I will not detain you long. It will give you neither disappointment nor displeasure if uncle should free you from your attendance on him? Thanks to your skill, he is no longer in danger. There is a promising young physician whom he wishes to patronise. His name is Mordaunt. Has he your permission to do so?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a look of mingled pleasure and surprise. "I like your frankness. I have heard of this young man. He is promising. I am glad to hear of his good fortune."

His countenance expressed more than his words; but Constance did not blush or cast down her eyes. She related in a few words all that she knew of Mordaunt, and that it was owing to her persuasions that her uncle had been induced to employ him.

The simplicity and frankness of her manner convinced the doctor of the purity and elevation of her motives. He was not a cold, unfeeling man. He had not time to express his feelings. The burden of a great responsibility rested upon him, and it made him grave and thoughtful. If he made hurried calls at the rich man's bed-side, where his attentions were needed least of all, he often staid hours in the hovels of the poor.

"When I was a young man," said he, holding the door in his hand, "I had many a hard struggle with the world. I know how to sympathise with these young wrestlers. Tell Dr. Mordaunt so, and tell him to call and see me. I shall be glad to know him better."

And he did know him better, and became his firm friend and disinterested counsellor. And Mr. Goldman was charmed with the young physician, and sounded his praises in every ear.

Mordaunt had indeed cast his bread upon the waters, when he visited the dying wife of the drunkard, and gave away his only guinea, in the hope of stimulating her exhausted energies. He did not know, when he entered that wretched abode, that there sat the angel who was to stir the stagnant waters of his life. But it was even so.

Now, he knew that he was indebted to Constance for the sudden flow of prosperity that came rolling in the dry and sandy channel of poverty.

Mordaunt had an exalted estimate of woman. He adored his mother, and dearly loved his gentle sister (for he had a mother and sister who dwelt far away, in a sweet country village), and in every lovely young female he recognised a sister's form. For Constance he felt an admiration so chastened by reverence, it was less like the feeling that youth and beauty inspires than what the worshipper feels for his guardian saint. It was not love—for she indeed seemed the *snow-maiden*—too pure and too cold to be warmed by the breath of human passion. He experienced in her presence a feeling of divine repose, a kind of moonlight quietude; for such was her exquisite purity, her holy spirituality, that she diffused around her a kind of silvery brightness, that threw a soft, illusive charm on all within the sphere of her influence.

Mordaunt's practice was now rapidly extending among the rich and influential, among those who could appreciate his merits, as well as reward his services. He no longer looked with anxious eye on the sleeve of his coat, or the rim of his hat. He could afford to buy new ones. He was no longer poor—no longer unknown. His mind, liberated from the iron fetters of poverty, and unchilled by the vapours of obscurity, was conscious of an expansion, a warmth, an elevation unknown before. He became strongly attached to Dr. Lewis, who, in his now familiar intercourse with the young man, displayed a geniality of feeling, more winning from the contrast with the prevailing reserve and dignity of his character.

Mordaunt occasionally met Irvin, in whose breast the gall of jealousy was added to the venom of envy. Himself the now rejected lover of Constance, he hated the man who, he believed, had rivalled him in her affections. He did not discontinue his visits at Mr. Goldman's. He asked to retain the privileges of a friend, though denied far dearer rights. He wanted to watch the progress of Mordaunt, and, if possible, undermine the stately fabric of his growing fame.

"Every man," said he, "has some weak, vulnerable point—some spot that the Styx of stoicism has not bathed. Mordaunt is proud. Let the barbed arrow pierce him through his pride, and the wound will prey upon his life." The soul of Mordaunt had a vulnerable spot, but it was one of which Irvin never dreamed—a spot where the arrow would indeed penetrate, deep as the core of life. But time had folded its layers thickly over it, and the man at times forgot what had well-nigh maddened the boy.

The age of a tree is known by the consecutive circles that are formed round the heart of the trunk, and it takes many a stroke of the sharpest axe to reach that guarded spot.

PART III.

ONE evening Mordaunt was met by Irvin at the house of Mr. Goldman, who was still an invalid. Irvin excited himself more than usual to shine in the conversation that evening, and his apparent warmth of feeling nearly surprised Mordaunt into an inward acknowledgment that he had wronged this man's nature; that it might possess some of the finer traits hitherto lying beneath or beyond the observation of the world. By imperceptible degrees and with consummate art he led the conversation through many tributary streams into the channel that suited his purpose.

Pride of birth and station had been touched upon lightly, and Irvin had maintained that the aristocracy of intellect was the only true aristocracy—the one that would, sooner or later, be universally acknowledged and respected. There was something noble, he said, in the efforts of a young man to rise above the misfortunes of his early life. But no honest man should be ashamed of his parentage.

To his propositions, deferentially stated and skilfully reasoned, he gained the assent of even the aristocratic Mr. Goldman.

"But," said Irvin, glancing at Mordaunt, "suppose, in addition to his poverty, a stain rested on the family of a young man, and, concealing all knowledge of the circumstances of his early history, he should strive to ingratiate himself into the favour of his superiors, and attain their skirts with the blackness that clung to his own. I know such an one," he continued, "who even aspires to the hand of a young lady far above him. He has partially succeeded in impressing her with the belief that he is a man of noble sentiments and qualities—that his impulses and aspirations are like her own—that his genius, talents, and acquisitions are a fair offset to her possessions and proud name—and that an alliance with him would secure to her happiness and peace. He hides from her his history, which he would fain bury in the oblivion of the past; he hides from her the truth that his name would bring dishonour upon her, and those connected with her by the dearest ties; he hides from her that he is seeking this marriage to gild over that name that has been stained with a dreadful crime; in short, he hides from her the fact that his own father perished ignominiously upon the scaffold! Is this honourable?"

It was not till after the words died away that the spirit felt their reptile influence.

Constance had answered—"No, it is not honourable," before this influence was perceptible on herself. She observed the eye of Irvin fixed steadily on Mordaunt, who was seated at her side, and an impulse which she could not resist urged her to turn and look upon him.

As she did so, she met his glance, and her own was riveted, as by fascination. Never had she seen the face of man of such marble pallor. Never had she witnessed such an expression of sternness and despair on any human countenance. And yet, flashing through this sternness and despair, there was a suddenly kindled, burning ray, quick, bright, and fierce as the meteor of a dark night. In that momentary communion of glances, a history was revealed which volumes might not contain.

You have seen the lightning instantaneously opening the gates of midnight, while stretching beyond seemed

interminable fiery streets, glimpses of the eternal land. So oftentimes the lightning of strong emotion discloses the mysterious depths of the soul—"that city of our God," whose length and breadth no guager's wand has ever measured.

Mr Goldman, whose easy chair was placed a little back from the group, and who beheld not the emotions we have described, repeated, with emphasis, the words of Constance—

"No, it is not honorable. It is not pardonable. I could pity, nay, esteem the young man who, making no secret of his misfortune, endeavoured to make himself an unblemished fame. But I never could forgive the one who deceived my confidence, and tried to introduce into my family a dishonoured name. Who is the young man of whom you are speaking?"

"I, sir, am that unfortunate man!" exclaimed Mordaunt, to the astonishment of Irvin, rising from his seat, and turning towards Mr. Goldman; "but I have never sought to deceive the confidence of my friends. I have merely been silent on a misfortune for which sympathy has no balm, and friendship no relief. I acknowledge that in scenes far from my native home I have endeavoured to forget that I bore a dishonoured name, and to make for myself an irreproachable reputation. But it was for no foul, deliberate crime that my unhappy parent was doomed to a death of shame. The victim of a dark and inscrutable destiny, he left on the minds of all who knew him a conviction of his innocence as clear and ineffaceable as if the testimony were written with a diamond pen on a tablet of crystal! This gentleman, with a penetration which does more honour to his head than his heart, has discovered the secret, which I have guarded from no mean or unworthy motives. Why he has taken this opportunity to disclose it, in a manner the tortures of the Inquisition could not have surpassed, he alone knows."

"I mentioned no names," cried Irvin, evidently disconcerted by the undaunted frankness of Mordaunt; "if conscience has directed the application, I neither claim the merit nor assume the blame."

"Really, gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary disclosure!" said Mr. Goldman, turning pale from the excitement of his feelings; "I know not when my nerves have received so sudden and severe a shock. Dr. Mordaunt, I have never met with a young gentleman whom I have esteemed more, but these unfortunate circumstances—*you* should have made them known to me sooner. I am placed in a very distressing position."

"Let me relieve you of the distress which my presence occasions you, sir!" cried Mordaunt. "But before I withdraw, I would thank you for all past kindness and confidence. I rejoice in the conviction, that I have not forfeited either by any conduct of my own. Should you consider me responsible for an event which occurred in my early childhood, and which no acts of my manhood could change, and exclude me hereafter from your friendship and esteem, I must bow to a decision whose justice, nevertheless, reason and religion could never admit. Farewell, sir. I wish you to reflect calmly on this question, and, whatever be the result, gratitude for the past will be permanent as my life!"

With a respectful bow to Mr. Goldman, who did not attempt to reply, and another still lower to Constance, Mordaunt passed from the room, without directing a glance at Irvin.

With slow steps he traversed the long passage, walking over prostrate pillars of moonshine, white and gleaming as marble—thinking that of materials as ghostly and unsubstantial, his life-temple must be built.

As he opened the door, a silver scaffold was plainly defined upon the floor. He shuddered to see his thoughts thus shaping themselves in the night-glory, when he was arrested by a touch so light as to be almost impalpable. At first he imagined that the moonbeams were gleaming on his arm, in the form of a fair and delicate hand—for there it was on the dark sleeve of his coat, just as he had seen it months before in Kate O'Brien's cottage. He turned, and beheld the celestial countenance of Constance so near, that her breath sighed upon his cheek.

"Constance!" he exclaimed.

It was the first time he had ever addressed her thus. It was strange that while the revelation just made seemed to divorce him from mankind, it drew him irresistibly closer towards her. At any other moment he would have thought it presumption to have called her by her own noble and appropriate Christian name.

"Come into the conservatory a few moments," said she, "unless you are willing to throw aside a friend as lightly as the flower your foot is now crushing."

A flower had fallen from the bosom of Constance, under the feet of Mordaunt.

"I hope this is not prophetic!" cried Constance in a very low voice, looking on the defaced and mangled blossom.

Mordaunt followed the steps of Constance.

Imagination could not conceive a more enchanting spot than this "Fairy's Grotto," as Constance named it.

Mordaunt had been admitted before to this lovely retreat, and he was familiar with all its beauties; but now it burst upon him with a loveliness that seemed more than earthly. The rich aroma of the flowers pressed with languishing sweetness on his senses, and the soft, monotonous murmur of the falling fountain mingled with the sad, minor tones of his own spirit, making a mournful but divine harmony.

Constance had thrown around her a light scarf, very airy in texture, but its colour was silver-grey, and Mordaunt thought once more of the Evening Star. But now its rays seemed setting instead of rising on the horizon of his destiny.

"I thank you for this last act of kindness and confidence," said Mordaunt, regretting the next moment

that he had spoken at all—for it seemed sacrilege to break the silence, or rather the music of the hour; "but is it not cruel to bring me here, that I may feel the more fully and deeply what I fear I have for ever lost?"

"Why should any blessing, yours either by possession or in reversion, be lost to you now?" asked Constance.

"You know the curse that clings to me, and yet ask why?"

"I have learned your misfortunes, and, though nobly sustained as they have hitherto been, they will turn to blessings at last. I rejoice that you had the moral courage to avow yourself the object of Irvin's dark insinuations. He is already baffled, and his malice will recoil on himself. And do you know me so little as to believe that the revelations of this night can affect my esteem for you—that I could be so unjust, so cowardly and unkind—that I could visit on the innocent the crime of the guilty, even if the guilt exist? But I have faith in your father's innocence, because you are his son. I have faith that it will yet be made known to the world, dark as is the cloud which now rests upon it!"

"Ten thousand blessings for this sublime faith!" exclaimed Mordaunt, his countenance kindling with inspiration; "and ten thousand blessings for the confidence which has not been shaken by this sudden blow! I feel myself worthy of it, and yet I would not take advantage of it, and expose you to the malicious observations of the world. Irvin will blazon abroad the stigma which brands my name. By association, your own will become contaminated. Your uncle will sacrifice me to the god of public opinion. He has not the moral strength to resist its influence. I should expose you to his displeasure, and bring dissension into a now harmonious household."

"I should be unworthy of the blessings you have just breathed upon me, if I were not willing to brave the evils you are bringing in such dread array before me! Oh, if you knew how little I care for the opinion of the world, when conscious of right in my own heart, you would feel how inefficient were your arguments—how sophistical your reasoning. The world, as it is called, one true friend would outweigh a hundred-fold in my estimation."

Mordaunt related all his past history, including the awful tragedy of his father's death. He was then a mere boy, but he remembered well his mother's agony and his sister's despair. He remembered well the last prison-scene, when his father, almost crushing him in his arms, baptised him with tears of blood, as it were, declaring his innocence in the name of that God in whose presence he was about to appear. Years of darkness followed, but light dawned at last. His mother was a brave, Christian woman, and grief did not crush her. She lived for her children. In him the jubilant spirit of youth at last rose above the gloomy past—that past which began to appear as a frightful dream. Amid new scenes, surrounded with new associations, he ceased to dwell upon it, and if the shadow intruded, he resolutely dispelled it.

"I have explained everything to Dr. Lewis," said Mordaunt, "and he is more than ever my friend. He has even offered me a partnership in his practice, and given me the most earnest advice to remain!"

"Remain!" repeated Constance. "Surely you have not thought of leaving us?"

Constance Goldman did not feel as if she had made any sacrifice in pledging her faith to Mordaunt. She believed herself the winner of a noble prize in a heart like his. Never perhaps had a young and inexperienced girl a truer estimate of life. A brotherless, sisterless orphan, nature had opened few channels in which her affections could flow. There was nothing in her uncle's character to inspire the love and reverence she longed to bestow on some legitimate object. She had met no one in the circles of wealth and fashion in whom she felt the slightest interest. Of a deeply religious temperament, her heart lifted itself towards God with a fervour and devotion unchecked by any earthly idol. In every son and daughter of sorrow she saw a brother and sister to whom God had appointed her a ministering spirit. So she went about doing good, surrounded by a halo of vestal purity, which made her inapproachable as she was lovely. From the first moment she beheld Mordaunt in the cottage of poor Kate O'Brien, she felt his superiority to his kind; on every succeeding interview she more and more esteemed and honoured him; but it was not till this evening, when, with the quickness of woman's perception, she read that he was the object of Irvin's malice, and at the same time had a vivid insight into his heart, that her own was awakened; and its awakening was like the sun-burst of a summer's day, after a morning of clouds. What if his father's name was a heritage of ignominy? She cared not, since he was pure, and of spotless fame. Was he not more noble, more glorious, in his own undervived excellence?

When Mordaunt left the grotto, the moon had set, and the silver had faded from the willow's watery boughs. But clear, serene, and resplendent shone the Evening Star above his head.

Constance and Mordaunt both had too lofty a sense of propriety to think of clandestine meetings. She resolved to wait till the time of her majority, and then, being in possession of her fortune, and freed from the legal authority of a guardian, she could openly avow and glory in her choice.

In the meantime, the malicious tongue of Irvin was not silent. The history of Mordaunt became the topic of the day.

The young physician had, however, one pillar to lean upon, in the firm friendship of Dr. Lewis—firm as the granite, and imperishable as gold. While his proud spirit writhed in secret at the undeserved obloquy darkening his young renown, he thought of the love of Constance, the esteem of Dr. Lewis, and felt himself rich beyond the common hopes of man.

"Be strong, be patient," said this excellent friend; "be self-reliant and hopeful. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that your father's memory will ever be cleared of the stain that rests upon it. But the cloud will in time roll away from yourself. It is only what is inherent that is permanent."

"I have always had a hope, so strong as to assume the character of certainty," replied Mordaunt, "that God would bring about a revelation which would surround my father's memory with the halo of martyrdom. I tremble when I hear of the confessions of dying criminals—tremble with a vague expectation of discovering the actual murderer, in whose stead the innocent and righteous was doomed to suffer."

One night, as Mordaunt was returning with Dr. Lewis from a professional visit, and passing through a cross street, peopled by poverty and vice, he was arrested by a tumult on the side-walk. Lights were gleaming near the door of a low building, and several figures were rushing out in different directions. One came in violent contact with Mordaunt, at the imminent risk of prostrating him on the pavement.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What is the cause of this violent tumult?"

"A man is bleeding to death!" cried several voices, clamorously. "Can any one tell us where to find a doctor—a surgeon? He can't live ten minutes, at this rate!"

"Show us the way," said Dr. Lewis. "Here are two doctors at once."

The next moment, forcing their way through the crowd, they stood in the presence of the bleeding man.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Dr. Lewis—even his iron nerves vibrating painfully as he gazed upon him.

"Nothing but a fight," answered a ruffian-looking bystander. "The man that cut him, ran off when he saw him bleed so dreadfully."

"Nothing but a fight!" repeated Dr. Lewis, sternly; "why, he must have cut an artery! 'Tis a life-stroke!"

Dr. Lewis thrust off his coat—he stooped down and gashed open the sleeve of the wounded man. To tie up a severed artery is a difficult and dangerous operation, but with a firm yet gentle touch, he drew together the issues of life, till the living fibres turned, the valves of the fountain closed, and the victim was saved from immediate death.

"You are not used to such work," said Dr. Lewis, looking at his own and Mordaunt's ensanguined hands, after they had laid their patient on a bed in the adjoining room, and administered the customary restoratives.

Mordaunt turned deadly pale. He remembered his father, and the evidence that stained a spotless life.

"He cannot live," said Dr. Lewis. "And why should we wish him to live, only to expend the wonderful muscular strength which God has given him, in scenes of violence and strife?"

At length the man opened his eyes, and, rolling them round the apartment, they rested on the figures that were seated by the bed-side with wonder and terror. He looked upon their grave countenances, and had they been agents of vengeance instead of ministers of mercy, he could not have expressed more wildness of horror in his dim and glassy glance. Mordaunt stood nearest him, his arms folded across his breast, and a dark shade resting upon the sunlight of his eyes. The restless glance of the patient became fixed on his face, and it suddenly flashed, as it from an inward blaze. A hoarse shriek burst from his lips.

"Who are you?" he cried. "How came you here? I'm not dead yet! I'll not be tormented before my time! Away, I say! How came that blood on your hands? You didn't do it! Hah!"

"Come this side, Mordaunt," said Dr. Lewis, in a low voice. "He seems delirious, and there is something about you that agitates him. I want him to be very quiet."

"Mordaunt—Mordaunt!" groaned the man; "who told you his name?"

Then, pausing, he added, in a whisper:

"Fool! he died upon the scaffold!"

Mordaunt grasped the doctor's arm with spasmodic force. The blood rushed in torrents to his brain, to make room for the wild hope that leaped into his heart.

"Be quiet," said the doctor, laying his hand on Mordaunt's shoulder, and fixing upon him his commanding eyes. "Be quiet! *He may die without confessing!*"

The last words were audible only to the ear of Mordaunt; but, low as they were, they rang through him like a trumpet's blast. He remained silent, while every fibre of his frame quivered with suppressed emotion.

Dr. Lewis bent over the wounded man, and addressed him calmly and deliberately.

"You have but a few hours to live, at the utmost. You are going into the presence of God—guilty, trembling soul! Your only hope of mercy is in making a full confession of the crimes you have committed. You cannot conceal them! I know them! God knows them!"

The dying man uttered the most horrible groans; while, as if under the influence of fascination, he kept his lurid, sunken eye fixed upon the pale and agitated face of Mordaunt.

"I can't die!" he murmured: "I haven't time to repent. He had. Everybody that dies upon the scaffold goes to heaven—don't they? A few hours—how many? Tell me?"

"You cannot live more than three—perhaps not one!" replied the doctor, with imperturbable composure. "Waste not your breath in idle curses. There was pardon for the dying thief—there may be for you! You cannot bring back the dead: you may justify their memory. For your crimes this young man's father perished on the scaffold. Confess it—for, as sure as you die without clearing the innocent, your departing spirit will weave itself a winding-sheet of flames!"

"I will confess!" he gasped; "but, God of mercy! it is too late—too late!"

The doctor moistened the parched lips of the patient; then, having forced him to swallow a reviving mixture, he drew from his pocket paper and pencil, and seated himself, with the gravity of a magistrate, by the side of the bed. It was not without many interruptions, incoherent ejaculations, groans of despair, and cries for mercy, that the wretched being, who called himself Leftridge, related what we will endeavour to condense in fewer words.

More than sixteen years previous, Leftridge and Mordaunt (the father of the young physician) met, as travellers, in a crowded inn. There was another stranger there, who boasted of the immense quantity of gold in his possession. He looked upon the red wine-cup, and prudence evaporated with its fumes. Leftridge and Mordaunt shared the same room—the same bed. The stranger, with his boasted gold, occupied the next apartment.

Leftridge could not sleep—a demon was at work in his heart—his temptation. He stole from the side of his sleeping companion, on whose placid face the moonbeams were shining. (Strange that man can meditate deeds of guilt in such a holy light!) Mordaunt's dagger, his travelling weapon of defence, lay gleaming on the table, conspicuous for its gilded sheath. Leftridge drew forth the blade, and touched the edge with his cold fingers. The steel seemed to burn into his flesh, chill as it was. A linen handkerchief lay by its side, bearing initials *not his own*. He seized it, also, and stole with stealthy steps into the adjoining room. So sure was the blow, that but one groan broke on the silence of the night, and that groan echoed not beyond the walls of the death-chamber!

The murderer filled his pockets with gold, and fled. Mordaunt was arrested as the criminal: his own knife, found in the gaping wound; his own handkerchief, bathed in blood; some of the gold, discovered in his pocket—were circumstantial evidences which no counter-testimony outweighed. The absence of Leftridge, who was supposed to have left at early dawn, as travellers often did, excited but little remark. Mordaunt was a stranger. So great was the public indignation, it came near setting at defiance the majesty of the law, and condemning him without judge or jury.

Leftridge wandered from place to place, far from the scene of the two-fold tragedy, spending his ill-gotten gold, and trying to drown in intemperance the unquenchable fires of remorse. Providence had brought him, at his last hour, face to face with the son of his victim; thus proving its own retributive justice.

Mordaunt listened to this vindication of his father's memory in breathless emotion, but no vindictive feelings swelled his bosom. That miserable being! could he look upon him with any emotions save of the deepest compassion? His father had died, sustained by faith and animated by Christian hope. His memory, though stamped with public ignominy, was embalmed with the tears of widowed and filial love. His misfortunes had canonised him. But Leftridge: alas, for the poor wretch! what was left for him but a fearful looking forward to future judgment, and a name steeped in infamy?

Exhausted by the efforts he had made, he lay panting, gasping, a cold and clammy moisture oozing from his cadaverous skin. And so he died.

Dr. Lewis took immediate measures to publish to the world the circumstances which removed the shadow that envy and malice had rolled over Mordaunt's name. They became the topic of the day, and the young physician was exalted into a hero—the hero-son of a martyr-sire. That very night he wrote to his mother; the next, he sought the dwelling of Constance.

"My father's memory is justified," said he, addressing Mr. Goldman; and, notwithstanding the respect he wished to manifest to the uncle of Constance, his manner was cold and haughty; "is the social ban removed from his son?"

"I regret exceedingly, Dr. Mordaunt," answered Mr. Goldman, in much embarrassment, "that circumstances have compelled me to put an unnatural restraint upon my feelings. For myself, I could rise above the prejudices of the world; but, as the guardian of a young lady of rank and fortune, I have been compelled to be circum-spect. We live in a cold and censorious world."

"I am fully aware of that truth, sir," answered Mordaunt, with a slight dash of bitterness in his tone; but the entrance of Constance—now the Morning Star of his destiny—dispersed the lingering clouds of haughtiness from his brow, and he remembered nothing but that her faith and trust had been the same.

Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame.

And once again Mordaunt sat with Constance in the "Faith's Grotto." The fountain threw up its silvery spray into the moonlight, falling with the same lulling music in the marble reservoir. The beautiful daughter of Danaus still held her empty vase beneath the waters, the lovely Bacchante caught the same resplendent crown upon her leafy brow, and the graceful Flora twined her fadeless garlands in the shade.

Constance, fair and pure as these marble graces reposing in the moonlight, and ten thousand times as lovely, sat beside her husband, her eyes raised to the night-arch bending radiantly above them.

"Do you see that solitary star?" said Mordaunt, taking her hand in his, and raising it towards one whose rays were almost lost in the full glory of the moon. "The first night I ever met you, I fixed my gaze upon that planet, and thoughts holy and inspiring rushed into my soul. The dream of poverty, the fear of shame, melted away in its divine effulgence. I saw you in the cottage. From that moment you became the Evening Star of my destiny, shining on with steadily increasing brightness unto the perfect day."

FACETIÆ.

YOUNG ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded, so they will turn out.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A SLOVEN.—His coat collar always shone—but his boots never.

THE first expense is the least in everything, with the exception of law and matrimony.

A loquacious tailor asked a Quaker in what fashion he would be measured. "In silence," was the solemn reply.

In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet, "Take any shape but that."

MODESTY is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath it.

A NEW SIGN OF INEBRIETY.—A man trying to put his night-cap on with his boot-hooks.

LOGIC.—Cicero said that nobody dances while sober. If Cicero was right, every dance is a reel.

WHY is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it keeps continually lightning.

A DINNER IN CHINA.—Two cups of strong tea and a Mandarin servant with small feet.

"JACK SHAW," Mayor of Liverpool in the olden time, once told a Jew witness he would throw an inkstand at his head if he did not tell him his *Christian* name.

WHEN the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had a young sister. "Oh, that is delightful!" cried the little innocent royalist; "Do let me go and tell mamma!"

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper: "Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge: this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, *his name shall be made public.*"

THE Chinese do everything different from other people. We have a "jack" for pulling the boot from the foot; the "Flowery Land" people, on the contrary, have an instrument for pulling the man from the boot.

A friend of ours wrote us that he has taken to the stage, and plays the "heavy business." He digs the grave in *Hamlet*.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WILD DUCK.—A black-legged chicken stuffed with mackerel.

A LEADER OF FASHION.—The lady who sets the time for the proper introduction of mantillas and perfumery. To preserve this position requires the nicest care and attention. Horace Walpole makes mention of "a leader" who once fell from her high estate because she tolerated pomatum an hour longer than she should have done.

A lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said: "May it please the court—I do not propose in this case to *bore* for water, but —" Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant got clear.

MR. B—, a well-known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office, with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over ag'in. It's gettin' a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't wot they wos. How much do you ax?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour?"—wish you would; want to be gettin' home: live good ways out o' town." "Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent round to the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor' sakes a-massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you've 'fixed' it!—it's e'en a'most as good as new! I never see nothin' so curious as what printin' is!"

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse—and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend, who ran to his assistance: "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off!"

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN PARAGUAY.—In a series of "Sketches of Paraguay," written by Geo. S. Raymond, we find the following attractive description of female habits: "Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and, instead of chewing, roll it about with the tongue, and *suck* it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich, red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin, and flashing with diamonds: she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and, depositing the savoury lozenge on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for your salute. I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn away with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el salvaje* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty, for his sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to these things in Paraguay, where you are, per force of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences, and you would sip the dew of the perfumed lip in the face of a tobacco battery, even were it the double-distilled 'honey-dew' of Old Virginia."

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.—We read in a Paris journal: "There is much talk of a dispute which took place a short time since in a *café* of the Boulevards, between an elderly gentleman and a young lion with large moustaches. It ended in a challenge, which has happily caused no death, and of which the poor of the quarter will reap the benefit. The parties arrived on the ground, and the seconds measured the distance, and loaded the pistols. During these preparations the young man strutted about, humming a tune and twisting his moustaches. The elderly gentleman said nothing until the preparations were completed, when he talked of explanations. At this word, the young man thought himself six inches taller, and said he would listen to no propositions. His adversary then cocked his pistol, and, seeing a bird flying by rapidly, said, 'Look!' then fired at the bird, which fell dead. The lion turned pale, and his adversary said: 'I am the person insulted; you have had a proof of my skill, and you will now receive my fire, or take to-day 1000 francs to the Bureau de Bien-faisance of the second arrondissement. Decide; but reflect that the larger the bird is, the more certain am I of hitting, and you are much larger than the bird I have just shot.' The proposition was accepted, and we are assured that the money has been paid."

SUNDAY VERSUS MONDAY.

The *Whip* and *Spur* thus concisely sets forth the relative merits of the daily and weekly press, in a moral point of view. The whole argument is wittily set forth in a few sentences:

SUNDAY PAPERS.

Are the types set up for a Sunday paper on that day? No!

Do the editors concoct and write their leaders on that day? No!

Are the clerks and packers, pasters, &c., engaged on that day? No!

Is the steam-press in operation on that day? No!

Can the editor add his workmen go to church on that day? Yes!

Is the devil busy on that day in a Sunday paper office? No!

MONDAY PAPERS.

Are the types set up on Sunday for a Monday paper? Yes!

Do the editors, and persons employed, work on Sunday? Yes!

Are the porters, folders, packers, &c., engaged on Sunday? Yes!

Is the steam-press in operation on that day? Yes!

Can the editor, his workmen and apprentices, attend church on Sunday? No!

Is the devil busy in such offices on Sunday? Yes!

Is not this a great country? Yes!

"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER."—A simple-minded correspondent asks us who is the author of the above work. He thinks the title a misnomer, as undoubtedly the French have found a master at last.—*Diogenes*.

THE REAL SUFFERERS FROM RECENT LEGISLATION.—However beneficial Free Trade may be to the country, the fair sex complain that they cannot do without "Protection."—*Ibid*.

CHICORY AND TRICKERY.—There is an old story of a man who, on ordering currant pie at a cook-shop, requested that the pastry might be placed on one plate, and the flies on another. Our grocers seem to have borrowed a hint from this original, for, since the prohibition of coffee adulteration, they sell their chicory in separate packets, with desperate oncomiums upon its delightful flavour and valuable properties. Having gone so far, we think they ought to apply the same principle to other articles. "A pound of genuine tea and a birch broom for 6s." would afford the purchaser the opportunity of either using the domestic implement in its complete state, or of cutting it into his evening beverage at his discretion; while a pint of sand and a pound of sugar for 6d. would be a decided improvement upon the present system of mixing both together and selling at an increased price. Other trades might then take a lesson from the grocers, and we might at length hear our street piemen hawling out: "Here you are! A lump of pastry and a kitten for a penny!"—*Ibid*.

SWEETS VERSUS GESE.—When the agitation was first started against climbing-boys going up the chimneys, some wiseacre proposed that a goose should be pulled down the chimney, by a string tied to its legs, that its fluttering might have the desired effect of bringing down the soot. The betting-office fraternity have acted on the hint; for, instead of the "sweeps doing the work of paying on a race, the rule is to make the geese who fall into them come down with the dust."—*Ibid*.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.—A theatre, the other day, advertised the "Last Week of 'Gold.'" That meant, we suppose, that they intended to give the public change.—*Punch*.

NEWTON AT SEA.—The French have in their navy a steam sloop of war named Le Newton. The French certainly beat us in their acknowledgment of the claims of art, literature, and science. We have no Newton in our navy. As soon would the Lords of the Admiralty christen a ship after the astronomer, as after the astronomer's apple that aroused him to ponder gravitation. Yes, when we have Newton as a seventy-four, then may apples swim; then, and not till then, may we have The Golden Pippin gun-brig.—*Ibid*.

ANYTHING BUT A BILLOT-DOUX.—We have just read M. Billot's *Lettres Françaises*, in which he proves clearly that it is as much the duty as the desire of France to "walk into" England, first in the literal, and afterwards in the figurative sense of the word. Our hair stands on

end, and our hand trembles as we lay down the explosive volume! A sulphurous odour exhales from its pages, which must have been manufactured of "gun cotton." "Every bullet has its billet," says the olden proverb. If the converse hold true, and "Every Billet has his bullet," what a bombardment France will give us! As it is, luckily, the pellets are of paper instead of lead, though from their heaviness this might not be suspected.—*Ibid.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit he always will insist upon taking a receipt.—*Ibid.*

LOVE IN THE MOON.—We see a little work advertised, called "Love in the Moon." We cannot speak of its contents, for we have not yet looked into it; but we confess we think the title is a decidedly well-chosen one. Love in the moon seems to us quite in its proper sphere, seeing what decided lunatics it makes of all who come within its influence.—*Ibid.*

THE LARGEST COAL-SACK IN THE WORLD.—The penny a ton sacked by the City corporation upon all coals within twenty miles round London!—*Ibid.*

PROGRESS OF POULTRY.—Should poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken outlets and capon steaks; and, as to the merrythought, it will become so heavy as to be no joke.—*Ibid.*

REASONABLE ENOUGH.—The Rev. Mr. Stowell announces that he will engage no curate who is guilty of the unpardonable crime of smoking a cigar. The reverend gentleman fairly says, that he does all his own puffing; and that if the curate wants a narcotic, he has only to read one of his rector's sermons. This seems all right enough.—*Ibid.*

THE DEAR LITTLE CHERUBS.—A lady who writes to us under the signature of "Materfamilias," declares that the Box-keepers at all the English Theatres must be "dear little Cherubs" in their way, for ask them when you will they "never have a seat."—*Ibid.*

THE PRESS AND THE EMPRESS.—Several of our contemporaries appear to question the felicity of the Emperor's marriage. For ourselves, however, we confess we cannot regard them otherwise than as quite a Nappy couple.—*Ibid.*

PRIZE (FIGHTING) JOKE.—A distinguished Pugilist hearing that there had been some fighting at Milan, said he didn't see how there could be millin' without.—*Ibid.*

HINT TO MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—Every medal has its reverse—and every meddler deserves to meet with one.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If I study, it is for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to live and die well.

ALONZO of Arragon was wont to say of himself, "That he was a great necromancer, for that he used to ask counsel of the dead!"—meaning books.

We anticipate, in the seedling oak and the pine, the future ornaments of the wood; and estimate the germ of any plant, not by the seed-leaf alone, but by the form it is destined to gain in the maturity of its species.

"HOBBS attributed his superiority to the moderation of his reading, affirming, that if he had read as much as the philosophers, he should have been as ignorant. The fact is, he read less than he meditated. This, the great secret of all vigorous creative thought, is a prime requisite in constructing the durable monuments of genius."—*William Benton Chulow.*

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.—Ah! this beautiful world. Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor in our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Richter.*

HAVE A PLAN LAID BEFOREHAND FOR EVERY DAY.—"These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and, on rising in the morning, again looked at, and immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day (and of what else is life made up?) by having the plan previously marked out. It is so in everything. This morning a man was digging a path through a deep snow bank. It was almost insupportably cold, and he seemed to make but little headway, though he worked as if upon a wager. At length, getting out of breath, he paused, and marked out the width of the path with his shovel, then marked out the width of each shovelfull, and consequently the amount of snow at each throw of the shovel; in fifteen minutes he had done more, and it was done neater and easier, than in thirty minutes previous when working without a plan. It is of little consequence by what we illustrate, if we make a thing clear, and impress it upon the mind. I have found, in my own experience, as much difference in the labours of two days, when working with, or without a plan, as at least one half, without the satisfaction, in the latter case, of knowing what I have done. Experience will tell any man, that he is most successful in his own pursuit, when he is most careful as

to method. A man of my acquaintance has a small slate which hangs at his study-table. On that he generally finds, in the morning, his work for the day written down; and in the evening he reviews it, sees if he has omitted anything, and if so, chides himself that all is not done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COAST DEFENCES.—Magazines are ordered to be constructed on the Gosport lines, as also on the Hilsa lines; and a strong gateway is forming on the latter, on one of the old sites. Some earthworks will be speedily thrown up at Gomerpond, Browdown, preparatory to the erection of a permanent fort. The martello towers on the Sussex coast are to receive an armament forthwith.

THE WELLINGTON FUNERAL CAR.—We understand Viscount Combermere, as Constable of the Tower, has received her Majesty's commands to prepare a suitable place for the reception of the funeral car upon which the remains of the late lamented Duke of Wellington were conveyed to their last resting-place. It is intended that the car shall be exhibited to the public without any unnecessary restriction.

ONE Sunday, having attended Divine Service at a country church, Handel asked the organist to allow him to play the people out; and, sitting down to the organ, began to play in such a masterly manner, that he instantly attracted the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats, remained for a considerable period in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient—perhaps his wife was waiting dinner—and at length told the performer that he was convinced that he could not play the people out; and, Handel having resigned the seat, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like the reading of the Riot Act.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.—The Admiralty have decided on sending the Phoenix, screw-steamer, with the Lady Franklin, tender store-ship, to Beechy Island, this summer, with a supply of provisions and stores for Sir E. Belcher's squadron. The command will be entrusted to Commander Inglefield: who after having communicated with the North Star, at Beechy Island, will, it is understood, have discretionary power to proceed to the head of Baffin's Bay, in the view of following up the discoveries which he made last autumn. Should Smith's Sound at the head of the bay turn out to be closed, Jones's Sound will then be examined. Lady Franklin contemplates offering the Prince Albert to the Admiralty as an additional store-ship.

WHAT THE LADIES OWE TO TEA.—That ladies owe to tea much of their present high social position in England, very little reflection will show. How was it with them some century and a half since, when the squire, shortly after their departure from table, locked the door, and pushed the bottle round until his guests had not only their baser, but their entire members under his mahogany? There is no possibility of long and strong bibing now. Like tobacco to the Ottomans, tea has beneficially weaned us from those heavy potations in which our forefathers glorified, and by which we, their sons, after the sentence of the old curse, are stingingly twitched in the extremities at warning intervals. Nothing has ever wrought such marvellous social transformations. It is no exaggeration to assert that the existence of society in its present form would not be possible without it in this country. On the continent, where light, cheap, and harmless wines are to be had, the want that tea supplies is not felt; nor have foreigners the art of making tea. French tea tastes like a chemical dilution that has passed through the hands of the perfumer; and to be condemned to drink German tea, would be a torture our gossips would never forget.

CHEAP MUSIC AND CHEAP LITERATURE, CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE THEATRE.—In a notice of a late number of the "Westminster Review," in the *Scotsman*, we find the following remarks on the decline of the theatre: "We have a searching and extremely readable statement of the present condition of the English stage. The writer is minutely conversant with the theatrical history of England for something like a generation; yet, though he knows his subject closely and personally, he does not take the narrow and party views of it common with members of the craft, and generally, also, with those who are known and knowing about the 'slips' and the green-room. In his estimate, however, of the causes of the comparative decline of the theatre from being the place of frequent and general resort that it was some two or three generations ago, he scarcely, we think, gives sufficient prominence to that which is unquestionably the most powerfully and widely operative—namely, the great increase of the other intellectual amusements open to the people at large. Of these the two chief are cheap music, and cheap literature. When admission to a respectable concert of any kind was invariably—as it was scarcely a dozen years ago in Edinburgh, a town never very far behind hand in such matters—at the rate of five shillings per head, the theatre boxes competed with, and the pit underbid, the seats in the concert-room. But concerts, thanks to Musard, Jullien, and other musical reformers, have immensely improved, multiplied, and cheapened; and the popular taste for music—one of the purest and most delightful and elevating of human enjoyments—has increased, and is increasing. Still the competition of the concert with the theatre is as nothing compared with the competition of the fire-side book-shelf. The public appetite for literary amusement in all its shapes is insatiable, and publishers being at length fully aware of the fact, are indefatigable in their efforts to supply abundantly literary food for every taste."

THE ART OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.—How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is so pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary, pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humoured, that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face which is somewhat too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas, such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristics of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, said Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them life and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you will always suspect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's head-dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not to be seen too clearly, and hard all round; should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles II.'s time had at least that one merit of floating into the back-ground, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of their dress.

THE TYRANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—And so it is, and for his rule over his family, and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes at the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there's no law to control the King of the Fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life itself. He is free to punish, make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the Grand Seigneur who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French King, and the Emperor, and wondered how these—who are monarchs, too, in their way—govern their dominions at home, where each man rules absolute? When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.—*Esmond.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—"Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness," said William Wirt, "will not make you great." But cannot a young man command his energies? Read Foster on "Decision of Character." That book will tell you what it is in your power to accomplish; you must gird up your loins, and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talents, and opportunities. Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than any one of his subjects, found time to study. Frederick the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxuries of science. Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings in his antechamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books. And young men who are confined to business, even for twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study, and which will amount to many months in the course of a year.

THE AGAPEMONE.

It would seem that matters are not proceeding very smoothly at this notorious establishment, near Bridgewater, and it is not improbable that some of its mysteries may shortly be exposed. An affair has recently occurred which has caused much gossip in the neighbourhood. It appears that about five years ago Mr. James Rouse, an attorney, became an inmate, with his wife, of the "Abode of Love," conforming, of course, to one of its paramount conditions, by conveying all his property in favour of that institution. Weary, at last, of the usage he experienced, and disgusted with the conduct of those around him, he contemplated his escape; but, aware of such intention, he was vigilantly kept in surveillance, and no opportunity of effecting his object presented itself until Saturday, the 16th of January, when he managed to make his way over the walls of the building, and, leaving his wife therein, he succeeded in reaching the house of his brother, a respectable farmer of North Curry. The retention of Mrs. Rouse soon attracted the attention of the family, and her rescue was undertaken by Mr. Rouse's brother. Accordingly, with a companion, he left North Curry in a carriage, and they were proceeding towards Charlton, when, at a four-cross way on the road, they encountered one of the vehicles belonging to the Agapemone, driven by a servant on the box, and Mrs. Rouse in the rumble, who was delighted at the prospect of her release from captivity. A few words sufficed to announce Mr. Rouse's intention, but it was vehemently resisted by the Agapemone charioteer, who resolutely refused to admit of her leaving the carriage. Mr. Rouse, however, was not to be deterred, and, brandishing a stout oaken cudgel, contested the matter too strenuously to render his victory doubtful. The struggle, however, continued for some time, and it was not until she was dragged out from the hind part of the carriage, that Mr. Rouse ultimately succeeded in placing her in his own vehicle, in which he rapidly drove off.

TO OUR READERS.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT OF THE "LONDON JOURNAL."

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL, anxious to convey to his numerous subscribers and readers the expression of his gratitude for the unprecedented patronage he has received, begs leave to offer it in the form which he believes will prove most acceptable to them—namely, the Permanent Enlargement of the work to ONE-FOURTH more than its original size.

The LONDON JOURNAL is not only the cheapest and largest, but by far the most extensively circulated of the serials devoted to the amusement and instruction of the people. It is the welcome guest alike of the drawing-room and the cottage. Fathers place it with confidence in the hands of their children—assured that not a line which can sully the purity of the youthful mind will be found to disgrace its pages.

In conclusion, the Proprietor begs leave to assure his patrons, that, whilst every exertion will be made to advance with the spirit of the times, in the progress of science, literature, and art, the same moral tone which has hitherto prevailed will be strictly preserved. No expense or effort will be spared to maintain the Journal in its present honourable position, as the head of not only the serial publications of England, but of the world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRUTH.—Your acquaintance has deceived you. The article came from a very different source.

A. M. K.—A deed of apprenticeship to which the boy's father is not a consenting party, is void.

VENA CRUZ.—The date of a legal instrument is only material as being evidence of the time and the fact of its execution. A deed of apprenticeship dated on a Sunday, would not be invalidated on that account.

C. C.—Special marriage licences may be obtained from Doctors' Commons, or from a bishop or archbishop. The latter authorises marriages anywhere in the primacy; the former anywhere within the diocese. A special licence, obtained through a surrogate, obviates the necessity for a preliminary residence of fifteen days in a place where the marriage is intended to be solemnised.

GEORGE R.—It is easy work enough to string together lists of names and call them lists of heirs-at-law, but it is quite another matter to prove their identity. Lists of unclaimed dividends are kept in the Bank of England, and may be searched without a fee.

LOREAN.—In this country a man may dispose of his property by will just as he pleases, and we should be sorry to see the law altered, for as it stands at present, it holds out incentives to industry, keeps a check on viciously-disposed children, and contributes largely to the maintenance of that beautiful freedom of action which is so characteristic of England.

PAUL LÉDOR, a Frenchman settled in North Wales, says, that what he daily reads and hears about his native country, and the probability of a war between it and England, makes him very uneasy. Therefore he asks whether naturalisation in England is easy and inexpensive, and in case of his not being admitted a citizen, in the event of a war, what would be his fate? Nothing very dreadful, for the English government, in war time, was proverbial for its hospitality to strangers. But, under the Alien Act generally passed in war time, all aliens suspected of mal-practices may be arrested or sent out of the country. Complete naturalisation can only be obtained through an Act of Parliament, which would cost about £400.

J. L. W.—1. Farrington's edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a faithful copy of the original work. 2. The best life of the Duke of Wellington has not yet been published. His "Despatches," edited by Colonel Gurwood, afford the best ideas of what that illustrious man really was. 3. Lady Hamilton was the mother of Nelson's daughter. 4. It is not advantageous for ship-owners to register their ships at a greater tonnage than they really are, for in that case they would have to carry a greater number of guns than was actually required. The register is generally correct, but in the advertisements of the qualities, capacities, and sizes of merchant vessels and steamers there is much exaggeration. Puffing is not confined to tradesmen. We have known an American liner rated at 1800 and 2000 tons burthen, when it really was only half the size. The shippers of New York and Liverpool are adepts in "drawing the long bow."

MR. AGO.—What is termed the Sinking Fund was established by Pitt, for the gradual liquidation of the national debt. It is a slow process, and not a very just appropriation of the national revenue. If you desire to make a provision for your children after your death, why not insure your life in some respectable office. It is the safest, cheapest, and in every certain mode of accumulation during life, for a pious purpose, that we are acquainted with.

J. DUNCAN.—The origin of the custom of sending love epistles on St. Valentine's Day, has not been ascertained; but it is supposed that in the early ages of Christianity lovers selected him to be the patron saint of their vows, because he was "a man of admirable parts, and famous for his love and charity." St. Valentine suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, on the 14th of February, and that circumstance, coupled with some incident in his early life, very likely originated the custom which has now, we repeat to say, so fallen off from its ancient sincerity, that it is more honoured in the breach than the observance.

ALABASTER.—In murder, to escape the imputation of malice, the prisoner must prove the provocation, the accident, or any other circumstance which goes to preclude the malice—otherwise it is argued from the fact itself. No provocation of words, however opprobrious, will mitigate the motive for a mortal blow, or one intended to produce death, where there is an intent to kill. If there is a sufficient provocation, it is manslaughter; but words are not a sufficient provocation. Malice is implied from any deliberate, cruel act against another, however sudden. When there is a blow of a deadly weapon, with intent to do some great bodily harm, and death ensues, malice is presumed. That is the law—but the crown, of late years, has admitted extenuating circumstances, and capital punishments have been frequently commuted on very slight grounds. The French are superior to us in jurisprudence—for among them the jury determine whether there are any extenuating circumstances in capital cases. In England it is left to the Home Secretary for the time being—and thus everything depending on the temper of one man, there is no consistency, and consequently the worst criminals escape the gallows, while less guilty ones are sentenced to a painful execution.

AGUSTUS.—The affairs of the world are not much influenced by the dreams of poets or the theories of philosophers; for, partaking largely of the nature of the chameleon, they receive their colour from surrounding objects, but do not bestow any. The gold discoveries in California and Australia will immediately exercise more influence on the destinies of the human race than has been done by all the poetry concocted from the days when Homer sang divinely, down to these, when jingling rhymists tattle abominably. And as to the philosophers, they only appear when demanded, and at the same time created, by a condition which has sprung from a succession of previous ones.

AMOR VERAX has been desperately in love with a young lady for three years past, but has hitherto always fancied that she hated and abhorred him. He, in return, has tried in vain to show her that he does not care about her, even sometimes feeling as though he could insult her. However, he is diffident, for whenever he meets her in company he cannot speak to her or pay her any attention, yet she is always the first in his thoughts. She has always treated him much in the same way, sometimes showing a disposition to be friendly, and at other times scarcely noticing him. In such a predicament, would it be advisable for him at once to make her an offer? Decidedly so. It is a clear case of mutual love. The old saying, that a man is never so ridiculous as when he is in love, seems to have been amply verified in this instance. Our correspondent has been courting a very stupid martyrdom, instead of paying his devoirs to a fine girl. Love requires a little common sense, for even a romance would be insipid without a few grains of it.

ADAM JACKSON.—We subjoin the total amount of the Census for Great Britain and Ireland in 1851, as contrasted with 1841.

GREAT BRITAIN.			
	1841.	1851.	Rate per cent. of increase.
Males . . .	9,077,004	10,192,721	12
Females . . .	9,581,368	10,743,747	12
Total . . .	18,658,372	20,936,468	12

IRELAND.			
	1841.	1851.	Rate per cent. of decrease.
Males . . .	4,019,576	3,176,727	20
Females . . .	4,155,548	3,339,067	20
Total . . .	8,175,124	6,515,794	20

As a contrast, we subjoin the Census of the United States of America for 1851 and 1841.

	1841.	1851.	Rate per cent. of increase.
Free population . . .	17,064,688	23,347,884	36.8
Slaves ditto . . .	2,468,138	3,178,055	29.4

J. HAMMOND.—There are various descriptions of love, just as there are varieties of other passions. One man will love for beauty, another for money, another for worth. The same with the other sex. Lydia will love Reginald because he is tall, with a good face and figure; Emma will love Oswald, although he is old and ugly, because he can keep her company; and Alice will love Robert, because, although he is pithy in the small-pox, there is something in his manner which harmonises with her own conception of manly worth. Still, all of them have some of the illuminating power of the grand passion, in its grand design and grand integrity. The really sordid lover is the exception—the base exception—for if he or she were not, the majority of marriages would be cruises, and the whole country one wide region of domestic strife, and thus domestic strife, of unheard calamities and sins. Now, as some of this kind occurs, it is only just to assume that whatever the total amount or character of the individual motives may be that prompts marriage, the institution refines and ennobles them into a peaceful and harmonious adaptation to the great end of society—general, undisturbed happiness.

STEPHANUS.—Your translation of "Margaret's Song," in "Faust," is in good taste, and embodies the spirit of the great original. As exercises in this grand dramatic poem are now very popular, we subjoin the two first of your renderings:

Ah! never shall I find the peace I've known;
My heart is heavy now, my peace for ever flown.
My head on sad things ponders,
My sense distracted wanders,
And changing thoughts of him my mind employ;
Where he is not, a gloom,
Dark as the close-shut tomb,
Embitters all the whole world hath of joy.
My heart is weary ever—ever!
Oh! heavy, weary heart! my peace returneth never.

Ne'er from the lattice look I, lest it be;
With many hopes that of his form might see;
Ne'er from the house stir I,
Unless he be to fly
To him, and hear his words, which, like strong charms,
Draw me to him—ah! bliss,
What rapture in his kiss,
Should he enfold me in his loving arms!
And yet my heart is weary ever,
Oh! heavy, weary heart! my peace returneth never.

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.—As you earnestly request the favour, we give insertion to your riddle: My 1 6 11 2 is a number; 2 6 7 8 9 is the same; 3 6 1 2 is an exhilarating beverage; 4 2 2 is an insect; 5 6 1 7 is a circle; 6 1 11 is a public-house; 7 6 1 7 2 5 is an Indian root; 8 2 5 10 6 1 2 is a female; 9 8 5 10 11 2 is a chair of state; 10 5 4 is a sphere; 11 10 5 9 8 is a point of the compass. My whole is the name of a fashionable watering-place.

M. H. about a year ago became acquainted with a very handsome girl, and of course fell in love with her. At first he was treated very well, and he thought he would succeed in winning her affections, but now he suspects he was only used as a foil, in order to make another young man more attentive. Nothing more likely, for it is an old trick with young girls who really have a penchant for young men. Our correspondent had better digest his spleen at leisure, and dismiss all his bilious thoughts. A quarrel would be ridiculous; besides, the stratagem was natural.

MATILDA.—A gentleman greatly admires a lady, whom he has known some time by sight, but never had an opportunity of obtaining an introduction to her, and fears the lady does not like him. On the other hand, just to show how a true affection may be created, the lady has heard of the gentleman's partiality for her, and also of his good qualities, but she only knows him by name, not personally, and there is no friend on either side to introduce the one to the other. In such a case how are the parties to act, so as to become acquainted. The gentleman in such a dilemma would be justified in giving his passion a little fair play. In love, the principal points of etiquette to be observed are all comprised under the terms modesty, frankness, honour, and courage. A lover is exempted from the restrictions of ordinary etiquette—they do not apply, or how would a considerable proportion of the marriages in this country be brought about? The gentleman, in this instance, must address the lady's friends without hesitation. Frankness and decision, coupled with a delicate tone and gentlemanly demeanour, are capable of any success in an honourable undertaking.

KATHLEEN.—Christianity, though not a religion of forms, is not a religion without forms. The reverential kneeling at prayers was formerly practised throughout the whole Church, and the exception made to it between Easter and Pentecost, in token of their joy at Christ's resurrection, is traced back even to apostolic times. The earlier councils—as, for instance, that of Nice—make particular mention of it; and so strongly do writers even of the second century reprehend the practice of sitting at prayer, as to condemn it as savouring of Paganism. The 18th Canon of the Church of England enjoins "Kneeling on the knees when the General Confession, Litany, and other prayers are read, and standing up at the saying of the Belief." Forms of some kind are essential, for if the ordinary occurrences of life demand them, surely the most sacred should have their particular and revered ones.

TELEMACHUS is the eldest son of a peer, he bears a title, is highly connected, and descended from a very old family. He is under thirty years of age, considered good-looking, and is domesticated in his habits. He wishes to marry a young lady under twenty-five years of age, of good education, polished manners, good-looking, and amiable in disposition. But she must possess at the least £200,000, as his own circumstances will not permit him to marry any lady with less. He is too high-minded to sacrifice himself for money, or he might have obtained a larger sum than this already. An intimate friend, who is anxious for his happiness, unknown to him, gives this as a hint, believing that wealth and a coronet, where the parties happen to suit each other in other respects, may prove mutually attractive. We wish poor Telemachus out of his difficulties, but we fancy the time has gone by when the broken fortunes of even a noble house can be repaired by a sordid marriage. The daughters of millionaires have not now such a dash of the *parvenu* in them as their predecessors had in less polished days. Half a century creates a wonderful change in public opinion.

ADELINE fancies that "X. Y. Z." would just suit her for a husband, and would like to hear more about him. She is rather tall, with dark hair and dark eyes, and is between eighteen and twenty years of age. She has no fortune at present, but expects a small income in a few months. She is generally considered amiable and thoroughly domesticated. She is of good family, being the daughter of a clergyman. As the fortune may be of consideration, it is as well to state that it will amount to £500 a year.

CLARA AND FANNY, two young friends, are desirous of forming an eligible acquaintance with two well-educated young gentlemen, with a view to a courtship that shall be approved of by their respective parents. They are of good family, wealthy parents, and both highly accomplished. Clara is rather tall and dark, with large black eyes and hair, regular features, and very small hands and feet. Fanny is petite, with laughing blue eyes and dazzling complexion.

SOPHIA would like to correspond with "Alfred Traversers." She is forty-four years of age, but rather juvenile-looking. She is accomplished, domesticated, and very lady-like in her appearance.

CHARLES, longing for something more congenial to his feelings than a bachelor's home, offers himself to "Adeline." Charles has lost his charms—his table wants a pretty head to it, and its owner a companion to sing to and be with him in his hours of relaxation. If, therefore, a young, professional man, whose prospects, if not golden, are at least bright enough to cheer his path—musical, and, he flatters himself, not usually in bad luck with the ladies with whom he has the pleasure of being acquainted—would be likely to suit her, he would be happy to hear more of her.

VALENTINE TO ROSEBUD.

It is not love I but it must be
Some witching and mysterious spell,
That leads my wandering thoughts to thee.
It is not love, I know full well!

It is a whisper in the air,
A voice of hope and joy for thee;
Revealing pleasures bright and fair,
In words of sweetest prophecy.

Friendship will twine her wreaths for thee,
And love shall weave a flowery chain.
Thy heart, though wounded, yet shall be
Replete with joy and life again!

A hopeful song I breathe for thee,
And yet I scarce can call it mine—
I do but echo: it must be
The song of old Saint Valentine

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Perplexed (You cannot have overlooked the reply.) J. F. G. (Pretty, but too lengthy)—Semper Idem (Lord "Derby," not "Darcy")—John Grant (The work was subsequently published in a separate form)—The Khan (The penny savings bank system was established all over the metropolis, but we fear it is now in a languishing and hopeless condition). Augustus (I referred to the Indexes to Vols. XV. and XVI.—Smith (Your Robin is ingenious, but we do not admire such pastimes)—Harry Bluff (Apply on board an emigrant ship)—J. B. (Purchase one of the numerous Treatises which have been published on the "Art of Brewing")—Aragus (The nearest rival rendezvous to Bristol)—G. H. Marilyn (By respectable publishers it is not customary to accept payment for the insertion of articles in the correspondence)—Ellen Trimm (Your name is a contraction of the word "prince," and consequently, of pure English origin).—(The publication of the stanza would be a slender one for the living).—A. F. (The government training-schools for teachers, have, we believe, been removed to Marlborough House)—George Martin ("Loose" and "Gloose" are anagrams, but "unloose," according to Dr. Johnson, means unaccomplished)—Traveler (The style in Robin's edition of "Humboldt" is not so diffused, but quite as faithful and vigorous as any specimen of that writer in our language).—V. H. (Purchase the "Guide to Gas Consumers")—Hugh Wilson (A deed of apprenticeship, to be legal, must be properly stamped before being executed).—Chet (We are sorry we cannot oblige you. We are inundated by flattery poetry).—Geo. Rogers (We should be glad to serve you by sending your invitation known—but until we are assured of its value, we could only admit your statement as an advertisement).—Cesar—J. C. Maria—J. S. A. B. C. Esculapian—Y. Z. J. H. B.—Eva—Hughland Mary—W. J. C. Tempus Fugit—Jacques—Annie Sophia—L. S. D.—M. N. J. M. Hendon—Robertus—L. E. O.—Rondolphus—Spero—W. Y. Z.—John Henry Lockwood—Young England—J. F. R.—George—Tom Rowland—Walter Raleigh—James Thompson—Alpine—Co mo—F. B. Heriot—G. A. G. P.—Con Amore—T. Measure—A. Z. D. Llewellyn—J. C. Burgess—H. G. B. L.—W. R.—Henry—An Actor—Emily Jane—Harriet P.—H. C. Richter—Flower—Lucas Taylor—Maxwell Hope—Vivian—J. L.—Blue Bell—William Rose—Japce de Vere—Frank Taylor—Walter Ashby—S. C. M.—Hcl ne—Ernam—W. Walters—R. T.—Kate—T. D. Sanderson—An Orphan—Clara Howard—Candidus—W. Brown—James—Mira—Louisa and Emily—A True Heart—A Cantab—W. O.—W. Johnson—Walter—Joseph Burtbury.

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[THE SANCTUARY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXX

Never is vice so hideous as when decked
In virtue's borrowed plumes—the virgin's blush
Upon the wanton's cheek: the words of truth
On falsehood's lips are less abhorrent. OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH still weak as an infant, thanks to the skill of Doctor Kisson and the untiring watchfulness of his friends, Walter Mowbray was slowly progressing towards convalescence—all immediate danger was passed: youth and a naturally good constitution had triumphed over the blow of the assassin.

The care of nursing him had been shared by Martingale, who, in order to divert all suspicion from himself, manifested an interest in the recovery of the invalid second only to that which Henry felt. In this the unprincipled man of the world had a double object in view: the first was to induce his intended victim to mingle in society, and so give occasion for the accomplishment of his design; the second, by being continually with him, to act as a spy upon his conduct, and discover the fitting moment for the next attempt, which he trusted would prove more successful than the last.

With all his cunning, however, he could not make out the cause of our hero's early departure from the Palazzo Borghese, the night of the attempted assassination, or where he had passed the intervening hours till his return to the hotel. At first he imagined he was engaged in some intrigue; closer observation induced him to dismiss the thought; for, if Henry appeared unhappy, it was only when he expected letters from England, and was disappointed by their non-arrival; or if some unfavourable symptom manifested itself in the progress of his friend.

Every morning a page in the livery of the beautiful Pauline came to the hotel to inquire after the health of the wounded Englishman. Henry invariably left the room to receive the boy, and answered his inquiries himself; and as invariably returned with a rose, similar to the one which the beautiful Therese had taken from her hair and left upon the pillow of her lover, on the occasion of her visit. We have already stated how the message was answered—by sending a flower in return.

A smile of mutual intelligence would pass between the two friends, as the bearer of the token placed it in the small vase which stood by the side of the bed, and sometimes a silent pressure of the hand. Martingale had frequently noticed this, and felt annoyed by their silence upon the subject; his curiosity was piqued: it was evident there was a confidence between them which he did not share in.

"They suspect me!" he thought.

He was in error. Delicately-organised natures conceal their love with the same jealous care with which the parent bird contrives to hide its nest. They deem it profaned, if vulgar eyes once gaze upon it: secrecy adds an additional charm to the tender passion.

"Still that same pale, scentless rose!" said the unprincipled agent of Meeran, as Henry Ashton entered the chamber of Walter Mowbray, which he had only quitted a few minutes previously, to receive the daily visitor; "I positively must steal an hour to go to the library of the Vatican, and study the Persian poet, Hafaz."

"And why Hafaz?" demanded our hero.

"Because he is learned in the language of flowers," was the reply.

Although the hint was delicately enough expressed, both the young men felt annoyed by the implied desire of being admitted to a confidence which, even between themselves, existed in sympathy rather than words.

"I will spare you the trouble," observed Henry, who was the first to break the silence, which was becoming embarrassing; "the whiteness of the rose implies purity; and the absence of perfume, which may be considered as the voice of the flower, *silence*, or *discretion*."

It was Martingale's turn to feel vexed; for it was impossible for him not to perceive the reproof thus allegorically conveyed.

"But come," continued the speaker; "enough of flowers; you see the excellent effect they produce upon our patient; how his eye brightens, and the colour returns to his pale cheek, when he receives them. The spell which works such wonders would lose its power, were the mystery explained. Even I," he added, only guess the means by which it acts."

And so the subject dropped: the false friend had sufficient tact not to renew his indiscretion.

During the morning, our hero received a note from Sir Thomas Lawrence, requesting to meet him the same evening at the palace of the Duchess of Devonshire.

"I fear, Walter," he said, "that I must leave you for a few hours to the care of our mutual friend: I have received an invitation, or rather a command, which I cannot disobey."

"For the morning?" inquired Walter.

"No, unfortunately for the evening."

This was the very opportunity which Martingale wished: he professed the utmost willingness to undertake the charge—and added, that he would only step to his hotel to arrange some correspondence, and then return.

"I fear I am a sad burthen on your patience and friendship?" gratefully replied the wounded youth.

Of course the arch-deceiver assured him of the contrary, and took his leave, promising to return an hour before the time Henry Ashton was to make his visit to the duchess.

There have been few visitors to the Eternal City who do not remember the Café Grecco—the rendezvous of the artists, idlers, and picturesque vagabonds of Europe—who treat the world like an oyster, which, instead of opening, as the poet hath it, with their swords, they delude into relaxing its shells by their wits. In the rooms, beards of every cut, colour, and proportion may be seen: from the oriental to the Henri Quatre, from the timidly cultivated, exotic-looking moustache of the Englishman, aping the foreigner, to the hirsute German student.

But it must not be supposed that all the *habitués* of this well-known place of resort are of the nondescript character we have described: artists and sculptors frequently visit it in search of types or models. In the author's rather frequent visits there, he has encountered his talented countryman, Gibson, whose studio, since the death of Canova, has become one of the most celebrated in Rome; and the illustrious Thorwaldsen, whose statue of Byron was, to the disgrace of the artistic feeling of England, permitted to remain buried in the vaults of the Custom House, till the master and fellows of Trinity gave it that asylum in the library of their college, which the bigotry of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster so obstinately denied.

Whatever might have been the opinions of the noble poet, there is no heresy in marble—at least that we ever heard of.

At a small table near the window were seated two young men: one was a tall, well-made fellow, whose blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, indicated his Saxon origin; his companion was one of those cosmopolitan looking personages whose nationality it is much

more difficult to decide. The shortness of his stature, at the first glance would have led the observer to pronounce him French; but there was a stolidity of expression in his fish-like eyes and canary-coloured beard, so decidedly Saxon, that opinion was divided.

Both were painters—both Englishmen: the first was named Wayland—the second rejoiced in the equally poetic cognomen of Flambert. In a fit of enthusiasm they had decided on spending a month in Rome, in order to study perfectly the great masters. Wayland, at the end of a week, decided they were humbugs—he preferred his own style, as infinitely more true to nature—his friend pronounced them gods.

"Rely upon it," said the former, pursuing his favourite theme, "that this enthusiasm for the ancients is all a delusion—our own Reynolds beats your Titian into fits; Gainsborough is more natural than Claude, and the Madonnas of Raphael insipid and passionless."

"Heresy!" exclaimed the little artist, rolling his eyes with enthusiasm, real or affected; "rank heresy in art!"

"I own my opinions are scarcely Catholic," replied Wayland with a smile; "but tell me," he added, "what is it you find so unapproachable in Raphael except his reputation?"

The hit caused his friend to wince, for he prided himself upon his fidelity to the school of the painter of Urbino.

"His intellectuality," exclaimed Flambert; "the ideal which we can neither rival nor imitate; his exquisite grace. Raphael painted with the mind—he must be judged by the mind: that creative faculty which proves that the Deity did more for man than form him in His own image—that He endowed him with a particle of His divinity."

"Ideal!" repeated Wayland, with an air of reflection; "and pray what may you designate by the ideal?"

"Something we can all feel, but which language cannot express; a creation of mind—a corruscation of genius—a —"

"Basta—basta!" exclaimed his friend; "I am about as well informed as before I asked the question. The ideal must be ponderous indeed if your words cannot define it. By Jupiter!" he added, as a tall, handsome peasant, attired in the picturesque costume of the Transtaverini entered the *café*, "there is a reality which beats your ideal! What limbs—what muscle! who ever saw a head more gracefully placed upon a pair of shoulders? Rely upon it, the choicest statues of Italy are her breathing ones!"

After looking for an instant carefully round the room, the new comer seated himself at one of the little marble tables by the door, so as to command a view of every one who entered or left. Calling for a glass of ice water, he lit a cigar, and to all appearance soon became deeply interested in the columns of the *Roman Gazette*. We say to all appearance, for the two Englishmen noticed that, at every opening or closing of the door, he cast a furtive glance at each person who entered or left.

"Watching for some one!" observed Flambert.

"You may think yourself fortunate," replied his friend, "that it is not you he is watching for!"

"Why so?"

"Because he is one of the Transtaverini," answered Wayland, who was better versed in costume than the speaker; "he is one of the fiercest race of Rome: it provides the church with partisans, pilgrims, and fanatics—private revenge with the ready instruments of its crimes—in short, their days are passed between devotion to the Madonna and drinking in the osteria—their nights in assassination and crime. It is seldom they enter a *café* frequented by strangers," he added, "unless in pursuit of their prey. I'll sketch him!"

The recess in which the two artists were seated, was at the extreme end of the *café*. The speaker, by holding the journal which he pretended to read in his left hand, completely concealed from observation the sketch he was making with his right. He had nearly finished, when Martingale made his appearance. Rapid as was the glance which passed between the agent of Meeran Hafaz and the peasant, Wayland noticed it.

"An Englishman!" he muttered.

"What said you?" inquired Flambert.

"You see that gentleman who has just retired?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet a dinner at the Luna, that the peasant follows him. I saw the sign of mutual intelligence as he entered."

He was right. Martingale, after taking a glass of liqueur, looked round the room with an air of disappointment, as if he had expected to meet some one, and left the place. In less than five minutes the Italian followed.

"I told you!" said Wayland.

"Shall we follow?"

"What good would it do? We have no proof—nothing beyond suspicion. Hang the fellow! I wish he had remained long enough for me to finish my drawing. I have got the head," he added, "correctly enough. The rest I must fill up from memory, or one of Prinelli's prints."

When Martingale left the *café*, he walked slowly up the Via Condotti, crossed the Piazza d'Espagna, till he reached that narrow, unfrequented part which runs between the Propaganda and the Gregorio Palace, when he began to slacken his pace, and give time for the Italian to overtake him. He had not long to wait—faithful as a bloodhound on the scent, the fellow was upon his track.

"Good morning, signor!" he said, touching the party-coloured net, in which his long black hair was drawn. "I have waited for you three days—you are come at last! What news?"

"Good—the occasion I have waited for so long and

patiently, at last presents itself. The Englishman will quit his hotel this evening, at the hour of seven."

"Where for?" demanded the Transtaverini.

"I know not," replied his employer. "You must send one who will dog his steps!"

"Nothing is more easy. Mateo is the very man, signor. He once followed a Genoese merchant from Naples to Venice, from Venice to Milan, before he found a fit occasion to strike—but he found it at last."

"See that you find it!" replied Martingale. "Your last failure nearly ruined my plans."

"By the saints and my honour, signor," exclaimed the ruffian, "the fault was none of mine! During the years I have been honoured with the confidence of my patrons in Rome, I never made such an error before. It was that cloak with the white lining," he added, with an air of vexation, "that misled me; to think that I should have been so deceived! I, that never fail to pay my devotions at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and make my Easter offering; it's enough to make one turn heretic!"

Let not our readers imagine that the language we have placed in the mouth of the assassin is overdrawn. During a residence of many years in Italy, we have frequently seen murderers who have taken sanctuary under the portico or in the interior of some church, whence civil justice did not dare to withdraw them. No wonder they are superstitious, and devoted to the faith from which they find, if not immunity, at least protection.

The privilege of sanctuary, so long enjoyed by the Catholic Church, had its origin in those dark and barbarous ages when every noble claimed the right of life and death over his vassals; when bishops and abbots appointed their seneschals or justiciaries, who held feudal courts in their name; when the mailed hand was stronger than the arm of justice. In such a state of society, the sanctuary was too frequently the last refuge of outraged humanity. Violence paused before the barrier which superstition had consecrated. Like all earthly institutions, the sanctuary had its abuses; and these, unfortunately, have survived its once legitimate benefits. In England, we have seen the queen of Edward IV. reduced to take refuge, more than once, at Westminster—so long considered as the most sacred of these asylums—where she gave life to the unhappy Edward V., whose younger brother, the Duke of York, was weakly given up by his terrified mother, from the same place, to his crafty uncle, Gloucester, who sent him to the Tower, which, we need not add, he never left with life.

On separating from the Italian, Martingale retired to his hotel: his confederate—the clerk at the post-office—had given him another letter which he had suppressed from our hero, and he sat down to forge the reply. It was from the worthy rector of Carrow, who announced his intention—inconvenient as it would be—to start at once for Italy, unless he heard from him. The presence of such a friend in Rome, directly after the meditated assassination, was likely to be anything but favourable to his views.

"Oh, poverty—poverty!" he exclaimed, as he seated himself at his desk; "what terrible expedients dost thou not drive men to! Had I been born rich, I should have been honest! Honesty is a gem," he added, "too rich for a poor man's keeping!"

Having finished his letter, he returned once more to the hotel of his two friends. Evil as was his nature, it was not without a pang that he saw our hero, as the clock struck seven, depart on his promised visit. He never expected to see him again in life.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Treacherous villains stab men in the dark.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Henry Ashton arrived at the Duchess of Devonshire's, he was informed that her grace would see him in her boudoir, but that for the present she was engaged with a visitor in her cabinet. Not wishing to encounter any of her fashionable friends—who were evidently expected, for the saloons were lighted—he made his way to the former apartment, where he had passed many a happy hour, listening to her animated, brilliant conversation, and her anecdotes of the society and court of Rome.

To his secret annoyance, he found the beautiful Pauline already there. For some time past the conduct of the princess had been so marked, that he must have been blind indeed not to have perceived the impression he had made upon her ardent and susceptible heart. Apologising for his intrusion, he would have withdrawn, but, with an impatient movement of her little hand, she detained him.

"Am I so hateful to you, then?" she said.

"Hateful!" repeated the young man. "Heavens, princess! what an accusation! It is to suppose me at once senseless and ingrate. Be assured, that of all who have been honoured and distinguished by your courtesy, none entertain a more profound respect and admiration than myself."

Pauline fixed her eyes upon him with an expression which, with all his philosophy, caused his young heart to beat, and the warm blood to run with swifter impulse through his veins.

"Respect!" she said, with a deep-drawn sigh. "True—true! that is the word with which men veil indifference or heartlessness. All respect the Princess Borghese, the sister of an emperor, the wife of Rome's proudest noble; but there are none to love her!"

Henry murmured something about her husband and his friends.

"Husband!" she exclaimed; he "never loved me! I was sacrificed by my brother, to his ambition and my husband's vanity. He thought no concession too great to

obtain my hand—he cared not for my heart. Hearts, she added, bitterly, "are seldom consulted in such marriages. His indifference is equalled only by my hate."

The young barbarian, as her highness had named him, was inexpressibly shocked by an avowal, which never falls from the lips of a woman without degrading her. And yet he pitied her, for he had seen quite enough of the prince to know how little sympathy existed between the ill-assorted pair.

"You condemn me," she continued; "your cold nature cannot judge of mine. It has been the dream of my existence to find some being to love me—to share my thoughts and feelings; one who could sympathise with my pursuits and sentiments—whose heart would beat responsively to mine! Fate," she added, "has shown me such an one, to make my destiny more wretched! I have neither hope nor consolation!"

"You have," said our hero, in a tone of deep feeling, "that which ought to and must sustain you—self-respect—a name which belongs to history!"

"History!" repeated Pauline; "ashes! Well has its pen been said to be of iron, since its inscriptions are graved upon the tomb! I would not sacrifice one smile from those I loved, to see my name written upon the page from which happiness is excluded! Ask of your experience and your studies, how many of my sex, whom history has enshrined, have been wretched? Truth answers, 'All;' misery has been the price of their immortality!"

"True!" replied our hero; "like the laurel, it is watered by tears—watched by sorrow and suffering!"

"And, like the laurel," added the princess, "it is barren. Give me the immortality which an instant of love confers: it outweighs an eternity of fame!"

So saying, she laid her hand, which trembled with passion, upon his arm, and, fixing her eyes upon his, as if they would peer into his very soul; she added, in a voice broken by sighs:

"Henry, I love you!"

"Recall those words, I entreat—I implore you!" exclaimed the young man, deeply moved. Make me not so wretched as to feel that I have caused a shade of sorrow to pass between you and the joyous sun of your existence! Forget a weakness of which I am unworthy: my heart is devoted to another!"

At the word "another," the beautiful Pauline became deadly pale: she had imagined that timidity and respect hitherto had made our hero blind to her advances—that she had but to declare the favourable sentiments with which she regarded him, to see him—as she had seen others—at her feet.

"Ingrate!" she murmured.

"No, not ingrate!" replied Henry, "since the avowal has made me wretched: had you demanded my life, I would have risked it freely in your service; not a danger that I would not have braved at your behest. Long ere I beheld this land of beauty and enchantment, my heart was devoted to another: it has not a pulse which does not throb for her. It was my boyhood's love—it is my manhood's hope—and will remain unbroken to the grave!"

"Forget the hasty word," answered Pauline, dashing aside a tear; "you are right—it was a foolish dream to think that I could touch a heart like yours!" Forget it—forget it! Love on," she added, "with the truth and fervour of your ingenuous nature! Discard all thought of me! In the flattery of the world—its hollow, heartless mockeries, its whirlpool of folly and dissipation—I shall find oblivion; and, if in some lone hour, the thought which corrodes, the pang which rends the strings of life, should press upon me, I'll fly to that society of which fools make an idol, and deck my lips with smiles again! With smiles!" she slowly repeated; "in Italy we deck the dead with flowers: why not the living corpse with smiles?"

A light step was heard approaching the boudoir, and the next instant they heard the voice of the Duchess of Devonshire desiring her page to conduct Sir Thomas Lawrence to the boudoir.

Pauline started, with an effort, from the couch upon which she had sunk, overpowered by her feelings, and extended her hand to our hero.

"Farewell!" she said; "I will not say for ever; for while you remain in Rome, we shall be sure to meet again. But avoid me as much as possible. I cannot meet our lively friend—I am not in spirits to endure her raileries now. To-morrow," she added, "I shall be once more the gay and brilliant, and, as men judge me, the heartless Pauline Borghese!"

Henry Ashton raised the hand she frankly extended to his lips. As the door of the apartment opened, to give entrance to her grace, the princess disappeared through an opposite one leading to the conservatory.

"Well, *caro mio!*" exclaimed the duchess, seating herself upon the sofa which her friend had just quitted. "Have you lost all patience? I have been detained by stupid visitors from England. But I see that I need not apologise," she continued, archly; "you have not been alone!"

Her visitor remained silent.

"You need not blush—I shall not betray your secret!"

"I have no secret to betray, your grace," replied her visitor.

The lady raised from the sofa a handkerchief which Pauline had left.

"Hem!" she exclaimed; "no secret! Well, perhaps it is scarcely a secret now!"

As she spoke, she archly unfolded the delicate batista, and displayed a princely coronet, surmounting the imperial eagle, worked in gold in one corner of it.

"I know but one lady entitled to bear these arms," she added, "in Rome."

"Give it me—pray give it me!" replied Henry Ashton

"the name of the person you allude to might be compromised."

"Not by me," said her grace, throwing it to him; "with all her follies, I love Pauline too well. If I judge you aright, her weakness has already proved her punishment."

Our hero could only bow his acknowledgment, as he concealed the handkerchief in his bosom. He was too manly to confirm, either by look or word, the suspicion that her love had been repulsed.

"And Sir Thomas Lawrence?" he said.

"Is here to answer for himself," replied her grace, as the door of the boudoir opened, and the handsome painter made his appearance.

After paying his homage to the fair speaker, he informed Henry that he had received a summons to attend for a last sitting at the Vatican on the following morning; on which occasion, if he would hold himself in readiness to accompany him, he would present him to the Sovereign Pontiff: "your own eloquence must do the rest," he added.

"And I will present him with a powerful ally," observed the Duchess of Devonshire.

Both the gentlemen looked at her inquiringly.

"I am vain enough," she continued, "to imagine that I know the character of Pius VII. better than most persons. Although timid to a fault, he is naturally impressionable, and capable of exercising, whilst under the influence of enthusiasm of feeling, an independence which the camarilla cannot control. Could he behold my unhappy friend, Lady Mowbray—hear from her own lips the story of her wrongs and sufferings, I doubt not he would at once pronounce the sentence which no earthly power could either cancel or recall!"

"But how," demanded Sir Thomas—who knew that ladies, unless of royal rank, were never presented to his Holiness within the precincts of the palace—"can such a presentation be accomplished?"

The duchess smiled, and bade him be satisfied with the result, without being too curious as to the means.

The courtly artist was silent: he had been long enough a visitor in the Eternal City to have heard the various gossiping reports touching her grace and Cardinal Gonzalvi; the latter, although powerful as a minister, never interfered in ecclesiastical affairs. The jealousy of the apostolic chamber was opposed to it. If ever he did venture, it was, as in the present instance, without appearing in the transaction.

The position of the Pope is an anomalous one: infallible and despotic in theory, his power is so limited in practice by the various congregations of cardinals and ecclesiastics, to whom all matters are referred before they are laid before him, that he has little left to do but confirm their decisions.

"I have been twice to the convent of St. Therese," said Henry, doubtfully, "but have been refused to see her."

"The gate," replied his hostess, "will open to me! And now farewell! I know it would be merely the mockery of a compliment to ask you to remain—your heart is with your wounded friend!"

"All," replied our hero, gallantly, "which remains not here!"

So saying, he quitted the apartment of the kind-hearted duchess, and, shortly after, the palace.

It was a glorious evening; the sunset brilliant and gorgeous, such as Claude loved to revel in; heavy masses of golden light flooded the hundred domes and spires of the Eternal City, fell on the Pincian Hill, and the monolith at its base. Henry had so long been a prisoner in the sick chamber of poor Walter, that he could not resist the temptation to ascend the terraced walks, from which one of the loveliest views in Rome is seen. Unsuspecting of danger, he did not perceive that his steps were followed by two men, dressed in the picturesque costume of the Transtaverini.

For some minutes he remained seated on the edge of the marble fountain, in front of the Villa d'Este—better known as the French Academy, the nursery of sculptors and painters for our Gallic neighbours—an establishment which, with all its wealth, England has neither the taste nor spirit to imitate.

Whilst watching the last rays of the sun, he was startled by a loud cry, uttered in his native tongue, of

"Beware!—your life is in danger!"

The cry saved his life: it caused him to spring on one side, and the long blade of the ruffian's stiletto glanced along his arm, instead of penetrating his heart.

"Cospetto!" muttered the assassin, between his teeth, preparing to rush upon him. "Baptista, remain on the other side."

Few persons were more active or endowed with greater strength than Henry Ashton. Although unarmed, he rushed upon the ruffian, and a fearful struggle ensued. They fell upon the sward, their limbs entwined together like knotted serpents. Vainly the man essayed to use his weapon—our hero held him firmly by the wrist, whilst with his disengaged hand he rained a shower of blows upon his head and face. Whilst this was going on, he expected every instant to be assailed by the companion of his antagonist; but the person whose friendly voice had given the first alarm hastened to his assistance, and the worthy Baptista, seeing that they were two to one, sprang over the parapet which guards the summit of the hill, and rapidly disappeared.

The two Englishmen hastened to the succour of their countryman, by this time almost exhausted by his struggles. Taking a most unpoetical advantage of his prostrate state, Wayland—for it was the painter and his friend—dealt the assassin a blow under the ear which rendered him senseless.

"Take his knife!" exclaimed Flamert, who had prudently remained at a distance, ready to take shelter under

the portico of the academy, should danger approach his person.

"How shall I thank you?" exclaimed our hero, rising from the ground, and shaking his preservers warmly by the hand; "you have saved my life!"

"By saying no more about it," replied the young artist, frankly. "I am sure you would have done as much for me, or any one in a similar position. But let us see," he added, raising the head of the still senseless Transtaverini, till he brought it to the light; "if I am not mistaken, it is not the first time I have seen this face!"

"You know him?" said Henry.

"I think I ought. I sketched his head this very morning in the Café Greco."

"Wretched man!" continued our hero; "had he asked me for charity, I would have given it freely; had he succeeded in taking my life, the plunder would have availed him little. I have scarcely a ducat upon my person."

"It is not the plunder that would have rewarded him!" significantly observed his preserver.

"What mean you?"

"His employer."

"Employer!" repeated the young man, "you do not mean that? No—the thought is too terrible! I never injured or offended any human being. I am comparatively a stranger in Rome—who, then, should seek my life?"

"I cannot name him," replied Wayland; "but ten to one I can give you the clue to find him out."

He then related the scene of the morning at the café—the arrival of Martingale, whom of course he did not know by name, and his evident appointment with the assassin.

"And would you know this person again?" demanded our hero, after a few moments' reflection.

"From a thousand!" said the painter, "he had one of those faces which, once seen, we do not rarely forget!"

"His age?"

"About five or six-and-twenty."

"And his country?"

"England."

Henry Ashton wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow. He recollected Martingale's confusion and terror at his appearance at the hotel, the morning after the attack upon Walter Mowbray—and a vague suspicion crossed his mind. Vainly he endeavoured to chase the impression—it would return; when he remembered the devotion he had shown to his wounded friend, he accused himself of injustice in yielding to such thoughts.

"I am ungrateful," he mentally uttered; "such kindness and feeling as Martingale has shown! The suspicion was monstrous! Forgive me, friendship, that for an instant I doubted of his worth!"

"But what are we to do with this fellow?" inquired Wayland, pointing to the ruffian, who already began to recover from the effect of the blow, and was gazing with savage fury towards them; "we can't suffer him to escape."

It was finally arranged that they should take him with them, and deposit him at the guard-house in the Corso. Binding his arms behind him with their handkerchiefs, they began to descend the hill, Flamert leading the way to give an alarm, if any of the companions of their prisoner should be on the look-out to rescue him.

It required their united strength to force their captive along. As the painter observed, it was hard walking to the galleries—an observation at which the Italian scowled, and then smiled bitterly. He knew what Roman justice was, and how it might be bribed or baffled, better than his captors.

On reaching the Piazza del Popolo, they directed their steps to the centre of three streets, so well known to travellers as the Corso. The one to the right led to the Repetta, with its motley population; the left to the Piazza d'Espagna, with its hotels, religious establishments, and the Propaganda Fidei.

At each side of the entrance to the Corso is a small church, with a graceful portico, which produces that fine effect so much admired by architects and painters, when seen from the great monolith in the centre of the piazza.

In their progress across the square, several loungers, attracted by the sight of the captive, followed them—but not so closely as to give the least clue to their intentions. As they approached the churches in question, they made a rush upon the two Englishmen, which enabled the prisoner to spring from their grasp and reach the columns of the portico.

A wild shout, and cry of "Sanctuary!" announced that he had succeeded.

Henry's first impulse was to follow him; but the threatening looks and mingled shouts of "heretic!" and "sacrilège!" from the crowd, which by this time had increased, deterred him. Still he resolved not to lose sight of the assassin.

"Run to the guard-house," he whispered to his new friend; "tell them that the life of an *attaché* of the English ambassador at Naples has been attempted."

"And you?"

"Will remain here."

"I shall not stir a step!" replied the honest painter.

"Once without a witness, they would think as little of murdering you for the honour of the Madonna, or because you are an Englishman, as I should of shooting a wild cat! No; Flamert may go, if he likes."

The little man, who began to feel uncomfortable at the menacing attitude of the mob, eagerly availed himself of the hint, and disappeared.

Henry and Wayland mounted the steps, not to lose sight of their late prisoner, who began to harangue the crowd, who urged them by menaces to descend.

"Stir not, for your life!" said the painter; "even though you should see their knives within an inch of your throat!"

"Why not?"

"Because it is our only chance of safety. The Church is privileged: the same sanctity which affords impunity to the murderer is our protection. To shed the blood even of a criminal who has claimed sanctuary, would, to their superstitious thinking, be worse than taking the life of the mother who bore them, or the child who calls them father."

At this stage of the proceedings, a procession of monks was observed slowly crossing the Piazza del Popolo, on their return from the burial-ground. They were Capucins. At their head Henry recognised the well-known features of the general of the order, the eloquent Micara: a man whose influence over the rude population of the suburbs of Rome was unbounded. No sooner did he perceive the menacing group collected round the portico of the church, than he advanced into the midst, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, the cause of their assembling.

A dozen voices replied to him. Some said it was only a poor assassin, who had escaped from some heretic Englishman. Others accused them of profaning the church, by attempting to force him from its protecting walls.

The monk looked up, and recognised our hero.

"Imprudent!" he said; "what have you done?"

A few words explained to him the real state of the affair.

"Stir not!" he said; "you are safe, were a hundred knives raised against you, whilst I remain by your side." Then, raising his voice, he called some of his attendant monks about him, and prepared to address the crowd.

It was a scene worthy of a painter: the Capucin, with his long white beard, which descended almost to his knees, waving back the people from the steps of the church—the assassin in the back-ground, clinging to the gates—Henry Ashton and Wayland standing over him, ready at every risk to seize him, if once he quitted his hold—the whole portal lit by the torches which the monks carried in their hands, and which cast a lurid light upon the picture.

Thrice did Micara sternly warn them back, and the ruffians, whose numbers had considerably augmented, retired from the steps like some sullen wave, slowly and hoarsely murmuring. At last the distant tramp of the guard was heard advancing along the Corso.

"We are saved!" whispered Wayland, "thanks to the good father's courage! I'll never speak ill of a monk again, as long as I draw breath in Rome!"

An officer, with a detachment of about twenty men, who were accompanied by the curate of the church, now made their appearance.

The assassin looked wildly round; he knew that if he attempted to fly, the military would fire upon him; the mob, too, already began to desert him: few of them but had certain difficulties—as the Italians call their affairs with justice—which they were not eager to unravel.

"Spare me!" he said, addressing our hero, "and I will inform you of everything."

The monk looked at him sternly.

"Point out my employer!" added the wretch.

Henry would gladly have acceded to the prayer of the man, whose manner had suddenly become as abject as it had previously been insolent and menacing. It was not the military he feared: they, he knew, would not venture to drag him from his sanctuary; in all Rome there was but one man besides the Pope who could give such an order, and that man was Micara. For years he had been supreme judge of the sacred office, and the ruffian knew it.

"Save me from him!" he shrieked, pointing to the Capucin; "I will reform my life, confess all, and—"

"Too late!" exclaimed Micara, in a calm, passionless voice. "Thou hast been warned—and warning has been thrown away upon thee! The hour of forbearance is past!"

The captain of the guard and the curate alone mounted the steps of the portico. The latter no sooner saw the general of Capucini, than he inclined respectfully before him—his power to save the man was gone.

"Captain," said the monk, "you will take this man, and lodge him in the Holy Office!"

"No, no—not there!" exclaimed the prisoner, with a shudder. "Anywhere but there!"

"And remember," continued Micara, "that you are responsible to me for the execution of my order, and the appearance of your prisoner."

The officer bowed, and said that from his hands only could he receive him.

"True!" replied the Capucin, "take him!"

The Transtaverini, although a powerful, muscular man, shrank like a child at the grasp of the speaker; his arms and limbs seemed paralysed—his hands relaxed their hold, and he fell into the arms of the soldiers like a being suddenly deprived of strength.

"Away with him!" he added.

The rest of the men stood round him, and he was carried off to the prison most dreaded in Rome—that of the Holy Office, or Inquisition.

Turning towards our hero, Micara offered to conduct him to his hotel. The offer was too valuable to be declined, for dark, menacing groups were gathered at distances in the piazza: the presence of the monk was the guarantee of his safety.

"Farewell," he said, as he left them; "you will be wise not to quit the shelter of the casa to-night—to-morrow I will issue orders that shall insure your safety!"

With a benevolent smile, he left him, and Henry mounted to the apartment of his friend.

"Curse him!" muttered Martingale, as soon as he beheld our hero; "again he has escaped them!" and added, aloud: "so soon back, dear Henry?"

"My life has been attempted!"

"Heavens! by whom?"
 "I know not; but in the morning I shall be prepared to ask the question of my enemy: the wretch he employed to assail me is in the hands of the Holy Office; but good-night," he added, "I will not detain you—in the morning we shall meet again!"
 Martingale, with difficulty masking his confusion, left the room.

"I am so glad you are returned!" exclaimed the invalid, extending his hand, as Henry entered his chamber; "I began to have such strange misgivings."

"Misgivings!" repeated his friend.
 "Yes; and poor Martingale more than shared them. I am certain that he takes a deep interest in you, Harry!"

"Indeed! Why so?"
 "Oh, I am sure of it! when the hour advanced and you did not return, he became quite uneasy, hoped you would not leave the Casa Borghese alone—spoke of the danger of traversing the streets of Rome at night—related so many anecdotes of the different assassinations which had taken place, that his cheek grew pale, and my heart beat to hear him."

"How cruelly I have wronged him!" thought our hero. At an early hour the following morning, the assassin was brought before the Sacred Tribunal. Micara, who took an interest in the safety of the young Englishman, was determined to leave no means untried to discover his enemy.

"Your name?" he said to the prisoner.
 "Pietro Alessandro!"
 "How often have you been accused before the Holy Office?" demanded his judge.

"Twice, illustrissimo!"
 "And each time of murder, or at least an attempt at murder!" observed Micara, drily.

The prisoner hung his head.
 "Now then, Pietro, hear me! the mercy even of this patient and long-enduring tribunal is at last exhausted. The last time you were dismissed, you were told the result, if ever you fell beneath its censure again!"

"Mercy!"
 "It is my duty —"
 "Mercy, *padre mio*, this time: it was only an *Inglese*!"
 "To pronounce," continued the priest —
 "A heretic!"

"A sentence, which ample confession may perhaps induce me to use my influence with the council to mitigate; but remember it must be ample."

"It shall—most ample."

"The name of your employer?"
 "I do not know it, father!"

"Trifle with me," exclaimed the priest, sternly, "and thy fate is sealed! Was it not that disgrace to his nobility and the name of Rome—the Prince Colonna?"

"The Prince Colonna!" repeated the ruffian—"no! I swear to you, holy father, that I have never seen the prince; at least not for years."

"Who, then?"
 "An *Inglese*!"
 "An *Inglese*?" repeated the priest, thoughtfully; "may this be true? And he resides?" he added.

"At the hotel in the Corso."

Without further question, the priest waved to the attendants to remove their prisoner, and, calling for an apparitor, placed a blank order in his hand.

It was to be filled with the name of Robert Martingale.

From the position which the general of the Capucini held, as one of the supreme judges of the Holy Office, there were few circumstances occurring in the Eternal City which were not made known to him. At first he had suspected that the Prince Colonna—a proud, passionate, dissipated man, whom public rumour had long designated as the lover of the beautiful Pauline—was the instigator of the murderous attempt upon our hero. The confession of the assassin, however, had undeceived him: he did not doubt the sincerity of that confession an instant—for he well knew that the hold he possessed upon his terrors was greater than the dread of violating any oath he might have taken to his employer.

"Such," he said, "are the sad results of human passion, human pride. In the path of crime, our earlier steps are slow, and marked by doubt and hesitation; but as the wretch proceeds, the declivity becomes more steep—he cannot pause, but plunges headlong in the dread abyss, which sooner or later must engulf him. This young Englishman interests me," he added; "there is a freshness and simplicity in his character which proves him to be unsullied by the world. I will probe this matter to its depths, and strike a blow to appal his enemies!"

Seating himself at the table, he wrote a few lines to our hero, requesting his attendance on the following day: when he had sealed it with the broad signet of his office, he summoned one of the officials of the Holy Office.

"This," he said, "to the English Signor Ashton in the morning."

With a mute sign of obedience, the man retired, and the excellent Micara almost directly after withdrew to the solitude of his convent.

At a later hour, that same evening, after most of her guests had left the gilded saloons of the Duchess of Devonshire, Cardinal Gonzalvi entered the boudoir of her grace: he found her engaged in an animated conversation with several of her fair countrywomen, who appeared deeply interested in the subject.

"I am sure we shall succeed!" he heard her say. "The heart of Pius VII. has known suffering, and suffering has taught him mercy; and see," she added, turning towards his eminence, "here comes the good genius of our project!"

The churchman bowed, with a gallantry and grace which many a layman might have envied. George IV., who was no bad judge of manners, pronounced him one of the most elegant men he had ever met.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known, that, upon the downfall of Napoleon, the Cardinal Gonzalvi was secretly accredited to the cabinet of St. James's, and received in a semi-official manner by the Tory ministers of the day. He was even present at one of the levees, on which occasion, despite the hints and indirect advice he received, his eminence maintained the dignity of the Roman purple—by appearing in his scarlet soutan and pelerine. In the list of presentations he was announced merely as Monsignor Gonzalvi: so little was known of foreign titles at the time, that it passed unnoticed.

Exeter Hall was not in existence at the time.

"Have you succeeded?" exclaimed the duchess.
 "Not without some difficulty," replied her visitor; "for you know that I never interfere in ecclesiastical matters; fortunately, however, the vicar of his holiness had occasion to require my services, and I —"

"Proffered service for service?" interrupted her grace.
 "Even so!"

He placed, as he spoke, a small slip of parchment in the hands of the lady, on which something was written in Latin—it was sealed with the Pontifical seal.

"What is this?" she demanded.
 "The order you seek," replied his eminence.

"And there can be no hesitation—no excuse?" inquired the kind-hearted woman, who felt deeply interested in the success of Henry Ashton's attempt to release Lady Mowbray from her ill-considered vows. "The superior of the Theresians has twice refused me admission to my unhappy friend. Should this fail," she added, "the opportunity we have so long sought for will be thrown away."

"Fear not!" replied his eminence, with a quiet smile; "I know whom I have to deal with: no form has been neglected. Were Lady Mowbray on her death-bed, receiving the last solemn rites of the church, at the sight of that parchment every barrier would fall, and you would be admitted to her presence!"

"But can she leave her prison?"
 "As freely as if no vow had passed her lips! For four-and-twenty hours she is a free agent."

"Enough!" said the duchess, turning towards her friends; "I answer for the rest!"

(To be continued in our next.)

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCENE—The Forest.

Enter Robbers, quarrelling.

BROLSON.

EITHER be for me or against me, then!
 Have with the deed, or leave the deed to me,
 And keep not lurking thus from rock to bush,
 Ever resolving, never resolute!
 Make men of mice! Call rabbits valiant
 I'd rather be a hare for human hounds
 To hunt and bark at than be such as thou:
 Oh, I've no patience—none, with tender thieves

RIVDELL.

If Midgley quits him, then his fate is sealed;
 But not till then: one word's as good as fifty!
 Old Midgley tended me when I was sick,
 Dying of fever, and so might have died,
 For any else but her. Thou'dst think it brave
 To cut the throat of her who saved thy life?
 I'm bad enough, and reckless of my road,
 But there's one step too savage for me yet,
 And that is—murdering Midgley!

BROLSON, sneeringly.

Scruples of conscience! What is conscience worth?
 Will it provide thee drink, or purchase bread!
 Or canst thou market with it for a crust?
 I'll rather to hell-common go at once,
 And daisies pick at half a groat an acre!
 Put up thy conscience now, and I'll be sworn
 I buy thee fifty better consciences
 For half the gold this short and easy deed
 Will gild thy palm with! And the time, the place,
 Never was such a spot for secret murder—
 So dim and dreary, silent, wild, and lone!
 As Nature meant it for such purposes.
 Curses upon it to be hampered thus . . .
 Why, thou agreedst . . .

RIVDELL.

To slay the lad, but not to injure her:
 There is no sum set down for slaughtering her;
 And if there were, I am not to be bought:
 Nor harm, nor see harm done: so, have a care.

BROLSON.

Go threaten girls! The time, the place, the chance,
 And all gone by! all lost! 'Twould vex a saint
 To be thus bound and mated with a fool.

RIVDELL.

A fool!
 Perchance the dismal grave beyond the firs
 Thou pick'dst for Midgley soon may prove thine own!

[Exit hastily.]

SCENE—Edge of the forest; a level tract of country; village seen in the distance.

Enter MIDGLEY and ADOLPHUS.

MIDGLEY.

Come, cheer thee boy! the weary forest passed,
 The way is smooth and easy; that we seek

Lies near; within the green and quiet dell,
 Some less than half a roof from you castle-gate:
 Few moments' walk the churchyard will be seen.
 And so thou sayst thy nurse was kind to thee?

ADOLPHUS.

A second mother, tender to a fault,
 And often chid old Dorothy, that she
 Would rarely let my stool come nigh the fire:
 Poor Nurse: more than two days from out her sight!
 She's half distracted at my absence now.
 Well! I'll tell her soon how kind and good thou wert,
 And what a faithful friend I found in thee.
 Thou't come and see us, Midgley: wilt thou not?

MIDGLEY.

Thou wouldst not shut the door to in my face?

ADOLPHUS.

What I?

MIDGLEY.

Nor set some brutal dog to wound my heels?

ADOLPHUS.

What I?

MIDGLEY.

Nor shriek out witch? nor set thy comrades on
 With stones to clear the village of my rags?

ADOLPHUS.

Midgley! this to me?

I would not hurt the wing of a foul crow.
 Nor harm a toad though it should cross my path;
 God gave it life, and it should live, for me,
 Unscared, unscathed; and thou, who'st been so kind—
 Thou saidst it but to try me?

MIDGLEY.

I did!

My heart, boy, is a coffin, wherein hope,
 Home, union, friendship—what should yield to us
 Respect, regard, affection, 'mongst our kind—
 All, all, lie dead! and, in their stead, I've what?
 Contempt and curses, spurns and hateful gibes,
 And language beggar'd for opprobrious terms,
 As witch, hag, fury, viper, and the like!
 Witch? hag? I am a woman!
 Viper? I am human!
 I have been tried, yet ne'er did being wrong;
 Whipp'd—who'd have wept to see a dog so bruised!
 Branded for crimes I never did commit!
 And wouldst thou learn the reason for all this?
 Go howl it in the public market-place,
 'Twas poverty!

The witch was poor, could nothing pay the law;
 Deformed, could bribe no counsel with fair looks;
 Friendless, so fitter for scourge, jail, and brand!
 The good have friends, the friendless must be bad.
 Thou wilt have gold, my boy, remember me!
 Give me sufficient for the world's respect;
 'Twill be a trifle from thy coming wealth:
 Wilt thou? I would be loved!

I thirst for woman's sympathy, and cry;
 But in this human desert is no water,
 No spring for lips that mate with poverty;
 No pity, none, for those that need it most!
 Boy, not all their stones have beaten from my breast
 God's feeling out, and still I love, love thee!
 Thou hast not turned thy noble face away,
 Though I am seared and frightful to thine eyes;
 Thou hast not mocked me, jeered, nor flouted me,
 Though well I know my voice a raven's croak,
 My habits strange and foul; yet thou refrain'd'st,
 Nor spurned the human reptile from thy path;
 But stead of scoffing, tears! Deny it not,
 I say thou wept when I laid bare my woes,
 Wept! tears! and 'twas for me! God bless thee for it!
 Bless thee! God bless thee for it!

Answer not, but follow me;

It does me good, it soothes my wearied brain;
 'Twas something still to find one human eye
 Could drop a tear for Midgley.

[Exit, ADOLPHUS following.]

(To be continued.)

OTHER SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES MAY SUPERSEDE STEAM.—In speculations like these, the probable, if not certain progress of improvement and discovery ought not to be overlooked; and we may safely pronounce that, long before such a period of time shall have rolled away, other and more powerful mechanical agents will supersede the use of coal. Philosophy already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. The alternate decomposition and recombination of water, by electric action, has too close an analogy to the alternate processes of vaporisation and condensation not to occur at once to every mind; the development of the gases from solid matter by the operation of the chemical affinities, and their subsequent condensation into the liquid form, has already been essayed as a source of power. In a word, the general state of physical science at the present moment, the vigour, activity, and sagacity with which researches in it are prosecuted in every civilised country, the increasing consideration in which scientific men are held, and the personal honours and rewards which begin to be conferred upon them, all justify the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared; that the steam-engine itself, with its gigantic powers, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the energies of nature which are still to be revealed; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilisation to the most remote skirts of the globe, will cease to have existence, except in the page of history.—*Lardner on the Steam Engine.*



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE NEAR THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.]

GREAT AMERICAN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

ALL our readers have heard of, and no doubt many of them seen, the famous falls of Niagara, those greatest natural curiosities in the known world. But as we are about to refer to a remarkable construction in connection with them, it should be borne before the mind's eye, that this amazing waterfall is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from the Lake Erie into the Lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world, and yet the whole of its waters are here poured down by a fall of 150 feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond with the greatness of the scene: a river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain almost all the waters of North America into the Atlantic Ocean, rushes precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises like a wall across the whole bed of its stream. At this season of the year, the scene is very magnificent. From between banks whose dazzling white ground is relieved by dark-green pines, the cataract comes thundering down, bearing on its bosom immense masses of ice, which, suddenly transferred from the broad stream to the comparatively narrow passage at the commencement of the rapids, meet with a thundering crash, and grind one another into myriads of fragments. Through the foam—which, being little heavier than the atmosphere, descends slowly, and gives the whole mass a sluggish appearance—the dark water may be seen flashing like lightning, as it rushes headlong into the abyss below, and sends up a column of vapour which rises straight up to an immense height. When the morning sun appears, it gradually changes the colour of this column of vapour, from the top downwards, till at length the whole mass becomes of the most beautiful rose-colour imaginable.

The most stupendous fall is on the British side of the Niagara River, commonly called the "Great Horse Shoe Fall." The height of this is only 142 feet, whereas the two others, formed by islands dividing the river, are each 160 feet high; but to its inferior height it is principally indebted for its grandeur: the precipice, and of course the bed of the river above it, being so much lower at one side than the other, by far the greater part of the water of the river finds its way to the low side, and rushes down with greater velocity at that side than it does at the other. The extent of this fall, ascertained by the eye, is estimated at no less than 600 yards in circumference. The whole extent of the precipice is said to be at least 1400 yards. The quantity of water carried down the falls is prodigious, being found, by a moderate calculation, to be 670,255 tons per minute.

Below these falls the whirlpools and commotions of the waters are so tremendous as to render navigation impracticable for six miles, and immediately above them the river is much narrower than it is higher up. It however runs evenly, and is navigable for *bateauz* as far as Fort Chippeway, which is about three miles above the falls; but upon a nearer access, the waters are so much agitated, that unless a boat keeps in the middle of the river, and is dexterously managed, it must be dashed to pieces.

Since the Falls of Niagara were first discovered, they have very much receded, on account of the disruption of the rocks which form the precipice. Within the memory

of many of the present inhabitants of the country, the falls have receded several yards. It is not an improbable conjecture that they were originally situated at Queenstown. Tradition reports that the Great Fall, instead of having been in the form of a horse-shoe, once projected in the middle; but for a century past it has remained nearly in its present form. However, what its ultimate destiny may be, no one can tell; but most certain it is a great hindrance to the navigation of a splendid river, and, judged economically, a very ugly interruption to the friendly communications which should subsist between the United States and Canada. But science, in this, as in many other instances, has triumphed over the obstacles of nature, and enabled the British and Americans to exchange cordial salutations over the very bed of the river, and with ease and safety pass from one side to the other.

We have said that the river was not navigable for six miles below the falls; but, from Queenstown to Lewiston, steamers ply; and in 1848 the traffic had so much increased, that additional facilities were required, and an engineer was found daring enough to suggest a suspension bridge. The unquestioned security and comparative facility of erection afforded by that description of bridge had been so admirably tested in this country, that the idea was at once promptly seized, and a company organised to carry it into execution. And the labour began, and the undertaking was carried on with unexampled rapidity. Our engraving represents this bridge as it is now completed and open to the public. It crosses the Niagara River from Queenstown to Lewiston, about six miles below the falls; and the following, as might be expected, are its truly formidable dimensions:

Total length of cable	1245 feet.
Distance between the towers	1040 "
Clear width of roadway	20 "
10 Cables, 5 each side.	
Strength of bridge "	835 tons.

Although narrower by sixteen feet than the iron suspension bridge at Chelsea, of which we gave an illustration in No. 416, it is nearly twice the length; and, between the piers, almost three times the length; Chelsea bridge having a sweep of 352 feet of road between the centre piers, and this, from tower to tower, 1040 feet.

Only fancy such a mass of iron, suspended over a river boiling with the fury of waters that have only just leaped over a dreadful precipice! One thousand and forty feet of iron cable—we should say 10,400 feet of iron cables, for there are ten—swing in the air at a dizzy altitude, and within hearing of the awful, incessant thunder of the fall, some fifty yards headlong, of millions upon millions of tons of water! Nature is grand and terrible, as well as beautiful; but the genius of man occasionally rivals it in audacity and daring—sometimes, as in the Britannia Tube and this marvellous suspension bridge, transcends it; for, while Nature takes untold ages to perform a colossal work, man accomplishes the most stupendous tasks in a few years.

It probably took a hundred thousand years to bring the Falls of Niagara up to their present point; yet man has bridged and set them at defiance in less than three years! Altogether the bridge is a marvellous specimen of the mechanical skill, economical enterprise, and industry of the present age. In appearance it is strikingly handsome,

and, as will be perceived in our illustration, extends from the Canada to the American side without the slightest interruption. It is suspended from towers erected on the solid rocky pedestals—which on this portion of the river are almost on a level with each other—on each side, to prevent excessive oscillation. The roadway is stayed by iron cables, extending from the under surface of the roadway to the solid rock below. And on each side tier monster iron cables run from under the centre of the roadway to the shore below; and, at some distance from the natural rocky towers above-mentioned, are wedged deep in the hard sand-stone. These stays not only give additional strength to the bridge, but enable it to resist the action of the wind, by pulling against it, and also check the vibration, which it is impossible altogether to prevent in these novel and wonderful structures. But this great suspension bridge is as safe and perfect as any erection of the kind can be made; and when it is considered that it is the largest in the world, and has been thrown across a river that has only just tumbled out of the sky, as it were, some commensurate idea may be formed of its grandeur and eminent utility. Filled with admiration of this mighty achievement, an Englishman, on crossing it, might cast a glance over the splendid scenery on each side of the river; and, on the English territory, fix his eye on General Brock's monument, standing on the edge of a bloody battle-ground; and then turn to the stupendous work of art which bears him safely high above the deep, foam-crested waters which have travelled from an inland sea, and, in silent eloquence, thank the destiny that had cast his lot in a time when other engagements call into requisition, and the most god-like aims inspire and animate, the bodily and mental faculties of the Anglo-Saxon family on both sides of the Atlantic.

If it were possible to erect a bridge on this principle between Dover and Calais, it would be a perpetual guarantee for the peace of the world; and we look upon this one as an additional bond of union between this country and the United States of America.

FEELINGS AND FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

"AND the marriage-day is actually fixed, Cranston?"

"Fixed, Frank—fixed! irrevocably and sacrificially! Yes, here am I, Charley Cranston, aged twenty-eight, late of her Majesty's Heavies—the *point de mire* and pet of half a dozen seasons, and, I flatter myself, a decent-looking fellow to boot—going, sir—actually going for a mere song; that is, considering the very respectable person who is to accompany it—a kind of *burthen* to the song—not bad that, eh? considering the awful position in which I am supposed to stand!"

"I congratulate you, Charley! But you remember, at Eton, you know, *multa cadunt, &c.*, &c.: an old saw that, about the cup and the lip!"

"If you quote Latin, or congratulate me again, Frank, I'll—I'll—well, I'll ask you to the wedding—and I wish you no worse, thou most innocent and campestal or country cousins! You're too good a fellow I know to

be sardonic, but you really might as well wish a man joy who is about to stand in the pillory. No! it's a settled affair: I'm as good as noosed, rivetted to my calamity for life, in less than a month; definitely pinned down like a broken-down butterfly to the cork of respectability, and—wedlock! Weep for me, Frank, for I am 'gone from among you,' come to an untimely and unmerited end—perished—defunct—done for—married, sir! Utterly married!"

"Pardon me, Cranston, if I can neither appreciate, nor, indeed, understand the tone you have adopted, as regards your approaching connection with Miss Sandford. She is not beautiful, perhaps, but she is most interesting; she is not very young I admit, but she cannot be called in the least 'old.' I can hardly believe it, though you tell me so, that she is thirty-one: she possesses a vast fortune, while you, on the other hand, are utterly ruined: why your play debts had ruined you when you sold out!"

"Sold out, and sold up, Frank! Sold in every way! Never mince matters: and, now —"

"Excuse the interruption, Cranston, but money is absolutely and immediately necessary to rescue you from the imminence of your position. You were good enough to test my friendship in borrowing from me, among others; so I suppose I may presume you have disposed of the price of your troop? What now remains for you but an *exposé*—disgrace, obscurity, and future wretchedness, perhaps—except for the generous, noble-hearted woman whom you have pursued so unremittingly for the last year; and who, I confess to you, I admire as much for her frank, charming, and remarkably lady-like manners, as I do for the charity, amiability, and kindness that made her beloved by rich and poor, to my certain knowledge, throughout half our county —"

"St. Francis! Oh, St. Francis! Silence!"

"Cranston, I must finish, and, now that you have won her, a woman you might well be proud of under any circumstances, and whom you have literally persecuted for your own worldly salvation into the alliance, in utter trustfulness and good feeling upon her part, and in disregard of your—your character —"

"Or, rather my want of it, Frank. Why, in the name of all that's particularly prosy and superlatively a bore—why are you stringing me this charming little rosary of cheerful truisms, when —"

"No, Charley; I don't say your want of character, because at heart I don't think you any worse than the usual ruck of men of the world (a comprehensive phrase truly), that one meets in every club and drawing-room in this same little London of ours, pleasant, moral Paris, and elsewhere; but you were intended for better than this. We were brought up differently, Charley, from the generality of these said vulgar, gentlemanly things of fashion's copper currency; and frankly, my dear cousin, I would wish to have seen my old playmate other than a mere heartless thing of expediency, of ways and means; indeed —"

"St. Francis! St. Francis! I could quarrel with you, if only to change the conversation, but that you have grown so uncommonly pathetic. And now let us see what our reverend cousin would have made of his abandoned kinsman. Hem! Sunday schools, vestry meetings, and general utility; useful member of society, eh, Frank? Universal progress, and all that sort of thing, with a white neckerchief and a cotton umbrella; while for the amenities of life—let me see—ah! of course, select and intellectual society, worthy and scientific men of the broad-brim genus; women—all your adorable "Miss Sandfords," estimable, cerulean *passées*, and overwhelmingly respectable; charming *réunions*, early hours, useful conversation, weak tea, Berlin wool, buttered toast, and benevolence, twice a week! Why, Frank, you'd transmogrify a captain of dragoons into a churchwarden, if you had your way, I believe!"

"You mistake me, Cranston—our views and habits are opposite as the poles; and I should be as much astonished to see you adopt mine (even did you not ridicule them so needlessly), as you would be to see me attempt to adapt myself to yours: we should be each out of our element—false and artificial—and consequently wrong; but you are indeed to blame here. Look into your 'heart of hearts'—for you are not half so bad as you would seem—and you will find I am right. You have voluntarily sought your *fiancée*—publicly sought and determinedly pursued her—till her generous acceptance of your proposals has given you a new lease of existence, fortune, and reputation; and I ask you again, in sober sadness, is it well, knowing all this, to speak of her, and the sacred engagement into which you are about to enter, with a lightness—a levity, almost approaching to bitterness—which, I assure you, my dear Cranston, is in anything but good taste or proper feeling?"

"You will make me fancy, you conscientious dog! that you would as soon stand in my shoes as not! Faith, I wish you were! (By-the-bye, what do you think of those cigars? you won't smoke? well, pass the box). However, the lady has found a champion worthy of the days of old romance; but, of a verity, Frank, thy chivalry smacketh woefully of *la Mancha*! Why, what the deuce, man! do you think I shall kidnap the young lady to the Spanish main (young!—I beg pardon of her experience for the slip)? or am I to starve her in a dungeon, like him of Front-de-Bœuf? Can't your immaculate purity imagine that I—even I—could simmer down into that harmless and respectable joint-stool of private life—a husband—like any other poor devil who sells his birthright of life and liberty for the mess of pottage of savoury Mammon? Why, I declare to you —"

"There it is, Cranston! I repeat, that it is not with such sentiments that you should marry Miss Sandford. It is her you would make the joint-stool—a mere stalking-horse to your pleasures, and a convenience. She loves

you generously and confidingly; and, unless you can renounce your vices and follies—nay, put aside expediency and the world, and question yourself with stern moral honesty and rectitude—which I know hide in some cryptical corner of your heart, warped though it may be (believe me, our excellent guardian's care was not thrown away, Cranston)—if you cannot do this, and make up your mind to marry Miss Sandford as a husband, I say again, it is your duty, as a man of honour, to break off the connection."

"Bravo, Frank! and, in that event, most noble Cato, shall I turn private trooper in the Heavies? Does Lycurgus recommend the *role* of valet? (the world and Stultz say I dress well; I should be a fortune to a young, sugar-baking *parvenu*); or will St. Francis, when he gets a living, exalt me to the snuffing pinnacle of a parish clerkship?"

"Anything, sooner than do this bad thing. But this is like you, with your old innate spoiledness—ever in extremes. But you still have resources—small, perhaps—and your profession, interest, youth, hope, and strength: why not enter the Austrian service?"

"Yes, and starve on corned beef, Schnapps, and sour-kraut, in Wallachia, or spend my life in playing dominoes for coppers in provincial *cafés*, in hopes of a colonelcy when utterly us'd up, grey, and semi-imbecile! Now, hark ye, Frank Harland, don't let us quarrel; for I don't want you to thrash me as you did at Eton. Moreover, you mean well, and I believe, frankly, you are the only creature that really takes an interest in my fate, except the Jews and duns; but, badinage apart, we don't understand each other—we never did, and never shall. Your ideas are pastoral and primitive as your worthy and clerical papa's glebe—your world, mind, Frank!—mine is another sphere of action: I am of this naughty world, and must act up to its behests and customs! This has gone far enough! Change the conversation, I pray you again! Don't bore me; and, at any rate, pass the claret!"

"Yet one word, Cranston; I would not willingly offend you; but I speak from duty—(you smile)—I will even own I called here to-night for that purpose. Now, don't look angry, but hear me. You have still ties of an equivocal, if not a disreputable nature; and within a week, to my knowledge, you played and lost a larger sum than you possess in the world. Surely, dear Cranston—surely, when you are married —"

"Enough, Mr. Harland! Cousin, or no cousin, I allow no man to interfere with me beyond a certain point! This is too much! And hitherto, at least, Charles Cranston has been the faithful guardian of his own honour!"

"At least be just, Cranston! Before I leave you to-night, I would wish you to believe —"

"Good night, sir! I am sick of this! Good night!"

"Farewell, then! Still, let me hope —"

"Good night, Harland!"

"Good night, then! Farewell—perhaps, Cranston, for ever! Should we meet again, you will understand me better!"

"I fear not—Miss Sandford or her relatives may: it may assist you to a living. No more, sir. Once more, good night!"

Poor single-hearted Frank Harland stammered forth his indignant refutation of so wanton an imputation, but without extorting a word from his wayward and self-willed kinsman, who stood smoking with his back to the fire—his handsome features crimsoned with passion, and staring him coldly, almost vacantly, in the face, till he quitted the room.

Frank left the Albany with a heavy heart. For some time after his footfall became inaudible, that proud and headstrong man remained in the same attitude—his face had become paler. Was it the reaction, or a misgiving? He threw himself heavily and abstractedly into a huge easy-chair, and after a time he drew from the pocket of his dressing-gown a delicately-shaped, though crumpled billet, in a lady's hand. He read it through attentively: a sneering smile imperceptibly stole over his face, and he threw himself back again, twirling the ends of his moustaches, in utter reverie, till his eyes lit upon his own portrait, suspended upon the opposite wall: it resembled him, indeed, in full uniform, and pre-eminent in patrician air and manly beauty.

"Bah!" he suddenly exclaimed; "*she loves me!*" and, whistling the last new polka, he sprang up gaily, and rang the bell violently for his valet and his cab.

Some gentlemen of the Guards gave a supper that night at Dubourg's, to the principal male and female artistes of the St. James's Company: all was joyous, sparkling, and very French—and who so brilliant and so admired as handsome Charley Cranston?

But the crushed and delicately traced billet, in a lady's hand, remained unheeded and forgotten on his drawing-room floor, through the dark and weary watches of the night. It amused the servants exceedingly in the morning—and, to avoid questions, it served, with others, to light the fire; but then she loved him!

CHAPTER II.

AND was Miss Sandford really deceived as to the habits and sentiments of the man who was so soon to lead her to the altar? With regard to his sincerity, she fairly believed that he was attached to her, though certainly not to the extent to which he sought to tax her credulity; but she had, on the other hand, a firm belief in the warm esteem he so cordially professed. The lady herself loved him with a pure and lofty womanly affection—she was determined to save him from the impending ruin that awaited him, even at the expense, if need be, of her own fortunes; and it was but natural that, conscious of her own worth and moral superiority, she conceived herself capable

of awakening in the future, feelings of a warmer and more genial description in his wayward breast, from his gratitude, if not from his better nature. She had heard much, though vaguely and generally, of his errors and failings; and while she accredited these rumours, with their due quota of malice and exaggeration, she generously made more than a just allowance for his youth, habits, and the many temptations of his position.

In short, she loved him: and where love truly and positively exists, there is all trustfulness, all charity and confidence.

As the period, however, of her intended marriage approached, there were not wanting a host of "good-natured friends," who warned her, now that it was too late, of the many dangers of a closer connection with one so wild and dissipated as Charles Cranston; and multitudinous proofs of his vices and follies were now daily and hourly anonymously or openly adduced, till the unhappy lady, divided between prudence and resentment, pity and regard, became at last seriously indisposed—so much so, indeed, that all visitors, Cranston himself included, were rigidly denied admittance to her drawing-room.

The wedding was of course tacitly postponed till her convalescence; and it was during this particular time that a circumstance took place, which it is necessary to the thread of our narrative should be here related.

To be brief: Cranston, with his usual infatuation and recklessness, had spoken of her and his proposed union with the grossest ridicule, and something even more than levity, in a public place. It was after the unfortunate supper we have mentioned in the former chapter; he was flushed, fevered, and excited, and considerably under the influence of wine at the moment. Under no other circumstances could so gross a dereliction from propriety have taken place; for, with all his faults, Cranston was essentially a gentleman, and no man better than himself knew what was due to the delicacies and *convenances* of society (at least in public); still he had fearfully committed himself. It occurred at a well-known military club, of which he was a member; but it chanced—and most fatally—that among his auditors was a young subaltern of the line, but two days returned on leave from India—the nephew of the oldest friend, late guardian, and principal trustee of his affianced bride—to whom in the morning this unfortunate conversation was duly retailed, and perhaps with some little exaggeration. Certainly the story lost nothing of its point from the charitable feeling of this gentleman, who was naturally antagonistic to Miss Sandford's engagement, and to whom he recounted the facts at the earliest occasion.

From so respectable a source, the statement, painful as it was, could not in any way be doubted; and from that moment Miss Sandford was a broken-hearted woman. Sternly and fixedly her resolution was taken, and we shall see that it was faithfully carried out indeed.

Though recovered from her illness, by the suddenness and severity of this cruel shock she still kept her chamber. Cranston was unremitting in his attention, but he was not admitted to the house, nor did she answer his numerous letters. Still a communication, when he called—which was sometimes twice a day—was kept up through her confidential maid, as if nothing had occurred to mar the previous harmony that had existed between them. He soon discovered, however, that she had lately received the visits of several of her intimate friends, and he immediately wrote—this time, at least, with the most genuine anxiety—for an early explanation. His letter was unheeded, and still, though treated as heretofore when he called, he was, upon some ever-varying excuse, continually denied the interview he now so sincerely coveted. A week only was wanting of the period appointed for their nuptials, and vague rumours had become everywhere current, as to the probable failure of his matrimonial project of extrication from his overwhelming embarrassments; and for some days he had been persecuted almost to madness by Jews and Gentiles, friends and foes, creditors of all denominations—when, stimulated almost to desperation, he again addressed Miss Sandford, at once insisting upon, and entreating for, an explanation. This time his appeal was responded to, and he received the following answer, in less an hour after the advent of his own communication.

"— Square.

"You sought me, and you obtained my promise. I will keep it devoutly—fear nothing. What you have so perseveringly striven for, you shall obtain.

"I will meet you at the church—but not till then. Calm your impatience and affectionate solicitude till that hour, when, I pledge you my word, you shall receive every explanation from — CLARA SANDFORD."

It were needless to dilate on the chaos of surprise, doubt, hope, and fear, into which the wretched Cranston was thrown by this extraordinary epistle; and the period that elapsed from its advent till the morning of the marriage, was passed by him in a state of the most unmitigated mental torment.

It was a bright May morning—and a merry crowd was congregated round the massive porch of St. George's, to admire the gay carriages, whose train reached half round Hanover Square; the position of "the high contracting parties" was liberally discussed, and the handsome and distinguished bridegroom was universally envied. Could those thoughtless spectators have guessed but a title of the utter wretchedness of the two beings in whose honour that brilliant *cortège* had assembled, they would have shuddered, and hurried on their way.

Miss Sandford was punctual, also, to the very minute, but, though attired almost entirely in white, hers was not the costume of a bride; it was, indeed, a species of half mourning—rigidly simple, and devoid of ornament, though in the most exquisite taste. She was accompanied, too, simply by her friend and late guardian, Mr. —

and one or two valued and intimate female friends and relatives. The lady, and indeed her whole party, scrupulously avoided as much as possible all conversation with Cranston and his friends: she saluted him with a calm and frigid coldness, and reciprocated his hurried and excited greeting with a few stereotyped phrases, delivered with the most withering politeness.

The ceremony took place, and during the formula she studiously avoided the wild and troubled eyes of Cranston; she stood like a statue of despair—stern, pale, inscrutable, and calm—her own gaze fixed, in vacancy, straight before her; she seemed scarcely conscious of her own existence—far less of that of the man to whom she was uniting herself for life. It was only when their hands were joined that she turned full upon him; and he at the same time perceived that hers contained a small parcel or book—which, by her feverish pressure, seemed to be actually “thrust” upon his keeping. While she gazed full upon him, with a mingled expression of tenderness, pity, and contempt, he saw, with astonishment and pain, the change that a few weeks had wrought in her appearance, and looked alternately from the strange packet in his hand to the fixed and earnest glance still bent upon him. He half murmured something, in the extremity of his surprise, when she distinctly exclaimed:

“Cranston, take care of it!”

The officiating clergyman paused for a moment at this strange interruption, and Cranston, in his confusion, thrust the little parcel in his pocket. She still fixed her eyes upon him with the same continuity of gaze till the conclusion of the ceremony, when, with a long-drawn sigh, as though her soul was even at that moment quitting her feeble frame, she turned from him, and hurried down the aisle. He followed close upon her steps, but could not get near her for her friends, who appeared purposely to bar his approach. A travelling carriage stood at the church-door, into which, with two female friends, she was assisted by Mr. —, who immediately closed the door, and confronted Cranston, who, pale as ashes, and with eyes glaring and nostrils dilated, stared upon his wife. In another instant the old man was hurled from his place, and Cranston, quivering with rage, stuttered forth, incoherently:

“Madam! madam! what am I to —?”

She answered coldly, almost abstractedly:

“Pray, sir, do not molest me! I must not be detained! What can you want with me?”

“Are you mad?” he answered, “Miss Sand—Mrs. Cranston? What do I want? A wife!”

“You have her, Captain Cranston,” she replied, “in your pocket!”

The postilions at that instant dashed off, at a signal from the lady, leaving Cranston on the kerb-stone, stupefied—almost petrified with astonishment. He was immediately surrounded by his friends, who would have hurried him away from the gaze of the surrounding crowd into a carriage; but he neither heard nor saw them: he put his hand into his pocket, mechanically, for his handkerchief, and the mysterious packet fell at his feet. He picked it up, and perceived it was a small but elaborately-bound pocket-book. He hastily wrenched it open, in hopes of finding a solution to the enigma of the past month, and the inexplicable scene of the morning; and, to his horror, and the astonishment of his friends, he found that it contained his own letters during the last few weeks, and bank-notes to the amount of five-and-thirty thousand pounds: not a line—not a word—from the donor, in explanation—except that on the cover was a small gold plate, engraved simply thus: “Your wife.” It was the half of her fortune; he had fairly married it at the foot of the altar; and the unhappy lady said truly, when she left him so strangely, and for ever, that his bride was in his pocket.

The sequel is soon told: he pursued her throughout England and the continent, to no avail; and when at last, and after some years, he had discovered her sojourn in England, she refused to see him, or indeed to hold any communication with him directly or indirectly, as heretofore. In the meanwhile, the desperation of his position, and the long and expensive pursuit of his wife, had trenchanted materially upon the money she had so generously, though eccentrically, bestowed upon him—a sum which, in honour and delicacy, he should never have touched, till a full and perfect understanding had taken place between himself and the donatrix. The extraordinary scene at St. George's had made a great sensation throughout society. The facts had got abroad, with a thousand cruel and slanderous additions and exaggerations; and Cranston was universally “cut,” or received with the most marked slight and coldness. The rest is painful, indeed, to relate. Cranston plunged from that moment into a career of the most reckless extravagance and dissipation. This career was fatal as it was short; for, about seven years afterwards, an Englishman committed suicide, by shooting himself, in the prison of the Rue de Clichy, at Paris. None but the British Consul, and one or two other English residents, guessed that the shattered and prematurely old person of the suicide, “Henry Smith,” was in reality all that remained of the once proud and brilliant “Charley Cranston.” Yet it was so: sickness, wretchedness, and pauperism had driven him, at the early age of thirty-five, to the last refuge of the fool and the unbeliever.

There was but one mourner at the humble obsequies—it was Frank Harland, at the expense of whose slender purse they took place, and who happened to be then in Paris, on a wedding tour, with the lovely girl of his early affections. He was informed of the terrible catastrophe of “Henry Smith” by the consul, and hurried to the prison to see all that now remained of his proud and wayward cousin. He took the cold, marble hand in his, and

wept long and silently, as he gazed upon that upturned, helpless, and rigid face—beautiful even in death.

They had not met since the scene at the Albany, detailed in the foregoing chapter.

Did they understand each other then?

There resided, for some few years before and after this melancholy circumstance, in a beautiful district of South Wales, a lady of a certain age, as remarkable for her unostentatious charities and general benevolence, as for her many eccentricities. She was idolised by the poor in her immediate vicinity, and talked of for her peculiarities over the entire county. She lived exclusively alone, and, though occupying a large mansion, employed but one female servant—apparently an old and confidential one. No other human being was ever permitted to enter the house, although a numerous establishment was kept up in the out-buildings. But it chanced that a remarkable change took place in her habits about the period of the catastrophe of Henry Smith, in Paris. She was not seen for many months, and when she came forth again among her numerous protégés, it was remarked, to their surprise, that her hair was white as snow. Still more painful to relate, her singularity of manner had changed to something more closely approaching to a positive aberration—her mind was shaken, irrevocably. In a little time she ceased to appear in public at all, except in a carriage with the same faithful old attendant, and a respectable-looking man—it was said it was her keeper. Within three years she died; and it is but necessary to add, that her maiden name was Clara Sandford.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

DIAMONDS IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Columbia Casette* mentions having been shown a large brilliant stone, which had been properly tested by several jewellers, and pronounced to be a pure and genuine diamond. It was found in a gulch two miles from Columbia, and weighed 17 carats: Its value will be immense.

The inventors of gun-cotton, Professor Schonbein, of Basle, and Professor Bottger, of Frankfort, have made over their process of preparation to the Austrian government, for 30,000 florins, two-thirds of which fall to the share of the former, as having the priority of invention. The money has already been paid in Frankfort. It is believed that the Austrian government has communicated to the government of the various States of the German Bund its willingness to admit them to a knowledge of the secret.

TAX ON COALS.—In 1851, the duty on coals brought by land into the port of London, as appears from a parliamentary paper, amounted, after deducting the expenses of collection, to £12,071 5s. 5³/₄d., and on sea-borne coals to £165,461 1s. 3d. There are other duties besides the 1s. 1d. per ton levied in the port of London, which will be ascertained by the commission granted on the subject.

TO RESTORE FROZEN PLANTS TO LIFE.—Ten chances to one, ladies, you will be tempted some of these fine days to put out the flower-pots in the sun; and by the same token, you will be tempted “out to tea,” and of course to spend the evening, trusting that some one will take in the flower-pots out of the freezing evening air. Vain hope! You return home and find a dozen of the choicest and most tender frozen to a crisp. Now don't get into a passion hot enough to thaw them—if you do you will kill them; and that is not all that is killed by passion, either, in many a family. Order a tub of water deep enough to immerse the whole plant; bring the pots out of the cold, one at a time, and put them in the water about five minutes. Take them out and drain off the water, dry them in a dark room, and keep the temperature at fifty or sixty degrees for a few days, and your sick patients will recover.

PATENT FLOUR MILL.—A new invention, by a Mr. Westrup, for grinding corn, has just been tried at Wapping. Mr. Westrup's invention accomplishes the pulverisation, not on the horizontal, but on the conical principle. He reduces the grinding surface of his stones to about seven inches, and, instead of retaining the flour until it is liberated by actual pressure, he allows it to fall on a second set of stones by its own gravity, and thence it is delivered by one instead of a hundred revolutions. The stones, which are about one-fifth the weight, do not wear out like the old ones, and the mill accomplishes more than double the amount of work with the same motive power. Mr. Westrup's and the old mills both being driven at the same speed, the result was, that the former ground 38³/₄ lbs. in five minutes, or 462 lbs. an hour, and the latter 15 lbs. in five minutes, or 180 lbs. an hour. The loss in grinding is less, and the produce of the more valuable portions of the wheat is increased; that is, the husk of the cavel is more thoroughly deprived of the flour.

BAILIE'S SMOKE GUARDS.—“Smoking chimneys” have been the object of remedies since the farther recollections of the oldest inhabitants of all places. It is impossible to recall the number of different cures which have been proposed and tried. They have generally proceeded upon the principle of contracting or narrowing the top of the chimney. The Patent Smoke Guards belonging to Messrs. Bailie, are formed upon the reverse of this principle. They expand at the top, but are so protected, that a current of air cannot enter the chimney. The patentees claim for them the power of increasing the draught of the chimney, in proportion to the strength of the wind, by the current passing between the chimney-top and the guard ring. The claim has been, we understand, so successfully established, as to relieve many families from the difficulty of smoking chimneys, while the guards are cheaply and easily constructed, and may be widely varied in form.

PATENT LIGHT REFLECTORS.—An article calculated to reflect light and lead it into quarters where, according to the common law, it would not come, has been patented by a French gentleman, and introduced advantageously into several offices in this city. The plan does not increase actual light existing, while yet it is brought into rooms which it would not otherwise visit. The reflectors are formed of copper, overlaid or watered with silver. They can be made of any form or size calculated to suit the locality where they are to be employed. They may be placed in costly frames and rendered ornamental. Some of them have a plain and others a grooved or undulating surface. The latter scatters the rays of light around an apartment, instead of conveying them upon one object. The efficiency of the reflectors depends naturally on their position, only that can be readily changed until the proper spot has been obtained, which a person accustomed to their use can readily fix. Their utility in the lower flats of houses, on stairs, and in vessels, is very great. Light by them can be guided round several dark corners into places out of which, by their construction, it had been previously closed. The utility of the invention cannot be doubted, and the cost brings it within general use, for it does not involve a large outlay. It will not create, and in one sense it will not increase light, but during its existence out of doors it brings it to places within doors, where it would not otherwise be found. In ground or sunk flats, on staircases, and in numerous, other positions, the diurnal reflectors must prove a great source of comfort and economy, rather increased by the circumstance that they will not get out of order readily, and will not come rapidly to an end.

MANUFACTURE OF COTTON.—Mr. Frederick Warren, of Manchester, has been delivering a course of lectures at the Society of Arts, on the history, trade, and manufacture of cotton. The lectures were devoted to a consideration of the natural history of the cotton-plant, and of the countries in which it flourished, the different varieties of long and short staple, and their peculiar uses being carefully described. Mr. Warren referred to the condition of the people in cotton-growing countries, and showed by well-arranged statistics how the increase of our trade with America in this article had been the direct cause of a gradual extension of slavery, and had tended to raise the money value of the slave. There were but two ways, he said, in which England could put a stop to that abominable system—and looking at it simply in a commercial spirit, he believed it was her interest to do so. The first was to purchase the whole of the slaves, and give them their liberty, as we had done in the case of our own colonies; and the other was to encourage the growth of cotton in British India, which had been shown to be capable of producing as good qualities and as great varieties of cotton as any other country. In India, too, British subjects would be employed as free labourers in its cultivation, and the cost of whom would not exceed, if indeed it came up to, one-sixth of the cost of slave labour. There were many reasons obvious to any one who thought on the subject, why it was advisable that we should not depend so completely on America for our increasing requirements: there was never much more than two months' supply on hand, and already, on several occasions, this supply had been jeopardised: sometimes by natural causes—as the failure of the crop; at others, by the attempt at monopoly on the part of American speculators, which had obliged us to pay a higher price, amounting, in one instance, to between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 in the year. When it was considered that 2,000,000 of our people were dependent for their daily bread on this trade, it became of the utmost importance that we should take every means in our power to prevent anything like an impediment arising to the regular and uninterrupted supply of so important a commodity.

A LOCKET AND CHAIN.

BY W. S. SHIPLEY.

THROUGH many a slow revolving day,
Which brought nor hope nor rest,
This simple little locket lay
On my deserted breast:
Like to an imprisoned tear,
The bright but hidden minister
Of thoughts, by sorrow made more sear.

A spell that may not be forgot,
A link which will not break,
The bitterness of that lone thought—
Oh that my heart could speak!
A flower rich dew-drops used to fill,
Which, though rude blasts combined to kill,
In withering is odorous still.

Oh! that the light of love's sweet dream
Were mine as 'twas of yore;
As a stray sunbeam lights the forest stream,
When the winter frost is hoar.
Tho' my summer hopes all faded lie,
My heart would pour with never a sigh,
A deep tho' plaintive melody.

Wear this for me—when life is fled,
And I am in the tomb—
Haply 'twill call again the dead
Back to their living bloom.
Time-cherished memories will spring
Fresh to my heart, encompassing
Affection's pensive offering.



[PIGEONS FROM INDIA.]

INDIAN PIGEONS.

THE ornithology of India—the native country of the peacock—presents a numerous and splendid variety. Pigeons assume the most beautiful colours.

The domestic pigeon of Europe, in endless varieties, is common all over the continent, and in the time of the Emperor Akbar, the utmost attention was paid to their breed. That emperor was the greatest pigeon fancier of his day, and kept prodigious numbers, as well as an aviary of all sorts of birds. The Hindoos worship the peacock, the goose, and the owl, and it has been imagined that at one period the pigeon was held in veneration as an incarnation of some Hindoo deity. Gurovia, the carrier, is supposed to be a representative of Vishnu, who, in this form, is shown with the head and wings of a bird and the body of a man. It is most certain that the carrier pigeon originally came from India; therefore it is not likely a bird of such remarkable habits should have escaped the observation of the ancient Hindoos, worshipping, as they did, every kind of incarnation, and so prompt as they were to thrust every living form in their pantheon. However the fact may be, the pigeon is an immense favourite all over India.

In continuation of our illustrations of the latest additions to our native stocks of pigeons, we this week present our readers with an engraving of a pair of remarkably beautiful birds, brought from thence, and exhibited at the late Great Poultry Show in the metropolis, by the Messrs. Baker, of Chelsea. These pigeons have the glossy and brilliant plumage which distinguishes the feathered creation in the burning climate of India, and, like the more ferocious denizens of the dense forests and impenetrable jungles of that vast territory, are rather intractable. They have not yet been domesticated in England, but as almost everything is possible to care and perseverance, it is extremely probable that, in the course of a few years, our native tumbler, fantails, turbits, &c., will have become introduced to companions of their own pretty columbine class from every quarter of the globe—from Australia, the South Sea Islands, Guinea, the Cape of Good Hope, and North and South America. The possession of pigeons being the fashion—we might add, a passion—in this country, the supply of foreign varieties will no doubt keep pace with the demand, and the journalist may shortly have to announce that every known specimen of the rather numerous pigeon family has found a home and a habitation in the sturdy climate of the untamed, and likely to continue the untameable, wild pigeon and ringdove.

Could the breeding of such a delicate-eating bird be turned to economical purposes, so much the better; for rearing poultry of all descriptions is far more profitable and infinitely less troublesome than rearing cattle and sheep; but as the rage at present is for pets—and of all winged pets the pigeon is the prettiest and most amiable—such a suggestion is not likely to be much regarded. It

is natural that old and young should have avourites among the lower orders of creation, and we do not see any good reason why the predilection should be disturbed. A partiality for the beautiful or docile softens the heart and humanises the feelings; indeed, we should not care much for that man who could be insensible to the honest welcome of a dog or the affectionate purring of a cat. Therefore we can more than tolerate what has been termed the pigeon mania; for, of all the birds of the air, the pigeon is the most cleanly, and the most susceptible of attachments. It is a good husband and a fond parent; and therein it teaches all of the *genus homo* who are not so, the beauty and value of conjugal love, as well as the folly of introducing discord into a dwelling. It teaches another lesson also: it is fond of home; its fidelity to its abode is extraordinary. How many truant husbands and negligent fathers can lay this flattering unction to their souls? Not many, we are afraid; for we never, during our rambles through our large towns on a Saturday night, saw a man stagger in his gait, be it ever so slightly, but we thought that with every oscillation he was planting a sly dagger-thrust into the heart of his domestic peace.

But we must not give the pigeon credit for every virtue. Occasionally he is very quarrelsome and pugnacious; and then, as in other places we could mention, the rest of the community lead a very miserable existence until he is expelled, or reformed by suitable correction. Various contrivances for the latter purpose have been resorted to. One good method we have seen successfully tried is, to tie the hinder claw to the back of the leg: the consequence is, that, in battle, this combatant is soon overthrown; because, having only one claw to support himself, he cannot stand firm enough to continue the contest. Some keepers fasten the wings together, which at once deprives the bird of its most powerful weapon; others tie a thread round the beak, which prevents it from doing much on the offensive: and the result of these various proceedings appears to be generally the same—to satisfy the pigeon of his inability to tyrannise over his companions—when he is glad to sneak away, and behave with more propriety in future.

But, with all our *penchant* for pets, we do think that pigeons might be bred at a handsome profit for the market, and make their appearance in certain savoury pies well known to the palates of children of a larger growth.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN WORDS.

AND the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently), descend to us from the Normans—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count (“earl, indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his “countess” from the Norman), chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude

more. At the same time, the one remarkable exception of “king,” would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in, not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession; that the true continuity of the nation had not, in fact, any more than in word, been entirely broken, but survived in due time to assert itself anew. And yet, while the statelier superstructure of the language—almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment—is Norman throughout, with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature—the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the water, the fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter—these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we own far dearer names—the home, the hearth, the house, the roof. His “board,” and often probably it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the other’s “table.” His sturdy arms turn the soil; he is the boor, the hind, the churl; or if his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt—the villain. The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, plough, sickle, spade, are expressed in his language; so, too, the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, *i. e.*, barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning these last it is not a little characteristic to observe—and Walter Scott has put the observation into the mouth of the Saxon swineherd in *Ivanhoe*—that the names of almost all, so long as they are alive, are thus Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman—a fact, indeed, which we might have expected beforehand, for the Saxon hind had the charge and labour of tending and feeding them, but only that they might lie on the table of his Norman lord. Thus, ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef Norman; calf is Saxon, but veal Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon, the only flesh which may ever have come within his reach, is the single exception. Putting all these together, with much more of the same kind which might be produced, but has only been indicated here, we should certainly gather, that while there are manifest tokens, as preserved in our language, of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, the stable elements of Saxon life, however overlaid for awhile, have still made good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language; and to the justice of this conclusion all other historic records, and the present social condition of England, consent in bearing testimony.

GOLD FISH.—This beautiful little fish, called in this country “gold and silver fish,” are originally natives of China and Japan, where they are held in great estimation, and are called *Kinyu*. From China the English carried some of them to the island of St. Helena; and from thence the captain of one of our East India ships brought some of them to England, in the year 1788.

THE CHEAPNESS OF GOODNESS.—“Give me health of body, soundness of heart, as far as the heart of man can be sound, with the freshness of nature around me and I may deem the pomp of an emperor ridiculous.”

Earth gets its price for what it gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we earn with the whole soul’s tasking
’Tis heaven alone that is given away;
’Tis only good may be had for the asking.
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

WHITE NEGROES.—The existence of white negroes is a fact of very considerable interest in relation to the science of ethnology. We have authority for stating that the Africans brought from the Gold Coast to the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Dominica, gave birth to white negroes in the proportion of one to every six or seven children. A great naturalist has given a minute description of one of them, a negress, born in the island of Dominica, of black parents who were natives of Africa. She was not quite five feet high, was well proportioned in her body, but not exactly so with respect to her head, which was too large in comparison with the trunk. All the features of the face, although white, were in form exactly similar to those of the black negroes, except that the ears were placed too high. The lips and the mouth, although shaped like those of the black negroes, had a singular appearance. They were as white as the rest of the skin, and without the slightest appearance of colour. Generally the hue of the skin of this white negress, as well of her face as of the rest of her body, resembled that of tallow before it had been purified, although a slight tinge of red was observable on her cheeks when she approached the fire, or when a blush was awakened. Her head was well covered with wool, extremely bushy and curly, naturally white at the roots, and reddish at the extremities. Her eyes were remarkable for a very singular motion. The eyelids were no larger than the ordinary size. She could shut them, but had no power to open them, so as to show the part above the pupil. Thus the eye-lids were always half closed. The white of the eye was sufficiently pure, and the pupil of ordinary size. The iris was composed of an inner circle round the pupil, of an indistinct yellow; this was surrounded by another circle of yellow mingled with blue; and this again by an outer circle of a deep blue colour, so that seen at a little distance the eyes appeared of a dark blue.



THROGMORTON ATTACKED ON HIS ROAD TO HATFIELD.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW, ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Honour, a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection—
Which aids and strengthens virtue when it needs it.
It ought not to be sported with.

ELIZABETH commenced her interview with the young gentleman who knelt before her with a long and somewhat tedious exordium upon honour, and the qualities which ought to distinguish a true and perfect gentleman: such as sincerity, fair dealing, and loyalty, both in thought and action; then concluded, by assuring the astonished youth—who could not comprehend either her purpose, or why he had been summoned to her presence—that she had the most unbounded confidence in his character and devotion to her interests.

"Your grace does me but justice," was the reply; "and yet it would appear presumption were I to speak of either, since I am not only young but without ability to serve you, otherwise than by my wishes—and they must ever be for your highness's happiness and welfare!"

"At least," observed the princess, "you can answer my questions truly."

"As truly as I would to heaven!" exclaimed the young man. "I would not deceive the meanest creature of God's earth, much less the sister of my sovereign—the future hope of England!"

"It is well!" answered the royal maiden. "Tell me, did your companion speak truly, when he said that he received his orders from the lips of the king himself?"

"I cannot speak positively," replied the young man "but I believe not; though why he should deceive your grace would puzzle me to tell. I saw the Duke of Northumberland give him the letters with his own hand, but heard not his instructions."

"I thought so!" muttered Elizabeth; "the disloyal traitor!"

"And Edward," she continued, lowering her voice to an earnest whisper; "does he still live?"

"There," replied the youthful scion of the noble house of Howard, "I can reassure your highness, since I heard my Lord of Canterbury tell the Earl of Arundel, who arrived at Greenwich scarce an hour before my departure, that the king had passed a better night, and was anxious to receive him."

"Arundel, too!" she murmured; "the fast friend of my sister! Oh, tis a deep-laid scheme!"

"Madam!"

"And beyond this you know nothing?"

"Nothing, your grace—positively nothing! If there be any plot," continued the young man, "believe me, I am guiltless of it! I would die to serve you, if the sacrifice of so poor a life could procure you one moment's happiness, or advance the welfare of my country!"

"I do believe you, sir!" said Elizabeth, slightly blushing at the warmth of his words and the ardent expression of his eyes—not that she was offended with either; "and whatever may be the designs or machinations of our enemies, we promise to acquit you in our judgment. Perhaps," she added, with an affectation of security, which she was far from feeling, "we have been too hasty, and suspected my good Lord of Northumberland of thoughts and purposes foreign to his heart—but experience has taught us caution; we will give orders for our departure."

Cequetitiously ungloving her hand, which was remarkable for its beauty, the princess gave it him to kiss—a most unusual mark of favour, and accorded rather to his good looks than as a recompense for any positive intelligence she had gleaned from him. The fact was, he had nothing to communicate—his companion was the person intrusted with the real intentions of her enemy. Howard had been selected merely as a blind to accompany him, on account of his name and youth.

Lady Tyrrel, who was standing behind the chair of the royal maiden, leant forward and whispered something in her ear.

"Forget this interview," said Elizabeth, bowing to him in token that their conversation was ended, "until happier times—if," she added, with a deep-drawn sigh, "heaven should have such times in store for me."

"Forget it!" exclaimed the youth; "impossible!"

"At least," added the lady, "do not speak of it."

Howard promised, and was conducted by the beautiful Isabella Markham from the closet of her mistress back to the great hall of Hatfield, where Sir Thomas Tyrrel was entertaining his companion with a collation and a flask of Gascony wine—both of which the tired messenger was doing full justice to.

"Where has been?" he demanded, suspiciously, as the young man made his appearance.

Howard took his seat at the table in silence.

"Where has been?" rudely repeated Sir Thomas Marshall, his suspicions more and more aroused by the manner of the young man.

The youth eyed him with a half-serious, half-satirical expression of countenance, as he made answer:

"Sir Thomas Marshall—the favour of my Lord of Northumberland has made you a knight, but it has failed, I perceive, to give you the discretion of a gentleman, else you had avoided such familiar questioning, which, to say truth, is not customary between men of gentle birth."

Stung more by the manner than the words of the young patrician, the knight started from his seat, and half drew his sword, calling upon Howard to stand on the defence—

a request which the latter was no way loth to comply with.

Although Sir Thomas Tyrrel professed to be extremely indignant at the insult offered to the dignity of the Lady Elizabeth, in making her residence a scene of broil, he was secretly delighted with the *contretemps*, as it offered a fair excuse for delaying the departure of his charge.

"Sir Thomas! Mr. Howard!" he exclaimed, as they exchanged one or two rapid passes; "does this unseemly contest befit the residence of your sovereign's sister? Nay, and ye persist, it is time I called those who will teach you reason!"

A few rapid strokes of the bell brought about a dozen servitors into the hall—for Elizabeth kept considerable state in her retirement, and her retainers were picked men, upon whose fidelity she could rely—and with their staves they quickly separated the combatants. No sooner had they done so, than the doors at the dais end of the hall were thrown open, and the princess herself appeared, followed by her bevy of ladies. The eyes of the young lioness of the Plantagenet and Tudor line flashed proudly as she looked around her. Howard sank upon his knees his opponent stood sullenly still, gazing as if in defiance upon her.

"What broil is this?" she demanded.

Sir Thomas Tyrrel was silent: he felt that he might securely leave the vindication of her outraged dignity in the hands of his mistress.

"What broil is this?" she repeated. "God's death!" she added, with increased vehemence—for we are sorry to record that the maiden queen had inherited her father's habit of swearing—"must we speak twice?"

"Answer me, Sir Thomas! Who has dared to make the hall of Hatfield the scene of their rude quarrel?"

Thus called upon, the worthy knight related the affair as favourably as possible for Mr. Howard, upon whom he shrewdly guessed the princess did not wish her anger to fall.

"Sir Thomas Marshall," said the princess, as soon as he had finished; "we regret that your unseemly violence has rendered it impossible for us to accept your escort and guidance to London. Fortunately," she added, "our own poor train is sufficient for the protection of our person. We will do no dishonour to our brother's messenger—but pardon and dismiss him."

"Stay, madam!" exclaimed the messenger, as the speaker was hurrying to leave the hall; "you forget my errand and my orders!"

The serving-men and gentlemen of the household, who by this time thronged the apartment in considerable numbers, began to murmur, at hearing their mistress thus familiarly addressed; but Elizabeth, who, under her mask of passion was calm and prudent, restrained them with a look.

"Your errand, I presume, was accomplished, when you delivered the letter of your master. I have yet to learn," she added, calmly, "what orders I am to receive from so courteous a messenger!"

"My orders are to accompany your grace to London," replied the knight, who began to feel that he was baffled.

"We do discharge you of them, and will answer to our brother for our actions."

The ruffian muttered something about the duke, and his determination to enforce the orders he had been charged with. In an instant her previous suspicions were confirmed, and Elizabeth decided how to act.

Perfectly aware that whilst in Hatfield she was safe, she resolved at once to brave the messenger of her enemy. The only danger in doing so, was in the possibility that he was really the messenger of her dying brother.

"Sir Thomas Tyrrel," she said, "you will remove that person from our house. Use no more violence than is necessary to maintain my just authority in my own residence; but remember that it must be maintained at any risk. And then give orders," she added, from an afterthought that possibly she might be deceived in her suspicions, "for my departure for London."

At this moment, the door at the entrance of the hall was unceremoniously opened, and Throgmorton, covered with dust and wounded, staggered forward, holding in his hand the small golden-bound volume of prayers he had received from Cecil.

Elizabeth recognised the token in an instant, and knew that her brother had passed to his account. The messenger had been overtaken and waylaid by a party of Northumberland's men, from whom he escaped with the greatest difficulty, and not without being severely wounded in the attempt.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you are deceived! The invitation from your royal brother is an artful scheme to draw you from your retreat into the power of your enemies. The sovereign of England is now Queen Mary!"

There was a pause; every eye was turned with a loathing or menacing expression upon Sir Thomas Marshall, who, now aghast, threw up his cap in the hall and shouted, in a tone of defiance:

"God save Queen Jane!"

Elizabeth sank upon her knees, and replied, in a clear, loud voice:

"God save Queen Mary!"

A cry which was instantly echoed by her attendants. Having thus made her public profession of loyalty, she turned to Sir Thomas Tyrrel, and directed him to dismiss the messenger of the Duke of Northumberland, on the instant, from Hatfield.

"Go, baffled traitor!" she added; "dishonoured gentleman! your treason is defeated: a hand more powerful than mine shall avenge the outrage paid to the royal dignity in my poor person! And, if he resists," she continued, addressing the retainers and gentlemen present, "cut him down as you would a wolf in your path; but

treat his companion with all courtesy, since Master Howard is guileless in this matter."

With these directions the princess left the hall, but not till she had whispered to Lady Tyrwhit, to lead Throgmorton to her closet, in order that she might question him touching the death of her brother and the position of the two parties in London: that is to say, the adherents of Lady Jane, and the supporters of the legitimate queen, her sister.

Sir Thomas Marshall was too prudent to brave the danger which threatened: he well knew that in the event of the Princess Mary succeeding, his life would be forfeited, even if it was not already compromised by his overt act of treason, in publicly acknowledging her rival. Casting a sullen look of defiance around him, he slowly left the hall of Hatfield—not an arm being raised against him—such being its mistress's express commands.

CHAPTER X.

Think you I am of Esau's blood, to barter
Mine inheritance? OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH the death of Edward placed the Princess Elizabeth a step nearer to the throne, it rather augmented than diminished the perils of her position. Between the gloomy daughter of Catherine of Arragon and herself there had never been much sisterly affection: religious differences and political rivalries had still further widened the breach between them. Perhaps, too, the future queen had acted impolitically in refusing her sister's invitation to reside with her, on the marriage of their step-mother, Catherine Parr, with the Lord Admiral Seymour.

"God help me!" murmured the royal maiden, as she sank upon her knees in the apartment to which she had retired; "my heart is heavy with these tidings! My once kind brother hath left the world, his ear poisoned against his favourite sister! Heaven pardon those who breathe discord between us!"

A flood of tears came to her relief. There is little doubt that Elizabeth entertained, at one period of her life, a very sincere affection for her youthful brother. They had been children together, shared the same studies and pleasures, in the life-time of their father. So strong and mutual was the attachment between them, that it required years of intrigue and misrepresentation on the part of the Seymours and the Dudley faction to shake it; and even then they only partially succeeded—for there is every reason to suppose that if Elizabeth's place in the order of succession had been next to Edward, the youthful monarch would never have consented to pass her over in favour of his cousin, the Lady Jane.

"Your grace," said Lady Tyrwhit, "the gentleman who brought the mournful intelligence of your royal brother's decease is in the antechamber, waiting your pleasure to question him."

"Anon, anon!" replied Elizabeth, wiping her eyes with her kerchief; "it is not often that I indulge in the luxury of tears. 'Tis past!" she added; "the weakness is past!—admit the gentleman."

During the brief space of time which had elapsed between the princess quitting the hall and her reception of Throgmorton, the latter had removed some of the stains of blood and dust from his person. Master Howard, with whom he was personally acquainted, had bound his wounded arm with his silken scarf: so that when Lady Tyrwhit introduced him into the royal closet, he appeared, as he really was, a proper gentleman, whom a woman's eye might find pleasure to look upon. The gracious manner in which the mistress of Hatfield received him, was due, perhaps, as much to his good looks as to the service he had so lately rendered her; for, to the close of her long life, Elizabeth was fond of having tall and stalwart men about her. Comeliness of person was always a passport to the favour of the maiden queen.

At her command, Throgmorton related everything which had passed the preceding day at Greenwich. The death of the king, whose last moments he had witnessed, and the precautions taken by the Duke of Northumberland to secure the person of Queen Mary, as well as her own.

The latter part of his intelligence seemed to interest the princess deeply. With many ejaculations and prayers for the safety of her dear sister, and most gracious sovereign—as she repeatedly styled the daughter of Catherine of Arragon—she inquired if any means had been taken to forewarn the queen of the intended treachery.

"There has," replied the confidant of Cecil; "there is every hope that a friend or follower of my Lord of Arundel has put her majesty upon her guard."

"Heaven speed him!" exclaimed her grace.

"Amen!" answered Throgmorton.

But the words of neither of the speakers were as hearty as before—there is a tone in truth and sincerity which hypocrisy, with all its maskings, cannot imitate.

After a brief consultation with her friends, it was decided that the princess should remain at present at Hatfield, but prepared to quit it, in event of danger, at a moment's notice. For this purpose, her cofferer, Parry, received orders to pack her jewels and money, and have her train in readiness: not that his mistress had much to fear—the possession of her person would only become necessary for the success of the conspirators, in the event of her sister Mary falling into their hands. Perhaps, too, the clear-sighted Elizabeth saw that the attempt to place the Lady Jane upon the throne would only end in the ruin of her partisans and abettors.

The next day it was given out that the princess was sick, and unable to leave her chamber. Hatfield was closed to all visitors; and yet, during the night, many gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were known to be well affected to the Protestant cause, were secretly ad-

mitted. Elizabeth was not a person to be taken unprepared.

For several days all remained tranquil in the neighbourhood of Hatfield. The Duke of Northumberland, who had succeeded in vanquishing the scruples, but not the reason of his daughter-in-law, the unfortunate lady Jane, to accept the crown, was too much busied with proclaiming her queen, and the councils which were daily held at the Tower, to bestow much thought upon Elizabeth, who was permitted to remain undisturbed at her manor. But when he found that Mary had escaped his toils, and, at the head of the gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk, was advancing towards London, he sent commissioners to treat with the princess—for he was perfectly aware that many of the partisans of the Catholic queen only advocated her rights, as a means of securing those of her Protestant sister.

At an early hour on the sixth day after the demise of Edward, the two gentlemen trusted with the delicate negotiation arrived at Hatfield, attended by a train sufficient to keep the menials on the alert, but not to occasion any serious alarm for the safety of the princess.

No sooner was Elizabeth informed of their arrival, than she prepared to give them audience in the great hall, where she had previously received Sir Thomas Marshall and Master Howard.

The royal maiden was attired in deep mourning, as were all the ladies and officers of her household. Curiosity and anxiety were depicted on every countenance, to hear the message of Northumberland, whose mad ambition had led him to so many crimes, that it was thought there was scarcely one at which he would pause to complete the work of treason. Howard and Throgmorton were both upon their guard.

Although the two commissioners must have been aware that the royal maiden was well acquainted with the loss of her brother, they began in a set speech to inform her of the death of the king, employing as much circumlocution as if the news were imparted for the first time; and concluded with formal proffers of condolence, in the name of the Duke of Northumberland, Edward's friend and minister.

"Thank the duke," replied Elizabeth, with modest dignity, "for his loyal duty. Heaven will doubtless support us in our private loss, and watch over the nation in its public one."

A general "Amen!" responded to the first wish of the princess.

There was a momentary pause: the messengers of the duke were embarrassed how to proceed. After a whispered consultation, the elder of the two requested for himself and colleague a private audience of her grace.

"Private!" repeated the princess; "and wherefore so?"

He muttered something about affairs of state.

Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, who was standing with Parry, the cofferer, at the back of her highness's chair, whispered a few words in her ear, to which Elizabeth replied by an approving nod. The advice tallied with her judgment.

"I can listen," she made answer, in a clear, loud voice, "to no communication in private, lest my actions be misrepresented, and my loyalty called in doubt."

"Your grace—"

"Hear me," she continued, interrupting the speaker; "if you are charged by your master or the council with message or token to me, speak it publicly; otherwise, accept my thanks for your courtesy; and so God speed you, and hold you in his holy keeping."

Finding that no hope remained of a private interview, the messengers resolved to speak out rather than leave their errand unaccomplished. This was the very thing the princess wished, as it would give her an opportunity of replying openly—placing her loyalty to her sister beyond a doubt.

They began by declaring that the late king, moved by the wish of the nation and the advice of his council, had left the crown to his cousin, the Lady Jane; and concluded by proffering, in the name of the duke, a large sum of money, and the grant of various crown lands, provided Elizabeth would acknowledge the new order of things, and renounce her claim to the succession.

A smile of bitter scorn lit the handsome features of the royal girl—for she was little more—at the audacious proposal.

"You ask of me an impossibility," she said.

"How so, your grace?"

"And a crime!" she continued. Whilst my sister, the queen, lives, I have neither rights nor claims to barter. Mary is your lawful queen as well as mine, and God forbid that any act of mine should tend to dispute her rights!"

A general shout of "God save Queen Mary!" broke from all present, except the envoys of Northumberland.

"Take at once my answer," continued the princess; "I do hold your master and all who abet him, forsworn and perfidious traitors—I scorn and defy them—reject all dealings with them; and command ye to depart from Hatfield with all speed. Had I sufficient force," she added, "I would send ye bound to the sovereign whom you have betrayed; as it is, I can only scorn and dismiss you."

With these high-spirited and loyal words, Elizabeth left the hall, followed by her ladies.

The baffled commissioners of the duke sadly returned to London: the words of Elizabeth had shaken their faith in the fortunes of Lady Jane, and the star of her father-in-law, Northumberland.

ORDERS have been issued to place Tilbury Fort in a state of defence. A full company of Artillery is to be quartered there. The fort mounts ninety guns of heavy ordnance.

THE ESTRANGEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

"COME, Alice, it is cool and pleasant now that the sun has hidden itself behind the hills, and we have just time for one more quiet walk in the garden. We must contrive to bring more colour to those cheeks before Elliot comes, or he will think that his bride gives him but a sorry welcome!" and, twining her arm about her young sister's waist, Edith Templeton drew her gently towards the door. "There, now that you are blushing so prettily, you look rather more like yourself! I need have no anxiety about your roses—if Elliot's name is so efficacious, what will not his presence be?"

Alice made no reply to her sister's raillery, but her lip trembled, and, laying her head upon Edith's shoulder, she wept violently.

"Why, Alice, my darling, what is it? Such bitter tears, when I thought you would be so very happy! Do not sob so, sister, but speak to me—what is it?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing, Edith," replied Alice. "I shall feel better if you let me weep awhile. I have been thinking more of you than of Elliot, to-day; more of the love I am leaving than of that to which I am going—that is all, Edith. Edith, can any one ever be to me all you have been?"

"Yes, Alice, Elliot Dana can be to you all and more than I have been, if you will allow him to be. But, if you desire it, you must be willing to confide in him, wholly and unreservedly—you must trust him with a perfect trust. He is proud—very proud—and anything like reserve and distance on your part will surely meet with an answering reserve on his. Will you try and remember this, Alice?"

"I will try, Edith; but I am afraid I shall not prove a very apt pupil. I am a Templeton, you know, and I have my full share of the Templeton pride."

"I do know it right well, Alice. If I did not, I should not speak to you thus. You will not need these cautions at first. While you are journeying here and there through these bright summer months, beneath the first clear radiance of the honeymoon, Elliot will have nothing to do but to play the lover—little to think of save his fair wife. But when you are fairly settled in your new home, and business cares again engross his attention, there will necessarily be a change, and you will be very apt to fancy that he is growing cold—that he does not love you as he did, and all that. Then, Ally, dear, if you listen to the whisperings of your 'Templeton pride,' as you call it, you will think that you are yourself in duty bound to be a little more dignified and reserved than usual, and before either of you are aware of it, there will be a veil drawn between your hearts; and when there is a veil once drawn, even though it be a very slight one, between the heart of husband and wife, believe me it is a difficult matter for either party to lift it again. Do not forget this, Alice; and do not forget, either, that woman can bend far more easily and gracefully than man. See—this slender, fragile filly bends as the wind sweeps over it, until its pure white cup nearly touches the ground; and now that the breeze is still, it lifts itself again, and is as erect and graceful as ever. Do not be too proud to whisper that little word *forgive*, if it should ever be right for you to do so, Alice."

"Bless me! what a sermon, Edith!" said Alice, with a bright smile—for the April shower was over, and the sky clear again. "And your doctrines are rather unpalatable, too; but I will do the best I can, dear sister, and I really do not believe there is danger that any difficulty or misunderstanding will ever arise between Elliot and I, for I love him so very dearly, and I think he loves me as well."

"God grant it, my sweet sister!" replied Edith, as she kissed her fondly. "But you will need Principle as well as Love to guide you—mutual trust and mutual forbearance in this, as in every other relation of life. But I won't lecture you any more now: I want you to come down to the arbour with me, and see what a beautiful cluster of rose-buds I have saved for your hair. Here they are, hidden away among these leaves. Are they not beauties?"

"Oh, they are perfectly lovely! And this myrtle—how fresh and green it is! Must the wreath for the day be made to-night?"

"No, there will be time enough in the morning. They will be all the prettier. But I told Mary I would help her arrange the fruit this evening, and it is time we were about it. Will you stay here? You will get an earlier glimpse of Elliot as he comes up the hill here, than from the house, and I presume that will be quite an inducement."

"Yes, I will stay here or awhile. I want to go round and look at all the vines and flowers once more. But, Edith, wait one moment, will you? I want to talk to you a little longer."

"Certainly, my love. What have you to say to me?"

For the second time that evening the tears gathered in Alice's eyes, and she again buried her face in her sister's bosom.

"Perhaps we shall not be alone again, Edith, and I want to thank you now for all the kind care you have taken of me ever since our mother died. I know that I have sometimes been very thoughtless and wayward, and I have not seemed to regard your wishes as I ought: will you promise me that when I am gone, you will remember only my love for you; and that you will forgive me, if I have ever made you unhappy?"

Edith clasped the slight, girlish figure that lay in her arms still more closely to her heart, as she answered:

"I have nothing to forgive, dearest Alice. You have

been a comfort and a blessing to me all your life, and how papa and I are going to get along at all without you, I am sure I do not know. But we must not sentimentalise now, and you must wipe away those tears. The stage will be along in half an hour, and you shall not have one peep at Elliot until you can receive him with one of your own bright smiles. I am not going to leave you out here to cry over the flowers—come and tell me in which of the baskets those grapes Mrs. Harrison sent us will look best, and then go brush your hair. The wind has blown it about until it is in the most picturesque disorder imaginable."

"Then I had better leave it as it is, for Elliot is a great lover of the picturesque," said Alice, laughingly taking out her comb, and shaking her head until her golden brown hair fell in a rich, wavy mass far below her waist.

Edith thought, as she looked admiringly upon her, that she was lovely enough at any time.

"That will do very well; still I think smooth and neatly-arranged tresses are rather better adapted to your style of beauty. But we must not loiter here." And, lightly humming "Come haste to the wedding," Edith caught her young sister's hand and half drew her into the house.

The half-hour had hardly elapsed before the rumbling of wheels was heard, and Edith sprang to the door to greet her brother elect. As for Alice, she remained on the sofa so quietly and demurely, that one might have imagined her the most uninterested personage in the house—if her heightened colour and the trembling of her lip had not betrayed her.

The next morning Alice Templeton stood by the side of Elliot Dana, and took upon herself those vows that death can alone dissolve. Edith's cheek was very pale—paler than that of the young bride. She trembled as she thought how much of weal or woe hung upon the event of that very hour; and it may be that her memory flew back to one who was sleeping beneath the "salt sea foam"—one to whom, in the morning of her life, her own troth had been pledged. But before the blessing was pronounced she had conquered her emotion, and it passed unnoted.

"I am very sorry your mother was not able to come with you, Elliot," said Alice, that afternoon, as they chanced to be alone for a moment, while waiting for the carriage that was to take them as far as B—. "I would have been glad to have seen her first in my own home."

"You will see her first in your own home, my Alice, more truly so than if you had seen her here; for *your* home now is where *mine* is. I tried to prevail on my mother to accompany me; but she thought it was too much of an undertaking for such an invalid as herself, especially as we were to leave so soon after the wedding. We shall be with her now in about a month."

"I long to see her, Elliot—and Paul, too; and yet I almost dread it. Oh, I do hope that I may indeed call all your friends mine!"

"They will all love you, Alice—I am sure they will! how, indeed, could they help it?" was the lover-like reply; and the young husband pressed his lips fondly upon the small hand that lay within his own. "My mother loves you already; and you will very soon forget that she is a stranger; and, as for Paul, he is fairly wild with delight at the thought of having a sister. Our little circle will be a very happy one, I trust, dearest, and we shall never let you pine for the dear home you are leaving now!"

"Elliot—Alice—the carriage is at the door," said Edith, who at that moment entered. "You must not keep it waiting long, for, if you do, it will be very late before you reach B—. God bless you, and keep you, darling!" she murmured, as Alice clung to her as a child clings to its mother. "Take her, Elliot, and cherish her as tenderly as we would have done, had she been content to remain with us. You cannot do more."

"I will, Edith—I will guard her as my own life!" replied the young man, deeply affected; and then leading the weeping Alice to her father, they knelt for a moment to receive his parting blessing. It was given in low, tremulous tones; the last kisses were exchanged, the last fond words spoken, the last clasp of the warm hand given, and then the household band was broken, and the youngest and fairest went forth to lend light and beauty to another hearthstone!

CHAPTER II.

ELLIOT Dana's home was in one of the large and beautiful villages of the west of England, and thitherward, about six weeks after their marriage, he bore his young and beautiful wife. Tired of the dust and confusion of the train, they were glad enough to exchange it for the elegant and luxurious carriage that they found awaiting their arrival at a station about twenty miles from their journey's end.

The day wore away. The sun sank to rest beneath its canopy of clouds, crimson tinted, and purple and green and gold; and the soft September twilight stole slowly upon them. They became quiet then—very quiet. Alice's gay, bird-like laugh grew still, and, drawing closer to Elliot's side, her large, violet eyes sought his with an earnest, thoughtful expression half veiling their brightness. Her husband bent involuntarily to kiss that uplifted brow.

"We are almost home! Oh, Alice! I never before felt the true meaning of that word! God grant that, for you and for me, our home may indeed ever be a haven of rest!"

"Amen!" was the low, tearful response; and they did not speak again until the horses paused before a tasteful and unpretending brick mansion, in one of the most retired and pleasant streets of the village.

"Oh, mother! they've come, they've come!" shouted a gay, glad voice; and, bounding down the steps, and up upon the foot-boards, Paul Dana grasped his brother's hand, and half-gaily, half-bashfully saluted Alice; but the kiss he received in return was so cordial and sincere, that he whispered in her ear: "I know that we shall be famous friends—shan't we, now?"

"Ah, Paul, Paul—you rogue! don't be plotting treason so quick!" exclaimed Elliot, as he sprang to the ground; "where's mother?"

"Here she is, my son!"

There was a quick embrace, and then the young man silently presented his bride to his mother.

"I have never had a daughter, Alice," whispered Mrs. Dana, as she folded the trembling girl to her heart, and kissed her blushing cheek; "and Elliot could not possibly have brought me a more welcome gift. But come in, children; you must need rest."

What a pleasant room it was! Alice's heart was full to overflowing as she crossed the threshold of her new home. The evening was a little chilly—there was a bright fire in the grate, and the cheery jets of flame seemed trying to outshine the milder light of the shaded lamp that fell upon the books, the pictures, the crimson curtains, and fairly flooded the little tea-table on which it stood.

"I told Maggie we would have tea here to-night," said Mrs. Dana, in her calm, quiet way. "I thought it would seem more cheerful than the dining-room—that is so large!"

Alice's eyes filled, for she knew it was tender, kindly feeling for the stranger bride that had prompted the wish to have everything "seem cheerful."

"That's right, mother. And when Alice has disposed of her travelling-dress, I shall be right glad of a cup of Maggie's tea. These lake breezes do give one a most famous appetite."

The travelling-dress was laid aside. Maggie brought in the tea, and the little hot biscuits and the honey and the fruit, and they gathered round the table.

What a long time they lingered over that tea-table! There were so many questions to ask and to answer; so many things to tell, and so many kinds words that must be spoken.

There was more talking than eating done that night, despite Elliot's appetite: but at last Mrs. Dana arose.

"It is very pleasant sitting here and talking, children; but Alice looks tired and somewhat pale. I am sure she would be better off in her own room."

Alice assented, for she was indeed very much fatigued.

"I am very happy in my new home"—thus wrote Alice to Edith, about two months after her arrival there—"and if you could join our pleasant little circle for awhile, you would say I was the most thankless creature in the whole world if I were otherwise. The bridal festivities are all over to Elliot's great delight and I am fairly installed 'lady of the manor.' You would have laughed to have seen how quietly and easily Mrs. Dana—our mother, I mean—that word seems very strange to my lips as yet, but it is far from being such to my heart—slipped the reins into my hands."

"The people here have been very polite and attentive to me—partly out of curiosity, I presume. I have seen more dancing since I came here than I had seen in all my life before. I would like you to know a Mrs. Talcott, whom I have met frequently. She is a stranger here, as well as myself; her husband having removed to this place the same week that I was married. I like her very much—better than any one else I have met. I do not know that you would think her positively beautiful; but oh, she is so graceful and winning! Elliot is not as well pleased with her as I am; but I hope he will be, when he knows her better."

"I have not written anything about my husband's love and tenderness; but it is not because there is nothing to write. There has been no dark side yet, dearest Edith; and Love has more than fulfilled the promises of Hope. I think of you all very often, and very fondly; but I know you will rejoice to have me tell you that I feel, more and more, that my home is *here*, where my heart is. Tell our dear father that I am working him such a pretty pair of slippers, and that I shall bring them when we make our promised visit in the spring. God bless you all—so prays your own Alice."

The "promised visit" was made early in the ensuing spring. Mr. Templeton and Edith thought Alice had grown lovelier than ever, as they looked upon her beaming face, and heard her sweet voice carolling the old familiar songs, even more joyously than of yore. And perhaps they were right. At any rate, Elliot was not disposed to quarrel with them for opinion's sake.

CHAPTER III.

Two years passed rapidly away—so rapidly that our little circle could hardly realise their flight. The elder Mrs. Dana had been, during all that time, either more or less an invalid, but her children continually flattered themselves that they could perceive indications of returning health. Her physicians had long been urging her to try the experiment of a sea-voyage, expressing in decided terms their conviction that she would derive from it lasting benefit; and, after much urging on the part of her children, she had consented to join a party of tried and faithful friends, and was now in London, and, as she wrote, much better.

Paul, meanwhile, was at school in a neighbouring town, deep in the mysteries of Greek and Latin, and studying Euclid with praiseworthy assiduity. Elliot Dana was looking a trifle older, and more like a man of

business. He was deeply engrossed in law and politics, and was spoken of as a "rising man."

Alice had changed, and yet one could scarcely tell how. She was not less beautiful, and was even more graceful—but there was a slight shadow upon her brow and lip; her eye had something less of light and gladness in it, and one felt instinctively that some "change had come o'er the spirit of her dream."

"Well, Elliot, when shall we start for Combermere?" asked Alice, one evening, laying her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder as she spoke.

"For Combermere?" replied he, starting from the reverie into which he had fallen, and drawing her to a seat beside him. "I did not know we were going there."

"Why, I supposed you would go, of course; we have been every summer since we were married."

"Yes, Alice; and we were at your father's very late last fall, also. It is only about four months since we returned, and Edith was here in the winter."

"Well—what has that to do with it? Do you mean me to understand that we are not going?"

Mr. Dana paused. There was something in his wife's voice and manner that pained him. At length he said:

"I cannot leave my business, now, Alice, without serious inconvenience; indeed, I do not see how I can possibly leave at present."

"Oh, the same old story! It is always business—business—business! What a convenient excuse it is for avoiding anything you don't want to do!"

"But it is an excuse to which I have seldom resorted, as you well know, Alice. I have a still more cogent one, however—I really cannot afford it!"

"What nonsense, Elliot! when everybody says you are doing a better business than any other lawyer in town. I am sure you could afford it well enough, if you chose."

"My word would have been sufficient for you once, Alice. I am doing a good business it is true, but my income is not large, and you know our expenses have been much heavier than usual this year. I will try to go home with you in the fall, but really I cannot go now. Will not that content you, love?" and he took her hand kindly in his own.

Alice drew it petulantly away, without replying, and soon after lighted a lamp and retired to her own room. It was contrary to her usual custom, and her husband, throwing aside the book he had taken, leaned his head wearily upon the arm of the sofa, and sighed audibly. He thought at first that she would return—but she did not; and it was very late before he roused himself from the sad thoughts that crowded upon him, and followed her to their own apartment. Alice had retired, but though her eyes were closed, a close observer would have seen, by the tremor of the lids, and an occasional uneasy movement of the lips, that she was only feigning sleep.

Very soon after Alice was married she resolved—and perhaps a young wife never formed a wiser resolution—that it should not be her fault if any misunderstanding that might arise between her husband and herself lasted from one day to the next; she resolved that she would never sleep when she was conscious that there was the least shadow between his heart and her own, if any effort on her part could remove it. And thus far she had kept the self-imposed vow religiously. They had never quarrelled, for neither of them believed the absurd doctrine, that "the quarrel of lovers is but the renewal of love;" but if there had been any light, fleeting clouds in their domestic heavens, such as will sometimes arise in the happiest families, she had taken good care that they should all be scattered to the four winds before she slept. And this was probably one of the chief causes of the perfect harmony that had characterised their intercourse. There were no long accounts of petty differences and hasty words to be brooded over, day after day, until the mole-hill had swollen to the size of a mountain.

This evening, after she had reached her own room, she took up her little work-basket, and attempted to occupy herself with her needle; but it was hard work. Her thoughts were down stairs with her husband, and she was more than half inclined to go back to him. She knew she had pained him needlessly and foolishly. She had been to her old home often since her marriage, and her conscience told her, very plainly, that her petulance had arisen, not so much from an uncontrollable desire to see her friends just at that particular time, as from a disinclination to yield her own wishes to those of her husband. Once she rose from her seat and stood for several minutes with her hand upon the door-latch; but at length she dropped it, and returned slowly to her chair again.

"Oh, I don't believe one word of it!" she murmured to herself; "Mrs. Talcott says he is worth to-day as much as her husband is, and she goes just where and when she has a mind to; Elliot is certainly growing cross, and I won't go down-stairs. If I do, he will think it is an acknowledgment that I was in the wrong, and I will not always make the first advances; I have done it long enough—though, to be sure, I was a little cross, too."

So Alice spoke, and she tried to convince herself that she thought and believed what she said; but, if her troubled face told the truth, it was far from being the case.

The next morning there was no allusion made to this little affair: it was indeed a little thing—but is not the happiness of married life made up of trifles? and in a day or two it was apparently forgotten. But in their "heart of hearts" both felt that all was not quite clear between them. For the first time the light cloud had been driven away, not by the breath of affection, but by that of time.

Not many weeks after this, Mr. Dana came into the parlour one afternoon, and threw himself upon the sofa near Alice's work-table. He had the air of one who wished to broach an unpleasant topic, and hardly knew

how to approach it. Alice watched him with one of her old smiles upon her lip, as he took up one spool after another, examined the floss silk very curiously, and tossed the ball of wax and the emery cushion from one hand to the other. At last she spoke.

"Elliot, you mischievous boy, what are you about? Don't you see how you are tangling up my silk?"

Elliot threw down the things with a sigh of relief.

"I have done mischief, haven't I? Well, the truth is, dear Alice, I want to ask a favour of you, and hardly know how to begin. Will you grant it?"

"Yes, if you do not ask too much. What is it?"

"I do really wish you would have less to do with Mrs. Talcott."

The smile was gone in a moment.

"You have certainly a very unreasonable prejudice against Mrs. Talcott, Elliot! Now do tell me why you object to my visiting her?"

"Because I have some regard for my wife's reputation and happiness, Alice. You will certainly jeopardise both by your intimacy with this woman."

"It is not so, Elliot. You are unjust and uncharitable. You are not generally inclined to give credit to all the slanderous tales you hear; but you believe everything that is said against Mrs. Talcott."

"Alice, if she is nothing worse, she is a cold, heartless, selfish woman of the world, and, as such, her society can do you no good. Moreover, I do not think a woman who avowedly lives on anything but friendly terms with her husband, and yet leads a gay, careless life, receiving the attentions of half the young gentlemen in town, is a fit or safe companion for a young wife. She treats Mr. Talcott shamefully."

"You don't know anything at all about it, Elliot; but it is to be expected that you would take Mr. Talcott's part. He treats her shamefully. Why, she told me that only last week he ordered a friend of hers to leave the house!"

"And did she tell you who that 'friend' was? It was George Evans; and if he dared to visit you, I would do the same thing. Any woman of right feelings would consider his mere presence as an insult."

"I did not know it was Mr. Evans," replied Alice, speaking rather more gently; "and I do not believe he called with her consent. You are certainly mistaken in your opinion of Mrs. Talcott. She is one of the most pure-minded, refined, and delicate women I ever met."

"I do not doubt that you think so, my dear Alice, and I presume that in your presence she appears such. She has very few associates of her own sex, and it is an object with her to retain your friendship. She is an artful, fascinating woman; and she has exerted all her skill to conceal her real character from you."

"Well, if she guards herself so strictly, she can surely do me no harm, and her society is really a very great pleasure to me. She is so intelligent and well-informed, as well as warm-hearted and affectionate; and I never saw any one so exquisitely sensitive. I have seen her eyes fill with tears many a time at the recital of a rare poem; and when she plays and sings, her cheek will grow pale, and you would think her about to faint, overpowered by the excess of her own emotions."

"Exquisitely nonsensical, you meant to say! It is all affectation, Alice—every bit of it. I have seen just such women before. But, my dear wife"—and Elliot drew Alice to his side as he spoke, and wound his arm about her waist, "a danger is no less a danger because it is concealed. This woman has already done you harm. Look me in the face, darling, and answer me. Are you so happy as you were six months since? Do you find as much quiet pleasure in the discharge of your domestic duties? Do you love your home as well? And—nay, do not turn away—have you not sometimes thought, lately, that your plain, matter-of-fact, unromantic husband was a very humdrum sort of companion, when compared with this fascinating friend of yours? Oh, Alice, do yield to my wishes in this matter, and be the happy wife you were one year ago!"

Alice's colour came and went rapidly. She knew it was all true; once, for a moment, she was on the point of throwing her arms about her husband's neck, and promising all that he wished. But, alas! the evil influences that had been at work upon her heart for many months resumed their sway, and she replied:

"I cannot, Elliot; it is unreasonable in you to ask it."

"Then, Alice, I must say what I have wished to avoid. I have endeavoured to break off this intimacy by indirect means for a long time without effect, and now I have tried persuasion to no purpose. You must cease to visit Mrs. Talcott, or to receive her here. I cannot permit you thus to sacrifice your happiness, as well as my own."

There was a moment's pause.

"Alice!"

Mr. Dana was thunderstruck. Was that his gentle, affectionate Alice—that haughty, imperious looking woman, who stood before him with her figure drawn up to its full height, her eye flashing, and her lip trembling with pride and anger? And, looking him firmly in the eye for an instant, she turned and moved slowly out of the room.

Alas! alas! for thee, Alice! it is all darkness, all shadow now!

"Unjust, ungenerous, unkind!" she exclaimed, as she reached her own apartment; after locking the door, she flung herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

There was a knock at the door. She knew it was her husband, and her sobs ceased; but she did not rise.

"Alice, will you not let me come in?"

There was no reply; and in a moment Mr. Dana turned away and strode heavily down the stairs. Alice heard the hall-door close sharply after him, and the echo of his

footsteps, as he passed beneath the window, sounded like a knell; but it did not soften her. She was not to blame—oh no

Elliot Dana stood for a few moments after his wife left the parlour, silent and motionless as one in a trance; but—willing to soften, as far as he might, the seemingly harsh words he had felt compelled to speak, and to think that Alice's reply had been uttered in an unguarded moment, without a full consciousness of its meaning—he, as we have seen, followed her, not doubting that he should find her scolding, and willing to meet his advances at least half way. When he turned from the door, after her refusal to admit him, he was more deeply grieved than he had ever been in his life, but he could not draw back. He knew that he had not spoken in anger, and there was nothing for him to retract. All that he could do was to wait patiently until time and reflection had taught Alice her error.

The days wore on. Alice felt as if she could not bear to be alone with her husband; but Paul was so full of all sorts of fun and mischief, that the unusual restraint and stillness of the others was not so observable. But it was almost with a feeling of relief that she heard Elliot observe, one morning, while seating himself at the breakfast-table:

"I am sorry to be away from home during your vacation, Paul, but I have just found that I must go to Combermere to-morrow."

"Indeed! I am very sorry, but business must be attended to. How long will you be gone?"

"Two or three weeks, I fear, but perhaps not quite as long."

Alice packed her husband's trunk, as usual, that afternoon. He did not request it, but her very pride prevented her neglecting any of her accustomed duties. More than once or twice during the evening previous to his departure, did Mr. Dana look eagerly in his wife's face, hoping to see some traces of a longing for a reconciliation; more than once did he think that her voice softened a little when it was necessary for her to address him; but he looked and listened in vain.

"Good bye, Paul. You must amuse yourself as well as you can while I am gone," said he, the next morning. "Good bye, Alice!" He extended his hand. Alice gave him hers very quietly.

"Good bye, Elliot."

And that was all!

CHAPTER IV.

YES—that was all! And thus parted two hearts, full freighted with love for each other; and each filled with a yearning, that was almost beyond endurance, for peace, for restored confidence, and for the wonted looks and tones of tenderness. Thus they parted—coldly, calmly, even as the veriest strangers might have done.

It was well for Alice, perhaps, that her husband was called from her side for awhile. The armour of pride and resentment in which she had encased herself—resolving, that however keenly she might feel their unwonted position, he should never know it—had hitherto prevented her giving heed to the still, small voice that was ever whispering in her ear. But now there were no keen eyes to watch her, and she could lay it aside.

Oh, those were long, dreary days! She had time for reflection, and with that came sorrow and the bitterest self-reproach. Back upon her heart, like a mountain-torrent that has been checked for awhile, in one continuous, overwhelming flood, rushed the love that, even in her pride and anger, had still been the essence of her being—and she felt that the fault had been all her own! Even if her husband had been influenced by an unreasonable prejudice, when she knew how deep and strong it was, ought she not to have yielded to his wishes? It had not been a question of right and wrong, in which her sense of duty had been opposed to his; it was merely whether, for the sake of her own transient gratification, she should persist in seeking the society of one whom her husband viewed with suspicion and dislike.

But her admissions went further than this. There was a veil removed from her eyes during those long hours of lonely self-communion, and she felt that Elliot was right in his estimate of Mrs. Talcott's character. She felt that her influence had, indeed, been unsalutary, if not absolutely pernicious. She recalled thoughts, opinions, and sentiments—the true nature of which had at first escaped her, so veiled and mantled were they with grace and beauty, as they fell from the eloquent lips of her friend—from which her very soul now revolted.

"Elliot was right," she said to herself, as she sat mournfully pondering over these things. "She has, indeed, done me harm. I am not what I was six months since. My standard of duty has been lowered—doubts and suspicions of my husband have been stealthily planted in my mind. My power of resisting evil has already been weakened. I thank thee, oh, my Father!" she murmured, falling upon her knees, while her clasped hands and streaming eyes attested the sincerity of her words; "I thank thee that my eyes are opened before it is too late!"

Long did she remain upon her knees, fervently imploring aid and assistance from above, strength to retrace her steps, and forgiveness for past errors. When she arose her face was sad, but calm and resolute; and, drawing pen and paper to her side, she poured out her whole soul to her husband. She acknowledged her partial, and even unconscious alienation, her pride and her petulance, her unreasonable anger and her determined wilfulness. She implored him to forgive her, and take her to his heart again; to love her as in the early days of their married life—and to trust her for the future. The letter was long, and touching in its simple eloquence.

She folded, sealed, and sent it; and then, with a lighter

heart than she had carried for many a day, she returned to the house and resumed her wonted duties.

Mr. Dana had spoken the truth when he said that it was an object with Mrs. Talcott to retain the friendship of his wife. She felt that she occupied rather an uncertain and dubious position, and she needed the countenance of such a woman as Alice Dana to sustain her. With intellectual qualities, and graces of the highest order, a false system of education had made her what she was—cold, selfish, crafty, and capable of sacrificing any principle or person upon the shrine of her own interests or pleasure. There were many in town who, like Mr. Dana, looked upon her with suspicious eyes, and who could not sustain her in her course; but she was an elegant and accomplished woman—her parties were the most brilliant and *recherché* of the season. And so she floated along upon the current of public opinion—sometimes on one side of the stream, and sometimes on the other.

Mrs. Talcott had been for some time making preparations for a large evening party, and a card of invitation for Mr. and Mrs. Dana had arrived on the day of Elliot's departure.

Alice had thrown the note aside, and nearly forgotten it. After writing to Elliot, the affair recurred to her, and she remembered that the invitation was for that very evening. Seating herself at her writing-desk again, she wrote a simple regret, but before sending it, she hesitated and wavered.

"This intimacy cannot be broken off without some decided action on my part," she thought, "and it may as well be done first as last."

So, taking another sheet of paper, she at once wrote a kind, but frank and full avowal of the change in her own sentiments with regard to Mrs. Talcott, and said that it was her own wish, as well as that of Mr. Dana, that all intercourse between them should at once cease.

The arrangements for the evening were all completed, and Mrs. Talcott was busy in her dressing-room when the note reached her. She tore it open, and hastily glanced over it.

"The little fool!" she exclaimed; "this is all Dana's work. I thought my training had had more effect—but it seems she is as meek and gentle as possible. I suppose he has laid his commands upon her, thinking to keep her out of harm's way while he is gone. But I will be revenged for this insult yet. Ah! I have it, now!" and hurriedly completing her toilet, she descended to the brilliantly illuminated drawing-rooms.

The guests soon began to assemble. There was music and dancing, and song and wine, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The evening was far advanced, when a gentleman was announced, who was received by the fair hostess with the most graceful cordiality.

"I regret exceedingly that you are so late, Mr. Howard, but you are very welcome even now. The crowd is thinning. I think, however, that I can show you some beautiful faces yet." Taking his arm, she led him towards the farthest woman in the room. "I must present you to my friend, Mrs. Dana—she is decidedly the belle of the evening;" and, approaching a very beautiful woman, who, all smiles and animation, was conversing gaily with a group of gentlemen, she went through with the prescribed formalities.

Allowing only time enough for the exchange of one or two common-place remarks, she drew her companion away.

"Is she not beautiful?" she asked. "Oh, by the way, you used to know Elliot Dana, did you not?"

"Yes, very well, and a noble fellow he is; I am sorry that he is out of town, for I must leave to-morrow, and I would have been glad to have seen him. I never saw his wife before. She is very lovely."

"She is, indeed; I hardly know any lady who is equally so. But you will see Mr. Dana in Combermere."

"Ah, indeed! I shall certainly find him out."

"And please say to him that Mrs. Dana, was the chief attraction of the party. He is so proud of her."

The lady to whom Mrs. Talcott had presented Mr. Howard, was a Mrs. Dana, it is true—but she was a stranger in town, and not the wife of Elliot Dana. That was a discovery, however, that she took good care the gentleman should not make, and he departed for Combermere the next morning with the firm conviction that he had met the wife of his old friend.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DANA had been more bitterly disappointed at the coldness of his parting interview with Alice than he would have acknowledged even to himself; more deeply grieved than even she could have dreamed. He had been buoyed up, by the strong, though almost unconsciously cherished hope, that his wife's pride—for he knew well what it was that kept her from him—would yield then; that he should hear the words for which he so longed—nay, even one look of love and regret would have been sufficient, and he would have folded her to his heart again, and have forgiven and forgotten all.

That hope was gone now, and, taking his seat in a corner of the carriage, he drew his hat far over his face, and tears, that all the pride of manhood could not keep back, started to his eyes. He had felt so sure of Alice's love, so confident that nothing could ever come between their hearts; and now—oh! was it, indeed, all past—that love and confidence? He had looked forward to so many days and years of almost unalloyed happiness—was it to be theirs henceforward only in dreams? He took no note of time as he sat there struggling with thoughts like these, and he started up in amazement when the bustle and confusion around him told him they were already in Combermere.

Days passed. The second week was drawing to a close; he had heard nothing from Alice, and something of bitterness was beginning to mingle with the love that through all these weeks of estrangement had never once wavered, when her letter reached him. How his heart throbbed! He dared not open it where so many curious eyes were upon him, but, putting it quietly in his pocket, he sought the privacy of his own apartment, and called for lights, before he broke the seal. And then he trembled lest he should find coldness where he looked for love, and he held the sheet irresolutely, dreading to cast his eyes upon the familiar handwriting. But one rapid glance was sufficient to remove his doubts, and he read on and on, scarcely drawing his breath until he had finished the last fond sentence.

Then grasping his own pen, with an eager hand he traced line after line in reply. Never in the days of her bright and joyous girlhood had she been half as dear to him as then—and he told her so. Eagerly, earnestly, he wrote of his deep and unaltered love; of forgiveness he did not speak—but he told her he would remember the shadows of the past only as a foil to the brightness of the present. He had just completed the fourth page, when he was informed that a gentleman was waiting for him in the drawing-room, and, placing the sheet in his portfolio, he obeyed the summons.

"Ah, my old friend Howard!" he exclaimed, as a gentleman advanced to meet him with extended hand. "This is indeed a pleasure; but I did not dream of seeing you here. From whence do you come, and whither are you bound?"

"I left St. Albans a month ago," was the reply; "but I have been staying at your place for the last few days, hunting up my old friends and acquaintances. I left there yesterday morning."

"Did you, indeed? I am very sorry I happened to be away. You know I have 'taken unto me a wife' since you went to the West, and I would like much to have you make her acquaintance."

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting her, my dear Dana. I called at your office, and when I learned that you were out of town, I was half inclined to go to the house and introduce myself to your wife, on the strength of our old friendship. But on the evening before I left, I attended a large and brilliant party at Mrs. Talcott's, and was presented to her there. She was the belle of the evening, decidedly."

The rooms were not very well lighted that evening, and the two friends occupied a dark corner. Had it not been for that, Howard would have been startled by the changes that passed over Mr. Dana's face. His colour came and went, his breath came painfully, the room whirled around him, and he grasped the back of his chair convulsively. It was a moment or two before he could speak; but then, by a terrible effort at self-control, his voice, though very low, was clear and steady.

"At Mrs. Talcott's, did you say? When was it?"

"On the evening of the 18th. It was very late when I arrived, and I was merely presented to her. Mrs. Talcott bade me tell you that she was the chief attraction that evening—and I don't wonder, for I thought her very beautiful."

Mr. Dana's lip curled haughtily, and, by asking some indifferent question, he succeeded in changing the subject. He felt that he should die if obliged to sit there and listen calmly to praises of his wife's beauty, and hear the comments of Mrs. Talcott repeated coolly by a stranger.

It was very late when Mr. Howard took his departure. All through that seemingly interminable interview, Mr. Dana bore his part well. He talked with his friend of "auld lang syne," of literature, of politics, of foreign affairs, as if his whole soul was absorbed in the theme of the moment, and no one dreamed that, since he had been sitting there so quietly, the arrow had entered his heart.

When he was at liberty to go to his own room again, he took up Alice's letter, and glanced at the date. As he had thought, it was written on the 18th, and bitterly, scornfully his eye glided over the page. She had written those words so full of sorrow for the past and promise for the future—words seemingly so fraught with repentant love—and then turned lightly away to deck herself for the revel and the dance, at the bidding of the very woman whose ill-starred influence had been the cause of their estrangement.

He had no repinings, no weakness now. Calmly and deliberately he read the letter to the end, and then tearing it into fragments, he threw it in the grate, and, with a fierce pleasure, watched it as it turned to ashes. Then he took the reply he had written scarcely two hours before, with a heart warm and full of all tender emotions—ah! now it was so cold and withered!—and laid that beside it.

"I could forgive anger and wilfulness," said he, "but such deceit and treachery—no, never! And yet, oh Alice! how I have loved thee!" His lip trembled—he covered his face with his hands, and the big tears trickled through his fingers. He dashed them off as if there was contamination in the touch.

"Tears! away with them! Let me rather give scorn and contempt in return for such dissimulation."

Paul's vacation had drawn to a close long before Mr. Dana was able to return home. The two weeks, of which he had spoken as the extent of his absence, lengthened into a month—and still he lingered. Alice heard nothing of him excepting through an occasional business letter to the clerk at the office, and her heart grew very, very heavy. She knew there were unavoidable reasons for his delay in returning home, but she could not account for his silence. She sometimes feared that she had offended past forgiveness; but such a supposition was so foreign to the

kind forbearance that had always been a prominent trait in her husband's character, that she could not cherish it. She could only wait and hope.

She was sitting alone in the parlour, one evening, inexpressibly sad, and even desponding, when she was aroused by the sound of carriage-wheels, and an unusual commotion at the door.

She sprang to the window, drew the curtain and looked, out. A carriage stood there, and a porter was lifting heavy trunks from the rack, but no other person was in sight. She turned to go to the door, and just as she did so it flew open, and she was clasped to the heart of Elliot's mother.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so glad you have come!" was her first exclamation; and, leaning her poor, aching head upon the kind breast that was so ready to receive her, she wept and sobbed like a tired child. It seemed so long—so very long—since loving arms had encircled her, or since a tender voice had fallen upon her ear.

"Why, Alice, love, this is a strange welcome! There—there—don't sob so, my child! Where's Elliot?"

"He is in Combermere—has been there more than a month—but we expect him every day."

"Oh! your tears are accounted for, then! I suppose you think no one was ever so lonely before, don't you, dear?"

Alice smiled faintly, but she was then busily engaged in disposing of her mother's various wrappers, and so avoided a reply.

That evening and the morning of the next day passed rapidly. Mrs. Dana had been gone nearly a year, and there was so much to be said on both sides, that, save by the casual remark that she was thinner and paler than usual, she did not appear to notice anything peculiar in Alice's demeanour. Her own health was entirely restored, and she was in the best of spirits. She had parted with her friends, and came on immediately, thinking to give the children—as she called them—an agreeable surprise.

After dinner, tired with her journey, she went to lie down for awhile, and Alice repaired to the store-room, to prepare some little delicacies for tea. While busy there, she thought she heard a step in the hall, and, stepping to the door, she peeped cautiously out. It was her husband. With a cry of joy, she sprang forward, not noticing his cold, stern face, and that there were no arms outstretched to receive her; and, throwing herself upon his breast, twined her soft, white arms about his neck.

For an instant he trembled, and his own arms rose involuntarily, as if to press that slight form still closer to his heart; but the transient emotion passed, and, coldly releasing himself from her embrace, he held her at a little distance, and looked keenly and searchingly in her face.

"Woman," said he, "would you add mockery to deceit?"

Alice at first spoke not—moved not; she had but one thought—"I am not forgiven"—and, throwing one wild, agonised glance upon her husband's face, she shrank away from him, and glided up the stairs.

When Mrs. Dana came down to the parlour again, she was greatly surprised at finding her son there, and his wife not with him; and after a few moments of greeting, she asked:

"What has become of Alice?"

"She is up stairs, I believe."

"Haven't you seen her yet?"

"Yes—she was in the hall when I came in."

"Why, Elliot, what does this mean? When I came last night, Alice greeted me with a flood of tears, and now—I am going to find the child;" and off she went in pursuit of her.

Mr. Dana made no attempt to detain her, and a minute had scarcely elapsed when he was startled by her voice from the head of the stairs.

"Elliot, Elliot, come here, quick! Alice is very sick."

With hardly more than one bound, he was up the stairs and in his wife's room.

Alice lay upon the floor, as white and rigid as marble, and apparently as lifeless.

"I have killed her—oh, my God, I have killed her!" he shrieked, as he fell on his knees beside her, and wildly kissed her white lips again and again.

Mrs. Dana was bewildered, as well she might be; but, without waiting to ask questions, she hurriedly sent for a physician, and, with Maggie's assistance, commenced making every effort for Alice's recovery.

It was vain, and many long hours passed before they could rouse her from the lethargy into which she had fallen.

Her husband was almost beside himself. One moment he would denounce himself as her murderer; the next, he would implore her to speak to him, telling her he forgave her all—everything; and the next, he would weary the doctor with entreaties to save her; or, if he could do no more, to restore her to consciousness for just one hour.

For long days and weeks they watched beside her, scarcely daring to whisper even to themselves that there was any hope.

Elliot Dana told his mother all. She had wept bitterly when she heard the sad story, but she said:

"All will be explained yet, my son! There is something wrong about it. Alice has evidently suffered terribly; but I cannot look upon her sweet, pale face, without feeling an assurance that all will yet be well. Your wife has erred greatly, Elliot, but I want you to look into your own heart, and see if you can find nothing there worthy of censure. It seems you never answered her letter, or gave her the least opportunity for an explanation; was that right?"

"Do not talk to me of it now, mother, for indeed I cannot bear it. But heaven only knows how I, too, have suffered. It seems to me that I can never forgive myself for my harshness."

"I believe you will find you have injustice as well as harshness to repent of, Elliot. It is never well for husband or wife to take anything for granted that is to the prejudice of the other. But do not be too desponding. I feel sure that all will be right in the end."

And Elliot took courage, and believed her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, there is a gentleman in the parlour would like to see you, sir."

So said Maggie, a week or two afterwards, as her master sat in the hall, near his wife's door, fearing to go in, but listening to every sound.

He went to the parlour, and there found his friend Howard, who was now on his return to St. Albans.

They conversed awhile: not very gaily, for the sight of Howard recalled to Dana's mind all the agony of that night at Combermere, combined with the intense anxiety of the past few weeks. At last his friend's eye was drawn to an exquisite portrait of Alice that hung upon the wall, and he asked the name of the original.

"Why, it is my wife's portrait, and is considered a most extraordinary likeness. Do you not recognise it?"

"Your wife's? Oh, Dana, you are trying to play a trick upon me!"

"No, I am not. I am in no mood for joking. That is Alice; and the resemblance is really wonderful!"

"Well, if it is, I have been most wonderfully deceived, that's all. The Mrs. Dana whom I met at Mrs. Talcott's, and whom I was led to suppose was your wife, had hair and eyes as black as midnight; but in this portrait the hair is a golden brown, and the eyes are as blue as the heavens."

Elliot groaned aloud in the bitterness of his soul: he had himself met the lady his friend described, and the mystery was at an end.

"My poor, injured Alice!" he murmured; "how could I ever have doubted her?"

His guest looked up in amazement, and Mr. Dana explained in a few words the game that had been played, and its probable cause.

Howard expressed the deepest regret that he should unwittingly have been made a party to such a plot.

"No blame can attach itself to any one but Mrs. Talcott, my dear Howard—unless it is to myself. If I had trusted my wife as I ought, this would have passed for a pleasant jest. Alice had never deceived me, and I was a wretch to doubt her!"

"Alice is sitting up, and she seems so strong to-day, that Dr. Lindsay says you may go in and see her, my son; but you must not stay more than five minutes."

Elliot did not wait for a second bidding; in a moment he was kneeling by Alice's side, and his warm tears were falling fast upon her white and wasted hand.

"Alice, dearest, I can never, never forgive myself!" he whispered.

Alice had no strength to speak, but her head drooped until it rested fondly on his own, and as her tears mingled with his, he felt that it would be no difficult task for her to do so.

It was late in the fall before the visit to Combermere was made; but by that time Alice's roses were nearly restored. She did not tell Edith of their dark hours. Elliot had said:

"Do not speak of them, dearest. They are past, and let them be forgotten. We will ourselves only think of them as a warning for the future—and there is no need of alluding to them."

And they did not; but one morning, when Elliot came in to breakfast, he laid a newspaper by Alice's plate, and placed his finger upon the following paragraph:

"It is rumoured that Mrs. Talcott, a lady well known in fashionable circles in this city, eloped on Wednesday last with a young man by the name of G—e E—s. The fugitives came directly from the residence of the lady, in the West of England to this city, and, it is supposed, sailed for the continent."

PHENOMENA OF THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL IN GERMANY.

THIS remarkable well is the subject of extreme curiosity throughout Germany. At every hour of the day crowds surrounded the well, which is encircled by a proper guard, anxiously waiting the arrival of the mysterious phenomenon. Each person tries to detect its beginning, by fixing his eyes on the empty space in the shaft, the eleven or twelve feet depth of which, from the brim to the water, presents nothing but "darkness visible." On the black surface at the bottom, a gentle ripple is scarcely perceptible, produced by a few bubbles of gas; in other respects all is still as the grave. Presently certain hollow sounds reach the ear, resembling the report of distant artillery, or drums, and the shaft is observed to fill slowly, by the water ascending like mercury in a thermometer, the surface becoming at the same time agitated and noisy. A thick foam covers it, which is only broken in the centre by a rapid succession of explosions of gas (almost carbonic acid), during which, the water, where the foam is partially dispersed, assumes the green hue of the sea in high latitudes. In the meantime, the upward progress of the water, accompanied by great commotion, continues steadily, until the great shaft is filled with water. To those who have looked down from the stern of a ship, hurried along by a gale through the sea, and have seen the water foaming against and lashing the rudder, in perpetual leaps and contortions, it will afford some notion of the aspect of the moment here indicated; in short, a sailor is reminded of that very phenomenon. Or the well may be compared, in its extreme turbulence, to a great caldron of water, boiling on a furnace as rapidly as possible. When this turbulence is at its maximum, the emission of gas which

preceded the ascent of the water in the well abruptly ceases, and, in a few seconds, the surface of the water in the shaft becomes perfectly tranquil; the water descends, and continues to do so, at first rapidly, and then more slowly, until it has subsided about nine or ten feet. This point has but just been reached, when a sudden swelling up of the water first, and then of the gas, is again observed at the bottom. The shaft fills very slowly, and the flow of water and gas continues for a long time progressively to increase, apparently not attaining their maximum until the water is at its full height, which requires from thirty to forty minutes after the first return of the stream. In this state of violent agitation it remains for about two hours, sometimes more, but often much less, when the preceding cycle of phenomena is repeated. The period of intermission varies considerably. In general that peculiarity has been observed every three hours, but its recurrence is greatly influenced by the number of pumps at work to extract the water from the well; the more pumps, the fewer periods of intermission.

FACETIE.

THE latest Parisian tomfoolery is to powder the head with gold dust and silver filings.

AN independent country editor very piquantly remarks:

"We do not belong to our 'patrons,'
Our paper is wholly our own—
Whoever may like it, can take it;
Who don't, can just let it alone."

WHEN tired out, and your patience is worn completely threadbare, then—*darn it*.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dare is look-out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and look-out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrairie."

THERE is a "firm" who save a hoghead of ink annually, by not allowing their clerks and book-keepers to dot their eyes or cross their t's.

A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

HISTORICAL BUTCHER'S BILL.—The history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary has been defined to be an account of stakes and chops.

NAPOLEON I. and Napoleon III. resemble each other in one thing at least. They both possessed a desire to make the *Sovereigns* fly.

MARRIED in Michigan, Mr. Henry Bills to Miss Mary Small. We hope the issuing of SMALL BILLS is not prohibited in that State.

A wag, on reading that in a certain engagement a day and two knights were killed, remarked, that that was what he called killing time with a vengeance!

BE not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

A traveller in Egypt called his Arab guide "a son of a gun." "I am not a soldier!" was the grave response.

TACITUS tells, that in his time the spectators in public theatres were obliged to stand during the representation, that they might not, if accommodated with seats, be tempted to waste whole days in idle amusements. A gentleman recommends the same plan to be adopted at all public dinners, that persons may drink no longer than they can stand.

A laughable story of some carrier pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal, published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons, to take back the document. At Brussels, he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicate fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter; "why, you've eaten them!"

TURNING THE TABLES.—The wife of a man, named John Vanam, sent the town-crier round Hinkley lately, to announce to the inhabitants that she would not be accountable for her husband's debts, and that she will prosecute those found harbouring him. Of course this singular announcement caused a good deal of laughter; a large crowd of boys accompanied the bellman, and, at the close of each cry, set up loud hurrahs.

AN editor has to use pens, scissors, and brains. Correct bad proofs, and revise worse manuscripts. Write puff for nauseous medicines which he never tasted. Attend theatres, concerts, balls, races, exhibitions—in all of which he is expected to be deeply interested. Give descriptions of murders, riots, and marriages, review new books, and answer all questions proposed to him by correspondents. He is expected to use all the lotions sent to him, swallow all the cough drops, candies, and pills, to bear testimony to their value. To hear all the news, and comment upon it. To be ever ready to do anybody a service who asks it, free of all charge. To drink with every agent, mountebank, and sporting man, who wants a word or two said in the paper. To call on all distinguished strangers, and show them the lions. To read over a thousand exchanges, and not omit to notice every mammoth beet, and every Brodignag cabbage—to announce the arrival and departure of all eminent citizens, write obituaries of all friends, and biographical sketches of all dignitaries—puff all the best hotels, and lie about the poor ones. Who wouldn't be an editor?

A man superintending a nursery of children is like an elephant hatching eggs: the more he nurses, the more he hurts them.

THE LATE CHARLES MATHEWS AND MUNDEN.—Mathews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer!" "Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Munden; "we'll exchange umbrellas." Mathews was so taken by storm, that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

NEW PLAN FOR BOARDING.—A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of the boarders mesmerises the rest, and then eats a hearty meal; the mesmerised being satisfied from sympathy.

MR. EMERSON, the very clever American lecturer and author, is described by a critic and countryman of his as keeping a huge manuscript book—a kind of intellectual and scientific rag-bag, into which all shreds and remnants of conversations and reminiscences of way-side reveries are incoherently thrust. This goes on day and night; and when he travels, the rag-bag travels too, and grows more plethoric with each mile of the journey. One night, before his wife had become completely accustomed to his habits, she awoke suddenly, and hearing him groping about the room, inquired anxiously: "My dear, are you unwell?" "No, my love, only an idea."

HOME AND ABROAD.—"There's many things different betune this and home, and first foremost religion, Shusan. Religion isn't the same at all. To begin, there's no fastin' at all, or next to none; maybe that's the bekase, by the nature of the cookery, nobody could tell what it was he was eatin'. Then, there's little penance—and the little there is ye can get off of it by a thrife. Ye go to confessin' when ye like, and ye keep anything back for another time that ye don't wish to tell just then. In fact, my dear, it comes to this—it's harder to go to heaven in Ireland than any place ever I heard of, and costs more money into the bargain! The priests hasn't half the power they have in Ireland, they're not as well paid, and they can't cure a congregation, nor do any other good action that isn't set down in their duty. It's the polis, Shusy, that makes ye tremble abroad, and that's the great difference between the two countries. As to morils, my dear, I'm afraid we're not supariar, for it's the women always make love to the men, which, till you get used to it, has a mighty ugly appearance. I b'leve it's the smokin' leads to this, for a German wouldn't take his pipe out of his mouth for anything; so that courtin' isn't what it is at home."—*Charles Lever*.

MACREADY'S REHEARSAL OF THE ART OF LAUGHING.—The following anecdote is extracted from *Peabody's American Chronicle*, an amusing paper, and devoted largely to theatrical news: "During the first rehearsal of Bulwer's play of 'Money,' at the Haymarket Theatre, Macready, who was engaged at that house, requested Mr. Howe, who was to appear with him, to visit him at his residence, in Regent's Park, for the purpose of rehearsing a scene. During the visit the conversation fell upon the art of laughing on the stage. Whoever remembers Macready's laugh, must be at the same time forcibly struck with the words of Cæsar, speaking of Cassius:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

Imagine, then, Macready's lank form placed upright against the wall, with Howe in a similar position on the opposite side of Macready's drawing-room. 'Now,' said Mac, 'my dear Howe, observe how I laugh—it took years to learn it. I always begin the cackination from the lower part of my stomach, and, making most grim and hideous faces, he began to 'Ha! ha!' till Howe, who had borne the farcical scene till ready to burst with laughter, at last fairly gave way to an immoderate, real fit of laughter, which put an end to the eminent tragedian's instructions!"

A QUESTIONABLE WISH.—Smith was starting for the diggings the other day, when he called to take farewell of Brown. "Good bye, old boy," said the latter; "I hope your efforts will prove *nugget-ory*!" Smith was somewhat startled; but as soon as he took the notion, he took himself off with a merry countenance.—*Diogenes*.

AN ALARMING INVENTION.—An enterprising dealer in Chinese Gongs has issued the following advertisement: "Will Frighten, but Not Kill.—Chinese Gongs.—One hundred powerful, full-toned Chinese Gongs, just landed. One for 40s. will effectually frighten a thief; one for 60s. will appal a burglar; one for 80s. will alarm the whole country for miles round." The advertiser does not state the dreadful effects of those beyond £4 in price. Doubtless it would be too alarming; but by a simple calculation we may well conceive that if the miserable petty-larceny, pewter-pot stealing, area-sneak, can be alarmed for 40s.; if £3 are enough to strike with terror the crime-hardened soul of the most daring burglar; if for the trifling sum of 80s. we can horriy the country for miles around, what would be the result of purchasing a gong at higher prices? For £25, doubtless, we could spread dismay throughout the country; a £6 gong would terrify the nation; for £10 all Europe might be made to tremble. Why does not the government see to this? How cheaply and how easily might our coast be thus effectually defended! Instead of voting thousands for an increase in the army, a few pounds invested in a Chinese Gong would enable us to scare the boldest invaders from our shores. Really, the improvement on the present state of things

would be delightful! How much better for the interests of humanity to defend ourselves without the loss of blood! How infinitely preferable, in all respects, to provide our soldiers with an implement that "will frighten but not kill," than with the muskets now in use, which, it has been clearly proved, will neither do one nor the other!—*Ibid!*

RAILWAY EQUALITY.

At a late meeting of the Brighton Railway Company, we find Mr. Slight lamenting to the shareholders that they had paid £12,460 away in compensation for accidents; and objecting, very properly, to the present mode of estimating damages by the pecuniary circumstances of the sufferer. He said: "If 10s. 6d. to Brighton were a reasonable and sufficient fare for them to charge a widow lady of small fortune, with no relations, involving on them, in case of an accident, an insurance of £500, it could not be a proper sum to charge the Lord Chancellor, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, if they were taking him down by the same train, under the same circumstances, with an insurance practically of £100,000 against all casualties by the way." We shall probably soon hear of the following scene at the Railway Ticket-counter:

Labouring Man: "Third-class to Brighton."

Ticket Clerk: "Well, I suppose you don't earn above 12s. a-week?"

Wealthy Tradesman: "Second-class to Brighton."

Ticket Clerk: "Will you favour me with your card, sir?" [Reads (Mr. —) to himself, "known to be making thousands."] Aloud, "Ticket, sir, 50s."

The Baron Rothschild: "First-class to Brighton."

Ticket Clerk (who recognises him): "Really, Baron we don't care to take you at all. However, your fare will be a heavy one. Here's the ticket—£25, if you please.—*Ibid.*

AMUSING CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

THE late Earl of Pembroke—who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular—thought of an experiment to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was, to feign himself deaf; and, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer by what he desired to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got into a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed.

My lord always answered: "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."

"I say," replied the lady, "he is continually getting drunk, and I desire that he might be turned off."

"Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park: she was not much hurt—but when she came home, she began to rattle to the earl.

"Here," says she, "is that beast of a John, so drunk, that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and, if he is not discharged, may break our necks!"

"Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick?" Alas, I am sorry for him!"

"I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk, and overturned me."

"Ay," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has had well, and shall have proper advice!"

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, ordering John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words:

"John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters, than to lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed with only water-gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad that the fever had left him, and desired to see him.

"Well, John," says he, "I hope this is about over."

"Ay, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again."

"Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right: nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you should not complain and I promise you shall always have the same advice and the same attendance you have now."

"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."

"So do I, too," says his lordship, "but so long as you do your duty towards me, never fear, I shall do mine towards you."

A MODEL FIGHT.—Mr. Leonard, an engineer on one of the lake steamers, kept a well-trained rooster, and fought him in every port between Buffalo and Chicago. Hearing of a crack bird of the pit at Windsor, over went John, with half a dozen friends to see and rejoice with him over the anticipated sudden demise of John Crapeau's celebrated game stock: the birds were let loose, and at the first blow of the little Frenchman's bantam, John's bird was numbered with the things that had been—he was dead. Greatly mortified and astonished was John; he left the field crest-fallen, amid the laughter of his compeers. "Egad," said the engineer, "I'll try him again." On his first trip to Buffalo, John bought a full-grown eagle, cut his feathers into shape, twisted up his tail rooster fashion, fastened a cock's comb on his crown, and otherwise metamorphosed him into a game-cock; brought him up to that city, again rallied his friends, put his bird into a bag, and over he went for another fight. *Parlez vous* brought out his bird again, certain of success, and placed him ready for action. The engineer took his out of the bag; they slowly approached each other—the bantam stooping and picking, as he advanced to the assault, while the engineer's walked boldly up, with his head erect, beak open, and an eye of fire that never blanchied in the mid-day sun; the bird of Jove seized the gallant bantam, and, with beak and claws, tore him to pieces, and ate him up, to the utter astonishment of the crowd. The little Frenchman danced all sorts of figures, and cried out: "*Sacré ventre bleu, me nevaire see one roostaire like dat; he eat him up mon bon chicken!*"

A BRIDAL FRACAS IN PARIS.

A MAN named Tripiér, was lately placed at the bar of the Tribunal of Correctional Police, to answer the charge of having beaten his wife on the wedding-day.

"At first all went off well, on the wedding-day," said the complainant, a pretty young woman; "the marriage at the mairie and the church, the dinner, and the ball—all were charming. At night, everybody went away; but I had scarcely entered the nuptial chamber, when the defendant arrived, like a madman, and thrashed and kicked me as if I had been made of plaster. You can readily suppose, Monsieur le President, that I did not know what to think of it. 'What have I done to you,' I cried, 'to cause you to beat me so?' 'Ah,' he said, 'a marriage portion of only 500*fr.*! as if a man would be bored with a woman for 500*fr.*! Oh, if I only had your old wretch of a mother here, wouldn't I pay her out! But, as I can't get at her, I will pay you off instead! and he beat me again as violently as before. At length I broke from him, and rushed, half-dressed, from the room. Such was my wedding-night: a very queer one—was it not, gentlemen?"

"What have you got to say?" asked the president of the accused.

"That I thrashed my wife on the wedding is true, but I was drunk."

"Are you not ashamed of having beaten a young woman?"

"You may easily understand that I did not trouble myself about the age; whether she was fifteen years of age or sixty, mattered not—I should have used my fists just as vigorously!"

"You beat her, she says, because her parents did not give her money enough?"

"In the first place, she has no parents—she has only an old wretch of a mother. In the second place, I made such a foolish marriage, that even now, when I think of it, it causes my hair to stand on end like the quills of a porcupine! For eight months, Monsieur le President, that old woman intrigued to cause me to marry her daughter! The fact is, she is very ambitious, sir, although a simple concierge."

"Ambitious! and pray what are you?"

"An artist hairdresser!" exclaimed the man, with dignity.

"And you really think the mother was ambitious in seeking such a man as you for the husband of her daughter?"

"Why, good gracious, sir! Do you think I am not worth more in the matrimonial market than 500*fr.*? Can I establish myself with 500*fr.*?"

"But you should not render the young woman responsible for your disappointment."

"Oh, you understand, sir, that if I could catch the old mother-in-law, she would feel the weight of my fist; but she takes good care to keep out of way."

The tribunal condemned the amiable Monsieur Tripiér to a year's imprisonment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THAT WILL DO," is a phrase of modern invention. The ancients knew of no such expression, or the Egyptians would never have raised the pyramids, nor the Greeks and Romans displayed that love of the beautiful which led them to impart a poetic grace even to the meanest utensils for household use, as the remains of Pompeii fully testify. "That will do," is the excuse of mediocrity, unable to soar to better things. "That will do," is the self-dispensation given by the lazy painter, who glosses over the want of anatomical correctness by a showy colouring. "That will do," is the besetting sin of architects, who lay their short-comings to the want of a favourable site, or an Italian climate. "That will do," is the precept held in veneration by most servants. "That will do," makes your sleeve and your slattern. A man who adopts this motto with regard to dress, does not mind being seen with a dirty shirt, and a beard of two days' growth—while the

same fatal saying allows a woman to go about the house with curl-papers, and sliphop. "That will do," applied to household matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends than when applied to dress. You may expect ill-cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim—to say nothing of shabby carpets, faded paint, dirty muslin curtains, &c. "That will do," has conjured up a host of inefficient teachers, and a still larger proportion of imperfect scholars. "That will do," has sunk many a ship—caused the downfall of scaffolding holding hundreds of human beings—occasions at least half the fires that take place, and is at the bottom of most railway disasters. "That will do," is the enemy to all excellence, and would sap the conscience of the most virtuous man alive, if he hearkened to its dictates. The only persons to whom we recommend it are drunkards, gamblers, and spendthrifts, who may very properly exclaim—"That will do!" All should bear in mind, that nothing will "do" but the very best in point of excellence.

It has been ascertained that 200,000 people daily arrive at and quit London by rail. The North Western Company run 300 trains per day, and employ 11,000 servants.

HABIT.—I trust everything, under God, to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the school-master has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Lord Brougham.*

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—The *Devonport Telegraph* gives the following: "Romance in Real Life.—A striking instance of the mutability of human affairs has recently occurred in the person of a stoker on board of her Majesty's ship *Valorous*, lying at this port. A few days ago this begrimed and sooty son of Neptune was visited on board the said vessel (we are told) by a gentleman, who, after making the necessary inquiries, communicated to the object of his visit the astounding intelligence that he was entitled to the earldom of Stockport, and the immense property attached to the title—of the value of some £34,000 per annum. The feelings of the poor fellow on learning the almost incredible transformation that had taken place in his affairs, may be readily conceived."

HANGED FOR HAVING A HANDSOME HUSBAND.—The Rev. James Fontaine, a member of the Huguenot family, writing in the seventeenth century, tells of his grandfather—he married a second time, "but happily had no addition to his family. It would have been much better for him to have remained a widower, for his last wife was a wicked woman, who became tired of him, and tried to poison him; and though she did not succeed, for medical aid was promptly obtained, yet the offence became too notorious to be hushed up, and she was taken to prison, tried, and condemned to death. It so happened that Henry IV. was then at Rochelle, and application was made to him for a pardon. He replied, that before making an answer, he should like to see the husband she was so anxious to get rid of, to judge for himself, whether there was any excuse for her. When my grandfather appeared before him, he called out, 'Let her be hanged! Let her be hanged! Ventre Saint Gris! He is the handsomest man in my kingdom!'"

CHARMS.—Not long since, the following charm was practised in an English village, on a poor lad, subject to epileptic fits. Nine sixpences were procured from nine virgins ("for which they were to be neither asked nor thanked"), which were made into a ring, which the child wore. There is matter for thought in the subject here introduced. Some will settle the whole thing by saying they don't believe a cure was ever made by means such as have been instanced; while others will admit the facts, and endeavour to account for them on rational principles. The easy and common mode by which these phenomena are disposed of, is to say that the imagination does everything. But this is not quite so satisfactory as many could wish. How does imagination accomplish so singular a work—going, often, in advance of the most experienced physician? There is something, we think, beyond the simple imaginative faculty of the mind. Disease, it has been assumed, and by high authority, is of mental origin. The power of the mind over the body is known. In fact, the body is nothing but the material investiture of the soul, and obedient to it in everything. Without the soul, it would be mere dead matter. How quickly does bodily ailment follow mental disease! Many a serious spell of sickness has originated in jealousy or from violent passion. If disease has its origin in the mind, then there may be mental cures. In other words, the mind may be brought into a state in which mental action will suspend the activity of disease in the body. Is very hard to believe this? We think not.

THE Court intelligence, or "Circular," which ordinarily appears in the daily newspapers, is furnished to them daily by an officer holding the warrant of the Lord Chamberlain for that purpose. The information is duly prepared, authenticated, and forwarded to him by the equestrian waiting; and besides being allowed a liberal salary for its daily transmission to the newspapers, he receives a handsome acknowledgment from "the press" for the same services. The appointment of this officer originated with George the Fourth, in consequence of the scandalous re-

ports that appeared in the newspapers of the period respecting the royal movements of the then *quasi*-bachelor court. Annoyed at these impertinences, the King applied to Townshend, the veteran Bow-street officer—for the surest means of repressing them. Townshend replied, that "To hinder people talking of what they did not know, it would be as well they should know something to talk about." He pointed out how this could be arranged by having some person as a medium for communicating to the newspapers what it was wished they should publish, and recommended for the appointment the father of the gentleman who now holds the office. Thus the "Court news" has been furnished up to the present day.

THE TOMB OF PIZARRO.—In the crypt, under the high altar, at Lima, are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, who was assassinated in the palace. A small piece of silver, which I dropped into the hand of the sacristan, procured me admission into the crypt. Descending a few steps, I entered a small place, some twenty feet long, quite light and whitewashed, and which smelled and looked so much like a comfortable wine-cellar, that I caught myself more than once looking round for the bins and bottles. The first object that I saw was a large, square tomb, surmounted by the erect figure of an abbot; and close by, in a narrow opening in the wall, I noticed what appeared to me to be a collection of dusty rags—but a closer inspection proved that this was all that remained of the great conqueror of Peru. He had still on him the clothes and shoes which he wore at the time of his assassination. Of course his body is nothing but a skeleton covered with dried flesh and skin, so that no features are discernible. The body is covered with what was once white linen, swathed round him; but the dust of centuries had collected on it, and turned it into a light-brown colour; and it almost pulverised when touched. The body is placed on a narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and has been placed in this hole merely to put it out of the way. The folks in Lima do not think anything of the remains of Pizarro.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF COURAGE IN A BIRD.—A short time ago, on descending the hill from Stockcross, a weasel, with a mouse in his mouth, was seen crossing the road, closely pursued by a robin, which frequently pounced on the weasel, uttering shrill notes of defiance. The weasel turned many times, and at last, on reaching the grass on the road-side, it dropped its prey and went back some paces to attack the robin. This was avoided by the bird rising in flight, and immediately darting to the side of the mouse, whose cries of distress had doubtless attracted its attention and excited its sympathy. Before the observer could reach the spots, the weasel had again seized the mouse, and retreated with it into a hole in the adjoining bank, the mouse being either paralysed with fear, or too severely injured to avail himself of the chivalrous interposition of its feathered friend. The bird, regardless of the presence of the witnesses, or trusting to their aid, continued for some time to flit rapidly from bough to bough on the hedge-row, making the most plaintive outcries.—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

A CURIOUS RELIC.—Our friend, Captain Pederson, recently arrived from Peru, brought us for examination, some time since, a remarkable curiosity. It is part of a *poncho*, dug from an Indian grave, at the town of Huacho, about sixty miles from Lima. Its texture is moderately fine, and the raised flowers embroidered in it are as fast in their colours as when first manufactured. It is in itself a convincing proof that the Peruvians were acquainted with the fabrication of woollen goods long before Europeans ever discovered the country—as there is no doubt that this *poncho* was buried, with the body which it enveloped, previous to 1532. The evidence of this is, that it was obtained from a grave near that of one of the Incas; and it will be remembered by the reader, that when these sovereigns died, it was the custom to sacrifice a large number of their attendants, who were interred with them, that they might appear in the next world with their former dignity, and be served with the same respect as they had been in this.—*Panama Star.*

SLAVERY.

The *Paulding Clarion*, a paper published in Mississippi State, has a horrible account of a Legree in real life. "James Clark, a well-known citizen of the county of Clark, made an assault upon his negro woman for a cause which we have not heard stated. He ordered her into a corner of the room, and commenced pitching his knife at her, point foremost. As the knife would enter her flesh, he would compel his victim to draw it forth and return it to him. This diabolical amusement continued until the slave was covered with about fifty bleeding gashes. The same day he whipped his wife, and cut her over the head with his knife: not dangerously, we understand, but in a mass of cruel and painful punctures. He also cut off her eyelids. This strange drama wound up by the commission of a murder. Clark one day ordered his wife to go and call Lewis (a negro belonging to the family). She obeyed, but the slave refused to come—through dread of his enraged master, we suppose. Mrs. Clark returned, and was whipped by her husband for not bringing the negro. Five times was she sent upon this capricious mission, five times was it fruitless, and each time was she whipped for her failure. Clark then called to the slave, informing him that he would shoot him next morning. The negro, it seems, did not heed the warning, for while splitting rails the next day he was deliberately shot by his master. The wound was fatal. The negro ran about 300 yards, and fell in mortal agony. Thus terminated one of the most barbarous transactions that it has ever been our painful and repugnant duty to record. Clark was arrested by a deputation of citizens, who, indignant at the horrible crimes attributed to him, deemed it their duty to aid in bringing him to undignified punishment.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. SMITH.—To lay water-colours on parchment, without their running, the latter should be rubbed over by what the lawyers' clerks call pounce, which is whitening dried, and applied by means of a coil of woollen cloth.

B. S. Z.—The eldest son of an intestate is entitled to all the freehold property, as heir-at-law, and to a share of the personal property. If there are three children and a widow, the latter takes a full third, and the former a third share each of the remaining two-thirds.

GEORGE LEIGH.—A promissory note is a legal instrument only during the period of six years from the date thereof.

COLUMBUS.—A marriage contracted in England is legal all the world over. International law recognises all pecuniary and necessary contracts entered into in other countries.

J. R.—The children of a deceased brother take the property of their intestate uncle, but their mother has no share or claim whatever in law.

A. B.—You say you have married your deceased brother's wife, and that she taunts you with the illegality of the marriage, and is otherwise irregular in her conduct. Serve you right. You committed an offence in marrying the woman. The analogy of a deceased wife's sister won't hold good in such a case.

LUCY DEAN.—You dismissed your lover for a trivial fault, and now, of course, you want him back again. Have faith in his love for you. Besides, you have merited some punishment. The phrase, "Under the rose," is of classic origin. In the days of the jovial Greeks, the rose figured on the ceilings and walls of the apartments in which feasts were given, and whatever was said there was considered to go no further—hence the saying.

ANNIE AND ALICE put two questions on etiquette to us: 1. If a gentleman call upon a lady, he not having dined, and the lady having done so, is it unpollite, if he wish her "good morning," for her to reply, "good afternoon or evening?" 2. If, at a party, a lady should meet a gentleman who has always shown her marked attention, ought she to consider it a slight if he does not dance the first dance with her? To the first question we reply, that the salutation, "good morning," may be used up to six o'clock in the evening—not afterwards. The lady should have replied in the same words. With respect to the second question, we think the gentleman committed a breach of etiquette. But it is allowed that when a gentleman is engaged to a lady, he should not be too conspicuous in his attentions to her in public: it excites remarks, which, as it is not everybody that is good-natured, had better be avoided.

A. QUERIST.—Before the sovereign allows a book to be dedicated to her, she must previously be consulted and approve of the work. In case of war with France, the description of property that would suffer the greatest depreciation would be the funds. The people at large would suffer dreadfully, for war would interfere with our foreign trade, and make the loaf ruinously dear. Nobody who has the least amount of feeling for his poorer fellow-creatures would ever wish for a war of any description.

JUVENTS.—The malformation called "knock-knees" may be cured in young people, by wearing a short crutch with two shoulders between the knees when asleep, and in a sitting posture.

MNNIGREY has sent a correct solution to the rebus which appeared in a late number of this Journal. It is a name most dear to every Englishman—viz., "Wellington." The following is the explanation of the figures: My 7 5 6 is a spirit—which is gin; my 8 9 10 is a weight—ton; my 7 9 10 2 is applied to the departed—gone; my 4 5 9 6 is a beast of prey—lion; my 1 5 6 7 is part of a bird—wing; my 2 3 is a fish—eel; my 1 5 6 2 is a juice of certain fruits—wine; my 9 10 5 9 6 is a vegetable—onion.

LADY OF THE LAKE AND HIGHLAND MARY wish to know why negroes are black, and why they have always been in a state of slavery? To the first question we can only reply by asking why are white men white, and yellow men yellow? The laws of colour and race are strong and exacting, but cannot be positively defined. Climate, moral and mental habits, and those inevitable tendencies which we know pervade the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, but which have hitherto baffled the keenest human research, have given the determinate character to the various races of mankind. As to the slavery question, that is the old story of the weak being tyrannised over by the strong. Man is not singular in that exhibition of conduct; for, among the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, the strong make vassals or victims of the weak. Slavery, under certain conditions, is a natural system—a vice, if you please—which can only be destroyed by the growth of other conditions, which, in their practice and more extended action, render the existence of that particular one wholly unnecessary.

ASPINALL TURNER.—We think the argument well founded, which says that the human pulse has only a certain number of pulsations in the life-time, however healthy the person may be; and that, if it beats above a certain number of pulsations in the minute, the person is too rapidly consuming his life. Excess is provocative of decay; therefore, if health requires only a certain number of pulsations per minute, all above that number is a waste of energy. This psychological fact is the best argument that could be used against intemperance. From birth to seventy, a man's pulse, at the healthy rate, should beat about two thousand millions of times; but if, by immoderate indulgence, he quickens his pulse, he must get through the two thousand millions of beats in less time, and so hasten his death.

ANNIE.—Your husband, you say, complains about your keeping so many pets about the house. He says it is a useless expense and an objectionable whim. As to the latter, we will not pronounce an opinion; on the former, we can state that, in the first instance, the actual cost looks a mere trifle; but, when viewed altogether, it is not so insignificant as may be imagined. The cost of keeping a cat is not less than four-pence per week—say, in round numbers, seventeen shillings a year—a sum that would purchase a good winter bonnet at Christmas, or a hat for your husband. But let us go a little further, and look at the whole expenditure on the cat tribe. There are about 4,000,000 houses in Britain. Now, as one cat per house is a fair enough average, we have

4,000,000 cats, at 17s. each per annum, making £3,400,000.

Only imagine such a sum annually expended on cats! Take another of the pet family—the dog. There are at least 4,000,000 dogs in Britain. Now, as a dog costs at least twice as much to keep as a cat, we have

4,000,000 dogs, at 34s. per annum each, making £6,800,000
Add to that the cat expenditure 3,400,000

And you have a sum total of . . . £10,200,000

directly expended on cats and dogs; and the amount would be prodigiously increased, if we were to take into account the enormous pilferings by these domestic pets. This £10,200,000 per annum would pay off the national debt in half a century; or, if allowed to accumulate for ten years, would provide a fund which would be a splendid guarantee against pauperism and poverty, and also establish an educational fund in perpetuity for thrice the number of children and young men and women that are now in these islands. Little things, you see, become very great things, when properly investigated.

S. FRANCIS.—Learned societies confer degrees and honours on all great discoverers, and government sometimes rewards them with pensions. Mr. Hind, the astronomer, lately received a pension. You must make your discovery known to the whole world, and, if worth anything, you will be certain to obtain a reward for your exertions. Learning and genius of a practical character rarely go a-begging in these days.

COLLEEN ASTHORE.—We give insertion to your rebus, but cannot promise to notice any others, or give all the answers to this. I am two words of 16 letters. My 1 6 9 4 16 is clever; my 3 6 11 is a title of respect; my 13 2 12 11 is an animal; my 7 10 4 is a snare; my 5 6 9 15 is a small insect; my 16 10 12 11 is a portion of time; my 8 9 2 10 11 is to guide; my 3 9 12 11 is a luminary; my 7 2 12 11 is close; my 13 12 14 16 is a young child; my 9 15 7 is a number; my 2 11 12 is an epoch; my 1 10 8 9 is one of the cardinal points; my 11 12 4 is an animal; my 2 12 11 is one of the organs; my 9 10 12 11 is to break; my 1 6 8 10 is prudent; and my whole is a magnificent structure.

TRISTRAM.—Your question properly belongs to our essay department—but we can venture to say, that great wealth in the possession of men engaged in commerce and manufactures, if not counteracted by other influences, produces the most mischievous effects on the prosperity of a country, apart from the bad use that might be made of it. In the first place, it prevents competition on the part of men of small means, and thus limits the number of employers to those who, having made their fortune, are naturally reluctant to risk anything, and slow to engage in new speculations—and this leads to a decrease of the national commerce. And, secondly, because—there being no chance at home for those who feel they are fit to rise above the mere labourer, and whose energies and talents are craving for an opportunity to display themselves—they either emigrate to other countries, or become unproductive and discontented at home. In both cases the country loses all that those men could have accomplished in the advantageous employment of their own labour, and that of the labouring population generally; and it loses still more in providing rival countries with the sinews of industry, to be used against itself in the race of competition, and in leaving within itself an element of discord. Another evil resulting from a limited number of merchants and manufacturers is, that it destroys the intermediate grades of society—it sends too many into the rough labour market—and these few who are able to rise above the surface, rise too high.

J. M. N.—Railways are a national necessity. Of course they are—who doubts it? But if the convenience is to be thrust upon us, common propriety and decency suggest that it should be rendered as useful to us as possible. If other joint-stock companies are compelled to comply with the force of circumstances, why should railways be exempted? If water is to be cheapened and sweetened, what pretext can there be for not applying a similar reformatory rule to travelling? None in the world, except that it is forbidden by the present railway system—which, in effect, is a monopoly that has become obnoxious to the public interests. And so it will remain, until the legislature introduces a mode of management which will limit or altogether supersede the powers of boards of directors, and place the lives and limbs of the millions who annually traverse the United Kingdom, in the care of officials who shall be responsible for any inefficiency, neglect, and wanton risk of human life, to a legally constituted and prompt executive body. At present there is no guarantee of safety for a single hour on any line in the kingdom—no restraint upon railway extortion, no redress for railway impudence or abuse.

PEACE.—We entirely disagree with you, and think the public individual you have named committed a great mistake, when he ventured to put forth his absurd theories on Peace and War. Nothing is more sensitive than commerce—it instinctively dreads physical force, and would offer a desperate resistance to any violence, as well as take instant alarm at any threat of violence. Now it has everything to apprehend from France, and we need only refer to the *casus belli* of the last war. France then was not a commercial country, because it did not respect commerce; and, disdaining a commercial alliance with England on equal terms, and detesting and thwarting England on every occasion, provoked on the part of England a very natural antagonism. France was chastised, and very properly; and would be so again, if she rushed into a similar war of rivalry. England will not provoke such a war, because England, for the last thirty-eight years, instead of encouraging perpetual sharpening of swords and boring of cannons, has sought triumphs through the channels of industrial skill and indomitable enterprise. Instead of carving men into pieces, and enriching soils with the *élite* of her population, she has dug great holes in the bowels of the earth, ploughed the seas, and enlisted in her service the mental suggestions and mechanical skill of the universe. When France has the wisdom to appreciate such an example, then we shall be under no apprehension of any war between her and England.

MRS. JONES thinks Parliament ought to reduce the duties on tea; so do we, most cordially. Tea is now a necessity—but it is not within the reach of the poor man; if it were, assuming our population to be 28,000,000, instead of importing 56,000,000 lbs. per annum, we ought to import not less than 210,000,000 lbs.; for if a person takes tea twice a day, he will consume about $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs. a-year; whereas, at present, the average consumption for the whole population is only about 2 lbs. per head per annum, which would only allow each individual tea about once a week. But the truth is, the bulk of our population cannot afford to drink tea, when the average price is 4s. 6d. per lb. And they don't drink tea—hence the enormous consumption of beer: for the calculated rate of consumption is, that at present only about one person out of every fifty can have tea twice a day; one of every seven only once a day; and out of the remaining population only 12,000,000 can procure it once in the week; so that the other ten millions do not enjoy tea at all. If the ladies would only agree that the tea duties should come down to a trifle per pound, Parliament would speedily give way; and as tea in China only costs tenpence per pound, everybody would drink tea, and better habits would be introduced into society—for tea is a great reformer of manners.

FLORENCE H., a gay, lively girl of eighteen, wants a beau. She is a famous housekeeper, and would make an admirable wife.

H. H. would like to correspond with "Alfred Travers." She is a lady by birth and education, fair, considered very good-looking, and will have plenty of money.

L. S. is so charmed with the sweet account which "Amelia, the daughter of a retired gentleman," gives of herself, that he would be glad to make her an offer of his hand forthwith. He is twenty-two, tall, with dark eyes, handsome person, and a private fortune of £600 per annum.

MOUNT ALEXANDER has just returned to the Old World, after several years' absence at the Antipodes. He has been a successful digger at the Mount Alexander mines, and has secured several thousand pounds—and as, at the death of a near relative, he will have several thousands more, including a small freehold, he thinks he ought to marry. He is thirty-one years of age, in robust health, of florid complexion, and tolerably good-looking.

Snowdrop, a young lady having recently attained her majority, is desirous of obtaining a partner for life. The gentleman must possess at least £400 per annum. She is of a fair complexion, with dark hair and sparkling eyes, tall, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. She enjoys a comfortable independence, derived from landed property.

EXPECTANT offers himself to "Florence," and would be proud of entering into a correspondence, in order to the ultimate formation of an alliance. He is twenty-six years of age, light in complexion, about the middle height, and good-looking. In disposition he is cheerful, with a taste for literature and music. As to pecuniary matters, he is junior partner with a relative in a highly respectable firm, the net profits of which amount to £2000 per annum.

MILLO, a middle-aged widower, living in a suburban village, seeks for another "partner for life." His friends describe him as being amiable in temper and good-looking, and he himself can say that he belongs to a good family, and is well off. The lady sought must have a little property, which might be secured to herself; not less than forty years of age, or more than fifty-five, and if stout in figure, would be preferred.

MARIA C. wishes to meet with a kind and affectionate husband. She would not object to a widower, but in either case he must be tall, and of a very gentlemanly appearance. She is about the middle height, with dark hair and eyes, and generally considered handsome. She is twenty-three, and a lady by birth and education.

EMMA, without hesitation, admits that she would like to be married. She is rather above the middle height, with a good carriage, slight figure, fair complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes, and is generally considered remarkably good-looking. She belongs to an old and opulent family, and is just twenty-two.

A TERRACE BEAU wishes to meet with a young lady who is tall, genteel, good-looking, industrious, and of a cheerful disposition. He is of the middle height, slender, and considered handsome. He has no profession, but occupies his time in assisting in the superintendence of a large estate belonging to his father.

ELLEN GLOVER'S APPEAL TO THE BACHELORS.

Dear Mr. Editor, pray do heed me,
I'll be brief, as brief as need be:
Can you tell me, if in reason,
To wed at twenty would be treason?
In stature I am pretty tall,
(Being five feet five), and fair withal;
My teeth are good, my hair is pretty,
My eyes are something of the jetty;
I do possess what will maintain me—
For being choice, pray do not blame me.

My husband's person must be straight,
In height not less than five feet eight;
He must not have his whiskers thin,
Nor wear them growing on his chin
(For in the strength of our imagination,
We do admire the "bushy" cultivation).
A man of sense, of honour's feeling,
A gentleman in strictest meaning.
My name in full is Ellen Glover,
I'm twenty years, a well-to-lover.

MISS IDA MYRTLE, having seen the notice of "F. R. S.," an English retired officer, with a foreign title, who is desirous of forming an alliance with a lady of education and fortune, responds to his appeal, as she has not only in her possession both these requisites, but health, youth, and beauty. She has a strong wish to be a titled lady; her age is twenty-three.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—James J. Hatch (Pretty, but feeble)—Nanta (Take the autograph to a collector. The cheap books constantly being advertised, would supply you with all the information you have required from us)—John Strong (Ireland is considered one of the finest grazing countries in the world)—A Reader (The sun is nearer to the earth in winter than in summer, but its rays being more horizontal, float as it were over the earth, instead of as in summer, acting upon it from a vertical position)—A. H. (Webster's and Walker's Dictionaries (latest editions) contain all the words that were in use or adopted into the English language, up to very nearly 1848)—J. Dixon (Yarmouth is chiefly a fishing port, but since the establishment of railways, it has obtained considerable foreign trade. It always had a good coasting traffic)—Forfar (Mr. Macaulay, the celebrated author, is a Scotchman by birth, family, and education)—R. J. A. (Captain "James" Cook)—Henry Williams (The anecdote given in a recent number of this Journal, of the late Duke of Wellington and the maniac, "Apollon," is well authenticated. The incident is given on the authority of Colonel Gurnwood)—E. L. M. (Study Blair's, Murray's or Cobbett's English Grammar. The latter is more adapted to an adult who wishes to study English prose composition)—Adelaide (The nurses of her Majesty's infant children are generally recommended through the ladies of the court. Mrs. Lilley obtained her situation through the Duchess of Sutherland)—Ada (Advertise in the daily *Times*). There are many such institutions in England)—J. E. Waller (The handwriting might be improved into an excellent style)—An Admirer (The loveliness of the Venus de Medicis is, we believe, 4 feet 8 inches)—L. M. (The "Lives of the Queens of England," commenced in No. 387 of this Journal)—A Tyro (Declined, with thanks)—Cricketer (Madame Vestris is about fifty years of age, and still a remarkably fine woman)—M. Belmont (Your penmanship is defective, but, being a free style, some careful practice would soon improve it)—Rhys ap Tudor (Drapers' and chemists' assistants are not, and never will be, allowed free passages to the colonies)—Coulson (Cling to the bank. The Stock and Share Broker business is very precarious. On the slightest probability of a war with France, Capel Court would be ruined)—Brazhen (Purchase our "Treatise on the Hair")—Charles (Never call yourself "Charlie"—it is a vulgar practice to alter or abbreviate Christian names. The proper address would be, "Mr. F. T. care of A. B. Esq., &c., &c.")—Orphan (Remove your sister from the virago's grasp, and set her at defiance. It is the only safe plan. If you allow your sister to be tortured, she will be tempted to some dreadful act. Be firm, decided, prompt, and manly.)—Clara (At the leading milliners' establishments, fancy needlework is received by post, and paid for without the parties knowing each other)—A. P. (Sir W. Molesworth is Chief Commissioner of Public Works)—T. Savill, jun. (Declined, with thanks)—E. R. L. jun. (At a chemist's shop)—Louisa (Use white precipitate, or sulphur, mixed inlard)—Mrs. W. Jones (Send the amount in postage-stamps, to the publisher, 334, Strand)—Lizzie Leigh (The price of a number of this Journal, by post, is fourpence. Procure it from a publication vender)—Apprentice (Because you think your wages are inadequate, would not be any reason at all for leaving your master. You must fulfil your engagement)—Mary Ann Howard (If the sister was the landlady and supplied the board, &c., she can recover the debt)—G. J. (Consult a Dictionary of Chemical Terms)—S. T. R. (Your letter is a mystery to us)—S. S. W. (A druggist's apprentice would have to assist in cleaning out the shop, and arranging it for the day)—F. O. S. (Some back-stairs influence is indispensable to procure a situation under government.)—J. T. H. (A biographical sketch of Miss Woolgar was given in No. 256 of this Journal)—J. Williamson—William Hopeful—Thomas York—Rosaline Scott—A. B.—Du Poire—H. H.—R. W. J.—Agnes B.—P. B.—A. Lew.

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[RED RALPH RELATING HIS ADVENTURE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE KING'S ARMS.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The village alehouse, where the gossips meet,
To talk of tales long past, of present changes;
Old men, the chroniclers of by-gone days,
Frequent the chimney nook.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

THE King's Arms, at Mortlake, was one of those quiet, old-fashioned country inns, so fast disappearing from the road-sides and villages of England, before the united inroads of steam and rail. In its well-sanded, dreamy, odd chambers, the wayworn traveller—as the merry knight of Shakspeare expresses it—might take his ease, secure of hospitable treatment, comfortable fare, and reasonable charges—things, we regret to add, which are daily becoming more scarce.

It was not much frequented by strangers, but had its stated customers, depending chiefly for support upon the tradesmen of the place, the servants of the neighbouring gentry, and the market-gardeners—rather a numerous class, for the land round Mortlake and Sheen is cultivated chiefly for the supply of the London markets. These persons regularly passed their evenings in the parlour or tap-room of the hostel, according to their respective standing in the village.

Every parlour and tap-room has its oracle; men who are thought wise, because they pronounce dogmatically. Such persons are as jealous of their authority and opinions as a coquette of her lovers, or a politician of his influence.

The great gun of the parlour was the village schoolmaster—a canny Scotchman—who had educated most of the rising generation of Mortlake. Like many of his countrymen, he possessed considerable shrewdness and some learning. The former he used to maintain the position he had assumed, by playing off one party against another, studying their weakness, from which he drew his strength, in order to hold the balance between them.

Modern statesmen, in a wider sphere of action, do the same.

His learning was displayed in scraps of odd, out-of-the-

way knowledge, and curious anecdotes connected with the traditions of the place. In politics he was a Whig—perhaps something more; had a great respect for the now almost forgotten names of Hunt and Cobbett—had a perfect horror of the *Times*, whose editors he pronounced ready-made rascals, although he acknowledged their talent.

Amble—the name of the schoolmaster—like other great men, was not without his weak point. His consisted in the idea that he was possessed of a remarkably fine bass voice. With all his quips and oddities, he was a fine-hearted old fellow, ever ready to contribute his mite to the distressed; quarrelling one moment with a neighbour, inconveniencing himself, perhaps, to serve him the next. He had never been known to bear resentment four-and-twenty hours but once, and then it must be owned the provocation was sufficiently strong to palliate, if not justify, the unchristian-like feeling. An artist, a painter of men and manners, had disputed the excellence of his lower G; more, he had even had the cruelty to induce a friend—one of the bassos of the Opera House—to spend an evening in the parlour of the King's Arms, and sing the old man's favourite—indeed, his only song—

I am a friar of orders grey,
And down in the valley I take my way.

The *habitués* of the room very properly discountenanced the attempt, by declaring that it was nothing like the schoolmaster's—and it was not.

Amble's dignity was deeply wounded. A man with one song is like a man with one idea. Woe to those who anticipate the former or venture to dispute the latter.

The oracle of the tap-room was an old Thames waterman, known by the name of Kit Crust; and never, perhaps, were name and character better assimilated. He agreed with no one; and maintained his influence, from that very reason, over all. He once had the honour of forming one of the boat's crew which rowed George III. and his queen from Kew to Richmond; and, no matter what the argument or subject of conversation, he invariably clenched his opinion, by alluding to that glorious fact. It was whispered amongst his most intimate friends that he had left directions to have engraved upon his tombstone—for he was well to do in the world—

"Here lies Kit Crust, who helped to row his Most Gracious Majesty George III."

Although their orbits were different, the schoolmaster

and the boatman sometimes clasped: not in their persons, but opinions. This was occasioned by the frequenters of either room, dissatisfied with the judgment of their own oracle, appealing to that of the other—a species of treason against their authority which either potentate resented.

Both parlour and tap-room, on the evening we are about to describe, were agitated by a rumour that Red Ralph, Remnant's cowboy, had encountered a certain nameless personage in Cromwell House.

Of course our readers have not forgotten the fright the lad received from the ayah, on the occasion of his last visit to the dilapidated mansion of the great regicide.

Never previously had Ralph found himself an object of such general interest. After relating his tale in the tap-room, he had been sent for into the parlour. Amble had even condescended to pat him on the head—an honour which raised the lad considerably in his own esteem; for, like most of the youngsters in the place, he stood in great awe of the schoolmaster.

Just as he was about to recommence his narration for the fifth time, two travellers made their appearance in the parlour of the little inn. One was an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, between forty and fifty years of age. His companion, who had rather a rustic look, was young enough to be his son.

So little were the frequenters of the room accustomed to see strangers amongst them, that every eye was directed towards the new comers, as if they almost resented their intrusion, and then turned towards Amble, to ask his opinion of them. The old man nodded solemnly once or twice between the whiffs of his pipe, as much as to say—"Wait awhile—I'll sound their bearings."

Ralph having repeated his wonderful story, was dismissed to the kitchen, where the chambermaid and cook were impatiently waiting to hear him: the latter, with professional instinct, guessed the way to his confidence—she placed the remains of a rabbit pie before him: it was savoury enough to serve as a key even to a policeman's heart.

"Well, doctor," exclaimed a shrewd-looking young man, who had lately settled in Mortlake as a builder and architect; "what is your opinion of this rigmorole?"

The schoolmaster hesitated: the question was somewhat novel. Like a prudent man, he paused before committing himself by pronouncing judgment.

"Suspicious, but not conclusive," replied the pedagogue at last; "incline which way you will, doubt, like a recur-

ring decimal, will return. The *rigmarole*—which, *par*—
is a vile word—would appear probable, if it
were possible.

"You are no believer in ghosts, sir?" observed the elder
of the two strangers, who had been an interested listener
to the boy's story.

"In scriptural ones, sir—scriptural ones. I believe in
Satan and the witch of Endor!" was the reply.

"And the one which warned your own Scottish mon-
arch, James, before the fatal fight at Flodden?" added
the gentleman: "for I perceive, by your accent, that you
are from the other side of the border."

This was a sore hit—a very sore one—to Amble; who,
like many of his countrymen, laboured under the delusion
that he spoke English with a purity and accent which
defied detection. A quiet smile played upon the features
of most present.

"You have been *told*, sir," he answered, rather tartly,
"that I am from Scotland—I never deny my country;
But let that flea stick by the wall, as the old saying is.
As you are so learned in accents," he added, "doubtless
ye must have been a great traveller?"

The stranger shook his head, to negative the supposition.
"Or at least seen many strange things in the course of
your life?" continued the speaker. "Now, what is your
opinion of this *rigmarole*, as my young friend classically
calls it?"

"Nothing can be more simple," replied the gentleman;
"the boy has been frightened by his own imagination."

"But Ralph has no imagination," observed the school-
master, with a chuckle; "Nature has denied him the
faculty!"

"Or has been terrified at finding himself alone in an
uninhabited house, to which so many strange reports are
attached," added the stranger.

"But Cromwell House is not uninhabited," added the
Scotchman.

The two strangers exchanged glances, and the younger
one whispered to his companion, in an under-tone, the
name of the ayah.

Elworthy—for it was no other than the lawyer and Joe
Beans who had introduced themselves into the society
assembled in the little parlour at the King's Arms—nodded
assent.

"By some ancient family who have long possessed it,
no doubt?" he observed.

"Ancient or young," replied Amble, "we ken very little
about them—the place is kept locked and guarded like a
prison; now and then the gates are opened to admit a
carriage which whisks through the village, and that is
all any one sees of the inhabitants."

"But they pay well," observed the grocer.

"And regularly," chimed in the baker; "so they must
be respectable."

The butcher, with whom they had not yet dealt, was of
a different opinion.

"We shall see strange things soon," observed the sex-
ton—who, since the fright he had received on the night of
his visit to the church with the Khan, had been a constant
frequent of the inn; "for my part, I believe the boy's
story—the powers of darkness are loosed!"

All eagerly pressed the speaker to explain himself.
Prudence, of course, kept him silent. His traffic with the
mysterious recluse in the cottage had not been of a nature
to bear explanation. Many of the relatives of those whose
heads he had supplied him with—as he believed, for no Chris-
tian purpose—were present. All that could be drawn from
him were muttered exclamations of—

"Time will show—time will show!"

"But show us what?"

The sexton shuddered, and spoke no more, but soon
afterwards he left the room.

"Old cross-bones has seen something!" whispered the
landlord to the schoolmaster.

"If it was worse than himself," was the reply, "it must
have been hideous, indeed!"

The two travellers had arranged to pass the night at
the little inn. The elder one almost immediately after-
wards retired to rest, leaving his companion to follow up
the design which had brought them to Mortlake.

Red Ralph, who had been the hero of the night, both
in the parlour and tap-room, was wending his way towards
the cottage where he resided with his aged grand-
mother—

Whistling as he went, for want of thought—

when a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder: the boy
started, and turned.

"Lord bless I," he exclaimed; "why didst thee
frighten a body so?"

"Don't be frightened!"

"I beant," replied Ralph, perfectly satisfied that the
speaker was human; "there be plenty of folks near."

"And if there were not," said Joe Beans—for it was no
other than our old acquaintance—"you would have nothing
to fear from me! Ralph," he added, "are you fond of
money?"

"Yes!" answered the savage, with a broad grin.

The young man took from his pocket five sovereigns,
and showed them in the palm of his hand to the cowboy,
who probably had never seen so much gold at one time in
his life. It appeared a treasure to his unsophisticated
mind.

"Be all that gowd?" he demanded.

"Joe nodded.

"Real gowd?"

"As good," said the young man, "as ever came from
the Bank. Now listen to me—on one condition they are
yours!"

"Mine?" repeated the astonished lad.

"Yes!"

"What, all?"

"All!"

"And what mun I do for it?"

"Introduce me to Cromwell House!"

"Noa!" answered Ralph, with a shudder; "Noa! I
shouldn't so much mind, if it wor day!"

"Day or night—what difference can that make?"

"The ghostes never come by day," muttered the
urchin, casting a greedy look upon the coins which Joe
still held in his extended hand.

"Listen to me, Ralph," replied the young man.

"I will."

"The ghost you have seen was no ghost—only a black
woman—one of the servants of the house. I have seen
her a dozen times in a distant part of the country. Of
course you have heard of black people?"

The lad hesitated: he certainly had heard of black
men—nay, he had even seen one—a sailor, who had
strayed from the classic purlieus of Wapping to the rustic
shades of Mortlake. Therefore he knew that there were
such things as black men in the world—it was the exist-
ence of black women that he doubted; but, as the school-
master observed, he had no imagination.

"Will 'ee go with I?" he demanded, after a pause.

"The very thing I have been requesting," said Joe.

"Dang it, then, but I'll try!" exclaimed Ralph, with
sudden resolution; "if thee beant afeard, I don't see
why should I be! Let I just feel the gowd—I never
touched a real survin afore!"

"More," said the young man; "you shall have one in
your pocket, as an earnest of the rest."

So saying, he placed one of the glittering coins in the
hand of the lad, who grinned and laughed with delight—
he swelled with the importance of his newly-acquired
wealth.

"I'll go—I'll go!" he chuckled, his courage wader-
fully strengthened by the magnetic touch; "but it be
really a woman," he added, "and no ghost?"

"Really a woman."

"Follow I!" continued the boy; "they may lock the
gates and bar the *winders*, but they can't bar I out of
Cromwell House—it be loike a rabbit burrow; there be
plenty of ways in and out. Don't 'ee speak," he added,
as they approached the narrow lane running parallel with
the lawn in front of the mansion; "and if anybody comes,
do as I do."

"And what may that be?" demanded Joe Beans.

By way of illustrating his intention, Red Ralph fell
upon his hands and knees, and began creeping like a
dog under the shadow of the hedge.

Joe had too frequently practised the same feat, when
he and Henry Ashton were boys together, and they had
stolen from the farm on a moonlight night, to try the
farmer's gun upon the common, to find the least difficulty
in following his example.

"By gum!" exclaimed the cowboy, with a chuckle;
"but thee beest one of the right sort! Thee beest used
to it!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.
SHAKESPEARE.

The morning at last arrived on which Sir Thomas
Lawrence was to present our hero to the Sovereign
Pontiff, Pius VII., a prince in whose gentle heart the
spirit of persecution had never entered. Even his great
enemy, Napoleon, loved him for his gentleness, respected
him for his firmness of character—although that firmness
had thwarted one of the darling schemes of his ambition.
He had endured captivity and exile patiently. Restored
to his throne by the allies, after the downfall of his per-
secutor, he bore his honours meekly.

Since the days of Ganganelli—whom English travellers
named the Protestant Pope—no one had filled the Papal
throne with greater humility than the good and amiable
Charamonti, who, previous to his elevation to the chair
of St. Peter, had even been suspected of liberalism by
the Ultramontanes. The shelter which, in the hour of
adversity, he afforded to the family of his fallen per-
secutor, speaks more for the benevolence of his heart,
than a hundred panegyrics.

To the unhappy Lady Mowbray the interview was a most
important one: it was to decide, as she fondly imagined,
between home and the cloister—the recovery of her son,
the restoration of her matron fame, and that living tomb
which excludes the worm, but not the vain regrets and
broken hopes to which death brings relief.

"Farewell, dear Walter!" said Henry Ashton, pressing
the hand of his friend, who for the first time had been
permitted to quit his bed of suffering for a couch, near
the window. "Our kind friend Martingale will more than
supply my place till I return."

The gentle smile of the invalid and his glance seemed
to reproach the speaker for supposing that any one
could supply his place: no—much as he felt disposed to
like his new acquaintance, Walter Mowbray felt that he
never could become to him a friend like Henry.

The agent of Meeran Hafaz saw the glance, and it
annoyed him—for, by one of those strange contradictions of
humanity, he felt desirous of securing the friendship of
the youths whose happiness he was plotting against. He
liked them from sympathy—he destroyed them from cal-
culation. In feeling he was a sentimentalist—in morals a
mathematician.

"I will do my best," he said; "but Walter says truly,
I cannot replace you!"

The friends looked surprised, and the invalid observed
that he had not uttered a word.

"Words," continued the speaker, "are but the signs
of thought. A look will often express them far more

eloquently. I frequently glean from them more than from
language. We may school our tongues, but not our eyes:
they are the windows of the soul, and, curtain them as we
may, the spirit will peep forth."

"A philosopher!" exclaimed Henry, laughingly.

"No, a mere observer. Life is too short to analyse."

"And what has observation taught you?" demanded
Mowbray.

"To doubt!" was the bitter and somewhat sarcastic
reply; "none but dreamers trust!"

"Out upon thee for a slanderer of thyself!" exclaimed
Henry Ashton. "Do not believe him, Walter—it is but a
momentary spleen. I am sure that he would rather live
the world's blind fool, than act its heartless cynic! To
hear him prate, one would almost think his heart a charnel-
house—its tenant bitter ashes!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the deceiver, with affected
carelessness, "you will persuade me that I am better
than I judge myself!"

Shortly after our hero had taken his departure, one of
the domestics of the hotel entered the room, to say that
a gentleman desired to speak with the Signor Ashton.

"You know he has left the casa?" observed Martingale.

"I told him so," continued the man; "but either he
would not believe me, or had his own reasons for perse-
vering. He is in the next apartment."

"The next apartment!" repeated both the young men,
"with surprise."

"I dared not refuse him," said the waiter, in an apolo-
getic tone. Then, lowering his voice, he added, "he is a
member of the secret police of Rome—they penetrate
everywhere!"

At the word "police," despite his habitual self-com-
mand, the countenance of Martingale changed. Something
whispered that the visit boded him no good.

"I will see this man myself!" he said, addressing the
invalid, "and learn his business. Police!" he repeated,
with an attempt to smile; "this is some stupid mistake
of the servant's."

"We never mistake signor," replied the man; "there
is not a domestic in any one of the inns of Rome—from
the Hotel d'Espagne to the humblest osteria—but is
acquainted with them."

"Why so?"

The poor fellow shrugged his shoulders—the usual re-
source of an Italian when he either fears or does not wish
to give an answer.

It is a fact no less degrading to the Pontifical govern-
ment than the character of its subjects, that no man is
allowed to serve as a waiter in Rome, unless he consents
to act as a spy for the police, whose agents are sent
round daily to collect their reports. We recollect per-
fectly complaining on more than one occasion to Francez,
our landlord, in the Via Condotti, of the impertinence of
his porter; several of his guests, as well as ourself, advised
him to discharge him: the poor fellow dared not—in fact,
could not—he had been imposed upon him by the secret
police.

This occurred in 'forty-eight, the year of revolutions
over two-thirds of Europe.

Although far from suspecting the real character of the
treacherous man who, like a serpent, had introduced him-
self to his and Henry's friendship, Walter Mowbray could
not avoid thinking it rather singular that Martingale
should carefully close the door which communicated with
the saloon, as he left the room. In the low, nervous
state to which his wounds had reduced him, it slightly
irritated him; but the feeling gradually gave way to one
of a yet deeper interest, as a word spoken in a louder tone
than the rest caught his ear.

"Would I were strong enough to leave the sofa!" he
murmured; "would I were strong enough!"

When Martingale entered the *salon de reception*, he
found a shrewd-looking, elderly man, plainly but gentle-
manly dressed, seated at the table, upon which was the
travelling desk in which Henry Ashton kept his cor-
respondence and his papers. The Italian turned his cold,
searching glance upon the Englishman, as if he would read
him through. The traitor endured the scrutiny unmoved:
he had strung his nerves for the occasion—like his heart,
they were of iron.

"The Signor Ashton, I presume?" said the agent of the
police.

"His friend only," replied the accomplished deceiver.

"The signor is absent."

"And when will he return?"

Martingale shrugged his shoulders, as much as to inti-
mate that it was one of those questions which he found it
impossible to answer.

"The signor is young," he said, "and has many en-
gagements into which friendship must not pry too
curiously."

The Italian smiled—he perfectly comprehended the
insinuation.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "if your friend has
lately received letters from England?"

"Not very lately, I believe; the post is so irregular,"
replied Martingale. "I knew that some weeks since he
complained of it bitterly. But may I ask the motive of
such a question?"

"I belong to the police of Rome," answered the
stranger.

The Englishman drew himself up with well-affected
surprise.

"The secret police," added the visitor.

"I really do not see how my friend the Signor Ashton,
attached to the British embassy in Naples, can have raised
the suspicion of the Roman government. Any communi-
cation would have been more or less from the Minister
of Foreign Affairs, the Cardinal Secretary, who honours
him with his friendship."

"I know it," replied the Italian, perfectly deceived by

the cool self-possession and assumed haughtiness of the speaker; "my visit is a friendly one."

Martingale expressed increased surprise.

"When I say a friendly one, it is made in his interest. As you are the friend of the signor, there can be no impropriety in my intrusting you with the affair."

"You must be the best judge of that," was the reply, uttered with such well-affected indifference, that it deceived even the wily agent of the police; "I can have no opinion on the subject."

"The correspondence," said the man, lowering his voice, "has been tampered with!"

"By the government?"

"Fie, signor—fie!" exclaimed the visitor; the supposition is unjust. The government of the Holy Father is no less noted for its paternal benignity than its honourable conduct towards strangers. It would blush to —"

Martingale began to yawn. The speaker, seeing that the eloquent vindication of the Pontifical government which he was about to utter would be thrown away, at once dropped the subject.

"No, signor; by some agent from England."

The Englishman shook his head incredulously.

"Certain!" continued the man; "we have the confession of the *employé* at the post-office, whose extravagant expenditure first excited the suspicions of his superiors. He has received three hundred ducats," he added, in a tone which betrayed more envy than indignation, "just for giving up a few letters!"

"Is it possible?"

"Fact, signor—fact!"

"But from whom?"

"That we have yet to learn," continued the agent. "The fool does not even know the name of the party who bribed him! But we shall discover him!"

"I trust so!"

"Sure of it—sure of it!" exclaimed the man. "Pucinelli—the name of the *employé*—has described him as a tall, gentlemanly person, about your own height, signor; dark hair and whiskers—yours, by-the bye, are dark—and wearing a remarkably fine emerald upon the third finger of the left hand."

Martingale looked the speaker full in the face, as he turned the accusing gem upon his finger till the stone was concealed in the palm of his hand.

"The emerald," he coolly observed, "may certainly lead to his detection. Pray proceed—you interest me."

"Pucinelli has confessed that he has affixed the impress of the Roman post to several letters which the stranger brought."

"The idiot!" mentally ejaculated his listener.

"They must have been forgeries," added the agent.

"Doubtless!"

"If the Signor Ashton would only give them up —"

"My friend cannot make the least objection," calmly observed Martingale; "on the contrary, he will feel, I am assured, deeply grateful for the conduct of the police in the affair. Signor Ashton has been treated infamously. By-the-bye," he added, in a careless tone, as if the question he was about to put had only the least possible interest for him, "what is the punishment for the fellow's crime?"

"For receiving a bribe, signor, a year's imprisonment."

Martingale smiled.

"But for attesting a forged document or letter with a government seal," added the speaker, "it is treason—the gallies for life."

"For the principal?"

"For him and his accomplice," answered the agent, who doubted not that he was impressing the Englishman with a very favourable opinion of Roman justice; "therefore it is that we require the letters—without them we can do comparatively little."

"What do you call little?" inquired the arch-deceiver.

"Imprisonment, as I stated, signor, for the clerk—but nothing to his employer; and he is the person we are most anxious to get hold of."

"In which praiseworthy attempt I sincerely trust you may succeed," said Martingale, rising from his chair, to intimate that the interview was at an end. "I will report faithfully to my friend all that you have stated, and doubtless he will at once communicate with the authorities upon the subject; meanwhile," he added, "your zeal must not go unacknowledged."

So saying, he thrust several pieces of gold into the hand of the police-agent.

"Ah, signor," exclaimed the fellow, with a bow; "there is no nation like the *Inglese* for —"

The speaker suddenly stopped. As the donor dropped the gold into his palm, he caught sight of the emerald turned to the inside of Martingale's hand. To seize it was the thought and work of an instant—his cringing, respectful manner vanished at once.

"*Cosetta!*" he exclaimed, "what a fool have I been all this while! You are my prisoner!"

"Tush!" whispered the detected villain; "an affair of state!"

The astute agent smiled—he was not to be baffled twice.

Signor Ashton is suspected of conspiring with the malcontents in Naples, against the Pontifical government."

"*Se non e vero e ben trovato*," was the reply.

"How much," demanded Martingale, "for forgetting that you have seen this idle toy upon my finger—fifty ducats?"

"Fifty!" repeated the agent; "signor, you insult me! I am a member of the secret police: you could not buy the connivance of the poorest of us at such a price!"

"I see my error," whispered the prisoner; "it should have been a hundred!"

"Two hundred, you mean!" replied his captor; "not a *lucciola* less! *Corpo di Dio!* it gives you an oppor-

tunity of destroying the letters! I dare say you know where to find them!"

Fortunately for Martingale, he had more than the required sum upon him, in notes of the Banco Romano. The police agent would have preferred gold—but as that was impossible, he contented himself with accepting the emerald ring, the possession of which had proved so unfortunate to its owner, as a *buono mano* for his complaisance.

"And now, signor," he said, resuming his former humility, after he had pocketed the bribe, "you are free. Adieu! I commend my soul to your prayers!"

With this not unusual salutation, the fellow withdrew, leaving the agent of Meeran Hafaz alarmed, but not crushed, by the difficulties which were rapidly gathering round him.

"I must be prompt!" he muttered; "decision will oft restore to healthful vigour the cause which despondency would abandon as hopeless—the letters are the only proofs which can compromise me—the unsupported evidence of my weak accomplice will tell as nothing: they must be mine," he added, with stern resolution, "at any sacrifice—at any cost!"

So saying, he deliberately took up the desk, which was upon the table near him, and began to tamper with the lock; with considerable difficulty he at last succeeded in forcing the blade of a strong knife between the interstices; after repeated efforts the bolt sprang back.

"They are mine!" he said.

"Villain!" exclaimed a feeble voice near him; and at the same moment a trembling hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned suddenly round, and beheld Walter Mowbray. The faithful friend, who had with pain contrived to drag himself from the sofa to the door of the saloon, had overheard the last part of the traitor's conversation with the secret agent of the police. His first thought had been to conceal the knowledge he had thus obtained till the return of Henry; but at the sight of Martingale forcing the desk of his friend, indignation got the better of prudence, and, weak and nerveless as he was, he attempted to restrain him.

For a few seconds the two young men stood gazing upon each other in silence. The countenance of the detected felon was even paler than that of the invalid, to whose features contempt and scorn lent their honest flush.

"So," said Martingale, "you have overheard —"

"Everything! Quit the house, before I summon the domestics to chase you like a thief from the roof whose hospitality you have so infamously abused! Is this your friendship? God!" he added, "I had almost accused myself of ingratitude, in not esteeming you as I ought! At last I know you!"

"Not yet!" was the cool reply; "but you will before we part! Not that the knowledge will be of much value to you!"

The ferocious expression in the eye of the ruffian, even more than his words, warned Walter Mowbray of his danger. Tottering from exhaustion and agitation, he advanced towards the bell: the ruffian perceived his design, and intercepted him in an instant.

"You must retire to your room!" he said.

"Not till I have exposed your villainy!" replied the indignant youth.

Without another word, Martingale seized him in his arms, carried him, as he would a child, into the inner apartment, and cast him, with considerable violence, upon the bed. The invalid was too much enfeebled by the shock to stir or offer the least resistance. The unmanly villain coolly fastened the door.

"What is it you intend—to murder me?" demanded the unresisting victim.

"Even so!" was the reply. "Fool, whom a breath can crush, to cross my path! You will denounce me!—it must be from the grave, then!"

"Monster! Henry will avenge me!"

"He will never know it!" answered Martingale, tauntingly. "My sorrow for your death will rival his! The world has made me no bad actor. I but play the part your folly and mine own necessity assign me! Fear not," he added, "I will not torture you! One blow, and thy thread of life, which is frail as the web the spider weaves, is broken! By all but me your death will be attributed to the internal rupture of an artery. I heard Dr. Kisserock say the least shock would cause it!"

"Will it appear so to heaven?" faintly exclaimed the sufferer.

"It will not be the only secret," brutally observed Martingale, "which the holy place you name holds in its keeping!"

Without the least remorse, twice the brutal murderer struck the unresisting youth upon the chest with his clenched hand. At the first blow a violent shudder ran through his frame, occasioned as much by a sense of the indignity as suffering, and a light crimson froth came bubbling to his lips; still not a groan or sigh escaped him—his eyes were fixed, with an expression of proud scorn, on his assassin; at the second, he sank with a deep groan upon the pillow, from which he had tried to raise himself.

Where was Henry then? His arm would have arrested the blows, or quickly have avenged them.

Even age seldom resigns itself to death without a struggle—the love of life planted by nature in the breasts of all, prompts it, though feeble and unavailing. To youth, the approach of the grim tyrant is doubly terrible, for it falls like an untimely blight upon the spring buds of love, with its bright dreams and promises, friendships, joys, ambitious, soul-inspiring energies. To the old, death is a sacrifice—to the young, a martyrdom.

"Monster!" murmured Walter, "have you no pity?"

"None!"

"No remorse?"

"Still less!" replied the murderer; "and yet I would willingly have spared you, for I have no cause of enmity

—more, I rather liked you. Your own prying curiosity has rendered your death necessary. Blame it and destiny—not me!"

For some moments he waited, trusting to see his victim breathe his last. It was not without a feeling of remorse, despite his callous indifference to suffering, that he prepared to complete his only half-accomplished purpose.

At this moment, Martingale either heard, or fancied that he heard, some one in the adjoining room. He proceeded resolutely to the door, which he unlocked—the saloon was empty.

"What cowards," he muttered, "does conscience make us! I could have sworn I heard a step!"

Walter had imagined it, too, and his eyes followed the footsteps of his assassin to the door. When he saw him coolly close it, the last hope vanished from his heart: not the hope of life—that he felt was ebbing from him; but the desire of once more clasping the hand of his absent friend—of expiring in the arms of one he loved—of warning him of his danger—of leaving an avenger.

Martingale contemplated him a few seconds in silence. He read what was passing in his mind.

"It would be a false humanity," he said, "to prolong your agony. Would I could have spared it, but that is now impossible!"

A third blow, more violent than the preceding ones, followed. In an instant, the linen of the bed was deluged with the life blood of the generous youth, who had sacrificed himself to honour and to friendship.

Happily his sufferings were but momentary. The slender thread which bound him to existence was broken, a film spread over his dying eyes, and he expired, attempting to murmur the names dearest to him—Henry and Therese.

The instant Martingale was assured of the death of Walter Mowbray, he unlocked the door, and, flying to the bell, began to ring violently. The peal, as might be expected, quickly alarmed the house. When the waiters entered the apartment, he was supporting, with hypocritical pity, the dead man in his arms.

"Fly!" he exclaimed; "assistance! Dr. Kisserock!"

Then, with all the despair of well-acted friendship, he called upon Walter to speak for his sake.

As the domestics left the room, the murderer fancied that the principal waiter cast a look of terror and horror upon him.

"Pshaw!" he muttered; "it must have been the sight of the idiot's blood—it could be nothing else!"

In his confusion he had forgotten the letters. He hastened to the saloon to secure them—the desk had disappeared.

For a few moments he stood thunderstruck—he felt that the arm he had so long braved at last had reached him, and the blow had benumbed that ready action and fertile spirit of which he was so vain. The proofs of his first crime must have been removed whilst the murder was being perpetrated, and if so, in all probability his second one was witnessed.

"I must fly!" he said, wiping the drops of cold perspiration and terror from his brow; "but while his blood is upon me, go where I will, it will accuse me!"

Hastily enveloping himself in a cloak belonging to Henry Ashton, he was about to quit the apartment, when the folding doors were thrown open, and an ecclesiastic, followed by a party of carbiniers, entered the saloon.

"Signor Inglese," said the apparitor, "you are my prisoner!"

"Prisoner!" exclaimed the baffled felon, endeavouring by assurance and self-possession to defeat the end of justice; "ridiculous! Upon what pretence do you presume to arrest an English gentleman?"

"For having conspired with and bribed a peasant, now in custody, to undertake the assassination of one of your countrymen," replied the official, not in the slightest degree affected by the airs of insulted virtue which the culprit gave himself. "Denial is useless," he added; "your accomplice is in prison!"

"For having murdered one of his countrymen! you may say!" exclaimed the chief waiter—the same whose pale countenance and terror-stricken glance had attracted the notice of Martingale.

"Explain?" said the officer.

The man proceeded to relate how his suspicions had been excited by the visit of an officer of the secret police, and that he had determined to watch; how he had seen the attempted robbery of the desk by Martingale—his detection by the Signor Mowbray, with all the sickening details of the scene of cruelty which followed. As a matter of precaution, he had entered the saloon to secure the desk, which he naturally imagined must contain a vast amount of property, to tempt an English "mild"—as he designated the murderer—to commit so despicable an act.

His presence in the room and hasty retreat accounts for the step which had startled Martingale previous to the completion of his horrible design.

The apparitor, after consigning his prisoner to the guard of the soldiers, accompanied by the waiter and the landlord, who had made his appearance, entered the chamber of the dead. All was over—not a pulse beat: the pure and noble soul had quitted its frail tenement of clay, never to return, till the archangel's trumpet shall summon the grave to resign its prey.

The landlord of the hotel was loud in his expressions of grief; not so much for the crime, as for the injury it would do his establishment.

"I would have given a thousand *sondi*," he exclaimed, "rather than it should have happened *here*!"

The myrmidon of justice did not so much regard it—he was accustomed to such scenes: each one to his interests.

"I am ready to attend you, sir!" said Martingale, as the officer of justice made his appearance in the saloon.

"This *contretemps*" as the cool-headed villain designated the murder of his victim—"must, I presume, be explained elsewhere. Where," he added, with one of his most elegant bows, "must I have the honour of accompanying you—to the city prison?"

"No!" replied the apparitor.

"Where, then?"

"To the prison of the Most Holy Inquisition!"

At the name of that dreaded tribunal, a scarcely-perceptible shudder ran through the veins of the assassin: he knew that, whatever else might be their failings, her judges were incorruptible—her dungeons inaccessible to all but the steps of justice.

"Perhaps," he said, trying to recover himself, "you will permit me to stop on my way for one moment, at my hotel?"

"No!"

"Any fee!" he added, in a lower tone.

For once Roman justice was not to be bribed: perhaps the offer was made too publicly. At a sign from the apparitor, the carabineers closed round their prisoner, and he was conducted to the courtyard of the hotel, where one of those dark, close carriages, whose appearance in the streets of Rome is never witnessed without a shudder, was in waiting.

Martingale entered it with the apparitor, and the next instant they drove off.

When Henry Ashton left the hotel, he directed his steps, in the first place, to the Dominican convent, in the hope of obtaining an interview with the Abbate Lucas, from whom he trusted to obtain some clue to the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray. It was not the first or second occasion on which he had attempted to see him: his visits had been frequent, but fruitless—the wily ecclesiastic was not to be spoken with. The application to the congregation of rites had alarmed him: he dreaded the scandal which the affair would cause—the unfavourable impression which the infamy of his relative's conduct might produce against himself. Hence he had used his interest with the council to reject it, and unfortunately succeeded but too well.

As usual, the lay-brother who answered his summons, informed him that the superior was not to be seen.

"Is he absent?" demanded our hero.

The monk hesitated. The piece of gold which the young man slid into his palm decided him, however, to speak.

"Not absolutely absent: that is to say," added the brother, lowering his voice, "Monsignore is engaged in the church, where a novice is pronouncing his vows."

It was enough. Henry had been long enough in Rome to know that upon such occasions the churches, even of the severest orders, are open to the public. He determined to enter and address the abbate—publicly, if necessary—and shame him into an explanation of his conduct. Fortunately, the ceremony was nearly over when he arrived.

On entering the sacred edifice, the first person he encountered was his old acquaintance, Father O'Hara, to whom he briefly related his fruitless visits, the evident resolution of the abbate to avoid him, and the determination he had come to address him, even at the altar, since his obstinacy left him no other resource.

"It would be fruitless," replied the warm-hearted Capucin, with an air of deep concern. "At a sign, you would be removed from the church."

"I care not!"

"But he is a Monsignore!" added his adviser.

The title of Monsignore is held in great respect in Rome; although, like the cardinalate, it is sometimes bestowed even upon laymen. It gives its possessor the rank of a prelate, without conferring any of the episcopal functions. When he who bears it is a priest—as is universally the case with the heads of religious houses, and the chanoines of St. Peter—it is looked upon as a step to the purple.

"What care I for his rank?" impatiently whispered the young man. "I am heart-sick of this denial of justice. If he chooses to provoke a public scandal, let him: it will have one good effect, at least—that of exposing him." "Let me try my influence with him first," replied O'Hara. "It cannot be that he has any unworthy motive, as you suspect: the duties of his holy office alone have caused his declining your visit."

Henry remained silent. The little he had mingled with the world had shaken his boyish faith in man's integrity, but not in woman's faith—that still remained unbroken as his love for Ellen.

The robe of the monk enabled him to penetrate close to the elevated seat by the high altar, where the superior of the Dominicans was in the act of conferring the habit of his order upon the kneeling neophyte. Taking advantage of a pause in the ceremony, he whispered a few words in the ear of the abbate, over whose sombre countenance an expression of mingled surprise and vexation passed like a fleeting cloud. Then all was calm again.

He bowed his head, in token of assent.

"He will see you," whispered O'Hara to our hero, as he resumed his place by his side in the body of the church, "as soon as the office is over. I told you that you had misjudged him."

"I think not!"

"What motive?"

"I do not pretend to decide on motives," replied Henry Ashton; "but I can judge of actions: and those of the Abbate Lucas have not placed him in the most favourable light."

He had not long to wait: shortly after, the brotherhood, with their superior at their head, passed from their stalls in the choir, through the body of the church. As the procession advanced, the priest scattered his benedictions

on the kneeling crowd. There was a feeling of spiritual pride, perhaps in the act; his cold, serpent-like eye glanced full upon our hero, whose perseverance annoyed him: he seemed to ask if he had calculated their relative strength in the contest which was about to ensue.

The look was returned by one of steady defiance.

In a few minutes, a lay brother came to conduct Father O'Hara and Henry to the sacristy. When they entered the room, which received the rays of day through a richly stained window, they found the abbate seated, alone. He had divested himself of his priestly ornaments, and appeared in the simple dress of his order.

"My brother, signor," he said, pointing to the Capucin, "informs me that you *insist* upon seeing me?"

"Even so."

"Although I do not usually yield to requests so proffered," continued the Dominican, "I have consented to receive you. May I request to be favoured with the purport of your visit?"

"The Abbate Lucas, I believe," observed Henry Ashton, "is an Englishman?"

The monk bowed.

"He will permit me, then," continued the speaker, "to explain my purpose in the language common to us both?"

Hitherto the conversation had been in Italian.

"As you please."

"The principal motive of my visit to this country," continued the young man, "was to discover some traces of the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray. Fortune, which disappointed my hopes in one respect, has favoured me beyond my expectation in another."

"And may I ask what that other is?"

"My meeting," said Henry, "with the deceived, the outraged, slandered wife of my friend: her appeal to the congregation of rites, for the dissolution of her vows, has been disregarded."

"I have heard as much," replied the abbate; "was it to criticise the decision of that august body," he added, "that you have honoured me with this interview?"

"No!" said the young man, firmly; "although I am no stranger to the part you took in their decision, or the influence you exercise there. Enough! it was rejected—thank heaven, their judgment is not irrevocable!"

An uneasy glance from the priest to Father O'Hara, served to indicate his wish for further information upon the subject: he feared the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, if once the affair were brought before him.

Mentally he resolved to visit the Vatican, and obtain from the camarilla positive information whether or not any attempt had been made to interest Pius in the question.

"Priest!" said Henry Ashton, with deep feeling; "if the weaknesses of humanity are a stranger to your breast, its sympathies should at least be unchanged! Feel for the agony of a mother—the despair of a father, robbed of his only child! Say to those care you consigned the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray, and in the atonement find an intercession for the ill you have inflicted!"

The Abbate Lucas rose from his seat.

"I have acted," he said, sternly, "as conscience and honour dictated: the secret you would obtain dies with me!"

"Is this your final answer?"

"It is."

"Hear me!" said the indignant youth. "Whilst one pulse of life remains in the withered thing you call your heart, I will not resign the hope of obtaining it! I'll wring it from you! Where there is the will, the way may yet be found!"

So saying, he left the sacristy, to keep his appointment at the Vatican.

(To be continued in our next.)

FARMING IN AUSTRALIA.

ALTHOUGH many of the farmers are capitalists, by far the greater number are individuals who arrived in the colony with nothing but a pair of sinewy arms and a stout heart; and who, by industry, frugality, and persevering energy, have attained their present state of affluence. Their colonial life, although not fraught with hardship or want, is that of incessant daily toil: husband, wife, and children, little and big, all work right earnestly, early and late; but, unlike the husbandmen in Europe, they labour from choice, and not necessity; they have become comparatively wealthy in a short time, and their success spurs them on to redoubled exertion. Indeed, the disposition of most of the labouring agriculturists leads them as soon as possible to acquire a small farm or garden of their own, as they dislike, above all things, depending on others for their daily bread; and to this may be attributed the extent of cultivation and cheapness of grain in South Australia. It was, as has been stated, the rise and rapid increase of this class of small cultivators that brought the price of grain down to 2s. 6d. per bushel, in 1844—they being able to produce it at a much lower rate than the large landowners who rely solely on hired labour. For instance, a married man with a family, who possesses a team of bullocks, a dray, a plough and a harrow, and about forty acres of land, two or three cows and pigs, and a little poultry, is already independent, and will probably soon be rich, as his income will far exceed his outgoings. In about a month or six weeks he may get thirty acres in crop, after which he can work for others. Those who have no bullocks of their own will give him 10s. or 12s. per acre to plough their land, which he can do at the rate of nearly an acre per day. When ploughing is over, sheep-shearing commences. At this, if a good hand, he can earn £2 or £3 per week. Or he may fill up any or all of his time by

carting ore from the mines; which will bring in about £2 per week. While he is busying himself about his wife, if an industrious woman, will be looking after the cows, pigs, and poultry, cultivating vegetables making bread, butter, and candles, brewing ale, and attending to other matters for the family. The family will all be employed helping the mother; or if a boy or girl can for a time be dispensed with, some neighbour will be glad to give ample remuneration for their services. At harvest he and all the boys commence reaping, and, after great exertion and laudable perseverance, generally succeed in getting the crop in without further aid. This is a trying period, especially to the young settler, who, while laboriously harvesting, is usually exposed to the burning rays of an Australian summer sun. The common plan is to reap mornings and evenings, and rest for three or four hours at mid-day. To hire assistance at this period is, to the small farmer, ruinous, as harvest-men are always scarce, and their terms very high; indeed, some large farmers, who bear a reputation for paying less liberally or punctually than others, have not unfrequently had a large field of wheat standing for a month after it was ripe, for want of hands to cut it. The farmer who acts as above will, at the end of the year, have a pretty considerable balance in his favour.

It generally takes a poor labourer about three or four years to place himself in the above position; and those only succeed who are healthy, strong, industrious, persevering, and self-denying. In his progress to independence, each settler acts differently: some place their earnings in the savings bank, and otherwise hoard it until it amounts to a sufficiency to commence farming on a liberal scale; others begin with an acre of garden, then get a cow, next a pig, and so on.

The farm-houses are rough, but generally substantial and commodious; they are built of different materials, according to circumstances: if good stone or slate is handy, it is used; if not, and suitable clay exist in the neighbourhood, bricks are resorted to; and when none of these materials are to be had, the dwelling is built wholly of wood. These residences usually have no ceiling nor upper floor; when you look up, you see the roof. The walls are not plastered, painted, nor in any way decorated, except those which occasionally get a lime-wash. The windows are sometimes canvas, sometimes glass; and the fire-places and chimneys are constructed on economical principles. For flooring, some have only earth, some are paved with stone, some with slate, a few with bricks, and a very few have wood floors. Water for domestic and other purposes is usually procured by sinking wells; and though occasionally pure and excellent, it is in general impregnated with minerals, hard and brackish to the taste, and more or less unwholesome.

The farmers furnish their dwellings with few articles of domestic convenience. Only a few wood-bottom chairs, an uncushioned cedar sofa, one or two plain cedar tables, bedsteads of the plainest description, and sometimes a small looking-glass, are to be met with in the dwellings of the more wealthy. Most of the poor farmers make their own furniture, which generally consists of a few rude forms and stools, a table and bedstead; and not unfrequently the only partition between the bed-room and sitting-room is one or two outstretched sheets. Their cooking utensils and mode of cooking are similar to that of the urban population of Victoria. They all live on plain but substantial dishes, and some keep a good stock of European wines and British bottled stout and ale. They of course raise nearly all their own edibles; and, in order to live on fresh meat, three or four of them will club together, and in turn each kill a sheep or bullock, as the case may be. The farmers, and indeed all persons who reside away from the towns, dress in the coarsest apparel. The usual male attire is a pair of common slop trousers, a blue guernsey, with a leather belt to keep the trousers up and the guernsey down, a flaming red cotton handkerchief as a neck-tie, a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat, and a pair of heavy hobnail boots. Some wear a coarse regatta-shirt under their guernsey; and others, when circumstances permit, enjoy in the hot weather the luxury of nakedness, by dressing in only a shirt and a pair of boots. The farmers' wives and daughters usually dress in cottons; their attire, although common and coarse, is neat, chaste, and tidy; they wear high dresses, and cotton bonnets made with a large curtain, to keep the sun from freckling the neck; they nevertheless have their jewels, silks, &c., which they wear on festive occasions. Many of them are well-educated, devoid of affectation, thrifty, and industrious; indeed, I was struck in my travels in the colony with the beauty, the accomplished graces, the glowing health, the vivacity, and the open-heartedness of the fair sex in the rural districts; and I should be wanting in gratitude did I not record their disinterested kindness, attention, and generous liberality to the wandering stranger. Most of the farmers and others who dwell in the rural districts within the hundred of the counties are, although parsimonious to a fault, altogether more moral, more straightforward and honourable in their business transactions, more kind and considerate to their neighbours, and generous and hospitable to strangers, than the mammon-worshipping Adelaidians. Their chief sources of amusement are hunting, shooting, riding, and reading. Some possess their pianoforte, and enliven their homes with popular and even classical music, and occasionally dedicate an evening to Terpsichore, when the polka, mazurka, schottische, valse-a-deux-temps, and other popular dances, are gone through with a grace and gusto that would astonish the fashionables of London. There are no game laws in Australia: the wild animals are considered common property, to which all have an equal right; and accordingly every settler hunts or shoots them whenever he pleases. They hunt the native dog, the kangaroo, and the emu.—*Australia as it is, by G. Lancelotti*



[MEETING OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER SISTER, QUEEN MARY.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XL.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side. SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the nine days' reign of Lady Jane Grey, an indisposition, real or pretended, confined the Princess Elizabeth to Hatfield, to which place many of the Protestant gentlemen repaired, in order to protect her person from any attempt which the unprincipled Duke of Northumberland and his party might make to obtain possession of her person.

The general rising of the nation in favour of her eldest sister, soon rendered these precautions useless. The Lady Jane, the victim of her husband's and parent's vanity, as much as her father-in-law's ambition, retired to Sion House, to that private station which she had abandoned with so much regret. Never, most probably, was a crew more joyfully resigned.

On the 29th of July, according to Strype, Elizabeth entered London, attended by two thousand men-at-arms, gentlemen, and knights,—a fact which proves that her influence in the country must have been great. The entire party were well armed, and must have presented an imposing appearance, as they rode along Fleet Street, to Somerset House, the town residence of Elizabeth.

The next day, Elizabeth determined to give a public proof of her loyalty and affection to her sister, by going in state to welcome her on her arrival in London, towards which place her progress had been a triumphant march—for the adherents of the Lady Jane had fled in all directions. Her father-in-law, the scheming Northumberland, abandoned by his troops—who melted from him as they saw his cause was hopeless—threw up his cap in the market-place of Northampton, and cried:

"God save Queen Mary!"

His tardy loyalty, however, failed to save him. He had offended a queen whom adversity had not taught the lesson of forgiveness; her hatred was implacable, and he was committed to the Tower, from which fortress the path to the scaffold was but a step.

As the youthful princess and her train emerged from the old, time-worn gateway of Somerset House, the citizens doffed their caps, and many cried, "God bless her." It is certain that, at this period of her life, her popularity was very great.

Her chamberlain and the officers of her household, who preceded her, were dressed in her favourite colour—green. Strype describes the procession as a goodly

cavalcade, composed of the most part of gentlemen and fair ladies.

Although the royal maiden wore a cheerful countenance, her heart was far from being at ease. Several years had elapsed since she had met her sister Mary, during which period the Catholic party—who hated Elizabeth—had done everything which malice could suggest, to excite the jealousy and suspicions of the new queen against her.

With all her faults—and it must be confessed that they were great and many—Mary seems to have preserved a certain degree of affection for her sister; which is the more to be wondered at, when it is remembered that she was the daughter of the woman whose fatal beauty had rent the crown from the brow of Catherine of Arragon, and caused her unnatural father to brand her with the stain of illegitimacy. On more than one occasion, when the members of the council urged, and her husband seconded their wishes, she refused to consent to the death of Elizabeth: although such a step might have settled the question of the religion of the country in favour of the Catholics for ages; for the next heir to the crown, Mary Queen of Scots, was a devoted adherent of the Church of Rome.

As the princess and her bevy of ladies approached the village of Wanstead, Sir John Bridges, who was riding by her side, observed that her countenance, hitherto all smiles, became suddenly overcast, like that of a person fatigued with too long acting a part.

Being a man of considerable influence with the Protestant party, and of ripe years, he ventured to ask her grace the cause of her uneasiness, fearing that she might be incommoded with the heat.

"It is not that," replied the future queen, "good Sir John; but the doubt which weigheth upon my mind and heart."

"What doubt?" inquired the knight.

"Not of our sister's love, or good intentions towards me," answered the princess—"heaven forbid that I should doubt either! but I cannot forget that her counsellors and friends are my foes! I wist not how my actions have been represented to her highness, for the ears of princes are frequently abused by cunning knaves and misbegotten traitors, who profit by their errors."

"True!" observed the knight, musingly; "still I do not see what your grace can have to fear!"

"I fear nothing!" exclaimed Elizabeth, sharply, the spirit of her father flashing from her eyes; "but I anticipate much!"

"Your conduct," continued the knight, "in the late events has been so open—so loyal—so beyond suspicion! Besides, it is not upon her accession to the crown that Mary would outrage the feelings of more than half her subjects, by an act of hostility towards you."

By this time they had reached the common, over which a numerous cavalcade was advancing in an opposite direction. From the number and brilliancy of the escort, as well as the royal standard, which was carried by a

knight or baronet on horseback, Elizabeth recognised her sister and her sovereign. She instantly gave orders for her own retinue to draw up on one side, to permit the *cortège* to pass; the princess herself reining her horse upon a gentle slope close to which Mary must pass.

The gentlemen and nobles who preceded the new sovereign, doffed their jewelled caps in homage to Elizabeth, who returned their salutations with a graceful smile. At last there was a break in the line of the procession—probably to permit the dust to subside, not to annoy the queen—who next appeared, mounted on a small grey horse, riding between Renaud and Noailles, the ambassadors of Spain and France.

Mary had never been either lovely or graceful in her person: her stature was short, and her carriage careless and undignified—at the time of her accession to the crown, she was nearly double the age of Elizabeth—her features pale with sickness and mortification. Although dressed with a certain degree of magnificence, there was nothing commanding or exciting in her appearance, unless it were in the expression of her eye, which was said at times to have exerted a strange fascination over those on whom she fixed it.

Altogether her appearance contrasted unfavourably by the side of her more youthful sister.

"Your grace may indeed say that your enemies are subdued!" observed the Spanish ambassador, as soon as he perceived the princess, whom his imperial master honoured with peculiar hate. "See the Lady Elizabeth hath found time and loyalty to ride thus far to welcome you."

"She would have done as much for the usurper Jane!" observed Noailles, Minister of France.

"You are mistaken, my lords!" exclaimed Mary, sharply; "the conduct of our sister hath been alike beyond praise or suspicion. I know for certain that when the traitorous Northumberland would have bribed her to consent to the usurpation of the Lady Jane, she not only refused his offers, but treated them with scorn, and wrote a sharp letter to the plotter, reproving him for his treasons; and yet," she added, "the nine days' queen, as men begin to call her, professes the same heretical opinions which Elizabeth inherited from her mother."

The two diplomats smiled. They could not explain to the speaker why loyalty was the most politic game the princess could play; that her own accession was considered by the Protestant party as merely the stepping-stone for her sister to mount the throne.

As soon as Mary reached the mound where Elizabeth was standing, surrounded by a circle of fair and noble ladies, who had accompanied her to do her honour, she drew her rein and dismounted. Every eye was fixed upon her as she extended her hand to the princess, who knelt and kissed it, in token of fidelity and homage to her as her sovereign.

"You have a queen to welcome," she said, with a smile; "I only a sister!"

With these words, much to the satisfaction of all present, she kissed the princess tenderly upon the cheek and forehead, and requested her to present such of her attendants as were of fitting quality, to kiss her hand, which she graciously extended to them, as one by one they knelt before her.

"The race of Cain has lost its mark!" observed De Noailles, in a whisper, to the envoy of the emperor.

"Not lost!" replied the Spaniard, with a bitter sneer.

"What mean you?"

"That it has disappeared from the forehead, to rankle in the heart! It is not in nature—at least a nature like Mary's—to forgive her sister her superiority in person as well as mind, the humiliation she endured from her birth, or her great and dangerous popularity with the people! Proudly as that head is raised," he added, glancing at Elizabeth, who was in the act of remounting her steed, to take her place on the right hand of the queen in the procession, "I should not be surprised to see it fall by the same doom as her mother's!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Frenchman, with constitutional gallantry. "At least," he added, with a shrug, "till it is old and wrinkled!"

"Amen!" replied the Spaniard, with equal serenity; for the interests of both rendered them inimical to the accession of Elizabeth.

On the royal procession reaching London, it was noticed more than once by the Catholic advisers of the queen, that the applause and shouts of the people were addressed quite as much to her sister as to Mary, whose pride could not stoop to those polite arts and graces of manner which win popularity from an admiring people.

There was something approaching true magnanimity in the calm, unruffled manner in which the Catholic queen witnessed the divided homage of her subjects, most of whom addressed their plaudits to her Protestant sister.

It was evident that she had a firm belief in the divinity of her right to govern—and that feeling armed her against any unworthy jealousy. The errors and cruelties which stain the annals of her reign, may be traced to the same source.

When the pageant was ended, and Elizabeth once more returned to Somerset House, she sent for Throgmorton, who attended in her train, and inquired after his friend Cecil.

The gentleman informed her that he had twice presented himself, in the hope of being admitted to her presence.

"It cannot be!" replied the princess, after a moment's reflection; "he is compromised in the treason of the council, against the queen, my sister!"

The words were uttered in so cold and calm a tone, and betrayed such apparent indifference to the fate of the man who had rendered her such essential service, that Throgmorton was shocked.

"Your grace misconstrues the position of Master Secretary," he replied. "True, his signature has been appended to many of the proclamations of the council—but only as a witness—he had no deliberative voice in it."

Elizabeth remained firm in her refusal to see him; she even bade his friend direct him not to present himself at her residence until he had made his peace with the queen her sister. "Unless," she added, "he should have any very important tidings to communicate, when I leave it to his prudence and discretion to find the way to communicate with me."

Throgmorton left the presence of the speaker, and sought out his friend, who possessed a small residence in the Strand, not far from the spot where Exeter Change formerly stood.

"Well," demanded the secretary; "have you named my request to her highness, as I prayed you?"

"I have," said Throgmorton, in a tone of disappointment.

"And the reply?"

"Was as heartless," replied the messenger, "as her father, Henry VIII., could have sent!"

In a few brief words as possible, he proceeded to relate the substance of his conversation with Elizabeth.

Cecil appeared buried in profound reflection.

"Truly has it been said, 'put not your trust in princes!'" observed his friend, who felt both disappointed and disgusted at the apparent heartlessness of the future queen.

"Blame her not," replied Cecil; "she hath acted discreetly and wisely, and my confidence in her star is brighter than ever! Should she live to mount the throne, the annals of her reign will not be the least striking in the page of England's history!"

Perhaps in that reign to which he looked forward with so much hope, the speaker saw dimly shadowed the place he himself would occupy by the side of the virgin queen.

CHAPTER XII.

When she, a maid, had many troubles past,
From jail to jail, by *Mary's* angry spleen;
And Woodstock and the Tower in prison fast;
And after all was England's peerless queen.

TAYLOR.

ABOUT a month after the accession of her sister, the perils which the Lady Elizabeth had foreseen, began to draw near. The new queen had declared her intention of restoring the ancient faith, and already began with a high hand to take the necessary steps for reconciling the nation with the Church of Rome.

Although repeatedly pressed by Mary, her sister resolutely refused to hear mass—a step at once politic and dangerous—for whilst her declaration was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Protestant portion of the nation, it exposed her to the persecution of the Catholics, who directed the councils of the queen, and were her most bitter enemies.

She even carried her opposition so far as to decline, under pretence of indisposition, attending the ceremony of creating her cousin, Courteney, a peer: because she feared that certain Catholic rites would be celebrated on the occasion.

This was a terrible disappointment to Mary, who pursued her purpose of rooting out the reformed religion with all the stern enthusiasm of her nature; still she refused to listen to the advice of her council, who recommended that the princess should be placed under arrest, in the event of her continuing in her obstinate refusal to accompany her majesty to the Chapel Royal.

In vain the greatest lords of the court and ministers endeavoured to shake the firmness of the royal maiden. According to a despatch of Noailles to the French king, she listened to their arguments and entreaties with sullen obstinacy, and at last dismissed them with a very rude reply.

What that reply was, the gossiping Frenchman has not informed us.

There was something admirable in the firmness of Elizabeth, whose spirit certainly appears to have been unmoved by a dread of any personal danger. True, it afterwards gave way, but it was to political considerations, and a nice calculation of her interests—which, in her heart and mind, outweighed every other feeling. Her religion was secondary to her ambition—which, in fact, it served, by securing her the sympathy and support of the majority of the nation.

Things were in this uncertain state, when Cecil—who had contrived to secure immunity for his share in the late attempt to place the Lady Jane upon the throne—the fact being, that he had played fast and loose on both sides, like many other statesmen of the day—felt that the time was come when his counsel was necessary to his future mistress. He therefore dispatched Throgmorton to request an audience.

The princess, with her usual prudence, hesitated—which the messenger observing, suggested that he should be introduced privately into her residence at night, and thereby prevent alike surmise and suspicion.

"The means to excite both," replied Elizabeth, who was perfectly aware that she was surrounded by the spies of her enemies. "A dog could not pass my gates, but my sister's council would be informed of it. You say he is most anxious in his wish to see me?"

"Most anxious, your grace."

"In God's name, let him come, then!" she made answer, with sudden resolution; "but it must be openly, in the face of day and of my household. The secretary is a man of wit and judgment, and can easily find a pretext. Heaven be praised," she added, "we are not a prisoner yet!"

"Nor ever will be!" exclaimed Throgmorton, with more enthusiasm than discretion, "while there are true

Protestant hearts and hands in England to defend your grace!"

"Hush!" whispered the princess, casting at the same time a hurried glance round the apartment, to assure herself that the incautious speech had not been overheard. "Such zeal is most dangerous to the object it would serve! Should it come to that," she added—"should my foes so far prevail over the affection of my sister, as to wring from her a consent for my imprisonment, I should hold that man who drew his sword in my defence my bitterest enemy."

Cecil's messenger looked surprised; for the manner of the royal maiden was too impressive to permit him for an instant to doubt her sincerity.

"It would be the signal for my death," she added; "the queen would never pardon the attempt, which, if successful, must endanger her crown. Therefore, good Master Throgmorton, as you value your own head and my safety, neither dream nor speak of such matters again!"

When Cecil's messenger related all that had passed in his interview with Elizabeth, the astute statesman was struck with admiration of her prudence and judgment.

"She is right!" he said; "doubly right! Her game is patience. At present, her fortunes may be compared to a bark drawn high upon a rock—anon the flood shall rise, and proudly float it!"

The next day the speaker went openly to Somerset House, and sent a message to her highness, through the chamberlain, humbly requesting an audience on matters of import to her service.

The message was delivered to Elizabeth in the midst of her ladies, most of whom were little better than spies upon her conduct.

With well affected surprise, she bade the officer inquire the nature of his business, adding, with an oath, "that she would admit no meddling knaves or plotters to her presence."

Let not our readers be surprised, or think the statement overdrawn. Through life, the youngest daughter of Henry VIII. indulged in a profane habit of swearing, which she had learnt, most probably, from her father. In extenuation, it may be observed, that oaths were not so uncommon in the mouths of females, as at the present day.

Shortly afterwards the chamberlain returned, and stated that he had narrowly questioned Master Cecil, who appeared to have no other motive than to advise her grace touching the dispute of her tenant, Smith, and the late Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Bedford, whose claims materially affected her interest: the dispute in question having commenced, and been brought before the council in the late king's name, and was undecided yet.

"In that case," replied the royal maiden, who even at that early age was noted for the sage economy with which she administered the revenues of her domains, "admit him—we will not suffer this grasping earl, whom the favour of our dear father enriched, to despoil us of our right!"

When Cecil made his appearance, he presented the princess with an elaborate report upon the claims in question, which he had taken the trouble to draw up in support of her rights. Elizabeth received it graciously, and withdrew to one of the windows which overlooked the Thames, under pretence of reading it. Some difficulty seemed to present itself, for she presently called the future minister to her side, to explain it.

"Speak low," she whispered, "and briefly—there is danger!"

"There is!" replied Cecil, in the same under-tone.

"Does it affect our rights or safety?"

"Both, your grace. It has been decided to repeal the act which declares the marriage of your royal father with Catherine of Arragon null, which precludes you by name from the succession."

The eyes of the princess flashed with indignation.

"The queen herself," continued the speaker, "is opposed to this, but has promised her assent, should you still persist in your refusal to appear publicly at the mass. It is also intended to prevent you holding your place, as princess of the blood, at the coronation."

"Heaven help me!" sighed Elizabeth; "mine enemies prevail!"

"That," observed her informant, "must depend upon yourself."

"How so?" demanded the princess, eyeing him suspiciously—for she did not yet feel perfectly assured of his good faith.

"Temporise!" he made answer; "demand time to receive instruction in the dogmas and doctrines of the Church of Rome: it pledges you to nothing, yet gains everything. Appear even at the mass—the Protestants will judge that your will has been forced; the Catholics satisfied—or, if not satisfied, disarmed by the concession."

"And you advise this," said the royal maiden, "honestly, truly, and without after-thought?"

"Honestly, truly, and without after-thought!" repeated the embryo statesman. "It is of the utmost consequence to your future claims that you should appear at the coronation of your sister, as the acknowledged heiress of the crown, failing her issue."

Still Elizabeth appeared to hesitate, although in reality her mind was made up to follow his advice.

"And so leave the Lady Jane," she objected—for she wished to hear his reply—"to head the Protestant cause in England?"

Cecil smiled.

"The Lady Jane," he said, "is truly destined for a crown."

"A crown?"

"Of martyrdom! The Tudors, I need not remind your grace, never yet forgave the hand, kindred or otherwise, which touched the royal circlet of their dignity!"

Her majesty the queen is a true Tudor! Could anything," he added, "increase the deep respect in which I hold your judgment, it would be in the appreciation of that one fact, which you permitted to escape you in your conversation with my friend Throgmorton."

"You are right!" she murmured, in a low tone; "the doom of the Lady Jane, I fear, is fixed! Heaven knows that I would gladly save her!"

Cecil smiled.

"The Tudors," she added, "are not a forgiving race to those who trespass on their rights!"

In after years, when the fate of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots was debated in the councils of Elizabeth, and the maiden sovereign pleaded with affected generosity for her "dear sister's" life—as she hypocritically styled her in her letters to her successor James—Her minister remembered the words she uttered by the window of Somerset House.

Certain it is, that in after-life Elizabeth knew better how to govern than to pardon.

"Our conference is ended," she said, with an air of determination. I thank you for your advice, which I will not forget. Whether I follow it or not, I do believe your counsel is an honest course—woe to the times which force us to such measures!"

With these words, in which she gave a faint intimation of the line of conduct she intended to follow, Elizabeth dismissed her visitor. As soon as he had departed, she gave the paper touching her tenant Smith and the Earl of Bedford to her chamberlain, with strict injunctions to keep it carefully. An hour after, it was in the hands of the queen.

ESSAYS.

NO. CLXXXII.—POWER: ITS DIVISIONS AND FEATURES.

THE idea of power not only comprehends everything we can perceive, hear, understand, or imagine, but stretches into realms into which the eye of thought can never hope to penetrate. It is an immortality susceptible of every variety of classification, every order of division or arrangement. It commences with the grain of sand revealed to the eye by the microscope, the impalpable animalcule that float in the invisible air, and terminates in the Stupendous Everlasting, immeasurably beyond the infinitude of the planets, the sun, the stars, and the undiscovered celestial systems that roll round each other, in eternal, incalculable, and incomprehensible majesty. Power, then, abstractedly considered, is all—everything—more than we can conceive of the universe; but in its relation to things visible, its attributes may be marshalled and enumerated, and its analogical consequences either discussed as theories, or enlarged upon as promised and inevitable developments. We propose, therefore, to deal with the idea in its practical acceptation, as the governing principle in society, from its earliest to its latest manifestations. And if we examine them all attentively, we shall find that each has its own particular glory, and the whole collectively is a brilliant array of wonders.

Power—such as we understand the idea to be—what is it? Every insect, every animal, possesses it in some degree or other. The elephant is the colossus of the field, as the whale is of the ocean. The former will carry with ease a burthen of a ton and a half, and the latter has such a formidable lever at the end of his body, that "a long-boat he valueth no more than dust, for he can beat it all to shatters at a blow." The horse can draw sixty hundredweight over a level road, and a lion, with a single stroke of his paw, can break the back-bone of the strongest horse in the world. Man has, in proportion, the same accumulated power of muscle. The average weight carried by London porters is about two hundred pounds; but in Turkey, this class of men, who are trained to this sort of labour from infancy, are able to carry three times that weight. Many Englishmen have been known to lift eight hundred pounds, and we have seen several who could write their names on a wall, with half a hundredweight hanging on their little finger. The celebrated Belzoni was capable of supporting a pyramid of a dozen men surmounted by two or three children, whose aggregate weight could not be less than two thousand pounds. And if we were to go among that class of men employed on public works, called "navigators," we should find them generally to be men of very large frames and immense muscular power. The English collier is a very powerful man; so is the miner, the blacksmith, and every description of mechanic whose employment constantly exercises the muscles of the arms and chest. Probably as regards every requisite in physical power, England far surpasses every race and nation on the face of the earth. Her labourers are perfect giants in strength, and in these and parallel instances, it is evident that we have presented to us power in its first and rudest state.

Physical power, therefore, is the first stage in the development of the idea. And it may be said that it is at once the highest and the lowest: the highest, because it is the first exercised by man; and the lowest, when he clings to it with a feeling of savage pride, or, in other words, dependence on that limited quality. Thus it happens that those nations that prize their physical qualities most are the lowest in the scale of civilisation; and yet, among themselves, those which possess the greatest portion of this strength are the highest, proving that, under every aspect, power has its peculiar substantial glory. Personal strength is eminently useful. As it enables the elephant to rend branches from trees, to litter itself down at night; so does it enable man, in a state of nature, to hunt for his food, to repel the attacks of hostile tribes, and in a semi-barbarous condition, to overrun the territories of emasculated communities, and so lay the foundations of new empires, and establish more vigorous

social arrangements. And this presents us with the idea in an advanced stage of development.

We pass from the physical prowess of individuals to the physical prowess of races. Society, in the form that afterwards becomes matured into an organised system, begins with races. One race devours another, either by the slow process of absorption, or the speedy one of extermination. Races destroy old conditions, and erect new ones on their ruins, only to be swept away with them when their mission has been performed. History furnishes us with grand illustrations of this natural law. The Palli nations of India were overwhelmed in the conquering march of the original Hindoos. The aborigines of America, three centuries ago, numbering at least a hundred millions of human beings, have all but disappeared before the devouring progress of Europeans; and we all know how the Roman empire was buried beneath the avalanche of human beings that descended upon it from every point but the west. The Vandals, Huns, and Goths were superior to the races they overwhelmed; so it was, in more modern times, with the Turks, who overthrew the Christian empire in the east; and the Spaniards, who prostrated the empires of Mexico and Peru. The same physical dominancy has established the Anglo-Saxon rule on the northern continent of America, the British authority over the vast plains of India; and, if we go back to equally notable instances, it created the Mogul empire in Hindostan, placed the Tartar dynasty on the throne of China, gave the czars of Muscovy the empire of Russia, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans England, the northern France, the Moors Spain, the English Ireland, and, in later times, the British race possessions in every part of the world. These are among the triumphs of physical superiority of race, assisted by cultivated developments and the ravenous necessities that spring from aggressions at first prompted by instinct, and afterwards consolidated by the interests that have grown upon the soil that was originally invaded.

These examples incontestably prove the power of race, and fully sustain the generic law, that even as regards man, the invincible rule has always been *ne quid nimis*. But on every side of us, in the present day, we have abundant testimony of the overwhelming might of this manifestation of power. The races most liberally endowed by nature, are the masters of the world. The Caucasian family is everywhere in the ascendant. In Europe and America it is absolute; in Asia, it is fast elbowing the Mongolians into the remotest corners, and promises, in a century, to assail Africa on every side. And in the divisions of this family, we find the same evidence of physical greatness. The Teutonic race is more massive in character than the Celtic, and while absorbing or being assimilated to the varieties of the latter, it always goes on improving and strengthening itself, as the large-limbed and large-brained type of the physical perfection attainable in the progress of manhood.

But this superiority requires the support of auxiliaries in the shape of national combinations; and here we are introduced to another stage in the development of the idea of power. Nations are the exponents of every description of power. Having power, *per se*, they are distinguished by the uses to which they apply that property, and their tendencies to improve upon and accumulate that property, as well as to create new modes of action, both moral and mental. Nations are aggregately made up of physical, political, mental, and moral power. And those are the most prosperous in which these elements are in unison and harmony. But nations have a traditional strength, which frequently is mistaken for the solid institution itself, or, as is often the case, is cherished to the injury of the power it really possesses.

Traditions are only useful when they either serve to perpetuate the good and extinguish the evil, or operate as wholesome checks upon a naturally arrogant and vivacious national temperament.

The past is a great lesson, but the worship of it becomes a vain idolatry, when it provokes a neglect or non-appreciation of the contingencies which have arisen out of subsequent events. War is incidental to certain conditions of mankind; among barbarous and semi-barbarous nations, it is the only arbitrator whose award is binding in cases of dispute. But when the condition that rendered it necessary has passed away, it betrays a flagrant weakness on the part of a people to exult over traditions of the mere animal courage of their ancestors. Science and strategy lend some dignity to war as a system—but war is nothing without the brute courage, the thews, shows, and endurance of those who fight; therefore, when more polished forms of action are brought into play, the historical memory of a great battle may become a very mischievous tradition: the descendants of those who won and those who lost have equally a sentiment on the subject. And as neither can be of the slightest possible utility, their existence must have a depreciative tendency.

What would be the value of a thousand Agincourts to the people of England and France of the present day? Nothing—nay, worse than nothing; for the memory of them on both sides would stimulate evil instead of good. Therefore we contend that all traditions should be cautiously received, for, if the circumstances they refer to are forgotten, as indications in a former period of strength or weakness and on the other, the contrast in the present day is reversed, or, probably, altogether destroyed.

The analogy with reference to politics and religion holds equally good. That which was state power, or religious power, in one age, is found not to be so in a subsequent one; and, with change of condition, there ought to come a corresponding change in the forms of government.

A glance at the leading nations of the world will satisfy

almost any one, that those are the greatest which either have the fewest traditions, or the smallest veneration for those they have hoarded up. Italy is rich in traditions, but they are the traditions of a sacerdotal oligarchy, who invented an ignominious political and mental slavery; and what is Italy now? A land wretched beyond all other lands; and, because her phantom authority is maintained to suit the venal purposes of the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Europe, her decrepit institutions darken other lands besides her own. Within her fertile and beautiful limits, she cannot boast of one spot of free ground. Her Vox Populi is the mingled cry of foreign soldiers and the tremulous chaunt of a political priesthood, that has long outlived even the moral expediency that once suggested its careful preservation.

Hungary and the southern states of Europe, unquestionably, as regards soil, the finest on the continent, afford similar examples of subjection to hoary traditions. Hungary cherishes the feudal idea; and, in the guise of a republic, would go back to the baronial barbarisms of the middle ages. Turkey is in the unhallowed grasp of blind fatalists—the most perfect of perfect traditionalists. Spain is dreaming over the vanished splendour of the age of Charles V.; Portugal over her irrecoverable colonies; Germany over the mythic theories spawned in her schools; and Russia of absolute dominion over the whole of southern Europe, as the initiative to the conquest of the empire of the east. All of them are trammelled by traditions—Russia as heavily as any. Her church is a sacerdotal oligarchy, and it aims at the restoration of its authority in the fair lands which now constitute the Turkish empire: Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, it covets as its ancient possessions; and its patriarchs would charge, dragoon-fashion, through every page in the Koran.

In politics she is wedded to the traditions which have swelled her material kingdom to its present dull, lumpish, and bloated dimensions. Because her barbarous hordes have, in the course of about three centuries, gradually given in their adhesion to a central authority, first founded at Moscow, and then transferred to St. Petersburg, her government hugs the tradition, which has grown out of a series of barbarous successes, that the mission of Russia is to rule from the Danube to the Ganges. But her power, fortunately, happens to be purely material: she is a nation of nobles and slaves; and, unless she introduces new elements into her constitution, her future conquests may be brilliant, but, like the inroads of the Huns and Vandals, they will only serve to commence and define the boundaries of new kingdoms.

Without some kind of community of interest between the conquered and the conquerors, all Russian invasions eastward must partake of the character of the freebooting expedition of Timur, or the temporary success which attended the conquests of Tamerlane Mahmoud, and the other eastern potentates whose names served but to shed a false glitter over the authority of their feeble successors.

Russia is emphatically a giant among nations, but only in physical power. In the moral and intellectual departments, she is a borrower from other nations. While aiming at aggrandisements in the east, she is obliged to lean in helpless dependence on the genius and learning of the west. Even her religion is a comparatively recent importation. So that, in all the higher departments of the idea, power as belonging to nations, she stands midway between the civilisation of the west and the semi-barbarisms of Persia, India, and China; over which the Anglo-Saxon race has thrown its broad wings, and threatens, at no distant day, by the agency of the British and Anglo-Americans, to overwhelm, very likely drive back upon the broad steppes of Russia itself.

The nations we have enumerated, being the lowest expositions of national power, we have but to look at France, England, and the United States of America, for the very highest examples furnished in any period of the history of mankind, or by any races, or any solid combination of different races.

These three nations, in their several degrees, are the least burthened with traditions of the past; and they are, consequently, the most powerful and prosperous on the face of the earth. United, they might safely resolve upon an equitable partition of the two hemispheres; because, in dependent of their physical and numerical strength, they have political, moral, and mental power in the highest perfection; and, in the two latter, they are blended so far harmoniously, that all classes in their communities are comprised in the intention and application of their prosperity. But each has its traditions. Not one of them has yet cast off the swaddling-clothes of national infancy. And if they are taken in the order of their greatness, we have presented to us a vivid conception of the most perfect ideas of national power hitherto brought into active exercise.

France is the first. Her material and intellectual resources are immense. Her agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial industry are, beyond comparison, superior to those of any other nation on the continent of Europe. She is rich in men, in accumulations, and in genius. But she is in bondage to her traditions. She covets material splendour, in the form of extended territory. Her pulse beats high to the aspiration to be an empire. A simple monarchy will not content her; she pants for paramount authority over many states. The glories of Charlemagne, Louis XIV., and Napoleon haunt her, waking and sleeping. Gazing from all the elements of true greatness, of power in its wisest and noblest acceptation, she would stoop to the vulgar expedient of aggrandising herself by conquest, just as the Tartars did in China, the Moors in India, the Turks in Europe, and the Moors in Spain. Her weakness is her clinging to her warlike traditions, and out of that weakness has arisen her unfitness for a liberal government, and her subjection to the sway of a despotic monarch. Indeed, it may safely be assumed that, so long

as she venerates her traditions, she must, in sheer self-defence, be governed by the most arbitrary material power—an emperor, representing her material instincts, and holding them in his hand—just as the material Jove of the Greeks did the thunder on Mount Olympus. At present her ruling passion is the empire founded by Napoleon. She has forgotten the *argumentum ad judicium*, and that other nations have commonwealths which the experience of centuries has proved could not be made to fuse with her own, so as to make one united and vigorous community. This is the weakness that subtracts largely from the value of the idea, national power, as regards France.

And if we turn to the United States of America, the nation least of all burthened with traditions, we find her in the coils of this serpent-longing for territory. Instead of waiting for conquests by the sure process of colonisation, or the natural assimilation of mutual interests, she is thirsting to subjugate the republics of South America by force of arms, and plainly hints that she is prepared to tear from the crown of Spain its last colonial jewel—Cuba.

This feeling is the offspring of the traditions of the glory of the war of independence. Because she obtained her nationality by war, she would extend it by war. And it is the same with England, but in a lesser degree. England's wars in India are wars of necessity—and it must be admitted in explanation of the limited character of her modern exploits in war, that in no other part of the world has she much room for the display of her martial prowess; nevertheless she is not wanting in the will. And if we closely examine the power belonging to these three great nations, we shall find that each is tinged with this gross, material yearning after the old savage, and—among nations in such normal conditions as the English and French were three or four centuries ago—indomitable desire for extended territory. But each has its bright particular glory—its dazzling and enduring excellencies; and, as representatives of the idea we would place prominently before our readers, every one of them can lay claims to the highest admiration. Each is burthened with the most monstrous social inequalities—the tyranny of wealth, and the debasing influences of moral atheism; but each is pre-eminently great, and is assiduous in its worship of the doctrine, *Labor omnia vincit*; and if we were to take England as the highest type of the idea, national power, and extend our inquiries to the materials that are employed in the construction and continuance of that power, as well as to the mechanical, mental, and moral agencies that form the elements of power as the ruling genius of mankind, we should find ourselves in the illimitable kingdom of thought, and in the presence of its gracious sovereign, EXPERIENCE. J. P. H.

EVA.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Dry the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her;
Of the form so soft and fair,
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva,
Let the sunny south-land give her
Flowery pillow of repose—
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva,
Let the shining ones receive her
With the welcome-voiced psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm!
All is light and peace with Eva:
There the darkness cometh never;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in Love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to me."

Oh, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solema river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

WAR STEAMERS.

A LONG time before the Emperor of the French was known to possess those profound and determined talents for state affairs which have enchanted certain Radicals, by the rule, I presume, that extremes meet—when, in fact, the world of political professors, incapable, as commonplace always is, of measuring what varies from their rule and line, believed him to be a fool—he was known, at least, to be a very competent engineer; and we may suppose that his tenacity of mind has not now let slip what he knew then. It is probable, that if an engineering project of great value were brought under his immediate notice, he might make a more fortunate decision than when his uncle, by the advice of his profession, dismissed the American inventor of the steam-boat, as the scheming author of a puerility.

Let us suppose that at this moment a steam-engine were offered to Napoleon III., pretending to the following advantages:

A complete deliverance from English coals, enabling the worst fuel in France to be as efficacious as the choicest

British produce; a position and construction of boilers, which not only sink their fractional bulk far under the water-line, giving perfect security against shot, but dismiss as unnecessary, in a vessel of moderately large tonnage, that enormous objection in steam warfare, the lungs of the engine rising in a tall and conspicuous funnel above the deck; and the capacity for equipping engines of 1000-horse power with less abstraction from the space and tonnage of a war-steamer than engines of 200-horse now require. I say, were these things placed within his reach, with evidence that they were undented and undeniable facts, would he, do you think, examine them, or turn upon his heel? God forbid that I should ever see Coriolanus, at the gates of Rome, inflicting upon his country that chastisement which we so well deserve for our barbarous neglect and oppression of inventive genius! But I say, were those facts placed within his reach which have been so long in ours, what sum would he joyfully disburse to place their author at Cherbourg? Would a million sterling be thought of for a moment as the purchase of the services of the man who would supply him with such engines?

The progress of invention is bringing us round, in full circle, to more or less identity with the ancient naval warfare, when the velocity which propelled the vessel was the main element of victory. The tactics of Nelson will not be the tactics of steam. Suppose steamers of equal tonnage, equipped with engines of 1000 and 200-horse power, how many of the latter could the former immediately sink without the chance of returning material injury? I could write a column on the plain and calamitous results of such a disproportion; but they are obvious to every sailor who gives the matter his attention.

No one understands a subject better than a practical Englishman, when once his attention is awakened; but how to awaken it is the difficulty. Old De Foe has long since told us, that his countrymen were the most "lazy diligent" people in the world; this lazy diligence continues; and, of course, as the national character ought to do, it especially pervades the conduct of public affairs. How long did the voice of the first authority of the world, warning us to put bolts upon our doors, and secure our homes and altars from the perils of an open sea-board, fall unheeded upon our lazy diligence? We are at last a little stimulated, from opening stinking canisters, and experimenting on the worst forms for ships; symptoms of our innate energy are appearing in those matters, which, because they are everybody's business, become nobody's business. Perhaps our next transports may neither drown the troops, nor place them on the verge of it; but we are hardly prepared to meet "beaked ships," with five benches of oars to our one.

I do not pretend to be a prophet, neither have I accepted a bond upon second-sight, and should be glad to hope that the most remarkable man now living had absorbed sufficient lazy diligence when upon our soil to control the inspirations of a daring genius, which already has contrived a broil between two closely united empires, and something more, urged on by sneers to show what he has the capacity to do.

But, be the future what it may, it is certain the ephemeral glory of Lord Granville is waning before the ancient profession of his resolute antagonist, the straightforward and undeluded member of the legislature. Arms are in the ascendant; the "Great University of 1851," for teaching peace and good-will, is closed, and the permanency of its instructions seems more than doubtful. Ichabod to Sydenham. I say nothing against it; it was a glorious display, even though its moral pretences were illusive. It might be natural that, in a crystal shrine devoted to peace, objects capable of a different application should have been obscured, neglected, or trampled on; but when clouds gather, we look for an umbrella. Whatever is to be the issue, all, at least, are talking of war; and it may be worth while to know, that in that building lay a well-patronised invention, of more utility than the whole fabric and its contents, neglected then, and for years, by a lazy diligent government, which Napoleon the Third would very differently appreciate, and which, any stoker can explain to a statesman, is of more value to the nation acquiring it, than ten armies of 100,000 men.

DAVID MUSHET.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

BRAZILIAN DIAMOND DISCOVERIES.—We learn from Minas Geraes, that fresh diamond discoveries have taken place. At Taboca a diamond has lately been found weighing 5½ oitavas, and purchased by Dr. Felix Andre, for 32,000 milreis (about £4000). This gentleman also rejected fairly immediately after he made this purchase. The population of Bagagem is very much diminished on account of the new discoveries, to which the majority of those who have not made their fortunes there have rushed.

HOW TO DETECT ADULTERATED BREAD.—The following are useful directions for discriminating pure from adulterated bread: Pure bread is of a clean colour and mellow texture; the crust is brown, the crumb soft when moderately new, the smell is fresh, pleasant, and wholesome, and the taste sweet. On the contrary, the crumb of adulterated bread is harsh, and the crust pale; the smell is raw and disagreeable, and the taste has nothing of that sweetness; neither has the crumb at any time the due consistence, for it is made up of ingredients which will not mix with the yeast and water in the manner that flour does. The paleness of the crust is one great test, and it depends upon this plain cause—flour, when burnt, becomes brown; but the ingredients added to bread by those who adulterate it, remain white in the fire. Whiting, lime, alum, and ashes of bones, are alike in this respect—

they will continue white when burnt; and, therefore, the more there is of them in the bread, the paler will be the crust. There cannot be a more obvious way of discovering the fraud, than by comparing the crust of an honestly made loaf with that of one of the others.

ADVICE TO COFFEE-DRINKERS.—For the benefit of those who are necessitated to buy their coffee ground, who are unable to purchase it from any of the more respectable dealers, and who have not a microscope at command, we may mention, that if the suspected powder be placed lightly on the surface of water, should it contain chicory or roasted corn, they will speedily descend; whereas the coffee, owing to the essential oil it contains, will repel the water, and float on the surface. Again, chicory powder, in a few seconds, will impart to the water a deep brown hue; pure coffee hardly colouring cold water until after a lengthened immersion. A solution of iodine added to a cold decoction of chicory, deepens its colour materially, though it can scarcely be said to impart to it a blue tinge.

CHROMATIC BATTERY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The other evening a number of scientific gentlemen assembled at the factory of the Electro Dynamic Light Company, Frogmore Lane, Wandsworth, for the purpose of witnessing the operations of the chromatic batteries and electric lamps, recently patented by the inventor, Dr. J. W. Watson. Mr. Prosser and Dr. Watson attended themselves to elucidate to the visitors all the details by which the working of the different galvanic apparatus was rendered lucrative as a commercial speculation. The process is not at all complex, and the results produced by the introduction of cyanide of potash into the solution of nitric acid, in which a galvanic battery is generally worked, have long been known to electricians. But to Dr. Watson the credit is due of having been the first to perceive the important commercial results which might be obtained by carrying out the plan on a more extensive scale, and applying the operations of a hitherto philosophic toy to purely manufacturing and trading purposes. After the visitors had been agreeably employed in inspecting the details of the factory, from the first working of the batteries to the drying of large masses of different coloured pigments upon lumps of heated chalk, Dr. Watson proceeded to explain at length the peculiar features of his inventions, and the enormous profit which trade and commerce were likely to derive from their being more extensively known and employed.

After pointing out the attention with which the study of voltaic electricity had been cultivated of late years, and the uniform want of success which had attended all endeavours to bring the electric light into competition with the ordinary sources of illumination. Dr. Watson proceeded to say, that the only test by which the value of the success of a new agent must be tried, must be a commercial one.

The case of electrical illumination was a case in point. The great superiority in brilliancy of the electric light was too well known to require any comment, yet no encouragement had been given to its introduction, owing to its great expense. As the question of economy, therefore, was of such vital importance, he would just refer to the means by which he had removed the obstacle, and for which the company were possessed of letters patent. In all galvanic batteries at present employed, nothing but electricity was gained on the profit side—all else was loss. The products were, commercially speaking, worthless. Generally, electricians contented themselves with using the common mineral acids and the metals in general use since Volta's discovery; but the company had sought to introduce some of the rarer metals, the products of the decomposition of which would cover their expense. In those experiments, however, they were not rewarded with the desired success, and had therefore turned their attention to the discovery of new exciting agents, or electrolytes; and in this they were satisfied that if they had not accomplished all, they had at least made such progress towards improvement as would materially benefit the commercial world. Electrical illumination was now possible, and he (Dr. Watson) hoped that before long the splendid light afforded by the voltaic battery would be ranked among the common things of life. Their batteries, the working of which they had just been witnessing, were termed, from the nature of their products, the chromatic batteries. It might appear difficult to those unacquainted with chemistry, how any number of galvanic arrangements could be made to produce a variety of colours. But the real number of natural colours was small, and the difference of a single shade imparted to each a distinct commercial existence as a colour.

He would then be believed when he said that, by the use of a few substances introduced into five batteries, they were able to produce no less than 100 valuable pigments, transcending by an immense percentage the original value of the articles from which they were produced. The colours were formed, not by any subsequent mixing of the products of the batteries, but were the result of the actual development of the electricity in the battery; and the materials employed aided the galvanic effect by giving "constancy" to the machine, a result of the most vital importance. The manner of working the battery was shortly this:

The cast-iron and zinc battery (invented by the Rev. N. J. Callan, of Maynooth), and commonly called the Maynooth battery, when worked by sulphuric acid, produced sulphate of iron and sulphate of zinc, which were comparatively worthless, or at least in no way equal to the cost of sulphuric acid. But they had rendered the working of this battery not only economical but profitable, by adding to the iron and zinc cells prussiate of potash, which, when combined with the sulphate of iron, produced a splendid blue pigment of very great value—Prussian-

blue, and that of a quality and colour, as they had been informed by those dealing in the article, far superior to any in the market. A second colour, closely vying with ultramarine, was also produced by the same process. In another battery of platinised lead and zinc, also invented by the discoverer of the Maynooth battery, chrome-yellow pigments were produced by adding bichromate of potash, in the same manner as with the prussiate of potash. The tint of these pigments, which constitutes their value in the market, they varied by the proportion of the salts added. By combining the salts in a battery of iron and zinc—the prussiate of potash to the iron and the chromate of potash to the zinc—a green colour was produced of a depth of tint dependent on the quantity of the two normal colours forming the compound. In like manner, by adding prussiate of potash to the lead battery, a white pigment was produced of great body, and perfectly free from the fault of blackening by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen. If chromate of potash alone was added to the iron battery, a deep brown colour would be produced; and, lastly, if lime were added, with chromate of potash, to the lead battery, a red pigment was formed, of great brilliancy and body.

During the working of the batteries, the hydrogen which escaped from the zinc cells was profitably employed for the manufacture of acetic ether, and ammonia. The various pigments, when removed from the batteries, of course carried with them a large quantity of spent acid solution, which was also employed for the manufacture of nitrate of iron, white lead, and plaster of Paris. For all these pigments which had been produced by electricity, the most remunerative offers by the colour trade had already been made, while the uniformity of the heat produced by the action of the batteries, rendered the production of the most delicate shades a matter of certainty. The preparation of the colours for the market consisted in nothing more than washing and drying. Having mentioned the chromatic effects of the batteries, he would merely add, from the balance-sheet of the factory, the cost price per day for working each battery, and the net profit derived from each. The cost of working the lead battery for one day, including wear and tear of material and hire of three men, was £2 9s. 8d., while the net profit derived from its products for the same time was £1 18s. 6d. The cost of the chrome iron battery per day was £3 11s. 1d., while the profit derived was £7 4s. 3d. The cost of the Maynooth battery was £4 2s. 10d. per day, while the clear profit was £6 10s. Having thus explained his chromatic batteries, Dr. Watson proceeded to point out the difficulties which had hitherto existed in steadying the electric light, so as to render it subservient to ordinary practical purposes. In his (Dr. Watson's) own invention, the electro magnet was made to act as a regulator, as it were, to the changes in the current of electricity; and thus any little inequalities in the action of the battery, which would otherwise render themselves sensible in the light, by causing it to flicker, were entirely removed and obviated.

Those who were acquainted with the former construction of electric lamps, would appreciate the extent and value of his improvements when he stated, that they could burn the lamp for any number of hours consecutively, that they had a means resident within the lamps themselves for increasing or diminishing the light, and lastly, that the lamp required no previous adjustment, when the electrode was once fixed, to render it available at a moment's notice. With regard to the practical value of the electric light, he would observe, that there was no comparison between the cost of gas mains and the wires used for electrical illumination. An electric main two-eighths of an inch in diameter would convey as much light-affording material as a gas main of half a foot in diameter. The electric light had no character in common with other artificial sources of illumination. Its brilliancy quite resembled the light of day, while its diffusiveness and depth of shadow was equal to the light of the sun. Colours, which by all ordinary light changed their hue, were seen by it in all their purity of tint; for the distance that its rays could travel, no other light but that of the sun approached it. At sea it could be seen as far as the visual plane extended. A point of one-tenth of an inch radiating the light, seemed at a mile distance like a ball of fire a foot in diameter. Directed through a large polygonal lens, it had been seen in all its brilliancy at a distance of thirty miles. It did not require the assistance of air to support it, and burnt as well under water as in vacuo. For lighthouse purposes it was invaluable—for signalling at sea ships in convoy—lights of all kinds for vessels—for lighting mines, tunnels, and diving-bells, it had properties and advantages which no other description of light could command. In streets he thought it must, with time and public favour, entirely supersede gas; and for lighting public assembly-rooms, theatres, and spectacles of all kinds, its achievement had only to be made known to insure its immediate adoption. In thus coming before the public, they did so neither unadvisedly nor precipitately. They knew the value of their improvements, and only sought the assistance of capital and influence to place a matter of such great importance and national interest in its right position, and on a scale sufficiently grand to insure its permanence and success.

At the conclusion of Dr. Watson's explanation, which was illustrated by many experiments, the visitors adjourned to a large room, in which a sumptuous collation had been spread. The only light for this large hall was one of Dr. Watson's patented electric lamps, which was erected in a little alcove over the doorway, with a screen across it, to prevent its too great brilliancy from hurting the eyes. The bright and steady flood of lustre which this afforded when lighted, during the whole course of the entertainment, fully bore out the high practical character which Dr. Watson had given of the value of his improvements.



[HINDOO TEMPLE, TANJORE.]

TALES OF THE BRAHMINS.

In the year 184—, an Englishman, travelling in India for the express purpose of making himself familiarly acquainted with the scenery, history, traditions, and customs of that large, but, as regards the greater portion of the past, recognised by modern chronology, comparatively unknown territory, one day found himself on a beautiful plain, in the principality of Tanjore. The highway to Madras was broad and level, and bordered at short intervals with villages, each having its pagoda, with a lofty gate of massive architecture, about which the followers of Brahma fitted in ghostly silence. On each side of the road were choultries—a species of gratuitous Indian inns, maintained for the accommodation of pilgrims to the sacred places. These buildings are found all over Hindostan, and are of Hindoo origin; they are, in fact, analogous to the caravanseras so well known throughout Asia. A Brahmin generally attends them, who administers relief to the poor and distressed, who are frequently also supplied with a mat to rest upon.

As the Englishman, in his hackery—a small, covered carriage, drawn by a pair of oxen—approached one of these choultries, he observed a dignified-looking Brahmin, seated in the shade afforded by the rooted branches of that sacred tree—

Such, at this day, to Indians known
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
Above the mother tree—a pillared shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds,
At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade.

This description struck the Englishman as being so complete, that, on arriving opposite the choultry, where the drivers halted, he repeated it aloud.

"The words of the bard of Paradise fall sweetly and grand on the Indian ear," said the Brahmin, in a deep, sonorous voice, and pure English accent.

Somewhat astonished, yet delighted, to hear his native language from the lips of a stranger, the traveller sprang from his carriage, and grasped the hand of the intellectual-looking Hindoo with characteristic ardour.

"Eat," said the Brahmin, sententiously, as he placed a choice collation of vegetables before the Englishman. "I have travelled nearly all over the world, and ever found eating better than drinking."

"But, in this climate, thirst is natural," suggested the Englishman, who began to long for a glass of his favourite beverage, sherry and water.

"Not so," replied the Brahmin; "it is all habit, or why does the Laplander or Russian, who less needs liquid sustenance, drink to excess? The truth is, that as people depart from the simplicity of nature, they become more barbarous in their tastes and desires. The palate, when too luxuriously indulged, becomes diseased, like the mind, after contact with impurities. The body, like a furnace, requires fuel—wholesome food—not steam to hurry on its machinery to an untimely collapse. But you flesh-eaters must drink—nature is so kindly compensative, that she allows one sin to correct another."

The Englishman was amused, but as, from experience, he dreaded a discussion with a Hindoo on his dietetic opinions, he changed the conversation, by remarking that the good English of his entertainer quite as much surprised as pleased him.

"I have lived in England," replied the Brahmin, quietly; "indeed, have been employed by the British government, and when I was younger, travelled for my own amusement. Into whatever country I penetrated, I made it my first care to acquire the language—a task not very difficult for a priest of any race or denomination; for his tongue, if he be a true ecclesiastic, should be able, like the serpent you Christians have placed in your Eden, to give utterance to every vocal expression. All sounds are mechanical, and to acquire them is merely a mechanical effort."

"You do not pay much homage, I should think, to the genius and virtue of priests generally, by such a remark!" said the Englishman, smiling.

"I know them all," replied the Hindoo, with a tinge of bitterness; "and none of them have the Divine afflatus that made priests in ancient days. Christian, Mahomedan, Hindoo, and Buddhist, are all the same—weak, sordid, sensual, human. Your great elements of faith have now no exponents either to elevate or perpetuate their doctrines. As in the time of Rama and Krishnn, the religious world is stagnant. Fanaticism is mistaken for piety, rigid austerity for adoration, and hearts filled with ashes for the high-beating ones that, in days of yore, made the earth ring and thrill with new developments of the immutable law."

"Has mankind retrograded?" inquired the Englishman.

"In the spiritual relations between here and hereafter, it has," answered the Brahmin. "Everything is materialised. As science multiplies its wonders, as each new triumph crowds on the mind, the unseen is left further in the rear. The visible evidence of facts, ideas, probabilities, and possibilities, is rapidly usurping the place of that unknown but mysterious principle, which, when implicitly relied upon, guides men through the most intricate labyrinths. Your church is a visible structure—so is the Mahomedan, and—alas that I should say it!—so is the Hindoo. And the Buddhist, parent of all faiths, is now in bondage among the credulous Scythians, the inbred Chinese, the brutish Burmese, and the fanatic Cingalese."

"I will not dispute with you on the pretensions of the Buddhist priesthood—for, without any offence, I must entirely ignore your premises," said the Englishman; "but I will ask you whether, on the broad ground of wiser and more matured developments, grander material discoveries, and the most extraordinary intellectual revelations, the race of mankind, by adapting themselves, through these manifestations, to more spiritual forms—call them material, if you will, but still they are spiritualised in their essence—I say, if we adapt ourselves to these forms, are we not approaching nearer to that infinite perfection, in whose personal existence every people under the sun has a belief?"

"I do not," answered the Brahmin, severely. "On the contrary, I believe, that the mightier man becomes, the longer and more attenuated is the thread that links him to the Deity. Christian, I am a humble follower of

Brahma—which, you know full well, is only the Indian interpretation of the Universal Being; but towards the close of a life not unprofitably spent, I have arrived at no other conclusion, than that the Buddhist law is right, which declares that 'the further we go from God—that is, the simplicity of nature, attended with food without labour, or just so much as is strictly necessary—the more we are materialised, and unfitted for the spiritual inner life which is essential to the union between earth and heaven.'"

The Englishman detected the error in this reasoning, but, not wishing to wound the susceptibilities of the priest, merely remarked:

"But, Brahmin, you must admit that the further we are removed from a state of nature, the more we are made to depend on ourselves—and out of that dependence arises the conditions which adorn and beautify the primitive system, and create new ones? Take our Christian idea of Providence as an example. We believe the Providence of civilisation to be the Providence of industry, of morality, of mind—"

"And good luck!" interposed the Brahmin: "twist it as you will, you must come back to destiny; therefore I think a simple, unaffected faith is better than a belief elaborated out of reason and exaggerated murky traditions. Christian, we are all children of one father, although we give Him different faces. But to prove to you that I am not abusing your ear with vain speculations, I will relate to you a story of ancient India. Not far from this stands the Temple of Tanjore—or pilgrims' rest—a Hindoo church, as you would call it, whose original erection dates back anterior to the period when Egypt flourished; now, as the evening has set in, if you will accompany me to the holy place, I will show you its glory, and tell you how it came to pass that it is a great as well as terrible landmark in the history of India."

The Englishman accepted the offer with alacrity, for he had purposely journeyed from Madras—a distance of upwards of two hundred miles—to visit this celebrated Hindoo Temple, or Pagoda, as Europeans erroneously describe these mysterious structures.

The walk was a pleasant one, of about two miles, during which the Hindoo informed his companion that, having a pension from the East India Company, he had devoted the remainder of his days to works of charity and love. The Englishman felt fascinated by the extreme singularity, as well as original tone, of his remarks; and, although he regarded him as a bigot in his religious impressions, could not avoid giving him the most generous credit for consistency.

Tanjore is one of the districts of the Madras territory, and is the ancient Chola-dera, or Chola-mandala, from which, by corruption, the modern term Coromandel is derived. Never having been permanently occupied by the followers of Mahomet, it retains its ancient establishments in considerable splendour. The capital, Tanjore, contains the most perfect Hindoo monuments to be found in the whole of the Carnatic—the scene, in modern times, of some of those stirring events which made the peninsula of India the great theatre for the display of the military prowess of England.

The town, straggling and dirty, like all Eastern cities, contains two fortresses: one of which is occupied by the Rajah, who receives an annual grant from the East India

the other part of the old heated Pagoda, esteemed beyond comparison as the finest specimen of the pyramidal temple in India. It is about 200 feet high, and, as the Englishman and Brahmin entered the precincts of the fortress, its beautiful architectural proportions were fully revealed in the glorious light of the large Eastern moon that lit up the cloudless sky.

The Englishman gazed upon the noble-looking structure in solemn awe. Scattered about the doors were the figures of recumbent bulls, of the size of life; and in an open temple at the rear, was the celebrated bull of black granite, which the Brahmin said was 16 feet 2 inches in length, by 12½ feet in height.

The stillness of the night, the sublime ensemble of the ancient temple, with its rugged images of Brahma, and the hosts of dim traditions that seemed hoarded up in its sombre recesses, all inspired the traveller with a feeling of veneration for this dumb memorial of an obscured past, and monument of a still virile present; for priests, in their white robes, paced the marble colonnades, and were to be seen in devotional attitudes on the steps leading to the sacred inclosure. The building, in the soft light that fell upon it, seemed an unbroken mass of architectural beauty; and as the Englishman endeavoured to penetrate the gloom that shrouded the colossal Brahma, in the centre of the open temple, he felt the influence of those mysterious emotions which coincidence of time, scene, and mental predisposition, rarely fail to arouse in the minds of those who can perceive more in a memorial of the past, than stone and sculptured art united by the skilful hand of genius.

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed the Englishman, "but inscrutable. If these symbols of a faith that dates back to a fabulous antiquity had tongues, what revelations would fall on the startled ear of the world!"

"Destiny," remarked the Brahmin, "is merciful as well as inexorable. The mysteries of extinct eras would doubtless appal the most transcendent courage—therefore they have faded into myths; and happy is he who believes without inquiring. But when you look upon this antique pile, remember that it is a monument of that material worship which in all ages has usurped the place of the pure, elementary communion with the unseen. But the story I have to tell will perhaps be the best commentary I could give on what you may consider the prejudices of an ascetic. However, to give way to a sentiment excited by your remark, I must say to you that when I sometimes gaze upon this hoary temple, silvered by the gracious moon yet standing in repelling grandeur between my humble shadow and the unfathomable past, I ardently pant to pierce the mists of ten thousand years, and see the visages of races that have long ago perished—to study the physical and moral phases of which not even a tertiary vestige is left—and gather some knowledge of those antecedents that, like the trees of the forest, have withered, and made soils for succeeding generations of life, in its infinite variety. Yet how vain the wish, when I believe that

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

And however far I might be permitted to explore, I should be tempted to go farther and farther, until all I had acquired would only amount to one dread, vague nothing."

"I must confess to a little weakness the same way," smiled the Englishman; "but when, in more sober moments I measure my probable gains by a matter-of-fact standard, my regret, somehow or another, becomes more lachrymose than real."

"Ah!" said the Brahmin, "you English are a hard-headed race! You turn your heels to the past, and plunge headlong into the future. Perhaps you are right, for going back is tedious work. To me, however, dreaming is a pleasure—a stimulant, like the wine you Europeans quaff to your loves, friendships, and revenges. I am descended, too, from a strange race—one to which tradition gives a genealogy that runs into the lost history of the Palli nations of India. So, if you will lean against this broken pillar—progenitor, by the way, of the boasted Doric of the Greeks—I will carry you a short distance into the field of Hindoo romance."

THE PROPHET BROTHERS.

About the period when Babylon flourished and Nineveh was in its pride, the vast territories comprised within the boundaries of the Himalaya Mountains on the north, the mountains of Cabul on the west, the Ganges on the east, and the ocean on the south—now known as India—were divided into four mighty nations, over whom the most powerful exercised authority as emperor, or lord paramount. They never, however, were permanently united under one monarchy.

Peopled by distinct races, partially conquered and colonised by various nations, they were divided into independent states, just as the natural divisions of the country suggested, or as enforced by the religion and monarchical politics of the several rulers who flourished at different periods. The Puranas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, state, that about four thousand years ago, India comprised four rich and powerful kingdoms, virtually independent of each other, but confederate under one common head. That which ranked second in point of opulence and strength, was the kingdom of Bejanagur, comprising the whole of the Indian peninsula south of the river Krishna, to the extremity known, in the present day, as Cape Comorin. Subsequently these four states became subdivided into ten, one of which was Karnata, the ancient Bejanagur, and the modern territories of Mysore, Travancore, and Cochín, now comprehended within the Madras Presidency.

It is well known that when these lines of Pope were read to a learned Brahmin, he started up and declared that the author must have been a Hindoo.

Well, about the remarkable period when the plains of Assyria were covered with splendid cities, the kingdom of Karnata was thickly populated, rich and flourishing. The reigning monarch was Sahadeva, who alternately kept his court at Bejanagur in the north, and Tanjore in the south of his kingdom. The latter place, being contiguous to the coast, was one of considerable importance; for, besides its political and ecclesiastical establishments, it maintained an uninterrupted intercourse with the opulent island of Ceylon, and was therefore in some respects a commercial emporium.

The government was absolute, but paternal in character; and the people, amongst whom no great intelligence prevailed, were happy and contented. Their fruitful soil yielded them abundance, without the necessity for any severe labour, and as their social institutions had reached that degree of perfection in which change is neither desired nor suggested by any extraordinary necessity, their course of life was calm, equable, and unbroken by any of those gusts of passion which, in after times, disturbed the human atmosphere throughout all India, with the periodical regularity of the monsoon. The monarchy was supported by an hereditary oligarchy, who constituted the great proprietors of the land; next to them were the merchants and traders, and lastly, the agricultural population, scattered about in villages, whose sole employment was tending flocks, and bestowing upon the soil the little culture its generous bosom scarcely needed. They were a branch of the Palli nation—the aboriginal inhabitants of the whole of the peninsula—whose overthrow and dispersion constitute the most romantic chapters in Indian history. Their language was that of the Sanscrit, and Buddha—the predecessor of Rama, their incarnation of Vishnu—the highest Hindoo conception of the deity. The Brahminical doctrines in that day—essentially the doctrines of progress—were confined to Western Asia.

Following the ancient faith of all India, and being remote from the corrupting influences of change, they worshipped Buddha, who had come on earth to abolish human sacrifices, and substitute the innocent oblation of fruits and flowers. Buddha they regarded as the incarnation of the Divine Energy, who had and was to appear frequently among men as an interpreter of the law, and a mediator with the abstract, and—as with the western Atheists—the eternal, passionless, First Cause of all things. Thus, believing that the Divine Energy, for its wise and secret purposes, assumed every variety of form of life, they adopted the doctrine of Transmigration, and deified the elements and several animals, through whom they imagined this Divine Energy had passed. The cow, the elephant and the lamb, were all sacred to the Divinity; but, in the reign of Sahadeva, the lamb symbolised their abstract idea of power in alliance with some material form. Their church was magnificently supported, and governed by vicars and priests, who advocated implicit faith in Maha-Monu (the great philosopher), and Buddha, his divine interpreter.

The clergy, generally, were not celibatists, but numbers of them practised austerities, and immured themselves in monasteries, from which they occasionally emerged to preach on the efficacy of moral restraint in restoring the emanations of the Deity dwelling in matter, to the Great Spirit from which they issued.

The church being partly material and partly spiritual in its constitution, clung to the state for support, and as there were no schisms in the land, the hierarchy thus erected was mild and unobtrusive in its discipline. The people in their morals were extremely material, but their social scheme, through the absence of all stimulants to mental excitement, was harmonious. Polygamy was tolerated and defended by the priesthood on economical reasons—for the women far outnumbered the men; but a genial and innocent intercourse prevailed among all classes, and those immoral offences and crimes that disgrace European civilisation were unknown. Theft and murder were the only crimes of which the tribunals of Sahadeva ever had to take cognisance. Peace had prevailed in the country for generations, and the sovereign, himself a mild and learned personage—for he was skilled in the sciences of his own and other lands, and could converse fluently with many of the ambassadors who came to visit him from the nations bordering on Europe—in the beginning of his reign conscientiously boasted that his kingdom was a paradise.

And truly it was a paradise, if contentment, luxury, and all that soothes the senses, is the acme of human enjoyment. But, although the heart of the nation beat placidly, and the air was spiced with the aroma of the forests, and the sweet music of myriads of birds thrilled on the ear, there were agents at work beneath this glittering surface, which only required the magic touch of ambition to break into a thousand tumultuous fragments. When civilisation, or cultivated repose, reaches a certain point, it crumbles, from the very inertness of its lethargy, and new conditions rise upon its ruins. But, Sir Englishman, my story would better teach the moral I would impress on your imagination. Fancy then, my friend, in the reign of Sahadeva—a rivulet shaded by stately trees, and fringed by flowers of every hue, running gently through a shady grove in the neighbourhood of ancient Tanjore. There was music in every bough, and voluptuous murmurs in every breath of the spice-laden wind. On the margin of this crystal watercourse, a maiden reclined. She was in the full bloom of Indian loveliness, and, as her ripe lips chirped to the juggling of the white-plumaged, purple-crested bird of paradise above her head, a beholder might have wished that the companionship between her and the songster had been bestowed on himself. Jug, jug, sang the bird, and chirrup, chirrup, responded the girl, in listless ecstasy, as she lay revealing the contour of her fine form through the folds of her gossamer muslin robe. While thus entranced, she heard not the sound of a heavy footfall, or the rustling of branches in her vicinity; and it was not until a well-known voice whispered in her ear, "Owa—beautiful Owa!" that she was aroused from her waking lethargy; and, starting from her recumbent posture, beheld the familiar face of Rama, the plainest and poorest of her suitors. He was a short-statured but large-framed young man, with a broad, lofty brow, and strongly marked, dusky features. His dark, full-centered eye was as piercing as the lightning's gleam, but he was not silky enough in his demeanour to please the fastidious daughter of the richest trader in Tanjore.

"Owa—beautiful Owa!" murmured the impassioned youth, bending upon her the most ardent glances. Owa drew her robe across her bosom, and shook her glossy locks with a gesture of scorn.

"Owa—beautiful Owa!" continued the youth; "why am I distasteful in your sight? Am I not as strong as the lion and fleet as the cheetah? Am I not a brave hunter in the sight of Buddha?"

"You are Rama, the son of a moonshee!" replied Owa. "True," said Rama; "and is not my father the pundit of the court—has he not taught me the wisdom of the sages of old, and infused into my strong spirit the glory of a brighter excellence than looking on the world with the cold eye of satisfied desire? Owa, I tell you I am a man—when my hour comes I shall be great!"

Owa laughed.

"Drive me not to madness, Owa! for I have had dreams—brave dreams. I have seen horse and foot soldiers in mighty array; I have heard the clang of armour, the neighing of steeds, and the roar of combat; I have seen the thrones of kings, too, topple to their foundations. I—I tell you Owa, I have had brave dreams; I have seen Buddha, Brahma—"

The young girl at this announcement laughed merrily, and, looking mischievously at her lover, said:

"Will all your seeing make you as handsome as Wancee, or as rich?"

Rama sprang into the air a few feet, with a bellow that frightened the girl, for she dashed through an opening in the trees, and sped rapidly to her father's house in Tanjore.

"She will never be mine!" groaned Rama, who struck heavy blows on his huge chest.

"Never! why wish for her?" echoed a hoarse, deep voice at his elbow.

Rama wheeled himself round, and faced his brother Krishnu.

"Thou!" he muttered, as the hot blood mounted to his temples.

"Even I, brother!" answered Krishnu, who was a tall, gloomy-looking, and exceedingly dark-complexioned man.

"Thou hast heard?" said Rama.

"I have! Owaloves you not! she has given her heart to the smooth-fewelled Wancee!" was the answer.

"She is beautiful!" murmured Rama, dashing away a scalding tear.

"She is a woman," responded Krishnu, "and loves with her eye. Like all her sex, she has no inner vision like the birds, she mates where chance or instinct leads her."

"You are wise," said Rama; "I will tear her from my heart! Rama has pride!"

A long silence then ensued between the brothers, which was at length broken by Krishnu, the elder, exclaiming:

"Brother, do you see yonder tree? Its top is withered, and its once broad branches are now dust. Such is the fate of all things that tarry long in one place! I am weary of Tanjore; weary of mumbling prayers; weary, weary of the dull round of this unvarnished life!"

"And I tire of the chase!" exclaimed Rama: "my arrows are as swift and true—my club as heavy—but the enchantment has gone. Why did I love?"

"Say, rather, why did our father make us wise?" said Krishnu; "since his wisdom has but made us know that we are only the sons of a poor moonshee! I would be a warrior!"

Rama's eyes glistened; and, laying his hand on his brother's black, muscular arm, he solemnly said:

"I have had dreams, Krishnu! bright, brave dreams! Last night, I dreamt that the stars unfolded to me some of the leaves of my everlasting life. I thought I was a myriad of insects, buzzing in the soft light of the moon: then the sun arose, and I fell to the ground, a hard-baked mass, which the rain licked into form, and behold I crawl along as a lizard! Then I was devoured by a noble, walking thing, and I walked. The glassy waters showed me the visage of a Goa monkey; but, as I gazed, I grew, and grew, until my head reached the stars, and I could grasp the horns of Brahma. The eyes of the god looked fire; but he smiled, and said: 'Rama, thy destiny is great!' With that I awoke, and found thee, Krishnu, labouring as if in death!"

"I was in Magadha, fighting for the great lord, Japa Sanda. Brother, these dreams portend something! Let us arise and go! In every land there is good, and what is there more in Tanjore?"

Rama acquiesced, and hand-in-hand they went to bid their parent farewell.

"Go, my sons!" said the aged priest; "the stars have willed it. We shall meet in Pandha. Pandha is green. Our lord the king will give me shelter in the Kiri wood, while ye are prophesying in the world. I shall and my days in prayers and meditation. Go; ye are freed beyond the children of Bijanagur, and Tanjore is too little a space for your future greatness."

The sons received the parental blessing in silence, and, taking the dusty high-road to Seringapatam, were soon lost to sight.

Thus did Rama and Krishnu set out upon their travels.

and, being inspired by their own high confidence, and the spirits of the future, with whom they held communion, they prophesied in the towns and villages through which they passed, and foretold the advent of a greater prophet than Buddha, to the amazement and terror of all who heard them. But, after prophesying throughout all India for five years, and having been many times cast into prison as heretics, they suddenly disappeared, and none knew whither they had gone.

About twenty years after the departure of Krishnu and Rama from their native place, their very memories had been forgotten; the priest had long since been called away, and all trace of the brothers had been completely lost. But the fame of a mighty warrior in the west, named Krishnu, and of a warrior statesman in the east, who was styled Bala Rama, had spread all over India; and as reports of their astounding progress reached the usually calm court of Sahadeva, once more assembled at Tanjore, it was perceived that the now aged king and his advisers were visibly troubled.

Krishnu had firmly established himself in the Deccan, and, from the vague reports that were in circulation, it was surmised that Bala Rama was marching to effect a junction with his army, so as to found a new and formidable empire in the very heart of India.

Jara Sanda, the Emperor of Maghada, and lord paramount of India, had been slain in battle, and it appeared too probable that one of the warrior brothers would mount his throne. The Buddhist church, overthrown in Maghada, the centre of its power, was convulsed and trembling, and the alarm of the priesthood being communicated to the laity, all classes in the Carnatic were in agitation and commotion. The slumber of generations was broken by the magic name of Bala Rama. But when it was announced that an envoy from that dreaded conqueror was on his way to the court of Tanjore, the king and his ministers were filled with terror and amazement. He came, but more like a crusader than an ambassador; for, as he journeyed along, he preached to the people of the glory and power of Brahma, and not only set the Buddhist priests at defiance, but audaciously proclaimed that Bala Rama was an incarnation of Vishnu itself.

The dreaded day came, and behold the court of Sahadeva assembled to receive the messenger of the prophet. At the upper end of a long hall in the palace, sat the monarch on his throne. He wore a crown of gold on his head, and in his right hand he held the pastoral crook, to denote that he claimed to be a representative on earth of Rama, the latest incarnation of the power of Buddha. By his side stood Zandaroy, his prime minister, and the royal abbot of the church of Karnata. In a gallery behind the throne the ladies of the court were assembled, but the king's daughter, Thuree, sat at his feet, embracing his knees. The nobles, all clad in white, were seated on each side of the hall, and, at the extremity facing the throne, some priests were assembled, who chanted a hymn, and scattered flowers on the head and body of the sitting image of Buddha, which stood near the door. Presently a subdued sound came from the multitude without, and the next instant, amid an oppressive silence, the burly figure of a man, apparently in the prime of life, strode into the hall, and, without much ceremony, advanced to the foot of the dais. The aged monarch gazed at him in awe, for his features were broad and massive, his eyes large and commanding, and all his gestures conveyed the idea of immense visible as well as invisible strength. He looked like one of the reanimated gods of the elder Hindoo time.

"Declare thy mission!" said Zandaroy, firmly.

The envoy heeded him not, for his gaze was riveted on the beautiful face of Thuree, the princess.

"Declare thy mission!" repeated the priest.

The ambassador gave him one penetrating glance, and then, in a loud tone, said:

"In the name of the prophet brothers, Krishnu and Rama, the lords of India, and the vicerepts of Brahma, I come to demand for his invincible highness, Bala Rama, the Emperor of Maghada, the hand of the peerless daughter of Sahadeva, the King of Karnata, and lord of the territories on the sea."

Thuree buried her face in her father's robe, and the king, upon whom the announcement broke like a thunder-clap, hurriedly replied:

"Our council shall decide."

Then, turning to his prime minister, he gave directions for the entertainment of the envoy, and hastily dissolved the court.

Sahadeva issued mandates, directing the attendance of all the nobles and high church dignitaries of his kingdom, to assist at a solemn conclave to discuss the fate of his only child. Meanwhile the envoy was offered the most princely entertainment, but he sternly refused it, rather choosing to dwell among his own retinue, which, it began to be remarked, were exceedingly numerous; and, to add to the anxiety of the court, the near approach of an annual religious festival caused an unusual influx of visitors into Tanjore.

During this transitory excitement, the envoy openly preached the doctrines of Brahma as opposed to those of Buddha, and it was observed that he was assisted in his ministrations by a tall, black man, who indulged in the utmost licence of language towards the established faith, and even went so far as to blaspheme Buddha himself. The populace first wondered at, and then admired, the courage of these strangers, and as they began to comprehend the doctrines taught by them, gradually wavered in their ancient belief, until it only required a spark to kindle their half-adopted convictions into a living flame of worship. While the tottering monarch and his advisers were debating, the envoy employed some of his time in the society of the beautiful princess.

On one occasion when in her presence, her eyes sank

beneath his burning glances, and she felt a strange thrill pervading her whole frame.

"Royal lady, may a servant of Brahma clasp your gentle hand?" said he, in a voice rendered musical by some deep emotion.

The princess extended her jewelled fingers, which the envoy clasped with some warmth, and then raised to his lips. A deep blush started through her dusky skin, and as she ventured to raise her eyes and encountered the passionate expression of the envoy's large countenance, her heart throbbed violently; and, so swiftly formed are ardent feelings under the tropics, she returned his gaze with a vividness of look which, although only momentary, caused his strong frame to tremble, and his eyes to emit flashes of fire.

"Beautiful!" he softly said; "you shall be Rama's bride—his queen—his wife—despite all the owls in your father's kingdom! To-morrow, princess—to-morrow!"

With the latter hurried whisper, he made a profound obeisance, and retired from the chamber. As he passed through a street near the palace, he observed a face the lineaments of which arrested his attention. It was that of a person standing at the door of a shop, with one hand complacently resting on the pit of his ample stomach.

The envoy inquired the man's name, and was answered, "Wanee!"

"Have you a wife?"

"Miserable man that I am, I have four!"

"How! Four! How could you have been so foolish?"

The envoy, as he said this, entered the shop unceremoniously, and, proceeding to the rear of the dwelling, had a view of the domestic *ensemble*. Children were sprawling about in every variety of attitude, and the four wives were seated on low stools, smoking betel.

"That is Owa, my first," said the shopkeeper, pointing to an attenuated woman, seated in a corner, and smoking furiously. She had a most hag-like appearance, and although not forty, looked at least eighty years of age.

The envoy shuddered, and, as he hurried away, muttered:

"Brahma be praised! What an escape! Destiny, thou art great!"

Later in the day, two men in the garb of warriors met by the stream beside which, twenty years before, this same Owa had refused Rama, the poor son of the humble moonshee. Each was in the prime of life, but on the brow of the taller fierce passions had set their seal, whilst the other had the appearance of greater gravity, and more massive intellectual development.

"Krishnu," said the younger, "twenty years are but a drop of water in the sea of time; yet, to us, what an ocean they have proved!"

"Destiny called us, Rama, from our humble state," was the gloomy reply; "and on its wings we have been borne to power and glory! I have been commissioned to destroy kings and giants; you, Rama, to found a dynasty and an empire!"

"Say a new world—for I will so alter this that its old face shall crumble into dust; a new time and a new people will date their commencement from its decay!" said Rama, fervently—for it was the Prophet Brothers, who once more met in one of the haunts of their youth. "We shall be gods, worshipped and adored throughout untold ages!"

"What would you do?" inquired Krishnu; for, having his own mission—that of violence and destruction—he had not divined the magnitude and more subtle character of his brother's projects.

"Do!" echoed Rama; "I would destroy this enervating Buddhism—trample on the traditions of my Pali blood, and create institutions that would endure for ever! The Devas show the way to immortality! They teach me to substitute power for repose, action for indolence, creation for preservation, Brahma for Buddha!"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Krishnu; "Brahma is a greater god than Buddha: his bellowings are like thunder in the mountains!"

"Truly Brahma is a great god!" said Rama; "and my name—as the restorer of his worship—will descend to posterity; like the grand swell of the sea, its renown will beat against the shores of all time!"

"Our troops will be in Tanjore to-morrow!" said the more ferocious Krishnu. "Shall we smite this dotard in his silver cage, or hang him on the Tree of the old temple?"

"Neither!" replied Rama, decisively; "here we were born, and here we will reign without shedding one drop of blood! In Tanjore will I wed a bride! In Tanjore will I hold the Raisoo Yag,* that to men and God will proclaim me lord and sovereign master of the vassal world! And in Tanjore will I erect the image of Brahma for all people to worship, and to be unto distant ages a landmark in our history, and a lasting memorial to the faithful, of the splendid valour of Krishnu, and the wisdom of Rama!"

The night was occupied by the brothers in busy preparation. While the city was hushed in repose, large bodies of men crept up close to its outskirts, where they concealed themselves in the thick plantations, while others boldly entered the place, in the character of pilgrims to the shrine of Buddha.

On the following day the court was assembled in the hall of audience, in the same order as before, with the exception that the envoy occupied a seat near the Princess Thuree, and appeared to be engaged with her in earnest, and, according to the expression of her face, pleasing conversation. Indeed, Zandaroy, the high priest, thought him more like a lover than an ambassador.

Sahadeva looked the composure he did not feel, when

* Literally the "Feast of Bajals" which could only be performed by a monarch who had conquered all the other sovereigns of the world.

Zandaroy rose to announce the reply of the court to Rama, the new Emperor of Maghada. It was a refusal—a simple refusal—without comment or explanation. The parental love was stronger than the fear inspired by the renown of the warrior and prophet brothers. The monarch probably trusted much to his comparative isolation from what was then called the continent of India. He little dreamed that the dreadful Krishnu had taken possession of the Malabar coast on his right hand—that the flower of the army of the brothers was already in the heart of his kingdom.

"That is your answer to the royal Rama?" said the envoy, sternly.

"It is," was the sententious reply.

"Lady," said the envoy, taking the princess by the hand, and fixing on her a glance so fascinating that she moved forward at his will, "Rama hails thee as the queen of his heart!" So saying, he drew his sword, which hung at his side, and, waving it in the air, cried out, in a voice of thunder: "Up, followers of Brahma, and let your wings rustle like the eagles' ye have heard in the Valley of Cashmere! Arise, brave ones, and salute your empress!"

The seeming pilgrims, at the entrance of the hall, raised up a terrific shout, as they easily overpowered the feeble guard, and rushed into the hall, brandishing swords and battle-axes.

"Down with Buddha!" cried the seeming envoy.

In an instant the idol was torn from its pedestal, and rolled among the troops outside, who speedily hacked it to pieces.

"Who art thou, blasphemer and destroyer?" asked the indignant priest.

"I am Rama—Bala Rama!" replied the warrior, drawing the princess to his side, and casting around him a glance instinct with pride, courage, and indomitable energy.

At this announcement Sahadeva fainted, and, being consigned to the care of the princess, was removed; and in a few minutes the Pali dynasty and the Buddhist power, after an existence of a thousand years, were numbered among the things that were. The conquest was complete; the image of Buddha, in the course of a few months was everywhere destroyed, and the worship of Brahma unhesitatingly accepted in its stead. The institution of castes was rigorously introduced; the simplicity of the Buddhist civilisation disappeared with magic rapidity, and at the end of a few months, Rama, to commemorate his bloodless victory and marriage with the princess, instituted the image of the bull as the object of worship, and caused that black one, which has so much excited your curiosity, to be conveyed hither, from some place in one night, from whence, to this day is a mystery. Like the stone of the Arabians, it is believed to have fallen from heaven. And thus, Christian," concluded the Brahmin, "it came to pass that the Temple of Buddha was transformed into the Temple of Brahma, and a new system arose out of the ashes of the past. Buddhism, banished to Tartary, China, and Ceylon, became corrupted; and in the present day has become the dull, insensible worship of Guadma, a prophet who, like Rama, changed the destiny of millions of human beings, and, like him, rolled back the stone of human development, and fixed mankind in one condition for centuries. Had Rama or any one like him not lived, the old civilisation of the Pali people would have given place to one of a more competitive character, and in India now, as in Europe, we should have had rival nations, rival creeds, rival people, and an aggregate opposition, to give vigour and vitality to the whole social and moral body.

"As it is, the Hindoos are slaves to custom—the worst slavery extant—and the dominion of strangers from a distant clime. You may think me a strange Brahmin, Sir Englishman, but I am a true one; and in speaking to one of your enlightened race, I can at least mourn over the degeneracy of my country, and show how it came to be perpetual and ever-abiding. But see, the sun just streaks the eastern sky—the home of Buddha: it is the best time to view the interior of the temple, and if you are not fatigued, I will give you a story illustrative of our Hindoo castes. I have called it the SILVER CASKET."

J. P. H.

WHY ARE ROSES RED AND WHITE?

BY W. S. SHEPLEY.

WHEN first the roses reared their heads
In Eden's sacred bowers,
They flourished o'er the emerald beds,
The brightest of the flowers!

White—as the snow o'er mountain driven
Pure—as the pearls of ocean;
Fair—as the cloudless vault of heaven;
And lovely—as devotion!

Unspotted, and without a thorn,
Around the tree they blew;
Where the forbidden fruit was borne,
And flowers of all kinds grew.

There, as Eve passed, to rob that tree,
A virgin rose she crushed;
The flowers, ashamed her fault to see,
Drooped down their heads, and blushed

But when the Saviour of mankind
Descended from on high,
Emblems of purity! we find
The roses lose their dye!

So, now they're blended, red and white
The red blushed at the fall;
The snow-buds opened to the light
When Christ redeemed us all!

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCENE—Wooded avenue leading to Kelford Castle; the moon rising dimly; Falkner, disguised; watching.

FALKNER.

THERE is a brooding horror in the hour,
As if the heavy air held breath, alarmed!
A sluggish stifling atmosphere; I choke
'Neath its oppression!
Who says that life is short? Time hath no guage;
A moment may comprise eternity;
We talk of life, its hopes and its results:
Its span-like brevity,—but I have lived
Years in a few sad hours! It seems an age
Since dawned the day, and yet 'tis hardly night!
Oh, charitable Night, merciful Night,
That shuts the dreaming eye of wretchedness,
Consoles the weary fever of the heart,
And makes the poorest equal to the rich;
What hast thou been to me, but misery?
Sleepless, and dark, and desolate of hope.

[Paces to and fro.]

How like a prowler do I hang about!
I'll lurk no more, but challenge fate at once,
And beard the villain in his sensual den.
Were it not well to feign some message there?
Some note from Bertha whom he seeks to woo,
As Jurus tells me, and gain audience thus?
Once in the room, he goes not forth alive!
'Twere double vengeance thus to feed his love
Then curse it in the bud! A note of hers,
But change the name, is right for him as me.
He'll scarce come forth to-night,—then in—then in!
For every hour, as 'twere an avalanche,
O'erwhelms my being with some horrid fear
Of his escape, some wild anticipation
Of defeat, of failure, and disgrace!
Fate do its worst—I'll dare the worst to come!

[Exit FALKNER towards the Castle.]

Enter BROLSON and RIVDILL.

BROLSON, enraged.

Escaped! through thee.

RIVDILL.

Take my advice for once, and make the best on't;
This is the place, and near the time appointed.
Kelford expects us here—let's swear he's dead:
Receive the wage, and do the work at leisure.

BROLSON.

Not I.

RIVDILL.

I doubt this lord; doubt, if the deed were done,
We should reap aught but threats of punishment:
A rope in pay—a gibbet for reward:
By Cain, he comes.

Enter Kelford, hastily.

How now, what seek ye here, so near the lake?
Deep in the dell I bade ye both await me.
I'm glad you're found; glad, very glad you're found.
We will speak further ere ye move in this;
I have thought better of the act—the boy . . .

RIVDILL stepping before BROLSON.

Is dead:
The blood scarce dry, as you may partly see,
Upon my dagger's edge.

[Kelford starts from it shudderingly.]

One stab sufficed.

KELFORD.

Stabbed? the boy—dead? oh, villains! villains!

BROLSON.

Were we not hired to do it? promised gold?
What mean you then by this pretended horror?

KELFORD.

Murdered! It cries from earth; it will be heard.
His blood—his innocent blood.

RIVDILL.

The purse—the gold—our wage; payment for work
Even we found hard to finish . . .

[Kelford laughs convulsively.]

You laugh?

KELFORD.

Laugh?
'Twould make e'en devils merry to behold
The payment ye shall count. What ho, there, ho!

BROLSON.

Nay then, to pay ourselves . . .

[Rivdill and Brolson attack Kelford, who defends himself desperately, but is at last beaten down.]

RIVDILL.

Our payment;—Brolson, cut it from his heart.

Re-enter FALKNER, with his sword drawn.

What cry was that? Ha, ruffians . . .

[Falkner strikes up Brolson's sword and wounds him; Kelford rises—and the robbers rush off.]

FALKNER.

Not hurt, I hope?

KELFORD.

A flesh wound, nothing more
And that it is no more, I've your brave sword
And braver arm to thank;—the villain's breath
Smoked hot upon my face; an instant, and . . .

FALKNER.

The odds were much against you. Can my arm
Avail you further in assistance home?
The dastards may return.

KELFORD.

Less for your aid, than for your company,
I'll be your debtor; 'tis not far:
My castle . . .

FALKNER.

Castle?

KELFORD.

Stands close by, beyond the lake.

FALKNER, aside.

His castle? should it? no:

Fate cannot be so mad.

KELFORD, seeing his agitation, turns suddenly.

They've not returned with others in their train?

No; by your looks, methought they had.

FALKNER, breathlessly.

Your name?

KELFORD.

Kelford.

Why look ye thus? What see you?

FALKNER, in a hoarse, hollow whisper.

A monster!

KELFORD.

Heard'st thou aright? What mean'st thou?

I say my name is Kelford.

FALKNER, recovering.

I saved thy life—thou own'st it?—

KELFORD.

I do.

FALKNER.

There is a wretch—

A ruffian worse than these—villain abhorred—

Whose very name turns all my blood to fire

And burns each nerve, each writhing nerve, to torture.

I must have vengeance:—Wilt thou lend thine aid?

KELFORD.

I will.

FALKNER.

He was a friend, but he betrayed his trust;
Dishonour'd those who strove to honour him,
And murder'd one I loved:—Wilt lend thine aid?

KELFORD.

I will.

FALKNER.

You promise well.

KELFORD.

And will as well perform.

But let us to the castle.

FALKNER.

Better here.

KELFORD.

Go on.

FALKNER.

Murdered, thou heardst?

He murdered her I loved!

The first love of my heart, my young fresh heart,

Choice of its earliest wishes—life of life—

More beautiful than hues of heaven can paint,

Or angels reach, or seraphim conceive,

She was;—she is what his cursed hands have made her;

Dust of the earth! and still the miscreant lives;

The scoffer smiles;—the murderer quaffs his wine,

And laughs—and laughs at vengeance.

KELFORD.

Some rival?

FALKNER.

Rival? fiend! some fiend!

Incarnate demon; minister of hell:—

Accursed the hour my sister saw his face.

KELFORD.

Sister? thy sister?—speakst thou of . . .

FALKNER.

I was a prisoner, chained in Hyder's cell.

KELFORD, aside.

India! what, what do I hear?

FALKNER.

Imprisoned, chained; the traitor knew his time:

But ill news strides apace—I heard—heard—heard—

And called the earth to cover me.

[Falkner buries his face in his hands, distractedly.]

KELFORD.

Have patience.

FALKNER.

Patience? Hear me:

In Indian warfare, 'neath a scorching sun,

I toiled in the defences of the siege,

And saw my father perish at my side;

Whose service there some petty insolence

Of new authority enforced! He died;

But I had patience!

Hear me yet:

I had a friend who shared my heart from youth;

'Neath his command, against the Mysoreans

I battled, and was captured: sir, his troop

E'en to a man had fought, and perished too,

Ere I, in Hyder's dungeon, worse than death,

Had lain a prisoner; but he—he retreated!

Left me to suffer long captivity:

The torture of a bondage, by report

The most inhuman Tyranny could shape!

He fled—but I had patience!

God tempered me to bear it—till the news

Of a beloved sister's fame dishonoured!

The legacy of a dead mother's love,

My father's favourite and long-cherished child,

Dishonoured, and by one that sire had served!

'Twas then I cursed my chains, and challenged life

To show on earth a greater wretch than I;

'Twas then I breathed an oath in Hyder's cell

To barter all for vengeance! then, 'twas then,

I tore my flesh, and held my bleeding hands
To God for justice!

I was heard! escaped

Am here!—Now, prate to me of patience!

KELFORD, aside.

'Tis Falkner! Courage—let me lose no chance—

Detection trembles on a point—a move—

Coolness and boldness must avail me now:

He cannot know me, from my change of name.

FALKNER.

Thou look'st.

KELFORD.

How?

FALKNER.

As though some spell had struck thee into stone.

Perchance thou knew'st this . . .

KELFORD eagerly, yet with embarrassment.

Nothing—'tis nothing—nothing, save thy story.

A woman's name is light, and lightly goes.

FALKNER.

A Woman's name is linked to something holy!

It is a thing to love—to estimate—

To honour—to defend: a Woman's name,

Oh, 'tis her wealth, her power, her patrimony;

Which, wanting, opulence is beggary;

All other strength, all other vigour—weakness!

It is the very magnet of her life;

The charm, the grace, the sweetness of her being

And he whose rancorous breath—or viler still—

Whose coward treachery that name assails,

Is villain deeper stained than language finds

Contempt for!

KELFORD.

I—you mistake, misjudge my meaning—

I thought not to—but, but your story—

You lost . . .

FALKNER.

Long—long 'twas thought he had escaped although

Defeat but added strength to my resolve,

Like him (the fabled) who to earth being thrown

Rose at each new prostration doubly strong,

So leapt decision from each overthrow.

All times I sought him, morning, noon, and night—

All places, from the music-breathing hall,

The revel and the dance—the gilded rout;

Down to the meanest walls where knaves conceal

At last.

KELFORD alarmed—aside.

There is a curdling horror in my blood;

My words swell in my throat until too large

For utterance—

You, you still pursued?

'Twas wonder nature sank not 'neath the toil.

FALKNER.

Food rarely passed these thin and fever'd lips;

I had no appetite but for revenge—

No thirst, but for the chalice of revenge!

It cast a shadow 'tween me and my God,

Made day like night, clothed all the world in black;

It was the hand that struck each note of time—

Revenge! revenge! deep, terrible revenge!

KELFORD trembling, and losing all presence of mind.

What mean'st thou?

FALKNER.

At length we met! thank God of heaven, we met!

KELFORD.

Who? what? art mad?

FALKNER.

The villain, monster, I was telling thee!—

(I shall be choked) this double ruffian, lord,

This black defamer of my father's house,

Despoiler of a sister's virtuous name,

We met!

Met when the savage gloated o'er new spoil

Dainty and fair, outrivalling the old,

And in the midst—steep'd to the lips in guilt

Perform'd, and guilt intended—lord, WE MET!

KELFORD, starting back, as wishful to escape.

'Tis FALKNER!

FALKNER, rushing before him.

Oh, is it so? your lordship knows me, then?

Be blister'd thy foul tongue, and ever dumb,

That dared to utter, dared to breathe a name

Thou hast dishonoured, villain!

[Throws off his disguise, and draws his sword.]

Thy sword.

KELFORD.

Hear me yet, Falkner—thy sister . . .

FALKNER.

Sister! . . .

Will heaven not strike thee dead before my sight?

Coward, thy sword!

KELFORD, rapidly.

Not here—his blood hath not well dried—not here—

'Twill drag my soul to everlasting doom.

Give, give me time—give time—

I'll meet thee where thou wilt.

FALKNER, pressing on him.

Thy sword.

KELFORD.

One word.

FALKNER.

Thy sword.

KELFORD.

One word—in mercy.

FALKNER.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Mercy?

Thou prat'st of mercy, whilst she stands beside thee,

Shrouded and pale, and on her cheek a stain,

A brand not e'en the grave hath bleached away.

Who fixed it there? Who stabbed her reputation?
Who slew the modest beauty of her soul?
Seest thou that dreadful finger point?

'Twas THOU!

Another yet, a grey-haired father. Nay,
Thou canst not move! Dead hands, thou mayst not see,
Secure thee like a vice!

Not draw? Not draw?

[KELFORD draws, and makes an agitated and unequal defence; FALKNER bears down each feeble guard, speaking all the time.]

Then to thy heart I strike the avenging steel
To the glad hilt—the hilt—with curses, lord!
And to perdition sink thy sinful soul;
For 'tis—hear it, thou doomed! it is a Falkner's arm
Avenge thus a dear loved sister's shame!

[After vainly endeavouring to speak, KELFORD dies.—A pause.—FALKNER approaches the corpse.]

So, dead! Then what am I, he being dead?
Was't thou, pale clod, degraded a loved name,
Stamped infamy upon a trusting heart,
And steeped a virtuous house in misery?
And we endure this from such things as thou?
Insects a blow can.

[Slight sounds of distant footsteps.]

Then I must hence—
But not without thee, lord, I love thee so!
So love, I cannot quit thee e'en in death!
To that dear sister's grave thy arts destroyed,
Thee, her destroyer, will I force to kneel;
Ay, bend thy stiffening joints in supplication!
Face to her grave thy catiff corpse I'll set,
Then leave thee there, with her accusing dust,
Until the foul fiends claim thee!

[Exit, hastily, with the body.]

(To be continued.)

TOUSSAINT L'OUVRETURE AND HIS COURT.

As the governor of the land, Toussaint L'Ouverture felt it necessary to keep up some kind of state. Like other chief magistrates, he had his receptions of ceremony, as well as his less formal audiences. The union of French vanity and negro love of parade in the foremost people, made him feel the importance of requiring due attention to appearances and etiquette. Hence he instituted what bears the name of "circles," at which all who were invited were expected to be present. These circles were of two kinds, the greater and the less. To the greater, formal invitations were given.

Toussaint himself appeared in the assemblies in the undress uniform of a general officer. His simple attire, in the midst of surrounding brilliancy, contrasted favourably with the dignified tone which he knew how to maintain. When he presented himself, all the company, females as well as males, arose from their seats. Attentive even to the proprieties, he showed his disapproval of any exposure of the person in female dress. On one occasion, he was seen to throw his handkerchief over the bare bosom of a lady, saying: "Modesty is the best charm of the sex." After having made the tour of the hall, and spoken to everybody, he withdrew by the door at which he entered, bowing right and left to the company.

The less circles were public audiences, which took place every evening. At these, Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared clad like the ancient proprietors when on their plantations. All the citizens entered the grand saloon, and were, irrespectively of rank and position, addressed by the governor as convenience served. After having gone round the room, he retired, and took with him into a small apartment in front of his bedchamber, which he used as a study, the persons with whom he wished to converse more freely and more at length. The greater number of these were the chief whites of the colony. There seating himself, he requested all others to be seated; then he would talk with them of France, of his children, of religion, of his old masters, and of God's grace in giving him liberty and granting him means for discharging the duties of the post in which he had been placed by the mother country. He also conversed of the progress of agriculture, of commerce, and never of political concerns; he questioned each respecting his own private affairs, and of his family, and appeared to take an interest in the several matters. With mothers, he spoke of their children, and inquired whether they attended to their religious education; and the young he would sometimes briefly examine in their catechism. When he wished to put an end to the audience, he arose and bowed. The company then retired, being attended by him to the door. As they left, he appointed times for special interviews with those who made the request. Then he shut himself up with his private secretaries, and commonly continued his labours far into the night.—*The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Dr. Beard.*

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PIGEON-HOUSE.—A young man, who fears to alarm his family by some wild love affair, seeks a respectable lady in society, and devotes himself to the passionate and laboriously jealous existence of a pigeon, as he is called. She accepts his passion. Thereupon the two lovers meet each other tenderly; and they make known the fact to their friends, acquaintances, and to all human kind, except the lady's husband, who does not know, or does not wish to know it. They visit together; but the lady arrives first, and without her husband. Five minutes after she is announced the pigeon appears. It is generally supposed that they arrived together in the same carriage, and got out together at the door, but that they separated for a moment, in order not to display the mysteries of the pigeon-house.—*French Papers.*



[W. S. WOODIN, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY MAYALL.]

W. S. WOODIN.

THE dramatic entertainments that are now in vogue contrast markedly with those that were popular when certain Thespian celebrities divided the applauses of the metropolis with Nelson or Wellington. Then, and for twenty years afterwards, the Shakspearian drama was enthusiastically received by all classes of the public, and a great actor caused about as much sensation as a great warrior. In the present day we perceive nothing of the kind. A new style of drama has been created, and quite a different taste in such matters has sprung up in every quarter. It is not difficult to account for this revolution, when it is considered how general has been the spread of education within the past twenty years, what new conditions of society have arisen since the termination of the great war with France, and how much our extended commerce and more liberal appreciation of the literature of other countries has tended to enlarge our powers of observation, and render us less exclusive in our notions than we were in the days of the O. P. riots, or of Siddons, Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

Now—and the public owes an infinite debt of gratitude to the cheap press for the boon—the plays of Shakspeare are to be found in almost every cottage. In the period to which we refer, their circulation was comparatively limited: the cheapest editions rarely went beyond the book-shelves of the middle class; and when, in addition, we bear in view the lamentable fact, that, among our artisans and labourers, not only those who had the desire, but even the mechanical ability, to read, were the exceptions, it will not be difficult to account for the avidity with which Shakspeare's drama was devoured, when the dish had the recommendation of novelty, and was well garnished with scenic attractions and talent that gave individuality and emphasis to the splendid conceptions of the immortal dramatist.

Everybody reads in the present day, and of course everybody reads Shakspeare; so that he has been to some extent banished from the glare of the footlights, to find a hearty welcome and a home in the sanctuary of the closet. The activity of the national mind has also contributed largely to produce this very dignified result. In an age of gas, railways, steam navigation, and cheap literature, the people could not afford to stop to digest Shakspeare in the old-fashioned way. Old forms must always give way to new circumstances, and the stage was the least likely to remain unaffected by a change in the aspect of civilisation.

As the mirror of the time, it must keep pace with the time. A people who work hard, both with the hands and the head, require excitement, and they require changes and variety of excitement. As the body demands variety in its diet, to sustain its stamina, so does the mind. And when we know this, so far from lamenting the elevation of the classic drama to the throne of private worship,

we regard it as a sign of health and vigour in the community, and would look upon it as an evidence of exhaustion, were the public to pause, in order that they might idolise one particular manifestation of genius, in one prescribed, dull, unvarying form.

No, we must go on; and as the people must and will be amused, all dramatic entertainments must be accommodated to the taste of the public—in fact, made by the public, not the public be attempted to be made for them. Those caterers who have been the most successful, owe it all to the adoption of this rule. And as we have arrived at such a phase in our civilisation that we are a dreadfully serious people, it is only natural that the demand should be for comedy and farce, to relax our nerves, and moderate the throbbing of our mental pulse, during the brief interval of two or three hours occasionally. Were we a light and frivolous nation, we should patronise tragedy on the same principle that poor, morbid beings rush to the Old Bailey when an execution is to take place. But as we are not so unfortunately constituted, we prefer a hearty laugh when we can indulge in it, and go where we can enjoy the luxury without restraint. It is this tendency which made Matthews, in his "At Homes," so popular; which drew crowds to the entertainments of John Parry, and sustains the *prestige* of a number of old favourites, who venture to sustain the whole burthen of a performance on their own shoulders.

Among the later additions to this corps of adventurous gentlemen, must be mentioned Mr. W. S. Woodin, who has been before the public for some months with his marvellously stored "Carpet Bag and Sketch Book"—being, as he describes them, "an instructo, grotesco, comico, pictorio, musico, and eccentricissimo entertainment, of an entirely novel nature, illustrative of the men and manners of the age."

"Carpet-Bag and Sketch-Book!" Why the title is redolent of something racy and highly-flavoured. Who has not seen every variety of carpet-bag—from the attenuated one of the quiet bachelor, going out of town just for a stroll, to the plethoric one of the puffy old gentleman, who has made "up his mind to stay as long as he can," and never wished to know what it contained. Nobody, we are sure; and, as the favoured owners of these mysterious and perpetually wandering receptacles invariably refuse even a peep into their recesses, Mr. Woodin has done the state some service in gratifying the curiosity their flitting, flashing, and troubled existence could scarcely have failed to excite. And then the "Sketch-Book"—portraits drawn to the life, and caricatures so cleverly depicted, that even their originals cannot help grinning at their oddity.

We could say a good deal about this remarkably original and funny entertainment, but as Mr. Woodin himself is the best expositor of his rich travestissements, we shall content ourselves with the remark, that he has undoubtedly made a great hit, and amply deserves the extraordinary success he has met with.

His *exposé* of some of "the men and manners of the

age," is exquisitely comical; he nevertheless hits hard occasionally, sparing neither the grey-haired bigot, nor the prudery that vents its spleen from out of the shadow of thirty and odd years of virgin ostracism. But Mr. Woodin's forte is drollery and invincible good humour; and when we mention that he sings an excellent song, and is a very Proteus in the rapidity of his transformations, a very lively idea may be formed of his mirth-provoking and irresistibly comic powers.

The portrait of him given above, shows that he has a good face and figure for his vocation, and, having youth on his side, it is very likely that he will long occupy and immensely improve upon his justly-earned position, as one of the very best humourists of his day. He has also talent and opportunity, and we are certain we shall be justified in bidding him persevere in his pleasant attempts to ease us of a few hours of care and anxiety. The sober ideas of business are none the worse for being well shaken now and then.

We ought to state, that our illustration of Mr. Woodin was taken from a daguerreotype portrait of him by Mr. Mayall.

DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAITURE.

The art of portrait taking by the light, has of late made rapid advances towards perfection, and little doubt can be entertained that the charming productions of the daguerreotype are surely superseding the meaningless flattery hitherto, to a great degree, synonymous with portraiture. The fidelity of the daguerreotype, when properly managed, is beyond question. Little endowed, in fact, with personal beauty must they be who pronounce their portraits harsh, ugly, or disagreeable; and by the same rule we may readily judge that there is no lack of years when "looking too old" is made a complaint.

Photographic pictures have this manifest advantage over any other kind of miniature—the moment a friend's eye meets it, he exclaims: "Here is so and so." In whatever part of the world we may meet our friend's daguerreotype, it is the same. If we have left him in London, and accidentally come across his picture in the Indies, we have the same confidence, unmixed with the slightest hesitation. But with regard to a great many drawings or paintings, unless from the hand of a really gifted artist, we are in a most disagreeable state of uncertainty as to whom they are intended for. One will declare a particular picture the very image—another will swear it is not a bit like—a third will be of opinion that it more resembles a certain distant relation—a fourth will take a medium course, by pronouncing the upper part good, and the lower part wretched; while it is not unlikely that a fifth will be equally moderate, but reverse the notions as to which division is best.

In the daguerreotype all these uncertainties are obviated; that is to say, when the portrait is taken through a valuable lens, and with the addition of such accessories as may be necessary to complete the picture as a likeness, and in an artistic point of view. There are scores, and indeed hundreds of professors in the metropolis, having a plentiful lack of knowledge, and a proportionate deficiency of appliances; and it is they who bring a beautiful science into discredit, and encourage the notion that there is invariably some kind of drawback to the advantages of the art. Parties adopting such ideas wonder at the popularity of the daguerreotype, and condemn the process without understanding to what perfection it can be brought by a combination of advantages. We have lately had an opportunity of inspecting the model Crystal Palace erected by Mr. Mayall, at the corner of Argyle Place, Regent Street. That gentleman has long been eminent for the production of photographic works; and his many years' experience, both in America and at another establishment in London, had prepared us for a combination of beautiful arrangements, and a perfection of apparatus out of the usual way; and we were not deceived. There was the hand of experience in the most minute detail, and it was nothing but the blending of these advantages that could have realised the charming representations of humanity with which his exhibition gallery was stored. The courtesy of the proprietor places the gallery free for the inspection of strangers, and a most instructive and interesting hour may be passed therein. There the visitor may gaze on the lineaments of the highest in the arts—the most illustrious in the scientific, and the most distinguished in the political, literary, and medical world.

EXPERIENCE OF A CONVICT IN AUSTRALIA.—Many a time have I been yoked like a bullock with twenty or thirty others, to drag along timber. About 800 died in six months at a place called Toongabbie, or Constitution Hill. I knew a man so weak he was thrown into a grave, when he said, "Don't cover me up! I'm not dead; for God's sake don't cover me up!" The overseer answered, "you'll die to-night, and we shall have the trouble to come back again!" That man recovered; his name is James Glasshouse, and he is now alive at Richmond. They used to have a large hole for the dead; once a day men were sent down to collect the corpses of prisoners, and throw them in without any ceremony or service. The native dogs used to come down at night, and howl in packs. The governor would order the lash at the rate of 500, 600, to 800; and if the men could have stood it, would have got more. I know of a man hung there for stealing a few biscuits, and another for stealing a duck frock. A man was condemned—no time—"Take him to the tree and hang him." The overseers were allowed to flog the men in the fields.—*Confessions of John Smith.*

FACETIÆ.

A lady advertises in the *Herald*, that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Don't let the keys of the pianoforte make you forget the keys of the store-room, or the enlightenment of your understanding prevent you from inquiring the price of candles.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ah," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese!"

THERE is a genius on Lake Champlain who takes a pair of skates, and writes a four months' note on the ice with such perfection, that in less than an hour the sun liquifies it.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in answer to the question, "What is man?" says, "Chemically speaking, a man is 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailful of water."

A duel came off at Vera Cruz a short time since, between two Mexican colonels. They fought with empty pistols for over two hours, when an outsider set a bull-terrier on them and drove them from the field.

THE editor of the *Greenville Patriot* says, he met a friend the other morning in the streets just from the mountains, where he was born and raised, who observed that he was fifty years old the Saturday preceding, and had never taken a dose of medicine in his life!—didn't know a solitary doctor—and had never seen a lawyer! What a lucky individual!

THE GOLDEN KISSES.—Edward IV., to raise money for a war with France, set himself sundry hours every day to receive contributions from his subjects, who subscribed pretty liberally in consequence of their animosity to the enemy. Among others, a rich, yet niggardly old widow brought £20 (a large sum in those days) to him. This so highly pleased the king, "that he not only returned her thanks," but told her, "For her kindness she should kiss a king;" which being done, the woman pulled out another bag, saying: "Udsodkins, if kings sell their kisses so cheap, give me 'tother touch of the hips, and here's another £20 for you!" The king smiled at this, took her at her word, and thought his kisses well sold.

TWO STORIES RESPECTING MEN WHO HAVE BIG FEET.—One is that of a traveller, who, on asking the boots at an inn where on earth he should get a jack that was large enough, was recommended to walk back to the fork of the road, and pull 'em off there." The other relates to a shoemaker, who made the excuse that he had not finished a customer's boots, because it had rained every day since the measure was taken. "Rained!" exclaimed the astonished patron, "well, what had that to do with it?" "It had a good deal to do with it," said Crispin. "When I make your boots, I've got to do it out of doors, for I hav'n't room in my shop, and I can't work out of doors in rainy weather!"

PURITAN PREACHERS.—The preachers, in the time of the Commonwealth, looked upon coughing and hemming as ornaments of speech, and when they printed their sermons, noted in the margin where the preacher coughed and hemmed. The practice was not confined to England, for Oliver Malliard, a Coraelier, and famous orator, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and inserted these marginal notes.

VAULTING AMBITION.—A rope-dancer lately applied to the magistrate of a little town in Switzerland for permission to perform within his jurisdiction. The magistrate refused, observing that the country was overrun with mountebanks. "But," said the dancer, "I am not one of the common class; here is a proof of my superiority." With these words he leaped completely over the head of the magistrate, and this feat of agility gained him the indulgence he applied for.

DETERMINATION NOT TO DIE.—The celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was attacked by a dangerous disease, and had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physician, believing her case very bad, said: "She must be blistered, or she will die." Her grace, who had listened, called out: "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" She kept her word, and lived four years afterwards.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—The following anecdote is now current: When Louis Napoleon resided in England, previously to Louis Philippe's deposition, he was walking one day in Trafalgar Square, with Sir Richard Acton; he stopped, looked round, and said, with a sigh: "It grieves me to think that it is my destiny to destroy all this place. I am fond of the English, and have much cause to be grateful to them, and I will do it with as little bloodshed as possible." He added, "I shall be killed by a musket-ball in the streets of London."

SUPERSTITION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The following statement will scarcely be credited in these days of enlightenment and progress. An innkeeper of this town (Devonport) who also does a little as a gardener, was seen to put a pig's heart, stuck all over with thorns, in the ground, near the roots of a fruit-tree, and his reasons for doing this were, that the tree should produce larger and better fruit: it is also believed that if two lovers fall out, and the man should happen to pass by the spot where a pig's heart, so stuck, is buried, it will have such a wonderful effect on his own, that he will immediately see about making matters straight again. Has the innkeeper fallen out with his better half?

An old lady once said, that her idea of a great man was, "a man who was keeprful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, and kin read the Bible without spelling the words."

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then picks him quickly to pieces.

NEW MOON DIVINATION.—Being lately on a visit in Yorkshire, I was amused one evening to find the servants of the house excusing themselves for being out of the way when the bell rang, on the plea that they had been "hailing the first new moon of the year." This mysterious salutation was effected, I believe, by means of a looking-glass, in which the first sight of the moon was to be had, and the object to be gained was the important secret as to how many years would elapse before the marriage of the observers. If one moon was seen in the glass, one year; if two, two years; and so on. In the case in question, the maid and the boy saw only one moon a-piece. Whether the superstition would, in this instance, be suggestive to their minds of anything to be deduced from the coincidence, I do not know; but, as they were both very old-fashioned folks, I suppose the custom may not be unknown to those learned in Folk Lore. What is the orthodox mode of conducting this kind of divination?

HIGH LIFE IN THE LAST GENERATION.—The Duke of Norfolk, the chairman of the Beef-steak Club, used to sit at table as long as he could see; but when the fatal moment of oblivion arrived, his confidential servant wheeled his master's arm-chair into the next room, and put him to bed. The duke frequently dined alone in the coffee-room. He ate and drank enormously; and although the landlords charged as much as they reasonably could, it is said they lost money by him. His mean apparel and vulgar appearance gave rise to various ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion, he desired a new waiter, to whom his person was not familiar, to bring him a cucumber. The order not being immediately attended to, he called to the waiter, who respectfully intimated that perhaps he was not aware that cucumbers were expensive. "What are they?" said the duke. "A guinea a piece, sir." "Bring me two," was the reply. The man went to the bar. "That shabby old man in the corner wants two cucumbers," "Take him a hundred if he asks for them," said the landlord.—*Life of Munden.*

OLD GENT: "Where would you have been, you young rascal, if that cab had run over you?"—Boy: "Up behind, a takin' of 'is number."—*Diogenes.*

A NEW READING, addressed to the publicans (and sinners), who adulterate our drink—

Man wants but little beer below,
But wants that little strong. —*Ibid.*

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—We hope, if Mr. Cobden is a married man, that he is blessed, for his wife's sake, with no children; for although no one would doubtless worship olive branches more than himself, still, from his well-known warlike antipathies, we should question his regarding the *infantry in arms* with a very fatherly eye. —*Ibid.*

It is said that a new edition of "Paradise Lost," is on the eve of publication, with notes by Dr. Stowell, in which he purposes to prove that the tobacco plant itself was—

That forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe. —*Ibid.*

A DESIDERATUM.—We see advertised a New Quartz Crushing Machine. The man who can invent something that will crush fraudulent *pints* is requested to call at our office.—*Ibid.*

PEACE MOVEMENTS.—We understand that the Peace Society intend shortly to present an address to the Queen, begging her to interdict the Prince of Wales from playing with the miniature field-piece presented to him by Lord Raglan, on his last birthday.—*Ibid.*

HINTS TO OMNIBUS PASSENGERS.

SUGGESTED FOR PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

NEVER hesitate to hail the wrong 'bus, as you cannot be expected to read the large letters on the sides, and the time of other people is nothing to you.

When you get into the 'bus, tell the conductor the place whereat you wish to be put down; and having done so, never care to look out for yourself when you reach the spot. If you go beyond it, you may then legally withhold the fare.

On entering a 'bus, if you carry a stick or an umbrella, be particular to swing it about with the point upwards. Taking care of other people's eyes is no business of yours; and the stick will clear the way for you in a most surprising manner.

If the umbrella is wet, put the point of it into anybody's shoe: you will thus prove that you are a person of precise method, having "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

If you take the seat next to the door, thrust your legs directly across it. Whether the other passengers can get in or out easily is, of course, no affair of yours.

When you take your seat, sit sideways, and occupy as much room as possible. Everybody has a right to get as much as he can for his money.

Never move to give a new passenger accommodation. You have shifted for yourself—let the new comer do the same. You will thus prove that you think yourself quite as good as anybody else.

Never get your money ready before stopping the 'bus. If the money is worth having, it is worth waiting for, and you teach public servants submission by such treatment.

Always stand on the step to receive your change. If the 'bus moves on while you are in this position, you will be set down without effort to yourself.

Consider the conductor a public menial, to be pitched into and abused *ad libitum*. The point of an umbrella, or the knob of a walking-stick, will be found highly useful in calling his attention to your requirements. The ribs and the knuckles will be found the most vulnerable parts of his plebeian frame.—*Diogenes*.

PROBLEM FOR A PLACE-HUNTER.—Is the situation of the Groom in Waiting a stable one?—*Punch*.

A KNOTTY POINT.—A young lady says, that in a yachting match the vessels run so many knots that she should think that the results of the race must be all ties.—*Ibid*.

THE BEST LORD MAYOR'S SCREENED.—We do not know whether the above title, which we have seen over many a coal-shed, is applied to the coals which have to pay the City toll, but we should say they would require a great deal of screening; under the "best Lord Mayor," to hide the injustice of the tax which is levied upon them.—*Ibid*.

WARM FOWLS.—The eggs of the fancy fowls recently exhibited fetched enormous prices. These hens must have pretty well feathered their nests.—*Ibid*.

THE POLITICAL WOOD ENGRAVER.—We think we shall get our artist to put a drawing upon a block, and send it to be engraved to Mr. Disraeli, now that he has taken so industriously to cutting away at Wood.—*Ibid*.

AN EXTREME CASE OF CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received a cheque for £0 0s 0d from M. R. C. S., the amount due for arrears of Income Tax.—*Ibid*.

AN UNWHOLE SOME TRUTH.—However brisk the demand may be for beer, it is pretty certain that a large proportion of it is a perfect drug.—*Ibid*.

AN EMPEROR'S JOKE.—Louis Napoleon justifies the fact of his not permitting the Legislative Assembly or the Senators to say a word by the good old English joke, that, "It is necessary and proper to have plenty of Mutes at his great undertaking."—*Ibid*.

A LARCENOUS IMPOST.—It is strange that Mr. Frewen's resolution tending to the repeal of the Hop Duty should have been rejected, when it is manifest that every shilling of tax levied on a pocket of hops is picking the pocket.—*Ibid*.

AN INFALLIBLE PRECAUTION AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—No fares to be paid *until the end of the journey*—and then only to be paid in the event of a person having arrived perfectly safe!—*Ibid*.

WHAT AN INVADING ARMY MIGHT DESTROY IN LONDON.

We rejoice in the pacific assurances of Louis Napoleon. We trust that the foot of an invader will never profane these shores—Puddle Dock and the contiguous embankments more particularly to wit. Yet, if ever the French do come to London, there are certain bits of mischief which they might do for our great advantage in the end.

They might, perhaps, blow up Temple Bar.

They might certainly demolish the iron railings around St. Paul's.

It would be a good job if they were to raze the Court of Chancery to its foundations, and annihilate the whole of Doctors' Commons.

If they were to burn the National Gallery—saving the pictures—it would be no very great harm: and, considering the present state of the river, they certainly would abate a very nasty nuisance if they could manage to set the Thames on fire.—*Ibid*.

INTERESTING AND EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

A most extraordinary occurrence has taken place on the celebrated gigantic mountain Skiddaw. On Skiddaw Forest resides a man named Donald Grant, who fills the office of gamekeeper to General Wyndham. About two years ago Grant's wife was delivered of her first child, and as this was the first birth that had ever taken place in those wild and solitary regions, and the child being a son, it was appropriately christened Skiddaw Grant. The time was fast approaching for the birth of a second young Skiddaw, and, as a preliminary step towards preparing for the looked-for event, the old midwife, Jane Webster, of Bessenthwaite (who is 67 years of age, and not less than 18 stones in weight), was removed to Grant's residence, to be in readiness. The eventful hour at length arrived, but, sad to relate, before the old woman had performed the duties of her calling, she was suddenly taken ill and died. This melancholy circumstance left poor Donald Grant in an awful position—situated as he was, 3000 feet from the level of the sea, three miles from the nearest cottage, and closed in by craggy peaks and drifts of frozen snow—with the corpse of the old woman, and his wife in the most critical position imaginable. However, as there are few difficulties in life that may not be overcome by perseverance, Mrs. Webster's place was supplied by the introduction of another midwife, a Mrs. Jane Fiddler, from Udale, who, it is to be hoped, was more fortunate in executing the duties of her mission than her lamented predecessor, though the result had not, when our correspondent wrote, descended into the vale below. On the following Sunday the parish authorities engaged sixteen able-bodied men to remove the poor old woman's remains to their last resting-place. It was with no little difficulty that the men reached Grant's dwelling, as the snow on the plain was upwards of two feet deep, and in the drifts and creeks it was lying at a depth of four or five feet. There is no road up the mountain, nor on the top of it. The party placed the coffin on a sledge, which was drawn by a horse kindly lent by Mr. Stephen Grave, of Bessenthwaite. The mournful

procession, however, had not proceeded far until sledge, coffin, and all, were buried in a snow-drift. By great exertion the disinterment was at length effected, and the train proceeded onward, when they were again overcome. Fortunately, Mr. Hawell and Mr. Birbeck, who had been taking hay to their sheep on the mountains, came to the party's assistance, with each a strong horse and a large hay sheet, and, with this additional force, they made another effort, but were unsuccessful. A message was then dispatched for more forces, and at last the assistance of forty men was obtained. They then took their hay sheets and placed the coffin in them, and dispensed with the horse and sledge, taking their load by hand—sometimes bearing it, and sometimes dragging it over the snow. Thus the party proceeded along until they at length reached Peter House, where a hearse was waiting, which relieved the party of their troublesome load. Thus died poor Jane Webster, the first female on record who either brought life into the world, or departed out of it, on the far-famed mountain Skiddaw.—*Whitehaven Herald*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE OF THE ESQUIMAUX FOR TOBACCO.—The craving of these people for tobacco was incessant. "As we go north," observes Commander Maguire, "their eagerness for it can hardly be imagined; if we had a ship full of tobacco with us, we could not appease their wants. I can only compare them to a set of people shut up without food or drink for a week, and then let loose only on a scanty supply; add to this their being savages, and some idea may be formed of our small boats surrounded on all sides with baidars full of Esquimaux, all shouting out the same story—'Tawac!'"

THE ORIGIN OF BRANDY.—It is probable that, in 1642, brandy was not in fashion in Wales; yet the nurse, in Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet," calls for it again, under the name of *aqua vite*—"Some *aqua vite*, ho! my lord! my lady!" It appears to have been chiefly used in those days for medical purposes. It was said to be invented by Raymundus Lillius, the famous alchemist, who died in the year 1315. Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, came to a most horrible end, says the French historian Mezeray, who, to restore his strength weakened by debauchery, was wrapped in sheets steeped in *eau de vie*. His attendant, by accident, set fire to them: after the third day he died in the most dreadful tortures, and, it is to be hoped, thus expiated the crimes of his most execrable life.

LABOUR AND WAIT.

BY LONGFELLOW.

LIVES of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour and to wait.

STATE OF SICILY.—The young people walk abroad, conversing in hushed breath, in an atmosphere that breathes of love; *cafés* and ice-shops are filled; everything seems given up to quiet, luxurious enjoyment. But the invisible presence of despotism is there like a blight; the spy is plying his dirty work abroad, and of those who walk forth amidst their friends or children in the twilight, perhaps some one before the following morning is doomed for a thoughtless word, or even, on mere suspicion, to be dragged from his bed and thrown into a dungeon. It was not unusual, I was told, for members of families who knew that they lay under the ban of the authorities, to wish each other good night with peculiar solemnity, as if uncertain whether the next day might behold them assembled together.—*Bartlett*.

EFFECTS OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.—The English climate, and especially the London fogs, have a powerful influence on the moral faculties of the natives, and even strangers cannot escape that influence. Nothing can better explain the two leading features of the English character—their silent sadness and energy. Under their skies you feel that by degrees you lose the two faculties that are dearest to man—the faculty of thinking and the faculty of enjoying. All the springs of intelligence are relaxed; you are serious without reflection; you are gradually drawn into and tossed about in an ocean of horror and slow despair; the mind becomes unmindful of itself, and you feel it vanish and dissolve into thin air; you are thoughtful without thinking; you dream yourself into a void; from the depths of your mind ascend vapours which have no shape—desires void of colouring—murmurs which have no meaning, like the silent voices of night—the voices of stillness, caused by the absence of movement and light; in five, you welter in nothingness. At this juncture you are saved by a manly and energetic reaction; the mind becomes alive to the dangers of its situation, and protests against them; it goes, so to say, out of itself, and sallies forth in search of the outer world, which it handles and analyses to make quite sure of its existence. After which it takes greedily hold of that outer world, and from the profoundest repose and the most hopeless apathy the mind leaps at once into the crudest reality. An almost frenzied activity is alone capable of reacting against the sultry torpor which is created by this climate. Hence the practical, matter-of-fact turn of the English. Under their sky a man must either work or die, or emigrate if poor, or travel if rich.—*French Monitor*.

THE DAMBECK BELLS IN ROBEL.—The church at Dambeck, the walls of which are yet standing, is of the remotest antiquity; it was, in fact, built before the flood; but the bell-tower has sunk into the lake, and, therefore, in former times, the bells were sometimes, on St. John's Day, seen to rise out of the water, and place themselves in the sun at noon. Once some children, who had been taking their parents' dinner to them in the field, on their return sat down on the borders of the lake to wash their handkerchiefs, when they saw the bells rise up so high that one of the little girls hung her handkerchief upon one of them to dry. After awhile, two of the bells began to sink down into the water again; but the third could not move from the spot. Hereupon the children ran into the town and related what they had seen. Now the whole town of Robel came running out; and the wealthy, who wished to get the bell for themselves, attacked eight, sixteen, and even more horses to it, but still they were unable to move it from the spot. Then came a poor man driving by with two oxen, who, seeing what was going on, instantly yoked his two oxen to the bell, saying: "With God go poor as well as rich, all alike," and conveyed the bell without difficulty to Robel. There they hung it in Neustadt Church, and every time a poor person dies, whose relations cannot afford to pay for the tolling of the other bells, this bell is rung, and its sound is ever, "Dambeck, Dambeck!"—*Yule-Tide Stories: Bohn's Antiquarian Library*.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The American army is composed of Germans and Irish, with a small portion of natives of the lowest caste, and a thin sprinkling of English and Scotch. The officers are all natives, and graduate for a certain period at West Point Military Academy, before receiving their commissions. As the idea of a standing army is very unpopular in the states, and as the mass of the army are foreigners, the officers are allowed to govern or misgovern it as they choose. The system of subordination extending throughout the various grades of rank, on which the discipline and good government of an army principally depend, is very imperfectly developed in the American army. This evil arises partly from the ideas of equality in which the American officer has been educated, and partly from the difficulty of enforcing proper regulations, owing to the army being split into a number of petty detachments, scattered at wide distances. The officers commanding these small bodies, thus removed from the inspection and control of their superiors, too commonly become the petty tyrants and oppressors of their companies. The American soldier's nominal pay is larger than that of the British soldier, but his comfort and health are not cared for as well as the British soldier's are, and no amount of pay can compensate for the deprivation. It would be much better for the American soldier to have more comfortable quarters, a more wholesome dietary, more liberal treatment when sick, and the sympathy and protection of his officers, even if this should be purchased by a reduction of his pay. At present the American soldier is only paid once every two months, and his pay being most commonly consumed in riot and debauch in a few days, its large amount is more an injury than a benefit to him.—*Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army*.

BED-TIME.

BY MARY MAYNARD.

Still around the garden-bowers

Floats the voice of melody;

Still among the waking flowers

Murmurously toils the bee;

The lawn with dew-drops is unwet,

The cistus blossoms are unshed,

The sun, red-burning, hath not set

Behind the blacksome wood, and yet

The little children must to bed!

Must to bed! though fain are they

Yet a little to delay.

Though doth nought of weariness

Heart or limb or lid oppress,

They must go:—in vain they grieve

For the quiet bed to leave

All the daylight's pleasant joys,

All their pretty games and toys.

Vain their piteous prayer to stay

A little longer,—they must say:

Good-night, father! good-night, mother!

Sister! good-night to each other!

They are gone against their will;

Who are watching, waking still?

Father, worn with many a care;

Mother, tired with household work;

Sister, in whose bosom fair

Doth a secret sorrow lurk;

Chiefly she for hour of sleep

Longeth, all unseen, to weep.

Is not going to the tomb,

Mortal, say! like going to bed?

To the dark and silent room

Who are oft the earliest sped?

Is it not the young and gay?

Is it not the lusty-hearted?

Those for whom yet smiles the day;

While the worn and weary stay,

Till the glory hath departed

From the face of heaven and earth,

Till are hush'd the songs of mirth,

And the flowers have closed, and all

Looketh chill and funeral?

Wishing it were time to go,

Still they linger, is't not so?

Well, so be it! what doth matter

A little sooner, a little later?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA.—Alexander Dumas' new publication of "Buckingham and Richelieu," is published by his agent, J. T. Sinner, 490, Oxford Street.

JOHN PAUL.—The histories of Europe in circulation are Alison's, Russell's, Guthrie's, and several by French compilers; but they are all partial, and exceedingly incomplete. Works of such magnitude ought not to be undertaken by one man. The labour should be divided, as in the preparation of a Cyclopaedia.

ANN REID.—A promise of marriage, either verbal or in writing, cannot be enforced. Marriage is a voluntary contract. But the promise, when broken, forms the ground of an action for damages, the only remedy allowed by the law.

W. B.—A guard on a railway has charge of the train he is upon from the time of its starting until it arrives at its destination. His duties are severe and numerous, and before he is trusted, he is made to undergo some previous training.

W. D. O.—Stoppage is not payment, says the law, and the executors must proceed legally. Not having been charged any rent by your father, you are not liable to any now, but at the same time you must be aware you are merely a tenant on sufferance.

ELIZA N.—For the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth, and positively the last time, we beg to state that the black spots observed on the faces of some people, particularly in the vicinity of the nose, are caused by the perspiration gathering in the ducts of the skin, and turning black after exposure to the air. People with thick, coarse skins are subject to these secretions, which medical men call polypus. The remedy is very simple. Squeeze the ducts, and then wash them in diluted spirits of wine. People of this habit of body should be cautious, and avoid sudden checks to the perspiration.

MARIAN HAY.—We had thought that the police reports had sufficiently exposed the Register Office for Servants' system, but it seems that we were mistaken. You have been gulled. A magistrate has power to order the money to be returned.

J. R.—When a committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to make any inquiries, or hear petitions, it is a sort of court of law; for it can call witnesses, commit them for perjury or contempt, and order any one into custody who has violated the constitution of the House. Bribing, or aiding and abetting bribery, and receiving bribes at elections, is contempt of the constitution of the house; and all persons guilty of such practices may be committed to prison, where they may remain while Parliament sits—for in all committals by Parliament, the *Habeas Corpus* writ is powerless.

A SCOTTISH ARTISAN.—The terms, High Church party and Low Church party are difficult to define without travelling into controversial matters—a custom in editors, we think. "More honoured in the breach than the observance." But we may venture to state that the High Church party advocate the integrity of forms and rigid discipline. They have been accused of leaning to many of the forms in vogue in the Romish Church. The Low Church party, on the contrary, while admitting that a church establishment is the most effective of all machines for moral instruction, would travel from what they style obsolete precedents, and be governed more by the spirit than the letter of the law.

DEIPHOBUS is referred to Volumes IX. and X. of this Journal, for every information on the subject of courtship and marriage etiquette. In No. 240, Volume X., all the leading provisions of the Marriage Act of 1836 are given, together with ample instructions upon the preliminaries to be observed before a marriage can be performed by the superintendent registrar.

SEE—CLEAR—NOW.—It is undeniable, and it is part of the doctrine of free-trade to make such admissions, that the land of this country is enormously overburdened as regards the occupiers. The farmer is taxed from his best room to his remotest pig-sty. Rent is certainly his monster obstacle, but that is a matter of private adjustment, and can safely be left to the control of the general course of events; it is the local and general taxes, the tithes, and the game-laws, that are the burthens of which the legislature should take present cognisance, with the view to the establishment of a permanent system of relief. The prosperity of farming is quite as much an object of importance as that of our commerce and manufactures; and the time has arrived when the pecuniary, mental, and moral condition of our agricultural districts can no longer be neglected with safety to the permanent welfare of our social scheme, in every one of its complicated ramifications. Emigration—*per se* a tremendous evil—may postpone the reckoning for a little time, but a balance must be struck sooner or later. The sooner the better, for the country is losing the population that should feed its towns, in which the supply of the raw material—human life—is so much more rapidly exhausted. However, let us hope that emigration will speedily bring all classes of wealthy people to their senses.

W. J. W.—The statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain are formidable. There are in England and Wales 597 chapels, in Scotland 123—making a total of 720 Roman Catholic places of worship in Great Britain. There are 10 colleges in England, and 1 in Scotland. In England and Wales the largest number of chapels is in Lancashire—namely, 113; Yorkshire, 61; Staffordshire, 36; Middlesex, 35; Warwickshire, 26; Northumberland, 23; Durham, 22; Cheshire, 18; and Surrey, 13. The smallest number is, in Bedfordshire (1) Guernsey (1) and North and South Wales, where dissenting principles have almost ignored both the rival churches. In England there are 17 monasteries, and 53 convents; and in Great Britain there are 800 priests, 120 of whom are located in Scotland. The number of titular bishops is 13. It may be mentioned that about half the religious houses for men and women are situated in the Midland counties, and that the principal seats of the Roman power in Great Britain are Lancashire, Middlesex, Yorkshire, and the Highlands of Scotland. It languishes in North and South Wales, and only numbers among its scanty followers in the principality, the immigrants from the sister country.

MARY HANSON. The average cost of tea in China, at the ship's side, is 10d. per lb., while it is confidently asserted that it can be produced in many parts of America at 5d. per lb. The great cost in China is owing to the expensive transportation, the cultivation of the fuel used, and the absence of all economy in machinery, &c. The Russian teas, brought by caravans, are the most expensive and best teas used in Europe. The Chinese themselves pay 7d. per lb. for the "Yen Soulong" teas. But the duty prohibits the importation of superior teas into England. The duty amounts to nearly £6,000,000, or nearly double the actual cost in China of its total quantity consumed in England.

H. S. D.—A servant must be in the testator's service at the time of his death, to be entitled to a legacy under the description of servant. When there is a mistake in the will, as to the name or description of any legatee, but there is no reasonable doubt, judging from the context of the will, as to the person to whom the legacy is really intended to be given, the executor may safely pay the legacy to such person. But if the will itself do not afford evidence of the mistake, and enable the executor to rectify it, he must leave the legatee to seek his remedy in a court of equity, whence alone can proceed an authority sufficient to protect the executor. When the property bequeathed is personal only—that is, leaseholds, money, stock in trade, &c.—the words, "relations," "legal representatives," and "heirs," are construed to mean next of kin, according to the statute of distributions.

D. A. G.—Assuming that D left no issue, the freehold would descend to the second son of A, as heir-at-law.

F. E. A.—Staring in a lady's face is excessively vulgar. It is a species of ruffianism which no gentleman practises. A gentleman, when conversing with a lady, endeavours to place her completely at her ease, by avoiding any tone or look calculated to embarrass her. In conversation, the aid of the eye is essential, but looking at an object, as honest people generally do, is not staring at it. Staring rudely is a mark of either very low breeding or a bad disposition.

NOVICE.—Much circumspection is required in what are termed "introductions." Good taste, common sense, and discernment, are the best dictators of the etiquette to be observed, but a few leading rules are well established. One of them is, that people should never be introduced to each other without a previous understanding that it would be agreeable to both. Another is, when out walking with a friend, should you meet an acquaintance, never introduce him. Also, if you meet a male acquaintance with a lady on his arm, take off your hat to him—do not nod, for that would be disrespectful to the lady. In making introductions, present the person of the lower rank to him of the higher—the commoner to the peer, not the peer to the commoner. The same rule must be particularly observed with regard to ladies. The lady claiming the higher rank must have the gentleman presented to her, not she to him. It may be added, that you should be cautious how you take acquaintances to the houses of friends. Permission should be first asked. The old adage about uninvited guests, applies to these abrupt introductions, and you may compromise yourself and friend by a breach of etiquette.

PATER FAMILIAS.—We detest the cramming system. Children should not be stuffed with knowledge as you would stuff a turkey. It injures the brain just as much as a gorge of pastry injures the stomach. When the parent is sufficiently enlightened to rear his child himself, instead of plying him with rudimental books, dictionaries, and restraint, let him impart the first instructions by familiar conversation. Ideas advanced in this way are accommodated to the comprehension of the pupil by mutual good feeling, rendered attractive, and brought directly within the embrace of his mind. This instruction leads him to observe, reflect, and discriminate; offers the sciences under interesting associations, and inspires a natural thirst for instruction. Of all results which education can produce, this is the most useful. A youth thus-trained will be distinguished by the early maturity of his reason, and instead of his studies producing fatigue and disgust, they will every day give birth to new ideas and new pleasures. This was the way the Greeks taught. They abjured restraint, and taught while walking in the shade of the portico or trees. Education in England, as a science, is yet in its infancy. The system at present most in vogue is very superficial. It neither suggests nor conducts, but puts the brain in an infernal limbo of words, to the total neglect of the freedom and luxuriance of ideas, shared only in the language and forms into which they naturally shape themselves.

F. C. H. complains of the conduct of the married sister of her lover. During the absence of the husband she was a constant and welcome visitor, but since his return home she has been "cut." Her lover visits them more frequently than before. Young married women are very jealous, and sometimes rather singular in their conduct. They seem to think it better not to lead their spouses into temptation. At all events, although married, they think their husbands safer out of harm's way. In this instance the brother is to blame. He should resent the slight cast upon his future bride. Our correspondent must exhibit a little more independence, and mix more freely among her friends.

MARY.—After a wedding in a family, the cards of the newly-married pair are sent round to all their acquaintances, to apprise them of the event. The bridegroom forwards them to his acquaintances, and the parents of the bride to theirs. All cards left at the residence of the bride and bridegroom, during their absence in the "honeymoon," are acknowledged by them on their return. Friends of the bride who reside at a distance, may write letters of congratulation, but not until after the "honeymoon." The simpler and more unaffected these epistles are, the warmer will be thought the feeling that dictated them.

R. G.—Should you die intestate, your leasehold property would be divided among your representatives, as follows: one-third to your wife, and two-thirds among your five children, equally. Make a will.

RED ROBIN.—In the event of your father dying intestate, his eldest son would take all the freehold property. No agreement between his children as to an ultimate equal division of the property would be binding—at least we think not, for there would be actually nothing to divide; and therefore the premises of the deed would be only in the imagination. Consult a solicitor. In justice to the younger children, the old gentleman ought to make his will.

S. A. B. "The Neglected," a fair, round-faced, pretty girl, thus bemoans her fate:

In vain I weave my tresses on,
None linger by my side;
Not one in all the motley throng,
Would woo me for a bride.

They say I'm handsome, but they think,
My smile is all too cold;
They cannot see my heart doth shrink
From being over bold.

They deem the barrier of reserve,
Is all too strong to break;
They dream not that the stony nerve
Could easily awake.

They give me one admiring gaze,
And note my sparkling eye;
My graceful figure loudly praise,
Then coldly pass me by.

They think not there are tender chords
Slumbering in my heart;
Nor dream that a few simple words
Could bid the stern brow depart.

They guess not that the tears can fall
From out my flashing eye,
Nor that a tale of woe could call
A sympathising sigh.

They think my breast can but contain,
Feelings of scorn and pride;
They dream not that I sigh in vain
For a counsellor and guide.

MYRTLE, a dark young gentleman, aged twenty-four, who is of a prepossessing appearance, very warm in his affections, good-natured, of very domestic habits, and also intelligent, would wish to correspond with "Ivy." He is junior partner in a mercantile firm, which has an increasing business.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS having reformed, and also accumulated untold treasures, is in want of a nice little queen. If any lady will give a description of herself, and it pleases the king, he will then describe himself; and if his description pleases the lady, the king will correspond, and bring the courtship to a triumphant and splendid conclusion.

ROSA C. wishes to marry a country gentleman. She is of the middle height, fair-complexioned, with a graceful figure, light, curling hair, pearly teeth, and blue eyes; she is twenty-two years of age, aristocratic-looking, fond of home, well educated, thoroughly versed in the housekeeping department, lives in the country, is a famous horsewoman, and will have an ample fortune.

ULTRIX is deeply in love with a young lady, who is as good as she is beautiful; but since his engagement, he has discovered that she is afflicted with an hereditary malady. He is aware he is entitled to break off his engagement, but his affection is so strong that he has not the moral courage to step between his passion and his future welfare. He must do so. Marriage, with the foreknowledge of such an unhappy circumstance, would be a crime.

W. G. is desirous of entering into a matrimonial correspondence with "E. E." He is twenty-five, tall, and has brown hair and dark eyes. He is in business, from which he derives a moderate but respectable income.

CONSTANCE, not having an admirer on whom she could lovingly place her affections, wishes for a correspondence with one of our bachelor friends. She is twenty years of age, has dark hair, black eyes, and is quite a brunette in appearance. She will have a considerable fortune, being an only child; is very industrious, and thinks she should make an excellent and desirable companion to a husband who, like herself, is good-tempered.

JULIE TO THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS.

Young men I'm very sure there are,
Somewhere in this world so wide;
But then the question is, dear sir,
How bring them to the ladies' side?

Now, there is where I want your aid,
If you will be so good and kind;
If not, sir, I am sore afraid,
A husband I shall never find.

I own I cannot boast of pelf,
Nor yet much beauty can I claim;
The man must take me for myself,
And I'll take him for just the same.

I'm twenty-two, Julie by name;
Tall, too, and rather stout am I;
Skin quite white, and teeth the same;
Can make a pudding or a pie.

And I can wash and make a shirt,
And starch, and iron it, too, to boot;
I steady am—can't bear a flirt—
Can "Teach the young idea to shoot."

But as we cannot live on love,
However strong it chance to be,
Hard work he must not be above,
But struggle on as well as me.

And I will strive and do my best,
A partner good and kind to be;
And he must work, and do the rest,
To keep the little bairns and me.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—A. M. B. (The foreign railway loan lottery scheme is a swindle. The London firm is a fiction, and if you allow yourself to be gulled by them, all we would say is, "A fool and his money, &c.")—X. M. (First-rate wood engravers are much wanted in the United States of America)—A Victim (Washing in water in which a little alum has been mixed will keep the hands dry. But rubbing a little club moss, in very fine powder, over them, is an effectual remedy for clamminess)—Joe Beans (Commence with the rudiments—English Grammar and Arithmetic)—Horace (At a first-class publisher's)—Error (Read everything useful and proper, and while you are reading—think. Dissect the shortest sentences)—G. T. S. (The volume out of print)—Ellen (Translated from the French)—Vanderdecken (Purchase the "Treatise on the Hair," published at 334, Strand)—Emma D. (We are not acquainted with any of the properties, good or bad, of the article called "Balm of Mecca")—James M'Mahon (Pitch is distilled resin. The processes differ)—W. C., Plymouth (The coin you allude to never reached the Editor)—C. Melnotte (Order the book from a respectable publisher)—J. H. F. B. (Parliamentary reporters practise almost every system of short-hand. Gurney's, Lewis's, and Harding's are the most popular)—B. C. (At a fancy repository)—R. D. Taylor (See our reply to J. H. F. B.)—A. R. W. (It should have been, "part of the fixtures were removed," because the plural is implied)—J. F. P. (The present century, the nineteenth, commenced the first of January, 1801. The numeral "one," on that day had only a commutative or prospective value)—J. M. L. (Palma Christi, or Castor Oil, should only be used when the hair is very weak indeed)—Henry K. (Corns are produced by undue pressure. Tight boots do all the mischief. Do not cut them—let them grow out, and they will fall off)—P. C. H. (Become a member of the City of London Mechanics' Institution)—E. L. M. (The sentiment is unexceptionable, but the subjects are not general enough for public interest)—James Jordan (You had better turn your attention to some other business, forthwith. The trade of "drinking-horn turners" has been ruined. Metal pots and glasses have quite superseded the old-fashioned horns)—W. D. (You will do much better at home. Clerks are not the class of people who should emigrate)—J. L. M. (You are entitled to a little recreation after business hours, but don't abuse the privilege)—John Chapman (All nonsense)—B. B. (See the article, "Camera Obscura," in the "National Cyclopaedia")—J. B. (Tobacco in leaf is imported from the West Indies, United States of America, and the southern states of America)—Poor Ignoramus (You are at liberty to leave whenever you like)—William L. C.—R. W. Barker—Caroline—A. B.—D. C. Y.—H. V. D. L.—Jonathan White—A Villager (The subject shall have our attention as early as possible)—Mexico—J. H. K. M.—Felix—Geneva—Lopez—O. P. Q. W. B.—Moss Rose—E. C.—J. B. P.—Polly—Pater Noster—Emmeline—Edmund Wilson—Jenny Lind—Henry Freeman—Wilson Morley—Lauretta—Adrian—R. H.—Ernest—Dox—Lizzie—H. P. T.—M. A. E.—L. N. D.—S. Jones—Marcus Apollo—Alonzo—L. R.—Sir Rodolph—Frederick—Vat—J. L.—True Briton—A. J.—A Benedict—H. H.—A. C.—C. H.—Mary and Emily—Kent—Amicus—House-Leek—C. K.—Homo—P. S. L.—W. C., Hackney Road—Benison—Imogene—H. F.—Alecto—A. R. Brevett—St George—T. H. Johnson—Emily—A. L. S.—James—R. A. H.—Lizzie Jameson—Thomas S.—G. W. E.—J. G.—William of York—Annie Leslie—Hebe—J. B.—Candour—Jenny—Marianne Fitzclarence—Ivy—G. C. D.—A. P. S.—Stephen B. D.—Walter Lacey—B. C. P. P. P.—Annie Lawrie—William—M. S. C.—The Stranger—T. T. F.—D. E. G. K. C. C.—R. D. V.—J. J.—Dentelle—M. H.—Arals—J. J. E.

* * All letters intended for the Publisher, Editor, or Proprietor of this Journal, should be addressed, "The Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL, 334, Strand, London."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE KHAN COMPELLING DR. GUIOT TO ACCEDE TO HIS COMMAND.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ITALY boasts of many palaces rich in storied recollections—but only of one Vatican, which is the seat both of religious and civil monarchy: that empire over mind and matter which Rome has so long arrogated to herself.

The stately chambers and interminable galleries of this vast pile exceed, it is said, five thousand in number: a calculation which, extraordinary as it may appear, the writer of these pages—who, during his frequent visits to the Eternal City, has had no ordinary means of judging—considers as rather under than over the mark. These apartments are for the most part adorned only by the genius of painting and sculpture; the upholstery fripperies which generally disfigure the seats of royalty, have not as yet been permitted to mask their noble proportions and architectural beauties. Priceless columns of the most precious marble—antique statues from the temples and palaces of Pagan Rome—mosaics from the public baths, with the matchless frescoes of Raphael, form the fit decorations of a shrine to which so many poetic and artistic pilgrims direct their wanderings.

Thrice hath Rome grasped the empire of the world: first by force, a second time by faith, and lastly, by that pre-eminence in art, which even her enemies acknowledge. Her strength has become as a broken reed; nations have cast off the yoke her pontiffs riveted; whilst that the genius of her architects, poets, painters, and sculptors impose, remains unbroken.

In one of the unrivalled chambers we have attempted to describe, a venerable old man was seated, in a chair of state, slightly raised upon a estrade covered with tapestry from the looms of Arras: it was the reigning Pontiff, Pius VII.; his dark, thin locks, escaped from the white culotte, or skull-cap, which he wore to hide his tonsure, fell on either side of his pallid countenance, in which

traces of suffering and resignation were mingled; but the eye of the courageous priest who had braved the wrath of Napoleon at the height of his power, and generously sheltered his persecuted race after his downfall, was lustreous and penetrating; the weakness from which he suffered was of the body, not the mind—that remained unclouded to the last.

His costume was that usually worn by the popes in the retirement of their palace: a white soutan, falling in graceful folds to his feet, upon which were slippers of velvet, embroidered with golden crosses: it is from the custom of saluting these crosses, that a very general idea has arisen in Protestant lands, that visitors to the Sovereign Pontiff are expected to kiss his toe.

The rest of his costume consisted of a stole of cloth of gold, which fell to his feet, and a crimson cape, or pelérine, edged with ermine; upon his finger he wore the ring of St. Peter—a magnificent diamond, set by the cunning hand of Benvenuto Cellini.

At the back of the Holy Father's chair stood the Cardinals Paca and Justiniani: the former was the companion of his long imprisonment in France; the latter, a prince by birth, was descended, on the mother's side, from the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. The Abbate Lucas—a man of stern countenance but supple manners, whose *morale* resembled oil floating upon vinegar—and a crowd of inferior ecclesiastics, were grouped at a distance in the background.

Sir Thomas Lawrence—whose magnificent portrait of Pius all who have visited Windsor Castle must remember—had just presented Henry Ashton to the venerable old man.

"Rise, my son," said the Pope, extending his withered hand, to prevent our hero from paying him the usual homage, by giving him his pontifical ring to kiss, instead of the embroidered crosses before alluded to, upon his slipper; "we are doubly happy to receive you—as the friend of our painter, and an Englishman: we owe much to your sovereign and country," he added, with a smile.

To the surprise of all, the young man still remained kneeling.

"He is a suppliant, Holy Father," said Sir Thomas.

The Abbate Lucas began to look uneasy, and drew nearer to the chair of the Pontiff—who, imagining that the request which the young Englishman was about to proffer related to a permission to copy some rare work of art, or equally unimportant favour, by a smile encouraged him to proceed.

"Not to your bounty, sovereign and priest," said Henry, for the first time breaking silence; "that all who have the happiness of approaching your sacred person know to be inexhaustible—but to your justice."

Cardinal Paca advanced to the chair, and whispered a few words in the ear of his friend and master.

"Proceed," said the Pope, in a low, musical tone; "the ear of justice, like that of mercy, should never be closed."

Thus encouraged, our hero began the history of the unhappy Lady Mowbray's trials and unmerited sufferings: how the devotion of her woman's heart to the husband of her youth had been used by the infamous Captain Lucas as a snare to delude her from her country and friends; the sublime act by which she preserved her honour from his licentious passion; her temporary madness, which followed the loss of her child; and the means employed to induce the bereaved mother and slandered wife to accept the veil, as a refuge from a world whose contempt she had not deserved.

Like most who plead from the heart, his feelings made him eloquent.

"The prayers of the sufferer have been heard," he added, "even from her cloistered tomb; the means to prove her innocence are not wanting; a clue to her long-lost child may still be found. One bar only exists to her restoration to her husband, her offspring, and the world: that bar, no lips less sacred than yours, Holy Father, can remove! Feel for the yearnings of a mother's love—an outraged matron's honour! pronounce the dissolution of a vow which heaven cannot approve, and the recording angel witnessed was wrong from a broken heart! Speak it," he continued, in accents which vibrated through the columned hall of the Vatican, "and thousands in that distant isle, which no longer owns your spiritual sway, shall bless the deed of mercy and of justice!"

During this impassioned address, the countenance of Pius VII. was observed to change from surprise to pity: it was evident that, as the speaker proceeded, he became deeply interested. It was some moments before he could reply to the youthful suppliant, whose eyes continued to plead, although his voice was mute.

"Rise, my son," he said, in a mild tone; "this is informal—but we pardon that. Reduce your statement of the wrongs and wishes of your unhappy countrywoman to writing—send the petition to the congregation of rites—and it shall receive all fitting consideration."

"It has been sent, and rejected!" replied Henry,

mournfully; "the voice of her enemy is too powerful there!"

"Her enemy!" repeated the Pontiff, with surprise; "name him?"

"The Abbate Lucas—of whom I have vainly sought an interview, to glean some tidings of the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray: the man, like his deeds, remains shrouded in darkness—he cannot bear the light—he is —"

An expressive sign from Cardinal Justiniani warned the speaker to proceed no further.

"Venerable father," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, who saw that the moment had arrived for him to use his influence, "I have your gracious permission to present two visitors this morning?"

"The Pope nodded assent, glad of the interruption, which, as he hoped, would relieve him from the necessity of a decision which the benevolence of his heart prompted him to give, but which he well knew would excite the discontent of the camarilla.

The painter advanced to the portals of the apartment, and, throwing them open, discovered the unhappy Lady Mowbray kneeling on the threshold, in supplication such as some pilgrim might be supposed to address at the shrine of a long-sought saint. The Duchess of Devonshire and several English ladies of the highest rank, closely veiled, were standing in a group in the antechamber.

No sooner did Henry Ashton perceive the wife of his benefactor, than, regardless of etiquette, and listening only to the impulse of his gratitude to Sir William, he hastened to raise her, and conduct her to the feet of the aged man, upon whose voice, as upon the decree of destiny, the misery or happiness of her future life depended. No other female foot ventured to pass the threshold.

"Deign, holy father," said our hero, "to cast your eyes upon the features made pale with unmerited wrongs and sufferings; convince the world that if your voice is terrible in judgments on the impious, it is rich in blessings for the innocent and the oppressed! The noblest names of England," he added, pointing to the group of ladies in the antechamber, "are the guarantees of her sufferings and virtues!"

The courtly painter, for whom the aged priest had contracted a sort of friendship, gracefully bent the knee before him.

All that the veiled suppliant herself could utter, were the words—"Pity!" and "my child—my child!"

It was nature's eloquence—and that seldom pleads in vain. As the piercing accents of her voice—which seemed to come from her heart, not her lips—the last trace of irresolution vanished from the countenance of the venerable Pontiff.

He rose slowly, and with majestic gravity, from his chair. As he did so, the Abbate Lucas advanced, as if to catch his eye; but the Cardinal Justiniani, who felt deeply interested in the scene, waved him back.

"Daughter," said Pius, "search well thy heart, and answer—as we both must answer at the judgment-seat on high: hast thou any other motive than the ones alleged, for desiring to be released from thy cloistered vows?"

"None!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, clasping her hands with fervour; "none!"

"No doubt, or tampering with thy faith?"

The nun crossed herself, as if in horror at the thought.

"And thou dost acknowledge our Holy Church to be thy only judge?" continued the august speaker.

"The church and its venerable head," replied the suppliant.

"What if it declares thy vow irrevocable?" demanded the old man—willing, perhaps, to try her further.

"*Fiat voluntas tuam sicut in terram ut in cœlum!*" was the response, given in the words of the Domical prayer.

"Enough!" said the Pontiff, extending his hand over her. "In the plenitude of our apostolic power, we cancel the vow which binds thee to the church, and absolve thee from observing it! Let it be known unto all men," he added, slowly removing the consecrated veil from her pallid brow, "that by this our act thou art free, daughter of many sorrows, to return unto the world! The church will keep it for thee as a sacred deposit, that, should disappointment or misfortune lead thee once more to seek an asylum in its bosom, thou mayest return to it, as the suffering child returns unto its mother!"

The emotions of Lady Mowbray, thus unexpectedly restored to the world, were too powerful for words—her gratitude expressed itself in tears, as she kissed the hand of the benevolent Pontiff—the hand which had broken the seal upon her tomb, and had made her a living thing again.

"You spoke of the child of your countrywoman," continued Pius VII., addressing our hero; "to whom was it delivered?"

"To the Abbate Lucas," was the reply.

The old man glanced over the back of his chair, and, fixing a commanding look upon the oily priest, motioned him to advance.

"You hear, my son?" he calmly observed.

The Dominican bowed his head.

"To whom did you confide the infant?"

There was a pause: the priest was evidently struggling between his sense of duty, the dread of offending the head of his church, and the desire he felt of concealing the clue which he possessed to the lost heir of Sir William Mowbray.

The pale, meek countenance of the Pope became flushed with anger. For once he remembered that he was a sovereign as well as a priest—that one word from his lips could reduce the man who, by his silence, presumed to brave him, to worse than nothing—annihilate his ambitions dream of the future, by cancelling the past.

"What!" he exclaimed; "must I speak twice? am I braved? is the authority of the head of the church scorned by one of its ministers?"

"No, Holy Father!" replied the priest, in a submissive tone—for he saw that the spirit of the hitherto passive old man was roused; "far from ray heart and thoughts be such impiety! To me your will must ever be a sacred law! The child of this unhappy lady, whom I knew only as a wife who had fled from her husband with my misguided relation, was consigned to the care of his uncle —"

"Uncle! Colonel Mowbray?" interrupted Henry Ashton.

"Even so."

"Here," continued the abbate, "is the letter in which he authorised his messenger to receive the boy; and here is another, in which he acknowledges the safe arrival of his nephew in England."

Bending his knees, the speaker placed at the foot of the venerable Pius a small packet, containing the precious documents. It was raised by Cardinal Pace, who placed it in the hands of his master.

"Tis well!" replied the Pope, in a milder tone—for his anger was quickly appeased. "The Abbate Lucas may retire to his convent: he will receive our commands through the Vicar General of the Holy See!"

Cringing to the ground, the baffled priest retreated to the door of the cabinet. As he passed the threshold, he cast a look of deadly hatred towards our hero—who replied only by an ironical smile.

The Pontiff rose from his chair—the excitement had enfeebled him—and, leaning upon the arm of the cardinal, he prepared to retire to his private apartments. All bent the knee as he passed them; upon Lady Mowbray he bestowed his benediction, and placed the packet in the hands of Henry Ashton—who, struck with admiration of his character, and the sense of justice he had exhibited, demanded to share in his benediction.

"It is yours, my son!" replied the Pontiff; "the blessing of an old man cannot harm you!"

He extended his hand over the head of the youth, traced the air-drawn sign, and passed on towards Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom he touched familiarly upon the shoulder.

"No more presentations, *caro mio!*" he whispered in his ear; "or Rome will say I have turned Protestant! *Addio!*"

The heavy velvet curtains which veiled the portal leading to that part of the Vatican devoted to the privacy of the Pope, were drawn aside by the officers of the Swiss guard—who, during the scene we have endeavoured to describe, had been standing, in their picturesque costume, motionless as statues, on either side. All but Lady Mowbray, the painter, and our hero, passed through, and they saw the venerable Pius VII. no more.

The instant the *cortège* disappeared, the Duchess of Devonshire and the English ladies who were with her, passed the hitherto forbidden threshold, and, surrounding Lady Mowbray, congratulated her warmly upon her deliverance from her conventual vows, and the prospects which were opening to her.

"Alas!" faintly replied the victim of so much treachery; "it is but the last gleam of the setting sun before it sinks in night! My child," she added, with a shudder, "was consigned to the hands of his cold, calculating uncle!"

"Say, rather," exclaimed our hero, his face radiant with smiles, "the commencement of its glorious rising! Colonel Mowbray has not been so vile as you imagine: your boy—the heir of so much love, the object of so many prayers and tears—lives—worthy of you and his father! I am sure of it! my heart cannot deceive me! Soon—very soon—I shall have the happiness of restoring him to your embrace!"

"My son!" faltered her ladyship.

"In a few days, perhaps!"

"Oh, do not trifle with me!" exclaimed the excited mother; "you know him—you have seen him?"

"He is my dearest friend," replied Henry Ashton. "I dare not say more," he added, warned, by the pallor which suddenly overspread the countenance of the wife of his benefactor, to be cautious; "but, trust me, dearest lady, mine are not the lips that would deceive you! you will still be happy in his and your long-suffering husband's love! The sunshine of the future shall efface from your memory the gloomy shadows of the past!"

At the allusion to her husband, both the Duchess of Devonshire and Sir Thomas Lawrence exchanged uneasy glances. The painter, since his first interview with the speaker, had written to England, and received such particulars of the murder of the baronet, as made it impossible for them to doubt the tragical secret.

Led, or rather supported, by her friends, Lady Mowbray was conducted to the carriage of her grace—who insisted, in the most affectionate terms, upon the much-wronged lady taking up her abode with her till her departure for England—for that land where her name was still a reproach: for all believed her the guilty, not the deceived wife of the late baronet.

Henry was all impatience to return to his hotel, to impart to Walter the eventful discoveries he had made. The likeness of his friend to his benefactor had frequently struck him; the resemblance of character was even stronger than that of feature. Not a doubt existed in his own mind that the ambitious colonel had assumed the name of father instead of uncle to his brother's heir: a deception which insured him, in the event of the baronet's death, the enjoyment of the title and estates during his own worthless life. Little did he anticipate the fearful shock which was to await him on his arrival.

"I must speak with you," said the painter, seriously—at the same time placing his hand upon the arm of our hero—"upon matters of serious import!"

"Not now, Sir Thomas—not now!" replied Henry. "I am so happy in the events of this auspicious day—so anxious to impart the result to one most interested in the

discovery—that I am sure you will pardon my impatience!"

"In an hour, then," replied his friend, "I will seek you at your hotel: perhaps it will be better there!"

After taking a grateful leave of the kind-hearted duchess, who had so materially assisted him in his project for restoring Lady Mowbray to the world, the young man started for his residence in the Via Condotti, eager to impart his hopes and suspicions to the ear of one cold and insensible to the voice of friendship as of love.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

What prayers can move thee?

None that thou hast wit enough to offer.

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR readers have doubtless remembered that on Meeran Hafaz, and Colonel Mowbray's first visit to Dr. Guyot, in the parlours of the Almonry, they noticed the departure of a man, closely muffled up, as if to avoid recognition, from one of the inner chambers: which said personage the old Frenchman described as a pupil who was possessed of the singular desire of treating insanity, arising from one peculiar cause.

It is time that we introduced our readers to that pupil—who was no other than their old acquaintance, the Khan.

It must have been evident, from the earlier pages of our story, that the former confidant of Meeran Hafaz—whose European name was known only to himself—had in some way been connected with the events which had taken place at Carrow. He was no stranger either to the locality or its inhabitants; the crimes of Will Siderer were more than suspected by him—and we have seen how he used that knowledge to overawe the ruffian. Some hidden motive had induced him, even before Henry Ashton had preserved his life from the ferocious attempt of the warren, to take a deep interest in his welfare: which interest would have been made apparent, perhaps, in action as well as words, had he not sworn, on the night when his former pupil and Colonel Mowbray surprised him in the vault at Mortlake, never, by word, writing, or act, to betray his suspicions that the young Indian was in any way connected with the murder of the baronet.

The renegade was seated in a small apartment in the neighbourhood of the abbey. The frame which formerly occupied the centre of his room, was placed near the window, the shutters of which were carefully closed. A strong light from a lamp fell upon a ghastly head fixed in the moveable socket.

Taking up a mallet, he struck a violent blow upon the skull, sufficient to fracture it.

After a careful examination of the wound, he removed, with a sharp scalpel, a portion of the scalp, till he laid bare the bone.

"Now then," he said, "for my last instrument!"

On a table near him was one of those circular saws similar to those used for the operation of trepanning—we say similar, for it differed in one important particular: by means of an exquisitely contrived mechanism, as the instrument cut through the shattered cranium, it was made to contract and grasp the fragments, so as to prevent their falling and injuring the brain. It had cost the solitary man long days of study and experiment to bring it to the necessary perfection.

Calmly and steadily he applied the instrument. The low, grating sound caused by the fine teeth cutting through the bone, neither jarred his nerves nor caused him the least impatience. In a few moments the operation was completed; not a particle that could injure the brain but was grasped and removed.

"At last!" murmured the old man; "at last I have succeeded! But shall I be able to operate as successfully upon a *living subject*? Will not my hand fail me when I hear his cry of agony, and mark the quivering muscles of his wrinkled face? I am sure of my invention—can I be equally certain of myself?"

There was a gentle tap at the door. The Khan, after having ascertained, by looking through an aperture, who was his visitor, withdrew the bolt, and gave admittance to Dr. Guyot.

"Humph!" said the man of science, with an approving nod, after carefully examining his work; "you have succeeded?"

"Thanks to your instructions!"

"And your own patience," replied the doctor. "I trust you have not forgotten your promise!"

"What promise?" demanded the occupant of the chamber, with a look of surprise, for his thoughts were deeply occupied by the result of his labour.

"My promised recompense," was the reply.

The Khan opened an iron-bound casket, which was placed upon a table within reach of the cheetah's chain, and took from it a bag of gold, which he placed in the eager grasp of his visitor.

"It is paid!" he said.

"Honestly!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as he had counted the glittering coin; "there are one or two light pieces; but, for friendship's sake, we will say nothing more about them. May you succeed!" he added, rising to depart.

"Stay!" said his pupil, sternly.

The old man turned, with an uneasy look.

"I have a question to ask," continued the speaker.

"A question?"

"Which you must answer, and honestly!" added the renegade; "for you have seen enough of me to know that I am dangerous when sported with!"

"Speak!" exclaimed his visitor, more and more puzzled.

"How fares your patient at Cromwell House?"

The question was so unexpected and so directly put

that Dr. Guyot, with all his self-possession, knew not how to lie, or conceal the embarrassment it caused him.

"What patient?" he faltered, at last.

"The victim of a false guardian's treachery, and a headstrong boy's destroying passion," replied the Khan; "the niece of the late Sir William Mowbray—Miss De Vere!"

"Better!" muttered the old man—"much better!"

"Has Meeran seen her yet?"

"Not since her illness."

"Nor must he!" replied the renegade, in a firm tone.

"His presence would destroy her! Listen to me," he continued; "I never frame a request till I have it in my power to change it into a command; you must find the means to release her from her prison!"

"I!" exclaimed the doctor. "You know not how it is guarded: he, the young Indian you name, and her uncle, quit it neither night nor day!"

"I guessed as much."

"The ayah, too, is on the watch!"

The Khan merely nodded, to intimate that he was aware of it.

"The servants devoted to him."

"Were she guarded by fiends," replied the renegade, "you must find the means to release her! I have not yet to learn the vast resources science has placed at your command!"

"And, if so," demanded Doctor Guyot, "why should I use them?"

"For your own safety!" answered his late pupil.

"Listen to me. I told you that I never proffered a request till fortune gave me the means to change the words of entreaty to those of command?"

"You did!"

"It has done so now!" continued the Khan; "the register of your dark deeds and practices—the record of your bribes, the names of your employers—has fallen into my hands!"

With a yell of surprise and rage, the man whose wondrous skill had been perverted to such fearful purposes, rushed towards the speaker: a weapon, which he had drawn from his breast, glittered in his hand.

"Dog!" he exclaimed: "the secret shall die with you!"

The Khan started back, within reach of the chain of the hunting leopard. The animal—which, during the interview, had been crouching on the ground—with a loud growl, sprang upon the assailant. In an instant he was prostrate on his back, the animal upon his breast, withheld only by a signal from its master from tearing him to pieces.

"Fool!" said the Khan, calmly; "thinkest thou that I was not prepared for this? Now, listen to me. I will leave thee here, in the guard of my faithful cheetah, whilst I hasten to a magistrate, place in his hands the record of thy crimes, search thy polluted dwelling, and return only to see thee dragged, amid the hootings of the mob, to prison—if, indeed, their indignation permits thee to reach its friendly shelter!"

The doctor groaned aloud.

"I submit!" he said; "name thy conditions!"

They were named; and such was the precaution the renegade took to insure their observance, that even the subtle Dr. Guyot found no loophole to avoid fulfilling them.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Molida saxa—
(To soften rocks.)

UNDER the skillful care of Dr. Guyot, Ellen was slowly recovering from the fever, both of heart and brain, which for several days threatened to sunder the slender thread of life. Susan's devotion to her young mistress had been incessant: the faithful girl had watched her with the affection of a sister, or the untiring love of a young mother, over the couch of her first-born child. She scarcely absented herself one single instant from her sight; every medicine which her singular physician prescribed was administered by her hand: from no other, in the height of her delirium, would she consent to receive it.

This was gall and wormwood to the jealous ayah, who saw herself supplanted in the love of her foster-child by one whom she looked upon as an intruder. She both hated and loved the girl: hated her for the affection with which Ellen repaid her kindness—and loved her for the devoted care with which she watched over the oppressed and suffering orphan.

"You are better—much better—now!" whispered Susan, as she smoothed the pillow of the patient. "I shall never forgive myself for the ill opinion I conceived of that hideous Dr. Guyot, who is not half so evil as he looks: his skill has preserved your life!"

"To endure fresh misery!" answered the poor girl, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I am in the power of one whose heart knows no law but its wild, ungovernable impulse—deprived of all natural protectors—no friend save you; for even Henry has forgotten me!"

"Not forgotten you, lady!" replied her humble friend. "I could as soon doubt the goodness of heaven, as his sincerity! Those who have deluded you to this wretched place have doubtless intercepted your letters to him, and his to you."

"But not his old friend Dr. Orme's: surely he might have written to him!"

Susan suggested that the helpless prisoner should appeal to Dr. Guyot—if not for protection, at least to convey a letter to her friends.

"To him!" replied the suffering girl, with a shudder; "hopeless—hopeless! I have noted him—his cold glance, which might arrest the prayer on mercy's lips, and send the pleading angel hopelessly away! The only key to his heart is gold—and that my persecutor possesses!"

"Perhaps," uttered a deep-toned voice near them, "there is another!"

The two captives gave an involuntary scream: the subject of their discourse had entered the room during their conversation, unperceived, and stood, in his usual quiet manner, close to the side of the bed.

Ellen was the first to speak.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that my sufferings have touched your heart? Can you befriend me?"

"I can!"

"And will you?"

"Humph!" muttered the old man; "that must depend on circumstances! Child," he added, turning to Susan, "descend to the offices, and see if the cooling drink I intrusted to the Indian woman to prepare, is ready."

The faithful girl hesitated: so great was the dread she entertained of this singular being, that she disliked leaving him alone with her young lady.

"What do you fear?" he added, with a bitter smile.

"Go, Susan!" said her mistress, inspired with a sudden hope; "the rock is not so hard but heaven can melt it!"

Reassured by the words of the patient, her attendant withdrew. No sooner were Ellen and the physician alone, than the latter drew a chair to the side of the bed, and, stretching forth his long, bony hand, placed his finger on her pulse.

"Still feverish!" he murmured; "still feverish!"

"Heed not that!" exclaimed the sufferer; "my mind is clear—quite clear; for it sees the horror of my desolate condition! I have no hope but you—no friend save heaven!"

"You have another friend," replied the old man.

"Another friend! name him?" eagerly demanded Ellen.

"I do not know his name."

"His country?"

"That I am equally a stranger to. He has commanded—and I obey. The task I have undertaken is dangerous—for your gaoler is one of those fiery spirits who sport with human life as the mad wave plays with the drifting wreck; intellect with him is but an instrument to accomplish his passions—not control them."

His listener shuddered—for she knew that he alluded to Meeran Hafaz.

"This friend," continued the speaker—for he is your friend and my taskmaster—has commanded me to save you from your persecutor; but annexed a condition which is still more difficult."

"Name it—name it?"

"That I should spare him: it were easy else," he added, in an under-tone; "easy—easy! For three days I have deceived the young Indian as to your real state: he still believes that the shadow of the dark angel's wing is over you—that the slightest shock would be fatal: therefore he has abstained from visiting you."

"Persuade him so still," replied Ellen, in a tone which betrayed the terror of her soul at the mere thought of meeting Meeran, "and I will bless you; or, if there be no way of avoiding him, make your words a reality!"

"How a reality?" inquired the doctor, with a searching glance.

"By giving me the death which frees me from my persecutor."

The firm tone in which the request was made, excited the mingled surprise and admiration of the old man, accustomed as he was to witness, in those who came to consult his wondrous skill, the most abject dread of death—to listen to their entreaties to prolong existence at any sacrifice—at any price.

"It has not yet arrived to that necessity," he replied.

"Have you confidence in me?"

Ellen hesitated: her heart beat violently.

"Foolish girl!" he continued, interpreting her doubt; "what should I gain by deceiving you? Did I wish your death, I would send it to you on the perfume of a flower, the contact of a glove; were it my will to remove you from this place, I could, for eight-and-forty hours, steep your senses in a sleep the thunder-peal would fail to break—a sleep so like to death, that not one beating of the pulse would indicate, even to the finger of science, that life still lingered in its citadel, or a breath cloud the polished mirror at your lips! The man you fear," he added, in a tone which coloured her pale cheek with blushes, "would pay me nobly for such a secret!"

"Man!" she exclaimed, "I must—I will trust thee! There is little of human feeling in thy words and manner; perhaps thy heart is kinder than thy looks! I have no other hope! God will requite thee as thou dealest by me!"

"I will deal justly by thee."

"From pity?"

"No," replied Dr. Guyot; "I will not deceive thee: from necessity—that iron law to which all bow—which crushes the fool who resists. I have no sympathy with humanity—it has shown none to me. I am commanded to do this by a will stronger than my own—for once I have found my master: it is his pleasure to save thee—I am but the instrument!"

This singular assertion, strange as it may appear, strengthened the confidence of the prisoner. She could believe in the speaker's being compelled by some good genius or secret friend to act a part so contrary to his nature; but could not trust to any of the gentler impulses of humanity influencing a character like his.

"Listen to my instructions," he resumed, lowering his voice to a whisper, as if he feared that the echoes of the old chamber should repeat his words; "to-morrow night, when all have retired, you must dress yourself in a dark mantle and veil, which I will contrive to bring with me."

"But Susan?" interrupted the deeply attentive Ellen.

"Fear not!" said the doctor, calmly; "she shall accompany you."

Reassured by this promise, the prisoner motioned him to proceed.

"When you hear a cry like the hooting of an owl thrice repeated beneath your window, quit your chamber as silently as possible."

"Alas!" replied the unhappy girl, "every night the door is locked, and my treacherous nurse retains the key!"

The old man rose from his seat, and walked stealthily towards the door, the fastenings of which he carefully examined. After a few moments, having convinced himself that nothing could be easier than to draw the screws, he returned to his former position.

"That shall be cared for," he said; "at the bottom of the stairs you will encounter myself and your unknown friend; leave the rest to us."

"But should my strength fail me?"

"Even that I will provide against," added the physician; "the last thing previous to quitting your chamber, drink the contents of a small phial, which you will find with the mantle and veil—and for five hours I pledge my life that neither your strength nor spirits flag, no matter how severe the fatigue you may have to undergo. Do you promise this?"

"I do—I do!"

"Remember, should the attempt fail, from any weakness or irresolution at the final moment, the fault will not be mine—I shall have done all that I can—and more than I wish, perhaps—to aid you: it is your last chance of escape from the power of your relentless persecutor!"

"And I will risk it!" replied Ellen, firmly; "though a grave yawned in my path at every step I keep but thy faith with me," she added, "and my gratitude shall rival Meeran's in his gifts; for I am rich—rich in the gold you love—rich in all save friends and happiness!"

"I shall remind you of your promise, young lady!" said the old man, his eyes sparkling with the anticipated pleasure of fingering the yellow idol for which he had so frequently stained his soul with crimes—"when you are free!"

"And nobly shall it be kept!"

Not wishing to excite the suspicion of Meeran, who he knew would be impatiently expecting his report, Dr. Guyot quitted the room with his usual quiet step, leaving his patient a prey to alternate hope, doubt, and fear.

When Susan descended into the gloomy old kitchen of Cromwell House, she found the ayah and Will Sidelers seated on either side of the vast grate, upon which a small vessel, containing herbs and drugs, was simmering. The warren, who had nearly recovered from the severe injuries he had received at the hands of Meeran, regarded her with a sullen scowl—Zara with calm indifference: jealous as she felt of the hold which the girl's fidelity and sympathy had obtained on the confidence and affection of her foster-child, she could not hate her—despite the waywardness of her disposition, she could but feel that the love she herself had forfeited was justly bestowed.

She slowly rose to leave the place.

"Do not leave me with that fearful man!" said the warm-hearted girl, all her former terrors returning at the sight of the warren.

"You need not fear me"—replied the warren—"yet!" he added, in an under-tone—for he had made up his mind to the completion of the revenge which, in the evil recesses of his heart, he harboured against her lover.

The ayah caught the ferocious glance of his eye, and, with a mute gesture, motioned to him to quit the room.

"I am very well here!" he said.

"Here," she answered, calmly, "you must not remain! What!" she exclaimed, seeing that he hesitated to obey her; "has not the hound been sufficiently chastised? Does he again require the lash, to teach him obedience to his master?"

Sidelers quitted his seat, and limped towards the door, to which the Indian woman pointed.

"Know," continued the speaker, "that there are instruments which we use, but scorn! Dare to set a foot athwart the threshold whilst the girl remains, and thy second punishment shall exceed the first! Thou art in the hands of one who pardons not twice!"

At the allusion to Meeran, the ruffian quailed: he had already felt the strength of his hand, and he felt cowed at the recollection, like some ferocious beast of prey who has found its master. Bitterly did he regret, as he left the kitchen, that he had ever placed himself within his power. True, the conception of the crime was mutual, but the execution had been wholly his; besides, he had none but moral proofs of the young Indian's complicity.

Relieved by the absence of her enemy, Susan began to busy herself with her task at the fire. She had not been long thus occupied, before a slight tapping at the grated window attracted her attention: turning round, she beheld Red Ralph nodding and grinning at her through the diamond-shaped panes of glass. She remembered the poor cowboy's kindness, and smiled upon him in return.

"Is 'ee quite alone?" he whispered.

"Quite," she replied.

"Fasten the door, then, and I'll come in."

The quick-witted girl, naturally suspecting that it was not without some motive that the lad had ventured back, hastily drew the bolt across the door leading from the kitchen to the offices, and then returned to the window, where Red Ralph was busily occupied in removing the iron bars, from which age had long since rotted the woodwork. Some one was assisting him: she looked closer—and could scarcely suppress a scream of joy as she recognised in his companion her faithful lover, Joe Beans.

The sight of poor Susan's emotion lent fresh energy to the arm of the young man. In a few minutes an aperture sufficiently wide was made for him and Ralph to pass through; and the next he clasped her, laughing and crying, to his breast.

"Oh, Joe—Joe!" she sobbed; "I never thought to have

seen you more! You cannot imagine what I and Miss Ellen have suffered from the persecution of our enemies!"

Her lover kissed away her tears, assuring her that her sorrows were at end. As he pressed his lips to her pale cheek, the cowboy, whose delight at the scene knew no bounds, exclaimed:

"Ah, that be just what old un wanted to do! but she wouldn't let un!"

"Old un!" repeated Joe, fixing an inquiring glance upon his sweetheart; "who does he mean?"

With a shudder, Susan whispered in his ear the name of the warrenner.

"Curse him!" exclaimed her lover; "I never liked the fellow; but, since he has insulted you, I feel that I hate him! Let him but once stand within my grasp again," he added, "and I'll spare the hangman a cast of his office—almost too good for such a villain—and strangle him! Where is the ruffian?"

"Hush!" whispered the girl, laying her finger impressively upon her lips; "he is not alone!"

"No matter!"

"Meeran Hafaz and the colonel are both here; the servants, bribed by the gold of the former, are devoted to them. Miss Ellen only escaped his violence by a fever which threatened her life, by madness, produced at the sight of him: they will murder you!"

"Villain—villain!" muttered Joe; "would to heaven Master Harry were here! No matter!" he added; "Lawyer Elworthy has written to Dr. Orme—and since we have found out where the kernel is concealed, we will very soon crack the shell!"

Red Ralph, who, during the latter part of their discourse had been listening at the door, distinctly heard a heavy step carefully retreating along the passage. Walking up to Joe, whose liberality and courage had gained his confidence, he observed to him that it was time to be off.

"Off!" repeated our honest friend; "think you that I will leave the girl of my heart in such a den of infamy?"

The voice of Meeran Hafaz was now distinctly heard in the great hall, calling for lights and Colonel Mowbray. There was no time for flight. The cowboy, whose presence of mind—now that he was assured by ocular proof that the ayah was mortal like himself, for he had seen her through the window—did not desert him, at once closed the casement and shutters of the kitchen window, to hide the removal of the bars; and, pointing to a large pile of faggots, which had been brought into the place for domestic purposes, gave an illustration of his advice, by concealing himself.

It was not until he had stolen another kiss, that Joe followed his example.

"Be firm!" he said; "if any harm should threaten you, remember that I am here to defend you!"

There was a tapping at the door: collecting her self-possession as well as she was able, the agitated girl proceeded to open it. The intruder proved to be Dr. Guyot. The old man entered the kitchen, carefully drawing the bolt after him.

"You have some one concealed here?" he observed, in his usual quiet tone of voice.

"Concealed! ridiculous! who should —"

"Don't attempt to deny it!" he said, interrupting her; "I know the exact value of words! The warrenner heard voices in the kitchen: he has alarmed his employer, who is coming, with Colonel Mowbray and the servants, to search the place. Be firm!" he added; "I will preserve you!"

"You!" exclaimed the astonished Susan, who trembled for the safety of her lover far more than for her own.

"I!" repeated the old man, "strange as it may appear to you, I am your friend: do as I direct, and we shall baffle their suspicions!"

In a few moments there was a loud clamour at the door, and the voices of Meeran Hafaz and the colonel were heard, demanding admission.

"You tremble!" said the physician; "I will answer them."

With his usual calm air, he proceeded to draw the bolt, and admit the impatient intruders; then, as if their visit was a matter of the most perfect indifference to him, he walked slowly towards the table, where Susan was holding a glass tube, through which the decoction of herbs and drugs was slowly passing into a larger vessel.

"Dr. Guyot!" exclaimed his disappointed employer.

"Yes; whom did you expect to find?" replied the old man, calmly. Turning to the poor girl, whose hand trembled with terror, he added, in a tone of reproof: "if the liquid is too warm, wrap your handkerchief round the tube. Pretty laboratory for a chemist: not a still in the place!"

"Sideler informs us —"

"Pray, colonel, do not interrupt me!" observed the physician, petulantly; "the mixture is a most delicate preparation, and requires all the appliances and means of art: in a few moments I will attend to you and to your friend."

All this was uttered in so natural a tone, that it disarmed even the suspicions of Meeran. How could he suspect that the man whose only god seemed to be gold—whose avarice he had glutted with his gifts—could be brought by a poor, friendless girl to conspire against him?

"The warrenner declares he overheard voices in the room," he observed, as the man of science, satisfied that Susan had to a certain extent recovered her self-possession relinquished the task of superintending the decoction to her care.

"Not unlikely," replied the old man; "does the fool imagine that I and the girl converse by signs?"

"If I thought that you were playing us false!" exclaimed the colonel, with a threatening look.

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Guyot; "big words cannot frighten me! My fidelity, like your honour, is a pur-

chaseable commodity! Find me any one to pay my price, and I would sell you both with as little remorse as you would leave me to starve, if you had no further occasion for my services; but not till you have found such a one!" he added, with a sneer.

"He is right!" said the young Indian, perfectly assured that no pecuniary temptation could induce the speaker to betray him: for who possessed either the inclination or the means to pay the old man as he paid him? "It was but the jealous suspicion of yon fool!" he added, pointing to Will Sideler—who, confounded, but not convinced, sneaked out of the kitchen. "We will leave you," continued the speaker, "to your task."

"It will soon be ended," replied the man of science; "as soon as I have taken it to my patient, whose progress under my care is the best answer for my fidelity, I will descend."

The intruders, perfectly deceived by the self-possession of the doctor, left the room. As the last echo of their footsteps died in the long oaken passage, he bade Susan once more fasten the door: she did so.

"And now," he said, pointing to the pile of faggots, "you may release your friends."

Joe Beans and his companion needed no second invitation to advance from their uncomfortable position.

"Away with you!" said the old man, "before your presence is discovered, and wait for me at the corner of the lane. I shall not be long before I rejoin you: like you, my object here is to procure the release of Miss De Vere."

After the proof he had given of his good-will, it would have been more than suspicious to doubt his sincerity: so Joe and the cowboy left the house; determined, however, to return, if the singular personage failed to keep his promise.

(To be continued in our next.)

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

SCENE—Interior of Kelford Castle; CLOWN listening at the library-door.

CLOWN.

I'm sure I heard strange noises from this room, Or from the room beyond
But always are there noises in this place,
As Jeannette says, noises and startling cries,
And doors that sing and whistle on the hinge.
Yet there was something more than these just now:
Voices in passion!

[Listens again.]

There's mischief brewing in this hated castle.
Would I were out! I'm always in some scrape!
The ferrips take my legs for bringing me,
And take my mistress, too, for sending me;
'Tis always Clown, do this! or, Clown, fetch that!
Fresh orders thick as hail!—as though a Clown
Had not a soul, not even to his foot!
"Go, follow Falkner," says my lady, "Clown;"
And here I am!

[Enter JEANNETTE from side-door.]

And what's to come of it?

Could I see Jeannette now!

[Listens again.]

[JEANNETTE slaps him on the back.]

JEANNETTE.

What seek you here? Listening at people's doors—
Fine conduct, sir; sneaking in lobbies thus,
And eaves-dropping

CLOWN.

Not at doors; eaves-dropping is at windows!

JEANNETTE.

Never tell me, sir; I'm ashamed of you!

CLOWN.

Ashamed of me! 'Twas but the other day
That you were proud of me.

JEANNETTE.

What! when you saved the drowning man? ay, that
Was noble of you; this is mean.

CLOWN.

One can't find drowning people every day,
And dive and save them. Now, wouldst thou jump in,
I'd dive a mile or I would fetch thee out!

JEANNETTE.

Have done with you! A pretty fetching out!
Thou'd save a pudding sooner than Jeannette.

CLOWN.

Why thou'rt my pudding, dumpling, round and sweet,
Full of all fruits, like to a Bakewell one!
Thy lips are cherries; peaches are thy cheeks;
Thine eyes black currants; and thy nose a plum—
A white one, large and finely prominent;
Thy teeth like nuts just blanched, and fragrant white;
Honey of rose and raspberry thy breath;
Thine ears are figs!

JEANNETTE.

Figs! that for your figs!

[Boxes him.]

I'll teach you, sir, to say my ears are figs!
These ears your betters have admired, and oft.
Figs! figs, indeed! A murrain take your figs!

[Vapouring about.]

CLOWN.

I'm always in a scrape!
Gave any one to me a purse of gold,
'Twould lead me in some scrape before an hour:
What makes another's fortune ruins mine.

[Footsteps approaching.]

Here's some one coming; scrape on scrape 'twill be.
Now, Jeannette, then, I meant it all in jest!
Like figs! Like water-lilies, small and thin,
And silver fair and graceful, are thine ears!
Thou know'st I love thee! Meant thee no offence!
There's some one near, and I must not be seen.

[JEANNETTE opens the door half sulkily.]

JEANNETTE.

Figs, indeed!

[Holding the door open, and boxing CLOWN as he passes her.
That I should live to have my ears called figs!

[Exit after him.]

SCENE—Ruins of a Gothic church by moonlight; the grave-yard, stained with mossy damp, weed-grown and desolate; a low tomb in the centre, with the initials E. F., and a cross above; the corpse of Kelford leaning with the hands clasped over the tomb, the face bowed over them, a clasp-knife and cord lying beside.

Enter MIDDLEY and ADOLPHUS at the steps of the gateway.

MIDDLEY.

Thy mother was a pure, unspotted wife,
Thyself the heir of Kelford! May'st thou prove
Worthier than he who now inherits it!
I've proofs substantial.

[MIDDLEY turns and sees the corpse.]

Merciful Heaven! What's that? a corpse?
Great God, that still eternal justice holds:
Thy hand is here!

Boy, bend thy knee:

Behold thy mother's grave! Pray for the soul
Of him who was thy father; for here he lies—
If there be truth in sight—a murdered man!

ADOLPHUS.

Murdered!
Oh, I saw nothing but my mother's grave!
What monster hath done this? And yet, take heart,
He may have only fainted. . . .

Dead, dead! quite dead!

Oh, what a wretch am I to find thee dead!
I prayed to see my mother's grave, and 'twas decreed
That when I saw it I should see thee dead!
My prayers have murdered thee, my dead-found father!

MIDDLEY.

Canst thou love him whose falsehood killed thy mother?

ADOLPHUS.

He is dead! All here have need of mercy,
Of pardon, of forgiveness. He is dead,
And will offend no more!

[MIDDLEY examining the foot of the grave.]

MIDDLEY.

Oh! what is this? a knife! and Falkner on it!

[As she comes forward with the knife, enter hastily
Retainers and Followers of LORD Kelford, with
Officers of Justice.]

OFFICER.

Seize that hag! Take heed the lad escape not!
A horrid deed, and dreadfully they'll answer it.

[As they are about to seize ADOLPHUS, he draws himself up proudly and firmly.]

ADOLPHUS.

Touch me not here! upon my mother's grave.
I will not move a limb but as you choose,
So you keep back your hands one moment, sir.

[He bends sorrowfully over the grave, kneels, and kisses it.]

OFFICER.

This is the second murder found since noon!
For 'tis more probable that poor young girl
Found some base hand to plunge her in the wave,
Than of her own accord she had found out
A stream so black, so foul, and desolate;
A place where sun did never penetrate
Since yon grey forest its first childhood knew!
There is an awful grandeur in the spot
Which had rebuked away a suicide.
Poor soul! how beautiful she looked! I wept,
She was so like a sister I had lost.
I wept, went out, and sorrowed like a child!
Well, 'tis not of my heart thou shames my face;
Yet she had parents—brothers too, perchance—
Poor souls! poor souls! it is a trying world.

FOLLOWER.

Was there no clue, then, to her parentage?

OFFICER.

Nothing; nor letter, token, ring; save one
Mysterious paper, in her bosom placed,
Written thereon, "A bridal gift to Bertha."

ADOLPHUS.

Now where ye will, I am in Heaven's hands!

MIDDLEY.

Did I not tell thee, boy, the hag was poor?
If poverty's not guilt, why looks it so?
Ha! gyves for the hag; bind hard, good Christian men,
What matters it how the old witch may suffer?

OFFICER.

Relieve her hands.

MIDDLEY.

What! twice in a day? The world grows tender, sure
[The followers bear off the corpse; ADOLPHUS follows erect, yet mournfully.]

(To be continued.)

WE often look with regret on past joys, as they depart from us, but we forget that every new day has a joy which is continually advancing to meet us.



[THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S RECONCILIATION WITH QUEEN MARY.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

The storm, which in its fury doth uproot
The unbending oaks, sweeps o'er the pliant reed;
So human wit doth act the subtle part,
Winning security from safety.

THREE persons were standing in one of the deep recesses formed by the projecting windows of the royal closet, in St. James's Palace, which looked out upon the park. The day was a gloomy one, the sky being charged with broken masses of dark clouds, through which at times a sickly sunbeam would penetrate, and, falling on the escutcheons of painted glass in the windows of the apartment, cast a deep stain upon the polished oaken floor.

One of the three persons was a female of short stature, and a pale, sickly countenance, which was rendered still more unlovable by the traits of pride, and a certain cold expression of the eye, indicating resolution and want of sympathy with the softer sensibilities of her sex. An open dress of purple velvet, bordered with minever, displayed an under garment of cloth of silver, made very full.

The stomacher of the wearer was embroidered with pearls, and had a cross of table diamonds and ballas rubies in the centre. Upon her head was one of those peculiar shaped velvet toques, brought to a peak in the centre of the forehead, from which peak a very large pearl was pendent.

There are few of our readers but, from the description, will recognise Mary Tudor, the first Queen Regnant of England.

One of the companions of her majesty was a tall, harsh-featured man, in the prime of life, whose purple soutan and rochet bordered with deep lace, as well as the chain and pastoral cross, which he rather ostentatiously wore over his pelerine, indicated his rank as a bishop in the Catholic church. It was the notorious Gardiner.

The second person was that no less remarkable man Renaud, the emperor's ambassador to the court of England. His costume was a plain suit of black, slashed, after the fashion of the times, with purple silk. The only ornament upon his person was a chain of gold, enamelled black and red, from which was suspended the order of the Golden Fleece.

There was an earnestness in the manner of all three, which indicated that the subject of their conversation was an interesting one. The words of the queen came slowly, as if she paused to weigh each syllable that fell from her thin lips. Both the ambassador and the prelate spoke in

low, deep tones, as if they feared to wake the echoes of the vast apartment in which they were standing.

"You urge me too far, my lord!" observed the queen, addressing Gardiner; "if the conduct of Elizabeth has not been all that I could wish, during the late affairs, it has at least been blameless."

"Legally blameless, I admit," answered the bishop.

"And prudent," added Renaud; "prudent beyond her years; the Lady Elizabeth knew that her position in the state depended upon your majesty's, and wisely preferred being the sister, to the cousin of the queen: had her name been instituted for the Lady Jane's, in your feeble brother Edward's will, it might have been different."

"We must not examine motives too curiously, my lord ambassador," interrupted Mary, with a slight gesture of impatience. "He who framed the heart alone can read it. I neither can nor will punish my sister for what her conduct might have been!"

"Your majesty is too tender of this same tie of blood between yourself and the daughter of Anne Boleyn—the crowned harlot whose advancement to the throne caused your sainted mother's misery and death!"

The countenance of the queen became deeply flushed, and then deadly pale. Through life she cherished a tender reverence for her mother's memory, and in more than one instance, as in Cranmer's, fearfully visited her wrongs upon those who assisted in her downfall and degradation.

"*Ne nos inducas in tentationem!*" she murmured, at the same time placing her hand upon her heart, as if to restrain its impulse.

"Is it not said," continued the prelate, "that the crime of the parent shall be visited upon the children?"

"We both share it, my lord," exclaimed Mary, with gloomy earnestness, "since we are equally the daughters of Henry VIII. Until Elizabeth by some rash act offends the law, she shall suffer no injustice at my hands. If I cannot love her," she added, "I will treat her as if I did: she shall not have a plausible pretext for disloyalty in the harshness of her sister and her sovereign!"

"Could your highness be assured of the loyalty of the Lady Elizabeth," observed the Spaniard, speaking in his usual cold and measured tone, "the resolution you have formed might perhaps be right—if, indeed, it be ever right to tamper with a principle; but I fear that it will fail your majesty when you least expect it."

"And when it does," replied Mary Tudor, "I have the Tower and the headsman at my service: woe to the hand which lays a finger on my crown!"

A glance of mutual intelligence passed between the statesman and the priest, but not so rapidly that the queen did not observe it.

"You smile, my lords!" she continued; "I am aware that my poor wit is little shield to contend against your learning: therefore I take shelter in that which is stronger than either my judgment or your wisdom—my will!" she added, proudly; "which you will find as difficult to bend as break!"

"Heaven forbid, madam," exclaimed Gardiner, bowing obsequiously, "that your faithful servant should attempt either! If I interpret rightly the glance of my lord ambassador, he was trying, like myself, to reconcile your gracious declaration with the fact that the Lady Jane Grey—the nine days' queen, as men have learned to call her—still lives: not only hath her hand been placed upon your royal crown, but her impious head hath worn it!"

"And though the weight hath crushed her," added the ambassador, "her crime was none the less."

"Perhaps my lords, it was her misfortune!" observed Mary. *It is too soon* to stain the annals of my reign with blood. When parliament has restored the ancient faith—reversed the act which declares the marriage of our sainted mother illegal—and the crown hath solemnly been placed upon our brow, it will be time to think of the Lady Jane. Till then, let her rest. The shadow of my hand is already over her. Am I not right, my lords?" she added, with one of her cold smiles—for she both saw and felt flattered by the look of surprised approbation with which the two statesmen had listened to the *exposé* of the motives of her seeming forbearance.

"So right," answered the astute ambassador of Spain, "that even my experience stands abashed. Whilst the heretical parties—which I regret to say are numerous, both in the Peers and Commons—are in doubt as to your royal intentions toward the traitorous house of Suffolk, they will be pliant to your gracious will, and pass what measures you desire."

"And the act," added Gardiner, "which declares the marriage of Henry and Catherine of Arragon lawful, annuls, by implication, his adulterous union with Anne Boleyn."

"And consequently renders her issue illegitimate," said Renaud; "making her for the future dependent on the will of her sovereign and sister."

The Earl of Arundel, one of Mary's ministers—who, being, like herself, a strict Catholic, enjoyed a large portion of her confidence—entered the royal closet. He appears to have been a clear-sighted, honourable man, and on more than one occasion defended the Princess Elizabeth from her enemies. He came to announce to her majesty that Elizabeth had arrived at the palace, and earnestly implored to be admitted to the honour of an audience.

Mary hesitated, and appeared for awhile irresolute.

"Had not her grace," suggested Gardiner—who feared the effect of her presence and eloquence—better communicate with your majesty through one of the council?"

"Or by letter?" added Renaud.

The queen looked at the Earl of Arundel, as if to ask his advice.

"The Lady Elizabeth," he said, "is your majesty's sister."

"True," replied Mary; "and her treatment shall be such as fits the nearness of our blood. Admit the Lady Elizabeth to our presence. You can retire, my lords," she added. "Heaven knows what motive has brought our sister to our presence: in charity, we will hope it is a good one. Your presence may be taken in token of mistrust: it is fit she feels that we neither mistrust nor fear her. You can remain," she added, "in the council-chamber: it is possible we may require your advice and service; Arundel alone will remain."

Neither Gardiner nor Renaud could conceal their mortification. The latter, who was urging Mary to accept the hand of his future sovereign, Philip of Spain, felt jealous of the favour shown to the English earl, whose loyalty was opposed to the match, which he foresaw would destroy the popularity of the new sovereign. The wily Gardiner felt equally annoyed at the preference; but neither ventured to dispute it, for the queen had inherited much of her father's temper, and little brooked opposition to her will. She was every inch a Tudor.

As soon as they were alone in the council-chamber, which was connected with the royal closet, where they had left Mary and Arundel, Gardiner threw himself, with an air of impatience, into the chair usually occupied by the queen. His companion secretly smiled at the choice he had made: it indicated alike the mind and ambition of the man, who evidently aimed at directing the affairs of the kingdom, and governing it indirectly, by working on the superstition and bigotry of the new sovereign.

"What think you of this interview?" he said.

"That it bodes mischief!" replied the wily priest. "Mary, like most women, is impressionable, and listens to the dictates of her heart oftener than those of her head. Fortunately for the good cause, Catholicity is a sentiment as well as a conviction with her: her will will ever bear every obstacle opposed to her faith."

"Where, then, lies the danger?" demanded Renaud, with a look of surprise.

"Elizabeth may conform!" drily answered the bishop.

"And what danger can you perceive in that?"

"The deceit," continued Gardiner—"the policy of the reed, that bends to the storm, which else would crush it. The blood of the accused Boleyn cannot remain otherwise than Protestant. In conforming to the true Church, Elizabeth would acknowledge the illegality of her mother's marriage, and her own illegitimacy. Still, she may seemingly conform, and, by her condescension, gain time: and time with her is everything."

Renaud shrugged his shoulders: he began to fear that the cause of Catholicity was a losing one; for he knew the temper and disposition of the queen too well to suppose that she would consent to the death of Elizabeth, unless clearly and openly justified by some act of treason on the part of her sister—an excuse which that prudent princess was not likely to afford her.

"Is it possible, my lord," he said, "that you, the champion of the Church, despair?"

"The Church never despairs, my lord!" replied the

prelate; "The word is erased from her vocabulary. Its hopes, like its designs, are immutable. Were this country to remain plunged in its heresy for a thousand years, Rome would still pursue the object of its conversion as at first. Its action may be modified by time, the changes wrought on the minds and opinions of mankind—its purpose, never. It is as firm and unchangeable," he added, "as the rock on which its faith is built!"

"Would that the queen were married!" exclaimed Renaud, willing to sound the views of the speaker; "the birth of a Catholic heir to the crown would end these doubts, and fix the faith of England for the future!"

A slight shade passed over the countenance of Gardiner: probably he had reason to suspect that Mary would never be a mother—an opinion not unlikely to be formed by a calculating mind, when her age and health were taken into consideration—although he was far too prudent to give utterance to such a supposition.

"I am not of your way of thinking, my lord bishop," continued the ambassador, after a pause; for, finding that Gardiner made no answer to his previous observation, he resumed the subject. "Even the Lady Elizabeth's pretended conversion will not save her—the Protestants will perfectly understand that her will has been forced. The death of the Lady Jane, which is merely a question of time, will make her their only hope. Intrigues, and perhaps insurrections," he added, "will take place, in which her name must be compromised!"

"That," observed Gardiner, with a sigh, "is not so clear, my lord: her prudence puzzles even me; for she hath directed her vessel through storms which might have wrecked a more experienced pilot. She will reach the port," he added, bitterly, "unless, indeed, some bold and desperate hand should wrest the rudder from her grasp!"

Probably the attempt which the speaker afterwards made upon the life of Elizabeth, by sending an order for her execution in the Tower, during the illness of her sister, was dimly shadowed forth in his mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

And I must brook this shame! Blister my tongue
With hollow words; pledging my heart and sense
To that which heart and sense alike reject;
Give truth the lie, nor blush in mine own shame!

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

WHEN Elizabeth entered the royal closet, she found her sister seated, the Earl of Arundel standing at a respectful distance at the back of her chair. The queen neither rose nor extended her hand to welcome the Protestant daughter of Anne Boleyn, for her mind was filled with dark doubts and suspicions concerning her. The insidious words of Gardiner and the ambassador of Spain, if they had not shaken her resolution to act justly, had at least predisposed her to judge unfavourably. The non-conformity of the princess threatened to prove a serious obstacle to the re-establishing of the ancient faith—the purpose nearest her heart; by more than one of her counsellors it was branded as disaffection. No wonder, then, considering her naturally jealous nature, that Mary received her sister coldly.

"Alas!" said Elizabeth, sinking on her knees at a short distance from the chair of state upon which her sister was seated; "it is true!—too true!"

Sobs and tears, either natural or assumed, appeared to choke her utterance, and she remained kneeling and wringing her hands in silence.

"What is true?" demanded the queen, in a tone of surprise, for she could not comprehend the cause of Elizabeth's grief.

"That your majesty no longer retains for me the affection of a sister!" replied the princess, passionately; "and yet I have done nothing to forfeit your good opinion!"

At the words "affection" and "sister," Mary's lips contracted with a slight spasmodic action; for, although she respected the tie, it was hateful to her.

"The sister who really loved me," replied Mary, sarcastically, "would have neither interests nor affections apart from mine—would not lend her influence to the support of a traitorous faction—enemies alike of heaven and the throne! But I will crush them!" she added, with an air of terrible determination. "I will rear again the altar and the cross, though I raise a scaffold at every step I take!"

"I am no traitor!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with proud humility. "I am a poor, weak girl, and can only defend your majesty's throne by prayers! Ask of my accusers, I entreat you—ask of them to prove one treasonous act or thought against me!"

"Prove!" repeated Mary, harshly; "dost think if they were proved, thou wouldst be standing in our presence? Were the crimes whereof you are suspected proven, thy place would be the Tower, girl, and thy confessor the headsman—even were the heretics and traitors who look forward to your name as their rallying cry, in arms around our palace!"

"Alas, madam!" said Elizabeth, in a more humble tone—for she saw that the danger in which she stood was imminent; "it seems that my religion is the cause of my offence, my crime, and punishment! Be just! Am I to blame in that? Were I the deceitful, treacherous thing mine enemies infer, I should abandon it without a word to regain the good opinion of your majesty, which is dearer to me than my life! Alas!" she added, "I have never been instructed in any other!"

"That were an evil easily remedied, were it the only evil," observed the queen, in a more conciliatory tone; for she thought that she perceived in the words of her sister the first symptoms of the concession she so earnestly desired to obtain. "There are learned prelates and doc-

tors of the church who would speedily disabuse your mind of its dark and fearful errors, were it really bent on seeking the truth."

"It is bent upon it!" replied the princess, making a violent effort to overcome the repugnance she felt at the humiliation she was compelled by policy to submit to. "Let them show me the error of my faith, and readily—most readily—will I abandon it! Let me have the books," she added, "written by the defenders of Catholicity in support of their creed, in opposition to the Protestant works—the only ones I have yet read—they may, perchance, induce me to adopt other views and sentiments than those I know profess."

"Is this sincere?" demanded Mary, fixing her eyes upon her with a searching glance; for she was naturally of a suspicious nature, and, in her estimate of human actions, inclined to judge them from their worst motives.

Elizabeth endured the scrutiny unmoved: the danger in which she stood, and the reversion of the crown—which, from the hour of her sister's accession, she never, even in a prison, or when menaced with the scaffold, lost sight of—armed her with a prudence and command of countenance beyond her years.

"Let the manner of my proceeding," she replied, "convince your majesty that it is so. Were I the thing you judge me, I should at once abjure the faith in which I have been reared; but what confidence could be placed in such an act? Even you," she added, "would despise me for it, and those of my own church say that it was forced upon me! No," she continued, "let me have some learned man to instruct me in these mysteries. I promise to be diligent and docile—my studies will be the more earnestly pursued, in the hope that the issue may restore me to the affection of my sovereign and my sister."

"The Lady Elizabeth speaks wisely and discreetly!" whispered the Earl of Arundel in the ear of the queen.

"And sincerely, think you?" demanded Mary, in the same under-tone.

"By my faith and my allegiance, madam," said the earl, "I do believe it: her enemies have made this question, in my poor judgment, of more importance than it really is. Your majesty's marriage," he added, "by giving us a direct heir to the throne, will, I trust, speedily end these cabals, surmises, and suspicions!"

The queen, knowing that the speaker was strictly Catholic, and pleased at the allusion to her marriage and its consequence, received the offers of Elizabeth in a conciliatory spirit; the frown gradually disappeared from her brow, and she extended her hand to the princess, who kissed it humbly, and with such apparent thankfulness, that even her sister began to think she had been too hasty in her judgment.

Perhaps the consciousness of the instinctive dislike she entertained towards the daughter of Anne Boleyn assisted her in arriving at the conclusion.

"Your wish shall be granted," she said. "We will appoint one of the most learned fathers of the church to reason with you upon this subject—to explain your doubts and difficulties; nor shall our unworthy prayers," she added, "be wanting for his success. My lord," she continued, turning to the Earl of Arundel, "inform my lord bishop and the ambassador of Spain that we require their presence—they must witness and rejoice in our reconciliation with our sister!"

The statesman left the royal closet with reluctance: he resolved to delay his errand as long as he conveniently could, in order to give Elizabeth time to confirm the favourable impression she had made upon her sister—an impression which both Gardiner and the ambassador, he well knew, would do their best to weaken—for they were the unrelenting enemies of the princess.

No sooner were they alone, than Mary rose from her chair of state, and, taking her sister by the hand, kissed her on the cheek.

"Elizabeth," she said, "I judge actions, and not words: the first display, the second but too often belie the heart! Deal sincerely with me; never forget that I am your sovereign—still less that I am your sister: do this, and the machinations of your enemies will prove powerless to hurt you!"

The princess professed—what probably at that moment she felt—the warmest gratitude for the kind words and generous conduct of the speaker.

"More," continued the queen, with a pause, and speaking very slowly, as if every word she uttered cost her a painful effort; "I will not only bury the memory of my mother's wrongs and sorrows, but treat and try to love you like a sister; and the act," she added, "which parliament is about to pass, declaring the marriage of our father and Catherine of Arragon valid, shall leave the settlement of the crown untouched. No matter who may advise or urge the contrary, I pledge my royal word to this."

Deep as the humiliation was, Elizabeth received it without a word of remonstrance: she knew that Mary held, and not unnaturally, perhaps, that it was a sacred duty to her mother's memory to declare her marriage with Henry legal. At any rate, she felt that it would be useless to oppose it, and wisely held her peace.

Mortifying as it was to her pride, Mary conceded one great point in her favour: the law which declared Elizabeth heiress to the crown, in the event of her own death without issue, was unrepealed. It was in virtue of this law that the daughter of Anne Boleyn ultimately succeeded to the throne. It has been remarked by many writers, that both before and after she became queen, her mother's name was a sealed subject with her. Certain it is, that when firmly established, the idol of the nation, and a pliant parliament at her command, she never took the least step to vindicate her mother's memory, or mooted the subject of the legality of her marriage: a

circumstance from which unfavourable inferences have been drawn of the character of Anne Boleyn.

"You are welcome my lords!" said Mary, as the Earl of Arundel returned to the royal closet, accompanied by Gardiner and the ambassador of Spain. "Our sister hath given us such tokens of her royalty and right good will, that we are well contented with them, and have restored her to her place in our affection and favour."

The three statesmen expressed their gratification at the harmony thus happily restored; but Elizabeth was not deceived by their hypocritical professions. Two of them she knew to be her enemies, in the deadliest sense of the word—since there was no measure they would pause at to compass her destruction. Of the third—the Earl of Arundel—she was as yet in doubt.

"My lord bishop," added the queen, "you will select from the most learned doctors of the church, one most suited to instruct the Lady Elizabeth in the dogmas of our holy faith, and disabuse her mind of those pernicious errors in which, unhappily, it hath been trained."

"Is such also her grace's wish?" demanded the prelate, casting a satirical glance at the princess—whom, if he could not injure, he resolved to let no occasion pass to humiliate.

"It is!" replied Elizabeth, scornfully. "I should have thought that the word of her majesty needed not confirming by my lips!"

The mortified prelate bowed, to hide his confusion.

"A happy day for England!" exclaimed the Earl of Arundel, whose honourable nature really rejoiced at the reconciliation between his sovereign and her sister.

"And herself!" added Renaud, in an under-tone, but not so low that Gardiner, who was standing next him, could not hear it.

Once more saluting the princess, Mary commanded the three noblemen to attend her to her litter. As they were leaving the royal closet, Gardiner returned, and, approaching the chair on which Mary had resumed her seat, asked how the Lady Elizabeth—for he studiously avoided styling her princess—was to be treated.

"Treated!" repeated Mary. "I do not understand you!"

"I mean, your majesty, by the palace guard, which is drawn up in the courtyard—doubtless by the officious zeal of some one of her partisans!"

The queen approached the window. A frown passed over her pale countenance, as she saw the men drawn up. Fortunately her glance rested on the dial of the old clock-tower, and she remembered that it was the hour for relieving them—consequently the malice of the speaker was defeated.

Turning her back to him, she answered hastily: "Treat her with the honours due to the heiress of the crown, and your sovereign's sister!"

With a bitter scowl, the prelate left the room.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

ADULTERATION OF LARD.—A communication has been received by the Pharmaceutical Society, on the above subject, from Mr. Whipple, in which he states that for some time past he has had reason to suspect the purity of commercial lard, and had recently made a few experiments, which led to the detection of large quantities of some lardaceous substance in it. In a quantity weighing 105½ lbs. he found as much as 22½ lbs. of this foreign matter; and in another lot, weighing 43½ lbs., he found 12½ lbs. of a similar substance. Mr. Whipple points out the pernicious effects which this adulteration would be likely to produce in the employment of such lards for some pharmaceutical purposes, and the danger which might ensue from its application to machinery. In another communication from Mr. Calvert, of Manchester, that gentleman confirms Mr. Whipple's statement, and informs us, in addition, that the American lard analysed by him contained from 10 to 12 per cent. of water, 2 to 3 per cent. of alum, and about 1 per cent. of quicklime. The quantity of alum, it is supposed, is added by the manufacturer for the purpose of communicating to the lard the property of facilitating the raising, and increasing the whiteness, of the confectioners' paste, in which it is largely employed.

TAX ON CLEANLINESS.—Mr. Erasmus Wilson has just printed, though not, we believe, published, a little pamphlet on soap, the facts contained in which are well worth the attention of the public. He has long been well known for his exertions in the cause of sanitary reform, and for the promotion of public health; and he is perfectly right in saying that the reduction or removal of the duty on soap would be an incalculable benefit to the community. It is found by inquiry that the people of Jersey consume soap at the rate of thirteen pounds a head per annum; while in England it is only seven pounds a head—a little more than half. Now, as the use of these articles is in proportion to their cheapness, the quantity of soap used would probably be doubled if the duty were removed, and very greatly increased if it were reduced. The tax at present amounts to a million sterling, and, if it were at once lowered to half a million, it would increase, in the course of one year, to between six and seven hundred thousand pounds, and shortly rise to what it is now. The duty is fourteen guineas a ton, and presses, as usual, hardest on the poorer classes: being 100 per cent. on the cheaper kinds of soap, 50 per cent. on the middling, and only 16 per cent. on the finer sorts.

SHIP-BUILDING.

DARIES DAVIDSON, a celebrated naval architect of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamer, 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by sixteen separate

engines, having a total of 5000-horse power, and the average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and to have berths and state-rooms for 3000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realisation. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steam-ship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip by some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea-going vessel now; but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered fifteen years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet may yet have.

Where are the passengers to come from? say the doubting. Put the passage at £4 to £5, and you will see. If 250 per week offer themselves at £25, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at £15, or 1000 at £10, or 3000 at £5; and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence that they will be sustained in the undertaking.

It is worthy of notice, that the largest ocean steam-ships now plying on the Atlantic bear precisely the same proportion in length, breadth, and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's Ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are: length, 233 feet; breadth of beam, 50 feet; depth, 51 feet. The dimensions of the ark were: length, 300 cubits; breadth, 50 cubits; depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the Ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being 22 inches. Both had upper, lower, and middle stories.

After all the improvements of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the Deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's Ark.

THE REAPING MACHINE INVENTED BY A NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

THE reaping machine is justly considered to be the most important piece of farming machinery that has been invented since the thrashing machine took the place of the flail. The invention of this valuable machine has been ascribed to the Americans, in consequence, no doubt, of the celebrated reaping machine having been presented to the British public in the American department of the Great Exhibition; but the invention, as we purpose to show, is really due to an English schoolmaster of the name of Ogle.

When Mr. Ogle was a national schoolmaster at Newham, near Alnwick, in 1803, the construction of a reaping machine was occupying his thoughts. Mr. Common, then a young man about twenty-four years of age, was setting up a thrashing machine at Fleetham, and, being well known for his mechanical skill, was sent for by Ogle, and their common consultations originated a reaping machine—Ogle making a model of one in 1803; and Common, in 1810, constructed a machine which was tried in a field near Denwick, and afterwards at Broomhouse, and cut very well. The corn, in Mr. Common's machine, was received in a sheet immediately behind the clippers, and, by means of a roller, carried to the back part of the machine, and laid into even sheaves on the ground. There was also a provision, by means of a sort of comb, to raise the fallen corn before it was cut—an advantage which none of the reaping machines now in use seem to possess.

Ogle made another model of his machine in 1822, which he presented to Brown and Son, the proprietors of the foundry at Alnwick, who made a better model in iron. Number 116 of the "Mechanics' Magazine," for November 1825, contains a drawing, description, and brief history of the attempt then made to bring it before the public notice. "They presented it," says Mr. Ogle in his letter to the editor, "to the public, many market days at Alnwick, thinking to carry it into execution by subscription, but they were disappointed—the farmers considered it an impossibility. The Browns then made the machine at their own expense, and tried it first near Alnwick; it did not, however, altogether answer: the teeth of the frame where the knife cuts upon were too long, and collected the dirt upon the corn too much. They made the teeth shorter, and tried it again at a place called South Side, near Warkworth, in a field of wheat. It then cut to great perfection; but still, not laying the corn into sheaves, the farmer did not think it lessened the expense much. Mr. Brown took it home again, and added the part for collecting the corn into a sheaf; when he tried it again at Alnwick in a field of barley, which it cut and laid out in sheaves extremely well. Messrs. Brown then advertised, at the beginning of the year 1823, that they would furnish machines of this sort, complete for shearing corn, at the beginning of harvest, but found that none of the farmers would go to the expense, though the machine was seen even to cut the lying corn, where it was not bound down with new rising green corn. Some working people at last threatened to kill Mr. Brown, if he persevered any farther in it, and it has never been more tried. It was estimated from what was tried, that it would cut, at that rate, fourteen acres a day."

The Browns not very long after emigrated to America, taking the model of Ogle's reaping machine with them; and it is asserted, on trustworthy evidence, that the American reaper was constructed from this model, or a copy of it; and after a lapse of a quarter of a century, it reappeared in the land of its original invention, in the American department of the Great Exhibition, to attract the

notice of the English agriculturist, enrich the patentee, and confer a great and lasting benefit on the community.

The concluding part of Mr. Ogle's simple narrative is highly significant, when we contrast the enlightened notions now prevalent amongst us with the discouragements which mechanical ingenuity then met with, and the ignorance and prejudice which frustrated the efforts and crushed the hopes of the original inventors and improvers of the reaping machine, and which indeed, not long after, broke out into lawless acts of open destruction.

And what became of the inventor? He died as he had lived—in comparative neglect and poverty. Poor Ogle! your fate was hard; unfriended by the wealthy and the great, and even despised as a visionary by the labouring classes, you still toiled on to promote the well-being of society; and now when you are gone, strangers have stepped in to gather the fruit of that invention which comprised the history of your thoughts, feelings, and dreams of happiness. Poor Ogle! often have I stood at the door of your little cottage and heard you talk, in your own quiet, reflective way, of the advantages of machinery, and of a coming day when creative minds would be duly appreciated, and when the elementary schoolmaster would hold that rank in society to which his talents and usefulness justly entitle him.

THE QUEEN'S DREAM;

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

SCENE—The emerald drawing-room in a Palace of Freeland, the walls adorned with portraits of the philanthropists of all nations; also, with two remarkable paintings: one showing Howard, the illustrious prison reformer, administering consolation to the tenants of a loathsome dungeon; the other, representing JOHN POUND, a humble cobbler, in his habit when he lived, seated on a three-legged stool, teaching little ragged boys and girls to read, so that they might better find their way to their Heavenly Father. PRESENT—The Queen of Freeland, surrounded by the Ladies of her Court, weeping and sobbing.

FIRST LADY, who has just finished reading a novel, called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's dream?

SECOND LADY.

It almost surpasses belief!

THIRD LADY.

That monster, Legree!

FOURTH LADY.

That sainted martyr, Tom!

FIFTH LADY, hysterically.

That darling Eva!

QUEEN (who is young and beautiful, and has a very silvery voice.)

Such scenes of life are horrible! I would not be monarch of that realm in its present state for all the glory of the undisputed sovereignty of the universe!

SIXTH LADY, old, and supposed to be light-headed.

May not the description have been over-coloured?

QUEEN, sadly.

I fear not. My archbishops, bishops, ministers of state, and privy councillors, all concur in stating, that negro slavery is one of the great sins of the western world. But I never knew before that its features were so utterly repulsive. I wish, my dear duchess, I had never asked you to read the book.

FIRST LADY.

Rather rejoice, your majesty: since the information you have obtained will enable you to protest against the iniquity.

QUEEN.

No; I am queen only in my own realm! And if I were to protest, or even implore, the appeal would be useless. The intercommunication between states is founded on expediency, not sound moral principle.

SECOND LADY.

Suppose the ladies of your court and empire were to send a pathetic address on the subject to the ladies of the west. I have heard that woman's voice, when raised in the cause of humanity, rarely falls unheeded on the ears of even the sternest of the opposite sex; and surely our sisters will not refuse us a patient hearing.

FIRST LADY.

I cordially approve of the scheme, and intended to have suggested it to your majesty myself.

LADIES, in zephyry chorus.

So do all of us!

QUEEN.

Do as you like—you have my permission! But be loving and kind in your language; for if our land be the blessed abode of liberty and happiness, we should not forget that the lands in which the negro is held captive have not had, like us, the advantage of the experience of a thousand years of monarchical and Christian rule.

[Exeunt Ladies, in agitation.]

THE QUEEN, taking up "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Morning, noon, and night, I am thankful that the air of Freeland is too pure for a slave. If I thought there was one in my dominions, I would tear the jewels from my crown to buy his ransom. But there is not: it is only in the land of the West that liberty is profaned by traffic in the life that only God can give, and only God should use and take.

With this queenly reflection her majesty began to read, until at length, overpowered by the emotions the contents of the book had excited, she fell into such a deep study that the shadows of this world gathered around her lovely head, and gently closed her cerulean eyes. Her cheek

fell into the hollow of her lily hand, and, resting on her elbow, buried in the cushions by her side, she slept. While slumbering, strange sights, stupendous doings, awful revelations, crowded upon her soul.

THE DREAM.

"The air of Freeland is too pure for a slave!" thought she, as, seated on her burnished throne, she gazed around her in all the swelling pride and consciousness of angust superiority.

"Queen, behold thy people!" sounded a sonorous voice in her ear.

Her large blue eyes opened as by enchantment, and, looking round her, she beheld a glittering throng of familiar faces. The proudest and most beautiful of the land swept before her in gorgeous array. Costly jewels blazed on alabaster arms, while diamonds flashed glory across brows of marble, and shed splendour on necks majestic in their haughty curvature. Contempt of all things low or little darted from the eyes of this moving mass. Their every gesture betrayed an innate sense of power, and exultation over the tradition of an ancestry unsullied by poverty. They were of the race

Of the lofty brow, th' imperial eye,
The patrician lip, that feeds on scorn.

The scene changed to one of gold. It was all gold. The gold was here, the gold was there, the gold was everywhere. The splashing, rolling, tumbling, jingling, and ringing of gold were terrific. Whichever way the eye turned was gold. The human beings themselves seemed gold. One, overgorged, parted in twain, and behold! his heart was crusted over with gold.

Rows of shops and piles of warehouses next crowded upon her view. They were the hives of the riches of the world. The produce of every clime, ennobled into usefulness by human labour and inventive genius, were here to be had for money. The great globe itself had been ransacked to furnish them. And their owners looked plump and comfortable. And well they might, for they were driving a roaring trade; had snug investments in stocks, railways, and mines; and, at eventide, were whirled down to pretty Gothic cottages, overlooking

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,

or

Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

"These are the middle classes, who claim to hold the balance of power between the higher and the lower!" whispered the voice in her majesty's ear. "They are the strength and glory of your nation, for they are the most industrious, the most moral, the most intellectual of the population!"

The monarch felt pleased: a smile lit up her expressive countenance—but only for an instant; for, as

Coming events cast their shadows before,

the radiance fled, and in the darkness she timidly asked:

"Where are the people? Where are the masses, from whose bosom I draw my soldiers, my seamen, my artificers, my labourers?"

Quicker than a flash of lightning, they crowded upon her regal vision. Scores, torn to ribbons, lay scattered in railway tunnels, where they had fallen victims to human cupidity. A hundred, suddenly borne from their quiet beds by an avalanche of water, were hurried into eternity, by human negligence. Sixties in one place, seventies in another, and dozens all over the country, the helpless victims of a remorseless element, lay in charred and blackened heaps, as sacrifices to human comfort, convenience, and glory. They had perished, deep in the bowels of the earth, while hewing riches out of grim chambers for the advancement of mankind at large. They had warmed the hearths of millions—fed the engine that works the factory, ploughs the main, and heaps up a magnificence which

Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, equalled, in all
Their glories.

And they died unmourned—scarcely remembered—by their accident-hardened kith and kin. While their requiem is sung in a casual paragraph, their elegy is written in a later and more appalling catastrophe, and so they are forgotten. No

Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops;

although they died in a nobler cause than any that ever marshalled armies in

Battle's magnificently stern array.

Their remains,

In one black burial blent,

are consigned to oblivion; and the only harps that hymn their praise are steam-pipes, hissing and shrieking over land and sea.

The vision, as it deepened in horror, exposed the bottom of the sea, strewn with thousands upon thousands of corpses of true-hearted sailors. There they lay, in their fathomless grave, pale, mute evidence of the peril to be encountered in the pursuit of that commerce which covers the seas with ships, and brings the nations of the earth together. The ocean heaves hugely around them, exulting in its prey; while the millions who are clustered on the land little think that the cotton and silk they wear has cost the life of many a gallant seaman.

Her majesty being Queen of the Main, shed bitter tears at this sad spectacle, and, turning her eyes to the broad expanse of ocean spread out before her gaze, saw it dotted with vessels, whose white sails glistened in the noonday sun.

The decks were crowded with human beings—men, women, and children—who had dared the perils of the storm, the sharp edges of unseen rocks, the lightning's

blast, and the uncertain chances of fortune in a distant clime, in search of the daily bread they could not obtain in their own "dear native land."

"Those are emigrants from your dominions," whispered the voice in her ear; "three hundred thousand of them annually leave your shores to enrich that great continent, now darkened by that slavery which your majesty so grievously laments, but which at no distant day will control the destinies of the world. What Freeland discards as a surplus, it receives with the open arms of affection."

"The spectacle saddens me," said the queen, "for I can read sorrow, deeply blended with hope, on the countenances of that ocean-bound multitude. The sacrifice of country, home, and friends, is not half redeemed by the prospect of a brighter future. Their hearts yearn after the ties they have left behind them, perhaps for ever. There is the husband thinking of his wife and little ones, the lover of his sweetheart, the maiden of her numberless sweet associations, and the lone man, with the ivy-shadow creeping into every cell of his heart, is covertly wiping away the tear shed over the only thing in life left him to love—his country. Sad—oh, frightfully sad—must be the necessity that drives so many true hearts away from my empire! Hark! the strains of music are wafted to my ears! They come on the sigh-laden air like a requiem for the banished living. It is

Home, home, sweet home

and I see the decks are wet with tears, and that hearts are throbbing that never wished to throb again!"

One vessel in that mournful fleet filled her majesty with vague but shuddering apprehension. She saw the clouds over its track in the distance had no silver lining. And as her eye pierced the dim vault of time, she read its destiny.

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,

From glowing orb to crescent wan,

'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,

Since from her port that ship hath gone

But ocean keeps its secret well;

And though we know that all is o'er,

No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell

Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,

'Twere something to the broken heart:

The pangs of doubt would then be gone—

And fancy's endless dreams depart!

It may not be:—there is no ray

By which her doom we may explore;

We only know she sail'd away,

And ne'er was seen nor heard of more.

Such was the grief-song of friends left behind, but to the queenly gaze the veil of darkness was uplifted. Her majesty saw the doomed emigrant ship, two months out of sight of land, and her hold was hot and vapoury. The shelf-like couches were occupied by the raving sick, and

In the dead waist and middle of the night,

a shriek from a fair young girl tells all the ship that her shame will never smile in her face again. It has gone, and in the morning it is cast into the sea, to be food for the sharks. Another week out, and the mother is tossed overboard—more food for the sharks; and now the ship is swathed up in red, and from her depths ascend the wails of pain and the maddening cries of delirium—more food for the sharks. No water on board, but abundance of fever. The bread mouldy, the beef and mutton putrid—more food for the sharks—and the mate hoarse with reading the burial service. A black cloud gathers in the horizon, and the vessel plunges sheer over a gigantic wave.

A storm!

"Make all snug aloft! On with the hatches! Let her drive before it!" shouts the captain.

And, as the wind howls and the lightning glares—

"Five feet of water in the hold!" whispers the carpenter.

"All hands to the pumps!" and the men passengers labour and sweat for beings dearer to them than life, until the flesh drops from their hands, and their hair whitens like the house-tops on a moonless winter's night. The long-drawn cry of the agony of helpless women and children suffocating below, rises above the storm, and as the whirling clouds and rolling sea blend their wrath, the wind and waves become wilder and wilder, madder and madder. One shout—one tremendous explosion of horror, shoots up to the starless firmament, and the emigrant ship has plunged, bows foremost, into the dark, deep, raging sea.

"Where are my people?" shrieked the queen, horror-struck and appalled.

"Queen!" whispered the genius at her side, "you shall see them, and in a guise in which subjects were never yet presented to a monarch; but, to nerve your woman's courage for the presentation, let me tell you that although the world we live in has its bright and glorious aspects—although kindly feelings, pure desires, and holy passions march with us to our destiny, and heaven's gracious sunshine falls on all alike—there are those among us with bruised hearts, blighted hopes, and perverted instincts, whose way of life is either a curse or a crime. The stately buildings, the pomp and insignia of wealth, the regal magnificence of power, the landscapes glittering in their almost garden beauty, and the waving fields of God's food that surround us on every side, contrast so hideously with this awful condition, that you must be informed that there is a world within that which meets the dazzled eye of prosperity, of which no one knows aught, save those whom capricious fortune has doomed to be its inhabitants. This world is a

—frozen continent,
Dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms,
Of whirlwind and dire hail—

wherein the tossed and troubled soul bewails the hour of

its birth, in the bitter language of despair. Those born in more genial social climes, know nothing of this dreary existence. They never felt the pang that corrodes the heart, or the bitter woe that fires the brain as with a red-hot iron, or had to deplore the loss of a knowledge of the pure or true, or struggle with a life made up of fretful anguish, wounded delicacy, bruised sentiment and that gnawing and unceasing, though hopeless craving for those blessings which the human mind, in its lowest degradation, instinctively feels to be its heritage on earth. Believe it, most gracious queen, that there are shadows deep and broad on the ground we tread; and the children of success, when they pursue their thousand different ways, are too apt to forget they are treading on the funeral pall of a multitude whose hearts were never intended to beat only to the dirge of their own sorrows and miseries—to the wild, sad notes, breathing eloquent reproach, sent up from every corner of the land. This is a condition of existence as dreadful as the fabled one of Tantalus, and every feature of its wretchedness, every variety of which it is so susceptible, claims from your majesty that consideration and affectionate attention which are based on the best, the warmest, the holiest feelings. The wrongs and sins of your empire start up in the gloom like

A forest huge of spears,

tipped with dark-red fire. Behold them as they appear before you in dark and ghastly array!"

The scene changed from the wide realm of Neptune to that of merry Freeland. Her majesty saw pass before her, in close columns, the *élite* of her industrial population. First there came the men of thought, the men of action, and the throng who, wearing the garb of gentlemen, are presumed to be the most successful in the industrial struggle; but few were adorned with the coveted decoration of prosperity; the majority had care-ridden brows, sunken eyes, pallid cheeks, and those pursed-up lips, which seem nervously to hide the contention raging in the prison-house within. Urged on by hope, or goaded by despair, they pressed frantically forward, leaving in their rear a dismal train of beggars, maniacs, and suicides.

Then there came a mighty section of the more mechanical portion of the community. They were a stalwart race, with naturally intelligent and cheerful countenances; but when they glanced at the banner borne before them, their faces darkened, and they surlily, sometimes savagely, thrust the weaker out of their way. On the banner was inscribed the following instructive and warning summary:

Average wages of a skilled mechanic, 24s. per week, out of which he must make a decent appearance abroad, pay rent, buy food for his family, clothe them, educate his children—generally five in number—and out of the residue, indulge in such luxuries as his conscience will allow him.

Then there came intermediate grades of employed mechanics and artisans, until the panorama ended in a squalid mob, who belonged to no particular trade, but hovered on the confines of every one, and starved on them all.

Then there burst on the startled royal vision, countless masses who toiled from early morn to dewy eve, for a remuneration so attenuated, that its recipients, in its distribution, every day accomplished miracles. The average for each head of a family, consisting of husband, wife, and five children, was 15s. per week: out of which, in addition to being expected to furnish a satisfactory example of order and morality, the following disbursements were punctually to be made:

	s.	d.
Rent.....	4	0
Bread, 4 lbs. per diem, at 6d. ...	3	6
Oatmeal.....	1	0
Bacon, 4 lbs.	2	0
Sunday's joint.....	1	6
Do. Pot of Beer.....	0	4
Vegetables.....	1	6
Milk.....	0	7
Tea, Sugar, &c.	2	0

16 5

Thus making an excess of expenditure over income of 1s. 5d. per week, without taking into consideration such necessities as clothing or medicine, or such luxuries as books, newspapers, or periodicals; or such moral duties as self-improvement, or education of children. For all these there was provided a blank—a dead, soul-blighting blank.

These lived in towns and cities, and at their heels came a more squalid array, bearing before them the banner of their social condition, upon which was inscribed the following tabular statement:

"Rates of weekly wages paid for agricultural labour throughout 'merry' Freeland:

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Cumberland.....	13	0	Oxford.....	9	0
Lancashire.....	13	6	Gloucester.....	7	0
Cheshire.....	12	0	North Wilts.....	7	6
Derby.....	11	0	Devon.....	8	6
Nottingham.....	10	0	Norfolk.....	8	6
Stafford.....	9	6	Suffolk.....	7	0
Northumberland.....	11	0	Huntingdon.....	8	6
Durham.....	11	0	Cambridge.....	7	6
Yorkshire, West.....			Bedford.....	9	0
Riding.....	14	0	Hertford.....	9	0
Do. East Riding.....	12	0	Essex.....	8	0
Do. North Riding.....	11	0	Berks.....	7	6
Lincoln.....	10	0	Surrey.....	9	6
Warwick.....	8	6	Sussex.....	10	6
Northampton.....	10	0	Hants.....	9	0
Bucks.....	8	6	South Wilts.....	7	0
Dorset.....	7	6			

Average of northern counties, 11s. 6d.; average of

southern, 8s. 5d.; average of west, 10s. 1d.; average of the east, 9s. 1d.; average of the whole, 9s. 6d.

"How do they manage to exist upon such pittance?" was the sovereign's mental query; and the next instant a country village, infested by lank and hungry curs, came before her, and she saw—

A bold peasantry, once their country's pride—

at home, with only the beer-shop for a lounging place. Their aspect was defiant, truculent, half-bashful, half-savage. Their labour brought them only a pittance, and in their hearts they cursed that labour, and the soil upon which it was bestowed. The women in this sweet, rural spot, were thin and haggard—the children squalid—the cottages dirty. And, as if to heighten the contrast, there right against the brow of a finely-wooded hill, stood a stately mansion—it was the landlord's! Some miles down the valley, close by a stagnant, putrid ditch, stood a glaring brick edifice—it was the UNION HOUSE, which opened its dismal doors to receive the rustic swain, the village belle, the humble field labourer, the hungry, wrinkled wife, and children that never were rosy, to pinch, starve, snub, crush, and dehumanise.

The ghastly panorama then extended to one of those hives of industry which have made Freeland famous throughout the universe. The sky was obscured by the smoke of hundreds of tall chimneys, and vast edifices, stretched in lines, for miles and miles. The latter were crowded with women and children, young in years, but withered in form and feature. The countenances of the men were as colourless as the white fabric in their looms. Their eyes sparkled with intelligence, but it was chiefly the intelligence of suffering, of privation, of keen sense of wrong, of inability to be better, of *rankling hatred* against existing institutions, and a furtive wish that some hideous calamity would bury them all in one common, undistinguishable ruin.

"Are these the people?" groaned the queen, as the cold damp of more than mortal agony moistened her marble forehead.

"Not all of them!" sounded the voice in her ear, so sharply, that her majesty looked up eagerly, and saw written, in letters of fire, on the palace-wall:

1. EVERY TWELFTH PERSON IN YOUR DOMINIONS IS A PAUPER DAILY RECEIVING PAROCHIAL RELIEF.

2. EVERY TWENTIETH PERSON IN YOUR DOMINIONS IS A DESTITUTE WANDERER, WITH NO ROOF BUT THE SKY—NO HOME BUT A PRISON THEY ARE THE ISHMAELITES OF MODERN SOCIETY: EVERY ONE'S HAND IS AGAINST THEM, AND THEIR HANDS ARE AGAINST EVERY ONE.

At this moment a thrilling episode occurred in the royal vision. The noblest of the rivers of Freeland, dotted with vessels from every clime, and spanned by bridges of magnificent proportions, came slowly on the scene. On one of the most splendid of the bridges, at the dead hour of midnight, a fair girl stood, with her white face turned upwards to the sky. She was very beautiful, but there was a slime in her loveliness; her once glowing cheeks were pale, and her eyes dim and lustreless. One prayer, one convulsive sob of regret for the past, and

Sheer o'er the battlements

she hurled herself into the muddy depths below. But little time had the sovereign for womanly sympathy, or to ask:

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?

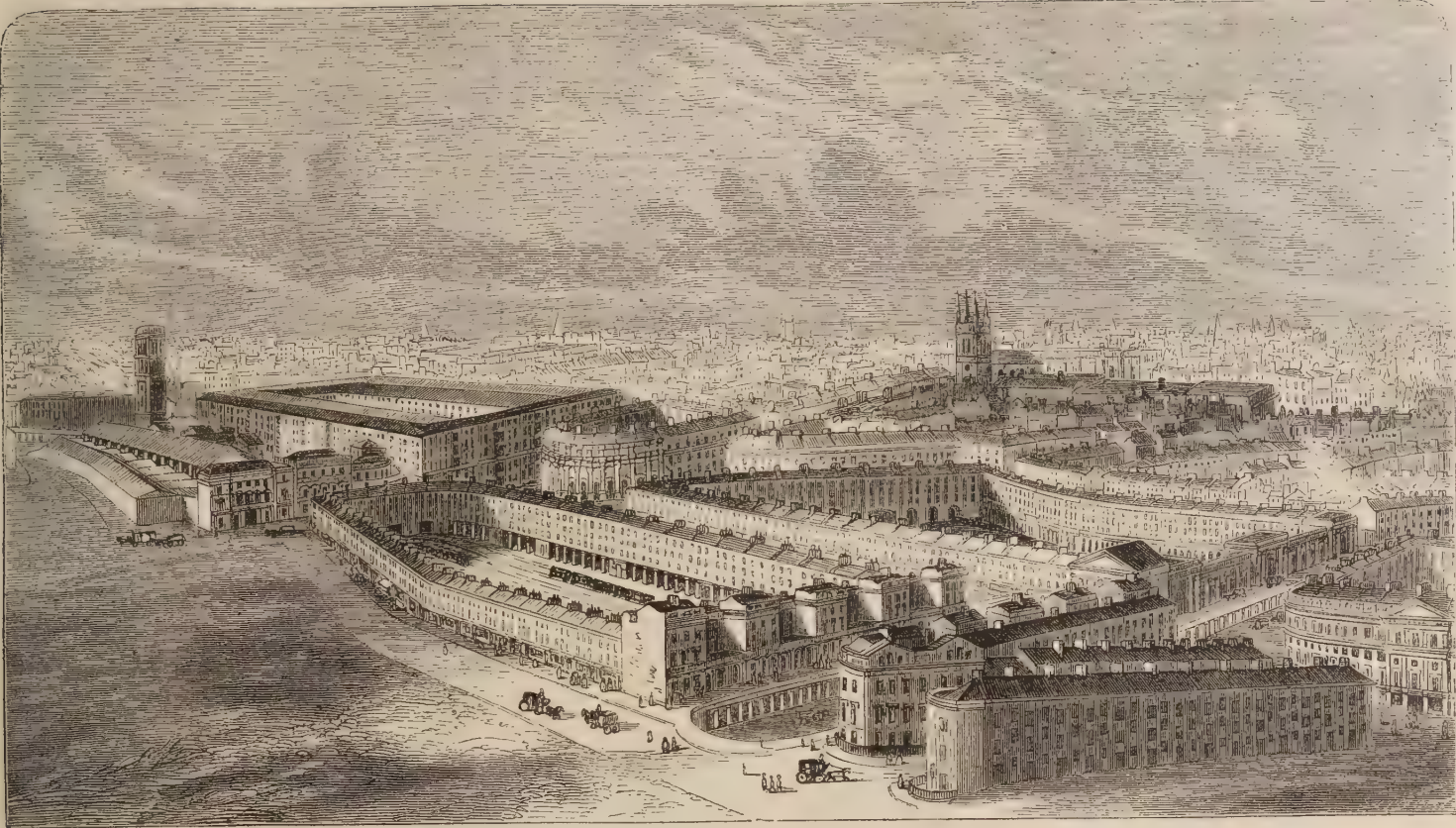
for the solemn drama before her widened and deepened in horror. Behind the gorgeous splendour of the material greatness of Freeland, were the abodes of privation, festering depravity, and crime. Mists and fogs crept upon the scene, but they wreathed themselves into appalling shapes. There was ignorance, lumpish, stolid, and stupid, but active for evil. There were fever and pestilence swathing up the homes of the industrious in clouds of blended red and black. Death hung on their rear, rattling his bones, and

Grinning ghastly a horrible smile;

while deeper, darker, blacker, more hellish than all, Vice chuckled and slunk, drank and thieved, leered and wallowed, and, in its frantic abomination, so dabbled and paddled in filth, that a merciful angel in heaven let fall a curtain, and the monster was hidden from the queenly gaze.

"Gracious lady," said the Director of the vision, in solemn, touching accents, "it was womanly and noble in the ladies of your court to weep over the wrongs of the negro—such crystal drops become bright stars in the human firmament; but I must warn you that such sympathy is dimmed in the light of an all-ruling Providence, when, in your own land, LIBERTY, the absence of which in another is deplored, is, in its most God-like developments, but a name—unless that may be termed liberty, which, practically, is but vulgar licence: licence to work from rosy morn to dark midnight for the most scanty pittance; licence to store up wealth in the hands and for the benefit of the few; licence to bellow lustily for rival politicians; licence to send children to ragged schools; licence to sot in an ale-house; licence to grow lumpish and brutal; licence to neglect the offices of religion, to swear, to lie, to blaspheme; licence to steal, to pander unchecked to the coarsest appetites, to fawn and slaver over the little great ones of the earth; licence to creep like a worm through life, or bound through it like a wild beast; and, last and most precious of all—for it is untaxed—licence to starve, to rot, to die, and be buried in a fetid pauper's grave, on which the sweet-smelling flowers sent to strew the pathway of man and woman with beauty, love, and hope, will refuse to grow, much less bloom."

J. P. H.



[THE RAILWAY TERMINUS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.]

CITY RAILWAY TERMINUS.

In presenting our readers with an engraved illustration of Mr. Charles Pearson's design for a grand central railway terminus, within the precincts of the City of London, we cannot do less than state that the scheme has always had our hearty approval, and we have frequently had occasion to express our surprise at the tardiness evinced in its complete and generous adoption. But in this country a good suggestion is never appreciated immediately. Railways themselves, at first, were only accepted by piecemeal. The feeling which excludes them from Italy, except in one or two insignificant instances, which limits Spain to only some fifty miles of them, and prevents India having any accommodation of the kind, assailed all these undertakings for years. So that, what between the apathy of the public, the hostility of those who dislike, because they fear all change, and the incapacity of the legislature to deal with so great a question, the system had to fight its way through countless obstacles, until it attained its present unwieldy shape, and all the leading lines, as regards practical intercommunication, their present complete and disgraceful isolation.

After the Liverpool and Manchester line had demonstrated the practicability and paying qualities of a railway communication, the country was most unwisely parcelled out into districts, and handed over to separate companies, irrespective of the future, and in defiance of even ordinary prudence.

We do not deny that the British system is worked with vigour and activity; nay, that it is unparalleled in the extent of its operations; but we do say that it might be worked better, more safely, and more economically. The carriage of 60,000,000 of passengers annually, demands the utmost possible facility as well as circumspection; and we deny that any such facility is afforded, in the presence of the fact, that the 7000 miles of railway in operation have communication with each other only to a partial extent; and the difference in gauge is aggravated by hostile boards of management, animated by the most rancorous jealousy of each other. As the Rev. J. C. Whish said, in "The Great Exhibition Prize Essay," "Everything which quickens circulation or facilitates intercourse between either the different members of the same nation, or between members of different nations, is calculated to promote the general welfare."

The directors of railway companies, however, seem to have repudiated the sentiment, and striven to the utmost to avoid promoting that genial intercourse which, experience has proved, is so healthful to the morals of the country, and so advantageous to its material prosperity. The state of the various lines that run into the metropolis is a convincing instance to adduce. All parts of the country maintain a direct communication with the capital—the centre of power, money, politics, influence, and public opinion. London is a great reservoir. Giving and taking unceasingly, it is the heart of the empire; therefore, every precaution should be adopted to maintain an uninterrupted flow in this essential connection between this pulsating power and the extremities it feeds and is fed by; as well as to give these extremities the privilege of com-

municating with each other, in the great terminus through which they conduct their operations.

Now, what is the fact? Why, that the metropolis is worse provided in this respect than any of the great centres, necessarily made so by their manufacturing or local importance. The six lines which, from their aggregate magnitude, almost have a monopoly of the British railway system, run into London, and pause at the several places selected for them in the outskirts. They have no communication at all with each other. The Great Western halts at Paddington, five miles from the General Post Office: a distance, measured by time, equal to at least forty miles on a railway. The leviathan of railways stops at Euston Square, the Great Northern at King's Cross, the Eastern Counties at Shoreditch, the South Eastern at London Bridge, and the South Western at Waterloo Bridge: all unreasonable and unnecessary distances from the City, and all offering an insurmountable barrier to that free intercommunication with each other which was one of the purposes for which railways, as a system of transit, were originally intended.

Mr. Pearson, the able City Solicitor, exerted himself to remove this nuisance—a nuisance, because the isolation entails loss of time, money, and renders railway travelling less secure than it would otherwise be; but up to this moment has failed to induce the metropolitan railway Solons to acknowledge the correctness of his views. He suggested a grand central terminus, into which all the railways of Great Britain should converge; in fact, his plan was the same in principle, only on a larger scale, as that which the various companies whose lines run into or near Birmingham, have so successfully carried out in the latter place. He proposed one large terminus, instead of six inefficient ones, at expensive, time-losing, incommensurable distances from the capital and from each other; and we think very clearly proved the amazing benefits that would accrue to the companies, as well as to the public, from such an arrangement.

The locality he proposed was Smithfield Market, from which the connecting line would take the course of the Fleet Valley, and, completely cutting up a neighbourhood that is at present one of the poorest and most unhealthy in the metropolis, terminate at King's Cross, where, through the agency of the Great Northern Railway, a cheap and easy communication could be established between all the railways north of the Thames—viz., the Great Western, the North Western, the Great Northern, and the Eastern Counties. The portion of the scheme embracing the southern lines was deferred until a more favourable opportunity. This is the substance of Mr. Pearson's suggestion, and, to carry it into execution, a company has been formed, who are applying to Parliament for the necessary powers.

The support of the Corporation of the City of London has naturally been anticipated—for the undertaking, if carried out, would wonderfully improve every description of property in the City, and on the route; but, as that body is at present constituted, it is difficult to ascertain their real feeling on such a subject. That they will offer no opposition, may probably be assumed as certain, so that the fate of the scheme rests with Parliament and the public. Parliament no doubt will sanction it, if the promoters make out a good case. But that they can scarcely do, without the cordial co-operation of the public. The

owners of property on the proposed route will throw obstacles in the way—so will the companies—and most assuredly so will the omnibus and cab proprietors of London. The interests of the owners of the ten thousand cabs and three thousand omnibuses that are daily plying through the streets of London, would no doubt be sensibly affected by the measure; but, as private considerations must always yield to the comforts and reasonable demands of the public, we do not think Parliament would recognise any force in objections of this class: if it were to do so, it might just as well be consistent, and order the country to go back to the old stage coach system. Parliament, however, is not likely to be influenced in this manner; and, if the promoters can only succeed in convincing it that the scheme could be worked profitably to the shareholders—would save hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum to the householders of the metropolis, in highway rates—would cheapen and facilitate railway travelling—and be, in addition to all this, a great boon, not only to the metropolis, but to the whole country—our readers may rest satisfied that Parliament would not refuse its authorisation of the undertaking, or allow it to be crushed by either the indifference of the railway companies, or the hostility of any of the advocates for the continuance of the metropolitan railway termini, in their present separate and inefficient condition.

FATHER BROMLEY'S TALE.

"I WILL tell you a tale," said Father Bromley.

Father Bromley sat on the piazza of his cottage, looking over the green breadth of lawn which stretched down to Willow Brook. The sun had just gone down, and the western sky, still a-glow, seemed—seen through the willows—like a splendid tissue—gold and green; and the stream, as it rolled, might have been supposed to have its rise in that strange El Dorado which filled our country's ancestral dreams. On his right sat his daughter Alice, needing to be but a shade paler to be wrapped in a shroud, and laid to her dreamless sleep with a white rosebud pressed between her slender fingers; and on his left his other daughter, Margaret, fresh as a June rose at sunrise. The father sat between them, the very pattern of paternal grace and quiet benignity. His worldly cares had been slight, so his face had been left smooth, full, and sunny; so sunny, in fact, that it appeared to have taken and retained the quintessence of every sunbeam which had fallen upon it. But now, like external nature, it had a sort of twilight expression, approaching to spirituality, which would awaken in the beholder an abiding interest, and lead him to pause and study ere he passed. Various circumstances conspired to this—the time, the place, and the proximity of his pale child, propped up with pillows and almost as ethereal as a moonbeam. For a long time they had been sitting in a deepening silence, which neither wished to disturb; and so absorbed were the two daughters with their own thoughts, that the first words of the grey father fell upon unheeding ears.

"I will tell you a story," he repeated, after a little pause, and in a firmer tone.

Slowly, and with a sigh, like one awakening from a pleasant dream to an unpleasant reality, Alice lifted the lids, and upturned her eyes, filled with a gathering dreaminess, to the dawning love-look of her only parent. Those deep, dark eyes, they must have known many tears.

"Do let us hear it, papa," she murmured, "but let it be in harmony with gathering stars and slanting moonbeams, and let it have a true golden tinge from the sunset which lights up the gloaming."

"And do let us hear it!" echoed Margaret, turning quite away from the moon, which was just rising.

"And of what shall it be?" asked Father Bromley, as he looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Oh, something that will please Alice!" returned the sweet girl. "For who knows how many times we shall have it in our power to please her?" she thought; but did not say; for all of that household knew that, sooner or later, death would knock at their door.

There was a long pause, and then Alice said:

"Let it be of the picture, with the angel-face, which hangs in the green parlour?"

There must have been strange thoughts suggested by it, for her face in the white moonshine grew a shade paler, and her hands trembled a little, as if nervously affected, but no one noticed it.

There was another pause, and then she continued, as if to explain the reason of her wish:

"I have been reading to-day a beautiful poem, in which a lovely lady died of a broken heart, and her spirit nightly haunted her old home. Thinking on the sad tale, I paused to weep, and sat for a few moments with shut eyes. When I opened them, the first thing that I saw was the portrait, and—will you believe it?—it had acquired a new sadness, such as I never saw on a mortal face. It seemed to be looking at me with an incomprehensible intensity of earnestness; and, as I still gazed, a tear—I saw it as plainly as I see the moon—started in the eyes, and rolled down the face. And then another, and another, she went on, in higher tones, as if trying to impress a burning truth on incredulous listeners; and all the while it looked at me so sadly—but not with pity—and seemed so to invite me, that I fancied I heard the lips say, 'Come! That was only tancy, but, as I live, I saw it weep.'"

Father Bromley looked with deep and tender anxiety upon the pale face at his side. He well knew of a report, formerly current in the house, that this same picture was seen to shed tears just before the death of any member of the family. But this piece of information he restrained, justly deeming it not pertinent for the occasion. Margaret looked anxious and perplexed, but said nothing; and the father, after a little pause, began, in a low voice, his tale. Let us listen, dear reader, seated attentively on the sward, at the corner of the dim old mansion. We may be as sceptical as we please, since neither of us ever saw a strip of painted canvas, in a gilt frame, weep.

My great grandfather's second wife—for so far back his story was to date—was a strange, bad woman. There was no peace in her vicinity. The estate had become involved, and my great-grandfather, knowing her to be possessed of some money, married her. But he always had cause to bitterly rue that day and hour which made her his. He had two daughters—both sweet girls, and she one son, who had inherited all her bad qualities, with an additional coarseness and ugliness of manner, which she, if she possessed it, from superiority of education, seldom showed. Her son, whose name was Andrew, had that sensual perception of beauty which always marks vulgar natures; and he had been but a short time in the family before he gave evidence of the impression which the beauty of the younger sister made upon him. Lisette, from the first, rejected his overtures, and withdrew from his society to that of her elder sister as much as possible; but Andrew, not heeding her contempt, and abetted, moreover, by his mother, still pressed his suit with all the pertinacity and regardlessness of feeling, which characterise such semi-barbarous beings. The persecuted girl sought her father's protection; and he, in giving it, alienated from himself the spark of affection which the bosom of the step-mother might have known. From that time she "hated him with the hate of hell!" but, with all the cunning of her peridious heart, she covered it with a smile. She softened towards her step-daughters, and, by her open advice, Andrew discontinued the attentions which had made him so odious in their sight. All was seemingly about to be harmonious and well again, when the father suddenly sickened and died. There were strange circumstances attending his death, which made it to be as much talked of as an eighth wonder. Sturdy men put their bushy heads together, and whispered mysteriously in corners; and old dames—stooping over the few last embers on the hearth, as the hours drew on towards the ghostly midnight—muttered to each other in under-breath, starting over and anon if the wind but wailed a little louder, or flapped a clapboard which chanced to hang loose. Children whimpered if they were put to bed alone in the dark; and young women, in broad daylight, would not go ten rods unattended over an unfrequented road. Dame Burton had had, for a long time before this, an unfavourable reputation with a few, and the assertions of this few were latterly gaining believers. It was now currently reported that she was in the habit of going nightly to the Devil's Crag, under which was a cave, whose black recesses had never been seen by mortal eye. It was furthermore reported, that whenever any one approached it, a dark vapour issued from its mouth, in the midst of which were sometimes seen two fiery eyes, and ominous voices also added to the fright of whosoever might chance to be lost or stray in this vicinity.

The foundation for all this was the testimony of two superstitious woodmen; who, in plying their trade, occasionally ventured into the vicinity, and, besides what has been here told, one of them gave out, as a piece of definite

information, that, being one night belated in the neighbourhood of the cave, and coming towards home in great terror, he suddenly heard the sound of rapid footsteps, and, pausing, he saw Dame Burton come into an open spot not twelve feet from him. Suddenly there appeared a man, as black as ebony, at her side. Whence he came he could not tell, but his identity was not to be mistaken.

"Why are you so late?" asked the dark personage.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the cringing dame, piteously.

But mercy did not seem to be one of his component parts; for, seizing her roughly by the arm, and rushing off with her like lightning through the dense underbrush, he made directly for the cave, leaving nothing but an overpowering smell of brimstone, and a line of blue light, pointing, like a guide-board, toward the place of rendezvous.

How the man ever got home he could not tell; but it was not at all uncertain that he did get home, and tell the tale here given to a thousand incredulous hearers.

Father Burton died, and was laid with his fathers, and Esther and Lisette wept together in their sorrow, and arrayed themselves sadly in mourning weeds. The suspicions of their neighbours never troubled them. The thought that their step-mother could be so utterly depraved would have killed them at once, had it entered their minds. The father had not, however, been long gone to rest, when they perceived a change in the mother and son. The mother's face assumed a crafty and hag-like expression, and the son's face seemed to have gotten a look of stupid cunning quite foreign to it. Except this, for some time nothing was to be seen; but soon matters took a more overt and decided turn. Andrew again renewed his odious attentions, but with a confidence which he formerly lacked. He was met with the same coldness as before, to which was added an entreaty—couched in the most conciliatory language—to the effect that he would desist. But coldness and entreaty were alike vain. He still persisted, and Dame Burton at last seconded his suit, by commanding Lisette, in unequivocal terms, to marry him.

"I cannot! I will not!" said Lisette, with a passionate burst of tears, at the close of an interview in which the matter had been pressed upon her with more than ordinary vehemence and fiendish show of malignity.

"Cannot? will not?" muttered the dame, half to herself and half to her auditor, accompanying the same with an impatient gesture, and a laugh hissed through her closed teeth; "we will see! we will see!"

"I beg to hear no more of this," continued the persecuted girl, "or I shall expect our poor dead father to come in his shroud to defend us from such cruelty!"

"Thy poor dead father in his shroud!" echoed the step-mother. "Ah, ha! it was a good drug—a friendly drug!" she muttered, in an under-tone; "a pleasant potion for a peevish child!" and then she laughed at her devilish wit. "Thy father sleeps well, child. Did thy keen wit ever take exception at the friendly nursing which waited on him to the grave?"

Lisette started, and looked fearfully at her; but, recovering herself, she proceeded to state her refusal more definitely.

"I will look upon thy son as a brother, but do not think I can ever do more. Why will he persist in asking what he has so often been told I cannot give? We are dissimilar, and I cannot love him—but I do not hate him. I repeat, and I will continue to regard him as a brother, but in any other light I cannot—nay, I will not—look upon him!"

Rising with the last words, she would have passed from the room, but she was detained.

"Dost love another?" queried the crone, looking her full in the face.

The blood rushed to the young girl's cheeks.

"Ah! I see! I heard Andrew tell of the young painter, who —"

Lisette's face was scarlet.

"Let me go!" she cried, impatiently. "Have not I told thee that I will not marry any man?"

"But you will!—you shall!—you cannot escape me! I will summon every fiend to my aid! I will torture thee to submission! I will melt thee in the crucible of my wrath!"

The last words were lost on the object of her anger, and the dame stood with her arms a-kimbo, and a peculiar exultation of expression, such as a fiend, conscious of his diabolical power, might be supposed to wear.

Lisette rushed to her room, and threw herself, half-fainting, into the arms of her sister.

"Strange things at the Burton House, Neighbour Guernsey," said Widow Hamersley, as she lighted her pipe, and, having taken an initiatory whiff, drew her chair towards the bright wood fire.

It was now autumn, and the winds were growing colder day by day, and the external aspect of nature more dreary.

"Yes, yes," returned she who was addressed. "Since Mistress Alton lost her two little children in Marsden Forest, who were no doubt eaten of the wolves, there has not been the like of it. I pity poor Esther, who is left all alone with so ungracious a woman as Dame Burton!"

"Ay, ay, Neighbour Guernsey. Many a long year have I known this strange woman, and I have yet to discover if there be any good thing in her. And the dolt Andrew is no better than a stupid beast. It has been noised about, that the step-mother has been trying to force the younger girl to marry him. Heaven knows what might happen if the poor child would not yield!"

Here the widow puffed forth a volume of smoke as large as a small thunder-cloud, and gazed knowingly among the embers.

"And the young painter in the village, they say, is

going distracted at her loss," continued Mistress Guernsey, not observing the drift of the other's remarks. "He has been painting a portrait of her, and now he has left all, and gone off to search for her in the woods."

"Snail chance of his finding her, Neighbour Guernsey!" answered the widow, drily; her remarks still tending in a direction which her companion did not perceive. "It is no wolf of the forest which will have the pleasure of picking her bones!"

"Heaven grant it may be as you say!" was the reply, referring to the last clause of the sentence, whose ambiguity was unnoticed.

"Hast thou not heard tales about this dame?" asked the widow, dropping her disguise and speaking more openly.

"Ay, ay, many a time and oft; tales smacking of mystery and mischief, which boded no good to Dame Burton. They say she has unholy company o' nights in the wood. But, after all, they were only tales about which I knew nothing certain."

"Hast thou not," continued the widow, "noticed a strange twinkle in her eyes, a shrillness in her voice, and that her hair is becoming coarse and grizzled? What does this portend?"

"Alas, I cannot tell!" replied Mrs. Guernsey. "There were strange hints when her good man died, and now I bethink me that they might have been true, and the remorse of the inner conscience might thus have developed itself outwardly."

Here there ensued a pause, and the two sat awhile quietly listening to the hollow moaning of the wind among the trees of the old forest hard by. Superstition, which always attends ignorance, was a prominent point in the characters of both; but more especially in that of the widow. No doubt she heard demon voices in the wind, wailing in the crannies, and fancied the air filled with evil spirits, hurrying like lightning upon their various errands of mischief. When she spoke again, her voice quivered, and her frame shook as with an ague-fit.

"I tell thee, Mistress Guernsey, I have seen —" said she, at last, her gaze fixed intently on vacancy.

"Seen what?" asked the other, drawing closer, and looking distrustfully into every corner of the room.

"Seen —" repeated the widow, still looking into vacancy.

"Seen what?" repeated her auditor, drawing still nearer, and looking with still greater scrutiny into all the dark nooks of the apartment.

But the expected speech still hung half-way between conception and utterance, as if some impalpable auditor were present, who might convey the tale to the ears of the object of both her aversion and fear.

The sad moaning of the wind filled up the chasm in the conversation, and the subtle influences of the place, and their loneliness, seemed to be rapidly gathering about the two lonely women. The speech was still unspoken, when the thread of the proceedings was broken short by the abrupt entrance of Mistress Hamersley's son. Whether or not the embryo disclosure might have embodied new and startling developments, or only old statements re-hashed, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that the vein of mystery was explored no further that night. The son plied new faggots on the fire—the widow refilled her pipe—the conversation took a more and cheerful turn, and the place took again that air of rude pleasantness which belongs particularly to a farm-house kitchen, while the weird lady was for the moment forgotten.

As may have been gathered from the remarks in the preceding conversation, Lisette had disappeared: lost, it was supposed, in the forest, into which she sometimes strayed alone; for, as to superstition, she had none of it, and wild animals had mostly retired to a safe distance before the advance of civilisation. Every possible means had been tried for her recovery, seconded by apparently every effort of Dame Burton and her son. They seemed inconsolable; and some of those who looked upon her as a slandered person, affirmed that she spent the nights for a week in weeping.

Esther was now alone and friendless, thrown entirely into the power of these protectors. Surmises and ill-boding opinions passed occasionally from mouth to mouth, but never reached her ears. She wept in silent sorrow, away from all intercourse.

Thus matters went on for some weeks, until one night, at dusk, Andrew was brought to his mother a corpse. He had been accidentally shot in a hunting excursion. Her sorrow at this occurrence was real. Every other tie had been to her nothing, while this had absorbed all her soul's capability of affection. She had indulged him in everything, and had attempted to gratify his every wish. Now that he was gone, all that she possessed was gone, and all her thoughts and deeds glared upon her in all their malignity. She had nothing now to take from herself those hell-bound thoughts which bred in her a bitter remorse. One night she lay by his coffin, another by his grave; and a third she would have spent thus, but they led her away. She yielded as pliantly as a child.

Thenceforth she was completely broken down. She could do nothing more; and all day she sat like a fixture in the chimney-corner, while all the house-affairs fell into Esther's hands. But, at dusk, the dame would be gone mysteriously for an hour. Esther never questioned concerning it, nor cared; but the ignorant neighbours whispered, wondered, surmised, and told of strange things that happened at these times, until it became so much a matter of course, that nothing more could be said. At the end of a year she married my grandfather Bromley. The portrait of the lost sister was taken from the painter's studio, and hung in her room. Each succeeding year added a new balm to her wounds, until they seemed so far back in the past, that sometimes she would almost

question with herself whether or not they had had actual existence.

Thus twenty years of married life passed calmly and pleasantly. Sons and daughters were growing up around her in full bloom, and all promised that the afternoon of her life should be peace. Dame Burton had grown old and decrepit, and bent nearly double. Her hair was white as snow, and her face had a sort of blank, passive expression, except at times, when her eyes would glow like half-extinguished coals, and she would start as if some frightful object looked in upon her visions. Through all the long day she sat in the chimney-corner, and never stirred until the bats wheeled in the dusk, and the rude noises of day were displaced by a stillness so still, that the bark of life might be said to move down the noiseless river of Time with muffled oars.

One night, in the early autumn, my grandfather was gone, and my grandmother was left alone with the family. All were quietly at rest before she retired. That day she had been labouring hard, and was over-wearied, and now a strange restlessness and loneliness of feeling came across her. It was just at the moonrise. The moon came up looking red and angrily over the ripening fields, glistening with dew, near at hand, the mill-pond still and large, further off, and the black and massive woods in the distance. Those weird influences were at work which incline every mind at times to retrospection. And now, as over a dim sea, from a dim-seen island, came the memories of the past. She saw, as in a dream, the mother of her childhood, who pressed her childish hands in hers. A few years past, and she saw her die, and felt the intense agony of that moment. A few years more were gone, and she saw the death-bed of her other parent, and felt the keener and more enduring pain which maturer minds must feel. Still farther, and she saw the sister-branch, which had grown side by side with her upon the parental tree, torn rudely away. And now she could think no more. It was too much pain. Turning from the window, she hastily disrobed herself, and dropped wearily upon the bed. Memory, in the guise of a headless figure with a lantern, seemed to lead her through all the past, which was nothing more than a field covered with brambles and underbrush, and filled with pitfalls, into which she continually fell. Her flesh was torn and bloody; but still she went on, and on, and on, and still there was no end.

She might have slept thus nearly an hour, when she became conscious that there was another presence in the room. She stirred a little, and the village clock drowsily clanged to tell the midnight. She opened her eyes. The moon was far up, and poured a flood of white light through the casement. A tall, attenuated figure, in a long, loose, and tattered gown, which showed ghostly white, stooped over her.

The shape stood between the bed and the window, and yet so ethereal was it, that she seemed to see the casement, the climbing moon, and the white church spire, as though nothing intervened. But the face, so ghastly white, so thin with want and woe—cross-lined and inter-lined—and the eyes—so faded and expressionless, she had never seen anything like it.

(Here Margaret pressed her father's arm, and pointed to Alice, whose fingers were quivering like aspen-leaves—but he did not pause.)

Like two pictures on a wall, her imagination placed the image of her lost sister beside this form, so like in every particular. The conclusion was irresistible. It was her sister, or—as her disturbed fancy would rather indicate—her ghostly representative. Overcome by her emotions she fainted, and when she recovered, the visitor was gone. She lay quite still, in her terror, until the approach of dawn, and then arising, she dressed herself all in a tremor, and prepared to descend. All was still as death, for it lacked a half-hour yet of sun-rise. She heard Chanticleer's shrill cry without, just as he emerged from his dormitory, and she noticed a cricket's sharp voice within, and even the tick of a death-watch in the wall fell distinctly on her ears. A chill crept over her, like the forerunner of some frightful calamity.

(Here Margaret pressed the narrator's arm again, but with the same success as before.)

She crept, rather than walked, down the stairs, and peeped through the kitchen door, which stood ajar. The eastern shutter was swung partially back, and admitted a streak of the cold, grey light of dawn, which fell upon the features of the midnight visitor, who sat erect at one side of the room. She did not stir, though Esther, staggering in her terror, thrust the door back with considerable noise. Perfectly still she sat, gazing, as if in fright, at the hideous face of old Dame Burton, who sat a little more in the dusk, regarding her attentively. The old crone was inclined a little forward, her shrivelled lips separated in a grin, and one lean finger threateningly raised in a gesture which said more than words. Neither spoke; but, cold, still, and pale, they gazed at one another, and then was felt around—

A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence—

"See, see!" exclaimed Margaret.

Alice sat motionless, with her head thrown slightly back, and her face whiter than the moonbeams which fell upon it.

"What is this?" asked Father Bromley.

"It is DEATH!" shrieked Margaret.

THERE are now eleven widows at Rugby Station, whose husbands, with one exception, have been killed on the railway.

ESSAYS.

No. CLXXXIII.—COLONIES AND COLONISTS.

COLONIES and COLONISTS are the great words of the present day. They have placed political agitation *hors de combat*. Absorbed in anticipations of a more solid material condition, the theories of government seem to have been abandoned by the public to the care of authors, editors, and theorists of every class. This is a healthy sign, for politics as manifested by parties and speculative thinkers are but bubbles in the great firmament of everyday life. The real politics of nations are the manifestations that come after the latest developments in their progress; and those who aim at moulding and adapting these manifestations, through the agency of a mere change in forms, to infant or unborn circumstances, are merely like flies buzzing and breeding in a sunshine they only feel, but do not understand.

But nations, even in the pursuit of objects recommended by common sense, like individuals, are apt to be led away by impulses, without pausing to examine the road they are taking. When this is the case, the observer who dispassionately stands aloof, uninfluenced by the mania, can advisably step in, and point out the features as well as the tendencies of the movement.

Colonies and Colonists rank among the vital politics of the present day. They are creating revolutions as steadily as coral insects are building up future islands and continents in the bosom of the deep sea. Therefore they are deserving of the most earnest consideration; for while it is evident that their gigantic doings have done good in directing the mind of the nation to great facts, in preference to the fanciful suggestions of the little men who can only dabble on little things, it must be admitted that their own peculiarities are lost sight of in the magnitude of the promise put forth by their extraordinary operations.

Colonies and Colonists, as a subject, should be viewed with regard to the future as well as the present. And when economists tell us: "Ships were never more in demand—mills were never running and increasing faster—trade was never more rapidly extending"—and that all this prosperity is attributable to colonies, colonists, and emigration, it becomes necessary to look at all the sides of the great question here brought into prominence, so that, if possible, some glimpse of the ultimate end may be obtained.

Our sentiments on emigration have been already enunciated. We still regard it as a tremendous evil, and that for every ounce of present ease it will afford the country, it will lay up in store for the future a ton of misery. But the question of colonies and colonists is more narrowed, it occupies less debateable ground, and can be discussed without necessarily provoking any very great difference of opinion.

Emigration, as promoted, has become a *fiere argumentum ad populum*; colonies, *per se*, are not susceptible of such blind advocacy—such a closing of the eyes to home interests and home abuses; and we think it would be a profitable occupation of the attention of the public, if their history, prospects, and destiny were a little more seriously studied. At all events, regarding both colonies and colonists as indissolubly linked with the progress of the British nation, we would draw attention to a few facts concerning them, which we do not recollect having seen grouped in this shape before, and which, either isolated or together, could scarcely fail to excite the deepest reflection in minds accustomed to look beyond the boundaries of social conditions, whether passive or active.

Colonisation is natural to every people that have advanced somewhat far towards maturity, or that stage of development in which the manual productive power either exceeds the demand, or is trammelled by monopolies of property, and the unequal distribution of the products of labour. The Greek nations complained of a superabundant population, and they established colonies in neighbouring territories. But it should be remembered that they were nations of masters and slaves—they had no middle class to be fed from an independent lower class. The state and all the property in the nation were monopolies, which effectually limited the amount of labour required to support the ruling classes in opulence and idleness. Colonies were therefore indispensable, and they were created, and in time threw off the yoke of the mother country, and materially contributed to its ultimate downfall. The Romans were also a great colonising people, but their system was a defensive one, and their colonies were merely garrisons planted in the countries they had conquered. The Spaniards pursued this plan—so did the Portuguese: so that neither the colonisation of any of the great nations of antiquity, or of more modern times, resembles that of England or France, or Holland or Denmark. It was based on conquest, and the territorial idea was the fundamental principle of the institution.

The system adopted by Tyre and Carthage approached more closely to the one now in operation. Those nations established colonies for the purpose of extending their trade. England, within the past century, has copied their example; but if we regard the origin of English colonisation attentively, we shall find it unlike anything of the kind which previously occurred—in short, we should discover it to be an amalgamation of all the systems, ancient and modern. As the attempts of contemporary nations have, except in a few minor instances, failed, we shall confine ourselves to a sketch of the leading incidents and character of English—or, to use a more proper and comprehensive term—British colonisation.

The first attempts were in the old-fashioned way of conquest. After the consolidation of the kingdom under Henry VII. and VIII., the ardent spirits who formerly had found ample employment in the wars with France

and Scotland, and the broils that perpetually disturbed Ireland, suddenly found their occupation gone—they really had nothing to do; and the court—to get rid of such inflammable material—directed their attention to the wealth of Spain, and the almost fabulous resources of her American colonies. The enmity subsisting between the two countries favoured, as well as suggested, the mode of attack; and accordingly we find that our first efforts to obtain a footing out of Europe, were conducted in arrogant defiance of the laws of *meum et tuum*. The first adventurers were decidedly pirates, and the pursuit grew so popular, that, instead of—as in the present day—emigrants going out peaceably to the other side of the globe, to dig for gold, vessels were equipped for the express purpose of plundering the towns on the Spanish Main, and intercepting the argosies of that nation, freighted with gold from the mines of Mexico and Peru. This trade was found to be so profitable, that piracy became a regularly organised profession; and pirates—by fixing their rendezvous among the islands and along the coast of America—formed the nucleus of the colonial power of England. The next step was a revival of the Tyrian and Carthaginian idea. Virginia and the colonies on the Atlantic coast of America were founded. The first settlers were gold-hunters, but the absence of that metal obliged them to become tillers of the soil and to traffic with the natives. Then trading associations were formed, and as the middle class was rapidly increasing in numbers and wealth, commerce took a firm grasp on the national mind, and imparted the most energetic encouragement to every scheme—no matter how audacious or unprincipled—which aimed at the acquisition of foreign territory, and the establishment of commercial relations with countries which had not before been brought into communication with England.

The first footing obtained was on the continent of America; the second in the West India islands; and the third—by treaty, intrigue, and force of arms—in India. The Roman and Tyrian ideas of colonisation were seized, blended, and used with remorseless vigour.

The decay of the Spanish power, the almost constant wars with France and Holland, the rise of the commercial spirit in England, and the activity—it might be said cupidity—of the national mind, all tended to foster this combination of the Roman system of conquest with the Carthaginian and Tyrian one of settlement; and thus, in process of time, the foundation of the colonial power of England was securely laid.

But other elements were brought into requisition, to give compactness and vitality to the institution. The Ulster colonisation scheme suggested the settlements in America. Noblemen obtained grants of land, and carried their retainers over with them. Farmers and men of capital followed their example. While a Catholic lord was colonising Maryland, a Quaker was outwitting the simple aborigines, and founding the present state of Pennsylvania. Then arose the troubles in England, and Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists fled to America. After this, the transportation of criminals commenced, and, with change of locality, has endured ever since. The trading associations, meanwhile, were indelible; the wars with France always resulted in the acquisition of one or two settlements, and thus the system went on progressing at a prodigious rate; but the speed was not deemed satisfactory. Accordingly, a new element was introduced, and the passion for discovery commenced. The Pacific was explored, and Australia, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and some smaller islands, ultimately added to the British possessions. Affairs at this juncture looked smooth enough, but the American revolution broke the spell: our colonial empire was shaken—almost shattered. But it was speedily repaired, and chiefly through two concurring, but entirely opposite causes. The French revolution enabled us to pursue our conquests in the East and West, and the multiplication of our manufactures, through the agency of machinery, gave us a market for them in every country in the world. And thus commenced our wonderful modern career, and the last phase in the progress of our colonial system.

Accelerated commerce and manufactures multiplied the population; but the gradual introduction of machinery narrowed the field of manual labour—and voluntary emigration was the consequence. While steadily pursuing the combined Roman and Tyrian idea, the old Greek principle was introduced. Economists and calculators began to talk of a superabundant population; Malthus broached his infernal doctrines, various sections of the population became depressed, mentally and physically, and emigration, encouraged by the Tyrian spirit, and promoted by the higher and middle classes, was suggested as the only remedy for the poverty and indigence which, instead of abating, was rapidly accumulating.

The hint was eagerly seized, and voluntary emigration from these shores commenced about thirty years ago, and went on increasing, until, at the present day, it is conducted on a scale unparalleled in the annals of any period. The United States of America and Canada were the great reservoirs into which this strength was poured; now it is Australia, and there, we think, the mania will have reached its culminating point. But, while we have been peopling the United States and Australia, the Roman principle of conquest has been steadily advancing, and the old, hardy, Tyrian spirit has been also at work in every corner of the earth. Transportation of criminals has likewise been unceasingly pursued; and thus, from these various causes—all acting together, although seemingly independent—it has come to pass that the colonies of Great Britain are, in this blessed year, 1853, extraordinary in number and variety, prodigious in extent, and ravenous for the food, the life, which the mother country is glad to part with as a superabundance.

The manufacturing and commercial spirit promote the

supply of the raw material to Canada, New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and the Cape of Good Hope; the dread of a redundancy to any place out of the three kingdoms; the conquering principle to India, China, and Borneo; the voluntary desire for self-expatriation to Australia; and, as a climax to the whole, the government are still sending criminals across the seas, to the disgust of settled and purified communities, and the anger of those who, like the Cape of Good Hope and Sydney, can afford to do more than protest against such an invasion of manifestly their moral—and, as they themselves urge, their material—interests.

Such has been the origin, and such is now the aspect of our enormous colonial power. Every day that passes by it becomes greater, and every day it is hastening more rapidly to its inevitable consummation.

Colonies, therefore, is a word of grave import. There is something awfully significant in its interpretation.

The offspring of piracy, conquest, settlement, banishment, trade, desire to do better, discontent, finely varnished theories, and glittering allurements—the system in the aggregate looks ominous, as well as grand. And the question flashes across the mind: Will it endure—will it fall to pieces—what will be its fate—for what is it destined—and how will its future either way influence the future of the parent country?

A survey of the map affords no indication of a solution. The West Indies are bankrupt, but may be restored to some degree of prosperity. Canada is about to be joined more closely to the United States by the bond of free trade—but her institutions seem republican enough for her wants; and the conduct of the home government, on the question of the clergy reserves, must materially weaken even the present faintly expressed wish for a separation. Vancouver's Island, and the enormous territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, capable of being profitably cultivated, are not yet colonised at all; British Guiana pines for British labour and capital—Van Diemen's Land labours under the same complaint—so do the Australian States and New Zealand. Men, men—still the cry is for men. India is a Roman-Tyrian colony, deriving its sustenance and strength from home; the Chinese and Borneo settlements have only just been commenced: so that, geographically speaking, no termination at all can be seen to the visible dependent connection subsisting between the mother state and her gigantic and widely-scattered broods.

But if the colonies as a whole are too wondrous for a solution of their mystery—too vast in outline, too shadowy in physical revelation, for even guesses as to the nature and extent of an event dreaded by the higher and middle classes in England—the same impracticable obstruction is not offered by the less pretentious word, Colonists. There is, after all, something soluble, something convincing in the *multum in parvo* doctrine. So let us look for some key to the ulterior meaning of the great words of our day, in the lesser one, Colonists.

Looked at superficially, it is an exceedingly humble word. Judged by home feelings and unbroken heart-ties, it is chilly, like an easterly wind. Poverty, privation, despair, abandonment of kith, kin, the old hearthstone and country—to say nothing of the breaking of those tender links which, when once severed, can never be reunited—are all conveyed to the minds of the prosperous, by that experimental, vagabond-looking phrase. But to those who will take the trouble to look beneath the surface of meanings, the word becomes a very large one indeed. And to obtain some idea of its dimensions, it is only necessary to ask: "Who are the colonists? what are they? what did they emigrate for? will they ever come back? and, if they do not, what is it likely they will be or do in the course of years?"

"Who are the colonists?" That is easily answered. A small proportion of them are agricultural labourers, with sufficient independence left in them to seek a better market for their labour than that which at home enables them to starve, to see their families grow up around them in ignorance and degradation, with the only certain prospect before them of the gaol or the Union House. These people will carry more bitterness than regrets with them; the memory of home horrors will be more than a match for home longings; and, when once they have become settled, the sentiment which naturally springs from new associations, and a feeling of security as regards the future, will become entwined with their new existence, and the past will only be remembered as a hideous dream. The same thing precisely will occur with the next grade—operators from the manufacturing districts, mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers; with the addition, that these latter classes carry with them a larger amount of independence, a spirited tone of thought, a budget of dogged opinions on church and state matters, and a certain consequentialness, which, even at home, is considered dangerous. Such men, of all others, will have the least veneration for either the mother country, or anything connecting the land of their adoption with the mother country. At home they were Chartists or Socialists, and abroad they naturally become revolutionists. The change in their condition produces a corresponding change in their ideas and habits. They leave their old chrysolite state of churlishness and moodiness, and in the free air of a colony step forth fully-born men.

The last and least numerous, but most influential class, are the young men of some little means, who, disdaining to drudge on at home, seek a wider and richer field for their enterprise and energy.

In the days of Elizabeth and James, these adventurous spirits turned freebooters: they eased the Spaniard of his gold with all the *sang froid* of a good-for-nothing "ne'er-do-well" acquaintance, who is perpetually teasing you to do a little bill for him. Now they turn their attention to commerce, to speculation, to gold-digging. They are not troubled with much sentiment about father-land: their

country is the country where they can earn a living, or make a fortune. In the colonies they become traders, merchants, lawyers, magistrates, and judges—an importance they never could have obtained at home; and it would be supposing that the laws of necessity and circumstances could be reversed in their case, to imagine they had the slightest political affinity with, or affection for, institutions out of the land in which they have been so prosperous and so honoured. In Australia, now the accepted type of all our colonies, there are the descendants of the convict population, men imbued with a traditional resentment—who hate England, and everything English. So that, if we take these elements of a future population, and bear in mind that with all classes the grand text is—

"That country is our home where we can earn a living or make a fortune"—after some little dispassionate consideration, it will not be very difficult to conceive what the future of Australia and all our colonies will be. And that, we confidently pronounce, will be separation and independence. The precedent established by the descendants of precisely the same description of emigrants to the United States, will be closely followed—for it seems to be a law with the Anglo-Saxon race, that they must judge for themselves, *pro loco et tempore*. They must have political as well as geographical independence. This is now in a great degree an accomplished fact. Canada has a local legislature, so has the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and, by the time these remarks are published, so will all the colonies in Australia, except the western, which, at present, it is proposed to reserve for convicts. When the mother country grants so much voluntarily, reserving to itself only a *veto* and a kind of executorial control, it is easy to foresee what will be the *denouement*. New circumstances, fresh social conditions, and a multiplication of interests which owe nothing to the parent state, must necessarily demand to be ruled by regulations of their own manufacture; and when that condition has once taken firm hold of the public mind of such energetic, iron-willed men as Anglo-Saxon colonists, there will not be much deliberation before the flag of independence is hoisted, and the governor, or governor-general, as the case may be, quietly shipped off to England.

Whether that would be a calamity or not to this country, it is not our purpose to inquire; at present, our opinion is, that, except to the mongrel race of place-hunters, it would make no difference either way. But we think we have written enough to show that Colonies and Colonists are really portentous words. They are indices to conditions surpassingly grand in material wealth and character. But to this country in the present day, it strikes us very forcibly, that, as machinery has given Great Britain a monopoly in the supply of manufactures to two-thirds of the globe, large masses of its working population—300,000 annually—are thrown off as a superabundance, to feed these colonies, and lay firm the foundations of future empires.

This being the case, we can perceive no moral difference between the policy of this country, with respect to certain portions of its population, and the United States of America. As the planters in Virginia raise negroes to dispose of to the proprietors of the unexhausted soils in neighbouring states, so does England, relying with confidence and exultation upon her prodigious machinery, raise men and women to populate other countries, and enable her to retain at home only the great and the rich, and a raw material for future operations, in the shape of an ever-abiding quantity of squalid, time-serving, but ever-useful poverty.

J. P. H.

FIGHT WITH A JAGUAR, OR AMERICAN TIGER.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Galveston News* gives an account of a desperate fight between a Mr. Absalom Williams, who is about seventy years of age, his wife, and an enormous tiger, which occurred about the 1st of December last, at Mr. Williams's residence. While Mr. and Mrs. Williams were sitting in their house, the rest of the family being absent, they were startled by a strange noise in the yard. Mr. Williams, on going out, discovered his dog engaged with a tiger. He seized an ox-yoke and aimed a blow at the beast, but, missing it, struck his dog, which immediately retreated. In an instant the tiger sprang upon Mr. Williams, and, seizing him by the hand, jerked him about twenty feet. The old gentleman, finding himself in the too powerful grasp of the wild animal, courageously determined to give it the best "rough and tumble fight" in his power, and, having no weapon within reach, he seized the tiger by the throat with the other hand, and throwing his whole strength forward, bore the animal to the ground, both falling side by side.

At this time Mrs. Williams came to the rescue, with a gun, which she snapped at the tiger, but there being no priming in the pan, it did not go off. Mr. Williams then, with one arm round the tiger's body, and grasping its throat with his other hand, by an effort disengaged himself. The tiger, discovering a new adversary in the person of Mrs. Williams, jumped at her, and attempted to grasp her head within its jaws, while it struck and lacerated her breast with its fore paws. She tried to avoid the monster, but was felled to the ground. The tiger made another grasp at her head, his upper teeth penetrating at the top of the skull and, sliding along the bone, peeled off the skin till they met the lower teeth, which penetrated on the right side of her face. In the meantime Mr. Williams had seized the ox-yoke again, and, giving the tiger a tremendous blow, caused it to leave Mrs. Williams, when it leaped into the house and got under the bed. The door was immediately closed, and the monster secured. Mr. Williams was exhausted from the

effects of his wounds, from which the blood flowed in streams; but not so his wife. When she saw their foe attempt to take possession of their house, she determined to finish the battle, and, notwithstanding the severity of her wounds, her dress almost entirely torn from her person, and covered with blood, she deliberately took the gun, and, shaking some powder from the barrel into the pan, placed the muzzle between one of the openings which the logs of the house afforded, and fired with steady and deadly aim. The tiger was killed. When subsequently measured, it was found to be twelve feet from the tip of the tail to its nose. During all the time the fight was progressing no one was within hearing. Mr. Williams's nearest neighbour lives three miles off. However, as Mrs. Williams was washing the blood from her person, a neighbour came riding by, and, alarmed at her appearance, inquired the cause. The old lady, unable from the loss of blood to speak, pointed to the dead body of the tiger. The escape of Mr. and Mrs. Williams is indeed wonderful, and they are now recovering gradually from their wounds. Mr. Williams jokes about the tiger fight, and intimates that the old lady was most enraged when the "varmint" took possession of his bed and house.

THE DASH.—I am not sure whether it is to Brougham or to Jeffrey, to both, or to the "Edinburgh Review," in general, that we are indebted for that great revolution in English literature and style, effected by the abolition of punctuation and the institution of the dash, for colon, semi-colon, comma, and often period. No doubt the great quantity of steam-power given to thought required it. Words now run on a rail, of which the dash is the visible portion. Of old, they used to rumble on a paved road, at the rate of some four or five miles an hour. But by the aid of the dash, the English pen has learned to run express, and at a speed such as a new intelligence acquired.

THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.—The bursting of the leaves and opening of the flowers of the same plants are so constant to their times (their appointed times, as we are naturally led to call them), that such occurrences might be taken as indications of the times of the year. It has been proposed in this way to select a series of botanical facts which should form a calendar, and this has been termed a calendar of Flora. Thus, if we consider the time of putting forth leaves, the honeysuckle protrudes them in the month of January; the gooseberry, currant, and elder, in the end of February, or beginning of March; the willow, elm, and lime trees, in April; the oak and ash, which are always the latest amongst trees, in the beginning or towards the middle of May. In the same manner the flowering has its regular time: the mezezon and the snowdrop push forth their flowers in February; the primrose in the month of March; the cowslip in April; the great mass of plants in May and June; many in July, August, and September; some not till the month of October—as the meadow saffron; and some not till the approach and arrival of winter—as the laurestinus and arbutus.—*Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise*.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—At Callandar, some time since, a boy, of the name of M'Nab, was sent by his mother to the post with a pair of shoes, which were to be delivered in Stirling that night. On his way to the post-office, the little fellow was met by two or three "chums," and they soon started a game at marbles. Game after game was played, and the shoes were forgotten. The result was, that when he called at the office, he was told that the "man and the gig were off" a few minutes previous. Without a moment's delay, the boy commenced the chase. After a mile or two of hard running, and not coming up to the object of his desire, he threw his own shoes and stockings in a hedge, to hide until his return. The chase was then resumed with redoubled vigour. More than once he was attacked on the road by acquaintances to give up; but no—he went, until the first sight he saw of the "man and the gig" was in King Street, here. The gig had arrived only half an hour previous. When about to give up the shoes to the post, the thought occurred to him that he would deliver them to the party himself, which he accordingly did, and thus secured the twopence at first intended for their freight. Next morning he left Stirling at the same time the post did, and he was not above ten minutes behind him in arriving at Callandar, having thus nearly beat the royal mail! Our pedestrian has added another laurel to the noble clan, and is well exemplified in their motto—"Dreadnought."—*Stirling Observer*.

A POEM—FOR MOTHERS ONLY.

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared,
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry:
Oh, grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes! she clasps him, to her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
She, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy
He walks—he speaks—in many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
Where rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
That name most dear for ever on his tongue.
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beating of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart,
Watch o'er his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!



[HERNE'S OAK, WINDSOR FOREST.]

HERNE THE HUNTER.

OF arborescent celebrities, none takes a higher rank than "Herne's Oak." This arises from the wild legend attached to it, and from Shakspeare's notice of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter, Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest, Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns; And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle; And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know The superstitious, idle-headed old Received, and did deliver to our age This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

To discover the particular oak of the extract just given, has been the desire of numerous individuals; and the differences of opinion resulting from the investigation have been a fruitful source of controversy. Mr. Charles Knight and Mr. Jesse are the latest combatants. The latter addressed the following letter to the editor of the "Times" newspaper, on the 28th of November, 1838, in support of the oak which he had figured and described as "Herne's Oak," in his "Gleanings of Natural History."

"To set the matter at rest, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak, by Mr. Ingalt (Engall), the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He states that he was appointed to that situation by George III., about forty years ago. On receiving his appointment, he was directed to attend upon the king at the castle; and on arriving there, he found his majesty with 'the old Lord Winchilsea.' After a little delay, the king set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchilsea; and Mr. Ingalt was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him, until the king stopped opposite an oak tree; he then turned to Mr. Ingalt, and said, 'I brought you here to point out this tree to you: I commit it to your especial charge; and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. This is Herne's Oak.' Mr. Ingalt added, that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and is the same tree which I have mentioned and given a sketch of in my 'Gleanings of Natural History.' Sapless and leafless it certainly is, and its rugged bark has all disappeared:

Its boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with grey antiquity.

But there it stands—and long may it do so—an object of interest to every admirer of our immortal bard."

After careful consultation of other authorities, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Jesse's opinion, and have therefore given a beautiful engraving of his tree, from an original drawing.

THE LEGEND OF HERNE THE HUNTER.

ABOUT the middle of the reign of Richard the Second, there was among the keepers of the forest a young man named Herne. He was expert beyond his fellows in all matters of woodcraft, and consequently in great favour with the king, who was himself devoted to the chase.

Whenever he stayed at Windsor Castle, King Richard would pass his time in hunting, hawking, or shooting with the long-bow; and on all these occasions the young keeper was his constant attendant. But in proportion as he grew in favour with the king, Herne was hated by his comrades, and they concerted together how to ruin him. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual, and rather tended to his advantage than injury.

One day, it chanced that the king hunted in the forest with his favourite, the Earl of Oxford, when a great head of deer was unharboured, and a tremendous chase ensued, the hart leading his pursuers within a few miles of Hungerford, whither the borders of the forest then extended. All the followers of the king, even the Earl of Oxford, had by this time dropped off, and the royal huntsman was only attended by Herne, who kept close behind him. At last, the hart, driven to desperation, stood at bay, and gored the king's horse as he came up, in such manner that it reared and threw its rider. Another instant, and the horns of the infuriated animal would have been plunged into the body of the king, if Herne had not flung himself between the prostrate monarch and his assailant, and received the stroke intended for him. Though desperately wounded, the young hunter contrived slightly to raise himself, and plunged his knife into the hart's throat, while the king regained his feet.

Gazing with concern at his deliverer, King Richard demanded what he could do for him.

"Nothing, sire—nothing," replied Herne, with a groan. "I shall require nothing but a grave from you, for I have received a wound that will speedily bring me to it!"

"Not so, I trust, good fellow," replied the king, in a tone meant to be encouraging, though his looks shewed that his heart misgave him "my best leech shall attend you."

"No skill will avail me now," replied Herne, sadly. "A hurt from hartshorn bringeth to the bier."

"I hope the proverb will not be justified in thy case," rejoined the king; "and I promise thee, if thou dost recover, thou shalt have the post of head-keeper of the forest, with twenty nobles a-year for wages. If, unhappily, thy forebodings are realised, I will give the same sum to be laid out in masses for thy soul."

"I humbly thank your highness," replied the young man, "and I accept the latter offer, seeing it is the only one likely to profit me."

With this, he put his horn to his lips, and, winding the dead moat feebly, fell back senseless. Much moved, the king rode off for succour; and, blowing a lusty call on his bugle, was presently joined by the Earl of Oxford and some of his followers, among whom were the keepers. They all hastened with the king to the spot, where the body was lying stretched out beside that of the hart.

"It is almost a pity his soul cannot pass away thus," said the king, gazing compassionately at him; "for he will only revive to anguish and speedy death."

"Your highness is right," replied the chief keeper, Osmond Crooke, kneeling beside him, and half-drawing his hunting-knife; "it were better to put him out of his misery."

"What! slay the man who has just saved my own life!" cried the king. "I will consent to no such infamous deed. I would give a large reward to any one who could cure him."

As the words were uttered, a tall, dark man, in a strange garb, and mounted on a black, wild-looking steed, whom no one had hitherto observed, sprang to the ground, and advanced towards the king.

"I take your offer, sire," said the personage, in a harsh voice. "I will cure him."

"Who art thou, fellow?" demanded King Richard, doubtfully.

"I am a forester," replied the tall man; "but I understand somewhat of chirurgery and leechcraft."

"And woodcraft, too, I'll be sworn, fellow!" said the king. "Thou hast, or I am mistaken, made free with some of my venison."

"Make good thy words, fellow!" replied the king, after a pause; "and thou shalt not only be amply rewarded, but shalt have a free pardon for any offence thou may'st have committed!"

"Enough!" replied Urswick; and, taking a large, keen-edged hunting-knife from his girdle, he cut off the head of the hart close to the point where the neck joins the skull, and then laid it open, from the extremity of the

under lip to the neck. "This must be bound on the head of the wounded man," he said.

The keepers stared in astonishment. But the king commanded that the strange order should be obeyed. Upon which the bleeding skull was fastened upon the head of the keeper with leathern thongs.

"I will now answer for his perfect cure in a month's time!" said Urswick to the king; "but I shall require to watch over him myself till all danger is at an end! I pray your highness to command these keepers to transport him to my hut!"

"You hear what he says, knaves!" cried the king—"do his bidding, and carefully, or ye shall answer to me with your lives!"

Accordingly, a litter was formed with branches of trees, and on this the body of Herne, with the hart's head still bound to it, was conveyed by the keepers to Urswick's hut, situated in the wildest part of Bagshot Heath. After placing the body upon a bed of dried fern, the keepers were about to depart, when Osmond observed to the forester:

"Thou art Arnold Sheafe, who was outlawed for deer-stealing!"

"It matters not who I am, since I have the king's pardon!" replied the other, laughing disdainfully. "My name is Philip Urswick!"

"Thou hast yet to earn thy pardon!" said Osmond.

"Leave that to me," replied Urswick. "There is more fear that thou wilt lose thy post as chief keeper, which the king has promised Herne, than that I shall fail!"

"Would the deer had killed him outright!" growled Osmond; and the savage wish was echoed by the other keepers.

"I see you all hate him bitterly," said Urswick. "What will ye give me for revenge?"

"We have little to give, save a fat buck on occasions," replied Osmond; "and, in all likelihood, thou canst help thyself to venison!"

"Will you swear to grant the first request I make to you, provided it shall be in your power?" demanded Urswick.

"Readily!" they replied.

"Enough!" said Urswick. "I must keep faith with the king. Herne will recover, but he will lose all his skill as an archer—all his craft as a hunter!"

"If thou canst accomplish this, thou art the fiend himself!" cried Osmond, trembling.

"Fiend or not," replied Urswick, with a triumphant laugh, "ye have made a compact with me, and must fulfil it! Now begone; I must attend to the wounded man."

And the keepers, full of secret misgivings, departed.

At the time promised, Herne, attended by Urswick, presented himself to the king. He looked thin and pale, but all danger was past. King Richard gave the forester a purse of nobles, and added a silver bugle to the gift. He then appointed Herne his chief keeper; hung a chain of gold round his neck, and ordered him to be lodged in the castle. About a week after this, Herne, having entirely regained his strength, accompanied the king on a hunting expedition to the forest, and they had scarcely entered it, when his horse started, and threw him. Such an accident had never before happened to him, for he was an excellent horseman; and he rose greatly discomfited, while the keepers eyed each other askance. Soon after this, a buck was started; and, though Herne was bravely mounted on a black steed, bestowed on him on account of its swiftness by the king, he was the last in the chase.

"Thou art out of practice!" said the king, laughingly, as he came up.

"I know not what ails me," replied Herne, gloomily.

"It cannot be thy steed's fault," said the king; "for he is usually as fleet as the wind. But I will give thee an opportunity of gaining credit in another way. Thou seest yon buck. He cannot be seventy yards off; and I have seen thee hit the mark at twice the distance. Bring him down."

Herne raised his cross-bow, and let fly the bolt; but it missed its mark, and the buck, startled by the noise, dashed down the brake, wholly unharmed. The king's brow grew dark, Herne uttered an exclamation of rage and despair, and the keepers congratulated each other in secret.

Again Herne went forth to hunt with the king, and his failures made him the laughing-stock of the party. Richard, at length, dismissed him with these words: "Take repose for a week, and then thou shalt have a further trial. If thou dost not then succeed, I must, perforce, discharge thee from thy post."

Instead of returning to the castle, Herne rode off wildly into the forest, where he remained till eventide. He then returned with ghastly looks and a strange appearance—having the links of a rusty chain which he had plucked from a gibbet hanging from his left arm, and the hart's antlered skull fixed upon his head. His whole demeanour showed that he was crazed. After committing great extravagancies, he burst from all restraint, and disappeared among the trees of the forest. An hour after this, a man found him suspended by a rope from a branch of an oak-tree (now known as *Herne's Oak*). Despair had driven him to the dreadful deed. Instead of cutting him down, the man ran to the castle, to relate what he had witnessed; and the keepers, satisfied that their revenge was now fully accomplished, hastened to the tree. But the body was gone; and all that proclaimed it had been there, was the rope hanging from the branch. Search was made in all parts, but without effect.

On that night a terrible thunder-storm occurred, and during its continuance, the oak on which Herne had hanged himself was blasted by the lightning.

Osmond was immediately reinstated in his post of chief keeper; but he had little time for rejoicing, for he found

that the same spell that had bound Herne had fallen upon him. His arrows went wide of their mark, his hounds lost their scent, and his falcon would not be lured back. Half frantic, he feigned illness, and left his comrade, Roger Barefoot, to take his place. But the same ill-luck befel Barefoot, and he returned in awful plight, without a single head of game. Four others being equally unfortunate, the whole of them resolved to consult Urswick, who, they doubted not, could remove the spell. Accordingly, they went to Bagshot Heath, and related their story to him. When they had done, he said:

"The curse of Herne's blood is upon you, and can only be removed in one way. As you return to the castle, go to the tree on which he destroyed himself, and you may learn how to act."

It was midnight, and pitchy dark, as they came up to the fatal oak. All at once, a blue flame appeared, flitted thrice round the tree, and then remained stationary, its light falling upon a figure in a wild garb, with a rusty chain hanging from its left arm, and an antlered helm on its head. They knew it to be Herne, and instantly fell down before him, while a burst of terrible laughter sounded in their ears. Without heeding them further, the spirit darted round the tree, rattling its chain, and uttering appalling imprecations. It then stopped, and turning to the terrified beholders, bade them, in a hollow voice, bring hounds and horses, as for the chase, on the following night, and vanished. They obeyed the spirit's command; when Herne called to Osmond to bring him his steed. In an instant the mysterious being vaulted on its back, and then cried:

"To the forest—to the forest!"

With this he dashed forward, and the whole party, hounds and men, hurried after him. They had ridden at a furious pace for several miles over the Great Park, where Herne halted before a huge beech-tree, when he dismounted, and pronounced certain mystic words.

A flash of fire burst from the roots of the tree, and the forester Urswick stood before them.

"Welcome, Herne!" he cried; "welcome, lord of the forest! And you, his comrades, welcome, too! The time is come for the fulfilment of your promise to me. I require you to form a band for Herne the Hunter, and to serve him as a leader."

Not daring to refuse compliance, the keepers took a fearful oath to obey him. As soon as it was uttered, Urswick vanished, as he came, in a flash of fire. Herne now blew a strike on his horn, rode swiftly on, and, a stag being unharmed, the chase commenced. Many a fat buck was hunted and slaughtered that night; and, an hour before daybreak, Herne commanded them to lay the four finest at the foot of the beech-tree, and then dismissed them, bidding them meet him, at midnight, at the scathed oak in the Home Park. Night after night they thus went forth, thinning the herds of deer, and committing other ravages and depredations.

At last the king, getting intelligence of these strange doings, was determined to ascertain the truth of the statement. He therefore ordered the keepers to attend him one night in an expedition to the forest. Much alarmed, Osmond endeavoured, by representing the risk he would incur, to dissuade him from the enterprise; but he would not be deterred, and the keepers now gave themselves up for lost.

When the king and his attendants came to the oak, the figure of Herne, mounted on a black steed, was discerned beneath it. Deep fear fell on all the beholders, but chiefly upon the guilty keepers, at the sight. The king, however, pressed forward, and cried:

"Why dost thou disturb the quietude of night, accursed spirit?"

"Because I desire vengeance!" replied Herne. "I was brought to my present woful condition by Osmond and his comrades."

"But you died by your own hand, did you not?" demanded the king.

"Yes," replied Herne; "but I was driven to the deed by an infernal spell laid upon me by the malice of the wretches I have denounced. Hang them upon this tree, and I will trouble these woods no longer while thou reignest!"

The king looked round at the keepers. They all remained obdurate except Barefoot, who, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt, and accused the others.

"It is enough!" cried the king to Herne; "they shall all suffer for their offence!"

Upon this a flash of fire enveloped the spirit and his horse, and he vanished.

The king kept his word. Osmond and his comrades were all hanged upon the scathed tree; nor was Herne seen again in the forest while Richard sat upon the throne. But he reappeared with a new band at the commencement of the rule of Henry IV., and hunted the deer at night. His hand was destroyed, but he defied all attempts at capture.

RHYMING DIALOGUES.

I TELL thee, wife, I'll have our daughter bred
To book'ry, cook'ry, thimble, needle, thread;
Make her expert and ready at her prayers,
That God may keep her from the devil's snares;
Teach her what's useful; how to shun deluding;
To roast, to toast, to boil and mix a pudding;
To knit, to spin, to sew, to make, to mend;
To scrub, to rub, to earn, and not to spend;
With all such hussify as well becomes
A wife for one that deals in mops and brooms:
That when she's wed, she may not think it scandal
To serve a neighbour with a farthing candle.

FACETIÆ.

AN artist painted a cannon so naturally the other day, that when he finished the touch-hole, it "went off."

"SAM, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I meet him down by de cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man: he made a bow—dat's all he said."

"MADAM," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

A late celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked: "Had I been an upright judge that might have caused my death!"

THE *Toledo Blade* tells a good story of one of the land-owners of that thriving city, who was offered, for an eligible lot, as many silver dollars as would cover it. He took a night to consider the offer, and agreed next morning to accept it, on condition that the dollars were placed upon their edges.

A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed, that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present, at this remark observed, "that truly chemistry was a valuable science," and (anxious that the discovery might be made profitable) inquired of the orator what number of snow-balls would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle.

THE advertisement of a Scotch Linen House, conveys the following information, which we transfer to our pages for the benefit of newly-married couples: "A lot of babies, very rich, long robes, elaborately worked, original cost from £2 to £5, slightly injured, and marked 16s. 6d. to 43s. 6d." There is either some indifferent punctuation about this, or else it must be regarded as a positive realisation of that well-known trade announcement—"Families Supplied!"

HOW TO GET THE GIRLS MARRIED.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbours, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbour of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony! "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

"MR. JONES, you said that Mr. Rozin was a composer. Does the court understand from that, that he was a writer of music?" "No, sir; he's called a composer, because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep."

A GOOD PRICE FOR A LADY'S TOOTH.—M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Museum, relates, that during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him £4000 for one of the teeth of Heloise.

A young Thespian was once intrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph, in the play: "My lord; the banquet waits!" But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the audience: "Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time!"

BELOW PAR.—Some literary and scientific gentlemen one day dined with Mr. Hogg, at his farm of Mt. Benger, when it was mentioned by some one as a strange thing that Mr. Parr should have been lately married in a somewhat clandestine way, and that nobody knew who his wife was, or anything about her. "Ah!" said the shepherd, "I am afraid she must have been a *little below Par*!"

"DEBBY, the door-bell rings, and you must run, light the match, and touch the shavings, and let the sticks and brands get on fire in the fire-place, or they will think we don't keep a fire in the sitting-room, and that would not be genteel." "Yes'm—there—it is all roaring, and the bell rings again—shall I go now?" "Yes." "Oh, Lord, marm, it was only a pedlar!" "A pedlar! Confound him—take the fire apart, and get ready for another alarm!"

SIR FRANCIS HEAD says: "It is no use any longer trying to conceal the fact, that during my short tour in Ireland my prejudices against bare ankles and naked feet were considerably softened; indeed, there can be no doubt that there is a freshness in this costume of Nature that cannot belong to a fine fashionable gown, which, from sweeping the ground, and from being tightly bandaged round the waist, forms a splendid unventilated palace, in which the architect has forgotten to insert either chimney, staircase, door, or window!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.—The following is a copy of a bill sent to a gentleman some time since:

assafœta	1 50
atacainonimomagin	50
	2 00

Pade, Josef—

Can any of our readers interpret it? At first we took it for apothecaries' Latin; judge our surprise, then, when the key was given to us, to find the above inscrutable items were simply these: "A horse half a day," and "a taking of him home again."

A weekly newspaper thinks it is the first duty of tea-totallers to get the duty off tea, totally.

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT," as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

ANYTHING BUT CU-RIOUS.—A "marker" asking a raw amateur to play a match of billiards with him, received the answer of the latter, "that he was not in the cue for it!"

GENIAL.—"Bob," said a townsman to a farmer, "which do you like best, the long evenings or the short ones?" "Why," replied Tom, "I prefer the short 'uns, because they be summery!" (summary.)

"JACK! does the kettle boil?" the father cried.

"No, 'tis a block, sir!" the son replied.

"A block?" "Yes, sir! I'll prove it by the metal; For a block tin must be a tin block kettle."

"Logic: you're clever, boy! I plainly see; So, with the blocks content, pray make my tea.

Now, Jack, 'tis my turn: turn your block aside; Pray take your knife, and that nice tongue divide."

"Block, sir! You something mean instead?"

"No, Jack—your head block proves you a blockhead!"

A HINT TO THE CITY CORPORATION.—As the tax upon coals in the City of London has recently been discussed with a view to its removal, we would suggest that the Corporation should study the law on the subject. Under all circumstances they could not consult a better work than *Coke upon Little ton*; especially where short measure is concerned.

HEADS v. TAILS.—Danielo, the Montenegrin Prince, has forbidden his soldiers to cut off the heads of the fallen Turks. Query. Supposing a Pacha of many tails to fall into the hands of the Montenegrins, would they cut them off? In that case, a Montenegrin might exultingly exclaim: "Heads I win—tails you lose!"

HAIR PAPER AT A DISCOUNT.—In the Scottish game of "Curling," the ceremony of using paper is dispensed with. What would our fair readers think of a good curling match without the almost indispensable play-bill or tissue paper so frequently used for the purpose of adding a charm to their flowing tresses?

WHAT NEXT?—A new umbrella, called the "Mush-room," has made its appearance in Paris: it has no handle, and sustains itself over the head of the wearer. An adjusting apparatus fastens it to the hat, and when not employed on duty, it may be rolled up, and carried in the pocket.

RAYS FROM THE LANTERN.—Stricken Youth (just beginning to make himself agreeable): "You are an artist, are you not, Miss Georgina?" Diffident, but Encouraging Young Lady: "No, I regret to say that I have no talent for that accomplishment." The aforesaid Youth, somewhat surprised: "Dear me, why our mutual friend, Miss Tattle, told me that you painted!"

PLEASANT SURGICAL ADVICE.—For the inconvenience of a fractured thigh, Hippocrates prescribes this: "In a fracture of the thigh, the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, the contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that, where there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length."

WHY DON'T YOU MARRY?—Shrove Tuesday was observed, as usual, at Southport and the neighbourhood, as a day of visiting and "pancake turning." At Crosby a custom prevails of unmarried ladies being licensed to pull grey hairs from bachelors' heads, while the unblessed wight is enjoying (?) the pancake. The ladies, at least the unmarried ones, when told the practice is cruel, only say, "Oh! serve them right; they ought to get married before their hair turns grey!" Of course, there is no reasoning against such an extinguishing argument as this.

WHIMS OF AN EMPRESS.—We learn that the new French Empress had ordered, as part of her *trousseau*, two dresses for the civil marriage—one in rose-coloured satin, covered with point d'Angleterre, and the other in white satin, covered with point d'Alençon; but as the ceremony only occupied about an hour, it was quite a mystery to us of what use two dresses could be. It seems, however, that the fastidious bride had not been able to make up her mind which of the two she would prefer, and thought it the safer course to order both.—*Scottish Press*.

INGENUITY OF A SAILOR.—Several sailors on board of a vessel had brought a supply of leaf-tobacco with them. How were they to escape the revenue Cerberus at the gate? "I have it," said one of them, hitting upon an idea, and scratching his head with glee. "I'll jump into the dock, and while they're making a great fuss to save me, you bolt with the leaf!" It was immediately carried out. The tar, who was almost amphibious, plunged into the dock, crying at the same time lustily for help. The alarm was given, lights procured, and the officers from every part attracted to the scene, and while the search and the uproar continued, the companions of the apparently drowning man got safely away.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.—Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I could not be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe

how her hair looks, when she is not expecting you. You should hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly-combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterised her appearance and deportment in the evening—and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season—she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

CUT AND COME AGAIN.—A Quaker one day, in taking his usual walk before dinner, chanced to meet with a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, and, after a hearty shake of the hand, and a little friendly conversation, he asked the friend (in their usual mode) to go home with him, saying, "Friend, wilt thee go and stick thy fork in my pudding to-day?" The friend replied in the affirmative: "Thank thee, neighbour, I will," and so the two Quakers trudged off home together. Well, in consequence of the friend being just off a journey, and a good trencherman also, he stuck his fork not only in his pudding, but in his meat also; and, having passed his plate so many times, and being almost ashamed to do so again without making an excuse, he says, "Neighbour, according to custom, I cuts and comes again!" "Well, friend," replies the Quaker, "thee shalt cut as long as thee thinks proper, now thee beest here, but come again thee never shalt!"

ANDERSON, THE WIZARD, SOLD BY A YANKEE.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON was looking over the American and foreign newspapers, in the office of the *New York Dutchman*, when he saw that he was closely scrutinised by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, and who was evidently from the country. The following conversation took place:

"I say! are you Professor Anderson, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear. You aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye—have you?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that are bottle, as I am going out stumping for —. I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin-brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics, either!"

"I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it."

"Sorry for that, sir," said the — stumper. "However," he continued, "I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forget how the thing was done, now, I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent, and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh," said the professor, "that is quite simple: a mere trick of sleight of hand."

"Wal, I know it's not very difficult, but as I forget how, will you show me?" At the same time handing a cent to the Wizard.

"Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold your hand," said the Wizard. "This is your cent, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Close your hand."

The down Easter closed his hand fast.

"Are you sure you have it?" said the Wizard.

"I guess I have," said he; "and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Done!" said the Wizard. "Now hold fast!"

"Yes, sir! I reckon I will—but stop! down with your dollar! here's mine!" said the Yankee.

She Wizard covered his dollar.

"Now, sir, are you ready?" said the Wizard.

"I aint nothing else!" said the down Easter.

"Change!" said the Wizard. "Now, sir, open your hand."

He did so, and, to his utter astonishment, he held a bona fide ten-dollar gold piece!

"Well, sir," said the Wizard, "you see you have lost your dollar?"

"I guess I have!" said he, handing over the two dollars.

"Now," said the professor, "I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten-dollar piece into your cent again, much quicker."

"No, yer don't!" said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning up tight. "I'm much obliged to you, professor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is! Good morning, old hoss!" said he, walking out of the office; and, turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in a close approximation to his professor, saying: "I guess there aint anything green about this child!" and left the professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

MR. DISRAELI, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, laid down the startling doctrine, "that every minister is expected to know something about everything."

The result of this announcement has been just what might have been anticipated. Downing Street has been quite impassable ever since, by reason of the crowds who flock there daily to consult the government on various topics.

From Dorsetshire, "A Tenant Farmer" writes to ask if Lord John Russell will be kind enough to tell him if guano is a good manure for mangold wurzel?

"A Love-sick Maiden" wants to know whether Lord

Aberdeen considers men with whiskers can love as ardently and lastingly as men without.

"X. Y. Z." would like to know which kind of adhesive envelopes or sealing-wax Sir James Graham considers most secure.

"Susan Hopley" complains that her "Missus" won't allow no followers. Does the Marquis of Lansdowne think her justified in refusing her cousin, F 23, to come occasionally to tea?

"Marianne" would feel obliged if Lord John Russell would tell her how to work a chest of drawers in double-crochet.

"A Traveller" requests Lord Palmerston to inform him as to the cheapest and quickest route to Battersea.

"A Suitor" writes to Mr. Sidney Herbert thus: "My uncle, dying, leaves £500 to be divided as follows: his widow to take two-thirds, his nephews and nieces three-quarters, £250 to go to charities, and the other £400 to be paid to his creditors. What is my share?"

"Edwin" would feel obliged if Lord Aberdeen would tell him how to win the heart of "Emma," with whom he is madly in love.

"Emma" would thank the First Lord of the Treasury if he would advise her as to how she may obtain the love of "Edwin."

"Sam Hall" wants to know whether there is any chance of getting in at Baron Rothschild's back bed-room window.

"A Patient Waiter" begs to ask Lord John Russell, about what time—as near as he can reckon—does he really expect the arrival of "The Good Time Coming?"

These are a few out of the numerous inquiries received by her Majesty's government since the publication of Mr. Disraeli's speech. Perhaps, now the ministry find how dearly they have to pay for their own sagacity, they will be better fitted to understand the heavy pressure of the "Taxes on Knowledge."—*Diogenes*.

GOVERNMENT LABELS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that he will permit the adulteration of coffee, on condition that to the packets sold by the grocers there shall be affixed labels bearing the words,

MIXTURE OF CHICORY AND COFFEE.

We understand that it is the intention of government to carry out this system, and to issue a series of labels to be used by other tradesmen. Among those already in preparation are:

For Jewellers' Gold Chains.—Mixture of Brass and Electro-plating.

For Porter.—Mixture of Thames mud, Spanish liquorice, and treacle.

For Warranted Indian Handkerchiefs.—Mixture of Silk and Cotton.

For Potted Bloaters.—Mixture of Sprats and Brick-dust.

For Milkpans.—Mixture of Water and Chalk.

For Snuff.—Mixture of Sand and Pepper.

For Pepper.—Mixture of Rice and Dust.

For Port Wine.—Mixture of Logwood and Brandy.

For Pale Sherry.—Mixture of Brown Sherry and Water.

We sincerely congratulate this commercial country upon the proposed approach to something like common honesty.—*Punch*.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

LITTLE thinks the ball-room beauty, when the tapers are almost burnt out, that the wax by whose light her charms have been exalted was once hidden in the bells and cups of innumerable flowers, shedding perfume over the silent valleys of the Susquehanna, or nodding at their own reflected colours in the waters of the Potomac or Delaware.

ALL the world are delighted to watch the young as they grow up together. To me it is not less delightful to see two creatures of distinct tempers and passions by degrees melting into one—to see how happy those may be who habitually prefer the happiness of another to their own; to see, finally, *real love*, like a flower blooming amid ruins, surviving the vigour of youth, and all those attractions on which it is thought to depend.

A TEAR.

OUT that the chemist's magic art

Could crystallise this sacred treasure!

Long should it glitter near my heart,

A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,

Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;

Then melting left its coral cell—

The springs of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!

In thee the rays of virtue shine,

More calmly clear, more mildly bright,

Than any gem that gilds the mine:

Design restorer of the soul,

Who ever fly'st to bring relief,

When first we feel the rude control

Of love or pity, joy or grief.

It is painful to grow old, to lose by degrees the suppleness, strength, and activity of the body; to perceive each day our organs growing weaker; but when we feel that the soul, constantly exercised, becomes daily more reflective, more mistress of herself, more skilful to avoid, more strong to sustain, without yielding to the shock of all accidents, gaining on the one hand what we lose on the other, we are no longer sensible of growing old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POET LAUREATE.—The duty of the English poet laureate consists of the mere sinecure of composing an ode in honour of the sovereign, on the occasion of the ascension to the throne, or the coronation. It is generally bestowed on some poor man of letters, and is worth £300 per annum. Lord Byron once applied for the appointment, not certainly for the endowment, but possibly for the honour—more likely still for the joke of the thing; for Lord Byron's was no courtly muse, to strain its harp-strings in honour of royalty. The following letter was written by him to the lord chamberlain: "My lord, having many hours of idleness on my hands, and being an adept at versification, it would be not unacceptable to me to try the experiment of writing the laureate odes, in order to ascertain if that new pursuit would kill the *ennui* by which I am devoured. Being in politics between a Whig and a Jacobin, the subject of our sovereign's praise will have so much of the Romant in my eyes, as sufficiently to resemble the species of composition in which I am most successful. My desires, my lord, do not point at the perquisites or emoluments of the office. Wine I now loathe, money I detest, praise is irksome to me, and the world only one dull round of apathy and misanthropy. It is for the variety I undertake the task, and, if possible, to amuse the forlorn,"

BYRON.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a lover and his mistress, who were saved in a miraculous manner from the jaws of a shark: "A transport with part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Spain. One of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The fair one was in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when, overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and, supported by her clothes, drifted astern. The officer lost no time in jumping in after her, and upheld her by one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower the boat, when, to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, gliding towards its victims. A shout of terror from the agonised spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger. He saw the monster, at length, near him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed the water, so as to frighten the shark, which turned, and dived out of sight. The current had now carried the officer and lady close to the vessel, when the shark appeared a second time, and was in the act of turning on his back to seize the hapless pair, when a private of the officer's company, who was in the hammock nettings, jumped fearlessly overboard, with a bayonet in his hand, which he plunged into the back of the shark, which, instantly disappearing, the three were saved before he dared to make his reappearance."

THE HORSE-SHOES ON THE CHURCH DOOR.—Count Ernest, of Klettenberg, rode once, on a Sunday morning, to a great drinking match at Elrich. Many knights were invited thither to drink for a prize: the reward offered was a gold chain. The old, well-proved knights continued drinking for many hours, until the victory should be decided; and one here, and another there, fell under the influence of the monstrous bumpers, and were laid on the floor as poor weaklings, amid the loud, scornful laughter of their companions. At length, four only of the so-called noblemen remained on the battle field; and of these three leaned against the wall, exulting, with stammering tongues and trembling hands, that they could still hold the huge beaker. Only Ernest von Klettenberg could keep on his feet; who, seizing triumphantly the gold chain, which lay on the table, hung it round his neck. That he might show himself to the people as victor, he tottered out of the hall, and ordered his horse to be brought. Four esquires lifted him on the saddle, and he rode, amid the cries of the rushing multitude, through the town, on his way home to Klettenberg. As he passed through the suburb, he heard vespers being sung in the church, which was dedicated to St. Nicholas. Count Ernest, in his drunken frenzy, rode through the open door, in the midst of the assembled congregation, straight up to the altar. The song of devotion passed first into dumb astonishment, and then into a wild scream. But not long did Count Ernest enjoy his outrage. For as the spurred horse trod on the steps of the altar, oh, behold! oh, wonderful! its four shoes fell off, and it sank down together with its rider. In perpetual remembrance of this event, the four horse-shoes were nailed to the church door, where they remained for ages an object of wonder on account of their size, and of that awful catastrophe.—*Bolin's Antiquarian Library*.

THE PICTURE OF A PERFECT WIFE.

BY TENNYSON.

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity:

* * * * *

* * * * * Locks not wide disparted,

Madonna-wise, on either side her head;

Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign

The summer-calm of golden charity,

Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood

Revered Isabel, the crown and head.

The stately flower of female fortitude.

Of perfect wife-hood and pure lowliness.

* * * * *

A courage to endure and to obey—

A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway—

Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life,

The Queen of Marriage—a most perfect wife.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W. W.—A memoir of Mr. C. Kean was published in Vol. VII. of this Journal.

LIONEL LINCOLN.—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice. These vermin have such an antipathy to this plant, that if their holes be stopped up with it, they will rather die than pass.

E. H.—Income-tax is levied on the aggregate income. It commences at £150 a year. It is a villanous tax, for it allows of no deductions for essential expenditure, and is therefore a tax on industry.

THESES.—Legacy duty is recoverable by government at any time. The penalty for non-payment is 10 per cent. on the legacy. Go immediately to the nearest distributor of stamps.

F. WATSON.—St. George's Channel is comprised within the geographical limits of the Atlantic Ocean.

TOM PINCH.—Hundreds of soldiers who fought at Waterloo are still in the British army. The majority of the general officers, from the commander-in-chief downwards, are all "Waterloo men." Those in the service now, who were privates on that memorable day, are chiefly non-commissioned officers.

X. Y. Z.—Write to the clerk of St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, London. Modern churches are not named after great battles.

AN ARTILLERYMAN.—The issue of medals in honour of great victories, is a very dilatory process with the British government. It was only the other day that the Peninsular medals were distributed. At that rate, you ought to let another ten years elapse before you begin to grumble about your Lahore decorations. But then it is the East India Company to whom you must look for the decoration.

THE ONE.—1. A person never voluntarily loses his property in money. But when a lost Bank of England note has passed through many hands, the innocent holders are not prejudiced. 2. Preaching in the pulpit is not prohibited by the Canons of England, but the bishop has authority to regulate the discipline to be observed in his diocese. But the colour of the gown does not determine the soundness of the doctrine.

R. W. A.—The following is a substitute for brass. Take pewter two parts, and zinc four parts. Fusible from 300 to 350 degrees.

J. E. W.—Choose almost any other profession in preference to that of the stage. Its respectability is unquestionable, but it is only the tritons who succeed—the minnows starve. At present there is no national theatre in England.

C. W. G.—The title of "Count" is not always territorial. It can be purchased on the continent for a mere trifle—in some of the gambling German principalities or duchies, for about £20 of our money. "Count" is an old Norman title; but in France, in the present day, counts, and other members of the old aristocracy, retain their titles among their own private friends by courtesy. With this exception, the title is about as respectable as "knight" is in England.

GEO. ROBERTS.—Strive to improve your worldly condition before you marry. At all events, don't marry a woman for her money. Unless there is more of the celestial in her than in the majority of her sex, she will be certain to taunt you with the circumstance of your dependence when the memory of the honeymoon has faded.

JOB BEANS.—Large eyes are considered handsome. Juno was called the ox-eyed. But it is not the most prominent eyes that are the largest. Some deep-set eyes are considerably larger than those that look as if they were being pushed from their sockets. The middle-sized eye—black, hazel, brown, grey, or blue—when fringed by a long, drooping lash, is considered the best formed either in man or woman.

P. HANLEY.—Your song breathes a sentiment that will be appreciated by-and-by. All manias are soon exhausted. But then the revolution: "Ay, there's the rub!"

They tell us of a wondrous land,
Far on a western shore;
Where all who toil, with heart and hand,
May find rich golden ore.
Great ships they build to voyage there,
And brave the stormy sea;
Let other hearts the dangers dare—
Old England's Isle for me.

They love to speak of countless wealth,
And would warm hearts allure;
They never tell of loss of health,
While riches they secure.
They love to paint in colours bright,
The pleasures all may see;
But home is dearer to my sight—
Old England's Isle for me.

No chance of wealth can make amends,
While anguish fills the mind,
Or calm the hearts of loving friends,
All weeping left behind.
From Britain's shores I ne'er would roam,
What'er my lot might be;
I'd rather dwell with friends at home—
Old England's Isle for me.

W. G. P. inquires how a vessel is launched. The particulars are interesting, and we willingly find room for them. When a ship is building, her keel rests on a series of blocks of wood placed about three feet apart, and she is supported on either side by pieces of timber—one end of each "shore," as these timbers are technically termed, resting on the ground, and the other "shoring-up" the ship; or, in other words, keeping her from falling over sideways. The ordinary practice in building ships is, to place the stern next the water, and the head of the ship up the yard, so that the vessel shall go stern foremost into the river. When the launching time comes, the ship requires to be released from all these supports and barriers. First of all, large beams of timber are placed lengthwise under each side of the ship, with a slight inclination towards the water end of them. These timbers are bolted to blocks of wood in the ground, and they have other pieces of timber bolted to the sides of them, so as to form "ways," as the shipwrights say, or grooves, by which the ship is to move into the water. The next process is to place another beam of timber on each of these "ways," and to bolt smaller pieces of timber upon them, which are fitted, but not fastened to the ship's side, so as to form a kind of cradle in which the vessel is to rest, and which goes with the ship into the water. The beams of timber fixed to the blocks are plentifully greased with soft-soap and oil, to make the vessel move smoothly, and when all is in readiness, the supports are knocked away, and the ship glides into the water. The ship is liberated by striking down her "daggers," which are the last hindrances to her taking the water. There is a "dagger," so called, at each side of the ship. It is just at the head of the launching timbers, and is simply a square piece of wood placed in a slanting direction, one end of which rests against the fixed beams of timber which lie under the vessel, and the other end is placed against the cradle on which the ship rests. It is an honourable distinction in a shipbuilder's yard to knock down the daggers, and it is the custom to award that honour to the two eldest apprentices.

A SCHOLAR.—The Thames, from its source to its mouth, is about 180 miles in length.

J. T. B.—The predecessor of Bishop Watson, in the See of Llandaff, was Shute Barrington, Canon of St. Pauls, who, in the life-time of the opponent of Thomas Paine, was successively translated to the Sees of Salisbury and Durham. In the good old days of George III., a clever bishop was rather thought an incubance than a gain. Watson held the See of Llandaff more than forty years.

M. M. M. LEW, AND OTHERS.—We have once more to repeat our announcement, that we do not undertake to return any manuscripts which may be forwarded to us for perusal. The labour of reading is *quantum sufficit*.

A. W. R.—The following is a list of the ships of the Royal Navy, in commission, that carry 140 guns and upwards:

Britannia	120	Waterloo	120
Neptune	120	Impregnable	104
St. George	120	Queer	110
Trafalgar	120	Victory	101

The Duke of Wellington will carry 140 guns. Besides the above, there are 13 line-of-battle ships in commission, upwards of 20 in ordinary, and at least a score building.

GRACE L. had a young man who paid her great attention for some months, made her presents, and treated her with the greatest affection, when, all of a sudden, he turned very cold, scarcely speaking, and instead of shaking hands as formerly, merely bows. She loves him, and cannot account for such conduct. Probably the man is infatuated with his high notions of himself. There are many young men to be met with in society who fancy they ought to be looked upon as Manfreds or Monte Christos. Give the fool his *congé*.

J. M. L.—We like the sentiment very much. It has no similarity to the "Other Hearts and Other Lips" trash.

Oh! live and love thou child of earth,
And happy be thy song,
How many dreams of love and mirth,
To childhood doth belong.
All bright thy smiling look appears,
E'er veiled by sorrow's fretful tears;
What raptures round thee throng!
The prattling lays of early days
In gentle accents fall:
From youth to age this life displays
A joy on earth for all.

Oh! live and love; be free from strife,
In hall or homely shade,
A charm is in the bloom of life,
Thou' soon that bloom will fade.
There is within the heart of man,
If he himself aright would scan,
A blessing to be made.
Thou' gloom o'erhangs our path to-day,
And dark'ning hills appal,
Oh! soon may beam a brighter ray,—
There's joy on earth for all.

The sonnet is defective. Try again, but select an original subject. You ought to have known that "The Arm Chair" has been appropriated by a distinguished living authoress.

J. B.—We think rings would be quite as useful on the toes as on the fingers. In ancient times the ring was an emblem of authority; but as barons and brigands have gone out of fashion, the custom of wearing rings seems to have descended almost exclusively to snobs, blacklegs, and prize-fighters. Ladies are privileged in this respect, but you never observe a well-bred lady looking "flashy." In "Hints on Etiquette," edited by a lady of rank, we find the following very apposite advice: "Avoid wearing jewellery, unless it be in very good taste, and then only at proper seasons. This is the age of mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one may become 'flashy' at a small expense. If you will stand out in 'high and bold relief,' endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, 'There goes the celebrated (not the notorious) Mr. So-and-so!'"

J. C.—The emigration mania will die away, but not just at present. The brother of this correspondent, writing from Eighty-Eight Valley, 20 miles from Nelson, N. L., in August last, says: "You are, I trust, established well in business; if so, remain in England; if otherwise, retrench as far as possible your expenses and superfluities—stick to your country, and don't emigrate. Not that I think you will, or that you are going to quit now; but you may be impressed with the idea—if so, discourage it. I have no hesitation in saying that, had I known what it was to leave home and come out here, I never would have done so."

Q. O.—It is a melancholy fact, that insanity is rapidly on the increase among all classes. In the upper ranks of life, the disease owes its origin to luxurious habits, idleness, and want of employment. Among the labouring classes, drunkenness is the great provoking cause. But the number of insane women is larger than that of men, and that is owing to idiosyncrasies peculiar to the sex. Insanity, however, is peculiar to civilised nations, young as well as old, for the proportion in the United States of America is as great as in this country. It is in contemplation, we believe, to reform the law relating to lunatics, this session. The sooner the better, for the present system is disgraceful.

PATRICK MAHON.—The paupers of England form a terrible contrast with the peers of England. The latter number only some 400 put together; with their collateral kindred, they receive a gross income of £50,000,000 a year, while the 2,000,000 of paupers drain it of only £10,000,000. But the £50,000,000 absorbed by the peerage is less beneficial than the £10,000,000 swallowed up by the paupers; for with the latter the money is not only absolutely lost, and for ever gone, but it gives permanence to a hideous pest, a wholesale leprosy, which taints and disfigures the national constitution, and defiles the whole community. It is a chartered abomination, supported by the fears, the injustice, and the weakness of British society. It arose at the same time as the peerage: first it was serfdom, then mendicancy, then pauperism. It must eventually be suppressed, but that will not occur until there is developed another and higher stage of civilisation.

ANGELINA M. B. says a good word for Louis Napoleon. We quite agree with her, that reproaches are more easily manufactured than praises, and that at this present moment the emperor suffers from this want of generosity—this absence of sagacity large enough to comprehend the man and his mission. For ourselves, we confess that, while we have not a particle of sympathy or moral respect for the man, we have confidence in him. He has courage, inflexibility, endurance, energy—and those are precisely the qualities that France needs in her ruler. It is only the strong arm of absolute power that can keep her infidel tendencies and sensual passions in subjection to law, morality, and religion. We admire despotism in no shape; but when necessary, as it sometimes is, it must not only be tolerated, but sustained in its authority. Like all other institutions, it has its appointed time—its ultimate extinction is inevitable; and we on this side of the channel would exhibit more wisdom, if we paid more attention to the real influences that govern the human race, and less to the superficial ones, which are so dazzling to the uninquiring mind.

R. SEYMOUR.—The nineteenth century commenced on the 1st of January, 1801. The numeral "1," representing the year, was, of course, prospective, for the complete time to be measured by the figures "1801" was not made up until midnight of the 31st December, 1801. The editor of the ——— was dreaming when he said we were now in the 1854th year. Count on your fingers. Begin with 1 a day, and then make up 365 days a year, and you have 1 a year. The 366th day was the 1st day in the year represented by the figure 2, which, in its turn, was only fully made up on the 730th day. The 731st day commenced the year 3, and so on.

A BACHELOR, exulting over his free condition, exclaims with Otway:

A man, made of the dross and refuse of a man
Heaven took her when man was sleeping;
Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.

Quite forgetting that one of his parents was a woman, and the equal of her husband in the eye of heaven. Such morbid sentiment leads to downright wickedness; but as the majority of men and women who indulge in it—for it is not confined to one sex—are generally severely punished for their folly, it may be despised as a weakness. It is precisely these kind of silly persons who obtain uncongenial partners, who "nag" away their lives. Our bachelor will catch a Tartar before many years have rolled over his head.

ALICE, an only child, would not object to correspond with "Verax," she has a fair complexion, blue eyes, and light-brown hair. Her accomplishments comprise a good knowledge of music, French, drawing, and dancing.

THE COUNTRY CURATE presents his compliments to "Eva," (noticed in Number 415), and begs to say that he will be most happy to correspond with that young lady, in pure sincerity and integrity of purpose, through the medium of the first page of the *Times* newspaper.

FANNY FRONIC responds to the matrimonial wish of "Frank Wilton," but thinks three years a long time to wait. She is considered very good-looking, having dark hair, dark-blue eyes, and pearly teeth. She can laugh a little, sing a little, and love very much. Her age is nineteen.

INEZ AND ALICE are two orphan cousins, living with a cross old maid aunt, who wishes them to marry two gentlemen of her acquaintance, both ancient enough to be their fathers. Wishing to escape their persecutors, they appeal to the gallantry of the young and handsome among our bachelor friends. Inez is just seventeen, dark in complexion, with black, wavy hair, eyes and eye-brows to match, lips of coral, teeth of pearls, and it is impossible to be in her company ten minutes without loving her, and feeling the influence of her merry spirit. Alice is fair, with light hair, and violet-coloured eyes, is of a gentle, loveable disposition, and aged twenty.

AN OFFICER in the Army would be happy to correspond with "Julia Ann." He is about to join his regiment, but on giving a reason so important as a prospect of being married, his leave of absence might be extended.

U. C. B., having flirted with the world until he has become quite wearied with trifling, is sorry to say that, at the age of thirty-four, he is alone, although respectably connected, with an excellent trade, and fair prospects. During business hours his time passes pleasantly enough, but afterwards he feels to want a friend and companion, whose amiable disposition would make a home happy. He therefore would marry, and would be happy to meet with a pleasant-looking, cheerful, domesticated, well educated young lady, with a view of making her a happy partner for life. He is good-looking, has a comfortable home, pleasantly situated in an agricultural district, and enjoys an income of £500 a-year.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—N. N. (Your objection carries no weight with it)—Emily Friend (What is the object of your eulogy?)—Critic (Written some years ago, and was published in a volume with other poems)—E. R. (Applications for situations in the Crystal Palace must be made to the directors, through the secretary, Mr. Grove. The offices of the company are in Adelaide Buildings, London Bridge)—The Reiver (Entreats Mr. Grogger Peter to give him some account of the family of "Hall," said to be descended from a border clan of that name)—J. E. (Have no confidence in such statements. The advertising fraternity are very clever, but they profess more than they can perform)—Joe Beans (Mrs. Stowe realised a large sum by the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" but, as merit ought to be rewarded, we think a testimonial from her admirers in England would only be just and proper)—J. J. Morley (Send something original, and we will give it the most respectful attention. But do not attempt deception—it will not do with us)—T. M. W. (Is one of those unreasonable, dissatisfied, growling, grumbling mortals, whom it would be impossible to please)—Juliette (Write to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music)—A. W. B. (Order the numbers through a bookseller)—Novello (Consult a physician)—J. L. H. (Washing the hands in soft tepid water, and wearing gloves, will make them sufficiently white)—Henry Davies (The "Life of Wellington" was published in an expensive form some years ago. The work lies on the booksellers' shelves, unsalable; and no wonder—for the man was dreadfully overrated both alive and dead)—Veracity (Seems not to have sufficiently prized the moral of the saying, which forcibly refers to the medical attendant of the Father of all Evil)—Hope (Advice for a situation)—John Ellis (Declined, with thanks)—W. M. M. P. (Do not be alarmed—the girl will not break her heart for your sake)—L. A. H., Hackney (The description is quite complete—you have nothing to fear)—Maria (The management of birds)—Philander (Consult the advertising pages in the WEEKLY TIMES)—K. W. W. (The application must be by memorial to the Lords of the Treasury)—E. M. P. (The sentence, as written, is incorrect. The mood is the subjunctive, the tense the past. Purchase "Lennie's English Grammar")—J. Cooper (We regret that the society is not better occupied)—A Mechanic (A very nice style of handwriting)—Will Sidler (The memorandum is valueless. All deeds of apprenticeship must be stamped. The duty to have been paid in this instance was £1)—John Cashman (Consult a solicitor. You may administer to the effects of the deceased, and so legally obtain payment of the money due to you)—James Macpherson (The anecdote is amusing, but not sufficiently so to interest the general reader)—E. C. (The volume may be had at the Office, 334, Strand)—Aglaia (The standard height for the Life Guards is 6 feet, for the Grenadier Guards 5 feet 10 inches)—Pro Bono Publico (You are speaking for yourself—not the public)—Francis Payne (The lady is unmarried)—James R. S. (All our literary engagements are completed for some time to come)—Rene—Ebor—Marianne—Melville—Clara and Harriet—Caractacus—E. W. J.—Hyderabad—W. S. K.—Chas. Adams—A. W. L.—John Hickson—Clara Hall—A. Baker—J. P.—J. W. C.—J. H. G.—Thomas Williams—H.—T. B. Rover—T. G. Wood—W. Clotworthy—T. P. R.—Miss E. G.—Z. Y. X.—G. R. T.—Maud—T. S.—C. W. C.—Talisman—Quintin—Kent—G. W.—Edward—Mark—F. A.—Clara Parry—J. W.—W. King—Ben Brust—Jno. E.—Edward Wyatt—Stephen R. D.—Mentor—Frank S.—J. D.—A.—Harry—John Cross—Snowdrop—Jean—Pater Noster—Amicus—Jessie Allen—Genevra—J. B., Cleatham—P. J., New Radford—C. Lonsdale—X. Y.—E. W.—J. O.—Susan S.—B. P.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



THE APPARITORS OF THE INQUISITION PREVENTING MARTINGALE FROM TAKING POISON.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT, "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC

CHAPTER LXXIX.

He knew not there were hearts whose nerves,
Like tempered steel, bend with the blast;
Hearts which oppression only serves
To strengthen when the storm is past.

WHEN the artful superior of the Benedictines, at the command of the venerable pontiff, acknowledged that the infant son of the unhappy Lady Mowbray had been consigned to the care of his unprincipled uncle, the heart of our hero bounded with joy; for he felt assured that the long-lost heir of his benefactor could be no other than the generous, noble-hearted Walter, whose virtues endeared him to all who knew him, and rendered him every way worthy of such a parent as Sir William.

There are beings so antagonistic in their natures, feelings, and sympathies, that when they encounter, even if they fail to offend, are certain to repel: such was the case with Henry Ashton and the colonel. Although the youth had seen but little of the selfish man of the world, that little had anything but prepossessed him in his favour. He had contrasted his cold, calculating manner and haughty bearing with the warm heart, ingenuous frankness, and manly qualities of his supposed son, and frequently found himself regretting that the friend he loved should owe his being to such a father.

We need not remind our readers that Colonel Mowbray honoured the *protégé* of his brother with a feeling stronger than dislike—with positive hatred—not, however, unmixed with fear; for there was something in his reckless courage and determined spirit which alarmed him.

The conviction—the truth of which his sanguine temperament did not permit him for an instant to doubt—that Walter was the long-sought heir of the baronet, relieved the mind of our hero from a bitter reflection which frequently had crossed it: namely, that if he succeeded in discovering the object of his search in Italy—his success would be the means of depriving his friend of the fortune and honours he was every way worthy to bear.

Oh, how he longed to see him pressed to his outraged mother's heart—to say to his benefactor, "Behold your son—worthy of the name he bears—worthy even of you!"

Ellen, too—he pictured how her sunny smile would reward him.

There is no happiness so exquisite to a grateful mind as the pleasure of requiting the benefits it has received—of proving that the seeds of kindness have not been sown in a barren soil—of pouring balm on the bruised heart—of recalling the long-banished smile to the pale lips of those who have befriended us in the arduous struggles of life.

So great was the impatience of Henry Ashton to behold his friend—to grasp him by the hand—to impart to him his convictions and hopes—that he disregarded the landlord of the hotel, who, with a countenance full of dismay and terror, stood in the courtyard to intercept him, fearing that the unexpected, cruel sight of Walter's body might upset his reason; for he had observed, in common with all his household, the devoted friendship existing between his guests.

"Stay, signor!" he exclaimed.

"Not now, my good fellow—not now!" replied our hero.

"I must speak to you!" said the man. "For the love of the saints—". Then, recollecting that the *Inglesi* was a heretic, and that such an invocation was little likely to restrain him, he added: "for the love of your friend, pray hear me!"

"For the love of my friend!" repeated Henry, descending the stairs, which he had partially mounted; "in the name of heaven, what has happened?"

"Shocking! horrible! I would not that such a thing should have taken place in my house for the revenue of a chanoin! I have received notice to quit from two familiars already!"

Struck by the pale features, and still more so by the words of the speaker, the youth felt a sickening sensation at his heart—a presentiment that the intelligence he was about to hear would destroy the joyous hope which lately animated it.

"Is Walter worse?" he demanded.

"Worse than that, signor—worse than that!"

"Do not trifle with me—for pity's sake, do not trifle with me! You do not mean that he is— No—no! heaven is not so pitiless!"

Before the landlord could reply to him, Father O'Hara entered the courtyard. He had heard of the fearful crime which had been committed, and came, urged by sympathy for sorrow, to offer consolation, Taking Henry by the

arm, he led him, unresisting as a child, into the saloon, and pointed to a chair, taking care to seat himself between the door of the bed-room and his countryman.

"What have I to learn?" exclaimed the latter; "something terrible—for there is a tear upon your cheek, a sympathy in your voice and manner, forewarning me that something has occurred to Walter—something which—"

He could proceed no further. The heart of the young man was full—grief choked his utterance.

"Requires the soul's stern quality, fortitude, to bear," replied the priest; "your friend is dead: earth has one noble spirit less—heaven an inmate more!"

"Dead!" faltered Henry; "and I left him full of returning health and confidence: hope in his eye, a smile upon his lips—dreams of a happy future in—and now—"

The bereaved friend buried his convulsed features in his hands, to hide the tears which heaved, not disgraced, his manhood. The blow was doubly terrible, from being unexpected—falling at the instant of so much promised happiness. His soul seemed crushed—his very self annihilated. His companion remained gazing upon him for several minutes in silence. He rejoiced at the sight of his tears, for he knew, by sad experience, how they relieve the overfraught heart.

"I know," he resumed, "how deep is the wound inflicted by the loss of those we love—the strong agony which follows the sundering of old, familiar ties; how we miss the grasp of manly friendship—its pure confidence and gushing sympathies: it is terrible—but doubly terrible, when violence despoils the seat of life!"

"Violence!" exclaimed Henry, starting from his lethargy of grief; "you do not mean that any ruffian hand again has—No—no—it is too horrible; you cannot mean that!"

O'Hara's countenance expressed the tearful intelligence his tongue refused to utter.

"God!" continued our hero, with a sudden burst of passion; "and I not by to save or to avenge him! Name me the villain, father? give me the finest clue, and fear not but I will find him! Earth shall not bind him from my reach, or power shield him from my hand! I'll hunt the un pitying monster through the world!"

"Does no secret whispering point out the assassin's name?" demanded the old man.

"No!"

"Had your friend no enemy?"

"None!" replied Henry, with passionate sorrow. "He was all gentleness and virtue! a fiend could not have hated one so pure and unoffending! Stay!" he added, as he suddenly recollected his attachment to the beautiful Therese, and the reputed character of her father—a man no less proud than vicious; "the shadow becomes more palpable—its hideous outline distinct—its features terribly deformed: the Prince Colonna!"

"The Prince Colonna, my son!" repeated the monk, in accents of surprise; "what motive could possibly prompt his highness to such an act? No—the author of your misery is our countryman—a wretch who, under the garb of friendship, has glided like a serpent into your confidence, to sting you to the soul!"

"His name—his name?" impatiently demanded the young man.

"Martingale," replied the Capucin.

Henry stood for an instant as one thunderstruck, so unexpected was the blow. True, he had at times entertained vague suspicions of the plausible agent of Meeran, which, with the generous feelings of an ingenuous mind, he had dismissed as soon as framed, mentally accusing himself of injustice and precipitation in his judgment.

"Fool!" he murmured; "fool! to have been caught in such a spring!" A child might have seen through it!

He was about to leave the room, with that calm air of determination in his looks which is more terrible than the wildest passion—for it denotes the settled purpose of the soul—impossible to danger, prayers, or tears.

"Where go you?" said the priest, laying his hand upon his arm.

"To place my heel upon the serpent's neck, and crush it!" answered the youth, in a tone so passionless that O'Hara shuddered as he heard it.

"Stay!" he said.

"Stay!" iterated Henry, scornfully; "when every instant of delay appears like treason unto manhood as to friendship, when the murderer's step pollutes the earth with its unholy tread! No, Walter—no!" he added, apostrophising his deceased friend; "if I could not save, I will at least avenge you: the heart's blood of the assassin should precede friendship's tears!"

"My son," said O'Hara, seriously, "he is where the hand of justice alone may strike him!"

"Dead?"

"No—in the dungeon of the Holy Inquisition."

"I must see him!" murmured the young man, gloomily—for he felt a secret disappointment at the thought of Walter's death being avenged by any hand save his. The interference of justice between himself and the assassin, appeared like robbing him of the ministry to which friendship had consecrated him.

His benevolent visitor proceeded as gently as possible to relate to him the terrible details of Walter's death, which he had learnt from the landlord and waiter of the hotel—the visit of the agent of the secret police—the attempt upon the desk—the detection, and crowning tragedy. As the scenes of Martingale's treachery and Walter's devotion were unrolled before him, the heart of the listener swelled by turns with rage, or melted with the tenderest pity. As the priest described the blows, and the effect which followed them, his lips quivered with rage, and he started convulsively from his seat, to pace the floor of the saloon with hurried steps.

"Time!" exclaimed the youth, in answer to O'Hara's observation on its soothing influence; "can it restore my friend? It may deaden the agony of the wound his loss inflicted, but never heal it! His mind was as a mirror, in which virtue saw reflected her own image—no selfish feeling or ungenerous thought e'er sullied it; his heart the seat of truth, beating to honour's impulse! I was ennobled in his friendship—it was my moral strength," he added; "for reason assured me such a man could not bestow it on the mean or worthless!"

"Such a man," said the Capucin, willing to draw his mind from dwelling too much upon his loss, "must have been worthy alike of man's regard and heaven's. He is less to be pitted than his assassin!"

"Curse him!" interrupted Henry, fiercely; "curse him!"

The priest was inexpressibly shocked.

"And who gave man," he said, in a reproving tone, "the right to curse his fellow-man? Think you it is no punishment for the assassin to know that every breath he draws is numbered by the passionless decree of justice, whose iron hand is conducting him to an ignominious death—to feel that, whilst every pulse is beating with painful life, his grave is already dug—to hear his own passing-bell tolling the earthworm to its banquet? Picture the wretch in his lone cell—the fever of excitement past, sleepless and wretched—counting the hours, the minutes allotted him to breathe! Picture his despair, his terror, and remorse! No, my son!" he added; "society may have the right to punish, but it has none to curse the murderer!"

"You are right," replied our hero, in a more subdued tone; "but it is hard to school the mind to Reason's lessons, when every pulse throbs with the agony of the heart's wound! I am calm!" he added—"quite calm! Leave me now, and bear with you my thanks for the sympathy you have shown, when sympathy was most welcome!"

"Before I leave," said the friendly Capucin, "let me perform my errand: he—the wretched man who, in the prison of the Holy Office, waits his doom—requests to see you."

"To see me!" repeated the astonished youth, with a shudder of disgust; "what can the ruffian hope from such an interview?"

"Nothing," answered O'Hara: "he seems like one whom hope and fear have alike deserted. He is calm and sullen as the pause which precedes the bursting of the thunder-cloud. To the interrogation of the judges he has

remained obstinately silent. All that can be extorted from him is: 'Where is the Signor Ashton?'"

"I will see him!" exclaimed our hero, after a moment's reflection. "Hard as the task will be, I must endure it!"

"To-morrow, after the examination?"

Henry nodded assent, and inquired at what hour the members of the Holy Office met.

"At ten," answered the priest; "by mid-day you may visit him."

So saying, he left the room, and the young man was left to his own bitter reflections.

To the sensitive, grateful disposition of our hero, the blow was doubly terrible—terrible to his heart from the friendship he bore to Walter, and the disappointment of his hopes. He had anticipated the happiness of presenting to his benefactor his long-sought son, in the person of his friend—of bidding the bereaved mother's heart again rejoice: and now the promised joy was dashed aside at the moment of fulfilment.

"And this is life!" he murmured; "its lessons, from the cradle to the grave, are but one tissue of pain and sorrow! One by one the brilliant hues which colour the landscape disappear, the flowers fade, the foliage withers, and the barren trunks and branches alone remain! Wisely it is ordained that the blight should be gradual; when it falls at once, the heart withers with them!"

He felt that he had still a duty to perform. With a slow step, he advanced towards the door of Walter's chamber—his hand trembled as it rested upon the lock. With an effort he opened it, and stood in the presence of the dead.

He who has gazed upon the dead,
Ere the last trace of life has fled;
Ere yet decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

At the sight of the pale, calm features of Walter Mowbray, the tears of Henry Ashton flowed afresh. So true—so good—so worthy of the most sacred name which man can give to man—the name of friend!

There are sorrows which are profaned by being gazed upon—which language is powerless to describe: over such we draw the veil. Those who have mourned can feel them—to those whose feelings the iron hand of grief has never wrong, no description could paint them.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Who goes there?
Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE night at last arrived on which Dr. Guyot had arranged with Joe Beans to attempt the rescue of Ellen: an undertaking of no small difficulty and danger, when it is remembered that Meeran Hafaz and his servants had taken up their abode in Cromwell House ever since the illness of the orphan.

The ayah, too, was continually upon the watch. Her eyes were everywhere—her ears addressed to every sound; not a word or look could escape her. Despite her devotion to the young Indian, she was unhappy. Grief at the estrangement of her foster-child, and remorse at the treachery she had been guilty of, were struggling in her breast with the fidelity she had vowed to Meeran. A word would have confirmed the wavering purpose of her heart. Unfortunately, Ellen was too confident in the efforts of her friends—too mistrustful of her influence with her former favourite—to speak it.

The night was dark, and suited to the attempt. At the hour of midnight, Joe, accompanied by Red Ralph—who, since he had ascertained the ayah to be a thing of life—a being with muscles and sinews like his own—had recovered his former confidence—was at the place of rendezvous appointed by the doctor. It was the trunk of a blasted oak, at the entrance of the lane which led to the house. At a short distance, Lawyer Elworthy was waiting with a carriage, to receive them.

They had waited for some time, in silent expectation of their confederate: not a sound was to be heard, except the whistling of the wind, broken, in its career, against the chimneys and quaint old gables of the mansion, or the rustling of the leaves, with which the icy breath of winter had strewn the pathway.

"Whist!" said the lad, in a low tone; "there be some one coming!"

Joe listened, but could not detect the sound of a footfall. Ralph, however, persisted that he was not mistaken.

"I think it be an old man!" he said; "it do fall so careful, loike!"

A few moments proved that he was right; for a light from a dark lantern was suddenly turned upon them, and they recognised Doctor Guyot.

"Humph!" said the old man, "you are punctual! Is everything prepared?"

"It is!" replied the young man; "Lawyer Elworthy and the carriage are at a short distance."

"Tis well!" continued the physician; "I will return to the house, where I fear my absence may be every moment suspected—for the Indian woman is evidently upon the watch: I have noted her eye following my every action—her ear listening for every word. She is dangerous," he added—"very dangerous! would I had thought of some means of removing her!"

"Why didn't 'ee?" demanded the young man.

The party to whom the question was addressed replied only by a shrug: Joe, in the simple honesty of his heart, little understood what the doctor really meant by removing her.

"You say that you can obtain entrance to the house?" he observed.

"Leave that to me, master!" answered the boy; "they

mun bar more than doors and vinders, if they expect to keep me out!"

It was finally arranged that the man of science should return to the house, and that in ten minutes his two confederates were to be at their posts in the great hall.

As the hour of her expected deliverance from the captivity in which she had been so infamously detained drew nigh, Ellen became excited and agitated by alternate hopes and fears. A hundred times during the day she had asked herself the question whether the physician was really to be trusted—if his sympathy might not be a deep-laid scheme to remove her from the society of her only remaining friend—to separate her from Susan, and conduct her to some retreat yet more remote, where Meeran and her unworthy guardian could more securely carry out their design against her happiness and peace.

"Trust him, lady!" said her humble friend; "he cannot be so vile as to act the part you dread! The snow of age is on his brow—his steps already totter on the verge of the grave: he must have the fear of offending that Being who will one day judge him, before his eyes! All will go well!"

With these and similar reasons, the speaker endeavoured to reassure her. The resolution of her young mistress was balanced between alternate doubts and fears, when the subject of their conversation entered her chamber, with his usual stealthy step.

"Where is the ayah?" he demanded.

"Below," answered Susan.

"And her employer?" added the old man.

"In the library, with Colonel Mowbray," continued the girl. "As for the warren, there is little fear of his interfering with our project: he has been complaining all day that his pains are greater than ever; he can scarcely raise a limb from his pallet."

Dr. Guyot smiled: he perfectly comprehended the reason why Will Smiler was not likely to interrupt his design. He would have taken similar precautions with the ayah; but, from the peculiar habits of the woman—who was a strict adherent of the Hindoo faith, and would consequently touch no food unless prepared by her own hands—he had no opportunity of carrying out his intention.

"No time is to be lost, young lady!" he said; "the moment has arrived in which you will require decision and energy. Your friends are already at their post."

The orphan fixed her eyes with a searching glance upon him, as if to read his very heart. The old man met her gaze with his usual impassibility of countenance: he read her thought, without feeling either surprised or offended by it—to him virtue and vice were but names. Had his interests prompted him, he would have betrayed the persecuted girl to her oppressor with the same willingness that he was prepared to save her.

"You doubt me, young lady!" he observed; "it is natural; for there are few in this world ready to assist the helpless—and service proffered for service's sake is seldom welcome. I told you that I was prompted to the step I have taken by one of your friends."

"You did; his name?"

"He is one of those men who make themselves known by actions, not names; but I can give you those of two, who even now are anxiously counting the moments of your indecision."

"Do so!" said Ellen, eagerly—for her mind was terribly agitated with fears of the prudence of the step she was about to take.

"Lawyer Elworthy is waiting at a short distance, with the means of flight."

At the name of the agent of her late uncle, the eyes of the captive sparkled with pleasure—it was one doubt removed.

"And a simple fellow—Joe Beans, I think they call him"—continued the physician, "is even now concealed within the house, to protect your flight."

At the name of Henry's friend, the last hesitation vanished. It was like mistrusting Henry himself, to doubt the fidelity of one for whom he had vouched. Susan's confidence at the name of her lover was unbounded: she already in anticipation saw herself and mistress at liberty.

Dr. Guyot advanced to the table, and began to prepare a draught, the effect of which he knew, by long experience, would be to give temporary strength and nerve to his still feeble patient. When he had duly mixed it, he advanced to the bed-side of the orphan, and presented the glass.

"Drink!" he said; "and, for an hour at least, your cheek shall glow with the rich hue of health—the blood run freely in your veins! there is strength and liberty in the draught!"

Without daring to give herself a moment for reflection, Ellen drained the glass.

"Tis done!" she said, as she returned it to his hand.

"Prepare your mistress," said the old man, addressing Susan; "I shall soon be back."

So saying, without casting a second look towards the bed, he left the room.

When he returned, he found the young lady and her attendant ready for their departure. The eye of the former was bright and firm, and her whole air evinced a determination which augured favourably for the result of their enterprise. Both the females, according to his directions, were clothed in dark dresses.

"Are you ready?" he demanded.

Susan answered in the affirmative, and immediately extinguished the light. With slow and cautious steps they descended the great oaken staircase. How their hearts trembled as the swirs created, like sentinels upon the watch, beneath their steps! It seemed an age till they reached the hall, which was faintly illuminated by the light of a single lamp, suspended from the ceiling.

The instant they made their appearance, two figures emerged from the recess formed under the staircase: they

were Joe Beans and his guide, Red Ralph. To avoid giving the least alarm, they had removed their shoes, and they glided like shadows over the stone floor to meet the fugitives.

Susan could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight as she recognised the manly form of her lover. All danger seemed to vanish at his presence: she knew his strength, and the calm, steady courage of his heart. Joe's joy was scarcely second to her own; he contented himself, however, with silently pressing her hand, and then proffered the support of his arm to Ellen, who took it with a satisfaction only to be exceeded by that with which she would have reposed upon Henry's.

For an instant there was a pause in their proceedings: it was ended by Ralph, who was to act as pioneer, crouching upon the ground, and running like a dog, upon his hands and knees. As they passed the door of the library, Ellen recognised, with a shudder, the voice of her persecutor, in loud conversation with her unworthy uncle.

As we before observed, the great gates of Cromwell House were kept locked by day as well as night, and the keys never permitted for an instant from the custody either of the colonel or the young Indian. Their only mode of egress, therefore, was by the offices—to reach which it was necessary to pass through the kitchen.

They had advanced a certain distance along the passage between the great hall and that part of the mansion devoted to the domestics, when Ralph returned, and whispered a few hasty words in the ear of Joe Beans, who instantly arrested his steps.

"What does he say?" inquired the doctor, in an undertone.

"The warrenner is in the kitchen," said the young man.

"Any one else?"

"No!"

"Leave me to deal with him!" said the old man, with an air of determination; "better him than the ayah."

Joe thought so, too.

"Will you require assistance?" he said.

"No. Science is far more sure than strength: it can arm the air with pestilence, and make the breath of heaven the instrument of death. Not that I think," he added, with a pause, "that his death is necessary."

"If it prove so, do not hesitate—for he has merited it by a thousand villainies; there is scarcely a crime of which he is not capable: you would but forestall the laggard hand of justice."

"When you hear me whistle," said the physician, without any direct reply, "enter the room boldly! I will answer for the result!"

So saying, he raised the latch, and entered the room, carefully closing the door after him.

Will Sidelar was seated by the fire; his countenance betrayed the agony he was enduring. The muscles of his cheeks quivered, and played with a nervous, spasmodic affection, which his closely-pressed lips showed he was endeavouring to suppress.

"Impudent!" said Dr. Guyot, as he entered the room; "why have you left your chamber?"

"Because I cannot bear to be alone!" replied the wretch; "my pains increase with solitude!"

"I can soothe them!" replied the old man; "here is a balm which never fails to procure the sufferer nature's best boon—refreshing sleep."

He drew from his pocket a small phial as he spoke, and, taking up a glass from the table, would have emptied the contents, had not the impatient exclamation of the warrenner interrupted him.

"I don't want to sleep!" he said, in a surly tone. "I won't sleep, for then I dream—and dreams torture me more than the agony of my bruised limbs! You are a wise man, and know many curious secrets," he added; "have you no medicine which will procure repose without those hateful dreams?"

"No!"

"I'll pay you for it well!"

"Art has no such secret," replied Guyot; "some dreams are the images of our past crimes, reflected in the mirror where the soul sees itself reflected. They are either bright or dark, as our crimes or virtues make us."

The only answer of the warrenner was a fierce scowl.

Every moment was precious, and the physician was not a man to risk his safety by trifling with it; for he knew that the scheme once frustrated, and his share in it made known, all future attempts would be hopeless—to say nothing of the risk he would run from the vengeance of Meeran Hafaz.

Hastily changing the phial for a packet, which he drew from his capacious pocket, he cast the latter upon the red embers of the wood fire burning in the grate. A dense white vapour followed the burning of the drug. Will Sidelar no sooner inhaled the odour, than he sank back in his chair, like a man suddenly seized by apoplexy.

At the same instant the doctor gave a low whistle.

It was horrible to mark the convulsive efforts which the Russian made to overcome the effect of the vapour, when he saw Ellen and her companions pass with noiseless steps through the kitchen; but the drug was too strong for him, and he sank back, with groans of rage and disappointment.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the orphan, as she breathed the fresh air; "we have escaped!"

Scarcely had the words passed her, when a loud cry, which she recognised as the ayah's, startled her. The Indian woman, who had been lurking about the grounds, had heard the incantations speech of her foster-child.

"Now, then," said Joe, "for your lives—your lives!"

Urged by terror, the party directed their steps towards the little door, half buried in ivy, in the walls. Ralph, who carried the key, had already opened it, when Zara sprang forward, and, throwing her arms around the orphan, attempted by violence to detain her.

"Let me pass!" said Ellen, firmly.

"Never!" replied the nurse. "I have told you that you attempt in vain to fly from your fate—it is written in the characters which never lie!"

Joe Beans cared but little for the prediction of the speaker. Seizing her by the waist, he vainly attempted to drag her from his charge—but she resisted him with a strength and tenacity which baffled all his efforts. Bitterly did Dr. Guyot, who stood gazing on the scene, regret that he had wasted upon the warrenner the means of silencing her.

The shrieks of the ayah were piercing, and it became evident that the inmates of the house were alarmed, for lights were seen moving in every direction.

"What you do," he said to Joe, who was terribly embarrassed how to act, "must be done quickly!"

"Save me!" exclaimed Ellen, exhausted by her struggles; "save me for the sake of your friend—of Henry! Save me!" she added, in a yet more desperate tone, "or kill me here!"

At the name of the companion of his youth, the young man, with dogged resolution, drew a pistol from his vest, and, placing the barrel close to the temples of the ayah, commanded her to release her hold.

"Fire!" replied Zara, calmly; "in the grasp of death I'll hold her fast!"

Rendered desperate by the sound of Meeran's voice, which he heard calling upon the domestics to follow him, Joe placed his finger upon the trigger of his weapon.

"Fire!" said the doctor.

"God forgive us both!" exclaimed the poor fellow, his countenance pale with terror at the awful resolution he had taken. "It be your own fault—all your own fault!"

A loud explosion followed; but at the very instant it took place, Ellen, with a convulsive movement of her hand, had dashed the barrel of the pistol aside. She could not endure to see the guilty creature, whom she had once so fondly loved, perish at her feet—to feel her warm blood cover her shuddering limbs.

"No—no!" she said; "my life—mine! Bad as she is, I cannot see her die!"

That which the menace of instant death could not effect, the words of the orphan produced in an instant. Zara relinquished her hold, like one who has been suddenly paralysed. Her iron nature was melted at the generous devotion of her foster-child. Her relenting, unfortunately, was too late. The effect of the wondrous draught of the physician was not proof against the shock which the victim of so much tyranny had received, and she fell into the arms of Susan, nerveless and hopeless.

Not an instant was to be lost. Joe caught her in his arms, and, darting through the door, ran down the avenue, followed by his three companions. As he reached the bottom of the avenue, Meeran overtook him. Fortunately he was unarmed.

"Villain!" exclaimed the young Indian, springing towards our honest rustic; "resign your burthen!"

"Villain to your teeth!" replied Joe, placing Ellen upon the sword, and preparing, with the last drop of his blood, to defend her. "I never yet shrunk from man, and am not going to show the white feather now!"

Long and fearful was the struggle which ensued. Both were in the prime of life, with hearts and energies unbroken. Twice Meeran got his deadly grip upon the throat of his antagonist; and twice, with a desperate effort, the young man tore it from him; but he felt that his strength was failing.

"Coward!" he muttered, between his set teeth.

Again the contest was renewed, and it must have ended fatally for the lover of the pretty Susan, if Dr. Guyot, Ralph, and the faithful girl had not arrived at the very moment when his breath was getting shorter, and his eyesight waxing dim. Without a word, the old man knelt upon the grass beside the combatants, and pressed his long, lean, bony fingers upon the temporal arteries of the young Indian, who, after an ineffectual struggle, gradually relaxed his hold.

"Just in time!" said the physician, with a chuckle; "Just in time!"

A hasty kiss assured Susan that, however exhausted, her lover was uninjured; but the danger to the party was not over yet—for Colonel Mowbray, with several servants bearing torches, were fast approaching down the avenue.

"Where is Miss Ellen?" exclaimed Joe, looking round him. "Gone—gone! No matter! I'll return to the house," he added, with dogged resolution, "and have her out of that infernal den, or leave my bones there!"

"She beán't there!" interrupted Ralph, who, with cat-like alacrity, had mounted into a tree during the contest.

"Where, then?"

"Carriage came up, and a gentleman got out, took the young woman up in his arms, and rode off."

"Saved!" said Joe, joyfully; "thank heaven, Elworthy has been upon the watch!"

So assured did he feel that such was the case, that he took Susan by the arm, and commenced his retreat towards the King's Arms. Guyot lingered behind till he was overtaken by the colonel.

"Villain!" said the latter.

The old man replied only by a contemptuous smile: it was Meeran Hafaz that he feared; he laboured under no alarm at the wrath of his confederate.

"Where is my niece?" continued her unworthy guardian.

"Probably with those whose society, colonel, she prefers to yours! Nay, do not frown, or affect big words—I know their value! The young lady has escaped your snares: your employer has missed his bride, and you your recompense!"

So saying, he turned upon his heel, and continued his way. The baffled man of the world hesitated for an in-

stant whether he should follow him or not; reflection convinced him that it would be impolitic to quarrel with the physician.

"They must have bribed him well!" he muttered; "I never knew the old poisoner, avaricious as he is, sell his fidelity before!"

After waiting nearly an hour at the King's Arms, a carriage drove up: it contained the lawyer—he was alone.

"And Miss Ellen?" faltered Joe.

"I know that you have failed," replied Elworthy, with an air of vexation; "but I lingered to the last!"

"And have you not seen her?"

"No!"

"Nor heard?"

"Nothing!"

With an air of desperation, the poor fellow rushed from the house, despite the entreaties of Susan, and the endeavours of his companion to detain him. Elworthy closely questioned the boy, who persisted in the story he had told to Joe: that he had seen a gentleman drive up during the contest between him and Meeran, remove the still insensible Ellen, and drive off.

"Poor girl!" said the lawyer, with a sigh; "her trials are not over yet!"

CHAPTER LXXXI.

It is the crime, and not the scaffold,
Which makes the infamy.

WITH a heavy heart, Henry Ashton, at the appointed hour on the morning following the death of his friend, directed his steps towards that ponderous pile at the back of St. Peter's, which is occupied by the Holy Office—as the Inquisition is generally termed in Rome. There is nothing in the appearance of the edifice to indicate the purposes to which it is applied: it is a heavy, palatial-looking building, of mixed architecture, not without some attempt at ornament. The exterior windows are neither barred nor guarded by jalousies: visitors who have interest enough to obtain an order to inspect the establishment, find that this simple exterior merely serves as a mask to the main building, in which the prisons, halls of audience, and the cabinets of the judges are situated.

On presenting himself at the lodge, our hero was received by the governor of the place, who at once conducted him to the cell of Martingale.

Despite his resolution, the blood rushed to his pale features as he beheld the murderer of his friend, seated at a small table in the dark, solitary cell.

"Remember," said the official who had conducted him to the place, "that no violence can be permitted."

"I understand!"

"That all here are under the protection of justice, whose shield protects the criminal from himself—her rights must not be disputed."

"Fear not," replied the visitor; "I am master of my reason; although, heaven knows," he added, with a sigh, "that I have had enough to shake it from its throne!"

The officer left the men who had so lately met as friends together. How changed were their respective positions since a few hours: one was a prisoner, in the hands of one of the most relentless tribunals in the world; the other, heart-broken, and disappointed in his dearest hopes.

For some moments they regarded each other in silence. Martingale was the first to speak.

"I sent for you, Henry Ashton," he said, "neither to ask your forgiveness nor pity: for the first, I have wronged you too deeply to expect it—there is a limit, even in your generous nature, to the virtue which religion affects, and seldom exercises; as for the latter, I despise it!"

"Take it, then, unasked!" replied our hero, with an effort; "you say truly, you have deeply wronged me; for you have broken the dearest hope of my life at the moment of its fulfilment—robbed my heart of its dearest friend—broken my trust in the future—in man's truth and honour: yet I pardon you, as a Christian should do one whose hours on earth are numbered."

"Had my trust in humanity not been early broken," observed the assassin, "perhaps I had not fallen so fearfully; but enough of that, regret, in my opinion, has ever been the greatest weakness of the heart, because the most useless—with me it shall be the last. You have acted more generously by me than I expected, and you shall find that I am not ungrateful."

"Ungrateful!" iterated Henry.

"Hear me patiently: you have an enemy!"

"I know!" interrupted his visitor: "one who proceeds by the serpent's winding, slimy path—not with manly frankness—Meeran Hafaz! You need not name him to me!"

"You are right! It is to atone, as far as is in my power, for the wrongs that you have received, that I have sent for you—to warn you against that man. Neither in intellect nor heart do I believe him human. He grasps the mind of the instrument he would employ as a vice, analyses its qualities, and uses them according to his purpose. He knew that I was poor, but without the moral courage to look the lean spectre in the face; discovered that I, like greater villains, had my price. He paid it without a murmur—weighed down each rising scruple with his accursed gold! You can guess the rest!"

"But why against Walter, who never wronged him?" demanded our hero.

"The blow which stretched him on a bed of sickness was not directed against him!"

"Who, then?"

"You! The dangerous position in which my intrigues at the post office had placed me, compelled me, in a fatal moment, to attempt the concealment of the secret by the

commission of another yet more fearful, and steep my hands in blood! Here," he added, "are the letters I intercepted."

He held out a packet, which he took from the lining of his coat as he spoke.

"Do not read them!" he added, as Henry Ashton was about to open the envelope, "lest the intelligence of the misery which your enemies have occasioned since your departure from England should induce you to recall your generous forgiveness, and you should curse me!"

The youth, with a violent effort, repressed his curiosity, and placed the packet in his bosom.

"Thanks! thanks! In a few days you will doubtless return to England?"

"Instantly!" replied his visitor. "That is," he added, recollecting himself, "as soon as the last rites are paid to —"

"My victim!" said Martingale, finishing the sentence or him. "Tis just! he was a friend: not in the idle parlance of the world, but in the truest import of the word! His memory merits no less a sacrifice at your hands. The rites once past —"

"I shall return to England!" exclaimed our hero; armed with my injuries, and Walter's blood to avenge; or you are but the instrument of a yet greater villain! By heavens!" he added, "ambition does not thirst for the moment which is to crown its dream—the bridegroom for his bride's first kiss—as I do for the moment when I shall stand face to face with the destroyer!"

"And when you do," added Martingale, "let the safety of the girl you love nerve your arm!"

"Farewell!" said our hero; "in this world we shall meet no more: address yourself to that Judge before whom you must appear, for pardon. If your repentance is sincere, you will not want a pleading angel at the footstool of His throne—for Walter—the noble and forgiving Walter—will be there!"

"You say truly," replied the prisoner, with a melancholy smile; "we shall not meet again! Unless," he added, "you should be crossing the Porta del Popolo at noon to-morrow!"

Henry shuddered, for he knew that it was the place of public execution in the Eternal City.

"So soon?" he said.

"Even so," replied Martingale, with a careless air; "for once the arm of Roman justice will strike speedily—and the speedier the better, for anything is better than the torture of the mind! I shall have few to mourn for me," he added, "except a foolish child, who will wonder, perchance, that his father has abandoned him to the mercies of the world!"

"A child?"

"Yes!"

"And without friends?"

"None, save its guilty parent!"

"I will be a friend to him!" said Henry Ashton, after a pause, in which the generous impulse of his nature struggled with the horror he entertained of its father's crime. Where shall I find him?"

The unhappy man placed upon the table a paper, with the address. He did not dare to place it in the hand of the noble-minded youth, lest the contact should sully it.

"Be assured," he said, "that I will not forget him!"

"Bless you! Oh, bless you for the promise! That child is the last tie which tells my heart it still is human! For the rest, I have done with earth, and social injustice and distinctions: all that now remains, rests between its judge and me!"

Henry left the cell of the prisoner, and, after an interview with Micara, returned to his hotel.

No sooner was Martingale alone, than his manner suddenly changed. It appeared as if a heavy weight had been removed from his heart and brain.

"The scaffold!" he murmured; "they may rear the scaffold, but never shall my footsteps press the accursed planks! I have played with destiny too long, to be taken unprepared: the judgment has been given, but it shall only be executed upon my lifeless body!"

So saying, he drew from his pocket a letter-case, and, with patient labour, began to tear open the inner lining, which was firmly stitched together. At last he had made an opening sufficiently large to admit of his withdrawing a packet which he had concealed within: it contained a swift and certain poison.

Once the paper in his grasp, he felt that he was to a certain extent, the master of his fate.

"The scaffold!" he repeated, scornfully. "Oh, what a jest for those who have known and slighted me in the world; to see their predictions accomplished—that the *roué* and schemer has met with his merited reward!"

There was a coarse earthen jug, containing water, upon the table, and a glass beside it. Deliberately he filled the latter with the limpid element, and stirred the powder with his finger till it was quite discoloured.

"Now for the secret," he exclaimed, as he raised it to his lips, "the sphinx could never solve, nor Egypt's nor all Rome's craft yet find the key to—the future!"

Scarcely had the impious words escaped him, when the glass was dashed from his hand: two of the apparitors of the Holy Office, who were appointed, from a concealed recess, to watch their prisoner day and night, had marked his every motion, and, at the very instant when he imagined himself about to escape from human justice, by anticipating death by his own hands, rushed into his cell, and disappointed him.

He was seized and bound, before he could recover from his surprise.

"Curse you!" he murmured, with a look of despair; "I would have balked the Romans of a holiday!"

"You know little of the Inquisition, then," replied one of the officers. "From the hour a prisoner enters it, till he leaves it, or is—you understand—"

"Executed!" added Martingale. "Speak plainly, such ceremony is useless!"

"Till he is executed, Signor Inglesi," continued the man, "unseen eyes are ever on him—unseen hands ready to preserve him from himself."

"Half the care bestowed upon the culprit, in many instances might prevent the crime!"

"Signor, I do not understand you!"

The criminal replied only by a shrug: he did not expect to be understood. The attempt which he had made upon his life was instantly reported to the resident judge of the Holy Office; for it is one of the peculiarities of that powerful tribunal, that it is supposed to be always sitting: the consequence was, that he was instantly compelled to assume the prison dress—his hands were heavily fettered, and his cell was changed for one in which several officers of the place were to pass the night.

"The modern Romans, like the ancient ones," he muttered, "are determined not to lose a holiday!"

With this bitter thought, he threw himself upon a bench, as near as possible to the little grated window—the only source of ventilation in the place—and gazed for the last time upon the sun, whose rays faintly illumined his cell.

"To-morrow!" he muttered, with a groan "to-morrow!"

(To be continued in our next.)

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XX.

SCENE—Early morning; rural lands; a mill by a mountain-stream, with huge stepping-stones; CLORIO, still in disguise, crosses the stream, and comes forward.

CLORIO.

They're fools that love, but double fools that wed!
Let who will wed, I'll live and die a maid:
Love! 'tis a draught of gall, with one poor drop
Of honey! A nettle hid 'neath roses!
'Tis years of sours to one short month of sugar
Love is a gambler!—staking all her heart
Upon a single throw, and losing it;
Where winning, she'd win nothing!
Men's hearts are nothing, as much feeling there
As there is feeling in a painted heart!
Men's hearts are nothing—empty as their vows,
On which maids build love-castles in the air,
To fall and crush them; no, I'll love no more:
I'll love no more!

But who comes here so sad?

'Tis, as I live, a wooer of my hand
Some twelve months back; but who methought
Knew less of love than of philosophy!
I'll stay and plague him.

Some had pined for weeks,

Sunk into apathy, or died of grief.
I feel all action; Would I were a man;
I'd challenge every man, and one by one
Rid earth of her worst fruit!

Enter JURUS thoughtfully; CLORIO walks up to him, and touches him on the back with her cane.

CLORIO.

Give you good morning, sir; you know me not?
Men have long memories when they serve or lend,
But short ones when they borrow—you owe me . . .

JURUS.

What?

CLORIO.

A kindness, sir: that is not much, you'll say;
Which proves you've learnt but little of the world,
From which 'tis hard at any time to get
A kindness!

JURUS.

You're merry, sir.

CLORIO.

Merry? 'tis not an hour ago I wept,
And now my heart betwixt a smile and tear
Seems vibrating; touch ye but either side
The difference of a feather, nay, a hair—
I'm laughing or lamenting! Mark you, sir,
Mirth is to mourning nearer than supposed;
Smiles may be born of sorrow, joy of grief;
The blushes of the morn are types of tears!
You're a philosopher, an alchemist,
And should at least know this . . .

JURUS.

What kindness owe I you?

CLORIO.

There was a giddy girl you late admired,
A clever gay coquette you favoured once,
One who'd have wreck'd your heart within a week,
Or in a month at most: you loved her much,
And I persuaded you to wed her not:
This is the kindness you're my debtor for.

JURUS.

Methought I knew thy face—a something there
Reminded me of . . . of the kindness, sir,
Your counsel granted me; there's danger oft
In talent: like the glowworm in the grass,
Its brightness is its ruin. Poor Louise!

CLORIO.

You loved her, then?

JURUS.

Would I had not! For plainly, sir, she was
Of Nature's contradictions still the first!
Much loved, much feared, much censured, much ad-
mired

Was good, yet giddy; vain, and yet had sense;
Trustful, yet jealous; humble, yet ambitious.
She could be humble, good, admired, and loved,
Or giddy, vain, ambitious, and despised.
She was to me the single ray that lit
The home my heart had longed for; and when lost,
When lost . . .

CLORIO.

Lost! I thought she lived,
And that in no choice company, 'tis said.

JURUS.

I know what's said:

Oh, we are wondrous moral—virtuous too
In shaping paths for other feet to travel!
Where there's no interest, no self-sacrifice,
No private ends to compass or complete,
Our sense of justice is unparalleled:
Moles are we to our own deficiencies,
Lynx-eyed to others' follies and defects.
I know what's said—'tis Scandal, sir.
There's a nobility within her soul
At which vice stands rebuked. Vain, but not vile
Giddy, not guilty. No; 'tis Scandal, sir.

CLORIO to herself.

And I refused this man to court a fop,
An empty mask of man, a coxcomb, fool!

(Turning to JURUS smilingly and sportively)

Oh, scandal, sir! I know my Lady Scandal:
I saw her busy at our neighbour's house,
Peeping beneath the blinds, and whispering;
Blushing a thousand shames, with lifted hands,
As wondering to herself, "Can such things be?"
She travels half the universe and more;
Speaks every language underneath the sun;
Familiar with the Ganges as the Thames;
Knows all from Tartary to Ethiopia,
From Moscow to Madrid. With eager step,
Fresh from St. Petersburg she breathless brings
The hundredth *faux pas* of Queen Catharine.
She's the world's monitor, and people fear
Her little finger more than courts of law.
She rails of husbands false, of wives eloped,
Of babies born the mothers only know of;
Divorces and seductions, damages;
Of dukes and debt, conceit and beggar-pride.
And whilst she rails she laughs, and wonders where
Such creatures think they'll go.

JURUS.

You're out of breath. . . .

CLORIO.

So is not Madame Scandal:

Nothing's too high, too low, too near, too far for Scandal
She speeds upon a moonbeam, and tells tales
Of fair Diana and Endymion;
Cautions the stars 'gainst Jupiter's amours;
Something of Leda's swan and showers of gold;
Swears Saturn ate his children; nay, what's more,
That Venus is no credit to the skies,
And marvels how the heavens can harbour her.
To maidens lacking partners for the dance
She speaks of rival beauties, of false teeth,
Dyed locks, and padded shapes, and cheeks of rose—
Blushes just born of vegetable rouge—
Flirtings, coquettings, jiltings, and intrigues.
And thus she laughs through life: for each she whips,
She's twenty laughers to enjoy the lash.
Leave but their own backs scoreless, half the world
Will laugh to see the other half exposed.
So Scandal keeps her audience. E'en from church
She'll seize the preacher on his passage home,
Mix with the congregation, and set all
The parish in a broil: this done, she laughs,
And says the world has grown too bad for her—
This giddy world, this madcap wicked world,
Has grown so bad 'twill be the death of her!
Oh, Scandal, sir—I know my Lady Scandal!

JURUS.

'Tis pity mirth like thine should e'er know change.
I like thy mood: thou'rt something like Louise,
In talent as in features; forward, pert,
Yet pertness losing its offensiveness
In something innocent and loveable.
I like thee much; for sorrow is with me
So constant in attendance, I would fain
Claim friendship with a nature light as thine.
What sayst thou? shall it be so? are we friends—
The cheerful youth and grave philosopher?
Morning and night make but a single day;
So we, though separate and different,
May still be one in friendship; as the day
Is one, though morn and night be different.

CLORIO.

If ever friend were true, I will be true.
Not for the sunlight merely was I born;
Not for the morning only: well I know
The night hath glory richer than the dawn.

JURUS.

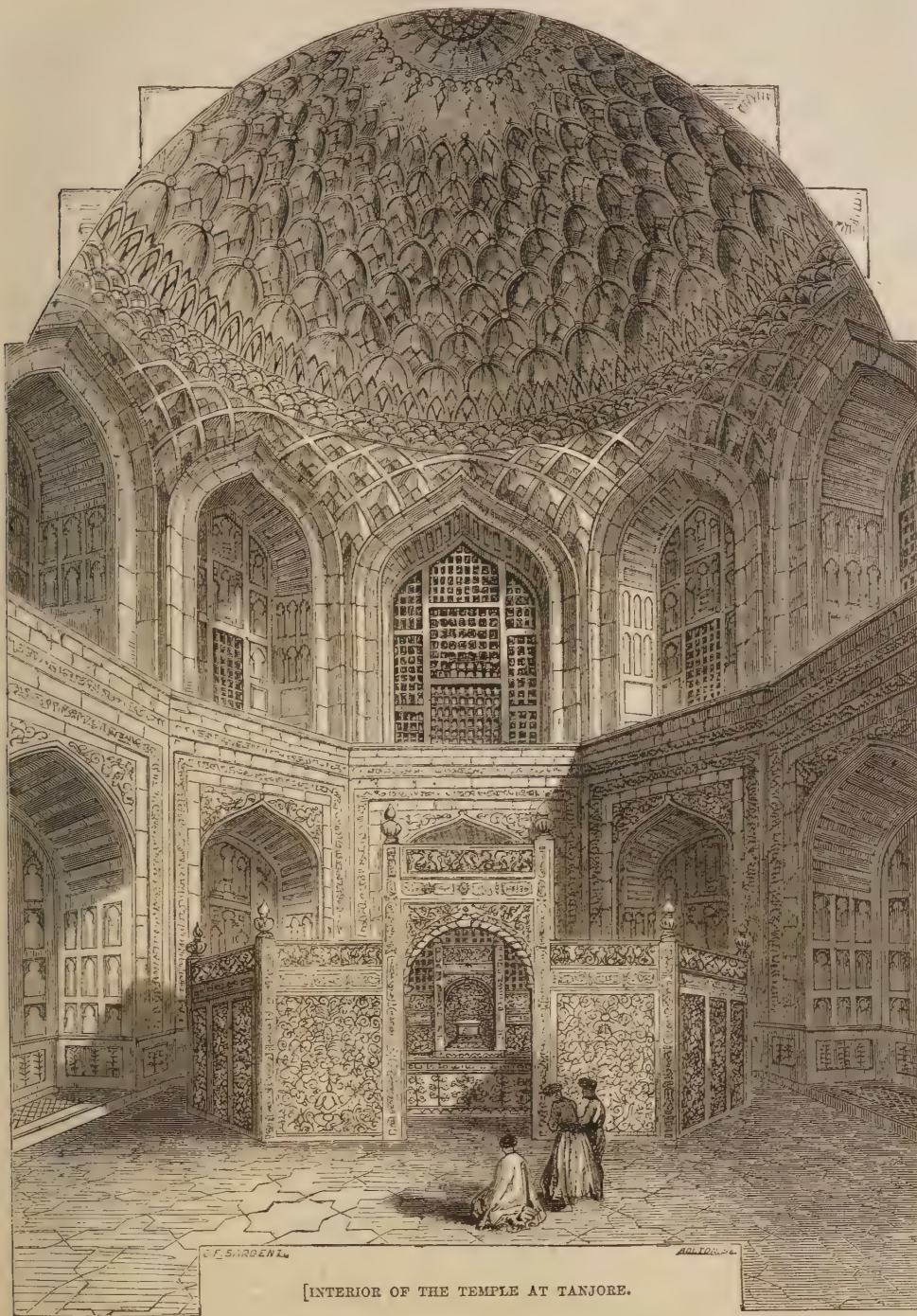
I shall believe in sympathy—believe
That souls have kindred chords, which, once but touched,
Thrill through the being with a sense of joy,
Of love, of happiness, unknown before.
I'd thank thee for thy friendship, but that thanks . . .

CLORIO, interrupting him.

Are words, mere words, which any one may say:
Let's have no "words" on friendship's first sweet day.

(To be continued)

[Exeunt.]



[INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE AT TANJORE.]

TALES OF THE BRAHMINS.

THE SILVER CASKET.

WHEN that remarkable Asiatic potentate, Tippoo Saib, was in the zenith of his power, the principality of Tanjore was subject to the Nabob of Arcot, and through him to the British, who from Madras issued orders to the whole of the Carnatic. The Hindoo religion and customs prevailed in all their severe integrity, and it was the policy of the British to uphold them, in opposition to the dreaded influence of the Mahomedans, who naturally sympathised with the Mahomedan court of Mysore. The bulk of the people, however, were Hindoos, divided with rigorous exactness into four great castes, with the innumerable subdivisions which such a monstrous system could scarcely have failed to create. Everything wore the same features as it had a thousand years previously. The Brahmins were the chief rulers in church, state, and the military; the agriculturists and the traders, mechanics, and labourers were the descendants of those who had occupied the same social position for centuries. It was life in death—a fixed, unchanging monotony—a curse dark as the brand on Cain's brow. And it is to this cause alone that India has never wandered beyond certain ancient unalterable landmarks, and in no great instance exhibited any signs of virility; or, as among more energetic people, ever assumed the attitude of a belligerent power, or sent forth a conqueror to invade other territories by sea or land, or in the person of its native monarchs long preserved a substantial independence. In almost every age, India has been a tributary; and the country has not more enriched its princes and its merchants, than it has its foreign conquerors and spoilers. The hereditary claim to this splendid dependency passed from hand to hand—if we may credit tradition—from the immediate heirs of Japhet to the days of the Great Mogul, and, subsequently,

to the monarchs of England. It has never been a maritime power—in this respect strikingly resembling ancient Egypt and modern China. The Phenicians, the Arabs, the Egyptian Greeks, the Malays, the Portuguese, the British—those who have successively been lords of the sea, have been the masters of India. And all this negative existence may be attributed to the abasement of the mass of the people, through the horrible institution of caste, and the systematic social degradation considered indispensable to the permanent ascendancy of a sacerdotal nobility.

The conquests of Bala Rama and Krishnu effectually established a people whose posterity would never depart from their precepts; and it is remarkable, so complete was the change produced in the course of a few years, that all over India the religion of Brahma overthrew the ancient faith of upwards of a hundred millions, and the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Buddhic world was transferred from the magnificent King of Maghada to the baby pontiff of the wilds of Tartary. India is unquestionably the land of marvels, but its greatest marvel is itself. It is a corpse round which the rest of mankind whirl in maddening circles.

Well, about 1780, when Tippoo Saib was a great monarch, the peninsula of India was divided between him and the miserable *protégés* of the East India Company. Tanjore, under the latter power, enjoyed a semi-state of independence. The rajah was a luxurious gentleman, who loved an easy life above all things, and was only capable of strong emotion when his superstition was excited. The great temple, originally designed for the worship of Brahma the creator, but then perverted to the horrible doctrines of Sieva the destroyer, he supported as liberally as his limited revenues would allow him. His propitiation of the priesthood of the monster god had not protected his territories from many calamities, especially

invasions: one of which had taken place about three years previously, under the terrible Tippoo, then a general in the army of Hyder Ali, his renowned father, and occasioned grievous losses to the city and temple—but particularly to the rajah, the greater part of whose jewels and plate were carried away; he was, however, somewhat consoled by the possession of one article, upon which he set an incalculable value.

These and other disasters had wofully impoverished his principality; and, to make matters worse, the cultivation of the land was beginning to be neglected; and, in many districts, the zemindars and ryots were at open variance. Certain transactions on one estate led to very important events in the chequered career of the rajah, and ultimately led to not only his fall, but that of the mighty Tippoo himself.

A few miles from Tanjore there stretched a very beautiful and fertile tract of country. Valleys of rich waving rice-fields were spread as far as the eye could reach, like a vast sea of green. On either side of those fertile tracts rose gently undulating lands, in which grew many crops of motley-tinted green; and over those waved to the morning breeze the sparkling leaves of nobly-timbered trees; while, high above, the lovely azure of the sky set all in harmony.

It was a scene of splendid cultivation; but a person in the shade of a grove of thickly-planted bamboo and mango-trees, did not at all exult in the rich prospect around him. He was seated before a low mud hut, looking ruefully at a few rupees, which he kept tossing from one hand to the other. He was a young man, not tall, but muscular, and seemed, from the expression of his features, to be one who would have thought the world a very good world, if it had only used him a little kindly.

"Ah, me!" sighed he; "the naik will sweep you all away into his big bag, and poor Sumro must be content to live as usual, on two rupees a month.* 'Tis hard usage, but I suppose it is my destiny; and I ought not to grumble, seeing that a paria fares worse, and is accursed in the sight of Sieva!"

At this moment his meditations were interrupted by the appearance of the naik, or collecting clerk, whose visit he had dreaded.

The consequential underling made a demand which startled the ryot, and the pair were soon engaged in a hot contention. While they are haggling, it may be as well to explain that the Indian peasantry, or, strictly speaking, farmers, are termed *ryots*; the great landed proprietors, who are accountable to the government for the land-tax, zemindars; but between these, as in Ireland, there are a variety of middle-men, who prey upon the working tenant, just as a pack of wolves do, when they get amongst a flock of sheep. All these middle-men grind down the miserable ryots to their utmost ability; so that, as Burke stated on the trial of Warren Hastings, the tax-gatherers—for all these exactions are in the shape of taxes—take from them eighteen shillings in every pound. An impartial traveller states, that "at the conclusion of each crop-time, the grower of rice or cotton is made to appear a debtor to his superior, who thereupon—provided the ryot appears able to toil on for another season—advances more seed for sowing, and a little more rice to keep the labourer and his family from absolute starvation. But should there be any doubt as to the health or strength of the tenant labourer, he is mercilessly turned from his land and mud hut, and left to die on the highway."

"Abwab!"† cried Sumro, after a long and ineffectual conference. "I am devoured by abwab! Why, you come to me at every feast, festival, or ceremony, for abwab!"

The naik smiled, and said:

"Have you a measure of rice?"

"Yes, thanks be to the ever gracious Lachsmee."

"And a bundle of tobacco?"

"Yes."

"And a yard of cloth?"

"Yes."

"Then," cried the naik, indignantly, "how dare you refuse abwab to our lord and chief? He but asks for the bundle of tobacco."

Sumro expostulated, but in vain: the collector was inexorable.

"I wish to lay up something for the future," said Sumro, desperately.

"The future!" shrieked the naik. "What business has a rascally ryot with the future?"

"I would marry."

"Pooh! There are plenty of paria girls on the estate."

"I am engaged, and intend to celebrate my nuptials this autumn."

The naik sneered, and made such an offensive remark, that the ryot knocked him down, and trampled on his body. When his rage had somewhat subsided, he bound the half-insensible man to a tree, and then ran over the fields to another mud hut, which stood about a mile off. The villainous naik had spoken the truth: attracted by the beauty of the girl to whom Sumro had been betrothed, he had compelled her starving parents to sell her to him for a trifle—half a score of rupees. When Sumro learnt this, he felt that he was a doomed man. Walking back dejectedly, he did not hear a sound behind him, and was only roused from his dismal meditations by finding himself violently jerked into a pool of water. After scrambling to his feet, he saw a white bull, which had long been the terror of the neighbourhood. As all bulls of that colour

* About seven shillings, the average cost of the subsistence of a ryot and his family for a month.

† An irregular exaction beyond the rent or levy, made at the discretion of the locusts who devour the substance of the poor ryots.

are considered sacred and dedicated to Brahma, his pious owner had turned him loose, to be fed by the public. He was a vicious beast, and seemed to have taken a particular dislike to Sumro; for he had broken his fences, and trampled down his rice and tobacco, times innumerable. And now, to complete the measure of his iniquities, he had committed an assault on the much-abused ryot. This was too much for even Hindoo endurance, and he commenced pelting the sacred beast with stones; but that only enraged the animal the more, and Sumro was obliged to run; but the bull kept close at his heels, bellowing dreadfully. When Sumro gained his hut, he entered precipitately, leaving the unfortunate naik to his fate. That was soon determined, for the representative of Brahma put an end to his existence by one thrust of his sharp, perpendicular horns.

Sumro, whose heart misfortunes had hardened, was not much discomposed by this catastrophe; but, as he clearly saw that the death of the unfortunate collector might be laid to his charge, he thought the wisest thing he could do was to decamp at once. As his sacred lordship had gone away, raging like a fiend over the rice-fields, Sumro rifled the pockets of the naik, made up a bundle of portable necessities, set fire to the rest, and, after casting one glance over the fields he had cultivated with such care, turned his face to Tanjore, without one sigh or pang of regret.

His brother, a bhysse or trader, supposing he had visited the city for the purpose of disposing of his produce, gave him a hearty welcome. Sumro was shrewd enough to keep his own secret, for he was well aware that, although a Hindoo is bound to abstain from shedding blood, he would sacrifice his own father to obtain a score or two of rupees.

In the morning he crept to the Temple of Sieva, to commune within himself, and take counsel of the god. In the temple, as usual, were Brahmans, at their orisons, perfectly abstracted to everything around them. Their naked, dusky trunks were brought into shadowy outline by the white drapery they wore around their loins; and so silent were they, that they might have been taken for ghosts rather than living beings. The gloom that reigned within the richly-carved building added to the effect, as Sumro knelt at a respectful distance from the great idol; for, being only a sudra, or Hindoo of the fourth caste, he was not permitted to approach nearer than three yards, much less to touch the black bull of Tanjore.

While he was offering up prayers to Lachsmee, the goddess of his caste, and entreating Polleaz, the god of wisdom, to enlighten his understanding in the peculiar difficulties that encompassed him, another devotee prostrated himself by his side. Sumro's mind was so agitated, that he began to mutter aloud, and bewail his hard fate in a string of running commentaries on the occurrences of the day.

"Pray to Kalee!" whispered the man by his side. "He is the only god of the afflicted. What if you did slay the rascally naik? he deserved it!"

"I am innocent!" groaned Sumro.

"Follow me!" said the man; and, after making the customary genuflections, the pair left the temple. In the moonlight they recognised each other: the man was a well-known robber, who carried on his depredations with the connivance of the cutwal, a police magistrate of the district. Sumro unbosomed himself to this independent gentleman, and received, in return for his confidence, the salutary advice, that there was no safety for him but in becoming a dacoit, and of course a worshipper of Kalee, the goddess of thieves. Sumro gladly assented; and when they had passed out of the city, they soon came to—a rare thing for native Indians—a troop of horsemen. Sumro was speedily mounted, and away they galloped. The leader kindly informed him, on the way, that he and his band had been to an entertainment—in fact, a suttie—and regaled his ears with an account of the victim's charms, her perversity and shrieks, when hurled on to the fatal pile. He also told him that, at a certain village whither they were bound, a festival was being held in honour of Kalee, and that they would be just in time to see the swingings, mutilations, and sacrifices. The village, consisting of one street, a few hundred yards in length, was lit up from end to end, and in a perfect uproar. In the crowd were men, beating large, double drums, ornamented with plumes of black feathers; some played large, crooked trumpets, and others created a hideous noise by beating gongs. Everybody—even the children—was in a state of intoxication. Kalee being fond of the bottle—so affirmed the ascetic Brahmans—her followers emulated her example, by indulging in copious libations. It may be remarked, that at that day, among the lower classes, thieves and robbers were the only persons who lived well. Among them the use of flesh and all kinds of spirituous liquors was common.

The devotees on this occasion were numerous; some had small spears thrust into their tongues and arms, others went about with hot irons pressed against their sides. But the most disgusting spectacle was the swingings. The victim, stupefied by opium, was led, covered with flowers, to the foot of a tree, hooks were then thrust through the muscles of his sides, which he endured without shrinking; he was then raised up and whirled round; at first the motion was slow, but gradually increased to a fearful rapidity. The people shouted and danced round the panting wretch like demons, and, to keep him from fainting, water from time to time was poured down his throat. In one corner, a young girl quite naked, wearing a garland of flowers, was forcibly held by two men, who, at a given signal, hurled her into a pit which had been dug for the purpose, and at the bottom of which some combustibles had been placed and ignited. As the victim's screams rose above the howls of the mob, and the hideous din of the drums and gongs, every light in the village was ex-

tinguished, save the blue flame which rose from the pit, and ascended higher and higher as the cries of the murdered girl died gradually away.

Sumro, who all his life had been a gentle, docile Hindoo, under the influence of the savage scenes around him, and the frenzy of drink, joined in the ferocious exultation of the crowd, and shouted as loudly as the rest, when the blue flame had expired, and only the light of the moon fell upon the horrid sacrifices of virgin innocence.

But Kalee was supposed to be propitiated, and in order to do full honour to her example, the people squatted on the ground, and drank to furious and beastly excess. Sumro and the robber-chief, together with a choice selection of cut-throats, formed a party by themselves, and passed the time until sunrise in drinking, telling stories, and singing obscene songs. One of the stories powerfully excited Sumro. It was to the purpose that the Rajah of Tanjore possessed a silver casket which contained the key not only to unbounded wealth, but to universal empire, and all the voluptuous joys of a paradise besided over by Cama, the ever-blooming god with the bow of cane and immortal shafts wreathed with flowers.

"I will have that casket!" exclaimed Sumro, mentally, as he fell backwards, quite exhausted with the debauch, and dreamed that he saw Bala Rama on his throne, surrounded by beautiful women, and that he said, in a voice of celestial depth and music: "Sumro, your destiny is great! The Silver Casket holds the mystery of India. Solve it, and you will have a princess for a bride, and a kingdom for a fortune. Never mind your caste. If gold can purchase a seat in Paradise, it can surely place you high above all castes."

Sumro having been duly sworn in as a bandit, and offered his blood to Kalee for his fidelity, was dispatched to the city, in the disguise of a yogie, to reconnoitre, and transmit intelligence of the various routes which merchants would take on leaving Tanjore. This was just what he wanted, and as he was a clever fellow, he made an admirable yogie, and was much applauded for his apparently fearful but simulated lacerations, and unctuous piety. The rajah invited him to court, and as he preferred being coiled up at night in a corner like a dog, instead of reposing on sweet rice straw, he was allowed to linger about the out-buildings just as he liked.

One night he had crept unobserved into the courtyard that bordered the gardens of the zenana, and when all was hushed, he clambered over the walls, and wandered among parterres that had never before been profaned by the foot of a Sudra.

"Extortion," he said to himself, "first made me a poor man, the villainy of the naik an accessory to his death, and now necessity has made me a thief! Well, no man can run away from his destiny! I have learned that the charmed silver casket always stands on a table in the apartment of the princess, and as I can climb like a cat, and Bala Rama promised it me, I will attempt to obtain it this night, or die! I can but die once in this form—so here goes for fortune or Yama!"

To reach the second story of the building was a matter of little difficulty, and Sumro soon found himself in the balcony of the harem. A light glimmering through one of the lattices drew him towards it, and, on peeping through, he beheld a sight which made his heart leap and his head giddy.

The princess Dodoo lay reclining on a couch of golden tissue, while an attendant was preparing her hair for the dreamy slumber of virgin repose. She was in the full summer of Indian loveliness, probably fifteen years of age. Her mother was a Persian, consequently her complexion was many degrees fairer than that of the Hindoo women: and to account probably for Sumro's sudden passion, it may be remarked, that though most of the male deities are represented of a deep-brown colour, like the natives of the country, the females are not less red and white than the porcelain beauties hawked about in England. And it is evident, from the expressions of most of the Indians themselves, from the style of their amatory poetry, and other circumstances, that they consider fairness as a part of beauty, and a proof of noble blood. They do not like to be called black; and though the Abyssinians, who are sometimes to be met with in the country, are little darker than they are themselves, their jest-books are full of taunts on the charcoal complexion of the Hushies.

The princess Dodoo was considered very fair, and, in addition, a remarkably finely featured, tall, aristocratic-looking girl. Her father would have had her married long ago, if he could have found her a suitable husband; but as the wars had slain most of the promising young men, and drained the elderly ones of their cash, Dodoo was allowed to luxuriate in her innocent freedom. Her heart, however, it seemed, had been touched—for, as Sumro looked and listened, he heard her say

"The English resident is fair!"

"Tall, as a palm-tree!" added the attendant.

"His eyes are like the sky, celestial!"

"His teeth are pearls!"

"His mouth is ripe with kisses!"

"His tongue is soft as the breathing of the lute!"

"In war it is as terrible as the blast of the trumpet!"

"He is noble like myself!"

"His officer, Sergeant Brown, swears he belongs to my caste. His father was a law-writer, so he must be a true vaisya."

Thus did the two girls talk until they fell asleep, making it quite clear to the comprehension of Sumro that the princess had fallen in love with the British resident, James Ratcliff, and the attendant had been smitten by the early figure of his only military officer, Sergeant Brown. Remembered, if possible, more accurately by this

* The city of Yama, the god of death.

disclosure, and remembering the promise connected with the silver casket, when the princess and the girl were locked in each other's arms, he stole on tiptoe into the room, and seized the coveted prize, which had lain on a table, and which rajahs for successive generations had always kept in the apartment of the zenana, not only as a charm against evil and all manner of intrigues, but for safety.

Sumro fled from the city before sunrise, and, as he did not much like making a confidant of the robber captain—who, when it suited his purpose, was an excellent decapitator—he took to the open country; and, as he allowed chance to direct his footsteps, without being aware of it, he was soon several miles advanced along the high road to Coimbatour, a large town then in the possession of Tippoo Saib.

After refreshing himself at a choultry by the road-side, and finding the heat of the day becoming intolerable, he crept into a jungle, and, under the shade of a venerable banyan-tree, examined his treasure. It was a beautifully shaped casket, in the form of a heart, but seemed to be solid, for Sumro could discover no opening, or the slightest indication of one. As he was peering into every wrinkle and line of the chasing, his quick ear caught the sound of a rustling of leaves and a cracking of twigs. He knew the cause well—there was a tiger in the jungle; so, unless he decamped with speed, he never would solve the mystery of the casket, or marry a princess. Winged by fear, he soon regained the road, and was careering blindly along, when he suddenly found himself in the midst of a party of horsemen. His heart sank within him as he recognised the cavalry of Tippoo Saib.

The leader, a fierce, one-eyed warrior, finding the casket upon him, would have hanged him on the spot for a thief; but as Sumro began to rave about a mystery, and the casket looked very like the workmanship of a magician, he resolved to send his prisoner to Seringapatam, to be examined by the sultan in person.

Tippoo Saib was remarkable for his superstition, and the captain wisely thought that he should advance his fortune if he could add anything to the large stock of amulets and talismans that the monarch had collected.

Sumro was therefore tied to a horse's tail, and, in that ignominious manner, after a week's march, the future husband of a princess entered the capital of Mysore, and was hurried into the presence of the renowned Tippoo, then holding a court of justice in person, in the great hall of his palace.

Tippoo was then the terror of both Christians and Hindoos. One of the first acts by which he signalled his accession to the throne was the deportation and the forcible conversion of upwards of 30,000 Christians, from the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Canara. On another occasion, entering Coorg with two columns, he drew a military circle round the great mass of the population, which he gradually contracted, sending his troops to beat up the woods before them, precisely as if dislodging so much game. By these means he inclosed about 70,000 of the inhabitants, who were driven off, like a herd of cattle, to Seringapatam, where they also were "honoured with the distinction of Islam."

No wonder that he was dreaded, or that Sumro would have preferred encountering a hundred sacred bulls to facing such a terrible potentate.

He was seated on the musnud, looking savagely magnificent. His dress consisted of a jacket of fine white linen, loose drawers of flowered chintz, the usual girdle of the east, crimson-coloured, tied round his waist, and a handsome pouch, with a belt of silk, red and green, hung across his shoulder. He wore an amulet on his arm, and his person blazed with jewels. He was above the middle age, with massive shoulders, a brown complexion, large, full eyes, and an aquiline nose.

"Who is this infidel?" he exclaimed, as the one-eyed captain led Sumro to the foot of the throne.

"May it please your majesty, who is the ornament of the world—the asylum of the nations—king of kings—I found this uncircumcised wretch stealing like a thief from a wood on the great road to Coimbatour, with this silver casket concealed under the rags of a yogie."

The sultan took the casket, and, having eyed it curiously for several seconds, asked Sumro how he came by it.

Sumro, in desperation, told the truth, and related the legend. Tippoo was keenly interested, for he was a fanatic in his superstition, and attributed the most wonderful properties to any trifling article that was presented to him as having a touch of magic about it. But, dissimulating, he fixed on Sumro a terrible glance, and said:

"Art thou willing to become a true believer? Hesitate not, wretch, for the rage of Islam boils in my breast!"

The Hindoo promptly answered in the affirmative. On the road he had revolved in his mind apostasy to Mahomet or the alternative death, and had quickly decided upon the course he should take. As a Hindoo, he had experienced nothing but poverty, and when his faith in any of the incarnations of Brahma had been shaken by his prostration before the god of thieves, it must be conceded that turning Mahomedan was not a matter of much difficulty. The sultan was inexpressibly gratified by his readiness to recant his infidel errors for his immediate conversion to Islamism. But the casket puzzled the monarch: in imitation of the illustrious Alexander, he ordered it to be cut in two pieces. The royal smith soon brought his block and tools before the throne, and proceeded, with his work, while the emperor dispensed the Koran or a halter to the multitude of miserable creatures who were driven before him like wild beasts.

At length the casket was opened, and a roll of parchment was banded to Tippoo. It contained some writing in an unknown character, which a renegade pundit present declared he could interpret.

"Read!" cried the monarch. The pundit glanced over the document, and turned deadly pale.

"Read!" roared Tippoo, grasping the heavy sabre he usually carried.

The pundit, overwhelmed, did not dare to falter or deceive; he tremblingly read:

"The treasures of Bala Rama, concealed in the Temple of Tanjore."

"Alla be praised! Read!" gasped the sultan, labouring under great excitement.

The pundit went through a catalogue of surprising length, and filled with astounding items of gold and jewels.

"Where are they deposited?" ejaculated Tippoo.

The pundit was about to read on, but Tippoo checked him, and, giving a signal, that learned man and Sumro were hurried away into close and separate confinement.

Meanwhile all went wrong at Tanjore. The rajah was inconsolable for the loss of his casket, and even suspected his daughter of being concerned in some intrigue affecting his throne as well as honour. But Dodoo protested her innocence with such earnestness, that he was fain obliged to believe her, and seek consolation in the society of his favourite, the bottle.

The British resident—one of those energetic young men whom the success of Clive attracted to the East—exerted himself to protect the province from the utter ruin that the miserable rule of the rajah, combined with a failure in the crops, threatened to bring about, but all in vain. The ryots, ground to the very dust by the land system, had grown reckless and idle, and, to make matters worse, war had commenced between Tippoo Saib and the British. The Princess Dodoo had long ago acknowledged that he was dear to her, but there were various obstacles to their union, not the least of which was their mutual poverty.

Matters were getting desperate, when, one fine morning, the alarming intelligence was brought to him that a large force of cavalry were almost at the city gates. The rajah could not muster a hundred effective troops, and his own little garrison did not exceed a score of infantry. Resistance was useless: therefore he prudently retired into the fortress in which the rajah resided, and which, he knew, might be held against cavalry until the arrival of some troops which he knew were on their way from Madras. But the enemy, who consisted of no less than five thousand of Tippoo's grand army, seemed more bent on executing a vulgar razzia than attempting a conquest, for they took possession of the temple, and after remaining in it until after sunset, took their departure.

When they had gone, the resident went out to reconnoitre. He found the Brahmins at their devotions and in the act of purification, for a headless goat lay in a pool of blood on the steps of a small shrine, apparently of Kalee, at the entrance of the temple. Admission under such circumstances he would not insist upon; and, while the mysteries were being performed, he thought, amongst other things, over the tradition which said, that in ancient times a man was sacrificed there every day; that the custom had been abandoned, until the reigning monarch had a frightful dream, in which the destroying power appeared to him, and asked him why her image was suffered to be dry. The rajah, afraid to disobey, and reluctant to fulfil the requisition to its ancient extent of horror, took counsel, and substituted a goat for the human victim, with which the

Dark goddess of the azure flood,
Whose robes are wet with infants' tears,
Skull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
Of man delights three thousand years—

was graciously pleased to be contented.

When the sacrifice had been completed, the resident entered, and was informed by a blind Brahmin, prostrate before the shrine of Siava—a marvellous piece of wood carving, inlaid with gold and precious stones—that some treasure, which had been hidden a thousand years, had been carried off by the soldiers of Tippoo Saib, who had left in their place a headless pundit, and a raving paria, who could talk of nothing but some princess the idiot had fancied was to have been his bride.

The resident was startled, as well as chagrined, for such an exploit could not have been performed without some previous precise information. Hastily disposing of his men so that no person could escape from the building, he entered the sacred sanctum—the holy of holies—and beheld ample confirmation of what the blind Brahmin had informed him. A pillar of cast-metal, which had been called Brahmin's walking-stick, and to which a tradition was attached, similar in import to that connected with the coronation stone of the Scots, lay on the floor, broken in pieces. Beside it lay the headless trunk of a man, and a little further off the prostrate form of another, muttering incoherently. The resident gave him some water, which revived him a little, and he began to speak more collectedly.

"My name Sumro!" he faintly exclaimed; "the prince I shall embrace will be death, and the kingdom I was promised the grave—perhaps the detested form of an ass! Oh! that I had paid the naik his abash! If I had, I should never have struck him, or been chased by a Brahmin bull, or cursed his untimely end, or become myself a thief, or have heard anything about the accursed silver casket! O fatal destiny! And O Lachmee! you would never have shown me what great things arise from little things!"

Sumro felt himself dying, for he had been shockingly murdered, and told the resident his extraordinary story, which the latter pit was fabled in truth, seeing that it was corroborated by the circumstances of the loss of the casket, and the plunder of the temple.

And so a miserable ryo, through a chain of avenging events, supplied the tyrant of Mysore with that prodigious wealth in precious metal and jewels which enabled him to carry on two wars with the British, and, when finally vanquished by them, so enriched the conquerors, that, independent of the private *optima spolia*, the government of India realised such an enormous sum, at the taking of Seringapatam, that, under the able administration of the Marquis of Wellesley, it contributed largely, through its judicious expenditure, in effecting the subjugation of continental India, as far as the very borders of the Punjab.

As for the rajah, he was so mortified by the news, that he drank himself to death in three days, and his daughter, being his sole heiress, sold his lands and principalities to the Resident of Madras, packed up his plate, and, like a sensible, loving girl, married the British resident.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

ALGERON was a merchant. All through a long summer day he had been engaged among boxes, bales, and packages; or poring over accounts current; or musing over new adventures. When night came, he retired to his quiet chamber, and refreshed his wearied mind with music and books. Poetry, and the harmony of sweet sounds, elevated his sentiments, and caused him to think, as he had often before thought, of the emptiness and vanity of mere earthly pursuits.

"In what," said he, "am I wasting my time? Is there anything in the dull round of mercantile life to satisfy an immortal spirit? What true congeniality is there between the highly-gifted soul and bales of cotton or pieces of silk? Between the human mind and the dull, insensible objects of trade? Nothing! Nothing! How sadly do we waste our lives in the mere pursuit of gold! And, after the glittering earth is gained, are we any happier? I think not! The lover of truth—the wise, contemplative hermit in his cell—is more a man than Algeron!"

Thus mused the merchant, and thus he gave utterance to his thoughts—sighing as he closed each sentence. The book that he loved was put aside; the instrument from which his skillful hand drew eloquent music, lay hushed upon a table. He was unhappy. He had remained thus for some time, when the door of his room opened, and a beautiful being entered, and stood before him. Her countenance was calm and elevated, yet full of sweet benevolence. For a moment she looked at the unhappy merchant, then, extending her hand, she said:

"Algeron, I have heard your complaints. Come with me, and look around with a broader intelligence!"

As she spoke, she touched the eyes of the young man. Arising, he found himself in the open air, walking by the side of his strange conductor, along a path that led to a small cottage. Into this they entered. It was a very humble abode—but peace and contentment were dwellers in the breasts of its simple-minded occupants—an aged female and a little girl. Both were engaged with reels of a curious and somewhat complicated construction; and both sang cheerily at their work. A basin of cocoons on the floor by each of the reels, told Algeron the true nature of their employment. A small basket of fine and smoothly-reeled spools were upon a table. While the merchant still looked on, a man entered, and after bargaining for the reeled silk, paid down the price, and carried it away. A few minutes after, the owner of the cottage came in. He asked for his rent, and it was given to him. Then he retired. Shortly after, a dealer in provisions stopped at the humble dwelling, and liberally supplied the wants of its occupants. He received his pay, and drove off, singing gaily, while the old woman and the child looked contented and happy.

"Come!" said his conductor; and Algeron left the cottage. The scene had changed. He was no longer in the open country, but surrounded by small houses. It was a village. Along the streets of this they walked for some time, until they came to a store, which they entered. Standing beside the counter was the same man who had bought the cottagers' silk. He had many parcels, which he had collected from many cottages; and now he was passing them over to the storekeeper, who was as ready to buy as he was to sell.

"Another link in the great chain," remarked the mysterious companion, significantly. "See how they depend the one upon the other. Can the hermit in his cell, idly musing about truths that will not abide—for truth is active—is in fact the power by which good is done to our fellows, and will not remain with any one who does not use it—thus serve his fellows? Is his life more excellent, more honourable, more in accordance with the high endowments of the soul, than the life of him who engages in those employments by which all are benefited?"

Algeron felt that new light was breaking in upon him; but as yet he saw dimly.

"Look up," continued his companion, "and see yet another link."

The merchant raised his eyes. The scene had again changed. The village had become a large town, with ranges of tall buildings, in which busy hands threw the shuttle, weaving into beautiful fabrics of various patterns the humble fibres gathered from hundreds of cottages, farm-houses, and cocoaneries, in all the region round about. Through these he wandered with his guide. Here was one tending a loom, there another folding, arranging, or packing into cases the products thereof; and at the head of all was the manufacturer himself.

"Is this a useless life?" asked the guide. "Is he wasting the high endowments of an immortal mind, in thus devoting himself to the office of gathering the raw material, and producing it as an article of commerce and luxury? But see! Another has presented himself.

It is the merchant. He has come to receive from this man the products of his looms, and send them over the world, that all may receive and enjoy them. Are his energies wasted? No Algeron! If the merchant were not to engage in trade, the manufacturer could not get his goods to market, and would no longer afford the means of subsistence that he now does to hundreds and thousands who produce the raw material. Without him, millions who receive the blessings furnished by nature and art, in places remote from their city or country, would be deprived of many comforts, of many delights. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan—all who are engaged in the various callings that minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of life, are honourably employed. Society, in all its parts, is held together by mutual interests. A chain of dependencies binds the world together. Sever a single link, and you affect the whole. Look below you. As a merchant, your position is intermediate between the producer and the consumer. See how many hundreds are blessed with the reception of nature's rich benefits through your means. Could this take place, if you sought only after abstract truth, in idle, dreamy musings? Cease, then, to chafe yourself by fallacious reasonings. Rather learn to delight in the consciousness that you are the means of diffusing around you many blessings. Think not of the gold you are to gain, as the end of your activity; for so far as you do this, you will lose the true benefits that may be derived from pursuing with diligence your calling in life—that for which, by education, you are best qualified—and into which your inclination leads you."

"I see it all now, clear as a sunbeam," Algeron said, with a sudden enthusiasm, as light broke strongly into his mind. The sound of his own voice startled him with its strangeness. For a moment he seemed the centre of a whirling sphere. Then all grew calm, and he found himself sitting alone in his chamber.

"Can all this have been but a dream?" he murmured, thoughtfully. "No—no—it is more than a dream! I have not been taught by a mere phantom of the imagination, but by Truth herself—beautiful Truth! Her lovely countenance I shall never forget, and her words shall rest in my heart, like apples of gold in pictures of silver! Henceforth I look upon life with a purified vision. Nothing is mean, nothing is unworthy of pursuit, that ministers to the good of society! On this rock I rest my feet! Here I stand upon solid ground!"

From that time, Algeron pursued his business as a merchant with renewed activity. The thought that he was ministering, in his sphere, to the good of all around him, was a happy thought. It cheered him on in every adventure, and brought to his mind, in the hour of retirement, a sweet peace, such as he had never before known. Fully did he prove that the consciousness of doing good to others, brings with it the purest delight.

A REAL MISER.—A notorious miser, named Jameson, died at Newby, Westmoreland, lately, in abject wretchedness. He made his own clothes, washed his own linen, and lived on the sparest diet. He sat in his lonely cottage on the dark winter nights without fire or candle. He had three feather beds, and plenty of bed-clothes, in his house, which belonged to his less penurious ancestors; yet he slept on a miserable pallet, and wrapped himself up in his mother's old cloak, the hood of which served for a nightcap. A few weeks before his decease, one of his neighbours insisted that he should have a woman to wait on him. The doctor came to see him twice, but he gradually became weaker, and, with his eye turned towards the box at the foot of his bed, containing cash and securities, he thus died. Everything in his house was ticketed, from the wines sent to him by his relations, which remained untouched; and the stockings which his mother had knitted for him before she died, remained packed up, and lined with bay-leaves, to preserve them from the worms. His property has been variously estimated at from £20,000 to £30,000, the principal part of which will go to a nephew in London, his sister's son.

THE INFANTRY AT WATERLOO.—The cuirassiers were repeatedly driven off by the 30th and their comrade regiment, themselves reduced by painful degrees. Line was again formed with unwearied alacrity; no complaint escaped the patient soldiers' lips, if we except an occasional cry to be led on. The storm was seen again gathering and rolling onwards. The command, "Reform square: prepare to receive cavalry!" was promptly and accurately obeyed. The whole were prostrate on their breasts, to let the iron shower of artillery fly over, and erect in an instant when the artillery ceased and the cavalry charged. Such were "the Men of Waterloo!" Unable to break in upon a square by open force, a commanding officer of cuirassiers tried a *ruse*. He lowered his sword to General Halkett; several of the officers cried out, "Sir, they surrender." The General justly suspected an offer of surrender to infantry, fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by cavalry, who had the option of galloping off with all the plain behind them. The volley sent the colonel and the cuirassiers, as usual, about, with a laugh of derision from the men he had meant to cut to pieces, and many a ring from their balls upon the back pieces of their mails. This gallant brigade was honoured with several visits from their illustrious chief. In one he inquired how they were? The answer was, that two-thirds of their number were down, and that the rest were so exhausted, that leave to retire, even for a short time, was most desirable—some of the foreign corps, who had not suffered, to take their place. General Halkett was told that the issue depended on the steady, unflinching front of the British troops; and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme. "Enough, my lord," he replied, "we stand here till the last man falls!"—*Simpson's Paris after Waterloo.*



[PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.]

ROYAL VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

No. IX.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

HER MAJESTY and Prince Albert have visited the Crystal Palace, now in progress of erection at Sydenham, and expressed their warm approval of not only the building, but everything embraced by the leading purposes for which it is intended.

Our engraving represents the structure in progress of erection, such as it appeared to the Royal party; but we think sufficient has been done to afford a lively idea of what it will be when completed. Standing, as it will, more than three hundred feet above high water, it will be seen forty miles from the metropolis, and will unquestionably be the most conspicuous object in its neighbourhood. Indeed, in point of attraction, it will be a formidable rival to St. Paul's; and, as to dimensions, completely throw St. Peter's and St. Paul's into the shade. The length of the two cathedrals is 1169 feet; the Crystal Palace will be nearly 1900 feet in length. In breadth it will be 384 feet, being 161 feet more than the greatest width of St. Paul's, and about 58 feet less than the greatest width of St. Peter's. In height it will far surpass the bodies of both churches, and approach nearly to the perpendicular grandeur of our metropolitan cathedral.

There are three transepts in process of erection: two of the same size and height as the original transept in the building in Hyde Park, and a central one of 130 feet span, and an altitude of 108 feet above the smaller ones. These will have a grand effect; and, as the ground slopes, the building will appear as if rising out of the brow of a hill, and, when seen in the light of a summer sun, effectually realise the gorgeous conception of the Palace made of glass, which Chaucer gave to the world some four centuries ago.

Mr. Owen Jones was cicerone to the Royal party; and, as her Majesty is very exact in her inquiries, no doubt he informed her that the commodious available space under the floor-line will be used for heating the interior; for the stoves and the machinery that will be requisite in working the industrial, and displaying the ornamental portions of the exhibition. By this arrangement all the rough mechanical apparatus will be placed quite out of sight. Gas-meters, boilers, and stoves, will not interfere with either the uniformity of the aspect, or the operations conducted in the interior of the building. This basement story will be formed of columns and girders, with brick arches fitted to receive the earth for the plants above. Another admirable arrangement which ought to be mentioned is, that the galleries will not, as in the first Crystal Palace, run along the nave, but be kept to the outside walls, so as to come forward only at those points where the most striking views will be commanded.

When the structure is completed, and we shall be in a position to describe it in detail, we shall take care to do so; but as, in such a great undertaking, there may be many modifications of the original plan, we are obliged to restrict ourselves to such generalities as will afford a comprehensive idea of the character of the whole when finished, and ready for the admission of the public.

Our illustration shows what has been done and what is doing; and we may add, that at present it is intended

that the interior shall be arranged on certain fixed general principles.

The character of the tropics will be exemplified at one end, and gradually change, until, at the centre transept, a temperate climate and temperate vegetation will be reached, and prevail throughout the remainder of the building. This arrangement will allow of a magnificent botanical variety. The palm and cocoa-nut trees of the East, together with the gigantic flowers of the Indian islands, the aloe of America, the fig of Turkey, and the grape of Greece, will all be shown, to introduce to the eye the rose of England, the plum, the apricot, the peach, the apple, the orange, and the mulberry of Europe. Scattered about will be quadrangles, similar to the Fine Arts and Medieval courts of the Exhibition. These courts will be so constructed and furnished as to represent the people, manners, and customs, of different nations.

India, with its awful dead weight of a Hindoo population, its bigoted Mussulmen, its horrible idolatry, and the fearful oppression and waste of human industry, engendered by the institution of caste, will be adequately illustrated; as will also the social manners of the people, as well as their manufactures.

A second court will be devoted to the characteristics of China; and we anticipate more practical information as to the actual condition and peculiarities of that locked-up country from this department, than could be obtained from all the books that have or could be written on the subject.

A third court will contain a reproduction of one of the divisions of the celebrated Alhambra—one of those beautiful structures which some time ago furnished a prominent pictorial feature to the LONDON JOURNAL. Another will show a Pompeian house fully restored.

And in one of the smaller transepts, there will be Egyptian antiquities, casts from the celebrated reliefs, illustrative of the trades of Egypt, and from the most noted statues, all coloured like the original, and so disposed as to look like a living reproduction of Egyptian manners and things.

Sculpture and architecture, from their commencement to the present time, will be fully exhibited. The latter ought to be a glorious department for the lover of art—for, if properly occupied and arranged, it will exhibit architecture in its various stages of progress, from the wigwag of the savage to the palace of the monarch; and also show that the several orders—such as the Hindoo, the Egyptian, the Moorish, the Gothic—instead of being copies of each other, are essentially the same in origin: being the spontaneous production of genius in different countries, and the necessary results of similarity in the materials at hand, and the necessity that required their use. The pyramid, the obelisk, the spire, steeple, and minaret, will be so displayed as to make it evident that they are bold imitations of the romantic forms of spire, towering rocks, which the imitators of humble huts or the hollows of trees never presumed to attempt. So with the flat-roofed, hundred-pillared Egyptian temple. That is a copy of a natural cavern, and the arched vault and lofty dome of the Egyptian, Hindoo, Moorish, and Gothic architectures, can all be traced to a common origin, for their very heaviness shows that the idea of them was taken from caverns

in granite, containing massive pillars which supported the weight of mountains.

However, we trust to have the opportunity of discussing this, among the other grave questions which the opening of the Crystal Palace will suggest; and we are glad to learn that, as regards architecture, the collection will form a progressive series, with which will be mixed the industrial arts and manufactures of the middle age. In this department the promised combination of statues and foliage will be as new as striking.

Geology, that wonderful and not half-understood science, will occupy a considerable space; and when we are told that modern machinery and manufactures will be represented in exhibitions of materials, from their raw state, in every progressive condition up to perfected articles, it will be at once understood that the erection of the building—the shell—beautiful as it will be, both inside and out, will form but a portion of the labour—the extraordinary labour, both of head and hand, which will have to be brought into requisition before the finishing touches shall have been given to this colossal undertaking. The intention of all the museums within the building will be educational. They will not constitute mere collections interesting and instructive only to those who are acquainted with the subjects, but will be so arranged that they will exhibit the connection and progress of the different parts. The popular accompaniment of lectures by eminent men will be added, as a matter of course; and thus, in the course of a few months, an institution, on a scale of unparalleled magnitude, and of infinite and immeasurable tendencies for the development of good, will have been designed and completed, without the grant of, or even the request for, a single penny from the government, or anything in the shape of a donation. The task will be accomplished solely by private enterprise, and we are sure it will be acknowledged that the directors, at the conclusion of these their arduous, initiatory labours, will have richly deserved the gratitude of not only London, but, in these days of cheap and rapid travelling, the whole of the country.

As to opening on Sundays, that is a large question. Parliament and the public must be consistent. Sanctioning the taking of money at the doors of the Exhibition on the Sabbath Day looks awkward, in the presence of the circumstance that Parliament and the influential portions of the public shut up the National Gallery and the British Museum. If the Crystal Palace is to be opened on Sunday, the two latter could not in decency be closed. But it is a large question. What is Sunday? When does it begin and end? Is the observance of Sunday essential? Is it an institution? Ought it to be modified or abolished? Those who can answer these questions conscientiously will be the best able to form a conscientious opinion of this part of the Crystal Palace project. For our parts, we deeply regret that the directors ever made the proposition to open at all on the Sunday. Taking money at the doors of a public building on a Sunday, under the sanction of a special Act of Parliament would look monstrously ugly in England.

We know that it is done at the various gardens and places of entertainment outside the metropolis and the large towns in the country; but the practice is illegal

and a breach both of the common and statute law. And if it were not, it is unseemly, when the moral and instructive national institutions are hermetically sealed to the public on the Sabbath Day. If there is to be a principle on the subject, let it be observed by everybody, whatever it may be. Don't let Mr. Groggins, who keeps tea-gardens open on Sunday to all who can pay so much per head, have a privilege or an indulgence which is denied to the manager of a theatre.

If there is to be a Sunday, let it be really a Sunday. If there is not to be a Sunday, let us have perfect equality in the matter.

HANDWRITING.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, some papers were read relative to handwriting. Among the facts stated, the most remarkable was, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his nation. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in the French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation.

I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, and who is English in dress, habits, tastes, and everything; who speaks English like one of our countrymen, and writes English with ten times more correctness than ninety-nine in the hundred of us, but who cannot, for the very life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I have also heard speak of a Scotch youth, who was carefully educated in this country, and, for eighteen years of his life, mixed exclusively with French people, but who, though he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, always wrote in the same style as we all do; it was really national instinct. In Paris all the writing-masters profess to teach the English manner of writing, but, with all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some person pretended that he could tell the characters of individuals from their handwritings: I know not whether he spoke truth or not, but assuredly he might have asserted, with the most perfect confidence, that he could distinguish a man's country by his handwriting. The difference between our writing and that of the French is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred of our own countrymen, and a hundred sheets written by Englishmen, and no one would fail to say which was the British and which was the French, even though they should all be written in the same language, and with the same pens, ink, and paper. The difference between the Italian, Spanish, and German styles of writing, is equally as great.

THE ACTION OF FEAR.—There is a curious ordeal in India, which shows the action of fear on the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed, the suspected persons are got together, and each is required to keep a quantity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then put it out again; and, with the greatest certainty, the man who had done the deed put it out almost dry, in consequence of the fear of his mind keeping back the saliva.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Thomas Stothard, the great painter, when a young man, had to maintain himself on a very small income. But by self-denial he succeeded not only in keeping out of debt, but also in being able to assist a friend or brother artist when in need. On the failure of heirs male to an old family mansion and large landed property in Gloucestershire, he was advised to assert his claim to them as next heir, with every prospect of success, if he would adopt the usual legal measures. He would not, however, distract his mind and withdraw his attention from his easel and his studies by engaging in a law plea; and, besides, he remarked, with the accustomed simplicity of his character, "that he should not like to disturb with law the three maiden ladies who had the property in possession!" How rare such good sense, as well as such magnanimity! The artist's biographer, Mrs. Bray, has well remarked on this, that "Burke would not have said that a spirit of chivalry was dead in England, could he have heard this anecdote of Stothard."

PRAYER AT SEA.—If prayer were not instinctive to man, it is here that it would have been invented, by being left alone with their thoughts and their weaknesses, in the presence of the abyss of the heavens, in the immensity of which the sight is lost—and in the abyss of the sea, from which they are only separated by a fragile plank, the ocean roaring meanwhile, whistling and howling like the cries of a thousand wild beasts; the blasts of wind making the cordages yield a harsh sound, and the approach of night increasing every peril, and multiplying every terror. But prayer was not invented: it was born with the first sight, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather, man was born to pray—to glorify God, or to implore Him, was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him, or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises to the Creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth; it reascends, it resounds from age to age in the ear of the Almighty, like the echo of His own voice, like the reflection of His magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride—for this pride is a homage to Him to whom closer homage is due—the Infinite Being.—*Lamartine*.



[CECIL'S VISIT TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AT SOMERSET HOUSE.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XV.

Must I dissemble thus with mine own honour?
Mask the conviction of my inmost soul?
Give truth the lie, and own the lie for truth?
O sad necessity, of times more sad!—THE MARTYR.

No sooner had Elizabeth reached her home in Somerset House, and dismissed her attendants, than she retired to her closet, and there, unseen by every eye, gave vent to the long pent emotions of her soul: pride, mortification, and regret, at the concession she had been compelled to make to the exacting temper of her sister, and the hard necessity of her position.

"This is the hardest struggle of my life!" she exclaimed, as with her white hand she dashed the tears indignantly aside; "doomed to accept the faith I hate, conform to the rites of a church which brands the name of harlot on the brow of my unfortunate mother, and stamps my birth with the stain of illegitimacy! I have struggled with mine enemy, and have been worsted! Worst!" she repeated, slowly, as she paced the floor of the apartment with a hurried and unequal step; "not yet—not yet! for in the future beams the bright and glorious reward of all my sufferings and sorrows—the crown! I yet shall live to wear it—to trample on my foes—root from the land the worship which pollutes it—repay its insolent prelates scorn for scorn—injury for injury! There is some consolation even in the thought of such a triumph! They think to degrade me: fools—fools!" she added, bitterly, "they but strengthen me—the people will judge me rightly!"

The youthful princess was not far wrong in the conclusion that the nation generally would look upon her attendance at the mass but as a forced concession to the will of the new sovereign, whose harshness and bigotry were already manifested by the steps which her government had commenced against the professors of the reformed faith; still her position was a critical one. The throne of Mary was, to all appearance, well established—the parliament had proved itself most obsequious to her wishes: it was on the eve of declaring the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon legal, annulling by implication the one of Anne Boleyn, and confirming the illegitimacy of her daughter Elizabeth. Still the Act of Settlement remained, passed in her father's reign, and securing to her the reversion of the crown after Mary, in the event of her dying without issue. It was of the utmost importance to her future prospects to maintain that act intact: once repealed, the young Queen of Scots, who was married to the French Dauphin, was the legal, as she already was the legitimate heir to her sister. This unfortunate princess had, even at that early age, excited the hatred of both the

daughters of Henry VIII.—the King of France, her father-in-law, having compelled her to assume the style and arms of Queen of England almost immediately after the death of Edward VI. In his ambition to unite the crown of England, as well as those of Scotland and France, on the heads of his descendants, the monarch contended that the daughters of Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn were both illegitimate—a paradox too futile to require discussion in these pages.

In the course of the following day, three divines, commissioned by Gardiner, waited on the princess, in order to argue with her on the errors of Protestantism. They were men of little learning, and less natural understanding—ill calculated to make any serious impression upon the well-schooled mind of Elizabeth, who easily detected and exposed their fallacies: a fact which was far from displeasing to the astute prelate who sent them, or the Catholic councillors of Queen Mary, by whose advice Gardiner acted. They did not wish the heiress of the crown to conform—it would have been a blow to their schemes and ambition.

Things were in this train whilst preparations were being made for the coronation of the queen: the place Elizabeth was to hold at which august ceremony, became a question of intense interest to the nation generally, and of frequent debate in the councils of her sister.

The great object of the Catholics was to exclude her from all share in the ceremonial—thereby causing it to be tacitly inferred that the daughter of Anne Boleyn was no longer to be considered in the line of succession.

The queen had not given her decision: she was not so bigoted as not to perceive that Elizabeth's popularity with the Protestant party of her subjects was one of the bulwarks of her throne—a bar to the ambitious designs of the house of Suffolk. It was her policy, therefore, not to touch the Act of Settlement, unless driven to it by the firmness of her sister.

On the 7th of September, the eve of the festival on which the Church of Rome honours the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, there was a meeting of the privy council at the palace of St. James; the queen herself presided.

She had given orders that the mass on the following day should be celebrated with more than usual pomp; and, assisted by the ladies of her chamber, had embroidered, with her own hands, the white antependium to the altar, used on the occasion.

The subject to be debated, was the programme of the approaching ceremonial of the coronation, and the exclusion of Elizabeth—the great point with Gardiner and those who acted with him.

"It is time," he observed, "that your majesty should at once destroy the hopes of the heretical party, who hold but a divided allegiance to your person and your throne; who look forward to the accession of the daughter of Anne Boleyn as the signal for uprooting the true faith, now happily restored within the realm: better an open enemy, than a concealed one!"

The Earl of Arundel was the only member present

opposed to the specious arguments of Gardiner, who well knew how to address himself to the intolerant prejudices of Mary, who looked upon the restoration of England to Catholicity as the noblest monument of her reign, and felt proportionably jealous of all that could assail it.

"The zeal of the good bishop," he exclaimed, bluntly, "outruns his discretion! Destroy the rights of Elizabeth, and what will be the result? You raise in her place a far more dangerous rival near the throne—the young Queen of Scots—who, if I am rightly informed, already assumes the style and title of Queen of England!"

A dark shade passed over the countenance of the queen.

"Hath this been inquired into?" she demanded, harshly, addressing herself to Gardiner.

"It has, most gracious sovereign!" answered the prelate; "no sooner did the rumour reach me of the ridiculous assumption, than I demanded an explanation of Monsieur de Noailles, the ambassador of France."

"And his answer, my lord?"

"I trust you will find it satisfactory, madam," replied Gardiner, bowing to the queen; "or Monsieur de Noailles would no longer be in England, the accredited representative of France."

It was evident that the speaker wished to avoid all further discussion on the question; and so accustomed was Mary to yield to his counsels and suggestions, that he most probably would have carried his point, but for the persevering obstinacy of Arundel, whose pride felt hurt, that the prelate should arrogate to himself the deliberative as well as the executive power of the council.

"In a point, madam," he said, addressing Mary, "so nearly concerning the honour and dignity of the crown, I am sure your majesty will command that there be no concealments from the members of the council. It is neither just nor politic," he added, "that all should share in the responsibility of the act of one."

The wily priest bit his lips in mortification—for he well knew that the explanation he had to offer on the part of the representative of France, would prove anything but satisfactory to the patriotic peer, whose influence with the queen, in secular matters, almost counterbalanced his own.

"You are right, my lord!" exclaimed Mary; "there shall be no concealment from those who are responsible for the measures of my government, and the honour and dignity of my crown! It is my will," she added, addressing Gardiner, "that the answer of Monsieur de Noailles be communicated without reserve or hesitation to the privy council!"

When Queen Mary pronounced anything to be her will, there were few of her ministers or servants who ventured to dispute it; for, like most weak minds, she prided herself upon her obstinacy—mistaking it for firmness.

Thus called upon by his sovereign, Gardiner drew a paper from his bosom, and read it to the council. It was the reply of Monsieur de Noailles to his demand for an explanation of the fact of the young Queen of Scots having assumed the title and arms of Queen of England.

It commenced by an elaborate setting forth of the acts of the English parliament, which declared both the marriages of Henry, with Catherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn, null and void, and his issue by them consequently illegitimate; consequently, that previous to the law declaring Mary legitimate, no real offence could have been committed. It next denied that the king his master had exercised any influence in the matter—that the Queen of Scots was an independent sovereign, perfectly free from his influence or control—that she had asserted her claim to the English crown of her own proper notion and responsibility—that the French monarch was in no way a party to it, since he had acknowledged the Queen of England, *de facto*, in accrediting an ambassador to her court.

"And this you call a satisfactory explanation!" exclaimed Mary, indignantly starting from her seat, her usually pale countenance flushed with anger; "by our Lady, but his master shall find that we are both *de facto* and *de jure* queen of this fair realm! My lord—my lord," she added, in a tone of deep reproach; "we had expected a nicer sense of what was due to our honour, from so tried a servant as yourself! Do not speak," she continued; "let it be ordered that Monsieur de Noailles has no longer access to our presence!"

"Madam," observed Gardiner, respectfully, "such an order is tantamount to a rupture with the court of France!"

"At least," continued the queen, who perceived the force of his objection, "till he has given more legitimate satisfaction, in his master's name, to our greatly offended pride and dignity; our cousin of Arundel will look to it."

The earl bowed. There was a slight expression of triumph upon his countenance: it was something to have obtained a victory over Gardiner.

"And now, my lords," said Mary, "to a point which touches us more nearly, and in which the zeal of my lord bishop is less likely to blunder or to err. The Lady Elizabeth—how hath she received the instruction of the learned divines whom your charity and our sisterly love have appointed to attend her? Have the scales fallen from her blinded eyes? Are they at last open to the true and only faith?"

There was a pause. Every eye was fixed upon Gardiner; for the question was one of intense interest to the council, as well as to the nation generally.

"Madam," replied Gardiner, with pretended sorrow on his countenance; "I regret to inform your majesty that the daughter of Anne Boleyn as yet hath given no sign of true conversion, but clings to her heretical opinions with a tenacity which hath more in it of political consistency than reason—since the learned men who have attended her grace, have left unhandled no one point which doubt could dwell upon."

"No sign?" repeated Mary, in a tone of disappointment; "no yielding?"

"None!"

Without a word, the queen rose from her chair, and, approaching the council-table, took up the two programmes for the ceremony of her coronation: in one of them the place of Elizabeth was marked with that of Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of her father, and denoted her position as heiress presumptive to the crown.

In the other paper no mention was made of her. She was excluded alike from share in or witnessing of it.

After reading them both carefully over, the queen signed the latter, and handed it to Gardiner, who received it with an air of satisfaction which he could not conceal.

"You will see, my lord," she said, with calmness, "these instructions adhered to—to the very letter. We will neither be braved nor trifled with, with impunity! Elizabeth has had her choice—the mass, or no place at the coronation of her sister! She has chosen her part, and I have taken mine!"

So saying, Mary Tudor left the council-chamber, followed by the subtle and triumphant Gardiner.

CHAPTER XVI.

And who shall guide my footsteps mid the snares
Mine enemies have set? He were a friend
Who steered my bark over the stormy waves
Of such a troubled sea—a friend to be remembered!

CREON.

LADY TYRRWHIT had been dismissed by the Princess Elizabeth from her attendance for the night, and was just retiring to rest, when her waiting-woman, who partook of the same religious views and feelings as herself—for which they had both so narrowly escaped with life in the reign of Henry, who permitted no freedom of opinion which differed from his own—informed her that a gentleman was praying with great earnestness to see her.

"At such an hour!" exclaimed her mistress. "Doth he take me for a light-of-fame, that I should receive a stranger at such an hour? But perhaps," she added, thoughtfully, "he hath given his name?"

"No!"

"Or sent some message?"

"None, but a humble request to see your ladyship," said the woman.

"Dismiss him, then, at once," said Lady Tyrrwhit; "or tell him to return in the morning: it is not fit that in the household of her grace I should give cause of scandal; albeit," she added, "my years might silence such distractions!"

Martha—the name of the attendant—was leaving the chamber of her mistress with a reluctant air; just as she reached the door she stopped, and, retiring to the side of the room where Lady Tyrrwhit was seated, said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Madam, I entreat you to see this person!"

"And why so, mistress?"

"Something assures me," continued the woman, "that his errand is of importance. Although young, there is an air of gravity and seriousness in his features and demeanour far beyond his years. I feel certain," she added, "that something touching the safety of her grace, or the welfare of the cause, has brought him, at this unseemly hour. For the sake of our persecuted faith, admit him!"

The earnestness of the speaker, together with the hope that she might be the means of serving either her young charge or the church, for which she had so nearly laid down her life, induced the prudent lady to dismiss her doubts and hesitation: replacing the coiffure and veil, which she had already removed, she directed Martha to conduct the gentleman as quickly as possible to her chamber, and, on her return, to remain as a witness of their interview.

"Heaven help me!" added Lady Tyrrwhit, as soon as she was alone; "I have not the nerve I once had! I thought the days of persecution were past. I fear me that, for the sins of the land, they are only now commencing!"

Her tire-woman soon afterwards returned, accompanied by a gentleman, whose features were partially hidden by the velvet barret, which he wore closely drawn over his brows and the high collar of his cloak. The lady saw in an instant, from his manner and bearing, that he was a gentleman.

"You would speak with me, sir?" she said; "and, although I fear I must have given you but a poor opinion of my wit and discretion, by receiving you at such an unseemly hour, permit me to assure you, that you may speak in all confidence in my honour!"

"'Twere indeed most ungrateful to doubt either!" replied the stranger. "Nor can I express my gratitude in terms sufficiently strong for your condescension, which has emboldened me to proffer a second request!"

"A second request?" repeated Lady Tyrrwhit.

"Yes!"

"Name it, sir?"

"That you will receive me alone!"

"Grant it, my lady!" exclaimed Martha; "pray grant it! I am sure the gentleman means well—there can be no cause of fear!"

"None!" added the mysterious visitor, struck by the sincerity and confidence of the speaker; "neither is there any mistrust of you who have so well seconded my prayer—rather kindness. Knowing nothing, you cannot be suspected."

"And if I am," said the female, in a firm tone, "and in the cause I deem it to be, I could bear all their tortments—the rack would not wring a word from me: it would not be the first time that I have been menaced with it, and stretched upon it," she added, with a shudder—for

the very marrow in her bones thrilled at the recollection "but I remained faithful to God and to my mistress."

Without giving her lady time to reply, the speaker left the room; closing the door quietly after her, but without letting fall the arras, by which arrangement the persons in the chamber were assured against the possibility of her returning to listen: not that Lady Tyrrwhit, she well knew, would suspect her.

"Now," said her ladyship, "your request?"

"An audience with the Princess Elizabeth," replied the stranger.

"You must be mad to ask or dream of such a thing!" replied the astonished lady; "her grace has retired for the night, and even to her most valued friends would refuse the boon you ask."

"I must still repeat it," said the gentleman.

"This pertinacity," exclaimed Lady Tyrrwhit, shrugging her shoulders impatiently, "will not serve your purpose, sir! An interview with the sister of the queen—the next heiress of the crown—at such an hour! What would the world say? Alack! her grace has enemies enough already! Even those who eat her bread and drink of her cup are little better than spies upon her!"

"I am aware of it," observed her visitor; "and the purport of my visit is to guard her against a danger, the greatest which has threatened; for, unless I see the princess this very night, her chance of the crown, and the establishment of the pure Protestant faith, become weaker than a dicer's promise!"

"Your name?" demanded Lady Tyrrwhit, more and more struck by the impressive yet quiet earnestness of his manner.

"Her grace will tell you that," answered the gentleman; "merely say to her that the person who sent her a token on the late king's death, to Hatfield, by which the treacherous scheme of Northumberland, to get her into his power, was defeated, entertains a few minutes' audience of her highness. If I mistake not," he added, looking round the apartment, "from this very chamber there is a communication with the bed-room of the Lady Elizabeth?"

"There is," replied the lady; "though how you came to know it, passes my poor wit, since it is a secret to all the household save her cofferer, Parry, his wife, and myself."

"Let my knowledge of it be an additional incentive to induce you to comply with my request."

Lady Tyrrwhit no longer hesitated. She felt that there was danger in refusing to be the bearer of a message in which so many important interests were compromised, and that the princess must decide for herself. Drawing aside a portion of the arras near the bed, she opened a private door, so artfully concealed within the woodwork, that few unacquainted with the secret could have discovered its existence, or even then, without the minutest search.

"Remain till my return," she said. "Heaven send that your purpose be fair as your speech! Her grace at least shall learn your visit; for the rest, her own wisdom must decide."

"I ask no better, madam," replied the intruder, seating himself near the door, with the assured air of a man convinced that the response would be favourable; for Elizabeth had already received too convincing a proof of his devotion to her interests to doubt his fidelity one moment.

In less than a quarter of an hour his messenger returned: without taking the least notice of him, she proceeded to the door of the apartment, which she opened, and called her attendant, Martha.

"I am here," replied the faithful woman, who had remained in the antechamber, on the watch.

"Knock loudly at the door of my chamber," said her mistress, "should any but Parry, or his wife enter the antechamber; to any other person, say that I am retired for the night, too ill to be disturbed."

"I understand, my lady!"

"And when this gentleman," added Lady Tyrrwhit, "quits the palace, you must be his conductor. Should any one observe you, remember that his visit has been to yourself, not me! Neither my name, nor that of one a thousand times more precious than myself, must be breathed!"

"It will only pass my lips, madam, in my prayers!" answered the devoted Martha.

Satisfied with the assurance, her mistress not only closed and barred the door between them, but let fall the arras, so that it was impossible for any curious ear or eye to ascertain who were in her chamber, or the subject of their conversation there.

No sooner had she completed her precautions, than the Princess Elizabeth, wrapped in a loose night-robe, appeared at the other end of the room. Her countenance was extremely pale, but the pride and resolution in her keen, bright eyes were undiminished.

The instant she made her appearance, the stranger, who had hitherto remained patiently seated, rose, and, doffing his velvet barret, bent the knee gracefully before her.

"As I anticipated!" murmured the princess: "Master Secretary Cecil?"

"Your highness's faithful servant!" replied her future minister; "who, in the hour of danger, will ever be found ready to warn and guard you!"

"Danger!" repeated the princess, with forced calmness. "Let me know it; I am so familiar with its features, that they cease to appal me! Speak, man—speak!" she continued, in a hurried tone; "suspense is worse than ill continued!"

Thus adjured, Cecil briefly informed her of the decision that had taken place in that day's council, in which her enemies had succeeded in excluding her from her proper place in the coronation of her sister.

"And on what pretence?" demanded Elizabeth, stamping her foot with violence upon the floor. "Am I not, by the Act of Settlement, the next heir of the crown, failing the issue of my gracious sister?"

So prudently had the future queen disciplined herself, that even in her passionate anger at the insult offered to her, she spoke of Mary in the most respectful terms.

"The council, since the legalisation of your august father's first marriage, pretend to ignore your claims."

"The foresworn traitors!"

"And speak of the young Queen of Scots as the next heir."

"Let them!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "the people will not ignore them!"

"True!" observed the statesman: "in the event—which heaven forbid we should anticipate—of the present queen's death. But long before that hour arrives," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "there will be time for a fearful page to be written in the annals of England! Had my advice prevailed, this would not have been!"

"I know—I know!" said the princess, and tears of mortification and shame fell from her eyes. "I would, if possible, have avoided this triumph to my enemies."

"On the contrary," observed Cecil, "it is the very last thing they wish your grace to yield. The very men they sent to work in your conversion, proves how little they desired it; since they were amongst the weakest and most ignorant of their church—which, to speak truly, is not deficient in learned men. To-morrow," he added, "is the festival of the Blessed Virgin: unless your highness appears at the mass, the queen, one hour afterwards, will have taken a step which pledges her irrevocably against your succession to the crown."

"I will be there!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with sudden energy. "God, in His own time, will avenge the violence to which I am subjected!"

A few minutes after this decision of the princess, a boat, with a solitary rower, pushed off from the landing-place at Somerset House.

WHO WANTS A MONKEY?

DEAR SIR—As I know that you have always a word of advice for those who need it, and a warm sympathy for the distressed, I venture to hope you will kindly help to extricate me from a difficulty in which I am at present placed by the generosity of a friend. A few weeks since, on a very hot afternoon, I was aroused from my usual daily siesta, by the intelligence that a box, containing a valuable present for me, had just arrived from the West Indies; and, paying the rather large amount that was required for the freight and express expenses, I joyfully hastened down stairs to inspect it. Imagine my consternation, when I saw a long, narrow box, with slats nailed on one side, through which peeped the mischievous head of a little grey monkey! Now, sir, I am not a single lady of a certain age, and I do not like monkeys; nay, I will at once confess, that I have a peculiar aversion for them; and you may therefore imagine my vexation, which, I am ashamed to say, vented itself in a burst of tears, though I retained sufficient self-possession not to tear my hair. The new arrival had been followed into the house by a crowd of ragged boys and girls, and dirty women, with forlorn-looking babies in their arms; and the animal, doubtless thinking his welcome very cordial, expressed his delight by grinning, chattering, and cutting many antics around his contracted dwelling, thereby scattering about tomato skins, nutshells, orange-peel, melon-rinds, and other agreeable fragments of former repasts.

Excessively disgusted, I ordered him into the yard, and having, with some trouble, got rid of the admiring spectators. I sat down calmly to consider what course to pursue in this pressing emergency; and, as a preliminary duty, opened and read the letter received with the box. It contained merely a few lines, stating that, having with some difficulty procured me a monkey from South America, he hastened to forward it, thinking I should be pleased with such a curious pet, and begging me to write him, by the return of the vessel, whether "Beauty" had arrived safely.

I could scarcely read the above with patience, and determined, forthwith, to indite him an answer of bitter reproaches; but the remembrance of the friendship he had evinced for me in trying times, prevailed, and I renounced the idea, though I could not prevent myself from impugning his motives for such a gift.

"Why," soliloquised I, "why, if generously inclined, did he not send a parrot, or a little lilac turtle, or a tropic? How pleased should I have been with one of the fairy dogs that never grow so large as a kitten, and are equally loving and playful; even a box of confitures, or a dozen flasks of preserves, would have been acceptable; but a hateful monkey! Oh!" sighed I; "heaven deliver me from my friends," as Shakespeare, or somebody, says (I do not precisely recollect who, in my present state of nervous excitability.)

I reverted to the first query—why did he send me the disagreeable animal? Suspicion whispered that he had found it very troublesome at home, and, as the shortest way of dispatching it, had shipped it off to his dear English friend. I imagined him saying to his wife:

"Well, Mimi, we've been intending for a long time to send Chericot some curiosities; why not get rid of this detestable monkey?"

I could see his black slave, Jerard, fastening up the snarling little thing, and taking it to the vessel, while his mistress stood on the verandah, waving a joyful farewell to the departing torment; but as these reflections did not tend to improve my temper, I wisely banished them, and

went down to the yard, to look at my present, in the hope of becoming accustomed to him.

I found there several of my neighbours, who had been attracted by the new comer, and who seemed as delighted with it as I was displeased, and made many suggestions about his diet, to which the monkey listened with more satisfaction than I did. One person said it must be fed daily with oranges, sugar, nuts, cakes, and fruits of all kinds; that it could eat no other sort of food, and would die if deprived of it. I thought on the many human beings who needed a crust of bread, and mentally resolved my monkey should not fare better than a Christian; but here another friend declared that the first thing to be provided was a new domicile and a chain, as the poor thing would die if kept in such close confinement. I assure you, sir, I am not naturally hard-hearted; indeed, it gives me pain to see any living thing suffer; but you may imagine the intense acid to which my milk of human kindness had turned, when I contritely acknowledge that I savagely determined, if the monkey's death would result from keeping him in that box, there he should stay. But how vain are human calculations! I had not retired into the house many minutes, when my humane and officious neighbour returned, with a clean barrel, nicely prepared for the odious animal, who was immediately installed therein, and daintily fed, as before suggested, on oranges, nuts, and sundry other delicacies.

However, not to draw too largely on your sympathy, I will briefly say, that some days passed before I could sufficiently compose my feelings to consider the proper thing to be done in this imminent crisis. I had serious thoughts of premeditatedly losing him; but though he was often liberated from confinement, he seemed to like the premises so well that he would not leave them; indeed, every one in the family became so attached to the little monster, that they carefully prevented any attempt on his part to escape. One eventful day, however, that Alice (our Irish servant) had furtively released him, with the view of nursing "the darling craythur," he sprang from her arms, and took that opportunity of exploring unknown regions, and making a tour throughout the house. Off darted "Beauty," and off went Alice in pursuit; but he cunningly eluded all attempts to capture him, and listened unmoved to her coaxing petitions that he would return to the shelter of her arms. Up to the attics, down again to the chambers, through which he made sundry excursions, playfully poking his nose into every hole and corner, he at last approached the room where I sat at my desk, faithfully chronicling the further adventures of Aunt Tabitha; and, leaping affectionately on my shoulder, caressingly threw his paws round my neck. I sprang up in agony, clutched my tormentor, and threw him violently from me—he screamed—jumped on the table, whisked a bottle of ink over the unfortunate Mrs. Higgins, destroyed a touching ode to the muse, of Sensibility, and in his frenzy devoured an Essay on Dietetics, that had been sent me by a friend, and which I fear he will find to be very hard of digestion. Flying through the door, he rushed down stairs, examined everything in the parlour, leaving sundry scratches and defacements on books and daguerreotypes, and as the panting Alice pursued him, he descended into the kitchen, alighting on the range; but probably, thinking it uncomfortably warm, he climbed the chimney, made his egress at the stove-pipe hole, and, dexterously evading the servant's outstretched arms, entered the dining-room, and concealed himself on the supper table, in the sooty apparel he brought from the chimney. Here, while comfortably regaling himself on hot buttered toast and preserves, he was at last caught. Do not fancy, sir, that I beheld all these accidents. I believe I fainted; but I recovered to desperate energy, and, seizing a pen, indited the following letter to a friend:

DEAR SIR,—I am indebted to you for so much kindness, which I have never been able to repay, that I have suffered acutely, as a delicate mind must, when oppressed by the weight of obligations it cannot return. Imagine, then, the pleasure I feel in believing that I am at last able to offer you a token of my gratitude, in the shape of a valuable monkey. It is not only a curiosity, but it is the prettiest pet imaginable—so gentle, and so endearing, that I am sure you will soon become as much attached to it as I am; indeed, it is only in parting with it that I have discovered how dear it is to me; but, as I would not give you anything I did not particularly prize, I trust that the reluctance with which I do so, will evidence that I consider this the only offering that could fully express the esteem and gratitude of

Truly yours,

CHERICOT."

I sealed my letter, gave it and the monkey into the charge of a porter, and sat down, with buoyant spirits and fine appetite, to the relics of my supper, congratulating myself on having paid a debt, and got rid of my tormentor at the same time; or, in vulgar parlance, on having "killed two birds (my friend and the monkey) with one stone." Short-lived, however, were my transports, for in an hour my messenger returned with the "plague of my life," and the following answer to my epistle:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I appreciate the delicacy which prompts you to return what you wrongly estimate as benefits on my part; but much as I admire the interesting animal you have sent me, I would not for worlds deprive you of a pet which you seem so highly to value. I should blame myself were I to take advantage of the self-sacrificing spirit which animated you, when you so amiably wished to express a gratitude that I really do not merit; and I hasten to assuage the grief you must doubtless be suffering at parting from your monkey, and, by promptly returning him, convert your sorrow into smiles of joy. If it is ever in my power to be of use to you, do not hesitate to command me, and remember I can never consent to receive any return for the trifling services of

Yours respectfully,

J. JONES."

If my correspondent could have seen the face that met my view in the opposite mirror, as I raised my head after perusing his letter, I fancy he would have beheld frowns instead of the smiles he had anticipated; but I will only say, that I ordered the grinning little beast down stairs, so that I might not be tempted to tear him to pieces, and, retiring to my bed, passed a sleepless night in a vain attempt to discover a way out of my perplexities. The fruit of my cogitations was a resolve to make another attempt to dispose of "Beauty," by presenting him to a lady of my acquaintance, the mother of a large family of spoiled children, who were very fit associates for my monkey. I sent him to her accordingly, after breakfast, and was more cautious this time in expressing my affection for him:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have just received a valuable and curious monkey from the West Indies, and as I have no place to keep him in without confining him too much, I send him to you, begging you to accept him as a present for your very interesting children. He is the most gentle of his species—so winning in his ways, and so harmless, that your dear little cherubs may play with him with impunity. I trust he will be the source of many a happy hour to them, and of consequent pleasure to you. Give my regards to Mr. Smith, and be sure to kiss all your precious darlings for

Yours, truly,

CHERICOT."

The porter shortly returned with a message of thanks giving me the consolatory assurance that the family appeared delighted with their new acquisition; and now, what a load was removed from my oppressed bosom! How gaily I set about repairing the monkey's misdemeanours; in what spirits I re-indited my account of Mrs. Tabitha's doings in her New Home, and how sweetly I slept that night, you can imagine better than I can describe.

But I was rudely awakened from a peaceful slumber, early the following morning, by Alice, who handed me a letter, saying:

"Sure, the craythurs's like a bad penny—he's come back again!"

I opened the missive with trembling hands and a palpitating heart, and read as follows:

"I have hitherto considered you a friend, and in the belief of your affection for me and mine, have lavished on you the tenderness of a confiding friend. How you have repaid that trust, let your conscience answer, if it be not deaf to the loud thunders of accusing friendship, which demands, in accents not to be misunderstood, why did you send me that monkey?"

"When your treacherous letter and equally treacherous present were handed to me, I hailed them with pleasure, as new proofs of your love. I considered them delightful evidences of that tender intercourse of soul, that congeniality of mind and attainments, that had hitherto united us in the lasting bonds of enduring unanimity. While my innocent babes danced eagerly round the new comer, I sat in a delicious reverie, apostrophising you as the friend of my soul. I recalled the blissful period,

When we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

and now, false friend, if we are parted for ever, blame your monkey for it! If I supposed you undesignedly injured me, I would forgive it, and restore my confidence to you; but circumstances too plainly prove what Mr. Smith and myself have for some time suspected—your intense hatred of my defenceless family. The very last day we spent at your house, I could not help remarking the impatience with which you regarded their playful gambols, and your malignant looks when my noble George Washington broke the lamp and upset the oil on the carpet. Could you not have vented your malice on me, and spared my precious infants?"

"But listen to the detail of the suffering you have inflicted, and if you have any feeling, or any tears to shed, prepare them now! Mr. Smith, to please our darlings, released the odious thing from the cruel confinement in which you had kept it, and, tying it with a rope under the shed in the yard, our compassionate children immediately began to feed it. I am sure you must have starved the poor creature, for never did I see such an appetite. Tomatoes, peaches, oranges, water-melons, nuts, and cakes, went down its throat in such rapid succession, that at last the nasty beast could not move. It continued in a state of torpor until after tea, when my timid fawn, Rosa Matilda, playfully poking a stick in its eye, the little wretch jumped up, broke its string, rushed at her, and bit her cheek till the blood streamed down her neck. While I bathed the gory wounds with my tears and some amica, every one pursued the infuriated animal; and Zachary Taylor, bravely attacking it in the rear, caught hold of its tail, but it fiercely bit his poor little finger, and dashed into the house, where it whisked its paw into William Henry Harrison's eye, swelling it shut, and making it so black and blue that he really is not fit to be seen. As for Winfield Scott, notwithstanding he retreated to the pantry, and intrenched himself behind the butter-tub, the monkey laid in ambush, and the minute the poor child lifted his head, left scarcely a lock of hair on it; indeed, he looks as if he had been scalped. My cap was snatched off and torn to pieces, and when he had demolished that, he flew at poor Mr. Smith, clutched his wig, threw it into the kitchen fire, and literally covered his bald head with scratches.

"My dear, witty, little Charles Dickens says it looks for all the world like the globe, with ever so many lines of latitude and longitude on it, and shows that his pa has passed the meridian of his life. We have only just caught the animal, after two hours of riot and destruction, that I cannot pretend to describe. My looking-glasses, in particular, Mr. Smith thinks you ought to pay for; but I don't suppose you have feeling enough for that, so I

will just add, I have done with you for ever; and here's your monkey back again. And if you don't feel remorse when you read this, come and see for yourself, that what Scott says is true:

No spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend.

For I may say, that inside and outside we are nothing but injuries. Mr. Smith joins me in hoping you may never know what peace is any more, but I don't suppose you care what we think.

"FANNY SMITH."

Now, Mr. Editor, I declare to you that the lady who wrote the above letter, never was an intimate friend of mine; that we had been acquainted but a short time, and that I was as innocent of any regard for her as I was of malice prepossession towards her children. You will perceive a strange discrepancy in her style, which varies from injured eloquence to coarse vulgarity; and as it is a fair sample of her conversation, you may imagine how probable it was that I, who have a soul which soars above the meaner things of earth, could have been linked with her in the ties of friendship! Dear little "Beauty," I could almost love you for the good taste you have shown in disliking that horrid woman!

When I recovered my temper, which was not for a day or two, I immediately began to consider about giving the monkey his credentials, and sending him again on his travels; and, fortunately recollecting that a fair, frivolous young lady of my acquaintance, who had a passion for pets, had formerly expressed a wish for one, I thought myself tolerably secure, in sending "Beauty" to her, of never seeing him again. Alas! how vain were my hopes! but I will not anticipate.

"DEAREST ORIANNA,—I have often heard you wish for a monkey, and I am supremely happy to contribute to your enjoyment, by sending you one I have just received. I have had some difficulty in preserving it for you, so many of my friends coveted it; but as I destined it for you, my fondest and fairest, I resisted all petitions. Our mutual friend, Mrs. Smith, is quite offended with me about it; but I shall not care if you are pleased, which I am sure you must be, with such a pet. *Au revoir.*

"CHERICOT."

Two days—a week—elapsed, and, as I heard nothing of "Beauty," I began to consider him as among the things that were; but, as usual, like uncurrent coin, or a counterfeit note, he would not pass, but invariably came back to me. The gentle Orianna's rose-scented billet will explain the difficulty:

"FRIEND OF MY HEART,—It grieves me to the soul to send you back the darling fellow; but pa, like Fate, is inexorable, and I am forced to submit to his decrees. You will readily conceive my anguish at parting with him, for he is not only an inestimable token of your affection, but is, besides, the dearest little love of a creature I ever beheld. I was so delighted to get him, and had such pleasure in working for him! I never looked at my canary, nor spoke to Fidele, while he was in the house; but, alas! those days of happiness are fled for ever, and I am left in solitude to sigh! You may imagine how I loved him, when I tell you that, with the exception of the whiskers and moustache, he was the exact image of dear Harry Harumscarum (who, I suppose you know, has deserted me for that vile California).

"I had a sweet blue cashmere mantle made for him (the monkey, not Harry), tied with charming cherry-coloured rosettes; also a pink, bound with white satin, and an orange, with lilac fringe; a velvet cap, with gold tassel, completed his costume, in which he did, indeed, look irresistible. Ah, poor little fellow! I shall never admire you again as I have done, dancing with delight at your finery; for, my dear, he was just as much pleased with dress as any man I ever saw. Pa was absent until yesterday, and, when he returned, began, as I had expected, to grumble at and abuse the sweet fellow; but I do think matters would not have come to an extremity, had not dear "Beauty" injudiciously jumped out of my arms, as we sat at table, and knocked a cup of scalding-hot tea down pa's bosom; the immediate consequence of which was, that he swore shockingly, and ordered me to send him instantly out of the house. This command I obeyed with many tears, and, feeling reluctant to hurt your feelings by returning him to you, I sent him, with a friendly message, to Mrs. Smith, who, you intimated in your note, was anxious to have him. Imagine my dismay at his being sent back, with such a letter! Oh, my dear, you never saw anything like it! and I can't pretend to tell you all that was in it: she accuses poor innocent me of having leagued with you to add insult to injury, and says she hopes neither of us will ever darken her doors again. Of course we won't; but do explain to me what she means? *Je vous embrasse tendrement.*

ORIANNA.

"P. S.—I am forced, as you perceive, to return the monkey; but I shall often call to see him. Indeed, if you do not object, I should like to have his daguerreotype, as, in the hurry of departure, dear Harry forgot to leave me his, and they are so much alike."

As usual with people in distress, I have many friends to give me advice, but there is no one generous enough to take my monkey; in fact, he has given me so much trouble, that I am resolved to sell him, and get paid for it; but here, again, is a difficulty—no one will have him as a gift, no one will steal him, no one will buy him.

One gentleman says he would be glad to have him; but he once owned a monkey, for which he paid two pounds; and the first time he left the house, his wife traded the animal off to a Jew for a common red bird, paying him five shillings to boot; so he don't like to put another such expensive speculation in her way.

I should like to know the value of my monkey; but that, like everything else concerning him, is a mystery. One person says he is worth three pounds; a second tells

me two is too much for him; a third advises me to get rid of him on any terms, and a fourth bids me let him run. I turn in despair to the newspapers, and the prices current tell me that ashes have a tendency upwards, that molasses is firm, cotton shaky, tobacco in demand, while common salt is rated heavy. I even see Scotch pigs mentioned (which, I am told, refers to iron); but there is nothing said about monkeys. In fact, a friend assures me that the market is glutted. He asserts that they are to be seen for nothing, in any quantity, parading Regent Street at fashionable hours, twirling their canes, and gazing impertinently at the belles who pass them.

But my monkey, sir, is not like those; he really is an uncommon monkey. Notwithstanding all the abuse that Mrs. Smith and Orianna's pa have lavished on him, I solemnly assure you he is a most desirable acquisition to any family circle. When you caressingly smooth his soft, grey fur, you are rewarded by a smile that displays two rows of seed pearls, and his bright, hazel eyes beam gratitude on you, while his long, feathery tail twines caressingly round your arm. Indeed, sir, if you can persuade anybody to purchase him, they will never repent it. I would advertise him, but that malicious Mrs. Smith takes the *Times*; and I am sure she would slander him, so that no one would like to have him. So, if you have any friend who answers to the description of the old proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted," ask him to

BUY MY MONKEY.

THE SPIRIT-MAIDEN OF RHINE-LAND.

It was almost evening; the sun was sinking upon its imperial couch of gorgeous clouds, whilst beautiful beams of crimson and gold were reflected through the trees. The calm, broad-bosomed Rhine slept along its green-embowered banks, and the dying sun-rays twinkled and flashed in its blue depths.

The summer air was soft, and sweet as a breath of roses; and a gush of dreamy melody, from some idling bark upon the water, stole as a "spirit's presence" over the earth.

Paul stood at the door of his father's mansion, watching the changing colours of the beautiful landscape. His heart was overflowing with tumultuous emotions, thanksgiving and praise to the Watchful One. He turned his head over his shoulder, and glanced back into the chamber which he had but just left: there, in his accustomed place, the evening glow tinged his silvery locks, sat the blind and aged father, and at his side, upon a low stool, was seated his young cousin, the meek and fair-haired Bertha.

The maiden held her lute, and her white fingers glanced like snow-flakes over the glistening chords, as she played a light, wild melody. She was singing a Rhenish love-song, and her voice, so sweet and low, fell like the tones of a silver bell upon the evening air.

A soft and holy influence was enveloping Paul's senses; but he thought he saw a white figure glancing in the wood, and a spirit-voice seemed calling to him, as it said:

"Paul, Paul! where art thou?"

The voice called, and the echoes caught the wild, witching melody, and Paul knew that it was the voice of his spirit-maiden singing to him. He walked forth into the wood with a saddened heart, and seated himself upon a mossy stone.

"Etheria, Etheria! here is thy Paul!" he called in answer; but the voice was silent, and he heard only the sound of the wind, as it moved in the leaves, or the dreamy tinklings of the fountain.

Paul had never seen his spirit-maiden, save in his dreams, when she came to him clothed in all her virgin beauty, and whispered to him of her love. But she floated upon every gold-tinted cloud. She smiled in the shining sunlight, and breathed words of love in the beautiful flowers. He saw her not, and yet he loved.

The sun was gone quite down, and had left, as a remembrance of what had passed, and what was yet to be, a crown of glorious rose-clouds lingering in the sky. Paul wandered again sorrowfully towards the mansion. Bertha was sitting at the table, with her Bible open before her, and she read to the aged man the holy words. Never had she looked so lovely. Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears as she read, and her bright, fair hair fell like a beautiful veil over her neck and shoulders. As Paul gazed upon her beauty, a gleam of flashing silver light glanced through the apartment; but an instant, and it was gone again. It was not the moonlight—it was the smile of the spirit-maiden. And Paul thought no more of the fair Bertha, but mourned for his soul's shadow.

When the devotion was over, Bertha led the old man to his chamber, and, returning, found Paul sitting, listless and gloomy.

"Paul," whispered the beautiful Rhenish maiden, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm, "thou art sorrowful, and I may not comfort thee!"

Her tones were very sad and reproachful. Paul drew her towards him, and kissed her fair brow.

"I am sorrowful, my beloved Bertha," he said, mournfully, "for I must leave this beautiful Rhine-land—my spirit-love awaiteth me. Hearest thou not her voice calling me? See'st thou not her wavy tresses beckoning me? My love awaiteth me, and I may not stay."

Bertha knew of his strange love for the spirit-maiden, and she bowed her face amid her ringlets, and wept.

"Weep not, my beloved one," said Paul, in a soothing voice; "weep not—I shall soon return, and thy heart shall be gladdened by the gay smiles and witching tones of my own spirit-maiden."

Bertha pushed back the drooping tresses from her weeping face, and, gliding from his embrace, reached the door.

"Paul," she whispered, sadly, "when thou art far distant, forget not the maiden of Rhine-land!"

Alas! Paul knew not the deep and holy love which rested in that innocent heart for him.

Paul reclined upon his couch, but slept not. The moon looked down at him, and the stars twinkled and danced in the sky. A voice full of mirth and witchery came floating on the breeze, and whispering in the leaflets. Paul arose from his couch, and, stealing from his chamber, gained the open air. With quickened footsteps he reached the wood, and hastened to the fountain. And there, among the trees, stood a maiden of wondrous beauty, clad in shadowy garments, beckoning and smiling through the shower of the fountain.

Paul sprang to catch the beautiful form in his embrace; but, as he came nearer, it still receded—the mirthful tones still calling:

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

Sometimes she hid among the trees, and then again her soft breath fanned his cheek, and her dark tresses fell like a cloud over his face. Now she vanished in a wreath of spray, or seemed lost in her own strain of fairy music; and then she floated in the moonlight, smiling, and waving her white arms. But ever sang she, and ever followed the youth.

Paul stood upon the summit of a high mountain, whither he had followed his spirit-love. His father's mansion was lost to view, and the spirit-maiden had vanished in a mist of snow—her voice was hushed. He had reached the highest peak; but he was alone—the clouds above, and the snow below. He thought he heard the vesper-bell ringing on the air; and Bertha's voice reading the evening devotion; the lulling sound of dreamy whisperings bewildered him, and he sank upon the ground insensible.

The years pass by in their varied attire, ever choosing a new devotee to worship at the shrines of bitter sorrow, or awakening hopes. The aged father was long since dead, and was buried upon the banks of the beautiful Rhine. The witchern drooped its branches over his grave, and the "sad bird" sang mournfully in the green leaves.

The gentle Bertha dwelt alone in the old mansion, more beautiful and beloved than before. She often thought of her old love, Paul; but he had disappeared years ago, and was perhaps buried in a foreign land. Thus, like a fair lily, she bloomed in sequestered loveliness upon the banks of the Rhine, ever modest, gentle, and meek.

One lovely day, when the summer had returned again in fragrance and flowers, Bertha sat at her lattice, netting a silken fillet to bind her fair tresses. Old memories came crowding around her heart, and tears trembled upon her golden lashes. She thought of one so dear to her heart—Paul. A tall, sunburnt man, with a saddened, care-worn look upon his features, came slowly up the pathway which led to the door. He was changed—much changed—and older; but Bertha's heart knew that it was Paul. He reached the doorway—Bertha threw down her silken net, and, gliding to the door, cried:

"Paul—Paul! is it thou?"

In an instant he folded her in his arms, and she rested, weeping and smiling, upon his breast.

"And the spirit-maiden, Paul?" asked the fair Bertha, as they sat, side by side, in the father's hall, as in days of yore.

"Ask me not, Bertha!" he answered, in a low voice, as he pressed her hand still closer in his; "ask me not! It is enough—alas! too much—to know, that I sought for the ideal, and knew not the true value of the real. Had I but dreamed how fond and true was the gentle heart that beat for me in mine own Rhine-land, then would the spirit-maiden have been indeed as a shadow!"

Bertha felt she was beloved at last, and she rested her fair cheek fondly upon his bosom, whispering:

"Oh, Paul! shall we not be happy now?"

Many—ah, how many have deserted the substance, which was within their grasp, for the shadow, which, uncertain, flits hither and thither! Ideal bliss takes wings and flies away; real happiness folds its pinions amid the flowers of earth, nor seeks a better resting-place. The substance places a wreath of emerald around the heart, unchanging in its hues; the shadow rests in the soul as an opal, with its many beauties. Then seek not for a happiness greater than that of the present hour: the morn arises in golden beauty, but the night may be a clouded sky, starless and unsearchable.

MY GHOST.

THIS is not a tale of spiritual rappings. I never heard any. My table does not hop, or rear up, or fly. Between you and me, it is lucky it does not. If it did, the claw would come off, to a certainty. I think it right to mention this, and to warn any playful young ghosts of the fact.

Aurelia Garford and I loved one another passionately—so passionately, that, at the age of seventeen, we resolved to marry. Both our parents opposed the scheme. We had neither of us any money, and, though I fancied myself a Titian, the portraits I daubed were poor things even for sign-painting. But we could not wait. We grew desperate. We determined to run away into the wide world.

The wide world! How narrow it is, after all! A gimlet, eight thousand miles long, would bore a hole right through it. And what is eight thousand miles? Less than most people walk in a couple of years. "What

is anything compared with everything?" as an editor down East observed.

Aurelia's parents lived in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second Street. Their house is near the corner of Fourth Avenue. It is a long way "up town." Some say there is no such street; but that, of course, is nonsense, because I know Aurelia lived in it. Many people, no doubt, have started off in the cars to look for the street, and never found it. It is not easy to find; though, as it is the next street to Two-hundred-and-twenty-first Street, it is not so difficult, after all. But I knew the street like a book. There was only one house in it, and that was only half built, owing to the owner's want of funds. I need not add, that that house was the house of Aurelia's parents.

There was a large garden to the house—people can afford space for gardens up in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second Street. It was a very nice garden. Only one thing grew in it, and that was grass. But give me grass to walk on: trees are all very well for climbing, and timber is useful for building; fruit is a capital thing, if you want to eat; and flowers are very pretty, if you want to look at them; but Aurelia and I only wanted to walk about with our arms round one another's waists, and we preferred grass to trees, as we did not want to climb like squirrels, or build like carpenters. We valued grass even more highly than flowers, because we preferred sitting down upon it, and looking into one another's eyes, to gazing at the roses and magnolias in creation. And, as for fruit, we scorned to think of earthly peaches or apricots, when our lips could be so much more sweetly occupied in exchanging celestial kisses, of which no amount could possibly give us a surfeit.

It is my deliberate conviction that the garden of Eden was a grass-grown bit of land, with a good high fence round it, to cast a shade in hot weather. The rest was love, which makes a paradise of any place.

We resolved to run away; and we did. We met one afternoon behind the grass-grown garden, and made for the cars. As we went along, I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were:

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; silken tresses to match.
3. A complexion pure as the whiteness of a pearl.
4. A mouth which beat all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human, though quite equal to vegetable ivory.
6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have destroyed St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so much the better for him if it had tempted him.
7. Love for a certain individual (who, like Mr. Ferocious, n "Tom Pepper," shall be nameless), carried to the confines of hero-worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhilaration. My soul cut capers, and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least, so I conjectured, from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of kiss, just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apocryphal Two-hundred-and-twenty-second Street, and in another minute we were at the railway station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, where he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford, at least so it appeared to me, was allowed to play at business, just to keep himself out of mischief.

"Hollo, young people?" he cried, jovially, "taking a walk, eh? Where are you off to? and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bulgy basket there?"

"Oh, papa!" cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was upset by the sudden rencontre; and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears—tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

"Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?" said old Garford, sternly, smelling a rat for the first time.

"Why, sir," said I, perhaps stupidly impelled by an irresistible impulse, "if you had not met us so unluckily, we should have run away and got married."

"Hum!" said old Garford, looking at me fixedly! "is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"And pray what is it?" said old Garford, severely.

"We love one another!" said I, looking him boldly in the face.

"Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away. I have not the least objection to your being —"

"Oh, sir —"

"Stop a moment. I have a great objection to your marrying without anything to live on. Much as I was attached to Mrs. Garford, sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, sir."

"But sir —"

"But sir," resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; "but, sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate —"

"Not at all, sir," I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. "I know very well that you cannot give your daughter anything."

"Indeed, sir—indeed! And pray how do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this life have been realised, sir?"

To use a somewhat worn, but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law "in the raw," and all attempts to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia, that "papa knew very well he had not made the rent of his office for the last two years," at all mend matters.

Finally, Mr. Garford positively forbade my further visits to or correspondence with his daughter, until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear, and making an income of at least two thousand a year.

Thus we parted. I made several attempts to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and income with the least possible delay.

Luckily I had made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again. The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the blending of colours, but I drew like a Chinese, or a Yankee, as I was. My master was a Frenchman: he had studied at Paris, under Delaroche. He opened my eyes. I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labour, I could produce a portrait, at any rate tolerably correct in outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the majority of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune, in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in the bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter, announcing the death of Aurelia: she had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend, the painter, was present: he saw me turn pale, and cover my face with my hands.

"What is it?" he asked, kindly.

"She is dead!" I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no further explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa, and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and, in a tone of grave sympathy, asked me of what I was thinking.

"Of death!" I replied.

"Of suicide?" said he.

I made no answer.

"Do you possess her portrait?" said he.

"Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds me, at least, vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold, ghastly look."

"You should paint her."

"Paint her?"

"Yes, paint her as an angel of heaven; realise your memory of her beauty on the canvas. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die, if you please."

The artist's suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend's idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame; of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and laboured as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels; and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and said:

"Truly, you are a pupil worthy of a greater master!"

We had the picture framed, and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. "An Angel" was decidedly the attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New York. I sat, with this letter in my hand, trying to read it by the already waning light of my studio, when I heard the door open, and somebody enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld, to my horror, a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelia's!

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over-exertion, my fasts and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibility to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reason by the figure saying, in a low but distinct tone:

"Frederick, do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was my solemn answer.

"And you still love me?"

"Now and for ever!"

"Then, why do you not embrace me?" said the figure, gliding nearer.

"Can ghosts embrace?" I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

"Try!" said the ghost.

And I did try; but it was no spectre: it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

"What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead!"

"And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I had a fever in consequence: see how pale and thin I am."

"But I am alive; so are you!"

"That is evident."

"What could have been your father's motive for such conduct and such falsehood?"

"An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smithson?"

"His partner?"

"Yes; he has caught a partner with money, as mamma says, and she thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her own income any longer."

"But how did you know I was alive?"

"Dead men do not paint pictures."

"Then you know —"

"Yes, I have seen—oh, you flatterer!"

"Flatterer! not at all. But look at this—an offer seven hundred dollars for the picture. An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now, suppose we take the seven hundred dollars, and run away at once?"

"It is not necessary; my father gives his consent—and here he is."

Old Garford entered.

"Well, sir," said he, "I congratulate you on your success. We shall be happy to see you at Two-hundred-and-twenty-second Street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Shortly afterwards I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling:

"My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day!"

"I will try," said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, "to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live."

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it. W. N.

HAPPY HOURS.

BY O. G. WARREN.

ONLY count the happy hours,
Moments with pleasure rife,
Seasons that bloom with joyous flowers,
For these are all of life.
I soon forget the troubles past,
Nor future ones would borrow
My pains behind my back I cast,
I would not hoard my sorrow.

An hour of pleasure more is worth
Than months consumed in tears;
Even moments to such joys give birth,
They live and grow to years.
The darkness is a blank to me,
I only see the light;
And thus in joyous memory,
Existence all is bright.

Give me the light, although it be
The twilight of the past;
Better one ray the soul should see,
Than gloom be on it cast.
Thus count I but my happy hours,
Nor think of cares or strife;
Spring, blooming fresh with fragrant flowers,
Shall be my only life.

FIERCE ATTACK BY A GRISLY BEAR, IN CALIFORNIA.

I SAW, about fifteen miles from this point, on the road from here to Carson Valley, a man who had been most horribly mutilated by a grisly bear. A man living near Sly Park Creek, on the emigrant road, while hunting, discovered a she bear, with two cubs about the size of a common dog, coming up a ravine within gun-shot of where he was standing in the road. As the bear had not discovered him, he determined to give her a shot. The ball struck her on the back of the shoulder, but too low to prove fatal. She immediately rose upon her hind legs, turning her head from side to side, to discover her assailant. He had commenced loading, but before he got the powder down, the bear discovered him. He took to a tree, and barely escaped, as the bear was so near that he kicked her head with his foot before he got out of her reach. She was enraged, and kept him in the tree for over two hours. While there he shouted for help, and succeeded in attracting the attention of some men in the employ of Bradley, Berden, and Co., who went to his relief; but when they reached the tree, the bear had been gone about ten minutes. They tracked her into a deep chapparal, covering about three acres, and there left her.

At dinner they mustered double-barrelled guns and rifles, to the number of fourteen shots, and started for the chapparal. Upon reaching it, the men very imprudently scattered, some venturing in to see if they could start her, while others climbed trees, to be in a place of safety, and to get a view of the ground. Among those who took a tree was a man named Charles H. Packard, who had gone a short distance into the bush, and as he had no gun, placed himself in a sapling about six inches through. The tree forked about six feet from the ground, and Packard went up one of the branches, a distance of about twelve feet from the ground, and in reply to one of his companions, said he considered himself safe.

At this moment he cried out: "Here's the bear within a rod of me!" but hardly got the words out of his mouth, before she made towards him furiously, jumped at and caught the tree a few feet below him, and, with her tremendous weight, split it at the fork, carrying man and tree both to the ground. He fell upon his back, and the bear seized him by the left side of his head and face, tore his left ear completely from his head, laying bare his skull. She then seized him by the other side of his face, cutting a deep gash in the upper lip, and tearing the flesh from the right corner of the mouth to near the large artery in the neck, then, by the fore-arm, laying bare the tendons, breaking some of them, and biting his right hand through and through. She then left the upper part of the body, and made an effort seemingly to tear open his bowels, as she left some fifteen severe wounds on his body, but none

of them so deep as to enter the cavity, and finished her horrible work by taking out about two pounds of flesh from his right thigh. By this time, Packard was so nearly exhausted, that he lay as if dead, and the bear left him. Some of the company were within twenty steps of the wounded man, but were unable to render him any assistance. They saw the bear break down the tree, heard his cries for help, but after he struck the ground, they could see neither bear nor man, so thick was the chapparal around them.

Mr. Packard was carried to the house, and notwithstanding he is so terribly mutilated, he is in a fair way to recover. He said to a friend that he thought he would be up in a few weeks. Dr. Slaughter, of Pleasant Valley, dressed his wounds. This bear is said to be one of the largest kind, and, in consequence of being wounded, had become ferocious. She has not been captured.—*Sacramento Union*.

FACETIÆ.

POETS seldom make good astronomers. They so love women, they cannot see the other heavenly bodies.

THE horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

THE Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolic compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says: "They are in mourning for the murders they have committed."

An eminent lawyer was employed in an action against the proprietors of a Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendant the coachman was called. His examination in chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross examination. Having held up the fore-finger of his right hand at the witness, and warned him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus: "You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you once more, upon your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horses."

THERE are two gentlemen by the name of Potter in the Rhode Island legislature, who look so much alike, that when one takes a bottle of wine, the other gets tipsy on it.

A man who had made a fortune by industry and close economy, in a retail business, at length retired from trade, and used to loan his money on interest. One day, in mid-summer, a friend happened to say to him: "How pleasant it is to have such long, bright days!" "Why, y-e-s," replied he; "but these long days the interest comes in so slow!"

An old preacher once took his text—"Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three parts. "First, all men are somewhere; second, some men are where they ought not to be; and third, unless they take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be."

A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid. "I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you *kill* or *cure*, you shall have them." The woman died in the doctor's hands, and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds. The man asked the doctor if he *killed* his wife? "No!" "Did you *cure*?" "No!" "Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand!"

A bachelor friend of ours got a valentine this year which "opened" beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhymes that she was dying to learn a secret which he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to ascertain his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins; for love despised all such considerations. But would he tell her—and cure the wound in her soul; would he tell her—and thrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her, which riches and honour could not bring; would he, would he tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

WHICH love sunshine the most, women or flowers? During the prevalence of cold, raw weather, the feminine gender is as great a rarity in Regent Street as a drove of goslings would be. Let the sun shower down, however, for an hour or two, and, *presto!* what a change! The side-walks are all budding with loveliness, while the dry-goods men are so surrounded with eyes made of violets, that you would swear he was a stick for morning-glories to climb on.

A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word focus meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was the place where the rays meet. At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, as grand as could be, that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was: she said it was the word "focus." "Well, Mary," said he, "what does it mean?" "Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves!" This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. "There," said she, triumphantly: "Focus, a place where the rays meet." Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves—and so I am right.

THE only servant we have got that don't give impudence, is steam. It makes no odds what you set it doing—whether it's driving a floating palace, or pumping out a *poudrette* vat—it does both equally willing and equally cheerful.

"HERE'S your money, dolt. Now, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch it!"

It is rumoured that as soon as the militiamen can "wheel about" with any degree of precision, they are to be armed with Colt's "revolvers!" Of course a "revolution" must follow!

AN ANACHRONISM.—The "Golden Age," according to all authority, is a mythological affair. But the real golden age is unquestionably the present time, for the truth of which may be cited the authorities of California and Australia. No wonder! the *yellow fever* is so prevalent amongst the emigrant ships!

AN accepted suitor, one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affection, said: "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging!"

MEDICAL MYSTERIES.—Foote has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as "a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures or medicine kills him." Howbeit, blessing and honour, say we, be upon the head of the true physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and love. As Lamb says, "There is healing in the very creak of his shoes, as he comes up the stairs." There be those, however, in every community, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker. "Do you eat well?" asked one of our modern pill venders, who was in the process of manufacturing a patient. "Yes, very well." "Do you sleep well?" "Yes." "Eh?—you do, eh? That's not exactly the thing for one in your condition! I'll do away with that for you. Take four of these every morning, and four after dinner. You'll soon see a change!"

PREJUDICES make up identities. Without them we should be only like peas in a bag.

THE man who has never been struck by the glance of a bright eye, deserves to be struck himself; he who bows not to love, ought to be trimmed with a hickory bough; and the one who needs not the soft consolation of a gentle and devoted wife, should be well kneaded with hard rubs.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

WRETCHED IGNORANCE.—A stupid fellow writes to inform us that he has received an invitation to an evening party, and the note was sealed with a stamp, on which was engraved the word *circumspice*: he wishes to know the meaning of this word. Pitying his ignorance, we inform him its literal meaning is, "Sir, come spicy."—*Diogenes*.

SUPPOSING the Muses to be in a particularly beatific state, what range of mountains would they remind one of?—The Appennine.—*Ibid*.

PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.—The Election Committees have returned Sir Frederick Smith to Chatham, Mr. Clay and Lord Goderich to Hull, Mr. Horsfall to Derby, and Mr. Mackinnon to Rye. These honourable gentlemen having lost their seats, have also lost their senses, from the excitement consequent upon exposure and disappointment. The first loss falls heavily upon themselves; the second will scarcely be felt by anybody. If the whole House were tried by the same tests that have upset the honourable gentlemen alluded to, probably nobody would retain his place but the Speaker.—*Ibid*.

TO AMBITIOUS BUTCHERS.—To any butcher who may be desirous of giving a classical, and at the same time a distinguishing name, to a son destined to follow the profession of his father, we cannot offer one more appropriate than *Suet-onius*.—*Ibid*.

A PIG'S WHISPER.—One of the witnesses before the Derby Election Committee deposed, that a kind friend nudged him, and offered a pig for his vote. This is really a case of a pig in a *poke* with a vengeance!—*Ibid*.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—A friend of ours, and consequently a wit, has been pleased to observe, that certain M.P.'s have been so much used to standing at the late election, that even now they find it impossible to keep their seats.—*Ibid*.

VEGETATIVE IDEAS.

PURSUANT to public advertisement, a *souirée* of the Liverpool Vegetarian Association was lately held. The room was elegantly decorated with wreaths of evergreens, bouquets of cauliflowers, young turnips and carrots, ears of wheat and barley, and festoons of onions.

James Simpson, Esq., of Foxhill Bank, President of the Vegetarian Society, occupied the chair. He was

happy to appear before them as a thorough-going advocate of the vegetarian theory, and a consistent disciple of it. He rejoiced to say that there were many nowadays who no longer chewed the substance of animals for food, but eschewed the practice of eating flesh altogether. To minds morally dyspeptic, the vegetarian theory might appear an absurdity; but, if taken in a proper light, it might easily be digested. He discarded the use of animal substances altogether: his shoes were of gutta-percha—his clothes of flax—his hat of straw. He could not look upon anything about him, and feel that he had robbed a fellow-creature of it. He considered the life of a vegetable to be so superior to that of an animal, that he longed to be identified with the bloodless and toothless occupants of the fields. He was already looked upon as the flower of the Vegetarian Society, and there were many who thought they discovered a little green in his eye. (Loud cheers.) He objected to everything that savoured of the animal system—why did they allow their city to be called by the disgusting name of Liver-pool? How much better Turnip Town would sound—and how uniquely its divisions might be laid out into Parsley Bed, Radish Street, and Cauliflower Gardens? He never saw a poor animal cut to pieces but he was moved to tears. Some of the objectors to the system said that the same effect would be produced by the cutting up of an onion! He could answer that objection. He had often wondered why the mutilated onion excited tears; and he had at length arrived at the conviction that it was because the onions pitifully remonstrated against being tossed into a frying-pan in company with a rump-steak.

After several speeches in the same strain, the meeting broke up. Prices advanced considerably in the Vegetable Market on the following day.—*Ibid*.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY?—A very simple question answered by an old money-lender.—In all money matters, never do things by halves—excepting in lending it—and then never lend more than one half the sum that is asked of you; for you may be sure that the person who is borrowing has asked for twice as much as he wants, in the full consciousness that he is not likely to get more than one half.—*Punch*.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.—An alderman being asked about the spread of education, said, extremely perplexed: "I can't tell you what it is, unless it's 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"—*Ibid*.

TOUCHING A CORD.—The price of hemp is rising fast in the Austrian part of Italy; where the hangmen begin to anticipate some difficulty in finding halters. We hope, however, for an obvious reason, that some means will be found to supply the government with rope enough.—*Ibid*.

WONDERFUL THINGS.

A Cab which is not a vehicle of abuse.
A so-called "Quiet" Street without a barrel-organ in it.

A "Quart" Bottle of Beer that you can squeeze above a couple of half-pint glasses out of.

A Lodging-house Knife that will cut.

A Government Steamer which can be at sea a whole week without being forced to put back for repairs.

A Dress Circle whose centre is discoverable without a sixpence to the box-keeper.

A Punctual Railway Train.

A Glass of Thames water that you can drink without deodorising.

An "Alarming Sacrifice" where the process of selling does not invariably include the purchaser.

A Statue which the British Nation need not blush to godfather.

A Carpet-Bag or Omnibus that it is possible to fill.

A Clean Street in the City, or one not under repair.

A "Warranted Foreign" Cigar which you may not safely bet is cabbaged from a London market-garden.

A New Orleans Paper without the advertisement of a Slave Sale in it.

A Homoeopathic Practice which is not quite a *sine cure*.

An Umbrella which has not been borrowed.

A Betting Office, where, whatever horse you wish to back, you may not safely calculate on being "taken"—in.—*Ibid*.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

GAS LIGHTING.—An important improvement is said to have just been made in France in the mode of purifying gas for lighting. Instead of lime, the inventor uses peat charcoal and acids, which deprive the gas of the sulphur and ammonia. The gas thus purified is said to have an addition of 10 per cent. to its illuminating power, and the materials used for the purification of the gas are converted into a manure so valuable, it is declared, that it can be sold for more than the original cost.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—Mr. McKay, of East Boston, has now on the stocks the longest, sharpest, and largest ship in the known world, and has named her Young America. Her keel is 310 feet long; the vessel will be 330 feet long on deck, will have 53 feet breadth of beam, 30 feet depth of hold, with three decks, and will register over 4000 tons. The frames are placed close together, and bolted fore and aft, and will be diagonally cross-braced with iron, like the Collins steamers, and every other means of strength will be used to make her a perfect ship. Her model is said by competent judges to be the most perfect specimen of naval architecture ever produced by Mr. McKay, and is expected to prove the swiftest in the world. She will have four masts, the after one fore-and-aft rigged, and the others square-rigged, with double top-

sails. The yards on the fore and main masts will be alike, and on the mizenmast will correspond with the yards above the lower topsail-yards on the other masts. In rig, as well as model, all the improvements of the day will be introduced. Mr. McKay builds her on his own account, and intends to place his brother, now captain of the Sovereign of the Seas, in command of her. She will cost about 300,000 dols. Mr. McKay has been induced to undertake this vast enterprise by numerous solicitations from the most influential citizens of California. They admire his daring enterprise, for they know that his clippers rank first among the foremost, and have said, "Build us something to astonish the world, and we'll fill her with freight." He has taken them at their word, and will soon show them a vessel which will be an honour to our flag. She will be ready for launching in three or four months. Good luck to her!—*Boston, U. S., Atlas.*

SAND is rock, and other hard substances, reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character. For sand is a highly manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A bran new planet can no more have sands (unless ready made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old stag-headed oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains, and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old established concern the ocean-wave-mill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!

THE LARGEST MERCHANT STEAMER IN THE WORLD.—The screw steamer, Himalaya, of 3600 tons measurement, designed and built at Mr. Mare's establishment, Blackwall, for the Peninsular and Oriental Company, is about to be launched. She is to be propelled by machinery of 700-horse power.

ACCELERATION OF THE COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—Orders have been issued by the Emperor of Austria, that an electric telegraph be constructed between Zarah and Agram as speedily as possible. When the telegraph is complete, news from the East will (with the additional aid of the Levant steamers) reach England two days sooner than at present.

THE LEAVES OF THE COFFEE PLANT A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.—In the *Singapore Free Press* of the 17th September last, are extracts from the *Colombo Observer*, by which it appears that a patent has been taken out by Dr. Gardner (known by his travels in South America), for preparing the coffee leaf in a manner to afford a beverage like tea—that is, by infusion; "forming an agreeable, refreshing, and nutritive article of diet." A writer in the same paper says: "It may be interesting to Dr. Gardner, his friends, and the public in general, to learn that an infusion of the coffee leaf is an article of universal consumption amongst the natives of this part of Sumatra; wherever coffee is grown, the leaf has become one of the few necessities of life which the natives regard as indispensable."

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATES.

MUCH misconception prevails with respect to the efficacy of foreign climates in cases of pulmonary consumption; and, however agreeable to the senses warm air, sunny skies, and luxuriant vegetation may seem, they afford no proof of salubrity, nor of the beneficial effect of any climate. Madeira, with all its sanitary fame, is no exception to this rule, as the meteorological observations of Drs. Heineken, Goulay, and Mason incontestably establish. Malta is subject to great vicissitudes of temperature, and to the baneful effects of the Sirocco and Libeccio—African blasts. The climate of the South of France is rendered most injurious to consumptive invalids by the influence of the Mistral, the scourge of Provence. The mortality from consumption, amongst the natives, shows this. Nice, which exhibits the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, is subject to great alternations from heat to cold, and the deaths by phthisis are numerous, even amongst the inhabitants. The climate of Italy, however delightful to persons in good health, affords no immunity from pulmonary disease. It has been vastly overrated, especially as an adjuvant in the cure of phthisis; and the localities generally recommended are not the most favourable. For example: Northern Italy, which has been hitherto overlooked by the profession, affords, in my opinion, two of the best localities for the residence of pulmonary invalids throughout the Italian peninsula—namely, Como and Venice. Invalids residing in Italy, will find the summer climate of Lake Como the best adapted for pectoral affections. The transitions of temperature are more gentle here than at any other station in Italy, and its climate approaches nearer equability than elsewhere. Venice presents peculiar advantages. The climate of this singular city is in great measure exempt from those violent atmospheric perturbations which are the bane of the Neapolitan sea-board; whilst it possesses a certain mildness of character and equability, often unknown in some of the more southern parts of Italy; besides the gondola exercise, the gliding motion and gentle oscillation of which are so peculiarly adapted for consumptive invalids. Como is admitted by all writers to be one of the most unfavourable localities in Italy for pulmonary complaints. Florence is equally prejudicial. The climate of Pisa is far too relaxing, humid, and murky, to be beneficial in tuberculous disease. The Roman climate, if mild, is sedative and depressing; and, owing its mildness to malarious emanations, cannot prove salutary, particularly in a malady characterised by depression of the vital force, and accompanied by vitiated nutrition. It is a mistake to

suppose that a warm, humid, relaxing atmosphere, can benefit pulmonary disease. Cold, dry, and still air, appears a more rational indication, especially for invalids born in temperate regions. The climate of Naples is the most dangerous throughout Italy, for persons suffering from affections of the respiratory organs. From the preceding summary of the characters manifested by the different Italian climates, it will be seen, that however useful they may prove in other complaints, one more likely to act beneficially in pulmonary consumption might easily be found within the United Kingdom.—*T. H. Burgess, M.D.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

COMPLETION OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.—The Koh-i-Noor diamond (that looked in the Great Exhibition like a dingy chandelier drop) has now, after an expenditure of £2000 in bringing it to light, been finally set in an exquisite circle of small diamonds, and made the "Mountain of Light" on a most graceful tiara of diamonds for the brow of Queen Victoria. The old setting, as worn by Runjeet Singh, has been preserved, with beautiful counterfeits of the stones, as they were seen on the arm of the Lion of Lahore.

THE POLKA.—View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most graceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy?—*Blackwood.*

CURIOUS PROCEEDINGS AT LAW.—As the congregation were lately leaving the parish church of Westbury, after the usual Sunday morning service, their attention was drawn to a clerk from the under-sheriff's office, who, having taken his stand at the principal entrance to the church, proceeded, in an audible voice, to read a writ of dower—or, in other words, a formal claim to a widow's third, or jointure. It appears that this curious procedure, which is in strict compliance with an un repealed statute of Elizabeth, has been adopted on the advice of Mr. Slack, solicitor, of Bath, who has been retained for a widow who claims a third share of two cottages of the value of £150, or thereabout, situated at Dilton Marsh, near this town, but who for the last seventeen years has been deprived of what she considers her legal share. Of what the result may be, we of course are uninformed; but the proceeding is said to be as costly as it is curious.—*Bath Gazette.*

EFFECTS OF COLD.—The effect which the exposure to severe frost has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was very striking in this man, as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark, and of whom we were anxious to make inquiries respecting Pearson. When I sent for them into my cabin they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely. To those who have been much accustomed to cold countries, this will be no new remark; but I cannot help thinking (and it is with this view that I speak of it) that many a man may have been punished for intoxication, who was only suffering from the benumbing effects of frost; for I have more than once seen our people in a state so exactly resembling that of the most stupid intoxication, that I should certainly have charged them with that offence, had I not been quite sure that no possible means were afforded them on Melville Island to procure anything stronger than snow-water.—*Arctic Voyage.*

WINTER TRAVELLING IN SIBERIA.—A traveller in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move; and under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar, and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were by stealth, a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling in the throat and lungs. The distance from one halting place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveller must always continue on horseback, as the cumbersome dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders; for, besides the general effect of the cold, they are tormented by the ice forming in the nostrils, and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this, by a distressed snort, and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the piece of ice, to save them from being suffocated. When the icy ground is not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapour: it is not only living beings which produce this effect—even the snow smokes. These evaporations are instantly changed into thousands of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise resembling the sound of torn sail or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forest, to protect himself from the intensity of the cold. In the Tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together as close as possible, to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen in this way quite motionless. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapour, marking the track of his solitary flight.

DISEASES OF NATIONS.—Rev. Thomas Starr King, in his admirable lecture on "Show and Substance," holds a post-mortem examination over the remains of ancient nations, and finds they did not perish by the might of foreign conquerors, but by their own innate corruption. Such would be their verdict: "Babylon died of delirium tremens; Nineveh, apoplexy; Persia, weakness of the spine; Greece, quick consumption; Rome, paralysis." The present characters of nations were hit off rapidly, thus: Ireland was hungry and dirty; France was troubled with neuralgia and St. Vitus's dance; Spain had the scurvy; Austria was bad off with colics and cramps, that required the utmost nursing skill of the Russian Czar; Germany was subject to the gout and headache; England had a plethora—while even in our youthful nation signs of a great black cancer might be seen in our lower limbs!

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, whose letter is dated Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 29, says, that on the 22nd of that month one thousand slaves were landed a few miles south of Rio, and marched into the interior, the cargo having been sold for 800 milreisch each. The slaver escaped. It is the first important importation since the Brazilian government, at the instance of Great Britain, issued its prohibitory decree.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.—A car full of passengers recently passed over the Western Railroad, in which occurred a simple but touching scene, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child who annoyed every one by its petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until at last it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted, "take the child out!" The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose, and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home, that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit, that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into patience and pity. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a rod.

A BILLION.—What a very great sum is a billion! It is a million of millions! A million seems large enough, but a million of millions—how long do you suppose it would take to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six pins a year; and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years, without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins.

HYENAS IN ALGERIA.—Not a tree is to be seen in this desolate land; a few rose-laurels on the banks of the Seybouse are the only signs of vegetation to be seen for miles around. The ground is deeply cracked in all directions, and the crevices afford shelter to numbers of reptiles. The jackals prowl about the neighbourhood after sunset; and, though they never attack a man, a child might easily become their prey, or be devoured by the wild beasts that follow in their wake. Hyenas are as common here as wolves in some parts of Europe. One evening I heard a piercing scream, like the cry of a child. My companion seized me by the arm, and said: "Listen to the hyena!" A cold shudder ran through my whole frame, and shortly afterwards the wild animal passed our cottage, pursued by all the dogs in the place. These creatures are of a cowardly nature, and take flight at the least alarm. This one had evidently made its way to the "gourbe," or stable, where all the cattle in the village were kept; but, unable to enjoy the feast in silence, its cry had betrayed it. The driver of the car which had brought me to Mondovi told me that a hyena had crossed our road, but had taken flight at the mere cracking of his whip. Lions seldom make their appearance. Occasionally they come from the mountains of Ella-rough, and prowl about Mondovi during the night.—*Residence in Algeria, by Madame Prus.*

TALES OF SNAKES.—Two were told me by a military friend as having occurred in his presence. He and several others were sitting after dinner, over their wine, when one of the party turned pale, and said "A snake has come in, and twisted itself round my leg, and that of the table." His companions rose hastily, in order to kill it; but he said, "if you awake it, it will stick its fangs into me, and then I am a lost man. You had better all go out of the room, and I will sit quietly with my hoolah till it awakes of itself; and then probably it will glide away without doing me any injury." After some expostulation his plan was adopted, and there he sat with the most perfect stillness for an hour, and an hour of much greater anxiety could scarcely have been passed: he was, however, rewarded by the snake quietly uncoiling itself, and taking its departure. The other story was that of an officer being about to put on his boots, and, thrusting his foot into one of them, felt something wriggling at the bottom; with the greatest presence of mind, he instantly stamped his foot upon the ground with the utmost violence. His chief difficulty was to know when to leave off this fatiguing exercise; but at last his leg ached so much, that he stopped, and finding all still, he drew off his boot, and there found a venomous serpent, which had crawled in, and coiled itself up in the last of the boot, but which he had killed by his exertions.—*See Lee's Anecdotes.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. JONES.—1. As executor under your father's will, you are the legal guardian of your father's infant children. 2. While the children are out of your custody, you cannot be compelled to contribute towards their maintenance. 3. Treat the person referred to as if he were a perfect stranger.

J. H.—It is not known when or how playing-cards were first introduced into Europe. It is supposed that they originally came from the East. In France, the nearest point at which the best antiquarians have arrived, is between 1392 and 1440. In Germany, it is pretty certain that card-making was carried on to a considerable extent about the year 1418.

A. C.—A copy of the will of a person who died in one of the British colonies, may be procured at Doctors' Commons. Unclaimed dividends are deposited in the Bank of England, to the credit of the Accountant General. Lists of them are kept at the Bank, where they may be inspected, gratis.

PAIR PLAY.—We give the substance of your letter, because it refers to a fact that should be more noticed than it is. You write: "I am no teetotaler, but should really like to know the reason we seldom or ever see a brewer's drayman with grey hair." It cannot be from the hard work, because, in the railway stations, at the docks, and also at the depots of our large carriers, we find hale, hearty, strong old men, with fine heads of grey hair, that do their work in a way that would shame many a younger hand. This state of things, if true, is really serious, and as far as I may be allowed to judge, ought to be made public. I cannot help thinking that malt and hops must be very unwholesome and weakening, if men, by the use of such, render themselves unfit for work, and are rarely seen over thirty-five or forty years of age.

LESLAH.—It has been well known for centuries that the descendants of the English and Irish are among the finest specimens of the human race. All mixed races are superior to inbred races.

PAUL BRANDON.—1. Foreigners are allowed to enlist into the continental armies. The standard height is generally lower than in England. 2. The consent of the father, or, if dead, the mother, or if both the parents are dead, the natural guardian, or next friend, is indispensable to render a deed of apprenticeship binding.

W. B.—Somerset House was originally built by Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, uncle to Edward VI. On his attainder, it came into possession of the crown, and was used as a royal palace until the reign of William III. It was then appointed for the reception of ambassadors; but in 1775 the whole of the structure was demolished, and the present edifice erected for the accommodation of the public offices, under the superintendence of Sir William Chambers.

M. J.—Copyhold property descends according to the custom of the manor. Very likely your eldest brother took possession as heir-at-law. If so, the sale by him was perfectly legal. You had better consult a respectable solicitor.

BUGR.—A will must be proved within six months after the testator's death. Having ascertained the value of the personal property, the executor must apply to the proctor of the court, if the will is to be proved in either of the prerogative courts; or to the registrar, or deputy-registrar, or other acting officer, if it be in any of the inferior courts, and if the executor live near it; but if he live at a distance, he may do the business through the medium of the nearest surrogate of the court. The penalty for acting under a will without taking out probate within six months from the date of the deceased's death, is £100.

JUNUS.—According to law, an infant attains his or her majority, or full age, on the day preceding the twenty-first anniversary of his or her birth. It appears, therefore, from the authorities, that a person born on the 1st of January, is of age for all legal acts on the morning of the last day of December; though perhaps the individual may not have lived twenty-one years, by nearly forty-eight hours. The reason assigned for this, is that the law does not recognise any fraction of a day. Hence, probably, arose the reservation, in some cases, of a year and a day, by which is meant a year complete, according to the common acceptance.

A. D. C. R.—The publication that contained the base and malignant slanders of the most influential of the popular periodicals, has no standing whatever. Its circulation does not exceed a few hundred copies per week. It has made one or two attempts to attract the notice of the public, but they have all miserably failed. You correctly describe it as "borrowing features and matter from other publications without acknowledgment, and being totally destitute of novelty, talent, or even ordinary common sense, in any single department." Its correspondence page betrays the poverty of its condition, both as to circulation and management. We never hear of the thing, much less read it, and should not have noticed its frantic spite, but for your friendly communication. The circulation of the LONDON JOURNAL is nearly 270,000 per week. The "Penny Magazine" never reached half that number.

LADIES' CLUB.—We can only remember three titled ladies who were married from the stage. Those were the Duchess of Bolton, the Countess of Derby, and Lady Boothby. In about three instances the daughters of eminent actors have married into titled families. The actors have not been so fortunate. Ladies have a greater dread of ridicule than men.

L. L. M.—The persons who cannot make wills are minors, male or female, married or single—married women, except under certain conditions—madmen, lunatics, idiots; persons grown childish by reason of old age or distemper, or who have lost their senses through drunkenness. To this class may be referred such persons as are born deaf, blind, and dumb, who, as they have always wanted the common inlets of understanding, are held to be incapable of making their wills. But persons by nature deaf and dumb only, may make a will, if it is manifest that they clearly understand what a will means, and can declare their intention by signs and tokens. Blind persons may of course make their wills, for they are not excepted out of the statute, and must comply with its directions as far as they are able. With respect to prisoners, they are not absolutely incapacitated from making a will, but it is left to the court to judge upon the peculiar circumstances of their capacity, whether or not such persons could be supposed to have had sufficient freedom of will so to do. A married woman is incapable of making a will without the consent of her husband. To this general rule there are, however, some exceptions. The queen, whether regnant or consort, is especially exempted; and any married woman may make her will of goods held by her *in reversion* (in right of another person), as executor or administratrix. If a married woman has any pin-money or separate maintenance, she may dispose of the savings, but this would be merely by an instrument in the nature of a will, which the husband, in equity, would be bound to carry out: The wife of a man who has undergone what the law terms a civil death, by having abjured the realm, been banished by Act of Parliament, or transported as a felon for life, may make a will as though she were unmarried, or her husband were actually dead. A married woman may also make a will under a power of appointment given to her either before or after marriage. In the third class of persons prohibited from making wills, are comprised traitors, felons, outlaws, and, odd as it may sound, suicides. The will of a *felo de se* cannot dispose of goods and chattels, for they are forfeited by the manner of his death, but it will be a good devise of his lands, because as a suicide he is not attained as a felon.

M. D. N.—The recent disclosures before committees of the House of Commons served to prove that the present electoral system is ineffectual and vicious. The cases taken show that, *per se*, the election disputed was as hollow a piece of business as well could be imagined. Mammon figures conspicuously in the transaction, and cant contributed to render the display more detestable. Our own impression is, that purity of election is impossible without the ballot. Why it should have been delayed so long is to us incomprehensible. It is not a new suggestion, but one familiar, and in practice among all classes of Englishmen. The nation will be wiser by-and-by.

MARY ANNE tells a story, which unhappily is too common. A gentleman visited at her parents' house daily for some months, and she fancied that it was for the sake of her society. Lately, however, she learned that he was engaged to a girl many years her junior; and this so chagrined her, that she, by those representations and insinuations which seem natural to jealous people, succeeded in prejudicing his parents against the innocent object of his attachment. This scandalous conduct did not, of course, enable her to succeed in her object; and now she is torn by remorse, "and would give worlds if she could recall the past." As she has behaved as a woman under the evil aspect of her sex, she must not go down on her knees and confess, but she may seek the injured girl's society, and by her manner and kindness show that she is anxious to remove the injurious impression she has created. Her mother, or, if she has none, a good-souled kind of elderly female friend of both families, would be the best mediator.

AMY H.—Amongst fashionable people, it is not the etiquette to pay a visit to a lady before three or after five in the afternoon. On returning visits, a card left at the house is generally considered all that is necessary; but if you are admitted, the morning visit should not be protracted. A gentleman, when paying a morning visit, should never leave his hat in the hall—it makes him look too much at home—he should take it into the room with him. The same rule applies to people who visit private residences on business. The hat should be carried in the hand, and, if engaged in conversation for any length of time, placed on a side-table.

SAMUEL HALL.—In almost every country the law has made marriage an exception to ordinary contracts. It is not dissoluble at the wish of the parties. There are weighty reasons for this; for, in discouraging divorce, the law and its ministers are fearful, perhaps, that the numerous petty disputes and disagreements which unhappily occur between the married, would lead them from mere temporary spite to seek for divorces—when, if that object were only attainable through great trouble and expense, and after a lapse of time, the gust would harmlessly pass over. Sir Walter Scott was a shrewd observer, and hearken to his dictum on the subject: "When people understand that they must live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off. They become good husbands and good wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many persons who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, might have been at this moment living in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality."

N. B. asks what conclusion is to be drawn from the circumstance of a young lady yawning in the presence of her lover. The obvious one would be that he was indifferent to her; but some men make love so awkwardly, that the poor girls, however strong their liking may be, are positively mesmerised into dullness. As we are called upon for an opinion, we should say that these slow lovers generally make fast husbands. When their *mauvais honte* has disappeared, their tongues wag freely enough, and, like a railway train behind time, they put on steam and go ahead at get-off-the-rails, tumble-over-embankments, and smashing speed.

ROSE W.—The young gentleman kisses hands to you every time he meets you, does he? Well, we presume he has taken a fancy to you; but as he can kiss hands he is not bashful, and had better be avoided. Young men that wink, blink, and giggle are insufferably vulgar creatures. They are not over honest, either.

HAMLET puts a painful question. He asks how he shall cure a drunken wife: not a dram-drinker, but a fuddler of home-brewed, at home? He has two daughters, is in comfortable circumstances, with about £200 per year coming in from property that he has accumulated by his own hard industry; but the conduct of his wife blights his happiness, and he is afraid her example will be pernicious to his daughters. We don't know how to assist him; we wish we could. Drunkenness is a disease, and must be treated like a disease. In Russia they mix the favourite beverage of the drunkard with his food, until he loathes the very smell of the accursed drink. The only remedy in England is prevention. Total and immediate abstinence must be insisted upon. We remember reading an account of a young and beautiful wife being addicted to the vice, and the husband, without even rebuking her, placed her in a remote part of the country, with some people he could depend upon, who were neither to keep intoxicating liquors in the house, nor procure them under any pretence. The result was a radical cure. The habit wore away, and the lady, more beautiful than ever, returned to her husband, to become a tender wife and exemplary mother.

TARUS.—A naval cadet serves two years, not four, before he can be made a midshipman. The Royal Navy takes precedence of the Army: *par exemple*, a post captain in the Navy takes precedence of a colonel holding a commission of the same date. The Navy is also universally "Royal," whereas there are only a few favoured regiments that bear that appellation. The number of votes for and against Louis Napoleon being Emperor—viz., for, 7,119,799, against, 1,119,000—if written on transparent paper, will, at the back, by placing the left thumb on the first three ciphers, form the word "Empeur." The phantasy has been attributed to some ingenious French priest—a Bonapartist, of course.

A WIDOW.—As you have only personal property, and intend leaving it to your daughter for life, the following will be the form in which your will should be drawn: "This is the Last Will and Testament of A. B., of So-and-so, widow. I give and bequeath to C. D., of So-and-so, and E. F., of So-and-so, all my estate and effects. Upon Trust, to collect and get in the same, and invest the amount thereof at interest, for the benefit of my daughter Mary—, for her life, and after her death to divide the principal among such of the children of the said Mary—as shall be attaining the age of twenty-one; or in case there shall be but one to him or her, on his or her attaining the age of twenty-one; but if there shall be no children of the said Mary—, living at the time of her decease, then to pay over and divide the said principal sum as she shall by deed or will appoint. And I hereby nominate and appoint the said C. D. and E. F., to be executors of this my will." Dated this day of , 1853.

The signing must take place in the presence of two witnesses, who, without going out of the room, must sign the following: "Signed by the said A. B., the testatrix, in the presence of us, present at the same time, who, in her presence, and in the presence of each other, attest and subscribe our names as witnesses thereto."

LEPSOG.—Only the arms of prisoners capitally convicted are pinioned, and then only a few minutes before execution.

JULIA A. wishes to know if she can with propriety break off an engagement of very short duration, with a young man, when she has seen another she likes better, and who she thinks would make her more happy in the marriage state. Julia must be punished. She is not only fickle, but indiscreet. She should have sounded the depths of her heart before she entered into any engagement. She must abide by it, but probably the young man will be glad to be let off so easily.

THOMAS must peruse our last dozen numbers for instructions on will making. A testator may of course make his own will, but it is dangerous, and the lawyers like the fun. It used to be a standing toast in the profession: "The man who makes his own will." Employ a solicitor; don't run the risk of having it said after your death that you were "penny wise and pound foolish."

WILL SCARLET.—The tradition runs that the outlaw, Robin Hood, was the legitimate heir to the earldom of Huntingdon. The probability is that he was a clever fellow, and when the oppressed Saxons, in the Northern and Midland counties, took to the forest, to escape the tyranny of the Normans, he naturally became their leader. 2. An Irishman. 3. About five hundred.

JUVENIS.—Devote yourself to some study. Ascertain your bias, and then follow it. Desultory reading is only injurious when unaccompanied by application to something definite. The arts, sciences, and literature offer a thousand opportunities for self-culture in some particular branch. Your letter shows that you are a modest, sensible young man, and from the diction and the style of the handwriting, we should say you were not deficient in energy. Try! It is a little word, but it means everything that builds up and secures success in any undertaking.

CATHOLICUS desires to marry, and would be glad to meet with a Catholic young lady, between eighteen and twenty-four, of respectability and good education, with lady-like manners, domesticated habits, and a small income. He is twenty-eight years of age, of good family and education, and fond of home. He has been educated abroad, has travelled much, and flatters himself he would not be objected to as regards looks. His income at present is about £200 a year.

SINCERITY, a young lady of fortune, thinks she should like to marry, if she could meet with one that she could love and esteem. She would prefer him being rather tall, from twenty-five to thirty, of a truly affectionate and sincere disposition, and well-educated. She is dark, and considered good-looking; not very tall, of an amiable and cheerful disposition, well-educated, and, from all her tastes and habits, peculiarly adapted for a domestic life.

AMANDA is desirous of corresponding with "Challenger." She has just turned twenty-four, has received a good education, can speak French, and has a taste for music and singing. She flatters herself that she could make a husband happy. She has about £200 a year coming in from freehold property.

CAM, a gentleman thirty years of age, tall in stature, with dark, oval features, black eyes and hair, and generally considered good-looking, would be happy to correspond with a lady, with view to a matrimonial engagement. He is a professional gentleman (son of a highly distinguished officer), and moves in good society. The lady must be of an amiable temper, and if a little older than himself, it would not be considered an objection.

F. Y., a gentleman of respectability, without incumbrance, aged thirty-nine, tall, and good-looking, offers himself to "Ave Maria," who very disparagingly calls herself an ugly old maid. But he contends, and we fully agree with him, that many are the aspirants to matrimonial honours who cannot boast the honesty of purpose and true notions of happiness that the old maid can lay claim to. We should inquire the cause of their celibacy, before we rail at them for their misfortune: if we did, we should find, in a majority of cases, that higher and purer motives than the mere possession of a husband have caused, in a great measure, the loneliness of their state. How often does a premature death sever the beings, but not the hearts. How often is it that we find women preferring a single life to the misery consequent upon a mercenary marriage; and how often, too, may we not find them broken-hearted by man's caprice. The old maid, in our opinion, should be the object of our sympathy and respect, not ridicule.

The charming face, fine shape, and piercing eyes,
Sickness, or accident, or age destroys.
But she the fairest is, in whom we find
The sweetest graces of a pleasing mind:
These form the basis of a lasting love;
They charm when young, and will with age improve.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Malvina (Lady Byron, the wife of the poet, is still living)—Kate F. (An unmarried lady may wear a ring on any finger. The only engaged finger is the wedding finger)—Edward Spencer (The towns and cities in the interior of the United States)—Drawing Room (An old nursery tale)—W. Moore (Not destitute of merit, but the spelling spoils it completely)—Thomas (A good, bold style of handwriting)—Telegraph (See our previous numbers)—G. R. Wiston (A case for a solicitor)—W. Undy (Cousins and half-cousins may lawfully marry)—W. C. S. (Good handwriting)—Walton Butler (Both are correct)—Tom King (Consult the advertising columns of the WEEKLY TIMES)—Topsy (Do not marry until he has given you twelve months' good conduct, as an assurance for the future)—J. T. G. (Old, very)—Lohs (Declined, with thanks)—A. Henderson (Being five feet nine and a half inches, you are eligible for the Royal Engineers' or Sappers and Miners' corps)—Ellen (We are sorry we cannot oblige you, but such questions are never answered in respectable journals)—H. R. (Nearly all the systems of short-hand in use are good. The selection is a matter of taste)—Zin (A debt is not recoverable after the lapse of six years)—P. T. O. (Squinting may be cured. There are various methods in practice—but go to an experienced oculist)—Felix (You may purchase a book on the "Art of Swimming," in any of the news-shops in Belfast)—G. J. B. (You are a grumbler)—J. S. O.—L. and C.—Charles—Charles Percut—Constant—Tibbie—Peggy and Janet—J. and T.—William Hill—David Gibber—A. B.—M. A. W.—Perseverance—Alpha—Alvario—Cris—Christina—Matilda—An Old Maid—A Lonely One—H. S. D.—Honourable—Celeste and Ise—Horace—Comus—Allegro—W. J. Hedgley—E. P. A.—Q. E. S.—Fielding—Constant—Circumstances—J. M. B.—Rogers and Lilly—T. F. C. Amato—Jane H.—Augustus—M. J.—E. J.—Agnes O.—Amo—W. C. B.—Rochester—Polly and Anna—Helen—Theodore—S. J. M.—A Yorkshireman—A. M.—W. C.—An Artisan—Mercator—Eliza—Martin L.—Constance and Juliana—M. and E.—Blanche and Geneva—Georgiana and Eliza—Candid—J. B. S.—T. L. C.—Montague Stewart—John Bradshaw—Sarah—Richards—Agnes Somers—Consuelo—Isolated—James—Anne—Alfred—B.—L. K. W.—A Lonely One—J. J. L. H.—S. B.—Charles—Margaret and Marian—Julian B.—J. H.—Ellen Montgomery—Mary and Effie—Harry L.—and S. King—Philos—Harry H.—Joseph Marshall—M. W. A.—Miss E. G.—Fanny Rosalind—Frank—C. H. and J. G.—Expectant—Charles Vere—B. R.—L. C.—T. N. Antonio—H. C. S.—A. B. C.—Emma Durham—Charles Harcourt—E. P.—George Leigh—J. C.—J. R.—Thomas Cummins.

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[RED RALPH EXHIBITING HIS JOY AT HAVING TRAPPED WILL SIDELER.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT, "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear;
Grieve for an hour, perchance, and mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show.
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Or hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb,
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly o'er thy breast.

POPE.

THE first care of our hero, on reaching his hotel, was to shut himself in his chamber and peruse the packet which Martingale had given him on their last interview. With an endurance which an Indian fakir might have envied, he read the long-suppressed letters, one by one; not a groan or cry escaped him—he had wrought himself to bear that mental agony, that rending of the heart-strings, compared to which the body's sufferings are little heeded.

The unusual paleness which overspread his features, and a slight quivering of the lips, when he came to the detail of the murder of his benefactor, alone gave token of the storm of grief, indignation, and horror rising in his soul. This unnatural calmness was terrible as the pause which precedes the falling of the thunderbolt, or the explosion of the smouldering fires long pent in some volcano's breast.

"And I away!" he murmured, through his clenched teeth; "and I away!"

To his grief for the loss of Sir William, was added the maddening thought that Ellen was left exposed to the machinations of his rival, whom his heart instinctively designated as the author of so much misery. What would have been his feelings had he known all the trials to which she had been exposed—the treachery of Colonel Mowbray, and the persecution of Meeran? his reason must have sunk beneath the blow.

How deep and beautiful is the confidence which woman reposes in the honour of the man on whom she has bestowed her first affections! It requires years of unkindness and infidelity before her trusting nature can believe the unworthiness of the idol of her imagination. Even

when conviction is forced upon her sickening heart, she hopes against hope, and trusts despite of reason; but when once the spell is really broken, no after promise can reunite the severed links.

Whilst the letters of the orphan expressed the deep anguish she endured at his silence, not one word betrayed a doubt of his faith: illness, treachery, even death, appeared more probable to her foreboding heart, than the falsehood of the love of her choice.

"Ellen—sweet Ellen!" he murmured, as he pressed the signature with passionate emotion to his lips; "I shall save thee yet from the trammels of the fiend who would destroy our happiness! The miserable, cowardly assassin!" he added; "would that my impatient spirit could annihilate the distance which divides us! Never till now did I feel hatred towards any human being: something whispers me that, when next we meet, the contest will be mortal!"

Seldom had one so young been placed in a more embarrassing position than Henry Ashton: but a few hours since, life seemed full of promise—now all was dark and clouded. Sir William Mowbray and his son—for such he felt assured was the tie between Walter and the baronet—were dead—each laid in an untimely grave by the hand of violence! Lady Mowbray, too, how could he break the mournful intelligence to her? How destroy her hope of being reunited to the husband of her youth—of clasping to her maternal breast her long-lost son?

The blow was doubly severe, falling at the moment when everything seemed to promise so brilliantly for the future.

He determined to consult the Duchess of Devonshire, and be guided by her advice: her woman's heart, he rightly judged, could best decide whether to break the mournful intelligence at once to the unhappy lady, or, in pursuance of his first intention, depart with her for England.

That same evening, he drove for the last time to the palace of her grace, in the Corso, and related to her sympathising ear the treachery of which he had been the victim.

"To England, instantly!" she exclaimed, speaking with that decision which takes counsel of the heart, not the brain; "lose not a moment—for that moment might place an eternal barrier between you and the object of your love! Colonel Mowbray I know to be as unscrupulous as he is cold and calculating. Still he is not so much to be feared as this Meeran Hafaz: the headlong

passion of such a man o'erleaps every barrier of manhood and of honour!"

"And Lady Mowbray?" interrupted the young man.

The duchess paused for an instant before she replied.

"I will accompany her myself," she said; "it is not exactly the moment I should have selected to revisit my native land—but sooner or later my affairs must have taken me there."

"You think, then," inquired her visitor, "that, even under present circumstances—the death of her husband and the loss of her son, for such I am convinced Walter was to her—the voyage should be made?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Alas! what has she to hope?"

"The clearing of her fame from the calumny which has clouded it," replied the duchess; "and perhaps the discovery of her son—for I am far from feeling the conviction which you possess, that Walter was that son. Colonel Mowbray is not the man to have shown even such poor justice to his brother's heir, as to adopt him for his own."

"Surely you do not think him capable of having murdered the infant?" exclaimed Henry, with a shudder.

"No," replied her grace, after a moment's reflection; "he is one of those who temper cruelty with prudence—who calculate the future as well as the present. The crime might not appal him, but the danger would. He may have concealed his nephew—banished him to a foreign land—caused him to be reared in ignorance and poverty; but he has not destroyed him."

The conviction was too deeply rooted in the breast of her visitor to yield to the opinion of the speaker, unsupported as it was by evidence of any kind; respect alone kept him from replying to her. Before taking his leave, he learned with astonishment that both her grace and Sir Thomas Lawrence had for several days possessed proofs of his benefactor's death, but that they had determined upon withholding them from him till the result of the appeal to Pius VII., respecting Lady Mowbray, should be known.

In making his adieux to that unhappy lady, he explained to her that the death of his friend compelled his immediate return to England, where he would prepare for her reception. Poor fellow! his heart swelled with emotion as he listened to her anticipations of once more meeting the husband of her youth, without a cloud upon her fair fame. He could not undeceive her—he left that task to the

sympathising friendship of the warm-hearted Duchess of Devon hire.

It was time that he took his leave—his tears and agitation almost betrayed him. One task only remained previous to his departure from the Eternal City—it was to consign the body of Walter to its last resting-place, in the burial-ground set apart for Protestants and strangers, near the pyramid of Caius Cestus.

At an early hour the following morning, the wretched Martingale was conducted for the last time before his judges. He had been taken almost in the commission of the act for which he was about to suffer, and for once Italian justice was as rapid as it was well directed. The attempt which he had made upon his life determined the members of the Holy Office at once to proceed to execution—every moment of his life was numbered.

The hall, as usual on such occasions, was hung with black, relieved only by the large ivory crucifix suspended over the chair of the inflexible Micara, who presided. Groups of apparitors and officials were standing at the lower end of the apartment, the doors of which were guarded by a party of carabineers, under the command of the lieutenant of the Governor of Rome.

It was his duty to receive the prisoner from the hands of the members of the tribunal—who, being priests, could not pronounce a sentence involving the shedding of blood, it being against the canons of the Catholic Church.

On an arm-chair at the foot of the dais, the Governor of Rome himself was seated. It was his province to act as doomster—or, in other words, to pronounce the judgment of the Holy Office.

The criminal bowed with his usual grace when led into the hall. He knew very well the purpose for which he was brought there, but not even the approach of death could disturb the serenity of his manner. Had it been possible, he would have abridged, brief as they were, the intervening hours.

The secretary of the Holy Office read the decree by which the judges, finding the prisoner, Robert Martingale, guilty of the crime of blood, consigned him to the secular arm to deal with him. He concluded by adding the usual recommendation to mercy.

The governor rose, and asked the prisoner if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

"Nothing," replied Martingale, with a bitter smile; "for it would avail me little here, or I might ask your right to punish one murder by another—for the taking of human life is murder, no matter what mockeries and superstitious forms accompany the act; but I do not wish to prate," he added; "give Rome its holiday!"

"Say, rather," interrupted the governor, to whom the prisoner's observations were anything but pleasing, "justice its due. I am not here to defend the law, but to pronounce its judgment: which is, that at the hour of noon you be led into the Piazza del Popolo, and there beheaded on the public scaffold; your body to be interred in the common moat, without the city walls!"

"It will rest as well there," said the condemned man, coolly. "as under the dome of St. Peter's. I have been too difficult in the choice of my habitation while living, to care much about my resting-place when dead!"

The condemned man was instantly removed from the prison of the Holy Office to that of the city, where the governor informed him that, if he wished it, a priest of his own faith might be permitted privately to visit him. The offer was politely but firmly declined.

No sooner was it known in Rome that the execution of an Englishman was about to take place, than the city poured forth its motley population of artists, travellers, monks, artisans, and tradesmen; spectators of a higher rank were not wanting. Strange that such a magnetic power should exist in the horror excited by the fearful spectacle of a public death: its influence is frequently felt by the strongest mind, and even those whose humanity or sensibility shrinks from the sight of human suffering, feel a strange fascination in listening to the tale.

To the honour of the Italian women, there were but few of the gentler sex gathered in the magnificent square: the desire of marking the last struggles of the victim to outraged justice, of counting its agonies and tears, is not one of the morbid tastes which can be laid to their charge, whatever other faults truth must assign them.

At a short distance from the scaffold were a party of Englishmen, many of whom had been acquainted with the condemned both at home and in Italy. The crime for which he was about to suffer had destroyed all sympathy for his fate: they attended, as they might at any other spectacle, merely to see him die. Several began to look impatiently at their watches; as the hour drew near, the excitement increased.

"This will be strange news at Newmarket!" observed a sporting baronet, who had taken the odds that Martingale would die game.

"I can't understand the affair," added the gentleman with whom the first speaker had betted; "always thought him a shrewd fellow—never knew him make his book so blunderingly before!"

"Th' usual case, I suppose," said a retired dandy; "a woman!"

"The beautiful Therese Colonna!" exclaimed one.

"No; the divine Pauline! Mowbray was eternally at the Villa Borghese," pronounced a second.

"Not more than his friend Ashton!" added another.

The speculations and surmises of the speakers were suddenly hushed—the measured tramp of approaching cavalry was heard advancing along the Corso: in a few minutes, the escort which surrounded the vehicle containing the prisoner and the officers of police who guarded him, entered the piazza at a sharp trot.

The Romans—who were accustomed to see not only the brothers of the Order of Mercy, but troops of Franciscans

and other friars, accompany the condemned wretch to the place of execution, filling his ears with exhortations, and the air with psalms and prayers—were inexpressibly shocked at the absence of the holy fathers on the present occasion.

"*Cospetto!*" muttered one of the porters of the Ripetta, "I have often heard that the English die like dogs, but never believed it till now!"

One of his neighbours observed that the criminal was a heretic; but even this reason, generally so unanswerable to an Italian, failed to convince the *faguino*, whose sympathy was sharpened by the recollection of the many scudi he had received from the countrymen of the assassin.

"Heretic or not," he replied, "their prayers could have done him no harm, and would have been but a mark of politeness to the Inglesi, who spend so much money in Rome!"

The instant the carriage reached the foot of the scaffold, Martingale descended, and, after a few brief words to the greffier, who demanded if he had any declaration to make, ascended the fatal planks. The instrument by which he was to suffer was the guillotine—first introduced at Rome by the French in the time of Napoleon, and almost the only improvement of his administration which has been retained; but its superiority over the brutal and clumsy apparatus previously in use, was too apparent even for a government of priests to avoid acknowledging it.

Before being strapped to the fatal plank, which turns upon a pivot, and then slides in a groove, till the head of the victim is brought under the fatal knife, Martingale looked slowly round upon the vast multitude assembled to witness his death. A very slight flush suffused his cheek as he recognised several of his former fashionable friends in the group of his fellow-countrymen, which the officers had permitted to stand within the line of soldiers formed around the scaffold. It was a delicate attention paid to their nationality. Englishmen have the reputation on the continent of seeking sensations in the terrible rather than the intellectual and beautiful—hunting after morbid excitement, instead of healthful pleasure; of course we mean morally and physically.

The murderer waved his hand to his quondam associates with the same careless grace that he would have done in the park or mall; and then, turning to the group around him, demanded which was the executioner.

A little, withered old man, dressed in a rusty suit of black, stepped forward.

"I am," he said, "at the service of your excellency." Martingale smiled bitterly: a being whose strength, compared to his own, was as that of an infant—a thing he could have crushed and trampled on—armed with the fearful authority of the law, stood ready to consign him to the grave. Tossing his purse to him, he said, in a firm tone:

"What you have to do, do quickly!" "Si signor!" exclaimed the fellow, clutching the gold; "you shall not wait an instant."

At a sign from their chief, his assistants led the wretched victim of pride and ambition to the plank: he was strapped to it in an instant, and pushed into the groove. The instant his head was inclosed in a circle made to receive it, the last minister of justice pulled a small cord: the knife descended with a sharp, hissing sound, and the head of the murderer fell in the basket, filled with sawdust, which stood ready to receive it.

"You have lost!" said the baronet, coolly addressing the gentleman who had given him long odds. "Martingale died game."

This was the fitting epitaph of a man whose talents and energies had been applied to an honourable career, might have achieved distinction and fortune. Misdirected, they led him, step by step, down the abyss of crime, till outraged society avenged itself in his death and degradation.

At the hour of sunset, that same evening, two funerals took place in the environs of Rome. One was attended only by a few officials, who consigned, without prayer or ceremony, the corpse of the murderer to a deep pit, dug in the remains of a moat which formerly surrounded the city walls. The unhallowed resting-place was hastily filled with the earth and stones which had been cast from it, and those who had been present retired from the spot as men retire from the fulfilment of an unpleasant duty. Not a benison was uttered over it, or a single tear shed to consecrate the grave.

The simple but sublime prayers of the English church had been pronounced over the final resting-place of the noble-hearted Walter Mowbray, whose remains were deposited in a simple grave at the foot of the pyramid of Caius Cestus. The clergyman and mourners had all withdrawn, save Henry Ashton, who lingered in the burial-ground, unwilling that any human eyes should witness the weakness of his sorrows—the tears sacred to friendship and to virtue.

There was a stillness in the air, a solitude in the scene, which affected the imagination far more powerfully than the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault of the most magnificent temple—a silence and a solitude which is only felt when the spirit is suffering and lonely.

"But for one tie—only one," he murmured, "how gladly would I have done with life, and rest beside thee! The world may give me other friends, but not a friend like thee! Thy memory shall rest enshrined in my heart, dear Walter, and the recollections of thy virtues shall embalm it!"

"There is another tie," he added, after a pause, "which binds me still to earth—revenge. My benefactor and my friend—father and son—from their untimely graves call on me to pursue it. Here, by this hallowed dust—by Him, whose name you stars pronounce, whose might the roaring sea or tempest's breath alike make ma-

nifest—I do devote my soul to its fulfilment! Tears shall be henceforth weakness: when I have avenged their murder, there will be time to mourn them!"

Our hero knelt, and, in the excitement of the moment, pressed his lips to the fresh-turned earth upon the grave of Walter; then, as if fearing to trust his firmness by further delay, he slowly left the burial-ground.

There was something terrible in the air of confidence and calm resolution which marked his manner—every energy of his young heart seemed concentrated in one powerful passion—hatred. Could the author of so much misery have heard the vow, and witnessed the look which accompanied it, even he might have trembled.

By daybreak the following morning, Henry Ashton left the Eternal City, on his way to England, as fast as four fleet horses could bear him along the Appian Way. He determined to travel day and night—to deny himself even a moment's rest till he once more stood upon his native strand: once there, he felt the rest was easy.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

The toils are loosened, but not broken;
They may knit again, closing the victim
In their meshes.

OLD PLAY.

WHEN Ellen recovered from the swoon into which the terror and excitement of the scene she had encountered had thrown her, she found herself reposing on a bed, in a plain, but comfortably furnished chamber, attended by an aged female, whose respectable air and matron-like appearance were in themselves sufficient to inspire confidence.

"Where am I?" she demanded, casting a look of terror round the apartment, as if she dreaded to encounter the glance of her relentless persecutor.

"Where you are safe, my dear young lady—quite safe, replied the female; "under the protection of my master!"

At the word master, the orphan shuddered—for her fears reverted to Meeran Hafaz or the colonel.

"His name?" "I do not know it," answered the woman; "but do not let that alarm you! I know that he is good, although his conduct may appear strange; he has been most anxious on your account!"

"I must see him!" exclaimed the agitated girl; "hear from his own lips all I have either to hope or fear! Suspense," she added, with an hysterical burst of grief, "destroys me!"

Before the party to whom she had addressed herself could answer, there was a gentle tap at the door of the room.

"It is my master," said the attendant; "fear nothing—you will find in him a father!"

Without waiting for the assent of her charge, she disappeared in the passage, and, after a few hastily whispered words, returned, followed by a tall man, of middle age, and a severe, but benevolent cast of countenance. Despite her alarm, Ellen could not avoid being struck by the dignity of his appearance: a beard, which time had already partially silvered, descended to his breast.

After the description we have given, we need scarcely inform our readers that her preserver was the Khan. He, too, like Elworthy, had been upon the watch, and fortunately arrived in time to save her.

"Whom have I to bless or fear?" demanded the orphan, fixing her eyes with an imploring expression upon him.

"A friend," answered the renegade, mildly; "who has indeed proved himself one, by breaking the long familiar ties of human love which bound him to your persecutor! Fear not," he added, taking her gently by the hand, and speaking in a soothing tone; "you are safe! I would not abandon to its enemies the meanest of God's creatures that had sought the shelter of my roof, far less one whom heaven must love, and manhood is bound to guard!"

"You are the friend, then—the generous, unknown being—whom the physician named to me?"

The renegade replied to her only by a smile. "Bless you!" she continued; "heaven bless you for your kindness to one whom all seem to have forgotten! Tears must be my thanks—I cannot speak as I ought; but He who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, will recompense you for your generous protection!"

"May He accept it," said the Khan, who felt pained at listening to his own praise, "as an atonement for my cruel wrongs towards one who would have watched over your safety as the guardian angel watches the soul committed to his charge!"

These words, perhaps incautiously uttered, plunged the still excited Ellen in a train of thought which nearly shook her reason. Was it possible, she asked herself, that he alluded to her dead uncle? and if so, what was the nature of the wrongs he named—could it be murder?

"You mean Sir William Mowbray?" she almost shrieked.

"You are —"

"Sir William Mowbray!" hastily interrupted the Khan, at once perceiving her suspicion. "No, young lady—no I would have defended him with my life! The child he loved is not more innocent of his blood than I am. More than twenty years have elapsed," he added, with a sigh, "since I beheld him."

The tone in which these words were uttered carried conviction with them; the eye of the speaker was untroubled, and his voice firm and clear, as that which an approving conscience gives.

"Thank heaven!" sobbed Ellen, relieved from a fearful terror. "Forgive me that I wronged you!"

Her next inquiries were for her friends, the faithful Susan and her lover, who had risked so much to save her. Her mysterious protector answered by the assurance of his belief that they were safe. The honest rustic, he observed, was not one to be easily taken and, as for

Susan—with all his vices and storms of passion, Meeran Hafaz was incapable of injuring a woman. The heart of the young Indian, he felt assured, was not yet corrupt enough for that.

He next persuaded his guest to take a draught which he had prepared, promising her that the female, whose presence seemed to Ellen a protection, should not quit her side. The orphan received it with grateful confidence from his hand: so much kindness and sympathy, she felt assured, could not be the mask to deceit or cruelty.

"In the morning," he said, "I will seek your friends; by that time they will have returned to London. I shall doubtless hear of them at Lawyer Elworthy's."

The name of the man whom Sir William Mowbray had trusted, appeared to Ellen as an additional proof of his sincerity; and she felt, as he left the chamber, as if she had parted from a friend.

"I have heard his voice before!" she thought; "it returns like the memory of my childhood's dream, or some long-forgotten strain. Where could it have been? in India? Yes—yes! it must have been in India!"

Vainly she endeavoured to render her recollections more distinct: her overwrought brain gradually yielded to the narcotic which the renegade had prepared, and she sank into the arms of Nature's nurse—a sweet, refreshing sleep.

Hail, blessed sleep! thine is the gifted spell
To wake in shadows scenes remembered well;
To set the chained imagination free,
And paint, in rainbow hues, what's e'er might be.
Visions of bliss with thoughts of earth combine,
And form a whole half human, half divine.

In her dreams the sufferer was happy: the scenes of her youth appeared again. She saw the eyes of affection beaming upon hers; kind, familiar faces smiled upon her; Henry and Sir William, too, were there; and she felt happy—oh, how happy! her heart appeared to have recovered all it had ever loved or mourned. No hideous image marred the pleasing picture.

Such dreams are like the reflection of a pure and virtuous mind, seen in a mirror, ere passion's breath has sullied it—they are given to the innocent alone.

The Khan had rightly judged, when he supposed that the lawyer and his friends, once assured of the failure of their scheme, would not remain an hour longer than was necessary in the neighbourhood of Cromwell House, to brave the wrath of Meeran. Before, however, they quitted Mortlake, Joe Beans arranged with Ralph to watch the proceedings of its inmates. The lad promised to bring him daily intelligence to the office of Mr. Elworthy. He ran little risk in doing so; for, to use his own words, it was no easy thing to bar him from the old, crumbling mansion. He knew each turn and hiding-place it contained much better than his prayers.

At daybreak, the disappointed friends of the orphan returned to London, which they reached at an early hour. Susan was heart-broken at the failure of their scheme, which had promised so fairly; and poor, faithful Joe was little less dispirited than herself.

"I promised Master Harry," he said, "that I would watch over her and protect her—and I have broken my word. If any misfortune happens—I shall never be able to look him in the face again. He would have died rather than have deceived me!"

"It is indeed most unfortunate!" exclaimed the lawyer, who had been perusing the letters which had arrived during his absence. "Dr. Orme, on whose promise I relied to second my application to the Chancellor, has left England."

"Left England!" repeated the rustic friend of our hero, with an air of astonishment. "Parson gone to furrin parts!"

"To Italy," added Mr. Elworthy, with an air of vexation; "at such a moment, too! Little does he dream of the mischief his presence will occasion!"

"It is in the right!" exclaimed Joe, with a cry of joy. "Parson be always right; he will bring Master Harry back; and then I should like to see who will keep Miss Ellen from him!"

The man of law shook his head despondingly: he had not the same confidence in the presence of our hero as the speaker.

"I thought," he said, addressing his senior clerk, who entered the private office where they were seated, without being summoned, "that I gave orders not to be disturbed?"

"So I told the gentlemen, sir," replied the man, submissively; "but he would not take a refusal!"

"What gentlemen?" hastily demanded his employer.

"A strange one" continued the scribe; "for he looks more like a heathen, with his long black hair, than a Christian! And yet," he added, "he must be a gentleman—he speaks with as much authority as a peer. Tell your master, he said, 'that I bring him intelligence which he will be glad to hear, touching the circumstance which at the present moment most occupies his mind!'"

"See him!" whispered Joe, struck by the speaker's description of the visitor; "it must be the Khan!"

"And who is the Khan?" inquired the lawyer.

This was more than our honest friend could inform him; all he knew was, that he had, on more than one occasion, shown himself friendly to Henry Ashton, and that, in his judgment, was a guarantee for every other virtue.

"Admit him," said the man of law; "it is a faint hope, but in our present position we must not cast the least chance aside."

The renegade entered the office with his usual calm deliberate step. Mr. Elworthy felt that he was about to hold communication with no common person.

"Your business, sir?" he inquired, after having pointed to a chair.

Before making a reply, his singular visitor scanned the countenances of all present. Turning towards the clerk, whom curiosity kept lingering in the room, he silently pointed to the door.

"Go!" said his employer; "I will ring, should I require your services."

As soon as the fellow had withdrawn, the old man took the proffered seat.

"You were at Mortlake," he began, "last night?"

"Before I answer that question," replied the cautious man of law, "I must first learn your motive."

"I came," continued the Khan, "to discuss facts, not motives! I need not observe to one of your experience, that the latter are too often confounded with pretexts."

"I was at Mortlake," said Mr. Elworthy, more and more puzzled by the manner of his visitor.

"And these persons with you?"

"Yes."

"He knows all about it!" exclaimed Joe, with a faint smile; for he began to entertain a vague hope from the visit of the stranger. "Best tell him all, Master Lawyer!"

"Where you attempted," resumed the renegade, "to carry off Miss De Vere from the guardianship of her uncle, her only legal protector: are you aware of the consequences of such a step?"

"He has abused his rights shamefully—infamously abused them!" exclaimed the legist; "and my conscience acquits me."

"I thought, sir," once more interrupted his visitor, "I told you that I came to discuss facts, not motives. That yours are known to me, my presence here is sufficient proof; and if I alluded to the risk you have run in acting as you have, it was to justify my own caution—perhaps to test yours. I am aware of the sufferings Miss De Vere has endured, and the dangers she has escaped!"

"Escaped!" shouted the attached friend of our hero, starting from his seat, and clasping the speaker by the hand; "did 'ee say escaped? Say it again, and I'll kneel and worship 'ee!"

"Escaped!" repeated the Khan.

Joe's joy became so wild and boisterous, that it was some moments before the conversation could be renewed. In his transports he embraced Susan, kissed away her tears, asked what she was crying for, and declared "that he could not Master Harry now without shame." In the exuberance of happiness, he could even have embraced the lawyer and the messenger of so much joy.

"This is indeed a happy event!" exclaimed the former of the last-named personages; "for never, in the course of my professional career, have my feelings been more deeply interested! May I ask where the niece of my late client is concealed?"

"To be sure thee may!" hastily interrupted Joe. "He be too good to keep her from her friends; I *knowed* thee hadst a looking towards Master Harry! From the night of Sir William's burial, I have not forgotten what thee saidst, when —"

This was addressed to the Khan, who, whatever confidence had passed between himself and the speaker, did not wish it to be repeated in the hearing of Mr. Elworthy. Perhaps he feared that the astute mind of the lawyer might draw inferences, and put questions which neither his former regard nor oath to Meeran Hafaz permitted him to answer.

"It was for that purpose," he said, interrupting him, "that I came to seek you; the health of the young lady is already severely shaken—the presence of her friends will prove more beneficial than even the skill of the physicians."

The thoughts of seeing the object of Henry Ashton's affection—the being he had promised his absent friend to guard and watch over—so completely diverted the current of the thoughts of the honest rustic, that he quite forgot the allusion he was about to make. Not so the man of law—he had noted his words, and treasured them for a future occasion.

It was finally arranged that the party should leave the chambers in the temple directly, and proceed by water to London Bridge, by which means they trusted to avoid the danger of being followed. From thence they could take a coach to the retreat of the renegade.

When, at a late hour, Ellen awoke from the refreshing slumber which had lasted so many hours, the first person she saw at the side of her couch was Susan, smiling through her tears. At first the orphan imagined herself to be still dreaming, but the warm drops which fell upon her hand, as the faithful girl covered it with kisses, assured her her happiness was real.

"Saved—saved!" she murmured, in mental thanksgiving; "but where is your lover—Henry's true and only friend? Is he, too, safe?"

Susan assured her that he was, and poor Joe—who had been listening at the door to assure himself, by hearing her voice, that the object of his solicitude was really there—hastily retreated.

"She called me his friend!" he said, as he dashed aside the tears which he feared disclosed his melancholy; "if colored or the Indian Meeran caught to hear her again, or separate her from Harry, I'd shoot 'em as I would a couple of wild cats, though I hang for it the next minute!"

So saying, he descended to the lower apartment, where the Khan and Lawyer Elworthy were deeply engaged in conversation.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

How weak a man can still a woman's blow,
When Providence has made her hand so true,
The avenger, who is meted by a foe.

—MILTON.

ALTHOUGH Ambler, the schoolmaster of Mortlake, had pronounced that Nature had done to that Ralph the

faculty of imagination, to make amends, she had amply endowed him with the quality of cunning. The boy wisely suffered two or three days to elapse, before he ventured to approach the scene of his late exploits. He was fearful of being recognised, for he was quite shrewd enough to know that the transactions he had witnessed were of no ordinary character; and he felt an instinctive presentiment of danger, should he fall into the hands of those whose schemes he had attempted to baffle.

He first ventured cautiously to approach the offices, which he entered by one of those unsuspected ways known only to himself: there, safely ensconced in the loft over the apartment of the groom, he took a survey of the mansion, and noticed with pleasure that, of the innumerable chimneys, one only gave token of being used.

"Gentlefolks be gone!" he muttered, with a grin of satisfaction; "there be only some one left to take care of place."

Emboldened by this discovery, he next crept to the house, which, according to his usual practice, he entered from one of the skylights in the roof, immediately over the chambers lately occupied by the domestics of Meeran Hafaz and the colonel. Everything was in that state of confusion which denotes a hasty departure; the furniture out of place, and in most admired disorder.

From the servants' rooms he descended to the principal apartments—the fires were all extinguished. In the saloon he saw several letters scattered carelessly upon the table: these he eagerly seized, and stuffed into his pocket.

"All gone!" he kept repeating to himself—"all gone! The old house and I may keep company together!"

So convinced was he that the place was no longer tenanted, that he made his way boldly, by the great staircase, to the ground floor. He had forgotten the solitary stream of smoke which he had seen issuing from the chimney of the kitchen—he even began to whistle. The imprudence nearly cost him his life, for it attracted the attention of Will Sidelers, who had been left to take charge of the place.

No sooner did the ruffian catch the sound, than, arming himself with a large knife, he rose from his seat in the kitchen, and crept cautiously along the passages till he reached the great hall, into which the dining-room opened. This was the work of some little time, from his lameness—for he had only partially recovered from the effects of the severe chastisement he had received at the hands of Meeran Hafaz. A grin of savage pleasure divided his thin lips, as he peered into the room, and discovered the boy seated at the table, devouring the remains of his own breakfast.

Determined this time not be disappointed of his prey, he slipped off his shoes, that his footfall might not startle the lad, whose back was turned towards him.

Fortunately for poor Ralph, he was seated directly opposite a large mirror, which reflected not only his own delicate person, but the entrance to the dining-room, and a portion of the passage beyond. He was in the act of raising the bone of a fowl to his capacious mouth, when his arm became momentarily arrested by terror: he distinctly saw in the glass the warren, with the knife in his hand, stealing on tiptoe behind him.

At that moment the instinct of self-preservation served him better than imagination. He rapidly glided from his seat, and disappeared under the long table, which, when he rose again, was placed, by this manoeuvre, between him and his enemy.

Sidelers, with equal tact, concealed the weapon he carried in his sleeve.

No sooner did the lad find a barrier between himself and the warren, than he recovered his former courage; for he felt assured that, in a contest of agility, the old man would be but a poor match for him: the great danger was the possibility of his once placing his iron grasp upon him.

"What does 'ee want wi' I?" he demanded.

"What are you doing here?" replied the ruffian, endeavouring at the same time not to look too ferociously, for he perceived his disadvantage. "If I were not one of the best natured fellows in the world, I should send you to prison for breaking into the house."

"Thee dare not!" exclaimed Ralph, with a saucy look.

"Dare not?"

"Nay, dare not!"

"And why so?" demanded the old man, eager to learn how much, or how little, the urchin knew or suspected of the late transactions at Cromwell House.

"Cos I'd tell Squire Justice of the pretty lady that wor prisoner here; and how thee tried to serve out the maid, and all about the black woman that frightened I so!"

"Indeed!"

"Ees, indeed!—thee beest nation 'outo—but I," added Ralph, "am 'cuter! I heard old lawyer say he should live to see thee hanged!"

The brow of Will Sidelers grew dark, as he listened to the taunting words of the lad: his rage was not unmixed with alarm, for he rightly judged that the lawyer could have been no other than Mr. Elworthy, who had so nearly been his victim.

"Hanged!" he repeated, with a laugh; "a likely story, indeed! What should I be hanged for?"

"I don't know," answered Ralph; "murder, most likely!"

"Murder?"

"Ees—thee hast committed more nor one, I reckon does thee think I didn't see the knife in thee hand as thee crept like a thief, or summat worse, behind me?"

Finding that his purpose was discovered, the ruffian made a sudden spring at the speaker—but Ralph was too nimble for him: he dived rapidly under his arm, sprang over the table, and rushed through the door, into the hall, unfortunately the French windows which opened upon the

lawn were closed: with great presence of mind, the boy next tried the folding-doors which communicated with the staircase he had so lately descended: to his confusion, he found that the warren, in his way from the kitchen, had taken the precaution to lock them.

"You can't escape!" exclaimed the ruffian, who had followed closely upon his steps; "I have trapped too many such vermin in my time, to be baffled by such as you! You may as well give in—I won't hurt you!"

Ralph, however, was of a different opinion; perhaps the last assurance did not appear sufficiently satisfactory. The poor fellow knew that his only chance of escape was by the kitchen—if that was secured, all would be over with him. Fortunately, he remembered the trap in the floor of the passage which conducted to it—it was his only chance of safety.

"I beant caught yet!" he doggedly answered; "there be many who go out shearing, as old master used to say, and return shorn!"

Darting down the corridor, he had time to raise the trap before Will Sidelier reached the entrance: it was so obscure, from the closing of the shutters and doors of the hall, that the ruffian did not perceive the abyss at his feet, but pursued his way, uttering curses and fearful menaces. It would have fared ill at that moment with poor Ralph, if the ruffian had succeeded in laying his powerful grasp upon him; for, when excited by resistance, like all cowardly natures, he became cruel and ferocious.

"It be all useless!" he shouted to the flying boy; the doors are securely locked, and the keys—"

There was a break in the voice, and the noise of a heavy body falling from a distance—then a groan or two, and all was still.

Ralph instantly paused, and began to dance and grin with delight. It would have been difficult to tell whether he felt more pleasure in having outwitted his pursuer, or escaping from his clutches.

"Trapped!" he exclaimed; "I ha' trapped un at last!"

He returned towards the corridor, and, carefully feeling his way to the edge of the trap, peered down the abyss—it was too dark for him to distinguish any object.

"Holloa!" he shouted while does 'ee think now?"

A groan was the only reply.

"Beest 'ee hurt?"

Still no answer.

"Well," said Ralph, "I'll seek out lawyer gentleman and his friend—they'll find a way to make 'ee speak, I warrant me!"

As he was about to turn back the trap-door, the voice of the warren restrained him.

"I have broken my leg!" he said.

"Won't do!" replied the boy; "I ha' jumped down dozens o' times, and never hurted myself; it won't do!"

He forgot the difference between a man of Will Sidelier's weight, unexpectedly falling from a height of twelve feet, and the act of leaping down, by a slight youth like himself.

"I tell you," repeated the ruffian, with a bitter curse, "that my leg is broken!"

"Pity it wasn't thee neck!" answered the lad, who did not believe him; "but it will come to that at last!"

"Send for help!"

"For the justice thee mean'st! that be the only help thee wilt get from me!" So saying, the speaker left all the door, and the ruffian was left to his agony, darkness, and his own reflections.

Ralph's joy was something like that of the man who had caged a tiger, and, when he had caught him, did not know what to do with him. In this dilemma, he decided on making the best of his way to London; find out Joe Beans, who had given him the address of Lawyer Elworthy; and confide the affair, which now began to assume a serious aspect, to him.

"If I have broke his leg," he thought, "it would serve un right: he would have done worse to me! They can't hang I for it, do what they will!"

Shortly after, he left the house, and started for London. He did not find his way to the Temple, where the chambers of the worthy lawyer were situated, till after office hours: consequently he could not obtain an interview with Joe that night.

"No matter!" thought Ralph; "I ha' brass—and gowd, too, for the matter o' that—in my pocket; and I can as well stay here!"

So saying, he made the best of his way to a public house, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, which he had frequently visited with the market gardeners from Mortlake, and where he knew he could procure a bed for the night.

"I wonder," he thought, with a grin of satisfaction, as he devoured a plate of beef and potatoes, "how old man likes his quarters—he mun be tarnation hungry!"

Several times the question returned to him, and he began to think that, after all, he might get into difficulties through his meddling with the warren.

At a very early hour the following morning, Ralph presented himself at the office in the Temple. Mr. Elworthy, in anticipation of his visits, had given strict orders to the clerks that the lad should be at once admitted to his presence, or, in the event of his absence, detained till his return. Fortunately, however, the lawyer was already there when his visitor arrived.

"Well, my lad!" he said, pointing to him to take a seat; "you bring me some intelligence from Mortlake?"

"Noa, sir!" replied the lad; "I ha' brought nothing!"

"I mean," said the gentleman, with a smile, "that you have something to tell me?"

"Ees, I have; but where be Mr. Beans?"

"Absent, at the house of a friend."

"Oh, then he don't live here?" observed Ralph, with a sigh.

"No; why do you inquire?"

"Nothing, sir!" hastily answered the boy, who had a secret terror of lawyers, and trembled at the idea of being questioned; "still, I should loike to see him!"

Struck by his impertinence, and partly guessing the cause of his reserve, Elworthy rang the bell, and directed the clerk who answered it to take a note to an address which he gave him, and accompany the person whom he should find there back to the office.

"Mr. Beans will soon be here!" he said, as soon as the man had left the room.

This piece of intelligence seemed wonderfully to relieve the mind of his visitor, who gradually became more communicative. He even went so far as to mention his visit to Cromwell House—his encounter with the warren, his escape—but not a word of the trap or its consequences.

"The family, then," observed Mr. Elworthy, "have left?"

"Ees, sir!"

"Are you quite certain?"

"They be all gone but the old man," replied the boy.

"And perhaps by this time," said the gentleman, pettishly, "he has left, too?"

Ralph began to grin. He knew that he had him safe enough.

"I trust it is not the case," continued the speaker; "I would give something rather than lose such a chance of laying hold of him!"

"Would 'ee, though?" demanded the boy.

"I would!"

"How much would 'ee give?"

"Fifty pounds, at least, my man!"

"Fifty pounds!" repeated Ralph. "What, fifty gowden sovereigns?"

"Even so."

"Give them to me, then," continued his visitor. "Egad, my fortin is made! for I ha' got un—I ha' got un!"

To the great astonishment of the lawyer, his visitor threw his cap into the air, and began to dance, like a newly-liberated bear, round the apartment.

"Got who?" impatiently demanded Mr. Elworthy.

"The old man—the chap you and Mr. Beans call the warren. He be safe enough!"

"But he may escape?"

"Not out of my trap!" exclaimed the lad, with a grin; "not out of my trap!"

(To be continued in our next.)

ANECDOTE OF A RING.

HANNIBAL, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans, by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebauld's "Original Anecdotes of Frederic II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows: "While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the court of Berlin with the grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin. The lot of presenting him at court, &c., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous. The ring alluded to was of great beauty, and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner: and while he was stooping down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained, into his eyes. The latter laughed, rallied her with great good-nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them) discharged its contents again in his face. The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed: "These kind of jokes, madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a lady; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me: I have, madam, the honour to give you proper notice."

But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and, holding up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing: "I had given you notice, madam."

The Russian husband took his share of the adventure by declaring that M. de Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it; and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves. It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me as a great secret, on the evening of the day on which it happened.

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction. One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be concealed in a ring as water, and especially the subtle poisons of antiquity and the East; the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands. Of late years the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanised, and affirm their conviction of being benefited thereby.

ESCAPE OF FONTANE.

DURING the siege of Lyons, the poet Fontane had been shut up with his family in the midst of the city in ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his young wife and infant, he resolved, at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away some plate and other valuable articles, then considered quite anti-republican. Among these valuables was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, on which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardinia. Fontane greatly dreaded lest this chalice should be discovered, as being a vessel used in the service of the church, and bearing the arms of a king, it would tell as a threefold proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking it, and hastened to the house of a friend, who had been a nursery gardener.

The poet then laid aside all his feudal ornaments, and set about exchanging his clothes, to give himself another appearance.

Having dressed himself in wide pantaloons, and shoes stuck full of large nails, his hair cropped, and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the gardener's house in the character of a laundress's porter, with a heavy basket of clothes on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death; for there it stood, always ready for use. Fontane shuddered. His wife turned pale. To them their situation was awful! But reason and necessity urged them on. Fontane resolved to act a decided part. He walked up in front of the guillotine, grasping the basket firmly with his hand, and, loosening the leather strap, as if to ease himself, he looked steadily at the scaffold.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him.

"Are you afraid," said he to Fontane, "that you look in this way at the national razor?"

"Afraid!" said Fontane; "do you take me for a Federalist, that I should be frightened at the sight of a guillotine! *Sacre bleu!* Look at me; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?"

"What are you?" said a second interrogator, addressing Fontane.

"I am a bleacher and scourer."

"And this good woman?"

"What a question!" said Fontane. "Look at the little one—don't you see the likeness—*Vive la Republique!*"

"Ah! that's right!" said the miscreant; "you're a good one! Down with muscadins and aristocrats! *Vive la Republique!* and *Vive la Guillotine!*"

Fontane could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble, and took her hand.

"Come, wife," said he, "let us have a song."

"Ay, and a dance, too," said the barbarian who had first spoken; "so, down with your basket, my jovial fellow!"

"But I—I—"

"Nonsense! nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what's the matter? is it glued to your neck?"

Fontane objected, and resisted for awhile, but was soon obliged to submit; and, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from the burthen of his basket. He saw it placed on a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy. Oh! the fatal chalice! All hope of safety was gone; he was on the point of delivering himself up, and claiming compassion for his wife and child, in the hope that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily, he roused himself, clapped his hands, and assumed a joyful aspect.

"Hollo! my friend," cried one of the fellows, "you're wonderfully merry all at once!"

"A thought has struck me!" said Fontane; "a bold idea! You see my poor wife? I know the Carmagnole always raises her spirits. Come, my good fellows, let us dance it."

His wife gazed at him with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

"What now? don't make a wry face, wife!" said he. "Excuse her, she's young and timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—there he lies, on the top of the linen, and sleeps soundly. Wife, your hand. Now, the ring—the republican ring. Come, friends, join hands for the ring—the patriotic dance!"

Madame Fontane now comprehended what her husband meant. She tripped lightly round the ring, and joined in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over, she took up her child; Fontane was assisted in replacing his basket on his shoulder. He made his wife lead the way, and walked off after her, whistling the *Chant du Depart*. And so they escaped.



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH BROUGHT BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

Yielding when weak, but to arise more strong
The very snares mine enemies have set
Shall be to me a stay!

GREAT preparations had been made in the Chapel Royal, on the eighth of September, to celebrate the festival of the Blessed Virgin. The attendance of the peers and great personages of the court was to be considered as the test of their adherence, heartily and sincerely, to the government of Queen Mary, as their absence was certain to be construed into a contrary sense. Her majesty had directed that immediately after the mass, the programme of her coronation should be made public, in which no notice was taken of her sister Elizabeth, or place assigned her in the ceremonial. The only lady of royal rank to whom precedence had been given, was the divorced Anne of Cleves, who still resided in England.

The Catholic party were in high spirits; terms could scarcely be found sufficiently strong by them to express their admiration of the firmness of the queen in excluding the princess from all share in the forthcoming pageant; the Protestants were equally discouraged—it was a death-blow to their hopes.

At an early hour the queen left her closet, and, preceded by her chamberlain and ministers, had reached the guard-room on her way to the chapel, when Elizabeth made her appearance at the opposite end of the apartment.

Mary frowned—for the first impression produced upon her mind was, that her sister, hearing of the intended promulgation of the order of the coronation, had sought the interview to brave her. Turning to Sir Henry Bedingfield, one of her oldest and most assured friends, she whispered a few words in the ear of the brave old knight, who instantly left the guard-room.

Gardiner, who, arrayed in his episcopal robes, was preceding the queen, was far from indulging in the hope that the princess had made her appearance at court so suddenly with the intention of braving or remonstrating with her sister: young as she was, he judged her to be too politic for that.

As Mary advanced, Elizabeth bent the knee: how her proud heart must have rebelled at the humiliating scene she was condemned to act! The queen regarded her haughtily, and, instead of extending her hand for her to kiss, or to raise her, harshly demanded the purport of her visit to St. James's.

"To prove my loyalty and devotion, madam," answered

the royal maiden, "as well as gratitude, or the interest you have condescended to take in my spiritual welfare. As your majesty predicted, the scales have fallen from my mental sight: I now perceive the errors of the faith in which, unhappily, I have been reared; and I come humbly to solicit your gracious permission to give public testimony to the true church on this, one of its most solemn festivals!"

"Sayest thou so!" exclaimed Mary, raising her from her knees, and kissing her on both cheeks; "then—our unworthy prayers, and the endeavours of the learned divines whom my lord bishop sent, have not been fruitless! Now all praise to our Lady," she added, piously crossing herself, "to whose especial intercession I attribute this joyous conversion!"

Renaud, the Spanish minister, and Gardiner, looked as if they thought the Blessed Virgin had had very little hand in the affair.

"This is indeed most sudden—most unexpected!" observed the latter.

"But not the less welcome, Master Gardiner!" replied Elizabeth, who perfectly understood how completely his plans were frustrated by her pretended conversion to the old faith.

"Assuredly—most assuredly not, your grace!" he continued. "Alack, that my poor wit should not comprehend it! It was only last night that I saw the worthy fathers who have been honoured with her highness's commands, to explain the errors of the creed in which your infancy was reared."

"Well?" said the queen, impatiently.

"And they informed me, to their great grief, no less than my own, that their attempts had been fruitless; that the princess appeared more firmly than ever devoted to the errors of her mis-called church."

Mary fixed a scrutinising glance upon her sister, who bore it, however, without betraying the least sign of embarrassment or hesitation.

"True, my lord bishop!" she made answer; "and my explanation of my seeming hardness is as true. I wished my gracious sovereign and sister, who had deigned to take such interest in the matter, to be the first informed of my conversion. Had it been intrusted to other lips than my own, my motives might have been misrepresented—for I have enemies who seek no better," she added, "than to blow the coal of discord between my sovereign and myself!"

Of those who heard the declaration of Elizabeth, none were more perfectly aware of its truth than Queen Mary, whose very bigotry and superstition served her sister at this juncture. Nothing appeared more probable to her than that the Blessed Virgin should have operated a change in the sentiments of the speaker.

"It is enough, my lord," she said, addressing Gardiner, in that particularly sharp tone which indicated that she was displeased; "we are satisfied with the sincerity of our

sister's change from the errors of her faith, and rejoice to think that our prayers for her happy conversion have not been without effect!"

The spiritual vanity of Mary—perhaps the only species of vanity which she can be reproached with—was flattered at the idea of having contributed to redeem Elizabeth from what she deemed her mistaken views in religion.

"Let the council be summoned," she added, "immediately after the holy sacrifice of the mass; and remember, my lord, nothing must be made known, or promulgated, touching our late decision, till we have further advised."

Gardiner bowed to hide his confusion and mortification, but he dared not tamper with a command so positively given. Elizabeth and the wily prelate were the only persons present, except the members of the council, who understood the purport of Queen Mary's words, and the heart of the royal maiden rejoiced that the sacrifice she had made to expediency, was likely to avail her against the secret machinations of her enemies.

"On to the chapel!" said her majesty; "we have delayed the service of heaven too long: what else remains can be discussed in the council!"

At this moment, Gardiner ventured one of those bold strokes, which, with a character less firm than Mary Tudor's, might have compromised her in her future conduct towards Elizabeth.

He demanded where the place of the princess was to be during the sacrifice of the holy mass.

Elizabeth coloured to the temples: the question implied a doubt which, in her mind, it was little less than treason to entertain.

"Her place," said Mary, taking her by the hand, "now and henceforth, is by the side of her sister and her sovereign, as heiress to the crown, and the first subject in my realm!"

Many present heard the declaration with intense satisfaction—for, from the weak and sickly constitution of the queen, it was easily foreseen that her reign would not be a long one: even those who regretted the apparent apostasy of Elizabeth, admired its prudence.

Singular enough, it did her little or no harm with the Protestant party, by whom she still continued to be looked up to; for it was generally understood that her conversion was merely a politic concession to the danger of her position and the spirit of the times.

Cecil and his friends did her good service, in rendering this impression as general as possible.

During the mass, Elizabeth had the precaution to let her responses be heard amongst the loudest of the persons present. She struck her breast at the *Mea Culpa*, and bent the knee at the elevation of the Host. For the first time, Mary began to regard her with some degree of complacency: it was a triumph alike to her bigotry and pride, to see the daughter of Anne Boleyn assisting beside her at the mass.

On quitting the chapel, she bestowed upon the royal maiden a yet more distinguishing mark of her favour. After the officiating prelate had given her majesty the holy water, she passed it to her sister, by touching the tips of her fingers—as we still see practised in Catholic countries.

No sooner had the ceremony terminated, than the ante-chapel and guard-room were filled with priests and courtiers, speculating on the result of the conversion of the heiress presumptive to the crown.

"It is all over with the Church of Luther!" observed one.

"Sad news for the reformed prelates!" added another.

"And Elizabeth the goddaughter of Cranmer, too!"

The last consideration seemed to weigh very little with the speakers, either in their censure or approbation of the step the young princess had so readily taken. All felt that, in the events which followed the death of Edward VI., the Protestant primacy had shown very little affection or regard for the interests of the royal maiden for whom he had answered at the font.

There was a general hush, as Mary Tudor, still leading her sister by the hand, made her appearance from the chapel. The countenance of Elizabeth was pale—that of the queen slightly flushed, indicative of her satisfaction.

It was the custom for the ambassadors and ministers at the termination of the mass, to approach her majesty, and pay their compliments. Many an intrigue received its *dénouement* at the accidental levee—for regular audience it can scarcely be called.

The first who approached was a cold, stately-looking gentleman, whose Spanish costume would have sufficiently denoted the nation to which he belonged, had not the collar and order of the Golden Fleece, which he wore round his neck, rendered all doubt impossible.

It was the Spanish ambassador, Renaud, who was secretly negotiating with Mary her ill-starred marriage with the son of his imperial master—the cause of so much after misery to herself, and discontent to the nation, who could not endure the thought of their sovereign bestowing her hand upon a foreign prince, and least of all, a Spaniard.

It was intended that, previous to the marriage of the queen, Elizabeth should be disposed of to the Prince of Piedmont; but the youthful princess displayed, throughout the long persecution to which she was subjected on account of her marriage, so much firmness, that every project to compel her—and consequently remove her from the kingdom—failed.

"Permit me, madam," said the ambassador, "to congratulate your highness on the auspicious event which promises to heal the unhappy divisions of the church!"

Monsieur de Noailles added his compliments on the occasion.

Mary thanked them, and declared that she considered it as one of the happiest events of her reign.

All appeared satisfied except the astute Gardiner, who clearly saw that his plans were outwitted.

"My lord," continued the queen, addressing him, "how is it that an event which brings content to my heart, appears to exercise so little influence upon yours? you do not doubt our sister?"

"Heaven forbid!" answered the prelate; "but I fear that her grace may have listened rather to her feelings than her convictions—the natural desire of pleasing your majesty: it was so very lately that the princess expressed a doubt upon the real presence."

Elizabeth coloured.

"If her grace would condescend to answer me one question, I doubtless should feel as rejoiced as your majesty."

The queen directed a glance towards the princess.

"Ask it," she said. "I read in the eyes of our sister her willingness to reply."

Thus encouraged, Gardiner demanded of the convert, "What was it she conceived she received in the blessed sacrament?"

Then was it that Elizabeth made the celebrated response which has since become historical. Fixing her keen glance upon Gardiner—for she felt that he had given her an opportunity of triumph—she said:

"Christ was the Word, and 'spake it;
He blessed the bread, and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I revere, and take it."

A murmur of admiration broke from the circle: it was impossible for either Catholic or Protestant to be offended with so clear and natural an exposition of the speaker's faith.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Were the words on her lip, and the glare of her eye.
COTTONIAN MS.

THE great object of Elizabeth was achieved, when, as the reward for her seeming conversion, the place assigned her in the pageant of the coronation was next to the sovereign.

In the procession from the Tower through the City, she rode in a rich litter with Anne of Cleves, immediately after the queen. Perhaps it was not one of the least remarkable peculiarities in the temper of Mary Tudor, that the enthusiasm which her sister's appearance in public never failed to create, did not excite her personal jealousy and dissatisfaction, or, if it did, pride kept her silent.

She looked upon the divine principle of legitimacy as incarnate in her person, and would not condescend to those arts which Elizabeth, through life, wisely practised, to insure her popularity with her subjects.

In the beginning of the following year broke out the rash and ill-advised rebellion, headed by Wyatt, and in which Courtney, Earl of Devon, the near kinsman of Mary and Elizabeth, was concerned.

It is impossible to say, at this remote period, how far the princess was compromised in the transaction: the occasion was tempting, the country generally being in a dissatisfied state at the approaching marriage of Mary with the Spanish king.

Elizabeth temporised with her loyalty to her sister, if she did not absolutely compromise it. Courtney proved fickle: letters from the princess to the French ambassador were intercepted, and, on the 25th of February, the queen issued her summons to her sister, to appear at court.

Elizabeth pretended sickness, and caused the officers of her household to write to Mary, stating that it was impossible for her to travel.

The insurrection which broke out immediately afterwards, had for its avowed object the dethronement of the queen, and the substitution of her sister in her place. Wyatt's adherents even ventured to attack the palace: then it was that Mary Tudor displayed not only the courage, but the taste for blood, which she had inherited from her father.

She instantly issued her warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. Wyatt, and others of his party who had fallen into the hands of the queen, denounced Elizabeth as the head and soul of the plot, which accusation derived consistency from the fact of the imprudent princess having fortified her mansion, and introduced armed men within the walls.

The Spanish ambassador insisted that it was with a treasonable intent, and the Catholic party so seconded his representations, that the queen dispatched Lord William Howard and others, to bring Elizabeth to court.

On the 23rd of February, she was brought to London, closely guarded—yet, even in this extremity, her courage did not forsake her. When she reached the City, she commanded her attendants to uncover the litter, that she might be seen by the people.

It was a fearful period—the citizens were paralysed with terror; the traitor Suffolk had been decapitated that very morning, and the scaffold was yet red with the blood of Lady Jane Grey and her unfortunate husband.

"And whither, my lord, do you bear me?" she demanded of her kinsman, Lord Howard, whose report had in some degree mollified the queen's resentment.

"To the Palace of Westminster, your grace!" replied the noble. "My first commands were to conduct your highness to the Tower; but the queen hath changed her pleasure respecting you—I trust for the better."

She was kept a close prisoner in the palace, all her attendants being sent to the City. The life of the royal prisoner hung upon a thread. Had those whom she had trusted proved feeble or Courtney betrayed her, there is little doubt but Mary, who still refused to see her, would have sent her to the block.

Elizabeth had been kept to her apartment, closely guarded, for several days, and the firm and haughty spirit which had hitherto supported her began to give way.

Her despondency was relieved by the appearance of Cecil, who, during the reign of her sister, appears to have been the guardian angel of the rash but persecuted princess. The future minister procured access to her grace, by bribing one of her guards.

"Welcome, my only true and constant friend!" exclaimed the daughter of Anne Boleyn, as the secretary knelt and kissed her hand; "all desert me, save you and my conscious innocence!"

The statesman smiled. He knew exactly how much dependence the speaker could place upon her non-participation in the treasonable plots of Wyatt and Courtney.

"I have but a few moments to lose, madam," he exclaimed; "but in those few you must decide. And, as you value your life, answer me truly!"

Elizabeth coloured—then turned pale.

"Were you imprudent enough to write to Wyatt, after the entrance of the traitor into Southwark?"

She hesitated.

"Your answer, madam! Life depends on it!"

"Suppose I did?"

"The letter, then, is genuine?"

"Perhaps!" replied the cautious captive.

"Enough! I must proceed as though I were assured it were. To-morrow your grace will be examined before the queen in council."

"To-morrow?" repeated Elizabeth.

"If you see me in the antechamber, put a bold face upon the matter. Deny all participation in the mad rebellion—for you will have the assurance that the only proof which could compromise you is destroyed!"

"And if not?" said the captive.

"Then God help your highness and the Protestant cause!" answered Cecil; "for both will be in danger!"

Never had Elizabeth, during the course of her chequered career, been in such imminent danger as at that moment. Wyatt, who possessed the letter which clearly implicated her in the plot, only delayed giving it, in order to enhance the value of the discovery, and save his own dishonoured life. This delay was fatal to his project.

Gardiner, too—by a singular combination of circumstances—who had hitherto been the unrelenting persecutor of the heiress to the crown, felt, in this solitary instance, inclined to stand her friend; for he began to feel jealous of the Spanish influence, which was undermining his own.

Renard had declared that he did not think it safe for his master, Philip, to venture into England whilst Elizabeth and Courtney lived. The astute prelate took advantage of this incautious admission to impress upon the queen that the people would consider Elizabeth had been sacrificed rather to the exigencies of her future husband, than for any real participation in the late attempt to deprive her of her crown.

"We shall see!" replied Mary, gloomily; for, knowing her dislike to the daughter of Anne Boleyn, she mistrusted herself. "Let her appear, and justify herself before the council!"

"When?" demanded the prelate?"

"To-morrow!"

"And if no proofs appear?"

"Dismiss her with all honour!" exclaimed the queen.

Gardiner hesitated.

"Should there unfortunately be proofs?" he said.

The eyes of Mary sparkled with that peculiar expression which we have more than once described.

"The axe and block!" she added solemnly; "for I have sworn never to pardon more the daring hand stretched forth to grasp my crown!"

Many a curious eye was directed towards Elizabeth, as her attendants conducted her to the council-chamber, where her enemies were all-powerful, and only too anxious to find a plausible excuse for sending her to the Tower. Many secretly offered up prayers for her welfare—for, even in the court of her sister Mary, the Protestant princess was not without her partisans.

As she advanced, she cast a searching glance around, but nowhere could she perceive Cecil; and her heart sank within her.

"Room for her grace!" exclaimed the usher of the council, advancing to the doors of the chamber, and giving the customary knocks with his rod.

The doors of the apartment opened, and Gardiner and the queens ministers, Paget and Sussex, together with many counsellors, were discovered seated at a long table—the chair usually occupied by the sovereign being empty.

"It is all over!" thought the royal maiden; "mine enemies prevail!"

A bustle at the end of the apartment caused Elizabeth to turn her head, and she discovered the handsome countenance of Cecil radiant with smiles: he had made the noise on purpose to attract her attention.

She felt that he had succeeded—that there still was hope.

With a firm step she entered the chamber, and took her seat in a small chair of estate, which had been placed for her at the lower end of the table.

ACTIVITY.—You see men with the most delicate frames engaged in active professional pursuits, who, literally, have no time for illness. Let them become idle—let them take care of themselves—let them think of their health, and they die. The rust rots the steel which we preserves.—*Bulwer.*

DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENE—A hall in Indworth Castle; FALKNER stern and inflexible, stands to the right of the hall; BERTHA, pale and agitated, but full of confidence, by his side; MIDGLEY and ADOLPHUS, with OFFICERS of JUSTICE, at the left; Guards, the Retainers of LORD KELFORD, and the Attendants of LADY BERTHA, fill up the background.

BERTHA.

A sinful charge, a base malignant charge,
A monstrous charge, and most incredible!
The witnesses unworthy least belief;
One living hourly, openly, in crime;
One of a herd of gipsies, vagrants, robbers,
Who nightly in their calling prowl the forest:
Who else so like as her own self to have done it?
What drew her to a spot so far remote
As that in which you found her? . . . My Falkner,

'Tis rightly done to treat this empty charge
With scornful silence; 'tis not worth thy tongue!
I would believe the sun itself were black
Ere question thy fair honour!

OFFICER.

The lady speaks it sooth. What proof have ye
To fasten this dread deed against a man,
A gentleman, of high repute and character,
Whose general bearing gives the lie to this
Malicious, cruel charge? What say ye?

MIDGLEY.

The knife found by the corpse—the open knife,
Whereon engraved appears the name of "Falkner."

BERTHA.

'Twere a stale brain could not devise as much!
The boy—what says he? Did he see the murder?
No, nor the knife! 'Twas found by that false hag;
And 'twere poor cunning could not so contrive
With what name on't might suit the purpose best!
Shame on thy lip; I see the lie upon it!

JURUS, aside.

O might of love! the dove become an eagle!

OFFICER.

You say your only evidence is this,
The knife, which bears no trace of such an use!
The knife, and nothing more? You saw him not?
No one escaping? Not a glimpse to bind
A probability against this man,
Or lodge suspicion 'gainst his character?
The knife? which might be stolen for such purpose.
No other evidence? Sir, you are free!
This woman and the boy must hence to prison,
There to take trial for this heinous deed;
And much I fear it will go hard with them.

ADOLPHUS.

So help us God, as we are innocent!

OFFICER.

You're found beside the corpse, and no one near;
None, save yourselves, upon the spot to question;
And on your lips and in your eyes are seen
Terror, and tears, and misery! Away—
Each circumstance but tends to criminate.
Guards, to your duty. Prisoners . . .

FALKNER, after an agonised struggle.

Stay!
Yet—wait yet—a moment! 'tis true; I—
They are innocent!

[With choking utterance, and hiding his face from BERTHA.]
I am guilty!

OFFICER.

Thou the murderer?

BERTHA.

Alas, he's mad!
Believe him not! Falkner! Why dost not speak?
Speak, ere my senses leave me! Falkner, turn:
Look at me . . .

[He uncovers his face.

Merciful heaven, that face! Oh, cruel! cruel!

[Faints, and is borne aside by her attendants.]

FALKNER, looking up determinedly and loftily.

Murder . . .

'Twas justice, and not murder!
There are some crimes on which the law is silent,
And this was one in which my sword was law:
He stabbed me, and I slew him!

OFFICER.

Stabbed thee?

FALKNER.

Ay; are there no stabs but from the dagger's point?
No deeds more sharp than steel? no words, no wrongs,
Whose cursed edge may wound, whose poison kill,
Whose venom strike, and yet the striker smile?
Are there no stabbers but where blood must flow?
He struck me through the dearest heart alive—
The noblest, kindest heart of all the world:
He struck me, and I slew him!

MIDGLEY.

Thou slow'st him that he did betray thy sister!

FALKNER, gazing after BERTHA.

All things are equal now: I did.

MIDGLEY.

Then art thou murderer! He betrayed her not:
She was a loving, pure, and spotless wife!

FALKNER.

Pure—saidst thou pure? a wife, and undisgraced?
Say it again—again—a spotless wife!

MIDGLEY.

FALKNER.

She was his wife.

Prove thou but that, and I'll die blessing thee.

MIDGLEY, *showing papers from her bosom.*

The proofs are here, and fully witnessed:
 I thought to make them serve me in my need.
 The priest he deem'd a knave was priest ordained;
 A good, though weak and easy-tempered man,
 Who cringed to fault, but would not stoop to crime.
 She was his wife, and thus the rite performed.
 Concealed within, where they might clearly hear,
 And see, and vouch, unto the ceremony,
 He had his witnesses, but sworn to silence,
 Until the time should come, as come it has,
 When innocence might need their testimony,
 To purify its name to all the world.
 Why didst thou seek this black and heavy deed,
 Thou proud, revengeful, miserable man?

FALKNER.

You count not the temptations men withstand,
 But that 'neath which they fall; whereas, if known,
 Those well withstood were twenty 'gainst that one.
 'Thou deem'st me rash! Was not his guilt the same?
 Intent as vile, unfeeling, profligate?
 Why shew a baffled traitor as he were
 A man to honour?

MIDGLEY.

A sinful man he was, and therefore had
 More need of living to repent his sins.

FALKNER.

And who art thou asserts this?

MIDGLEY.

The sister of that priest, but one whose word
 Is little worth, were testimony wanting;
 But for these proofs and living witnesses
 Wild Midgley's oath might aid thy cause but slightly.

FALKNER.

Give—give them me.

[*He tears them open, and attempts to read.*]

'Tis vain—
 The letters sink and tremble 'neath my sight:
 The proofs are here—and yet my faithless eyes
 Refuse to read them—valid proofs are here,
 Proofs of her love, her innocence, her wrongs—
 Iniquitous as great—yet, yet I faint—
 And the lines swim and melt in one another:—
 Am I a man? or weaker than the weakest?

[*He nerves himself firmly to the task, and reads; after a pause.*]

The priest—thy brother—where is he?

MIDGLEY.

Dead.

FALKNER.

My—my sister knew this?

MIDGLEY.

Alas, she did: six years ago he died.

FALKNER.

I see, 'twas then the tyrant struck his victim;
 Struck—with a coward's weapon:—
 How cam'st thou with those vile associates,
 Men whom the voice of justice soon may doom—
 Abandoned, godless, guilt-carousing men,
 Who drink of human sorrow as 'twere wine,
 And prey on men's misfortunes—knaves, whose breath
 Is poison to society, whose deeds
 Feed superstition with the grossest food,
 And build their hell on human ignorance?

MIDGLEY.

Ask me no farther: what I know, I know;
 What I have done I have elsewhere to answer
 What I believe is not for thee to judge,
 Who, scorning God's divine authority,
 Mocking the image of His sacred power,
 Denied the wisdom of His heavenly mercy,
 And struck thy brother dead before His face,
 Still glorying in that guilt thou call'st revenge,
 Justice and judgment!

Oh, blind-hearted man,

Worse than the God-unseeing infidel,
 Who, still believing in a Judge divine,
 Wrests justice from him!

FALKNER, *roused to the utmost passion.*

Know'st thou not a day, nay, even an hour,
 May make the mind, heaven-visited and pure,
 A denizen of Hell; a moment give
 The seed, root, leaf, and full-expanded fruit
 Of ripened passion and of crime matured;
 A moment shape the destiny of life,
 As it did mine in Hyder's cursed cell;
 A moment more blot out eternity,
 And baptise guilt in blood; brand years with shame;
 Rend out the core, the innocent core of the heart,
 And plant perdition there; change Nature's cheek
 From youth's fresh beauty into haggard age;
 For never more the angel of the morn
 Shall come with gladness to the murderer's heart,
 But midnight and its haunting shapes be there,—
 Midnight perpetual and perpetual dread;
 Whilst late Repentance, with its vulture claws,
 The murdered to the murderer shall hold up,

[*As if beholding what he describes.*]

Still face to face the living and the dead.
 The slayer and the slain—ay, front to front,
 The life-like corpse unto the corpse-like life?
 A moment! 'tis a cup in Heaven's hand!
 Who spoke to me of murder?

[*Turns wildly and sees ADOLPHUS, who advances towards him.*]

My sister, too? thou, too, against thy brother?
 Then I am lost indeed

[*Seeing ADOLPHUS nearer.*]

Ah! who art thou,
 Who wear'st an angel's face, yet art of earth?

MIDGLEY.

Thy sister's child.

FALKNER.

Her child! her child

[*FALKNER slowly kneels; ADOLPHUS runs to his arms; he struggles for a moment, and then bursts into an agony of tears upon the boy's breast; then suddenly starting to his feet.*]

Make way, if ye would live!

Nor urge a desperate, mad, and doomed man,
 Who counts no more your bristling fence of steel,
 Than reeds he thus could scatter on his course:
 Come death or freedom!

BERTHA, *breaking from her attendants.*

Save him—O Falkner! Save! will no one help?
 None—none—none to keep this heart from breaking?

[*FALKNER throws himself violently amidst the javelins and bayonets of the guards; after a rapid struggle he staggers back wounded, and sinks at the feet of BERTHA.*]FALKNER, *after a pause.*

'Tis well, 'tis home!

Home? home? Alas, who may receive me there,
 In that eternal home to which I hasten?

[*To BERTHA, who supports him.*]

My Bertha! oh, had I but met thee earlier,
 Ere this strong passion, like a baneful weed,
 Filled every space and avenue of thought,
 Claspings my being with its poisonous leaves,
 I might have lived blest in thy heart's affections,
 Seen sweeter beings gambolling at my feet,
 And blessed the angel-voices of my home!
 I loved thee, Bertha; none save her whose love
 Grew with my stature, mingled with my blood,
 My youthful pride and soldier-sense of honour,
 Had stood betwixt my soul's deep truth and thee.
 Think of me, love, when I shall be no more;
 And if thou canst with kindness . . . with forgiveness!

BERTHA.

Shall I e'er think of thee and not with love?
 Speak of thee not with honour? thou who wert
 My heart's first, last, its own and only choice!
 'Twill not be long that I can think of thee;
 Not long, perchance, but it will be till death!
 Long as I breathe; long as this heart may beat,
 This brain can think, whose every thought is thine;
 Long as I live, I'll love and bless thee still;
 And shrine thee, love, in that which cannot die,—
 My soul,—that, with God's grace, may live hereafter;
 And, oh, hereafter, love thee still in heaven!

FALKNER.

Angel thou art, and heavenly are thy thoughts,
 And we may meet; for Heaven forgives mankind
 More in one hour than Earth in centuries.
 If this be death, then it is sweet to die—
 Forgiving and forgiven.

Adolphus

* [*He places ADOLPHUS'S hand in BERTHA'S.*]

He is her child—her unprotected child;
 Wilt thou—both loving and both sorrowing,
 Alike in evil fortune be to him
 A friend? . . .

[*Starts, and gazes wildly around.*]

Hark! who calls?—her voice! Sister, I am here,
 Dying for thee! Through Him who died for all
 Seek thou thy brother mercy—mercy!

[*With sudden energy.*]

There lay no stain upon thy dying breast,
 That sanctuary of honour was unblurred;
 Angels received thee spotless, stainless,

[*He falls.*]

Ah! sharp is death. Close—press me closer, love!
 Shield me within thine arms a little while,
 Set love 'gainst death: 'twill conquer even death.
 'Tis all eternal. Love survives the tomb:
 Immortal; 'tis immortal, Bertha;—fixed;—
 Though buried 'tis not lost; there is a soil
 For love to bloom again beyond the grave!

[*He dies; BERTHA falls senseless upon the body.*]

[END OF DRAMATIC CHAPTERS.]

CURIOSITIES OF LOTTERIES.—The Romans invented lotteries to embellish their Saturnalia. This fête commenced with a distribution of tickets, by which might be gained a few prizes. The lotteries of Augustus consisted of articles of very little value; but Nero established them on a plan advantageous to the people, consisting of a thousand tickets a day, by which several, whom fortune favoured, acquired great wealth. The lotteries of Heliodorus were of a very singular kind. The lots or prizes were either very important or very insignificant. For instance, there would be a prize of six *sheaves*, and another of six *flies*. One man might gain a precious vase, another a common earthen jar. This lottery, thus composed, was a very just picture of the inequality with which Fortune distributes her favours. In 1685, Louis XIV. surpassed in this respect the Roman emperors. The magnificent lottery which was drawn at Maré, on the occasion of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Nantes with M. le Duc, was filled with all the precious jewellery that wealth could purchase, ingenuity invent, or talent execute, in perfection.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A BOON of inestimable worth is a calm, thankful heart—a treasure that few, very few, possess. We once met an old man, whose face was a mixture of smiles and sunshine. Wherever he went, he succeeded in making everybody about him as pleasant as himself.

Said we, one day—for he was one of that delightful class whom everybody feels privileged to be related to—“Uncle, uncle, how is it you contrive to be so happy? Why is your face so cheerful, when so many thousands are craped over with a most uncomfortable gloominess?”

“My dear young friend,” he answered, with his placid smile, “I am even as others, afflicted with infirmities; I have had my share of sorrow—some would say more—but I have found out the secret of being happy, and it is this:

“Forget self.”

“Until you do that, you can lay but little claim to a cheerful spirit. ‘Forget what manner of man you are,’ and think more with—rejoice more for—your neighbours. If I am poor, let me look upon my richer friend; and, in estimating his blessings, forget my privations.

“If my neighbour is building a house, let me watch with him its progress, and think: ‘Well, what a comfortable place it will be, to be sure! how much he may enjoy it with his family!’ Thus I have a double pleasure—that of delight in noting the structure as it expands into beauty, and making my neighbour’s wealth mine. If he has planted a fine garden, I feast my eyes on the flowers, smell their fragrance: could I do more if it was my own?”

“Another has a family of fine children; they bless him and are blessed by him: mine are all gone before me; I have none that bear my name; shall I, therefore, envy my neighbour his lovely children? No; let me enjoy their innocent smiles with him; let me *forget myself*—my tears, when they were put away in darkness; or, if I weep, may it be for joy, that God took them untainted to dwell with His holy angels for ever.

“Believe an old man, when he says there is great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, wo to it—it is lost. It wanders about, and wanders about, until enveloped in darkness; as the mist of selfishness gathers around, it lies down upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded in oblivion.

“So, if you would be happy, shun selfishness: do a kindly deed for this one, speak a kindly word for another. He who is constantly giving pleasure, is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean; and the more it gives, the faster it runs. Stop its flowing, and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odours, and corrupting the fresh air of heaven. Keep your heart constantly travelling on errands of mercy—it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

“I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man for it, who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail, except this golden rule:

“Forget self, and keep the heart busy for others.”

THRESHING-FLOOR IN THE EAST.

We left the plain of Hinnis, by a pass through the mountain range of Zernak. In the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hill-sides were covered with their flocks. The summit of a high peak, overhanging the road, is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black-mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the pass, we had an uninterrupted view of the Subhan Dhan. From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the River Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the corn on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen, with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of eastern travel which leave an indelible impression on the imagination, and bring back in after years indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The threshing-floor, which added much so to the beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day’s journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed and stored for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heaps, or, standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were “the threshing-sledges armed with teeth,” mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn;” but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air with a wooden shovel, leaving the wind to carry the chaff, whilst the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps, and left on the threshing-floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion.—*Layard’s Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.*



[PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.]

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE more we think of the purposes to which the beautiful building at Sydenham, now rapidly approaching completion, is intended to be devoted, the more we are impressed with their magnitude. We think the design, taken in its entirety, one of the best that could be offered to the acceptance of the public; but as to its present or ultimate success, there is room for much apprehension. The public, of whom vast numbers are what are called sight-seers, is naturally a very fickle and capricious body. It is enamoured of novelties. Going on very fast itself, it can only be tempted from its ordinary pursuits by something that either keeps pace with, or goes ahead of it. We perceive this exemplified in the varying fortunes of our theatres, our exhibitions, our manufactures—even our literature. One of Shakspeare's best dramas, interpreted by the best actors, with the aid of the most effective scenery, won't fill a theatre of itself. The public are tired of Shakspeare on the stage, because they have him at home—therefore they rush to something new. Farce and comedy are more susceptible of invention than gloomy tragedy, because their features are borrowed from existing men and manners—therefore at present farce and comedy are the most popular. Even the pulpit must have eloquence to recommend it to the favour of King Multitude. In the various exhibitions scattered

over this metropolis, there is a continual effort to present novelties. A panorama undergoes as many transformations in the course of a year, as Proteus himself. And if we go to Manchester, we should find that if it were not for the continual invention and production of new patterns, the warehouses would be crammed with unsaleable goods. It is the same with literature: a new book sells better than an old one, and the serial publications would be mere heaps of waste paper, did not the proprietors and editors of them narrowly watch the public taste, and make the most expensive efforts to be in advance of its requirements. In short, everything of necessity, utility, ornament, amusement, or instruction, must go along with the times, just as a fashion-book. The cry is for change: Do not weary our senses with the same thing over and over again, or if you will put an old favourite before us, let him or it, like the seasons, always show us a different face.

Now one of the causes of the extraordinary success of the Exhibition, was its novelty. It attempted something which had not been attempted before—therefore the public was pre-disposed to regard it favourably. It was also recommended by royalty, supported by all classes, and, only intended to be of a temporary character, was received with universal enthusiasm. It was the first calling together of people from different parts of the country, and of the world, on record; and when this is taken into consideration, together with the wonders of art, science, and labour which the construction of the building itself

evoked, it is scarcely surprising that the success was more than a success—it was a splendid triumph.

Now it must be evident that the present Crystal Palace undertaking will have none of these advantages. It will not invite all nations, nor can it be said that it will attract all England—it will simply be a grand metropolitan institution, combining, within its intention and precincts, all that is great, glorious, and immortal, in the resources of art, science, and genius. It will be a repository for everything—in fact, a microcosm filled with all the products of industry and intellect. And, as a working man said of the parent Exhibition: “The mechanic and the worker in metals will be able there to trace the mineral as it appears when first dug from Mother Earth, through all its varied processes, till finished in the powerful and almost intellectual steam-engine. The workers of textile fabrics, will there be able to inspect the silk as produced from the silkworm, and the cotton from the cotton-plant—tracing their progress, until, by the aid of man and machinery, they appear in the finished fabric, exhibiting the greatest beauty of design and skilful workmanship.”

But although a glass palace embracing all the features of a British Museum, a Polytechnic Institution, a Conservatory, and a Theatre, it will not be a novelty—and that we believe will be the greatest disadvantage it will have to encounter. It will not induce millions to make holidays to visit it. The pawnbroker's shop will not, through its attractions, be filled to repletion with watches and every description of household furniture. The people will go to it just as they go to the British Museum and National Gallery. On all holidays—thank goodness, the sordidness of the age has left us a few—such as Easter Monday, or Whit Monday—the masses will rush to it: and so the directors will reap the harvest that will enable them to announce a dividend. But on all other occasions, throughout the remainder of the year, it will have to depend for support on the higher and middle classes. Only an inconsiderable portion of the latter can snatch a day from their business; but their wives and daughters will be at liberty, and no doubt they will liberally avail themselves of the privilege. But this facility for affording amusement and instruction to the women of the metropolis will excite the fears of fathers of families.

All public places are infested by scamps in the garb of gentlemen, needy adventurers, swell-mobsmen, *cum multis aliis*. So that parents will naturally be anxious for the safety of their daughters, husbands for their wives, not so much on this account, as a fear of contamination by the presence of improper characters.

Respectable people are themselves an excellent moral police; but the directors will have to organise another kind of police, so as to prevent assignations, flirtations, and the unseemly pursuit of young women by the idlers who will find the place an excellent lounge, or the vagabonds who will thrust themselves into places where there is a pocket to be picked, or a woman to be insulted. Some provision to meet this special case might very appropriately be introduced into Mr. Fitzroy's bill for the better protection of women. But no doubt the directors will do all they can for the safety of the public, and take good care that none of their servants assume the office of Cupid's messenger; and we merely mention these disagreeable possibilities, to show what up-hill work the directors will have before them, and how indispensable it will be to the success of the undertaking that their management should be as perfect as it is possible to be made, and that they should always bear in mind, that all exhibitions or entertainments from which money is to be derived, can only be rendered a source of attraction and, of course, of profit, by a rigid adherence to the *pro loco et tempore* doctrine.

Variety, a life-like character about the illustrations, and music, will be essential to its stability—and we are assured they will be offered in infinite excellence; but, without the support of the working-classes, we should have but faint hopes of the undertaking proving remunerative.

But then how are the working classes to attend? They can less afford to lose a week-day than a merchant or tradesman. “Give them Sunday afternoon,” say the directors. “Let us have the same privileges as taverns and tea-gardens.”

That is all very well, as far as it goes. We should be glad to see the working man and his family withdrawn from every dangerous influence; but the difficulty is, shall, or rather can, the legislature legitimise a direct violation of the Sabbath? Public-houses are open on Sunday afternoon, because there is no law to restrain them, except during church-time; but there is a law to prevent Sunday trading, and a law which prohibits any theatre, exhibition, or other place of public entertainment being opened at all on the Sabbath Day; and the question to be determined is, can Parliament consistently turn round upon these laws, and make an exception in favour of a particular institution?

The public also has a voice in this matter, and the two tribunals will have to decide the question one way or another. In the meantime, we can only say, that the directors have every difficulty to surmount, and that, whatever may be the decision, they ought to command the sympathies and earnest, unobtruded support of all classes; for, as the Crystal Palace has been designed as a place of recreation and instruction for mechanics and artisans, as well as the merchants and peers, the former have quite as great an interest in it as, if not greater than the latter.

As an accompaniment to our pictorial illustration of the exterior, we this week present our readers with an engraved view of the interior, taken at the western end of the nave.



[VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.]

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE colonisation of America by Europeans, must be considered as forming some of the grandest chapters in the whole range of history. Only three centuries and a half have elapsed since the discovery of that magnificent continent by Columbus, yet, during that period, more than a hundred millions of human beings have been trampled out of existence, and their places occupied by about sixty millions of people, who, when they have become completely fused, will form one of the most perfect, energetic, and intellectual race that ever glorified the earth by their presence. This nucleus of a future empire is distributed as follows:

Mexico	8 000,000
Columbia	3,500,000
Yucatan and Guatemala...	2,500,000
Peru	2,000,000
Brazil.....	6,000,000
Small republics	4,000,000
Canada and other British dependencies	2,000,000
United States	25,000,000
Aborigines	7,000,000
Total	60,000,000

As is well known, the first settlements were established in the West India Islands; then the Spaniards fixed themselves on the shores of the Gulf of Paria, and then, by the indefatigable exertions of those bold, bad men, Cortez, Pizarro and Almagro, extended their conquests to Mexico, Peru, and Chili. Brazil shortly afterwards became subject to the crown of Portugal, and then the tide of American colonisation may be said to have fairly set in. The Dutch were the next colonists; after them the French, and, lastly, the British. The French attempts all terminated disastrously, as also did the first made by the British. The latter was commenced in 1602, under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh. But the first permanent establishment was at James's River, in Virginia, a name then given to all the American territory facing the Atlantic. At that time religious differences prevailed in Europe, and fostered a spirit of emigration. The Huguenots of France and Switzerland settled in Canada and Nova Scotia, and the Nonconformists of Scotland, to escape from the authority of the church, fled to America. In 1620, the pilgrim fathers created for themselves a new home on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and founded the state of New Holland. The Catholics, in 1623, followed their example, and colonised Maryland; and, in 1682, the state of Pennsylvania was founded by the Quakers. So that the original element in the North American colonies was a hardy independence, and it was not surprising that, in about a century afterwards, the colonists should have thrown off the yoke of the mother country, and erected themselves into a nation composed of separate states, bound together by the ties of mutual interest, and community of language and sentiment. The form of government they adopted has stood the test of seventy-eight years' experience, and within that short period the people of these united states have advanced

to a state of prosperity unrivalled in any country on the globe. In 1776, the population did not exceed three millions. In 1851, it amounted to nearly twenty-four millions, and it is curious to note the relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon States.

In 1801, the population of Great Britain was 10,942,646; in 1800, that of the United States was 5,319,762—or not quite half. In 1850, the population of the United States was two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851—at this moment it probably exceeds it, by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than 15 per cent—while in America it is about 35 per cent. In the great continental states the rate is considerably lower than in England. According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the larger population in 1870—in 1900, they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially, and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a trans-Atlantic power numbering 100,000,000 of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.

The American returns exhibit to us another extremely interesting feature—the process by which Nature herself is gradually working out the vexed question of Slavery. Every one is aware that in the United States political power is based on population. With them the taking of a census is a political event of serious importance: as, according to the return of living souls in each state, its congressional rank is regulated. Every ten years some changes are made in the distribution of power. Votes are taken from one state, and transferred to another. By the law of 1842, every 70,680 must have a representative. The number has been altered several times—but the figure has always been the same for each state. Power instantly passes to the most prosperous. In looking to the future, it is therefore necessary to observe which states are growing fastest—which slowest. The present number of slave states is fifteen—of free states, sixteen. These numbers are fixed; but the number of representatives which they are severally entitled to send to Washington, is continually varying. The arrangements following on the return of the new census cause a difference of six votes on the slave question—three votes having been transferred from the almost stationary slave states to their more wealthy and thriving rivals. Nature has in this manner laid the penalty of crime on the polluted territories. They cannot even hold their own ground in a land whose law is liberty and progress. In twenty years from this time, the slaveholders promise to be in a considerable minority in the House of Representatives, by the laws of their own constitution. Before then the ballot-box—if no revolution should intervene—will have quietly settled the peculiar institution, even if no change of opinion should occur in the south itself. There is another hopeful view of the question. As the total number of representatives is limited, votes are continually passing from the old states on the Atlantic to the new states which arise on every decade on the western border. The latter are mostly free states. By these transfers, the anti-slavery cause will have gained eleven votes in five

sessions. While the law of progress remains in favour or freedom, these peaceful but certain encroachments will continue. If the United States hold together a score of years longer, it is anticipated slavery must, in the natural course of things, be abolished. The law itself provides a calm solution of the difficulty.

This is extremely gratifying to a people constituted like the British; and the positive assurance thus held out will contribute immensely towards cementing that natural union which exists between a people having a common origin, and a striking affinity in their political and social institutions. But whether the plague-spot be removed or not within so brief a space of time, the friendly connection of the two countries, and an uninterrupted commercial intercourse between their people, is indispensable to the progress of civilisation and the advancement of the vital interests of mankind at large. Nothing tends better to strengthen this connection than an intimate knowledge of each other, a true idea on each side of the Atlantic of the actual condition of the other, and a mutual generous appreciation of good qualities, together with a lenient view of the defects that disfigure and mar the greatness of each of them.

Spirited exposures of slavery in America and poverty in England, are essential to the health of the public mind in each country; they are sharp medicines, intended to agitate a mass of abuses that would become stagnant, if not disturbed—and therefore they do good. But, to our apprehension, recrimination is idle work—for all reforms, to work beneficially, must be planted in prepared ground; and we think that we British would be wiser, if we exerted ourselves to cultivate the friendship of our American brethren, instead of provoking them by pointing to a particular institution, which has become so entwined with certain material interests, that it cannot be suddenly altered without endangering the safety of the whole social fabric in the federated states.

As we said before, the ballot-box, sooner or later, will finally dispose of slavery; and to the ballot-box all sensible people confidently leave the adjustment of the question. The progress of the new world is of more importance to the happiness of mankind than theoretical disquisitions, or the horrors of certain material social forms; and facts speak more eloquently than all the sentimental suggestions that could be heaped together. If we are told, as we actually were, by the last American census, that the coloured insane are fewer in proportion to their numbers than the whites, and that out of a mixed population of 24,000,000, there are only about 50,000 receiving a subsistence from the public, we may be well assured that in the United States of America the promise of the future is not only brilliant, but solid and grand.

For our own parts, we have always thought everything should be done to promote the good feeling which ought to subsist between the two nations; and we must confess that we regard the recently executed treaty, for an international copyright between the American Republic and Great Britain, as another step in the right direction. Viewed economically, it will put an extinguisher on a good deal of ill-feeling—that will be a great gain; but, looked at in all its tendencies, it will be found to show a greater respect for national honour and honesty than has hitherto been manifested in the literary transactions between the two countries.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

The rights of authors and publishers ought to be as much respected as the rights of merchants; and we trust that, before long, the rights of patentees, inventors, and manufacturers will also receive the same acknowledgment—the same bare but creditable allowance of justice. At all events, the mutual concession in this instance is gratifying evidence of the soundness of the morality recognised in the two countries, and is another illustration of the strength and tenacity of public opinion, when rationally directed, and approached with discretion and sobriety. English literature in England and the United States will henceforth be the joint property of the two nations—authors and publishers in neither will be pillaged as heretofore, and the harmony thus established will go a long way in purging the press of the trash and abominations that the reciprocal plunder of copyright in some degree encouraged. New York is only a ten days' voyage distant from London—in the course of the year it is anticipated that it will, by means of the ocean submarine telegraph, be brought into instant communication with our metropolis; so that the settlement of this literary question cannot be sufficiently commended, as having removed a formidable barrier to that genial intercourse between the two hemispheres which, every day that passes, becomes of greater importance to the destinies of the whole human family.

However, all such achievements speak very forcibly for themselves, and we ought to content ourselves with a general reference to such a happily constituted international disposition, and allow ourselves the privilege of dwelling a little on the greater idea of two such mighty places as the capitals of the Old World and the New being brought within speaking distance of each other. Cornhill and Broadway shaking hands, across an ocean 3500 miles in breadth, is a tremendous suggestion; but, as there is not the slightest doubt of the practicability of the correspondence, or of its being carried out, we have thought that our readers would be glad to be introduced to a pictorial sketch of the city that is to be brought within less than thinking distance of the great centre of those material and intellectual operations that rule the aspect of the world.

New York is the Liverpool of America, with a dash of Manchester and Glasgow in its external appearance, which renders its leading features almost familiar to the reader on this side of the Atlantic. It is the largest city on the vast continent of America, and at this moment contains a population of not less than half a million of people. In four-and-twenty hours, it could turn out a force of sixty thousand armed men, and man a fleet with thirty thousand of the best seamen in the world. Its inhabitants take the high rank of being among the most energetic and spirited, either in Europe or America. Its newspaper press has an extraordinary circulation, and the facilities afforded for the pursuits of science and art are more than respectable. But New York is chiefly celebrated for its fine harbour, its steamers, its manufactures, and its commerce. And it should be borne in mind, that it has risen to its present greatness in the course of the present century; for the commerce, owing to unwise restrictions, cannot be dated any farther back than towards the close of the last century; as, in 1790, the imports of the whole union did not exceed \$5,000,000, and the exports were the same. The city of New York, therefore, like Liverpool, has grown with—it may be said out of—the manufacturing wealth and industry of Great Britain: both of them, at all events, had a common origin; and as both, as regards their permanent prosperity, are indissolubly linked together, each may be regarded as dependent for its greatness and flourishing condition on that gigantic commerce which has sprung up with this country and the American continent, and which is supported chiefly by that amazing mechanical and productive power which, by the aid of steam, has become centred in these islands.

The population of New York is doubled in every twenty years: so that in forty years it will contain as many inhabitants as there are at present in the British metropolis. At the end of that period, the population of the latter, at the present rate of increase, cannot be less than 7,000,000! So that, if New York would overtake London, it must travel just three times as fast as it does—which is not at all likely, or even desirable; for the vigour of an empire must rather be looked for in the variety and number of its large cities, than in one overgrown, unwieldy capital, whether commercial or political, or a combination of both.

THE ACTOR'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE.—One night—the night of retirement—makes terrible change, and holds a tragical division: one side we see the pomp of pageant, the measured march, the robe, the gemmed crown, the lighted eye, the crowd, the brilliancy, the shout, the triumphs of well-learned passion, the beauty of beauteous poetry! On the other side all is dark! Life's coronets are blotted out—aye, and in one night! We see the lone actor, bent from his prime of place, creeping about in his low, overcast state—alone, rejected, commonly noticed, solitary, lost! The past remains to him a pangful dream! Stripped at once of all his greatness, he wanders about like one who has been sleeping—seeing others trample through in the public heart, or not daring to move the memory of such an usurpation, straying solitary in some distant spot—alone, though alone—there to hear his sorrowful appeals, to wandering shouts of a multitude, but to see quiet sadness, hear the evening wind die along the waters, and when the "matrimonious rime of silver hair," woven momentarily and monotonously at his heels, his heart turned out by his pelican children from pomp to poverty.

ALMOST all ancient nations have their hero, whose adventures and achievements having, in the course of time, become mingled with romance, make up an ideal of character a little beyond humanity, yet not without its uses in establishing a high national standard, and awakening in ardent minds an enthusiasm which leads to emulation. Gods and demigods were made thus in ancient Greece; and less romantic England has her Arthur; France her Charlemagne; and other nations their traditional great men, sometimes imbued with supernatural powers, always with wonderful ones, and with qualities the very invention of which affords some idea of the people in whose minds they originate. The early inhabitants of central America—a race scarcely traceable among the present population of that now unhappy region—are no exemption to the fact of a heroic remembrance. They, too, had their high-souled, indomitable Arthur—their ideal of all noble and chivalrous qualities—in a young prince of Tezcuco, who lived in the fifteenth century; modern time compared with the Pyramids, but quite a respectable antiquity for the western world.

This hero was no knight-errant who went about seeking for adventures by which to immortalise himself. Greatness was thrust upon him solely against his will; for the rancorous pursuit of an inveterate foe forced him into action before he had attained his sixteenth year. His name was Nezabualcoryotl—a dignified appellation, no doubt, in its day, but which, fortunately, we are justified in supposing was habitually abridged, as most very ponderous names are. We shall, therefore, by way of adopting a safe middle course, take the liberty of calling our hero Hualco.

The city of Tezcuco was one of those which boasted a barbaric splendour, at the period of which we write. No wonder that rumours of a western El Dorado had reached Europe. A bird of the air might carry the matter, in the shape of wings besprent with gold-dust, or a collar of emeralds worth an emperor's ransom. Sir John Maundeville's account of Prestor John's riches seems scarcely fabulous, after reading the history of these cities. Their sovereigns reigned like the kings in fairy-land—absolute masters of treasures inexhaustible. Their country, limited as it was in extent, comprised every variety of climate—from the perpetual snow that crowded the mountains, to the burning plains on the Atlantic coast. Between these extremes were ample regions of unchanging verdure, and that vast table-land which, elevated six thousand feet above the level of the sea, is yet sheltered by a stupendous range of hills, and is at this day, in temperature, fertility, and natural advantages, one of the most delicious regions on the face of the globe. The productions of this favoured country comprised all that nature ever grants to man; and the system of taxation insured to the sovereign a tribute in kind from everything yielded by earth, air, or water. Gold, silver, amber, turquoise, tortoise-shell, were the materials of drinking-vessels and other utensils, not only in the royal palaces, but in the dwellings of the nobility; and these are but a specimen of the wealth and luxury which prevailed. Over all this the king had nearly absolute power, and he was regarded by his people with almost the reverence due to a god.

But no splendour or dignity can secure the possessor against misfortune. Camaca, King of Tezcuco, in the midst of his prosperity—perhaps because of it—became an object of enmity to a neighbouring nation—the Tepanecs; and after a series of aggressions, the detail of which would be foreign to our present intention, these warlike people succeeded in overwhelming and destroying the more luxurious monarch. His son, Hualco, beheld the barbarous murder of his father, and, but for the vigilance and fidelity of the tutor who had charge of him, would have met the same fate. This faithful friend contrived to secrete, or disguise his master's heir so successfully, that the Tepanecs were baffled in their design to extinguish the royal blood of Tezcuco.

The young prince, who was surrounded by a few faithful friends, was at first inconsolable, both that his father was basely murdered, and that he himself still lived. He dashed himself on the ground in all the extravagance of passionate youth's first grief, and declared his determination to rid himself of a life rendered hateful by misery and disgrace.

"Why didst thou hinder me, Atahuilpa," he said, "when I would have cast myself before my father, and received in my bosom the darts which were aimed at him? These own lessons have taught me to prefer many things before life; yet it is thy fault that I live the life of a coward and a slave, while my father dies, and his kingdom is usurped by his murderers!"

"If thy death could have saved the life of the king," said the old man, "I myself would have urged thee—nay, forced thee to the sacrifice! But thou wouldst only have furnished another victim, and a more complete triumph. The lives of princes are the property of their people; and thou wert no less cowardly to throw away thine in despair, than thou wouldst have been to withhold it, if it could have preserved thy father. In this world of war and strife, Hualco, he is the brave man who dares to live. If thou wouldst show thyself worthy to avenge thy sovereign upon his enemies, thou wouldst begin with a mastery over thyself!"

Hualco had been taught from infancy the most implicit obedience to his preceptor. The customs of the country gave to those to whom was confided the instruction of youth of the higher classes—and particularly those of the

blood-royal—unlimited authority.* The words of Atahuilpa aroused the prince to reflection, and he took part in the council which was now held, as to the safest disposition of his person, and the carrying out of those plans of education ordained by law for the heir of the crown.

The posture of affairs allowed no present hope of an armed resistance to the Tepanecs, whose warlike habits and unscrupulous ambition would incline and enable them to retain the power they had gained in a kingdom now under the disadvantage of a royal minority. It was therefore considered advisable that Hualco should retire with his tutor to a rural retreat not far from the city, and there adopt such precautions as would secure, as far as possible, the *incognito* rendered necessary by his present unhappy position.

Stripped of the golden ornaments which denoted his rank, and clothed in a garment of *nequen*—a coarse cloth, made from the fibres of the aloe, and used by the lower classes—Hualco was conducted by his tutor to the humble residence which was to be his home for the present. It was a cottage of considerable size, thatched with palm-leaves, and shaded by the magnificent cypresses which at that time abounded in the country, and were afterwards destroyed by the Spaniards. Here, with his excellent tutor, the prince applied himself assiduously to his studies.

"The gods have already shown thee, Hualco," said the sage, "that thou art but as a feather in their hands. Whether they will have thee monarch or peasant, they require of thee knowledge and virtue, which will fit thee for either destiny. If, in spite of all my cares and all my hopes, thou art reserved but to grace a sacrifice of the Tepanecs, their fires can detain thee but for a moment from the presence of the sun, where thou wilt take rank with other glorified spirits, according as thou hast well used the few years of thy probation here."

By such counsels, heard by the youth with the deepest reverence, did the wise and good Atahuilpa seek to train, by study, effort, and sacrifice, the precious charge upon whose course the eyes of all true Tezcucoans were secretly fixed. It is not surprising that, in such society, and secluded from all injurious influence, the young prince grew in all good things, even as his slender and graceful proportions gradually assumed the strength and symmetry by which he was afterwards distinguished.

The elders of the people, the priests, the caciques, and such of the nobility as had not been won over by the splendid bribes of the conqueror, found means not unfrequently to visit the lonely cottage, strengthening the resolution, encouraging the hopes of the prince and his preceptor, and devising plans for a concerted attempt to restore the liberties of the kingdom. Perhaps, by means of these visits, the vigilance of hatred and self-interest accomplished what had been vainly attempted by corruption.

Hualco was wandering by starlight with his tutor, listening to a lesson in astronomy—a science in which the learned of that country had even then made surprising advances.

"Thy star is blood-red to-night, Hualco!" said the old man. "It seems as if Quetzalcuati, whose mild influences we invoke, were about to yield thee to his fiercer master. There are those among our wise men who would read this heaven for thee, foreshowing thy future course—perhaps thy fate!"

"And would this knowledge enable me to avoid the evil that might threaten me, father?" said the prince. "If not—if the decree of the gods be unalterable—to know of certain misfortune could but weaken resolution and extinguish hope. I would rather study with thee the outward aspect and wonderful revolutions of those bright orbs, leaving their deeper meaning to be spelled by those who can make better use of such knowledge. Teach me only what will fit me for the work that lies before me."

As he spoke, they passed beneath the deep shade of a liquid amber tree; and, at the same moment, a net, made of the fine-twisted fibres of the aloe—a plant which serves in that country for a thousand useful purposes—fell over and enveloped both tutor and pupil; while armed men sprang upon them, and easily overpowered them—entangled as they were, and without weapons.

"What would you have with us?" said the prince, when, at length exhausted, he ceased to struggle with his captors. "My father, at least, can have committed no crime: let him go, and then bear me whither ye will?"

"Thy father, young serpent," said the deep voice of one of the warriors, "shalt see thy heart cast out at the feet of our great god, Huitzilo Potatti,* as the reward of his treachery to our master! That once accomplished, he shalt see the death of a dog!"

The prince would have made a furious reply to this threat, but Atahuilpa controlled him by a sign.

"Cowards war with words," he said; "while silence is the strength of the prudent!"

Hualco no longer dared to question his captors, but followed, unresistingly, as well as his fettered limbs would allow.

Day was breaking as the armed men, with their prisoners, entered the gates of the city. The vast splendours of that wonderful capital lay in dim repose, and scarce a sound was heard, save the voices of innumerable singing birds, with which the gardens of the nobility were filled. These welcomed the dawning light, and flattered amid the perfumed branches, scarce conscious of captivity; although nets of great strength, almost imperceptible from their extreme fineness, prevented their straying beyond the prescribed limits. Far different was the prison to which the prince and his friend were destined. It was a strong, gloomy dungeon, built of unburnt brick, with walls of immense thickness, ornamented here and there,

* The Mexican Mars.

at the angles, with the hideous image of some god who was supposed to delight in vengeance. The huge gates opened at a sign from the leader of the party; and Atahualpa, who had been watching on every side for some one to whom he might find means of communicating the situation of the prince, was obliged to follow his royal pupil into the prison, with the certainty that those gates would shut out all hope from any friend in the city. So important a place would probably be entrusted only to a tried servant of the usurper; and all that the prisoners could hope, was a speedy termination of their suspense.

Coarse fare and harsh treatment were now their lot; and they had the additional vexation of finding, in the governor of the prison, a man whom they had ranked among their friends. From one capable of such treachery no favour could be expected, and they resigned themselves to their fate, with such philosophy as they could summon. The Tepanec sovereign was about to depart upon one of his visits to his ancient dominion, and Atahualpa and Hualco anticipated nothing less than forming a conspicuous part of the sacrifices with which it was usual to propitiate the gods upon such occasions.

In effect, such were the orders received at the prison. Emissaries from the king came to prepare Hualco for the solemnity, by the aid of baths, perfumes, rich dresses, jewels, and flowers, which were employed for many days, with many mystic ceremonies, to fit the victim for the high honour of being offered to the great Tetzcatlipoc, or Soul of the World. Atahualpa was treated with less respect, and given to understand that an ignominious and obscure death awaited him.

The latest sun was setting. The morning was to see the forming of the immense procession in which Hualco, with many victims of less note, the prize of late victories, was to pass to the great temples, whose altars were already decorated for the ceremony. The prison swarmed with priests and their attendants, every avenue was filled with gorgeous preparation for the sacrifice, and an extra guard was set, lest, in some paroxysm of fruitless loyalty, the populace should attempt the rescue of their native prince. But night settled calmly on the scene of bustle and anxiety, and fatigue deepened the slumbers of those who had been most active in the labours of the day. Two priests watched by the side of Hualco, whose only consolation now was, that his revered preceptor was not separated from him. The governor of the prison had signified his intention of guarding the victims in person. At midnight he entered, and took his station in front of the seat on which Hualco was placed. The priests, somewhat relieved by this vigilance, resigned themselves to short repose, and the most profound silence reigned, where all had so lately been hurry and agitation.

The governor, when this quiet had become established, so that the low breathing of the sleepers was the only sound heard, arose from his seat, and whispered a few moments with Atahualpa. Each of the two then approached a priest, and, falling upon him suddenly, bound him with cords which the governor had provided, threatening instant death if they gave the alarm. The priests, accustomed to strike only unresisting victims, submitted almost without a struggle, and sat, terrified spectators, while the governor, falling at the prince's feet, besought his pardon for even the appearance of treachery.

"My life was vowed to your service," he said; "and I sought this post from the tyrant, in order that, if you should fall into his hands, I might become your keeper. I have lent myself to his cruelty, lest I should be displaced; and behold the fruit of my care! I am the deliverer of my master's son!"

"But your own fate?" said Hualco, whose senses were in confusion with surprise and agitation.

"I take your place, of course, but with joy and pride! No Tezucan but will envy me my death upon the altar. But come, my prince, the moments are precious. Here is the key of the east gate, where you will find a trusty attendant, and a change of garments. Farewell! hasten to Mexico, and engage the intervention of the king, who is powerful with the usurper. Farewell, good Atahualpa! thou hast another life for thy prince when he shall need it!"

Remonstrances were unavailing. The governor reminded them that he was irrevocably compromised by the presence of the priests, whom to kill would have incurred the displeasure of the gods on him in whose behalf they were sacrificed. To linger, therefore, would render unavailing his self-immolation; and Hualco, dizzy with contending emotions, and urged vehemently by both his friends, at length consented to depart, after embracing, in an agony of grief, the faithful Tezucan, who exulted in laying down his life for his sake.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the east had become ruddy with the dawn, the fugitives were well advanced on their way to the shore of the lake, by means of which they must reach the city of Mexico. But as the day approached, the rising hum, more and more audible from the city they had left, reminded them that, with the early preparation for the tremendous ceremonies of the day, their escape must be discovered, and innumerable scouts would be dispatched to thread every avenue in the neighbourhood, so that to attempt to proceed would be certain discomfiture. Trusting, therefore, to the impenetrable foliage which abounded on every side, they concealed themselves in a tree, where they could observe those who passed, without fear of being discovered. It was not long before they perceived among the people who began to throng towards the city, others who came from the opposite direction, and who were making the most anxious inquiries on every side. At the same time, far in the distance, the great *teocalli*, or temple,

which rose quite above the walls and buildings of the city, was alive with priests, ascending and descending its numerous staircases, and preparing for the sacrifices which were to take place upon the two altars that flamed upon its summit. The heavy sound of the great drum, and of the wild chorus of instruments and voices which announced the forming of the procession, soon became audible even at that distance; and as the sun rose, the foremost priests, canopied under arches of flowers, and bearing in their hands the various instruments of sacrifice, ascended to the summit of the temple. An innumerable throng, high above whose heads, on a gorgeous throne, and protected from the sun by innumerable plumes of every splendid dye, was seen the sovereign himself, crowned with his tall golden mitre, followed the sacred legion; and still later, heralded by shouts that rent the sky, the mournful file of victims, bound two and two, with flowing crowns about their heads, and torches of aromatic wood, lighted at the sacred fire, burning in their hands. Loud and louder sounded the great drum of serpents' skin, and wilder grew the shouts that rent the transparent heaven, as the dark-robed priests bound the first victim to the sacrificial stone. In another moment, the chief pontiff, raised high above the whole crowd, held up towards the sun some object which could not be discerned at that distance, but which our wanderers knew well was the heart of the victim. Hualco shuddered. Nature in the young speaks louder than superstition; and even the superstitions of his people were far milder than those of the warlike nation who now ruled them.

"When I am king, Atahualpa," he said, "I will not offer up human brethren to the good gods."

"When thou art king, Hualco," said the old man, thou wilt be the instrument of thy people. A monarch may control the lives and fortunes of his subjects, but not constrain their consciences. While the people feel the sacrifice of their enemies to be acceptable to the gods, thou must not only allow, but sanction the custom. When thou hast persuaded them to leave these bloody rites to their neighbours, who delight in carnage, and to be satisfied with offering at the altars the fruit and flowers which are the gift of heaven, then mayst thou banish for ever the scent of blood from the sacred places, without becoming impious in the estimation of those to whom thou art bound to set an example of all goodness."

As Hualco sighed at this exposition of the duties of a monarch, he turned his eyes from the odious spectacle, now shown still more distinctly by the full blaze of the up-risen sun, and perceived that the wide way, so lately trampled by thousands, was solitary as a desert.

"Let us proceed, my father," he said; "the lake is not far distant, and we may reach the city of my kinsman before this ceremony has ceased to attract the multitude."

In a short time they found themselves safely seated in the pirogue of an old fisherman, the only individual of his neighbourhood who had resisted the temptation of the day.

The old man steered them safely through the multitude of *chimampas*, or floating gardens—those wandering islands of verdure with which the bosom of the lake was studded in every direction. They reached the city at noon, and Atahualpa rewarded the old fisherman with a small golden ornament which he had concealed about his person. The Tezucan took it—looked narrowly at the giver, and still more narrowly at the younger stranger; then, prostrating himself on the earth, he kissed the feet of Hualco. The fugitives saw that they were recognised; but it was by a Tezucan, and they had no fears.

The Mexican monarch received his royal kinsman with great kindness, and assigned to him and his tutor a residence which afforded every facility for the prosecution of the various studies considered necessary for the perfecting of the prince's education. This was bound to include a store of traditional lore, the mysteries of hieroglyphics—in which the laws were registered, accounts kept, tax-rolls recorded, and the whole system of their mythology, their rituals, and their calendars, presented to the people; a knowledge of astronomy and astrology; and, what seems singular, a trade or business, which should render the possessor independent of the vicissitudes of fortune. All this required a long period; and we are told that Hualco lived several years at the Mexican court, quietly fitting himself for the splendid station which he was to occupy, as a gladiator is trained for the arena. The intervention of his cousin of Mexico proved a protection from the persecutions of his enemy; and at length the usurper went the way of all men, and his son reigned in his stead.

Whether this successor, who was called Maxtla, had been so much in the background, during his father's lifetime, that his real character was not known; or whether, on coming to the throne, he took up, with the royal insignia, his father's hatred, the Mexican monarch was so mistaken in him as to recommend that Hualco should take the opportunity of rejoicings upon his accession, to conciliate him by a present. The prince, with a proper escort, and such gifts and offerings as seemed likely to be considered as evincing a desire for friendly relations with the Tepanec sovereign, presented himself at his court, and, though much against his will, made such demonstrations of friendship as had been recommended by his more politic kinsman. The result was such as often waits upon diffidence. As the prince approached, attended by his tutor, and by servants bearing his offering, the now-made monarch, seated on a throne of gold, and himself covered with rich garments, sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, turned his head aside with marks of the greatest contempt and aversion, and, stamping his golden sandal on the ground, said something in a furious tone to his attendants. One in the crowd whispered to Hualco that this boded his destruction, and advised him to withdraw at once. The confusion of the moment enabled him to

minge in the crowd of splendidly-dressed persons by whom the king was surrounded; and in a short time the prince was once more a fugitive, with the additional grief of being, for the first time, separated from his venerable guide, who had not been able to follow him from the presence-chamber.

Anticipating hot pursuit, Hualco struck as speedily as possible into the country, where he wandered, exposed to all inclemencies of weather; lying concealed during the day in dens and caverns, and stealing out at night to find sustenance, which, in that bounteous climate, was never far to seek. A thousand times was he tempted to dare the hate of Maxtla, rather than live on thus wretchedly; but the lesson so deeply instilled into him by Atahualpa, that his life belonged to his people, was of power, in the darkest moment, to restrain him from following his inclination. He endured existence, therefore, and endeavoured to fix his thoughts on the future, believing that if it was the will of the gods that he should yet redeem his people, they would interpose to afford him their protection.

He was surprised one day by a Tepanec soldier, who chanced to enter the cavern where he lay concealed. The man sprang upon him, and shouted to his comrades; but Hualco, vigorous and desperate, grappled with him, and, after a short contest, left him lifeless on the ground.

The prince then plunged still deeper into the forest, and after travelling a considerable distance, came to an open glade, at one extremity of which stood a large, low building, evidently the residence of a farmer or cultivator of the better class. At the door of the house, under the shade of a well-spreading cypress, and the still closer screen of a bending plume of feathers, sat a young girl, engaged in embroidery, and singing as she worked. A white robe, confined at the waist by a rich girdle, was her simple costume. Upon her arms she wore bracelets of turquoise, from which hung little golden ornaments, making a tinkling music as she moved her hands. Her long, black locks hung over her shoulders, held back from her brow by a chaplet of Californian pearls.

At the approach of Hualco, the maiden drew over her a delicate veil of *pita*, which she had thrown aside on account of the heat, and, rising from her seat, waited for him to speak.

One more practised in female society than the young prince might have felt embarrassed at coming so suddenly upon this beautiful apparition; but Hualco was dumb. Recovering himself, however, he found words to ask shelter, and to say that there were those in pursuit who hunted for his life.

"And who art thou," said the maiden, "that thy blood should be sought thus early? Hast thou committed some crime, for which thou art pursued by order of the gods?"

"No, lady!" said the prince; "I am accused of no crime. The Tepanec king, who now rules Tezucan, is my enemy, and his soldiers are in the forest in pursuit!"

"The king thine enemy!" said the maiden, looking intently at Hualco; "who art thou, then?"

"Fair lady," said the prince, "I cannot look upon thee, and believe that thou wouldst betray the unfortunate! I am the prince of Tezucan, banished from my country, and hunted like a wild beast by the usurper!"

Before he could be aware of her intention, the damsel had prostrated herself at his feet, bowing her graceful head till her long locks swept the ground.

"This poor house is yours, my lord!" she said, "and those to whom it belongs hold their lives at your service! She arose as she spoke, and, lifting the mat which closed the door, the ringing of the small pieces of metal with which it was bordered, awoke an ancient dame who had been sleeping on a couch at the further end of the apartment. She started at the sight of Hualco, but, the damsel whispering to her, she would fain have done homage, if the prince had not prevented her. At this instant the sound of men's voices was heard approaching the house, and Hualco looked round for some place of retreat. The maiden pointed to a large heap of *magney* (aloe) fibres in one corner, as the only attainable hiding-place. Scarcely was the prince covered under these, when his pursuers entered the house. All their inquiries, though enforced with threats, elicited no information; and, after examining the different apartments, they withdrew.

As evening approached, Hualco ventured forth, and learned from the young lady and her duenna, that the household in which they were sojourners were faithful Tezucans, who would glory in dying for their prince. The people of the house, who had been assisting at some festival, returned soon after, and confirmed this assertion; but they brought the intelligence that the soldier whom Hualco had but stunned, having joined his companions, gave such positive testimony of the prince's being in the neighbourhood, that there was reason to expect another visit, and a more thorough search, on the following day.

One night of rest, however, was something for the fugitive; and he resigned himself to slumber with all the zest which belongs to excessive fatigue and long watching. So sound was his sleep, that it was with difficulty he could be awakened by the master of the house, who, watching through the night, had seen lights glancing in the forest, which he knew must belong to the party in search of the prince. Not a moment was to be lost; and Hualco, leaving the house by the opposite side, fled towards a small settlement, in which his host assured him he would find friends. The darkness, however, prevented him from keeping the proper path; and after long following a light, which he supposed to proceed from the settlement, he came into the midst of some soldiers, who were beguiling a night-watch with songs and dances. Their noise and the words of their songs convinced him that they were his own countrymen, and he boldly demanded protection. This was readily granted, and they offered him refreshments, with every mark of the reverence which they were

accustomed to show their monarchs. Upon the approach of his pursuers, they concealed him under the immense drum around which they had been dancing, and renewed their mirth. Hualco, from his hiding-place, heard the soldiers of Maxtla proclaim the price set upon his head: "An ample domain, with the hand of a noble lady in marriage;" and threaten the most dreadful tortures to those who should conceal him; but he knew the devotion of his people too well to fear anything but that the soldiers might bethink them of removing the drum. They passed on, however, and the prince found himself in the midst of friends, who, disguising him as one of themselves, conveyed him safely to Mexico, where he had again the happiness of embracing his beloved preceptor.

CHAPTER III.

ONCE more under the protection of his powerful kinsman, Hualco was in a condition to make some terms with his implacable enemy; and the result of the negotiation was an agreement that Hualco should succeed upon the death of the usurper, and permission for the prisoner to inhabit his own palace at Tezcutzinco, about two leagues from Tezcuco, under certain restrictions. Not without many suspicions of treachery, Atahualpa decided to accept the offers of Maxtla, judging it best that the young prince should have the opportunity to become personally known to his future subjects, even at some risk to himself. All seemed tranquil, and the situation afforded important facilities for the instructions considered so essential for the future sovereign. Yet Hualco for the first time showed a disinclination for the pursuits which had formerly so much interested him. His eyes were dull, his step languid; he yawned over the abstruse calculations of his tutor; made verses, and sang them to the twilight, and spoiled his picture-writing, by drawing fair maidens with long, willowy tresses, instead of hideous men with globular heads and triangular eyes.

"What ails thee, Hualco?" said his tutor, at last—fer between him and his royal pupil there had never been any reserve. "Art thou becoming a woman, when thy people are looking for a man able to hurl the usurper from his throne, and make his heart an offering to the red-eyed war-god?"

"A woman, father! a woman!" said Hualco, with an absent air. "What woman? Hast thou seen her?"

The old man gazed on his pupil with dismay. Had persecution and hardship turned his brain, or had Maxtla contrived to have some slow, subtle poison given him, of power to mar his brilliant promise, and make his life worse than death?

Good Atahualpa suspected not the subtlest of poisons; and Hualco, recollecting himself, contrived to set his tutor's mind at rest for the time, although his thoughts wandered too often to the forest glade, and the fair creature who sat singing under her plummy screen.

His favourite retreat, when evening softened the heat of day, and the moonlight made a scene of enchantment of those magnificent terraced gardens, so long a proverb of loveliness, was the topmost terrace of all, where, from an artificial lake, or basin, the purest water was distributed in numerous channels through the whole extent of the domain, falling over the rocks in cascades, and shedding freshness on the flowers and shrubs below. Gilded aviaries, containing the rarest and most splendid birds enlivened the bowers; and representations of others, exquisitely wrought in gold and silver, were among the decorations of the reservoir. But the object upon which, amid this magnificence, Hualco chose to fix his perversely pensive eyes, was the marble statue of a nymph, bending over the placid water, as if seeking a mirror for her beauty. This figure was, perhaps, the last that would have attracted a casual observer, since, though it was exquisitely wrought, its pale, subdued hue gave it a melancholy air, surrounded as it was by gorgeous colours and glittering objects. It was an allegorical figure, we are told, and Hualco seemed to be studying its hidden meaning.

Here he lay, watching the effects of the declining light, and touching at intervals a musical instrument which he held in his hand, when a slender arrow fell just before him. He took it up, and found tied to its feathers a small scroll, covered with the picture-writing of the country. As we have no conveniences for giving a facsimile of this epistle, we shall only offer a paraphrase of its contents, which may be thus translated:

"He who sits on thy father's throne, O prince, has this day drawn across thy portrait the line of blood. Three suns will not set before he has fulfilled the vow thus made. Save thyself, then, among thy faithful people!"

The signature was a veiled figure, kneeling. Hualco dwelt more upon this than upon the warning. Could it be the forest maiden? He was too much of an adept in the ambiguous picture-writing not to know that the mysterious figure was quite as likely to mean grief or secrecy, as humility; but the notion once in his brain that the scroll came from the beautiful unknown, he thought of nothing else, and, keeping the missive in his bosom, forebore even to mention it to his tutor.

The next evening found the prince, as before, lying by the crystal reservoir, and indulging in such reveries as will visit prince as well as peasant. A slight rustling started him, and a figure, covered from head to foot in a garment of the coarsest nequen, knelt on the pavement of polished porphyry.

"Prince," said a gentle voice, "you are here still! Your friends sent you yesterday a warning. To-morrow it may be too late!"

"Lady!" said Hualco, springing up, as if he felt already the assassin's dagger, and approaching his mysterious visitor.

"Ladies do not appear thus," said the voice again, but with some slight embarrassment; "your subjects watch over your life, and employ the messenger most likely to gain access to you, to warn you to fly from certain destruction. Every avenue to the palace is guarded by those devoted to Maxtla, and it was only among the slaves who brought provisions from the market that I found entrance. It was hoped that the scroll of yesterday would be sufficient; but, finding you are still here, those who watch have sent a token which will convince you of the danger."

So saying, she unfolded from beneath her robe a piece of *maguey* cloth, on which was depicted a figure, instantly recognised by the prince as intended for himself, with a line drawn across the centre of the face, while an arrow, to denote swiftness, a skull, signifying death, and a tall mitre or crown, emblematic of the king himself, told Hualco that this was indeed his death-warrant.

"And where could you procure this, maiden?" said the prince, completely bewildered by such tidings brought by such hands.

"The order was given to my—to Xicote, who is supreme judge of Tezcuco," said the messenger, holding out her hand to receive it again.

"But Xicote is among those who have forgotten their allegiance," said Hualco; "surely it is not from him that this warning comes?"

"It comes from a friend—from your friends, prince!" replied the damsel; "and I trust the unsuitable character of the messenger will not make it of no avail. They did as well as they could, and I am not at liberty to explain all!"

"Tell me, at least, lady!" said Hualco, who felt more and more certain that the trembling being before him was none other than the noble maiden of the forest; "tell me thy name, that I may know whom to thank for this perilous service!"

"Know me as one of the humblest of your servants, anxious only for your safety," said the messenger; and she bent low before the prince as she spoke, showing him again the never-forgotten outline which had haunted his dreams.

She turned to depart, but Hualco sprang after, and attempted to detain her.

"Stay but a moment!" he said; but the lady, in a voice seemingly choked with emotion or terror, exclaimed:

"Do not cause me to repent!"

And he let go her robe, suffering her to disappear as mysteriously as she had come; while he threw himself on a bank, more vexed that he was left in uncertainty as to her identity with the goddess of his recollections, than disturbed by the new persecution of his enemy.

He sought Atahualpa, however, and communicated to him the intelligence he had received. The old man concerned himself but little as to the messenger, whom he supposed from the description to be some faithful slave. He agreed with Hualco that it would be in vain to attempt escape when every avenue was guarded; and they concluded rather to rely on stratagem, when the moment of danger should arrive.

A large party, consisting of soldiers and others, made their appearance at Tezcutzinco, on the following morning, charged, as they said, with important messages from Maxtla. The prince and his tutor received them courteously, and ordered refreshments to be brought, upon which a sumptuous banquet, which had been previously prepared, was served in one of the immense saloons of the palace. Game of all sorts, with the delicious fruits and vegetables of the country, confections, and pastry, regaled the emissaries of the usurper; while *pulque* in abundance, and the scarcely less intoxicating tobacco, induced the travellers to prolong their repast, and to mingle with their conviviality the songs and dances with which such entertainments were wont to conclude.

Hualco was all attention to his guests, ever in the midst of them, and furthering their enjoyment in every way. After they had risen from the table, and the foaming chocolate—even then a favourite beverage with the Central Americans, to whom we owe it—had been served, it was proposed that the company should repair to another part of the palace, where some dramatic representations were prepared for their amusement. These consisted of a sort of pantomime by masked performers—a favourite pastime with these people, as with all others. In one part of the performance a burning censor was introduced, into which the principal actor threw such quantities of incense, that the whole room was obscured, and the spectators found themselves half suffocated with the dense perfume. When it dispersed, Hualco and his tutor were gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS last effort of the perfidious Maxtla—who, anxious to avoid a rupture with the Mexican monarch, had cloaked under various pretences his determination to destroy Hualco—proved favourable to the fortunes of the prince. The people, extremely discontented with the Tepanec rule, which they had contrasted with the far milder sway of their own sovereigns, were ripe for a general revolt; and their chiefs found, in this new demonstration of Maxtla's enmity, a reason for immediate action. Measures were therefore taken for the organisation of a force which should drive the intruder from Tezcuco, and set the young heir upon the throne of his fathers.

After a struggle, the arms of Tezcuco triumphed, as had been anticipated, and the usurper, humbled and dispirited, was left a prisoner in the hands of those who had every reason to detest him. Hualco was entreated to permit his vanquished enemy to be sacrificed to the gods, without delay for the people of Tezcuco, though of

gentler tone than the surrounding nations, had not then renounced the horrid practice of human sacrifices. But the new king, though not superior to a feeling of strong resentment against Maxtla, and perhaps not slightly tempted to rid himself thus easily of one who seemed—for reasons which will soon be evident to the reader—the only obstacle between him and his dearest wishes, resisted the double impulse, and signified to those who importuned for the death of the usurper, his intention that the royal captive should be subjected to the sentence of the highest court of the kingdom. The people murmured, but, accustomed to absolute submission, forbore all open demonstration of their disappointment; and preparations were made for the holding of this solemn court, on the very day when Hualco was to be formally invested with the royal dignity.

The coronation of a monarch was always an occasion of great pomp; and the peculiar circumstances under which the new sovereign came to the throne—fresh from a splendid victory over the conqueror who had threatened to reduce Tezcuco for ever to the condition of a province—made him so much the popular idol, that the preparations for the ceremony were unusually magnificent. The chiefs flocked around their new-found king with their armed vassals, and the rich tribute in kind which contributed so much to the luxury of the royal residences. The national standard, bearing, in hieroglyphical symbols, the armorial ensigns of the state, embroidered in gold and feathers, floating from the *axoteas** and pinnacles of the palace, while every great chief displayed his own, gave to the whole city the air of a carnival. Couriers were arriving every moment from distant parts of the kingdom, and even from the ocean, with gifts and offerings to enhance the splendour of the great event. All was excitement and exultation, while he to whom the whole was dedicated, depressed by a hopeless, yet intense passion, would gladly, if his inclination had only been consulted, have renounced the pomp of empire to bury himself in the forest glade, for the sake of the lovely Farahtzin. When the day arrived which was to behold the solemn recognition of the new sovereign, and to decide the fate of Maxtla, it might have been difficult to determine on which event the minds of the immense multitude that thronged every avenue of the city were most intently fixed.

The coronation took place in the morning, and the air was rent with the joyful acclamations with which the crowded streets received the announcement. But the ceremony was not complete without the sacrifices, which Hualco, although his soul detested such abominations, was unable to prevent; and previous to the sacrifice, must Maxtla's sentence be pronounced. The king, surrounded by all his real could furnish of power and grandeur, took his seat upon the golden throne, from which the judgments of the sacred tribunal were pronounced. Before him, upon a stand formed of military weapons—shields, quivers, bows, and arrows—was placed a human skull, on the crown of which gleamed an immense emerald, surrounded by a brilliant plume, ornamented by precious stones. The walls were hung with the rich tapestry peculiar to the country, festooned with gold rings, and covered with the figures of birds and animals, embroidered in the most glowing colours. Around the throne were placed the great lords of the kingdom, marshalled according to their rank.

In the midst of profound silence, the perfidious Maxtla was brought into the open space in front of the throne. His brow wore an air of haughty defiance, for he felt that his hour had come, and he scorned to implore the clemency of him whom he had pursued with so much rancour. He fixed his eye upon his youthful judge with an expression of the deepest hatred, while the king, rising from the throne, placed his left hand upon the skull, and raised in his right hand the golden arrow with which the whole breathless assembly waited to see him draw the fatal line across the face of a portrait intended to represent the prisoner, which had been placed near him for that purpose. What was the surprise—the dismay of all, when Hualco, breaking the arrow, held out his hand to his fallen foe, and pronounced his pardon with the words:

"A monarch may punish, but he must not revenge!"

The sullen nature of Maxtla scarcely permitted him to acknowledge with decency the grace that had been accorded him; and he retired from the presence amid the suppressed or half-murmured execrations of the assembly, to whom the clemency of the new sovereign was anything but agreeable. He passed from the palace into the crowded street—a herald proclaiming his pardon, and extolling the unmerited goodness of the king—just as the grand procession was forming which was to precede the court to the principal *teocalli*, where the sacrifices were about to commence. The astonishment and rage of the populace knew no bounds. A moment's pause, like that before the falling of the thunderbolt, was succeeded by shouts that shook the city to its foundations, and thousands, moving as one man, by one impulse, tore the unhappy captive from his guards, and, rushing with him up the broad stair of the *teocalli*, forced the trembling priests to begin with him the sacrifices which were to propitiate their gods.

CHAPTER V.

THE beautiful lady who had shown so much interest in the fate of Hualco, was the only child of the chief councillor, Xicote—a sort of Tezcuacan Polonius—whose worldly policy had induced him to adhere to the dominant interest, and to betroth his daughter to the usurper, for whose sake she was educated in seclusion, according to

* Terraced roofs.

the custom of the country. It was thus that Hualco had met her in his wanderings; and it was owing to her high rank, and her position as the future wife of the sovereign, that she had been able—after she had half-unconsciously imbibed an interest in the royal wanderer—to find access to him under circumstances which would have made it impossible to another. Detesting Maxtia, yet knowing her fate inevitable, she believed herself but indulging a sentiment of womanly pity, when she interposed to save the young prince, whom fortune had first thrown in her way; but when she found herself at liberty, and this same prince a humble suitor at her feet, we need not wonder that she discovered in him all the excellencies which his fine face and gallant bearing had led her to imagine; not that Hualco, thus accomplished, and quite as much in love as ever, should be successful in his suit. His marriage with the charming Faraltzin afforded a new occasion of rejoicing to his people; and, through a long and happy life, the pupil of Atahulpa maintained the character which that excellent guardian had laboured to establish, and his history remains on record as that of the greatest and best monarch his country ever knew. He established wise laws—encouraged intellectual and scientific progress among his people, both by institutions of great magnitude, and by his own example—executed many costly works for the convenience and establishment of his capital—dispensed his immense revenues with the utmost munificence—brought agriculture to such perfection, that, during his reign, not a spot, however rude or inaccessible, was left uncultivated; and, above all, and what is most surprising, he not only discouraged the human sacrifices which were universal in that region, but built a temple “to the Great Unknown—the Cause of Causes,”—in which he allowed no image of any kind, saying:

“These idols of wood and stone can neither hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens and the earth, and man the lord of it! These must be the work of the All-powerful Creator of the universe.”

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.—A Dr. Carosio, of Genoa, has, it is said, succeeded in constructing an apparatus for the decomposition of water by the electro-magnetic current, the gaseous products of which he conveys into the cylinder of an engine, in lieu of steam, and thus saves the expense of fuel. Several scientific men and practical engineers have, it is stated, subscribed a sufficient capital to give the invention a fair and full trial.

To feed an ox to one thousand two hundred pounds' weight, usually takes five years; while the same weight of poultry can be made ready for the table in about three months, and at less than half the cost in food.

LACON'S BOAT LOWERING TACKLE.

In the ordinary mode of lowering a boat, it requires two men in the boat (one at each fall, to unhook), and on board the ship, two men to lower, and two men to clear the falls—no easy matter where the falls are little used, as, in the case of the largest merchant steamers, each fall is twenty-two fathoms, or 132 feet, long. Under any circumstances, it requires the greatest unanimity of action on the part of these six men; but this is not to be insured during periods of excitement and danger, and during dark nights. If one of the falls should be lowered too quickly, or if one of them should foul, or be accidentally let go, then one end of the boat having reached the water before the other, it is impossible for the men in the boat to unhook at the same time, and an accident must inevitably happen. Or, supposing that all has gone right on board the ship, and that, before the boat has reached the water, a sea should lift the stern of the boat, and unhook the after-tackle, then, as in the case of the Amazon, the boat would sheer across the sea before the people in her could unhook the fore-tackle, and they would thereby be washed out, and the boat would remain hanging by the bow; or if, in the act of lowering, a sea should strike the bow, and unhook the fore-tackle, then the fore-end would immediately fall down, and the people would be precipitated into the sea and drowned.

There is no reason why this operation of lowering a boat should be different from any mechanical operation of the like character. We see, in the every-day operations of raising a weight, that when the weight has attained the requisite elevation, the power is disconnected, and a break, or other analogous contrivance, is substituted, in order to regulate the descent. Why, therefore, should not the same plan be adopted in the case of boats which remain for a lengthened period at the requisite elevation, and which are only required on sudden emergencies? That the principle was acknowledged even by sailors themselves, might be shown in the case of the anchor. After the anchor has been elevated by means of the chain to the level of the water, a tackle, called the “cat,” is used, to raise it to the level of the deck. This is the power; and sailors know very well that, if they were to allow the same to remain, the anchor could never be used on sudden emergencies; they therefore substitute a single rope (called the “cathead stopper”), and remove the tackle. They remove the one tackle from the anchor; why, therefore, should they not remove the two tackles from the boats, which, it has been shown, in their use require the greatest unanimity of action?

In Mr. Lacon's method of lowering a boat this is proposed to be effected by a long bar, or rod of iron, with a barrel at either end, of a sufficient size to carry the requisite length of rope or chain, with a friction pulley and

break in the centre. The ropes or chains are connected to the barrels in such a manner that they will support any amount of weight till the boat has reached the water, when they will unshipl, and disconnect by their own weight; by which means he prevents the possibility of the boat being dragged forward, capsized, or swamped, by the motion of the ship. By means of the friction break he enables one man to regulate the descent of the boat, and by means of the parallel action of the two barrels, he insures the boat's descending evenly upon the water. Some months ago, the Queen of the Belgians steamer made the trial off Folkestone, in a high gale of wind. He himself was on board. It was tried first with four men, and the boat was lowered safely whilst the steamer was going at full speed. Again it was tried with two men and Mr. Lacon, with equal success, notwithstanding a heavy sea was running high at the time, and the steamer was going at the rate of twelve and a half knots an hour.

A “CHINK IN THE SHUTTER.”

PERHAPS, gentle reader, you cannot form even a conception of what might be conveyed by my quaint-looking title. Fortunate you certainly are in that case; for there are few indeed whose lot has been one entirely of pleasantness, and it is to be hoped that there are fewer still who have not had occasionally bright glimpses let in upon their pathway. Among the latter I shall be sure to meet sympathisers, which is almost all that I desire.

Somehow or other, I have been always accustomed to associate in my mind the festivals of past years with that description of weather most in accordance with the particular circumstances in which I happened at such seasons to be placed. It was, as I recollect, a very stormy winter, that upon which my thoughts are at this moment occupied. I am not alone in remembering it as such; and, owing to the peculiarity of mind which I have just alluded to, I would prefer taking the opinion of others to depending upon my own. Indeed, it was no wonder that I should feel anything but comfortable. I had been foiled in a long-cherished project; I had failed in a commercial speculation; I had been crossed in love. Add to this slight catalogue, that I was far from any at whose hands I could look for sympathy, and that I was very poor. I repeat, that it was no wonder that my thoughts should take a dark hue, and that the weather should seem to be severe. Often have I had to endure much in silence, but seldom indeed so much as then.

It was Christmas Eve. The streets were crowded by parties running to and fro, engaged in the various pursuits of that happy and exciting season. I noted them not, or but slightly; and then only to contrast my own condition unfavourably with that of the humblest among my neighbours. Even those sunny specks in the past which everybody can look back at, were of no service to me, and I voted myself, without condition or reserve, the most unhappy of mortals; and, in such mood, I strolled about, silent, aimless, dissatisfied.

Turning abruptly round the corner of one of our principal streets, I was jostled by a burly, multi-coated, bemuffled individual, with a force which made me reel again. The street was slippery, too; and, after I had staggered back a pace or two, my head came in contact with a lamp-post, and I fell senseless. Some indistinct sounds about “lifting him” reached my ear, and then all consciousness fled. It was, indeed, a rather unusual kind of accident, but it happened, nevertheless.

Of course there was a great bustle in the street, and, as usual, every well-disposed person did precisely what was calculated to be of the least possible use under the circumstances. I have often remarked that those whose presence of mind would be of real service in contingencies of the kind, belong, as a general rule, to that highly respectable class of society addicted to passing on with a shake of the head, or crossing the way before they come up to the crowds that collect on these occasions. As for me, it mattered little what they said or did, for I was rambling about in a world all of my own creation.

I felt myself at first drop, as it were, into a deep well, the bottom of which was perfectly dry, the orifice by which I entered closing after me as I descended. In a moment I fancied that I was proceeding along a cave from which I could find no outlet, and into which no glimmer of light penetrated. All around was darkness, and silence unearthly. In vain I walked backwards and forwards, vainly I measured the breadth of my prison-house in paces, fruitlessly I essayed to reach with my hands the roof of my dungeon. My first sensations were those of chilling dread, mingled with some degree of vexation, and the latter increased momentarily. Baffled in obtaining a clue to my whereabouts, or even reasonable data whence to infer my position with any degree of exactness, I sat myself down in the centre of the cavern, and gave way to my reflections.

After all, I thought to myself, there was no great occasion to fret myself much upon what had happened. The whole world, I was satisfied, had leagued itself together for the destruction of my peace, and surely I ought not to lament the accident which had taken me out of its reach. It was now to be presumed that it had done its very worst, and I rejoiced in the contemplation that all would soon be over. I laughed outright at the idea.

To me it has always appeared that the genius of mirth and that of harmony, if not identical, are very closely related, and hence, nothing has, from my boyhood, seemed to grate upon my ear so harshly as an unmusical laugh. It is to me absolutely painful to listen to one. Judge, then, gentle reader, of my surprise and horror, when in the

depths of that cavern I heard the sound of my own—a very combination of all the discordant jingles which it is possible for the imagination to grasp! It seemed to go forth to the further end of the cave, return by the roof and sides, increase in volume as it reached me, and, having sought out the remotest corners of the rear, again glide past me to the front. I could feel my flesh creep, and my hair stand on end, before it had passed me the second time; but as the horrifying din became stronger every instant, I plainly foresaw that a few minutes must render it intolerable. Under these circumstances I sought to obtain such relief as might be afforded me by placing my fingers within my ears; but even that comfort, trifling as it was, had been, I found, denied me. I was utterly unable to move a limb. I strove to speak, but my tongue clove to my palate, and I had a dry, burning sensation spread itself over me, even as if my blood had been changed, by some enchantment, to ashes. Powerless and horrified, it appeared to me as if I had become a breathing, feeling statue, doomed to dwell in that darkness, and listen to those sounds for ever. I longed—oh, how much I longed—for one drop of water—for one ray of light—for one moment's respite from those funereal noises! None of them came.

And then a change took place in the current of my thoughts; and even in the midst of my present desolation I recurred to my late condition as one which was not altogether so miserable as I had imagined it. All the cares, all the anxieties, all the difficulties of my past life, appeared unworthy of consideration when placed beside the agony which I then endured; and I was grateful for the many benefits which had been heaped upon me. There was comfort unspeakable in that reflection; I found my tongue loose itself—the healthful current seemed again to flow through my veins—the noises became hushed, and I sank into a peaceful slumber.

I knew at once, when I awoke that Christmas morning, that something uncommon had happened to me, but whether of good or evil, my senses were as yet in too confused a condition to collect. That I was at home, in my own small bed-room, was clear to me. I knew it by the curtain-pattern—the only one of the kind I had ever seen, but, with the quaint outline of the extraordinary plant represented on which, I was, nevertheless, right well acquainted. In point of fact, that old plant—which belonged to no classification ever attempted, and which pretended to belong to none—that old plant and myself were friends, and I could not be mistaken in it. And so I concluded I must be at least at home. The soreness which I felt at the back of my head, told still another portion of the night's history, but the rest was mystery. Outside my window I could hear footsteps passing and repassing, and I could hear, also, the voices of merry children as they went past, discoursing of pastimes in prospect, and the expenditure of gift-money. There was light in the apartment, too, and the struggling beam that shone through the shutter-chink appeared to me so delightful. It was not, it is true, a broad, manly light, such as a full-grown window might be supposed to afford—only a small stripe, a thin slice of Creation's Christmas cake, sent to cheer the heart of the desolate one.

Throwing back the curtain to enjoy it properly, I saw that out of doors there was sunshine, and the recollection of my dream for the first time occurring to me, since I became conscious, my feelings of fortitude were revived at the sight. But I saw more than that. I saw such beautiful little fingers inserted in that same chink, and the shutter-leaf gently laid back, and then I saw the light fall upon features that were indeed dear to me.

“Heavens, Louisa! You here?”

“Even so, my dear, dear Edward!”

It was even so. She had not been heartless enough to desert me because of my difficulties, as I had too rashly concluded, but had come to fulfil her promise to me, notwithstanding the failure of my projects; and had just arrived in time to see me borne home insensible, on the previous evening. But I must not now fatigue myself, and I should learn all presently.

And so I did. The speculation had not been such a failure, after all, and Louisa's friends, now that it was impossible to help it, became reconciled to us; and I have never been lonely since.

“But you must have had a terrible dream that night, Edward—you struggled so violently.”

“A terrible dream, indeed, my love, and yet I often think that I would endure another night's darkness at any time, if I were only certain to have light break in at last through such a Chink in the Shutter!”

A WORD ABOUT WEDLOCK.

WHEN Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to marry or remain single, he made answer:

“Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it!”

The reply is similar to that of the youth who, being asked which of two very bad roads to a certain place was the least bad, cried out:

“Take either, and before you get half way, you will wish you had taken the other.”

This kind of talk does very well for satirists. Heaven knows, too, that there have been unhappy marriages enough to “give occasion” for a little “talk.” But the wedded state is altogether a better state than it is reputed to be. We suppose that one man out of—say five or six, is really happy in his domestic relations. Looking upon the other side of the picture, we may find one confirmed bachelor out of fifty, contented with his loneliness. This, we think, a fair estimate. With woman it is different, and there are strong reasons why there should be a dif-

ference in this matter, as it regards her. She is more domestic than man. Seldom diversions can fill that place in her heart which only household duties, loves, and cares, were designed to fill. Besides, she has not that freedom to seek diversions that man has. A happy marriage is a far greater good to a woman of soul, than to any man; and it is doubtful if one among a thousand old maids, is to be envied by her wedded sisters.

For young persons, everything depends upon a proper understanding of the relations of marriage, and of each other, before exchanging vows at the altar. Courtship is usually a mere school of deception. Jane prefers that John should know as few of her faults as possible before marriage—no matter how many afterwards. She dresses and puts on unaccustomed smiles to receive him. Thus the Jane he loves and the Jane he weds, prove to be two quite different persons. The former was angelic, the latter is altogether human. The life of the sweetheart is a brilliant surface; that of the wife, a substance, dark, and full of imperfections. The lover is no more candid than the mistress. What is the natural result? Bitter disappointment.

Even where a good understanding exists before marriage, and the bride and bridegroom have been wise enough to give each other a fair insight into their true characters, they are apt to expect too much. They forget that there are anything but fruits and flowers in the paradise they are entering. For stones and briars they are in no way prepared. It would seem that they should learn from those around them, since every youth and maiden must have more or less experience with the married. But every man fondly believes himself to be an object of peculiar favour with fortune.

His case is exceptional. His ambition aims at what was never reached by married mortals, and if he be no philosopher, the failure will taste of gall. "I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything of the universe," says Emerson, "and is disappointed when anything is less than the best; and I found that I begin at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and am always full of thanks for moderate goods." Would that all young persons could learn to enter the sacred ground of wedlock with this philosophic spirit! But they will not—nor ever will. Hope is too sweet for them. They will not stoop till they stumble. Lofty expectation hovers over the precipice of disappointment, towards which so many of our married friends have been lured, until too late to save themselves from tumbling down.

FACETIÆ.

"JOHN, either you or I must quit this house." "Very well, sir," said John; "where will your honour be going to?"

"It has been remarked, that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive."

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech, was drowned by applause.

An Irishman never truly enjoys himself, unless he can manage to get up a bit of a row. "Past eleven o'clock, and no fight yet," said an Irishman, at Doneybrook fair; "will any gentleman just tread on the tail o' me coat?"

THERE is something very conducive to longevity in holding office. To make a man live till eighty, all that's necessary is to give him a salary of ten thousand a year.

It would require several horses to draw all the strings of a piano-forte to concert pitch, the strain upon them, when in perfect tune, being about seven tons.

USE OF A WIFE.—Richter says, "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked bachelor of our acquaintance says to this, "O yes! sufferings and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

"EREMINE" EXTRAORDINARY.—Should Mr. Disraeli ever be promoted to the House of Peers, it is but reasonable to conclude that his style of dress would be that of an *Upper Benjamin*.

A NEW READING.—Barry Cornwall says, that, "song should breathe of scents and flowers." Well and good; but it would be as well at times if writers would make songs breathe of sense and flowers.

PERTINENT.—It has been asked when France—which is being constantly fleeced by dynastic changes, will become thoroughly threadbare. The probability is, when the *Nap* is off!

CON. FOR THE MILLION.—Why ought the people of England to acquire wealth under the present government? Because the ministers give the nation the benefit of all their talents.

A young lady in Albany was lately married to Mr. William Tongue. Isn't she *Tongue-tied*? We hope she will be happy and hold her *Tongue* many a long year.

OUR friend Lucius Hart tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots. The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons, and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present; but it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed: "Father, aint three times two, six?" "Yes, my son." "Well, then," said he, pointing to each of their feet, "if three times two is six, *there's just six boots in this room!*"

WHY is a successful merchant like a needle? Because he's got an eye for business.

NATURAL MAGIC.—A pretty girl.

"IKE," said a rusty old heathen of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, "they guesses at one-fourth the distance, and then multiplies by four."

SAVAGE.—Theodore Parker said, in a recent sermon on the "Power of the Human Will." "To this day, the dead hand of John Calvin holds New England Orthodoxy by the throat!"

LOOK AT THIS—AND THEN FAINT.—It is said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written by mortal hands. Of course not, seeing that it was written by Mrs. Beecher's *toe*.

A returned Californian says, he lived for ten days on the broth he made of an old door-mat.

MR. LE FUSKY, a Parisian perfumer, has discovered a beautiful rouge, which has the singular quality of being indelible, but at the same time natural. Once put on, it cannot be effaced, except by the process of nature, and ladies using it should be cautious how they apply it. The ladies of Paris, it is said, are so afraid of it, that they have an artist to do the painting for them.

A SHARP WIT.—An Indiana wit says that, during a trial in Lawrenceport, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew what was the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he would go where all the lawyers went to."

ONE proof of the increased prosperity of Ireland is, that the lawyers are all grumbling at the decline of their business.

MR. GARDINER, a celebrated musical amateur, gave £10 for a tooth of Shakspeare. After it had been in his possession about fourteen years, he exhibited it one evening to a celebrated surgeon, who discovered that it was the tooth of a calf! However, as it cost so much money, the virtuoso still retains it, and will not be persuaded that he was imposed upon.

SUETT'S JOKE.—"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Suett, to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer." "You surprise me; what, sir, did they go out?" "No, sir, no; they burnt shorter."

AN Irish half-pay colonel, named Stack, obtained an interview with the Duke of York, seeking promotion to the rank of major-general. On being introduced to the Commander-in-chief, he was honoured with the expression of the duke's usual politeness, and the customary question, "Well, colonel, what can I do for you?" "I perceive, your grace," replied Stack, "that there is a brevet coming out, in which I hope to be included. I am the senior colonel in his majesty's service." "True, Colonel Stack; but give me leave to ask you, of what religion are you?" "I am of the religion of a major-general!" The duke bowed, and Stack was gazetted.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.—The *Springfield Republican* mentions that a clergyman and advocate of the Maine Law recently stopped at an hotel in that city, and, on being shown into his room, ordered the waiter to bring up some drinking water. A tumbler of "coloured beverage" was brought. Suspecting that it was not a glass of pure Adam's ale, the reverend gentleman cautiously protruded the tip of his tongue, till it came in contact with the suspected article, and instantly shouted, with great indignation: "Waiter! why did you bring me this stuff?" "Did you not order it, sir?" asked the waiter. "Order it? no! I told you to bring me some drinking water!" "Oh," responded the waiter, "I misunderstood you! I thought you told me to bring some drink, in water!"

INTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.—The grandfather of the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was a great humorist, and used frequently to divert himself with a village fool, or "natural," called Will Spears. One day Will met his lordship in the avenue leading to Eglinton Castle; but the peer, being in a brown study, passed his brainless acquaintance without recognition. Proceeding on his way, the "natural" found a bone, and, sitting down on the bank, commenced lunching on the same. Lord Eglinton, shortly afterwards retracing his steps, came up to Will Spears, and, being now aware of his presence, saluted him with his wonted cordiality, exclaiming: "This is a fine day, Will, my man!" Will had not forgotten the supposed cut which he had so recently experienced: he glanced suspiciously at his lordship, and, holding the half-polished bone behind his back, observed, in a sneering and half-reproachful tone: "Ay, ay! folk hae plenty o' freens when they hae any thing to gie!"

LETTERS FROM HAYTI.—The Emperor Souloque lately caused a sound thrashing to be administered to an unfortunate Frenchman, who, in endeavouring to enlighten the empress as to the value of the notes of the pianoforte, ventured to assert that the Blacks were worth only half as much as the Whites.—*Diogenes*.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—It is proposed to alter the name of the "Australian Royal Steam Navigation Company," to the "Australian Royal Sub-marine Navigation Company."—*Ibid*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—The newspapers are all writing, and statesmen are all debating, as to the talked-of partition of Turkey, and how it ought to be divided. Why don't they buy the "Hand-book of Carving," which would tell them how to divide or cut up any kind of poultry?—*Ibid*.

LEGAL.—What is the difference between a Queen's Councillor and a Queen's Counsel? One makes the law, and the other mutilates it.—*Ibid*.

THE GOLDEN NUMBER.—We noticed the other day a tailor's advertisement commencing: "Every well-dressed man knows how difficult it is to find a tailor who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of each figure." True; but there is one figure all our tailors fully understand, and that is Number 1.—*Ibid*.

"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER."—A project is on foot to establish a Free Library in the City. We are delighted to hear it: such libraries can never be more free than welcome.—*Ibid*.

WHY ought the bishops to begin to display symptoms of the greatest disgust at the conduct of the present government?—Because, come what may, they seem determined to put the screw on every *see*.—*Ibid*.

A PRIME JOKE.—A capital joke occurred lately, which has set all Paris laughing and talking. A large crowd had assembled in the Rue d'Argenteuil, near the Palais Royal, in consequence of a thief detected in the act of robbing a house having succeeded in reaching the roof, where it was dangerous to follow him. The man, who had on a blouse, but was without shoes, was seen to move about for some time, as if seeking a window through which to escape, and at last he disappeared altogether. Meanwhile a detachment of soldiers was sent for, and they blocked up all issues from the house; some firemen were also sent for, who went on the roofs, but they arrived just as the man vanished. The military, firemen, and crowd waited for two hours, and then a commissioner gave the following laconic letter to the sergeant who was in command: "Brave Sergeant,—Do not fatigue your men any longer by making them wait for me; when you receive this letter I shall be a long way off. In visiting the house next to that in which your men are, you will see how I escaped—nothing was more simple. After having passed from one roof to the other, I opened the window of a chamber, which I found to be nicely furnished. I found, in a box placed under the bed, a great coat and a pair of varnished leather shoes; and, after having put them on, I went away by the *porte cochère*, which the two curious porter left free. I talked a few moments with you, and told you that you would have a good deal of trouble in catching the thief. I said thief, for I confess that, having found a 100*fr*. note, and 100*fr*. in gold, in the trunk, with the coat and shoes, I could not resist the temptation of taking them." The statements of this letter having been ascertained to be exact, the soldiers were sent home, and the crowd dispersed. The secret police have commenced a strict search after the man.

STORY OF A HUMORIST.

WELL, I have seen your friend, and find him to be exactly what you described him as being—a humorist. He seems to have imparted much of that character to everything around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims, and his very furniture is, for the most part, adapted to the same purpose. This put me upon my guard, and there was hardly anything in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was practised upon me; and, as I found subsequently, I was indebted for such indulgence to one which was reserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phlegm would not have enabled me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, being put to the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Irish surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the often repeated experiment.

The Irishman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand, full or empty, for one minute. The potatoes were suspended until, and only while the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which, they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison: the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with this Irish guest, who was by this time much farther advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than *half seas over*.

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine, lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemed goeveal with the building. I say seemed; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Irishman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him good night, and removing the candle, for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Irishman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where the poor Irishman slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Irish gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"

At this moment, we heard him fall, and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Irishman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out, in the high dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men-servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor.

"Oh dear, sir, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" says he; "why, isn't the house on fire?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"

"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honour and the whole family have been asleep these three hours!"

The Irishman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.

"I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of the bed."

"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much, I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.

The poor Irishman was quite confused; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was once more left in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door, and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he would endeavour to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His leg was often lifted by way of getting in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise, not loud, but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit.

In short, when it was found, by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again; and, in the morning, he could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A good book is the best of friends—the same to-day, and for ever.

MEN scanning the surface, count the wicked happy; they see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow.

THE COMPANION TO CHOOSE.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which, she told him, was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins." —Bishop of Norwich.

CELESTIAL LOVE, with the affections of good and truth and the perceptions thence derived, and at the same time with the delights of these affections and the thoughts thence derived, may be compared to a tree with beautiful branches, leaves, and fruits: the life's love is that tree, the branches, with the leaves are the affections of good and truth with their perceptions, and the fruits are the delights of the affections with their thoughts.—Swedenborg.

GOETHE says: "Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us, the precursors of those things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future: we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favourable circumstances, by direct means; and in unfavourable circumstances, by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."

MISCELLANEOUS.

STATISTICAL.—A man who is seventy years old, has spent twenty-three years of his life in bed, and five years at table!

REMARKABLE TREE.—A very remarkable tree was many years ago discovered growing on the Island of Ferro, or Hierro, one of the Canaries. The island is a dry and barren spot, affording no water except what is supplied in a surprising manner by the *Fountain Tree*, which grows there, and distils water from its leaves in such plenty, as to answer all the purposes of the inhabitants. This tree, as regards the history of the Canary Islands, is the only one the natives have. One of a similar kind is said to be in the Island of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea.

TAKE CARE WHAT YOU SAY BEFORE CHILDREN.—It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper; but it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise everything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbour, in a language you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.

MARCH OF SURGICAL SKILL.—Leopold, Duke of Austria, the same who imprisoned our Richard Cœur de Lion, met with an accident. His horse fell under him, and crushed his leg. The surgeons said that the limb must be amputated, but none of them knew how to amputate it. Leopold, in his agony, laid a hatchet on his thigh, and ordered his servant to strike with a mallet. The leg was cut off, and he died of the gush of blood. Such was the end of that powerful prince. Why there is not now a bricklayer who falls from a ladder in England, who cannot obtain surgical assistance infinitely superior to that which the sovereign of Austria could command in the 12th century.—Macaulay.

INTERESTING PRECOCITY.—It once happened that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she would begin to teach her children to read. "I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply. "Why, then, have you written books for children of three?" "Because, if young mammals be ever busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." I have known clever, precocious children at three, dunces at twelve, and dunces at six, particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read at seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said that, as every person did learn with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father, from the profits of her first work, and before thirty, had published thirty volumes.

ANTIPATHY TO CAPS.—Some ladies seem to have an abhorrence, and a very just one, too, of wearing caps. When one considers for a moment that women wear the long hair which nature has given them, both for an ornament and to keep the head warm, one is apt to wonder by what perversion of taste they can be induced to inclose it in a cap: a mob cap, a lace cap, a high cap, a low cap, a flat cap, a cap with ribbons hanging loose, a cap with ribbons tied under the chin, a peak cap, an angular cap, a round cap, and a pyramid cap. How would Canova's Venus look in a mob cap? If there be any ornament to the head in wearing a cap, it must surely be a false ornament. The American ladies are persuaded that the head can be ornamented without a cap.

OLD MAIDS.

I am a lover of all womankind,
And maidens old are not *old maids* to me—
Though beauty flies, there still remains the mind.
And mind is surely better company!
What though the harp be new, and trimmed with gold
Does sweeter music tremble in its tone,
Than when the gaudy polish has grown old,
And nought is left but sweet accord alone?
Or is the gem held in less high esteem,
Because the casket is defaced by time?
A woman's mind a priceless gem I deem—
Her heart a harp that music yields sublime:
No wonder, then, that years hide not from me
The jewel's glow—the harp's sweet melody.

THE LATE MR. TURNER, R.A.—He never allowed a picture from his pencil to be sold by public auction without sending some person to bid for it; and his wishes on this subject were so generally known, that auctioneers made a point of calling his attention to the catalogue whenever they had any of his pictures for sale. If time pressed, and he was unable to attend in person, he would sometimes, but rarely, intrust his commission to the auctioneer; his ordinary practice was to send some agent, with written instructions, to bid in his behalf, and he was not always very fastidious in his selection. At the sale of the pictures of Mr. Green, the well-known amateur, of Blackheath, two pictures by Mr. Turner were among the most attractive lots, though neither important in size nor of his best time. In those days their market value might have been about eighty guineas each. They would, however, have been knocked down for considerably less, but for the impetus given to the biddings by one of Mr. Turner's agents, whose personal appearance did not warrant the belief that he was in search of pictures of a very high order. He was, in fact, a clean, ruddy-cheeked butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, and had made several advances, in five-guinea strides, before anything belonging to him, excepting his voice, had attracted Mr. Christie's notice. No sooner, however, did the veteran auctioneer discover what kind of customer he had to deal with, than he beckoned him forward, with a view, no doubt, of reproving him for his impertinence. The boy, however, nothing daunted, put a small piece of greasy paper into his hand—a credential, in fact, from the painter himself. The auctioneer smiled, and the biddings proceeded.

IMPERIAL HONOURS.—The Emperor Nicholas breakfasts on a cup of tea and a rusk; dines on a *collet*, a *culet* or a *chop*, with a bisquit and a glass of sherry and water. In the evening he takes a cup of tea. He suffers

from an internal disease, and is obliged to be abstemious. Then what is the use of being an emperor, after all? With a table loaded with every luxury, with cellars stocked with the choicest wines, he is obliged to live as moderately as a man with an income of £100 a year. He can make laws for his subjects as he pleases; but nature has made a law that is as binding upon him as upon the meanest serf in his dominions. He may put to death those who disobey his laws, but he disobeys with equal peril those under which he lives. A good appetite, and health to make its gratification safe, would be poorly exchanged for imperial honours. The best gifts of God are free to all his creatures. The free air of heaven, the pure water that springs from the earth, taste as freshly and as sweetly to the poor man as to the rich. Exercise invigorates him, sleep refreshes him, the beauties of nature delight him as well; and, in this happy country, at least, the power of intellectual and moral improvement is as great. As humanity progresses, the difference between an emperor and a common man shows less and less.

EDUCATION FOR THE LOWER CLASSES.—We train up our poor in the way they should *not* go. We cannot give them leisure, yet leisure is the balance-weight they would need, for the sort of instruction we afford them. And this is more especially the case with the female part of our population. As long as our school-girls answer more readily to such questions as, Where is Kamschatka? How do the Laplanders prepare their food? What is a fixed star? Who is Prince Albert? What is death said to ride in the Revelation? How much is 426 times 1247? Instead of the more natural interrogations: What are the habits of an English labourer? How much flour and suet will make a pudding for six persons? How many yards of cotton or linen will cut into six shirts? What remedies would you apply if a child were seized with croup, and no medical help at hand? English education for the lower classes is at fault. We teach a smattering of subjects we ourselves find it extremely difficult to master and commit to memory, though we have what the poor have not, the habits of thought, and the luxury of leisure; and then we send them into the world, to begin lives of manual exertion, daily privation, retail purchases, and cottage industry: where every farthing wasted and lost is a drop of the poor man's blood drained away. Having taught them what is a fixed star—who is Prince Albert—how dead bodies were embalmed in Egypt—and what is the meaning of doubling a promontory—we are amazed they cannot keep house for John Diggory. We are amazed that they cannot lay by like the ant, build like the beaver, and rear their broods as easily as chickens: we raise an angry outcry at the "stupid improvidence of the poor;" whereas it is often the stupid improvidence of the rich. We sow tares, and we want to reap wheat.—*Stuart of Dunleath, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

LAUNCHING OF A SHIP.—The real interest of a ship-launch commences when the men lie along under the vessel to "give her a rally"—that is to drive in a number of wedges, to ease the ship off the blocks under her keel. A couple of hundred men may be about the ship in this work, and, at the voice of the leading man, every one of them strikes his wedge, at the same instant gradually raising the ship, and producing a sound like muffled thunder. The centre blocks are then removed, and the shores taken away from the sides of the ship. The ship is now ready for launching, and the master shipbuilder and his friends stand on a platform at the head of the vessel. The men place themselves down each side of the "ways," the signal "Out oakum" is given, and immediately the oakum, which has kept the dust from the grease, is removed. "All out, sir," is the response. "Out keys" is the next command, and as quickly as in the former case the men remove some small pieces of wood, which have been placed down the ways to assure them that all continues true. Again the men respond, "All out, sir," and they hasten from the sides of the ship. The whole interest is now in the daggars, both of which the master shipwright sees, "Out chisels," "Out small toms," "Down daggars," follow in rapid orders, and the ship is freed from her restraints. A bottle of wine from the fair lady breaks on the ship's head, she glides down the ways, and the ship is launched.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Ah! this wild voyage o'er the sea of life
Needs all the help that heaven and earth can give;
Through its dark storms, and shoals, and battle-strife,
God must be pilot to the ships that live.

Happy the heart that finds a haven of love,
Where, in the tempest, it can sweetly moor,
And taste below the bliss that but above
Is ever stainless, and is ever sure.

And bless the hearth where pure affections glow,—
The husband's and the father's best retreat;
Where heavenward souls in one direction grow,
With darling tendrils twining from their feet.

Such be thy home, through earth's mutations strange,
A garden where the flowers of heaven grow;
And sheltered there from blight, through every change,
Its loves, its hopes, no touch of ruin know.

May Time, whose withering finger ever hies
To nature's best, the doom of sure decay,
Float over thee with gently-fanning wings,
And find thy twilight hour of life decay.

And ever hand-in-hand, along your path,—
For thee and thine, thus doth the poet pray,—
That ye may walk in joy through life to death,
And earth's night be the dawn of heaven's day.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BRIDESMAID asks, "Is it the bride or the bridesmaid who has the privilege of cutting the wedding-cake at breakfast?" We should say the bride, but if too agitated, as would be very likely, then the bridesmaid must perform that delicate office for her.

UNE FILLE.—The phrase "foaming Pacific" sounds oddly, but as that ocean sometimes flies into a rage, like its sister, the Atlantic, we presume it must be accepted as correct, although a contradiction.

C. CLAUDE.—We cannot assist you. Love ought to laugh at locksmiths. But the honourable course would be, as you have obtained the lady's consent, to apply for that of her parents.

DUKE OF N.—In point of law, all the inhabitants of England form the constituent body of the Church of England; but in point of fact, scarcely a moiety does. Baptism, confirmation, and communion are the visible signs of membership.

ROSE BUD.—The gentleman (?) is a scamp. Dismiss him from your presence with scorn and loathing. Love you, indeed! Why he is your bitter enemy. A beast of prey would use you more gently—it would devour you. This wretch would torture you, and cover you with shame. He is a leper. To touch his hand is moral contamination.

RETLAW.—Young ladies are not so candid as young gentlemen. "No" sometimes means "yes." Depend upon it she loves you, or she would not make you her confidant. As to the other matter, follow her some day, with a horsewhip in your hand, and stop the annoyance at once. Men who insult women are always cowards.

ROWLAND.—A will is not a will until the testator's death, and then it must be proved within six months afterwards. A copy may be obtained from the registrar of the court in which it was proved.

H. R. H.—A married man should insure his life within three months after his marriage. Some of the insurance offices grant policies securing weekly payments during sickness, &c. Peruse the assurance advertisements in the daily and weekly Times.

WAIT.—Only petty spite. The conductors of those periodicals are envious of our success. Our circulation is the largest of any publication in the world. That accounts for the "stabs" so dark aimed at us occasionally, but the thrusts are frantically wide. When we know that the public prefer our periodical before any other, we are satisfied the public consider it the best, and in that assurance we rest serenely contented.

A. B.—Touching warts with lunar caustic will remove them, but the skin is discoloured. Try the following: Boil half a dozen roots of the common yellow dock for ten minutes, in half a pint of white-wine vinegar, strain it, and after washing the hands in pure water, and drying them well, rub the liquid over the parts affected, allowing it to dry in. This should be repeated morning and evening, for a week or ten days.

X. X.—The exact number of troops Napoleon took with him to Russia is not known. Sir Walter Scott, who had access to official records, gives the following estimate of the men the great warrior lost in his expedition to Russia:

Slain in Battle	125,000
Died from fatigue, hunger, climate, &c.	132,000
Prisoners	193,000
	450,000

What a prodigious waste of human life! But we fear we shall have to witness massacres on as gigantic a scale.

SHYLOCK thinks Burns's immortal "Scots wha hae," &c., begins too abruptly. He proposes the following introduction. It's so funny that "faith we'll prent it."

On Bannockburn King Edward lay,
The Scots they were not far away;
They both did long for break of day,
To beam on Bannockburn.

At length the sun lit o'er the heath,
That lighted up the field of death;
Then Bruce, with soul-inspiring breath,
His heroes thus address'd:

"Scots wha hae," &c., &c.

H. N.—Memory may be strengthened by referring single facts and observations to one simple principle—so that we can easily remember the principle by remembering the fact, or the fact by remembering the principle. Thus, if we were to prove that democracy leads to despotism, we may refer to Julius Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte.

A STONEMASON puts forth the most substantial reason we ever saw or heard in defence of the moustache. He says, that if worn by masons, it would prevent the fine dust from settling on the lungs, which so much injures and shortens the duration of the working mason's life. The evils arising from this dust are known only to those who are in the habit of working stone or slate. The dust from the latter is more injurious, being of a much finer kind than that of stone. He says a young fellow-workman of his died lately, and on a *post mortem* examination of the body, it was discovered that the lungs were charged with slate dust. Medical men are agreed that in cold climates the moustache is a warm friend to the nasal organ.

EMMELINE.—A cast in the eye may be cured by a very simple contrivance. Place a pasteboard tube before each eye, so that when it looks it can only see through the tube, and perceive objects by looking straight. In time it will acquire the habit of looking straight, just as it acquired the habit of squinting.

E. T. E.—Wedding-cards should be sent to all the grown-up members of a family residing in the same house. But it is generally considered that a card sent to the parents, means to include the daughters in the compliment. The etiquette observed in leaving visiting-cards is, that should there be daughters or sisters residing with the lady called on, the corner or corners of the card may be turned down, to signify that the visit is meant for them also.

ADAM BOND.—The law of lunacy will be revised and amended very shortly, but under the law as it stands, the disqualification as to wills, on the ground of lunacy, is founded on the natural incapacity of an idiot to exercise such a degree of understanding as constitutes volition. An idiot, or natural fool, is one who has had no understanding from his birth, and is therefore deemed in law never likely to attain any. He is undoubtedly an idiot who has so little sense as to be unable to number twenty, or to tell his age, or to answer any plain, common-place questions. But a man is not an idiot who has any glimmering of reason; so that he can tell his age, know his parents, and the like. If any one attempt to call in question, or overthrow a will, on account of any supposed insanity, or "want of memory," as it is technically termed, in the testator, he must prove such impediment to have existed previous to, and at the date of the will. A man is not incapacitated from making a will because he is foolish or eccentric in his manners. The law will not scrutinize into the depth of a man's capacity, particularly after his death, if he was able to conduct himself reasonably in the common course of life. A man's capacity may be limited, his manners eccentric, and he may have many very foolish propensities; but he is not therefore excluded from the power of disposing of his property by will. And we may add, that as every person making a will is presumed to be of sound understanding until the contrary be proved, the proof lies on the other side.

SAMUEL A. R.—Habitual tobacco smoking is injurious. It is death to the youthful. It softens the brain and the muscular tissues, weakens the nerves, and brings on consumption and a hundred other diseases. It affects lean people more than it does those who are naturally inclined to be stout.

GOOD JIMMY.—The Americans adopted the eagle for their coinage, as an emblem of strength, courage, and freedom. The Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and French use the eagle—so that as an emblem it has been sadly soiled.

STUDARS.—Procure prospectuses of the leading Scottish assurance companies. To secure £100 at death, a person in his twenty-first year would have to pay about £110s. annually.

W. G.—The cannon-balls supplied chiefly to her Majesty's Navy, weigh respectively 4 lbs., 12 lbs., 18 lbs., 24 lbs., 32 lbs., 40 lbs., 56 lbs., 64 lbs., 86 lbs., and a few heavier.

J. O. S.—As a general rule in law, sixty years' undisturbed possession of land is sufficient to prove the title to it—but there are exceptions. Under a power of appointment, a legal right may extend long over that term.

DOUGLAS.—The personal property which a wife possessed before marriage, or came to her afterwards, all belong to her husband. You are evidently in a position to sue the executors, but as you would have to employ a solicitor to do that, you had better place your case in the hands of one at once.

R. W.—An acknowledgment of the receipt of a wedding card is not compulsory. The sending such a card is an invitation to continue or renew an acquaintance, which of course the recipient may decline.

HENRY STANTON.—An apprentice under no circumstances can demand his deed of apprenticeship from his master; but, at the expiration of the term, it is customary to hand him the document, with an indorsement upon it, stating that he had faithfully performed the agreement.

ALFRED WEBB.—An Act of Parliament cannot be considered a guarantee for the safety of any joint-stock company. When Parliament gives its sanction to a scheme, it does not take upon itself any responsibility for the liabilities. As to the insurance company you inquire about, you had better be guided by the judgment of a shrewd, respectable solicitor.

A. H. H.—It is lawful for a person to marry his aunt's half-sister.

FITZ-HORACE.—We admire your "Sonnet to a Faded Rose."

Sweet rose, untimely 'reft of beauty's glow!
Methinks I read upon thy wither'd leaves
A tale that recollection oftentimes weaves,
When memory recalls some frail one's vow.
This flow'r once on a sunny border grew;
Lovely in fragrance, with no rival near:
A stranger came—'t caught his ardent view—
And culld the rose, beside his heart to wear.
There fondly cherish'd was the little gem;
Careless, admird'—(but, oh, love's proffer'd sigh!)
'Twas only severed from its genial stem.
To charm awhile, then left alone to die.
So faded beauty on the forlorn cheek,
Beguiled, and left an early grave to seek.

EDWARD HIND.—Poets are queer mortals. They fancy composers have the gift of second-sight, and are able to read every villainous scrawl placed in their hands. You must improve your calligraphy, for you have only yourself to blame for the substitution of an applicable word for one that no person could read without much trouble.

M. E. J.—The metropolitan daily papers charge for the insertion of announcements of births, deaths, and marriages; but the provincial newspapers make no charge. Space in the London press is too valuable to be given away.

AMY is anxious to know how to cure her husband of smoking immediately after breakfast, which is the annoyance of her and pets. If the pets are not the pets the husband loves to see clambering about the knees of a wife, we rather think Amy ought not to grumble. If she indulges her whim, why should not he be his? But if the pets are *bona fide* "wee toddling things," Amy has a right to complain—no gentleman should smoke before dinner. It is a nasty, lazy, foreign habit, and we are sorry to see it becoming so prevalent in England. There is no cure—it must wear itself out, like every other bad habit.

STUDIO.—When ladies painted, which we regret to say they once did, an inch thick, they adopted black patches, to conceal moles and blotches. Afterwards black patches became a mania. It originated among the ladies of the court of Louis XIV.

HENRY ASHTON.—It is said that a person who has what is called "no ear" for music, will never be a proficient but we do not believe it. Everything is possible to perseverance, and, as music exists, not only in the higher, but lower grades of creation, we think it quite possible that any man or woman may be educated to sing or play correctly. The passion and sentiment are foreign considerations.

CLARA. being deeply fond of a farm-house, feels persuaded she would make for a young farmer a very happy home. She is tall, of fair complexion, and lively disposition. The husband of her choice must be tall, dark, and good-tempered, and not object at some future time to emigrate to the south of Britain.

PIERS WHITTAKER responds to the matrimonial wish of "Ellen," and would be happy to correspond with her. He is tall, rather light-complexioned, twenty-three years of age, considered good-looking, and possessed of considerable property.

LIVE AND LET LIVE. a country tradesman, aged twenty-five, of gentlemanly appearance, five feet seven inches in height, with dark hair and whiskers, and generally considered good-looking, would be happy to correspond with "Red Rose."

CELEBS. a gentleman both by birth and education, will be happy to correspond with "Ave Maria." He is a professional man, thirty-four years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, dark in complexion, of lively and agreeable manners, and generally considered handsome. He moves in very good society, and thinks that Ave Maria has not, in her description, done justice to her attractions.

AMY thinks, from the description, that "W. D." would be just the young man she could love, and would like to marry. She is eighteen years of age, the daughter of a solicitor, fair in complexion, with brown hair, round face, a rosy colour, and very nice figure.

SINCERITY has expressed a wish to correspond with "Hope." She is an heiress and an orphan, twenty-three years of age, tall, fair, blue-eyed, and very pretty.

CECILIA, wanting a husband, thinks she is in every way calculated to make "Herbert" a happy man. She is air, beautiful, and highly educated, a thorough musician, in her twenty-first year, and moves in a superior sphere of life.

ELLA requests a snug little corner in the columns of our Journal, where she could make known her wish to meet with that *vara avis* a well-educated, steady, intelligent, and gentlemanly man, not less than twenty-eight years of age, who seeks in a wife an affectionate disposition, with industrious and domesticated habits, rather than wealth and beauty—for of neither can she boast, being simply one of those every-day sort of people, who might pass through a crowd without remark. Belonging to the middle class, she would not wish to descend in the scale of society, although her ambition is to have a cheerful home, with a kind and intellectual companion in it, who would not object to a little music occasionally, of which she has a slight knowledge.

CAMBYSES begs to offer himself to the notice of our fair correspondents. He is tall in stature, light-complexioned, with brown hair and whiskers, blue eyes, fine teeth, and possesses an income of £240 per annum, together with a small estate on which he resides.

A. M. is desirous of forming an acquaintance, with a view to marriage, with a young man of respectability, upon whose affections she might rely. She is twenty, tall for her sex, with blooming features, beautiful dark hair, splendid white teeth, and straight, graceful figure. She would prefer a young, professional gentleman.

SARAH, a tall, dark girl, twenty years of age, thinks she might suit "Frank Wilton." She understands music, is domesticated, has very respectable relations, and her mother, her only surviving parent, lives independent.

DON SEBASTIAN would be happy to cultivate the acquaintance of either of the sisters "Fanny" or "Amelia." As his own circumstances are sufficient for the maintenance of two, he seeks only, in the object of his choice, mental worth, and a gentle, confiding disposition. His age is twenty-five, he is handsome and accomplished, and would make both a faithful and affectionate husband.

A. Z. presents his compliments to "Marguerite," and begs to inform her that he should be most happy to correspond with her. He is a bachelor, aged thirty-four, tall, fair-complexioned, and certainly considered very good-tempered. His profession is that of the church. He has a small country parish of his own, with a fixed life income of about £300, with further expectations. His parish is situated close to a large town in the south of England, in which there is the best society. He adds, that he belongs to the old-fashioned and easy, not the modern, straight-laced school of divines.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Miss E. D. (The "Exile's Wish," is creditable both to your head and heart, but the length of the lines is an objection).—D. B. D. W. D. (Persevere).—W. M. (If you wish to make love to "Miss E. B.," why don't you go at once to her, and make a clean breast of it? In courtship there is a great difference between modesty and timidity).—Snowdrop (Consult a Gazetteer).—A. B. Stockport (The answer of the agent was correct).—Wm. Pipe (Apply to Bethlehem Hospital, London).—D.R. (We really cannot take the trouble to read any more "Welling-ton" effusions. The hero is dead and buried).—Edwin (The enlargement of this Journal commenced with No. 420, which was the first number of a new volume—so that it did not interfere with the binding of the previous volume).—Hy. Lane (The "Lives of the Queens of England," commenced in No. 387 of this Journal).

—G. N. (Order the numbers through an agent).—Fanny (Pretty, but too irregular for publication).—T. M. T. (The stations of every ship in the Royal Navy, are published in the WEEKLY TIMES newspaper, at the beginning of every month).—Mrs. Thomas Sandars (We respectfully decline the offer).—Richard Vain (Put an advertisement in the daily Times).—Ann Eliza Edwards (Search the "Law List").—A. B. C. (The second marriage was illegal, and the man is liable to be prosecuted for a very grave offence).—A Well Wisher (Apply at the Royal Navy Depot, Liverpool).—S. Bowden (Search the list of unclaimed dividends kept at the Bank of England).—Mars, Junior (May congratulate himself upon not being tall enough to be food for powder).—E. K. (We never made any such promise. Read the original announcement, and judge for yourself).—Mrs. Wilson (Declined. We made the LONDON JOURNAL ourselves, and do not require assistance from any one who, like you, would step forward after the hill had been climbed, and proffer services in such terms as, "perceiving the very elevated tone that periodical is assuming, would be very happy, &c., if agreeable, &c., to supply a series of." &c.).—B. Smitten (Yes).

—A Poor Yorkshireman (The landlord cannot compel you to repair the house).—Edward Draper (We were aware that the incident of Eliza's escape, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was founded on fact. The novelists of England, France, and America, borrow their incidents, in many cases, from the newspaper press).

—L. M. (The mark signifies dollars).—Ellen Lily (The law of England does not legitimise the birth of a child born before the marriage of the parents; but, in Scotland, the post-nuptial ceremony does place the child in the same position as it would have been if born after marriage).—Forty-two (Breaking a window is an expensive freak, or accident, when the party is inclined to be vindictive. Magistrates do not hear summonses for nothing).

—Trendside ("Mechanics Institution" is correct, and sounds better).—Horatio Sara (Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, latest edition).—J. ("Eliza" is a contraction of "Elizabeth").—R. S. (Very well written, but it is hazardous to attempt anything that way, after Thompson's immortal invocation, "Hail! gentle spring, ethereal mildness come!")—J. B. K. (Both the questions would be decided by the custom of the county or district, or the general custom of the country).—Edward R. (Wearing belts round the loins is considered advisable in some cases. Tailors wear belts, because they could not work so freely if they wore suspenders).—Jane Cecilia (A remarkably pretty style of handwriting. Our fair correspondent, we should think, was a very clever girl).

—S. B. (Order from the news-agent).—T. B. (The "Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom," by Smollett, is not read now. It was a stupid, filthy book).—Q. D. C. (We cannot say we admire the lines, but they are not so very faulty).—H. C. (Appointments in the Navy are not purchased—they are presented by the Admiralty; but it requires great influence to obtain one).—Petronille Angelique (All the works of Sir Walter Scott, and the majority of the dramas of Shakespeare, may with propriety be placed in the hands of young persons).—R. W. (Johnson's definition of the word "cockatrice," is about the best).—Uncle Tom (Should the ballot be had recourse to, substitutes will be allowed in the militia).—B. K. (Pray have some consideration for us. One question at a time is sufficient).

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[APPREHENSION OF WILL SIDELER, AT CROMWELL HOUSE.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Although the ear be deaf, and will not hear,
There is a voice in conscience which appeals
Unto the heart of guilt. A still, small voice,
Which, like the mountain streamlet, wears its way
Over the hardest rock. HEIR OF THE SEPT.

WHEN Red Ralph let fall the door of his trap—as he designated the entrance to the subterranean passage in which he had so cleverly caught the warren—the ruffian found himself plunged into comparative obscurity. The only rays of light which found their way into the cold, damp recess, were from a species of tunnel, about twenty feet long, cut in the crown of the vault, and terminating in an iron grating directly under one of the windows in the great hall—a contrivance intended, doubtless, for the purpose of ventilating the place.

This tunnel, even if Will Sideler had been able to reach it, was far too small for him to pass through; and, being of stone, defied all attempts at enlargement. The uncertain light, or rather darkness visible, which it admitted, only served, as the eyes of the prisoner became accustomed to it, to increase the horror of his situation.

Foul, slimy, nameless, hideous things, such as are engendered in darkness and humidity, were creeping along the damp, uneven walls of his prison; and more than once, as he lay upon the ground, groaning with the agony of his bruised limbs, or venting his impotent rage in bitter blasphemies and curses, the warren felt the cold and bloated toad crawl lazily over his face.

The disgust occasioned by the contact with these odious reptiles, did more to allay the storm of passion and fever of his blood, than the obscurity and solitude around him—for as yet he had not felt their terrors; the voice of humanity was yet fresh in his ear, and the light of heaven familiar to his eye.

When reason, tottering on the verge of insanity, shrieks for aid, and not even an echo responds to its despairing cry—when the scanty light which penetrates the prison walls only serves to make solitude more apparent—then it is that man feels the full horror of being abandoned by his fellow-man, and the overfraught heart and

busy brain turn, like the scorpion's sting, to prey upon themselves.

"My usual luck!" muttered the hardened wretch, with an impious curse at his ill-fortune. "My leg is all but broken, and I am bruised in every limb by that infernal fall! First, Meeran Hafaz finds the strength, and then this brat discovers the means to baffle me. No matter! Patience! patience! Perhaps I may one day be even with them both!"

The low, hissing, serpent-like voice in which he pronounced the word "patience," betrayed how very far he was from feeling the virtue he invoked.

The warren listened for a few minutes, in the expectation of hearing the door of his prison raised—but all continued silent. Not even the echo of a footfall could he distinguish in the chambers above. His heart began to sicken, and his brain to be overcast by the approach of those thick-coming fancies, which precede alike madness or the grave. His eye gradually lost its confident expression, and his manner became more and more restless.

"Would I had never left Carrow!" he kept muttering to himself! "Would I had never left Carrow—I have known nothing but misfortune since! The instant I get free from this den, I will return; but not," he added, with a ferocious expression of countenance, "till I have twisted the neck of the young rascal who has played me this pretty trick!"

Full of this praiseworthy resolution, Will Sideler resolved to await, as calmly as possible, the return of the boy—who had only gone, as he imagined, in search of assistance, to release him from his present uncomfortable position. He did not—would not imagine that Ralph could leave him to pass the night there with no other companion than the toad or rat, without food or water—the damp, fetid earth his only pillow.

He was sadly mistaken. So far from feeling for his condition, the urchin, as he sauntered along the road to London, had a serious debate within himself, whether, as the old fellow, as he believed, had broken his leg by the fall, it would not be wisest to let him die quietly in the hole, and say nothing about it. He knew that the rats would soon materially shorten his sufferings.

The decision which he finally came to, of telling everything which had occurred, was conditional. It depended upon his meeting with Joe Beans; for Red Ralph had not the same confidence in the lawyer.

As the day closed in, the subterranean passage became more and more obscure, till at last the prisoner was unable to discern the toad, crawling in disgusting proximity to his person, or the slimy, creeping things upon the walls.

Sideler, who was half benumbed by cold and pain, was startled from the sullen stupor into which he had fallen, by the scampering of numerous feet upon the floor, and the short, hurried squeak peculiar to the rat, when either surprised or enraged. He recollected that it was about the hour of high water, and that the rising tide would drive swarms of these ferocious vermin from the banks of the river to the vaults and cellars of the houses upon its banks.

"If they do not come to release me soon," exclaimed the ruffian, with an oath, "they will only find my bones!"

The voracious animals at first were doubtless dismayed at the presence of the warren in their usual place of retreat—for nearly an hour elapsed before they ventured to approach him; gradually, however, this timidity vanished, and one or two, bolder than the rest, began to spring at his legs. These he easily shook from him; but, as their numbers increased, he found the task more difficult.

Fortunately, he remembered that he had a phosphorus bottle in his pocket, and a small dark lantern, which he had procured to enable him to find his way, at all hours of the night, about the house. To light it was the work of an instant.

As the warren turned the bull's eye upon the corner of the vault, he discovered between fifty and sixty rats, herded together like a pack of hounds. Some were in the act of disappearing in the burrows which they had formed in the interstices of the walls, by scratching out the mortar; others were timidly staring at him; whilst the largest of them stood upon their hind legs, and faced him.

One grey-headed old fellow, who seemed the leader of the party, sprang at the lantern with the ferocity of a terrier dog, and, had not Will Sideler held it firmly, must have dashed it from his hand.

"I must kill them," thought the prisoner, "or they will destroy me!"

Full of this conviction, he looked round the floor of the passage for some implement to assist him in the work of destruction. The only thing he could discover was a bar

of iron, which had fallen from the opening above: it had originally been intended as a support to the trap-door; several similar ones were still remaining. Armed with this, he fell upon his enemies; but, before he could destroy many of them, they disappeared in their holes. Several times, during the night, he was compelled to resort to the same means to rid himself of their attacks.

The light appeared to alarm the animals even more than the assault which the warrener had made upon them. It was a fortunate thing for him that it lasted till the morning, when the rays of the rising sun penetrated his prison, by means of the contrivance we have already described.

Whether it was that his eyes had become more accustomed to the place, or the day was brighter, Will Sidelor saw much more distinctly the second than on the first day of his captivity.

Could the ruffian have seen himself, he would have been startled at the change which had taken place in his appearance. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his features haggard in the extreme; he felt devoured by thirst and fatigue, but dared not sleep; for he could distinctly see the heads of the rats peering out of the holes at him, as though they were impatiently counting the hours when, from inanition, he should become their prey.

The grey-headed one, who had sprung so boldly at the lantern, eyed him, he fancied, with a mocking expression, which seemed to say:

"Strive as you will, our feast is only postponed!"

"They will be off soon," he thought, "in search of food; and then I may venture to snatch a few minutes' sleep!"

Contrary to his expectation, they did not stir. To judge from the squeaking and scampering which he heard in their burrows, the number of his enemies seemed to increase rather than diminish: instinct told the ferocious animals that they would soon have a feast, and they awaited patiently the appointed time.

As their hunger increased, several of them ventured from their holes, and approached—cautiously at first—towards their prey: they would pause, and fix their keen little eyes upon him with a reproachful expression, as he imagined, for keeping them so long waiting for their dainty meal. Gradually they became bolder and bolder; and the wretched man was once more obliged to use his weapon to defend himself from their attacks. As these were renewed, the animals became more numerous; and Will Sidelor saw that the hour was fast approaching when he would have to defend his life against the fury of his hungry assailants.

Leaving the ruffian a prey to the well-merited terrors of the prospect of being devoured alive, it is time we returned to the office of Mr. Elworthy, where we left Red Ralph and our readers' old acquaintance, Joe Beans.

"And so, my man," said the lawyer, "you are quite certain that the late occupiers of Cromwell House have left the place?"

"Ees, quite!"

"All?"

"All except t' old un."

"Whom does he mean by the old un?" demanded Mr. Elworthy.

Joe replied by naming the warrener.

"He, then, has been left behind?"

The boy nodded in the affirmative, and grinned and laughed at Joe, in whom, as we before observed, he had much more confidence than in the lawyer.

Henry's friend saw that something had occurred which Ralph was determined to impart to him alone. He had already seen enough of the urchin to feel assured that it would be useless to attempt to make him speak plainly in the presence of a second party.

Whilst he was considering how he should proceed, one of the clerks brought a note for Mr. Elworthy, marked "immediate." The old gentleman read it with surprise.

It was from the governor of Newgate, to inform him that the ex-butler to Lady Mowbray, who had been committed on a charge of robbing his late master, Captain Elton, begged most earnestly to see him.

"What the dence can the fellow want with me?" said the lawyer, as he passed the note to Joe.

The young man suggested that possibly he might be inclined to turn evidence against his mistress. At all events, he recommended Mr. Elworthy to lose no time, but proceed to the prison at once, and, by way of precaution, to take a magistrate with him.

"Good!" said the old gentleman, as he left the room; "that young man would have made an excellent lawyer: pretty notions of business—very pretty, indeed!"

With this commendation—which, considering the peculiar bent of the speaker's mind, was about the highest he could bestow—Mr. Elworthy started upon his visit to Newgate, not forgetting to call upon his friend, the magistrate at Bow Street, by the way.

"Well, Ralph," said Joe Beans, as soon as they were alone, "you can speak plainly now."

"Speak I speak what?" demanded the boy.

"What you came purposely to London to tell me," replied the young man; "for I am not such a simpleton as to imagine that you came all the way from Mortlake merely to tell Mr. Elworthy and myself that you had nothing to tell us!"

"Then heest a cute chap!" exclaimed the urchin, with a grin of intense admiration; "a deal 'enter than lawyer, tho' he does carry a good-headed stick, like doctor, and talk so fine, loike. What does 'ee think?"

"What should I think?" indignantly inquired Joe.

"I ha' got un!"

"Got who?"

"The old un," said the boy, with a hearty chuckle;

"you know who I mean; the chap that wanted to kiss the pretty lass at Cromwell House, only she wouldn't let un. I say," he added, with a knowing look, "she didn't so much mind thee!"

"You mean the warrener?" answered his hearer, not choosing to take any notice of the last part of his speech, although he secretly longed to pull his ears for his impertinence. "Do you mean to say that you have locked him up in any of the rooms of the old mansion?"

"No—no; he beant in any room!"

"Where, then?"

"In my trap, as I call it!" continued the boy.

And he once more danced round the room, and chuckled and grinned with delight, at the clever manner in which he had outwitted his enemy: so exuberant was his mirth, that some minutes elapsed before the young man could glean from him a tolerably distinct account of the affair.

"And when was this?" he inquired.

"Yesterday."

"During which time," observed Joe, "he must have been without food or drink?"

Ralph grinned, and answered in the affirmative.

Independent of the fear that the ends of justice might partially be defeated if anything occurred to Will Sidelor, the heart of the honest rustic was shocked at the idea of his remaining with a broken limb, unassisted. He proposed, therefore, without waiting the return of Mr. Elworthy, to depart with the boy for Mortlake.

"I don't think his leg be broken!" grumbled Ralph; "it wot only to frighten I, loike! I ha' jumped down trap a hundred times, and never hurt I! Besides," he added, slowly, as if he were deliberating some doubtful point with himself, "I don't think it wot much use!"

"And why not?"

"Cos of the rats!" replied the boy, raising his head, and looking at Joe with a countenance expressive of archness and simplicity. "It be full of un—real Thames water-rats: ten to one but they picked his bones clean enough before morning!"

Joe was horror-struck. The idea of the guilty and—as he believed him—crippled wretch, being torn in pieces by the ferocious animals—devoured, as it were, in detail—inexpressibly shocked him; and, despite the disinclination of Ralph, who began to repent his confidence, he decided on setting out at once for Cromwell House, and releasing the warrener.

Leaving a few hastily-written lines with the clerk, for Mr. Elworthy, explaining the cause of his absence, he started immediately for the scene of his late adventures.

As a matter of precaution, he armed himself—not from any mistrust of his companion; but he knew, by experience, that Will Sidelor was no ordinary person to deal with.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Despair makes cowards brave, and the rogue
Honest! Gives nerve to woman's trembling hand,
And energy to age. OLD PLAY.

WHEN Mr. Elworthy, accompanied by his friend, the Bow Street magistrate, entered the prison-yard of Newgate, he was much struck by the alteration which had taken place in the sleek, well-fed person of Lady Mowbray's butler. The eyes of the pampered menial, once so insolent and mocking in their expression, were now wandering and restless, and his cheeks—no longer redolent of health—hung in bags upon his lower jaw, giving an unnatural prominence to his cheek-bones.

The instant he beheld the lawyer, his doleful countenance brightened up, and he thanked him, with servile humility, for having complied with his request.

The fact was, that the position of the fellow was anything but satisfactory. We were then in the hanging days of dear, pious old George III.: when breach of trust, forgery, sheep-stealing, and highway robbery—crimes for which the legislature has since assigned a secondary punishment—incurred the penalty of death.

"Perhaps, sir," said the prisoner, in a submissive tone, "you would not object to speak to me in one of the turnkeys' rooms: here every word we utter is sure to be overheard, for the unfortunate wretches act as spies upon each other. The governor, I am sure, won't refuse any request you may make!"

The event proved that he was right—for a few minutes saw them seated in an apartment belonging to one of the officers of the prison.

"I am sorry to hear, sir," observed the man, as soon as the door was closed, "that you are concerned against me!"

"It is rather unfortunate," replied the lawyer, drily; "for I never undertake to conduct a criminal prosecution, unless I am certain—quite certain—of a conviction!"

The butler winced: he had heard as much amongst his fellow-prisoners, several of whom told him that his case was hopeless, as soon as they heard that Lawyer Elworthy was concerned against him.

With increased dejection, he inquired in whose name he was to be prosecuted.

"Doubtless in the name of the widow of your late master," replied his visitor; "the daughter of my old friend Sir Jasper Pepper."

Now the fellow naturally supposed that Sir Jasper Pepper would not wish that his daughter's name and disgraceful marriage should be dragged before the public—and on this supposition he built his hopes of safety. Still protesting his innocence—for he was artful enough not to make any admission that could criminate himself—the prisoner let it be understood that the jewels of Captain Elton's widow might be restored, provided his own safety were assured him.

Mr. Elworthy reflected for a few moments: he felt

assured that the hope of making a compromise was not the prisoner's only motive in requesting to see him.

"And what has this to do with me?" he said, fixing his eyes steadily upon the man; "do you think, after your dastardly conduct in accusing my young friend Mr. Beans, that I take the least interest in your fate?"

"No, sir!"

"Or would compromise my own reputation by lending myself to an arrangement?"

"Not unless it was to your interest, sir!"

"Hang the fellow!" thought the lawyer, with a shrug; "does he hope to bribe me?"

"Of course I don't allude to money," continued the man; "I know that you are above that; but perhaps, if you were to think over all the transactions which have taken place within the last six months, even your strict principles might relent, to obtain the key to some of them."

Although his visitor felt deeply interested, he was too much of a tactician to show it. One point he was perfectly satisfied of—that the speaker was not alluding to the murder of the baronet; for the marriage of Captain Elton, and the robbery of the jewels, as our readers will doubtless recollect, preceded that terrible event.

"One thing is very clear, my good man," he said, "that the restoration of the stolen property alone will not save you."

"What will?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders—of course it was not for him to suggest the means.

"Will the placing of Colonel and Lady Mowbray in your power?" demanded the butler.

His visitor remained silent.

"Recovering the lost will of Sir William Mowbray?"

Still not a word.

"Placing the life of the man at your mercy who deprived you of it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Elworthy, firmly, "that will do! Place, as you propose, Colonel and Lady Mowbray in my power—discover the lost will of my murdered client—give me proof of the identity of the ruffian who intended me the same fate—and, though I blush to cheat the galleys of such a rascal as yourself, I will suppress the evidence, and save your life!"

Extraordinary as the proposition may appear, it was perfectly in the power of the speaker to accomplish it; for Sir Jasper Pepper had more than once consulted him on the possibility of obtaining back the jewels without the exposure which must necessarily take place upon the trial.

"I must have security," said the butler.

It was one of those transactions, for fulfilling the conditions of which it was impossible to offer security on either side: this, after some considerable exercise of patience, the lawyer succeeded in convincing the prisoner of—who yielded with an ill grace; for, like most bad men, he was naturally suspicious. In the present instance he had no other alternative—he was in the power of his visitor, and possessed no hold upon him.

When the affair was quite arranged between them, Elworthy called the magistrate into the room, where the butler made his deposition, which pointed out not only Lady Mowbray's and his late master's complicity to obtain the will, but identified the warrener as the party through whose attack Elworthy had so nearly lost his own life.

The last piece of intelligence was even more valuable than the first. The lawyer had long and anxiously been coveting the means to get Will Sidelor into his power. From the day he saw him sleeping in his hut, his suspicions had rested on him—but they were only suspicions; now he had certainties to act upon, and he felt that he held him as firmly as though the walls of Newgate already inclosed him.

The magistrate, on the oath of the butler and his friend, made no difficulty in issuing his warrant against the warrener. How to act with regard to Lady Mowbray, required consideration—it being a far more delicate and complicated affair.

The name of the party to whom Captain Elton had confided the will, was well known to Mr. Elworthy, and he doubted not but, by a judicious use of money and threats, he should be able to recover it. Armed with that, he would at once appeal to the Chancellor, to prevent the colonel's further interference, either with the property of his deceased brother, or the guardianship of his niece.

It was with an air of considerable satisfaction that, accompanied by his friend, he quitted the prison, and returned to his chambers in the Temple, where the clerk, on his arrival, placed Joe Beans's letter in his hands.

"What had I better do?" he said, as he handed it to the magistrate.

"Take two of my fellows with you, and follow them to Mortlake."

This was about the best advice; and in an hour, the lawyer, accompanied by two officers of justice, started for Cromwell House, where Joe Beans and Red Ralph had arrived a short time before them.

When the boy raised the door of his trap, as he called it, Joe Beans beheld a sight which drove the blood from his honest, manly cheek. His old enemy, the warrener, was struggling on the ground, resisting, with maniac fury, the attack of hundreds of rats, many of which had not only fastened on his clothes, but on his flesh. In his agony, the terrified wretch rolled upon them, crushing some by his weight. Others he seized with his hands, and hurled them against the walls or roof of his prison—may, so desperate were his terrors, that he fought against them with his teeth.

"Pang it!" exclaimed Ralph, with a look of astonish-

ment; "if that don't beat cockfighting! Old un don't went for pluck!"

Joe's first impulse was to leap down the chasm to the assistance of the warrener, whose great strength was already beginning to fail him; his next, to assist him in beating off his numerous assailants—an achievement which fortunately did not require much time to accomplish, for the animals began to lose courage at the unexpected intrusion, and retreat to their holes.

"Hang it, Master Joe!" said the boy, who was still peering down the passage, "but thee hast spoilt all the fun!"

His companion shuddered, and desired him to fetch a ladder from one of the offices.

"What for?" demanded Ralph; "for thee? ay, wi' a good heart—but not for that old villain! He would have murdered me, and thought no more on it that I should of killing a rabbit! See here!" he added, picking up the long knife which the warrener had dropped in the passage, when he fell down the trap-door. "What does 'ee think of this?"

He held it to the light as he spoke.

"Very bad, Ralph—very bad!" replied Joe; "but we are not his judges!"

"I don't want to judge un!" replied the lad, in a surly tone; "I want to leave un to the rats—they be best judge and jury, too?"

For some moments it appeared doubtful to Joe Beans, whether the speaker really intended to procure him the means he requested for quitting the subterranean passage—for there was evidently a struggle in the boy's breast; but, fiercely as the urchin hated Will Sidelers, he could not abandon one who had shown him so much kindness, to a similar fate. His love for Joe prevailed—so he even went and procured the ladder as requested, muttering on his way, "that if he had known how foolishly his companion would have acted, he would have kept the secret to himself a few days longer."

The person of the warrener presented a shocking appearance, when rescued from the miserable place in which he had passed so many hours of captivity. His clothes were torn in every direction, and his hands and face were thickly spotted with blood.

"Give him some water," said his preserver, addressing the lad; "he must not, bad as he is, die for want of help!"

Ralph, with an air of distaste, filled a jug from some indifferently clean water in the kitchen—where they had carried the all but senseless ruffian—and held it to his parched lips.

"He won't drink," he said.

Sideler began slowly to open his eyes.

"Where am I?" he groaned.

"Where you never ought to be again!" exclaimed Ralph; "in clear, honest daylight!"

The scowl with which the old man recognised the speaker and his preserver, showed how little impression the scene of horror he had passed through had made upon his callous heart.

"Water! water!" he said.

The lad held the jug to his lips, and he eagerly drained the contents. Never, in the course of his existence, had any draught so refreshing passed them. His eyes began to glisten with pleasure.

"More—more!" he said.

"You must get it yourself, then!" replied Ralph, who felt anything but at his ease, while within reach of his arm. "I must go and see after Farmer Remnant's cows."

As he advanced towards the door of the kitchen, it was suddenly thrown open, and Elworthy, followed by two persons whom Joe Beans had never seen before, entered the room. He was not permitted to remain long in doubt as to the purport of their visit. Without addressing a word to any one, they advanced to the chair upon which the warrener was sitting, and, before he could rise, slipped a pair of manacles upon his wrists, with that professional dexterity which only long experience gives.

"Is your name Sidelers?" said one of the officers, in a tone which showed he was merely fulfilling a necessary form—for he felt sure of his man.

The astonished ruffian could not reply to him.

"I can answer that it is!" said Joe Beans; "I have known him ever since I was a boy."

"Quite sufficient!" observed the second officer, at the same time putting the key of the fetters in his pocket. Turning towards the warrener, he added:

"You are our prisoner!"

"Upon what charge?" faltered the wretch; "send for Colonel Mowbray, for his lady, or his friend, the rich Indian, Meeran Hafaz! They will bail me—bail me to any amount!"

"Murder is not aailable offence!" replied his captors.

At the word "murder," he uttered a deep groan, and sank back in his chair. His physical courage had entirely abandoned him, and he felt prostrate and nerveless as a child.

"At last!" he murmured; "at last!"

In consideration of his enfeebled state, the officers permitted some little time to elapse before they took their departure for London with their prisoner, who slept that very night in Newgate.

"Murder!" ejaculated Ralph, as he saw "the old un"—as he called Will Sidelers—lifted into the chaise which was to convey him to prison; "dang I if I didn't think he wor summat of that kind; I be glad Joe didn't leave un to the rats—it will be better sport to see un hanged; it will be a rare day for Mortlake!"

With this charitable conclusion, he dismissed the subject from his mind, which was so constituted, that few things left any lasting impression there.

As Elworthy rode with Joe Beans to London, he explained to him all that had taken place at the interview between himself and the late servant of Captain Elton, at Newgate.

"I see!" exclaimed the young man; "it is for having attempted your life that Sidelers is arrested?"

The lawyer nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought it had been for the murder of Sir William Mowbray."

"No," said his companion; "however strong my suspicions, I have no proof of that yet!"

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Calm does not always prove content,
But, like the frost on Etna's brow,
Too oft it hides the fires unspent,
Which rage beneath the winter's snow.

THE despair and rage of Meeran Hafaz, at the loss of Ellen, were the more bitter from being concentrated within himself; for he was one of those who, like the Spartan boy, suffered the fox he had stolen to destroy him—he seldom betrayed the emotions which consumed him.

At first he knew not whom to blame for his disappointment; for Colonel Mowbray, for his own sake, had artfully contrived to divert his suspicions from Dr. Guyot, whom he feared, to the ayah, whom he only disliked. It was some time, however, before the young Indian could bring himself to think that his foster-mother would betray him—nothing less than an avowal from her own lips could lead him to that conclusion. He had not long to wait.

Zara, with all the fierce passions of her race, was not without some of its redeeming virtues. The sufferings of Ellen had shaken her resolution to take any means to see her the wife of Meeran Hafaz; she began to fear—that her charge had often asserted—that death should be her bridegroom, rather than the man who was once the friend of her youth, but now her bitterest persecutor.

The affectionate impulse which induced the fair girl, whom she had so cruelly assisted to persecute, to risk the success of the scheme which was to restore her to liberty, rather than compromise the safety of her nurse, had touched the iron heart of Zara: she pondered it over in her mind, and repeatedly asked herself if she had acted wisely in sacrificing the love of such a being.

The conduct of Meeran tended to increase this predisposition to regret the past. In his anger and despair at losing Ellen, his reproaches fell upon all; even the ayah was not spared, and her proud nature swelled with indignation at the injustice of her foster-son; yet she did not complain.

"I have gone too far," she muttered to herself, "to recover the love of the fair girl I nurtured at my breast, unless I could consent to deny the past, and live a deceitful, guilty thing! Yes, yes—it is too late to redeem the affection of my child, but not," she added, "to atone for the wrongs I have done her! but how atone them?—by betraying Meeran? Never—never!"

For several days the ayah was torn by conflicting feelings—fidelity to her foster-son and affection for Ellen by turns preponderating in her breast. Had the poor girl been near her—could she have seen her pallid cheek and sunken eye, the triumph of virtue would have been complete.

Meeran, as soon as he had recovered from the first effects of his disappointment, acted with that characteristic energy and decision peculiar to himself: he immediately placed persons on whom he could depend, to watch the chambers of the lawyer. He had not many days to wait, before he discovered all he wished to know.

The retreat of his victim was betrayed to him.

Strange to say, neither he nor Colonel Mowbray made any immediate attempts to withdraw her from the protection of the Khan: to do so by violence, they knew would be dangerous; for, independent of the determined character of the renegade, his house was too well guarded to admit of a surprise.

They therefore resolved to accomplish by legal means, what they might fail to achieve by violence. An application was made to the Lord Chancellor, at a private hearing, for an order to secure possession of his ward, whose mind, it was artfully hinted, had become impaired by the terror she experienced on the night of her uncle's murder.

How was it possible that the first officer of the crown could suspect a person of Colonel Mowbray's respectability and position in the world? The tears, too, of his wife, as she entreated his lordship to restore to her her dear Ellen, whose abduction and flight had all but broken her affectionate heart!

The order was signed, and placed in the hands of one of the officials of the Court of Chancery. We need not say that Meeran Hafaz did not appear in this.

"Success, my dear fellow—success!" exclaimed the colonel, as he entered the breakfast-room, with the important paper in his hand; "here we are at last, not only with might, but justice on our side! His lordship has granted my application!"

Meeran smiled.

"There must be no failure this time!" continued the speaker; "and, if possible, no violence!"

The young man nodded assent.

"Where shall we take her?"

"To India," answered Meeran; "to the land of her birth and mine; where, surrounded by all that delights the sense, or touches the heart of youthful sensibility, she will forget the miseries she has endured in this unhappy land, or remember them only as a hideous dream."

"And can you, too, forget?" demanded his confederate, fixing an inquiring glance upon him.

"Everything, in the arms of Ellen," was the reply; "the vessel is already engaged which is to convey us. I will not again risk the treasure for which I have toiled and sinned," he added, "by an hour's delay!"

To this arrangement the colonel saw but one difficulty: the officer of the Court of Chancery, who was to accompany them, was bound to report to the Chancellor the due execution of his decree. Now his decision said that Miss Ellen De Vere was to be placed under the protection of her uncle; who, consequently, became answerable for her appearance, should Elworthy, Dr. Orme, or any of her friends, move the court upon the subject.

It might be all very well for Meeran Hafaz to brave the authority of that powerful court—although it was questionable, perhaps, if he could do so with impunity, even in India; but for his confederate, who was to remain in England, to expose himself to its indignation, would have been ruin and madness.

"I have but one objection to your arrangement," he observed.

"Objection!" repeated the young Indian, haughtily; "I presume I did not rightly hear the word!"

"It was the one I used," continued the colonel.

"Ellen can only leave the land of her forefathers as your wife!"

"What matters when or where the —"

"Hear me!" interrupted her unworthy relative; "it is from no ridiculous superstitious importance which I attach to the ceremony—for I am perfectly aware that I might trust to your honour for its fulfilment—but for my own security."

"I do not understand," exclaimed Meeran, "how my marriage with your niece can affect your safety?"

This was easily explained, and the impetuous young man was made to comprehend that there was a power in England more stubborn than even his own unbending will—more implacable in its resentment, when offended, than his unforgiving disposition: that this power was the more terrible from being irresponsible, and that Colonel Mowbray had far better brave his wrath, than incur the indignation of the Court of Chancery.

"Are you convinced?" said the latter, when he had finished.

"I am."

"And yield?"

"Thus far—that Ellen shall be my wife before we start for India."

It was finally settled between them, that Ellen once more in their power, they should proceed to Carrow Abbey. All the old servants of the late baronet—those who were likely to sympathise with, or assist his orphan niece—were dismissed. Dr. Orme had set out on his voyage to Italy, in order to discover his adopted son. Henry was absent, and Old Martin a harmless lunatic, wandering, with child-like simplicity, about the place.

It would be easy, they thought, either by persuasion or violence, to compel Ellen to give her assent to a marriage there.

When Zara was informed of the arrangement, she shook her head disapprovingly. Like most of her sect, she was superstitious. From the first hour she had set her foot in the abbey, the cold, stately aspect of the place had chilled her. It appeared to her imagination, accustomed to the gay and graceful architecture of India, more like a tomb than a residence for human beings.

"You will fail!" she said; "it is not there that Ellen can become your bride!"

"And why not?"

Because the spirits of her forefathers will watch over her there, and defeat your purpose! Blood has been shed there," she added, with a shudder; "and where the blood of a good man falls, the stone becomes an altar and the pile a temple. I warn you, Meeran! seek not your bride at Carrow: you will only meet your doom!"

With a scornful laugh, the young Indian turned a deaf ear to her prediction. He was too well versed in the philosophy of the East, and the scepticism of Europe, to yield his mind to any such impression. If he believed in the future, it was as the materialist believes in it.

"Zara," he said, "thy next step will be to turn Christian! I were indeed the slave of my own imagination, could such motives restrain me! You must prepare at once to return to Carrow!"

The ayah, finding that all further remonstrance would be useless, replied by making the sign of mute obedience common in the East, and her foster-son left the room.

As the party were about to proceed to the house of the Khan, Colonel Mowbray was informed that an old, shabby-looking man demanded to see him.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed; "some beggar: send him away!"

"I thought so at first," replied the domestic, who had been one of the men intrusted with the secret at Mortlake; "but I have discovered that he comes from the warrener."

"From Will Sidelers?" said his master.

"Yes, sir! Poor Will is in Newgate!"

At the word "Newgate," the countenance of Colonel Mowbray turned pale: independent of late events, conscience whispered him that the warrener and himself had been mixed up together in transactions which would not bear the light of day.

"In Newgate!" he repeated. "Upon what charge?"

"Murder, I believe, sir!"

"Show the man into the library!" said his master. "I will see him there."

When Meeran and the speaker entered the room to which the messenger of Will Sidelers had been shown by the domestic, they saw a thin, shrewd looking person, apparently not less than sixty years of age. A cold, restless eye peered from under his shaggy brows, which partially veiled their expression.

He was one of those men who exist by hanging about the prisons and courts of justice—a cross between the human alligator and the lawyer. Few men were better judges of character than himself, or quicker to seize an occasion.

The affected calm and aristocratic bearing of the two gentlemen, as they entered the library, did not impose upon him. In the utter absence of anything like curiosity or eagerness on their part, he read the anxiety which secretly devoured them.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself, as he rose, and bowed respectfully; "fifty guineas, at least, if properly managed."

He was not far out in his calculation, as the sequel will prove.

"Now, sir," said the colonel, "I understand it is your wish to see me; you come from an old domestic of my late brother, I believe, one William Siderer—am I correct?"

"Quite, colonel," said the man, fumbling in the lining of his hat, from which he drew a scrap of dirty paper, and handed it to the speaker.

"What is this?"

"From him—you know!" replied the messenger of the warner, nodding in a familiar manner.

"No, I do not know!" replied the colonel, haughtily; "nor can I conceive the reason of these precautions." After a few moments' reflection, he added, "I am in doubt whether I ought to receive a message conveyed with so much mystery."

Meeran impatiently snatched the paper, and found, to his relief, that, instead of being charged, as he had foreboded, with the murder of Sir William Mowbray, the warner was in prison for an attempt upon the life of Lawyer Elworthy.

With an air of intense satisfaction, he passed the communication to his friend.

(To be continued in our next.)

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet

With Spring's sweet breath around them;

And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,

If those we love have found them!

And sweet the mind that still can find

A star in darkest weather!

But nought can be so sweet to see,

As old friends met together!

Those days of old, when youth was bold,

And Time stole wings to speed it,

And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew—

Or knowing, did not heed it!

Though grey each brow that meets us now—

For age brings wintry weather—

Yet nought can be so sweet to see

As those old friends together!

The few long known, that years have shown,

With hearts that friendship blesses

A hand to cheer—perchance, a tear

To soothe a friend's distresses!

That helped and tried—still side by side—

A friend to face hard weather;

Oh, thus may we yet joy to see,

And meet old friends together!

THE FALLING STAR.

It was deep midnight, and no moon shone; but the thousand stars of heaven looked down upon the earth, and kept bright watch for her. A fair girl knelt by the bed of the dying mortal. She was his sister. She had tended him for many days with untiring love; she would not that an alien eye should catch his latest look, or menial hand minister to his latest earthly want. For many hours she had not left his side; but, kneeling there, with one hand clasped in her upraised hands, she gazed alternately from him to the vast heaven, searching its inmost depths with an untiring ken, as she would tear from out its mystic heart the secret of a fate so interwoven with hers. But no sign came, and she turned aside, and wept. Oh, the deep agony of that young heart! It was an unalloyed sorrow, which admitted of no earthly consolation. They were alone—these two young hearts—and other tie had none. All they had loved were in the grave; and they awoke, one day, as from a trance, and looked around, and cried out for a friend! But they found none, and from that day they were one heart. They were both beautiful, and genius had been their heritage, and grew alike in both, only that hers was much less bold than his, for that it had received its tone from her sweet gentleness, mixed with deep reverence for his more reasoning mind; as the gazer on the water sees some bright star reflected in its bosom, and perceives they are alike, save that the *image* is more shadowy, which is but caused by the properties of that in which it shows. So rapt were they in each other, that the outer world had no charm for them, saving its humanities—the follies of fashion and the frivolities of life were unknown to them. They had drawn around them a magic circle, in which nought save what was bright and beautiful dare enter.

Day after day did they gather wisdom from the pages of the mighty dead; and, as the old world opened to their ardent minds, the present faded as a dream. They loved to dwell upon some tale of rare affection, of deep devotion, or self-immolation at the shrine of duty—instances of which the past has in perfection, gilded, perchance, by

the romance a lapse of time never fails to bestow, but still unaffectedly human. And when they rose from their labour of love, they felt the deep effect which lessons of exalted virtue ever impress upon reflecting minds. They impart a dignity to life which is unobserved in the everyday world, and link the heart to its kind by the noblest sentiments nature can evince. They were the philanthropists of the closet, unbounded in their sympathy, but, from their sensibility and refinement, all unfit to mingle with the coarser spirits of the world. What excited their benevolence in the mass, would, most probably, cause disgust in the individual; and they would turn away heart-sick, to find the world not what they thought it: they would mourn for the suffering million, but the leprous wretch in the filthy hovel, would be a loathed and hideous object in their eyes.

Such is the difference between the theoretical and practical Christian: the one refines and gives out Utopian theories to the world, which never are adopted, benefiting no one, though not the less noble in their aim; the other seeks out misery in its home, and bars out famine from the starving wretch, and though the means of assistance may be small, the never-failing fount of sympathy skims over the wounds it cannot radically heal. They saw that the world was beautiful, and were content so breathe the odour of its flowers, without distilling the poison from their hearts. They were dreamers, and had they been separate, such feelings would have craved for the sympathy of some kindred heart, and they might have loved; but they were all in all to each other; their feelings were so knit, so interwoven, that the approach of any other sentiment seemed to threaten a disruption of their tie; and they sensitively and gladly shrank back into the gentle and unreserved commune of their own pure thoughts. They were orphans, and friendless! they were alone, and loving! And now the sister knelt by the side of the dying brother! That was her grief; for him her tears flowed fast, and the visible silence was broken by deep and fervent prayers. And the fever raged with unabated violence—he muttered wild words, which conjured up visions of a thousand happy hours and innocent joys, and caused a fresh burst of grief from the spirit-broken girl. The malady was evidently approaching its crisis; every moment the stillness became more awful; she longed to call for some one to share her watch, yet could not for a moment tear herself from the couch. He had breathed hardly until now, but now she missed the sound—it had sunk into a child's breathing. Faint and frequent beat the pulses at his heart—the eye, which had been glaring and restless, became fixed. She longed to scream, but the voice seemed frozen to her heart. More feebly still he breathed—an expression of agony was upon his brow; his hand relaxed its grasp, and, with one deep sigh, his features sank into a quiet smile. His spirit seemed to have left its earthly home! She shrieked aloud, and raising her despairing eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "Oh, God, have mercy!" And a bright star fell! But he recovered, and a week hence was seated on a couch, with that fair girl nestling at his feet.

"I have been a grievous trouble to thee, Marian! Thine eye is as bright, thy smile as sweet, but thy cheek is pale, and thy hands have shrunk to thinness. And I fear that in my madness I may have spoken harsh words to thee, or have been wilful and fretful, or wishful and exacting; but now I crave your pardon, dearest, and throw myself upon your love for your forgiveness!"

"Hush! hush!" said Marian, as she placed her hand upon his lips. "Dear Ernest, most wrongfully do you accuse yourself; both gentle and patient were you during all your sufferings. No murmur fell from your lips—no repining, no impatience; and every office I performed for you was more than repaid by the look of love and thankfulness by which it was received."

"But —"

"Nay, hear me. If I have lost the ruddiness of health from off my cheek, and its fullness from my form, it was not caused by watching and waiting at your couch, but by the ever present fear that you might be taken from me. It tortured me through the day, and affrighted me in the night. I could not fly from the thought. I read it in the setting sun, and in the flickering taper; and as the stars came out, and faded as the night wore on, each seemed to bear upon its ray a mystic recognition of your half-embodied spirit."

"I have but faint remembrance of the past. I know the days, though cheered by sight of you, seemed endless."

"'Twas strange, too, Ernest, throughout the day you would appear strangely unsettled; a feverish restlessness seemed to pervade your frame; but as the night came on, this was superseded by a calmness, trance-like—nay, almost death-like—that made my blood stagnate in every vein—as if your soul had left its mortal frame, to hold communion with the invisible spirits of the silent night! At those times, with a philosophy which failed me utterly in the day, I would speculate upon the possibility of your death, and all at once I seemed to cease to be a being of the earth; the mystic line was broken, and my mind was cognisant of the immaterial elements. Countless bright shapes peopled the circumambient air—if shapes they could be called, that were without form or substance. I was in the heart of nature, and saw how the progress of decay was but a preface to another birth—a state of being in which soul was *all*. I was conscious of an elevation of mind, an expansion of intellect, which rendered the deep-sought, stored up knowledge of a thousand generations of man, but as a grain of sand compared to the earth's gross bulk. And I saw that those of earth who approached nearest to the reality of a state of being which, in sooth, surpasses all that the powers of imagination can conceive of it—were those who, in the earnestness of a beneficent nature, sought out the humanities

from wisdom's page, and, blending both, saw nature through the heart and mind—neither with the misjudging warmth of the enthusiast, nor the fact deducing coldness of the philosopher; but bringing, as an offering, the uttermost attainable refinement of intellect, warmed by angelic love! I saw through the world, man yearning unceasingly to rise; the soul warring with its incumbering clay, and striving ever to sever from it. The pale student, in his midnight study, burying the recollection of the miseries of the by-gone day—forgetting the want of friends, the cold repulse, the unappreciation, the want of sympathy, the hungering morrow, in his absorbing love of the pursuit of truth. The mighty statesman retiring from the admiring crowd, and seeking consolation in seclusion, for the failure of those aspiring, but baseless schemes, by which he hoped to raise the herd from its desperate, besotted condition, and was repaid with revilement and scorn, by that very class he sought to benefit. Seeking in solitude deep commune with his own heart, he strove to work out from the philosophy of the past, and the sad experience of the present, a state of mind in which the *desire* of dispensing happiness should be, of itself, sufficient compensation, apart from and independent of the reception of the benefit by its object. Thus deeply pondering, and in secret, the quiet came upon his soul, and he became of us. I cannot describe to you the nameless feeling that possessed me at those times; there was a consciousness of existence, without its cares, of knowledge without the blindness of prejudice, which ever accompanies our earthly wisdom. I felt that I was apart from the world, yet of it; for that sympathy which pervades all nature, which binds heart to heart, and is the medium through which human sensations and affections are felt alike, and simultaneously conveyed throughout the universe, now and for ever, was acting upon my spirit with a mighty force; my nature was etherealised, and I was an impalpable though sentient link of that wondrous harmoniser of creation—Sympathy or Love! And you were there, my brother; our spirits met in that bright star, with which we have so oft imagined that our fates were inseparably linked, and —"

"Stay, Marian, dearest, thou dost remember me that, as I lay on my bed of sickness, I had a dream of a most terrible and strange import. I know that for days I lay unconscious of all, save of a raging fever, that seemed to dry up all moisture in my blood and brain. I seemed to breathe hot air, which in its passage dried up my tongue, and parched and cracked my livid lips. Each day, as it broke, brought with it an increasing but nameless terror, which, ever and anon, like unto ice-strings made each trembling nerve; and though the fury of a thousand fires leaped through each vein, my heart felt chilled! On that night which caused thee so much terror, this harpy feeling was upon me, and gripped me with a giant's force; nor could I fortify myself against it, for my mind had lost all power of connecting ideas of any kind. All was vagueness and dread. As the night wore on, the increasing stillness added a new terror to my mind. Methought I lay chained and immovable in the midst of a vast sandy plain, over which the hot sun was vertical: throughout the day, from morn till night, he poured his fierce beams upon my seething skin, until I felt it crack and gape like the parched earth; and when the sun had set, the moon's rays, and the beams of the golden stars, seemed to dart fire that jarred my brain to madness. There was no rest for me, night nor day—my furred tongue could not give out my agony. And I was alone in my suffering, when suddenly a mighty form approached. It wore a grave but beautiful aspect, and on its brow there was a calm that chilled at once my burning blood; it seemed as if it had never known a youth, nor could know age: it was not the calm of thought, nor the passiveness of overwhelming grief, but I felt at once that it was the cold, eternal calm of death. Nearer it came, and my soul recoiled at its approach; nearer—still nearer; it had gained my feet, when, in a moment, the cells of memory gave up their treasured store. Father, mother, friends, came flocking round me; our happy home, our childish sports, each happy hour that in its passage bore a pleasant thought; snatches of old wild melodies, and all the thousand things that endeared and made a joy of life, rushed forth to keep the dreaded terror off, but in vain! It paused not in its career; it raised its hand above me; a cold sweat stood upon my brow. I strove to speak, but no sound came forth. I struggled to arise, but the mighty spell withheld me, and I was sinking fast. Slowly the withering hand descended towards my heart—already did I feel its grasp stilling the pulse of life—my soul paused, wavering ere it took its flight, when in the still night air, the deep and fervent prayers of thy innocent heart arose, and from the orb heaven rushed forth a radiant form, and stood between me and my dread foe."

"My brother! I saw that star fall!"

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—A youth seeking employment, went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wanted a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly-respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet-bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir!" was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "I promised my mother that I would read it every day, and I shall do it!" and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.



[ELIZABETH RECEIVING THE DEPUTATION OF THE COUNCIL.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now innocence befriend me—to worldly craft
I have no other shield than my true faith,
And woman's simple wit. THE PRINCESS.

ALTHOUGH no outward emotion betrayed the feelings which agitated her, it was not without a secret misgiving that Elizabeth beheld the cruel Gardiner presiding at the council. She knew that he was amongst the bitterest of her enemies, and naturally doubted the result of an examination which he was to conduct.

Although it would be difficult to obtain, at this remote period, legal proof of the daughter of Anne Boleyn having joined the conspiracy which was to dethrone her elder sister, and transfer the crown of England to her own brow, there is every reasonable presumption that she had tampered in the plot.

The object of the confederacy had been to unite her in marriage with her cousin, the handsome but weak-minded Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, whom mortified vanity, at the rejection of his hand by Mary, rendered capable of listening to any scheme, however rash or ill-considered.

Sir James Crofts, Wyatt, and Carew, were equally compromised.

On the failure of the insurrection—in which the name of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was used as a pretext—the ringleaders were arrested. Courtney at least acted honourably towards Elizabeth—for, however frank in his examinations in other respects, not a word could be extorted from him to implicate the princess. The other prisoners were far from exercising the same generous forbearance.

Sir James Crofts confessed that he had had several interviews with Elizabeth, and advised her to retire from London; Lord Russel, that he had been the agent of her correspondence with Wyatt.

The French ambassador was one of the prime movers in the affair: not that his object was to advance the interests of Elizabeth—it was rather to compass her destruction, by involving her in an unsuccessful rebellion against her sister, and rendering the way to the succession open to the daughter-in-law of his sovereign, the young Queen of Scots.

But the greatest danger of the future queen was from the influence which the minister of Spain exercised over the mind of Mary. Already betrothed to Philip, he declared that her affianced husband could scarcely venture to set foot within the kingdom whilst Courtney and Elizabeth lived. The jealousy which Gardiner entertained

of this man, led that wily minister, contrary to his inclination, to befriend the Protestant princess.

On being questioned by the chancellor, Elizabeth stoutly denied that she had ever received any letters from the traitor Wyatt, or sent word or token of communication to the King of France: this she was emboldened to do from the confidence the presence of Cecil inspired.

"But, madam," urged the Earl of Arundel, who was present, "the letters of the traitor Wyatt are in the hands of the council!"

"Addressed to me?" demanded the royal maiden.

"Even so, madam!" answered Lord Paget, who, more than any other present, earnestly desired to compass her death; for he was the most devoted partisan of Spain and the alliance with Philip.

"Then, my lords," replied the princess, "the fact of their being in such hands proves that I never received them; for it is not likely that, if I had been weak enough to enter into a traitorous conspiracy or correspondence against my sister and sovereign, that I should have been fool enough to have kept the proofs of my culpability by me! You would not find a jury in all England," she added, "to convict the meanest person upon the evidence of a letter addressed to them, but which they had never seen: will you, then, venture to accuse, on such slight ground, the daughter of a king?"

Elizabeth was dismissed, after an interrogatory, which she answered both with prudence and courage; and the council retired, to make their report to the queen.

That same night a reconciliation was effected between Gardiner and the head of the Spanish faction, who had accused the wily prelate of being lukewarm in the service of his sovereign. The consequence was, that a report—most unfavourably drawn, as regarded her sister—was presented to the queen, who decided at once upon committing the princess to the Tower.

Mary was about to meet her parliament at Oxford, and she felt the danger of permitting her sister to remain behind, in London; she was equally averse to taking her with her.

Elizabeth was in her lodging—or rather her prison—at Whitehall, attended only by one gentleman usher, three ladies, and two grooms of the chamber—the rest of her household having been dismissed by command of the queen. Vainly and anxiously, during the day, had she striven to communicate with her friends; but such precautions had been taken as effectually prevented her. A party of guards had been placed in her antechamber, and a yet stronger force was stationed upon the lawn between the palace and the river, to prevent escape.

When the popularity of Elizabeth with the Protestant party is considered, these measures will not appear harsh or unnecessary. The throne of Mary was seriously menaced by the partisans of her sister; and yet that queen, so justly condemned by posterity, contented herself with sending her rival to the Tower. It is a question whether

the daughter of Anne Boleyn would have been equally generous in her place; one thing at least is certain, that Mary never would listen to the advice of her council, no matter how irritated she might be at the time, and consent to shed her sister's blood.

It is pleasing to find one bright spot amid so many dark ones.

Elizabeth was seated near the window, sorrowfully watching the birds in their flight, envying them, most probably, their freedom. At times she cast an anxious look upon the river, then turned, and made some half-whispered comment to Lady Tyrwhit.

"Look!" said the princess to her lady of honour, as a closely-covered barge, rowed by watermen in the royal livery, drew in sight, from the direction of Westminster. "Hath our sister taken water to visit us? Perhaps by this time she repents of her unjust suspicions of our fidelity!"

Although the speaker well knew that Mary was far too incensed against her to honour her by such a mark of favour, she affected to believe that it was the queen, even after Lady Tyrwhit had called her attention to the absence of the royal standard, which would have floated at the stern of the barge, had the sovereign really been present.

"Your grace," observed one of the ladies, who was watching from the window next to the one at which the princess was seated, "it is a deputation of the lords of the council. I fear they come to visit you!"

"Fear!" repeated Elizabeth, haughtily. "What is the wench prating about? We have no cause for fear, for our conscience is free alike from disloyalty and reproach towards our dear sister!"

Although these words were uttered in a bold, firm tone of voice, and her cheek retained its colour, a close observer might have discovered in her eye an expression which belied her professions of confidence and innocence: terror and rage were mingled.

"See!" she said, half speaking aloud and muttering to herself, "it is Gardiner—the crafty, subtle Gardiner—whose allegiance is sworn to Mary, but given to Spain and Rome! He would ape Wolsey—as if great events or men could ever be successfully imitated: he is a priest, consequently close—cruel by temperament! I have heard it said," she added, "that when my father beheaded Fisher—whom the Pope had invested with the purple—that my lord chancellor expressed a hope that he should live to see the royal blood of England on the same scaffold!"

Her companion shuddered, and drew closer towards the speaker, as if her feeble presence could protect her.

"He is, indeed, a fearful man!" she observed; "and, unhappily for your grace, I have it from good authority, that he is reconciled again with the ambassador of Spain: he visited Messire Renaud last night!"

"How know you that?" demanded Elizabeth, hastily.

"By my cousin, Elias Tyrwhit, of the queen's chamber: he has fallen into favour with the queen's grace lately, and is frequently the bearer of private communications between St. James's and the residence of the intriguing minister of Spain!"

"If Gardiner and the ambassador are reconciled," observed the princess, "this visit of a deputation of the council bodes me no good! See!" she exclaimed, as a tall, portly nobleman, with the air of an abbot rather than a courtier, stepped from the barge upon the landing-place reserved for visitors to Whitehall; "the bigot Paget!"

"And Lord Sussex!" added her companion.

"Sussex," said Elizabeth, "with all his devotion to Rome, is a true Englishman: he loves the church better than the priests—his country better than Rome! He bore himself like a loyal subject when our brother Edward died! I think well but of few men; but amongst those few, foremost stands the Earl of Sussex."

Nine members of the privy council had landed, during the short colloquy at the window, between the captive daughter of Anne Boleyn and her attendant. Their arrival boded little good to Elizabeth—for, with the exception of the nobleman she had last named, they consisted only of her personal enemies.

"God help me!" she sighed. "I must e'en meet them with what little wit nature hath given me, and mine own innocence!"

The future queen spoke the truth. Her reliance upon the latter was not half so firm as upon the former defence. Few sovereigns ever exceeded Elizabeth in quickness of understanding or powers of deception: as her future conduct, when we come to touch upon the execution of the beautiful but unhappy Queen of Scots, will sufficiently prove.

A gentleman usher entered the apartment, and formally announced the arrival of a deputation of the honourable members of the privy council, with an order from the queen.

At the word "order," Elizabeth turned pale.

"Order!" she repeated. "Who spoke that word? Art thou not mistaken?"

"My lord chancellor!" replied the officer, respectfully. "Permit me to assure your grace that I have not changed a letter of his message!"

"Admit the members of the council," said the princess.

"It would be discourteous to keep them waiting in our antechamber, since they are the bearers of an order from our dear sister!"

The only emotion which Elizabeth betrayed, when Gardiner and the nobleman entered her presence, was a slight nervous twitching about the corners of her mouth: her eye was clear, and her bearing as royal as ever.

As soon as Gardiner entered the apartment, he bowed slightly to the princess, and commenced reading from a parchment, how her grace, having been charged, and partially proved guilty, of holding a traitorous correspondence with Wyatt; and, moreover, having, either directly or in-

directly, connived at and abetted the rebellion made by Sir Peter Carew, in the west of England; that the queen, by the advice and consent of her privy council, had determined, till such matters could be more thoroughly sifted and inquired into, upon removing her sister, the Lady Elizabeth, to the Tower.

"The Tower!" repeated the royal maiden, with a shudder, "for the sister of your sovereign!"

Gardiner was silent.

"The daughter of Henry VIII.!" she added.

"Even so, your grace," observed Gardiner, in a tone which showed how little sympathy he felt for her distress.

"My lords," exclaimed Elizabeth, "is this just? Is it worthy of the advisers of the queen, to counsel the dishonour of her sister—the imprisonment of an innocent woman, who has never conspired against her crown and dignity, or offended in word, act, or thought? Return, return, I implore you! and represent to your sovereign the cruelty, the injustice of such a proceeding!"

Not one of the noblemen offered to stir.

"At least permit me to write to our dear sister?"

"It would be useless, your grace!" coarsely observed Gardiner. "Where the safety of a crown, the interests of a mighty nation, are at stake, and the welfare of our holy church, the queen's highness has schooled herself to disregard the cry of nature!"

"And listen only to that of justice!" observed Lord Paget.

"Hard men!" exclaimed the princess; "hard men!" "the unhappy have seldom friends!"

Lord Sussex, moved by the chivalry of his disposition and the helplessness of the speaker, bent his knee suddenly at the foot of the chair on which Elizabeth remained seated; for, even in her present distress, a captive on her way to the Tower, which had been the prison of her mother, and the scene of her execution, and that of many of her friends, the royal maiden maintained her state.

"Do not mock me, my Lord of Sussex," she exclaimed, "with the semblance of service!"

"By my faith, your grace," replied that powerful nobleman, "but the service which I proffer you is real, good service! And, always excepting my loyalty to my sovereign, it is given without reserve! Your grace shall have time to write the letter you demand!"

The eye of Elizabeth brightened.

Gardiner was about to speak, but the earl interrupted him.

"I have said it, my lord, and will be answerable for the advice with my life! More, princess," he added; "confide your letter to me—I pledge my honour to deliver it to the queen, and bring you back the answer!"

"Thanks, my good and faithful cousin of Sussex!" exclaimed the captive, whose object was to obtain time, so as to render it impossible for the barge to pass under London Bridge, in consequence of the tide; and she knew very well they would not venture to conduct her through the City.

Seating herself at a table, she wrote the following remarkable letter, one of the clearest and best which ever issued from her pen. The original may be seen in the Harleian collection.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF ELIZABETH TO QUEEN MARY.

"If any ever did try this old saying, that 'a king's word was more than another man's oath,' I must humbly beseech your majesty to verify it in me, and to remember your last promise and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof—which it seems that I now am; for, without cause proved, I am by your council, from you, commanded to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a true subject. Which though I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest before God (who shall judge my truth, whatsoever malice shall devise), that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the state by any means. And therefore I humbly beseech your majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors—yea, and that afore I go to the Tower, if it be possible—if not, afore I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your highness will give me leave to do it afore I go, that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on, as I now shall be—yea, and that without cause!"

Gardiner, as Elizabeth had reached this part of her memorable epistle, walked towards the window, to observe the tide: he saw that it was rapidly falling.

"Permit me, your grace," he said, "to remind you that we have not long to wait!"

"Our orders must be executed!" added Paget.

"Our duty to the queen!" chimed in the other members of the council, who did not share in the enthusiasm which had prompted the noble Sussex.

"I will take upon myself," he said, "the responsibility of this delay, my lords!"

Gardiner turned impatiently away.

Elizabeth, who had listened anxiously, was strengthened in her resolution of outstaying the tide. She smiled, and resumed her letter.

"Let conscience move your highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocence procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which I trust will not see me cast away without desert, which what it is I would desire no more of God, but that you truly knew—but which thing I think and believe you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard of many in my time cast away, for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my Lord of Somerset say, that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered; but persuasions

were made to him so great that he was brought in belief, that he could not live safely if the admiral lived, and that made him give consent to his death. Though these persons are not to be compared to your majesty, yet I pray God the like evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other, and all for that they have heard false report, and the truth not known.

"Therefore, once again, kneeling with humbleness of heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true.

"And as for the traitor Wyatt, he might, peradventure, write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him. And as for the copy of the letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means, and to this truth I will stand in till my death.

"Your highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end.

"ELIZABETH.

"I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself."

What makes this letter the more remarkable is, that, in style and composition, it was the unassisted effusion of Elizabeth, who, never, perhaps, showed herself to be more clear-headed than when pleading for her life.

How deeply is it to be regretted that the royal maiden, in after years, when destiny had raised her to a throne, did not remember the agony of suspense and terror she had herself endured whilst her life and liberty hung, as it were, in the balance.

Queen Mary had more mercy towards the daughter of Anne Boleyn, than Elizabeth displayed to her rival, Mary of Scotland.

So true is it that power hardens the heart.

As the writer sealed her letter, she cast a sidelong glance upon the river, and saw that the tide no longer served.

"I am saved," she murmured, "for four-and-twenty hours at least!" Then, advancing towards the earl, who had so unexpectedly befriended her, she placed the letter in his hand: it was addressed to her Majesty the Queen.

"Accept, my lord," she said, "the thanks of a poor, friendless maiden: you have acted kindly, when all else frowned—bravely, when others feared!"

Sussex bowed, and kissed her extended hand.

"Should the hour arrive," added the speaker, lowering her tone, "in which I can prove my gratitude, Elizabeth will not forget that, in the hour of adversity, she found a friend in the Earl of Sussex!"

This was one of the few promises which the future monarch of England did not forget.

Sussex, whose influence and rank gave him easy access to the queen, placed the letter of her sister, as he had promised, that very evening in her hands.

"You have done wrong, my lord," she exclaimed, after she had perused it, "to disobey our orders!"

"I see," replied the peer, "that my enemies have been beforehand with me!"

This was uttered with a glance towards Gardiner.

Mary, who in person was neither lovely nor dignified, possessed that which, in a sovereign, is perhaps as great an advantage—utter immobility of expression. No one, from the study of her countenance, could ever read her thoughts. She had few friends, and less confidants. The many snares by which she had been surrounded in her infancy, had taught her caution.

"I listen to no man's enemies, my lord," replied the queen, in her usual quiet manner; "least of all to yours! We have read the letter of our sister Elizabeth, who protests much loyalty and affection for our person. Would I could believe it to be sincere! She also reminds us of our promise."

The enemies of Elizabeth began to look uneasy, for they knew that their royal mistress had a scrupulous respect for her word. Once given, she was not to be induced to break it.

"It shall be kept! and now," added the queen, firmly, "my lord chancellor, Paget, Sussex, and others, listen to our final orders touching this unhappy affair."

The noblemen drew near, and stood in a semicircle round her.

"It is our will and pleasure, that without further delay—not even the grace of a single hour," she added, glancing towards the Earl of Sussex, "after the rising of the tide, the Lady Elizabeth be conveyed to the Tower! And I shall hold it an act of treason in any who presume to thwart our pleasure in this matter. Once in the Tower," she continued, "we shall have time for further reflection."

So saying, she left the cabinet, followed by Gardiner alone, who, as he passed the mortified Earl of Sussex, cast on him an insulting, pitying look.

THE book-post, which has now become an important channel for the diffusion of literature, will be commenced on the first of May, between this country and the East Indies. The total charge, from any part of the United Kingdom to any part of our Indian Empire, for a book half a pound weight, will be 6s.; a pound, 1s.; two pounds, 2s.; and three pounds (the maximum by post), 3s.

HOW TO TURN A WHITE DAHLIA BLUE.—I have been told, but never have tried the experiment, by a celebrated cultivator of dahlias in Belgium, that he will be able, in the course of a year or two, to produce a blue one, by keeping constantly watered the root of a white one with a solution of sulphate of iron. The sulphate of iron turns hydrangeas blue, and why not other white flowers as well? Of course, the solution must be very weak when used.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

ESSAYS.

No. CLXXXIV.—PEOPLE WHO NEVER SAY NO!

I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.
WARWICK.

In this good, moral, Christian society of ours, there are numbers of people whose company ought not only to be shunned, but whose influence ought to be dreaded.

We do not mean those unfortunate beings whose voices have brought them into painful notoriety, or those contemptible persons whose flagrant errors have deprived them of every particle of respect or confidence at the hands of their fellow-creatures. We allude to a class *sui generis* very numerous, and very remarkable; a class distinguished in some of its manifestations by a reputation for extraordinary good-nature, and that genial sympathy which rarely fails to touch the most obdurate heart. The individuals composing this class, are scattered over the surface of society. They are to be found in the higher ranks as well as in the lower; among women as well as men; the aged as well as the youthful; the learned as well as the ignorant; the pious as well as the profane. But the whole of them may be recognised by their utter inability to pronounce or act upon the wisdom conveyed by one little monosyllable. In short, they are "People who never say 'No!'"

Generally speaking, they are a bland, mild spoken race, with extremely captivating manners, and very winning ways. They are all acquiescence. Their silvery souls cannot entertain the harsh sound of a harsh negative. Their daily food seems to be the notes of nightingales, and their censure the softest breeze that ever the west sighed over a bed of roses. They float in a calm atmosphere of melodious affirmatives.

Circumstances they never attempt to control, but allow themselves to be passively borne by the current of destiny whithersoever it likes to go. All the rest of the world imagine them to be quite celestial in their temperaments—indeed of angelical origin—and regard them with the same sort of reverence as a Hindoo does the mute images of the various manifestations of Brahma. We ourselves, in our green and halcyon days—would they were back again, for experience dispels the most pleasing illusions, and throws earth on the most thrilling romances—we say that, in our younger days, we were disposed to look upon them as the absolute personification of good-nature—"pure and perfect chrysolites"—beings almost worthy of reverence.

"He never says 'No!'" What an inestimable creature, we thought, as the graphic text fastened upon our mind. Such a man would never refuse a beggar a coin, or the afflicted a kind word. However, when we began to know the gentleman better, we commenced studying the characteristics of his class, and we had no sooner done so than the illusion under which we had previously been labouring, vanished. We discovered that there was something about people who never say "No," not only contemptible, but dangerous. We found, in the great majority of them, not only weakness of the very worst quality, but an hypocrisy, a deception, and a lamentable want of principle.

Thus instructed, we thought it would not be an unprofitable employment to take the characteristics of these people, and examine them separately. In the course of our observations we drew some conclusions, which we present to our readers just as they were formed.

People who never say "No," may be divided into two classes: those who have a little good-nature, but scarcely any common sense; and those who have abundance of the latter, but scarcely an atom of the former. Those who have some of the commodity which passes current under the general term good-nature, may be recognised by the total absence of all power of self control, their moral lassitude, and their improvidence. As heads of families, they appear to have no will of their own, no independence, and, we might add, no proper sense of the awful responsibility of parents. Their wives rule them with a rod of iron—and thus they submit to a complete perversion of the matrimonial union, and an unseemly submission to a domestic tyranny which inevitably results in unhappiness, and too often in poverty and ruin; for when the head of a house is weak, it is seldom long before those who have usurped his authority bring the whole building about his and their ears.

The children of such imbeciles are allowed all their own way. The most improper indulgences are allowed them; and as they grow up, they become more and more freed from wholesome restraint. They acquire coarse habits and manners, become intractable, and, unless saved by a miracle, fall into devious ways; and then the parent, in his frightful helplessness, exclaims: "That his children are breaking his heart, and bringing his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."

This kind of never-say-no-man is apt to be a lender of money—a bad practice almost any way, but necessary in some of the circumstances of business. But he only lends, because he cannot say "No!" An old acquaintance, whom probably he well knows to be a very great scamp, asks him for a five-pound note. Now, although he has a large family dependent on his industry and economy, he cannot induce his tongue to utter the little word "No!" And so the scamp obtains the five pounds, which, very likely he spends in debauchery; and the lender, through his weakness, is so much the poorer, and the other not in the slightest degree benefited—perhaps injured; for if even such a person was of the strictest moral habits, the mere act of borrowing weakens his moral power, and so, to a certain extent, unfits him for the pursuit of that independence of feeling which is so essential not only to success, but to the proper working of the very machinery of business.

We have a lively remembrance of an example in point.

D., a young man, started in life, with every prospect of doing well. He married a pretty wife, had blooming children, and ought to have been happy and prosperous; for he had excellent opportunities, and, withal, was a very sober, steady young man. But he was a sad coward. Not physically—for he would face any danger—but morally. He could not say "No!" One acquaintance was perpetually borrowing trifling sums from him, another induced him to embark in some foolish speculations, and another prevailed upon him to become surety for a large loan. That proved his ruin; for, being unable to meet every demand made upon him, he had to go to prison, and obtain the benefit of the insolvent debtors' law. He never recovered the blow, and his friends advised him to emigrate. He did so, but died on the passage, leaving a young and helpless family to struggle for bread, sixteen thousand miles away from every friend they had. One of his trifling loans, we should mention, occasioned a fearful calamity. He had an acquaintance—an idle, never-dowell, dissipated kind of fellow, who was seldom out of the tavern. This man was a confirmed drunkard, and whenever he was short of money, to gratify his degrading propensities, he applied to D. On one occasion he asked the latter for the loan of a sovereign. D. hesitated, but could not say "No!" The fellow promised so earnestly, that he wheedled him out of the money, and went straight to a tavern with it, where he got so frightfully intoxicated, that, on his return home, he killed his wife, because she had reproached him with his beastly condition; and then, smitten by remorse, laid violent hands on himself. So that D.'s inability to say "No!" in the course of a few hours led to a murder and a suicide.

The wife afflicted with this description of moral incapacity is a fearful agent in bringing about misery and destruction. The children are either sullen and slattern, or froward and tawdry. Having been reared from the restraints of proper discipline, they grow up just like weeds; and when arrived at the estate of men and women, are just as useless as weeds. Their mother is indolence itself, at home and abroad, and has acquired the equivocal reputation of being a good, easy sort of creature. We have seen some very melancholy mothers of this kind. One we have before us in painful distinctness. Her husband's means are respectable, and he is a thrifty man. She has two children, a boy and a girl: the latter is indulged in every whim, is very ignorant, excessively vain, and shockingly affected; the former is a riotous young cub, with a Milbank Penitentiary cast of countenance. Both are unchecked—have every caprice gratified. The mother never says "No" to any request, and so they are encouraged in their intractable habits; and no doubt, in course of a very short time, like innumerable children similarly neglected, they will turn round upon their over-indulgent parent, and set even the remnant of her feebly-exercised power at defiance.

Nothing can be more mischievous than this class of mothers. It places the future of their children on an insecure foundation, and, we firmly believe, is one of the great sources whence spring many of the monster evils that afflict society. Spoiled children are intolerable nuisances; sensible people avoid and dislike them; but when it comes to be considered that those spoiled children may very likely prove spoiled men and women, the question deepens in gravity, and becomes one of intense interest. We therefore would say that, the oftener a mother says "No" to her child, the better it will be for that child, both physically and morally; because, by being restrained early, it will become accustomed to the rules of authority, and not only never feel them to be a burthen, but submit to them cheerfully, and voluntarily add to their number and stringency.

We might extend the list of these so-called good-natured people to a great length, but think we have written quite sufficient to show that a parent or man of business, acting in the manner we have described, is not a good member of society; and, as such people have much blunt humour, mildness, and placidity in their manner, which obtain for them a certain popularity, it would be as well to study their characters, before subscribing to the general opinion, that because they never say "No," they are very respectable and very moral. They are neither one thing nor the other. The husband who never says "No" to his wife, is a fool; and the parent who cannot apply the word to the whims and fancies of his or her children, is worse—for such sugarcandy weakness throws off poison into the stream of society, and thus contaminates waters that, under the best of circumstances, are not very pure. A tradesman who cannot say "No," when asked to lend a sovereign or put his name to a bill, is a rogue to his family, and an encourager of failings and vices in others. It is owing to the criminal blindness of such people, that society is infested by men who live by their wits, or that equally reprehensible body who are always in debt—in fact, subsist entirely by getting into debt—and periodically disincumber themselves of their embarrassments by the process known, in slang technology, as "whitewashing." Such unbusiness-like conduct seriously blunts a man's respectability; and, when regarded morally, it cannot be denied that, if getting into debt is an evil—which it undoubtedly is—those who promote it are committing a very great wrong; and, as respects culpability, the debtor and debtee are about on a par.

They are not respectable, they are not moral, well-doing people; and if we ascend the scale of responsibility incurred by people who never say "No," we shall be at a loss to find terms in which to express censure with sufficient vigour. Take a young girl, for instance. Her parents wish her to be married to a man whom they have selected. She does not love him, but as she has never been in the habit of saying "No" to anything, she acquiesces with a sort of delirious smile, and weds discord—probably misery.

Again, how many young women are courted by men whose conduct they are aware is extremely irregular, and they are almost certain will lead them to destruction. Yet notwithstanding this shuddering apprehension of misfortune—this palpable view of grim shadows cast before coming events—they go the altar, and plight their love to men whom they doubt—and, doubting, of course cannot love; for true affection is a mirror undimmed even by the breath of an angel. And all because they cannot say "No."

The same remark applies to women who are beguiled from home and honour. Instead of arming themselves with a negative as hard as cold steel, they offer but a passive resistance to deceit, and treachery, and cruelty; and in consequence, almost as a matter of course, fall victims as tamely as a lamb yields up its throat to the knife of the butcher. A good "No," sounded from the chest right upwards—not a gasping, smirking denial, but a right loyal and openly spoken womanly negative, would have saved them.

Who can say "No" like a woman? When in earnest, it comes from her rosy lips as piercingly as a gush of wind from the North Pole. Her pursuer is frozen dumb by her attitude; her eyes rain snow-balls, in the shape of "Noes;" her locks glitter with them like icicles, and, in her *tout ensemble*, she is so repellent, that the person she would drive away sneaks off like a cur at the sight of a whip it has once felt. But the women, as a rule, don't like saying "No;" indeed, when they do utter the word, their eyes, lips, and cheeks are saying "Yes," as plainly as possible; and they are taken at their looks, and so get involved in engagements which too frequently lead to the most deplorable and fatal consequences.

However, of all the people who never say "No," preserve us from those who promise much, without ever intending to perform anything. These are the villains of the social drama daily played before us all—apples goodly to the view, but rotten at the core. Their name is Legion, and they are as oily-tongued as the prince of arch-deceivers himself. They can promise with marvellous unctious, and their appearance may be readily recognised, when we describe them as generally sleek-visaged, smooth-spoken ladies and gentlemen (?) who can talk by the hour with as much gusto as Falstaff did when he described his imaginary encounter with the fiery Hotspur. They are also well crammed with the piety that costs nothing but the breath—are always hopeful, exultant; sometimes chirruping over what is called ill luck and good luck, in a very bird-like fashion. They scatter promises around them, just as a sower does seed; but with the difference, that so many grains of sand would do quite as well. If asked to do a favour, they never say "No"—that would be against their principles, and also might impregnate the odour of benevolence that they collect around them, with something that might probably seriously disturb the celestial atmosphere in which they are thought to move.

Wrapped up in a cloak of spiritual immaculation, they are prodigal of promises. They are smiling heaps of smiling promises. They are not common men and women. Their terrestrial mould has passed through the crucible of a living faith in themselves; and, after a protracted baptism in the waters of promise, they step into the ordinary every-day world to distribute promises—to sleep on promises, to sell promises, to give promises—to be benign and excellent, and preach homilies from texts of promise. They are a rare tribe, and we might describe their features and characters in detail, but we are afraid we should disturb the serenity of these extraordinary beings.

An incident came under our notice not long ago, which may be taken as a pretty fair example of the moral excellence of the whole. A poor man had got into debt with his landlord, and, in consequence, had "a man in possession." The tenant applied to a friend, who had promised over and over again to do him a good turn whenever the opportunity arose.

"Five pounds! I'll do it—call to-morrow!"

The tenant, overjoyed, walked home to console his family. The morrow came, and with it an answer:

"Sorry I am, but couldn't get any money in! Call to-morrow!"

The poor man called on a good many morrows, and, to keep the man in possession as well as his goods, had to make many sacrifices. A fortnight elapsed, and the redemption of the promise was still the same smiling, cheering assurance, that on the morrow the thing should be done. But the broker would wait no longer, and everything was swept away; so that the tenant lost not only his furniture, but a great portion of the wearing apparel of himself and family, which had been disposed of to defray the expenses—and all through a promise!

When the friend heard of the catastrophe, he still promised. This time it was a bright, angelic kind of promise; but days, weeks, rolled by, and the poor man, weary of the promise, looked his disaster manfully in the face, and went to work to earn money to repair it. The promise is no doubt well treasured up in the breast of the friend. He did not lend the money, neither did he refuse, and that was intense consolation to his bright and particular ideas of morality.

But this illustration of these men is far from being the most telling that we could give. We know that some of them could not lie down at night, without having promised something in the course of the day. They are infected by a kind of fever—the promise fever, of course. And when we think of the cruelty, the equivocation, the mental reservation, and the wanton trifling with the feelings of others, of which they are capable, we are tempted to have recourse to those strong expletives in which our language is so rich. However, as quarrelling with them would not eradicate their bad habits, all that we can say or do is, commend us to the man or woman who can say "No" with gusto, and look as if he or she meant

it. There is something honest about the word—for, although rough and rugged, it does not deceive. "Yes" is indefinite, and therefore treacherous. But "No" is straightforward, and the person that utters it heartily, can look you in the face without shrinking or blinking, which is more than the people who never say "No" can do. If they did, or even tried to do so, we should not hear of so many distressing cases of misfortune and guilt—so many instances of servants robbing their employers—of parents neglecting or imperfectly performing their duties—of tradesmen and men of business playing with fortune, as a child would with a sharp razor—of sons and daughters being disobedient, and of society being grievously disordered by circumstances under complete control, if common candour and prudence were only allowed fair play.

The moral indolence of one section, and the criminal indifference to truth which distinguishes another section of the people who never say "No," is really awful. We do believe that they are at the bottom of half the mischiefs and disorganisations that twine their legs about the neck of our social system, and make it wan, weary, and halting, as it staggers along under its heavy load.

J. P. II.

A SPIDER LIVING A YEAR WITHOUT FOOD.

MR. T. EDWARDS sends us the following curious particulars:

Having mounted and arranged a number of birds, I put them in a case. The case had lain aside for a short time previous to the front, which is of glass, being put on; and during this time a spider, doubtless on the look-out for a canny nook, managed to take up his quarters among the birds, and was not observed until after the front had been attached, and the whole finished. It was a little vexing to see the unwelcome intruder parading about in the box, as regardless of its contents as if they had been as many old rotten sticks. He walked over one bird, then over another; now in the bottom of the case, then again on the back, sides, &c., until he at last became stationary in one of the corners. Being an eyesore in such a place, he would have been summarily dealt with, but for the case being a close one, and all but hermetically sealed, the reopening of which would have cost some trouble, and not a little risk. The consequence was, the little creature was permitted to remain, in the hope that want would terminate his existence. In this, however, I have been mistaken; and from being looked upon as a grievance, he ultimately became an object of some interest, and has in consequence already more than fully repaid the space which he occupies. Towards noon of the second day of his incarceration he commenced operations in the corner already alluded to, and by breakfast time of the day following the web was completed. The little artisan was then observed to walk slowly, and very sedately, all over the newly formed fabric, seemingly with the view of ascertaining if all was secure. This done, the aperture was next examined, and with more apparent care than was bestowed upon the rest of the structure. This wonderful mechanical contrivance, which serves at once the fourfold purpose of storehouse, banqueting-hall, watch-tower, or of an asylum in times of danger, being found all right, the artificer then took up his station within it, no doubt to await the success of the net which he had spread, and whence, had fortune proved kind, he would boldly have rushed to secure the struggling prey. It happened, however, that no other insect had the misfortune to be imprisoned along with himself, and, as already hinted, none can get in. There, on his watch-tower, he still remains as motionless as a statue. There has the patient little animal continued for the space of twelve months, having taken up his position on the 3rd of October, 1851, and kept watch and ward without ever having moved, night or day, as far as could be observed, except on three occasions, which, however, were so trifling, that they were not worth mentioning. But this is not all, as will be anticipated. The animal being still alive, it follows, as a natural consequence, that life has been sustained during all this time without the least particle of nourishment having been obtained. The little creature is still as life-like as the first day of his imprisonment. This circumstance is not a little curious, and to the naturalist the fact must be of some value. Mr. E. adds, that the longest period during which, so far as he can learn, spiders have been ascertained to have lived without food, is ten months.—*Banffshire Journal*.

It is said that a remarkable change is in progress among the Jews in every country, owing to a MS. being extensively circulated by an influential rabbi, proving from Scripture, that the time has come when the Jews must set about making preparations for returning to the land of their fathers.

EVERY animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats it over again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and maggot eat the very world in which they live—they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better fare, eats herself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatia. Nor do we ever hear that an Esquimaux is troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat.



[EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.]

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SHEFFIELD is about to honour itself by taking some pains to preserve a copy of the exterior of a man, who, if he was not exactly one of

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, in deathless lays,

was at least a man of a robust, energetic temperament, and possessed of just sufficient genius to give force and direction to his peculiar mental tendencies, and at the same time humanise and soften some of the rugged suggestions he had acquired in a school of politics that taught people to consider the unfortunate affair at Peterloo as bad as the massacre of Glencoe, and to look upon the higher classes as tyrants, and the lower, as suffering, bleeding martyrs.

Ebenezer Elliott, the poet, better known as the Corn-law Rhymer, was born a radical reformer. He came into the world at a period when the mind of all Europe was in a ferment, and the seeds sown by the war of American independence were rapidly germinating into living plants. His father was a Dissenter, and evidently a man of extreme political opinions, for he had earned the *soubriquet* of "Devil Elliott." Ebenezer first saw the light on the 17th of March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masbro', where his father was employed at a salary of from £60 to £70 a-year, with house, candle, and coal. On Sundays, his father, who called himself a Berean, used to preach the tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism. "On other days," we quote from the autobiography—"he delighted to declaim on the virtues of the slandered Cromwell, and of Washington, the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of 'The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the rebels at Bunker's Hill.' Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics."

As if pre-destined to be a murmurer and declaimer against abuses, the young Ebenezer, in his sixth year, had the small-pox, which left him for days frightfully disfigured, and caused him ever afterwards to respond heartily to the sentiment of Haynes Bailey: "Oh, blessed are the beautiful." At twelve, he fell violently in love, and had, it seems, a heavy, thick, supernatural taste for the horrible—"a passion, a rage for seeing the faces of the hanged or the drowned." His disposition being thus of a brooding, solitary caste, he shunned playmates, and everybody nearly who knew him, judged, from this morbid propen-

sity, he was deficient in intellect. He was sent to several schools—but to a boy with the mind like his, the wretched systems of education then in vogue afforded scarcely a ray of knowledge. Hating the imposition of task lessons, he played the truant so often, that his father discovered he was fast hastening to a state of vagabondism, and, as a punishment, sent him to work in the foundry. This had quite the contrary effect to what the father intended, for Elliott himself tells us:

"I could play my part at the York Keelman with the best of its customers; yet I never thoroughly relished the rude company and coarse enjoyments of the alehouse."

A taste for botany, it appears, rescued him from this degradation; and "Thompson's Seasons" falling in his way, the description of the polyanthus and auricula fired his fancy—"botany in verse—a prophecy that the days of scribbling were at hand." His first poetical attempt was an imitation, in rhyme, of Thompson's blank verse thunder-storm. This was a melancholy failure, for Elliott did not know a single rule of grammar, and afterwards acquired nearly all this, as well as every other description of knowledge, more by intuition than anything else: his memory was not mechanical enough for the drudgery of learning by rote. But we give his own explanation of the origin of the power he afterwards wielded so successfully. "It would seem," wrote he, "that my poetical propensities are traceable to certain accidents; but that, about the end of the fourteenth year, my mind began to make efforts for itself. Those efforts, however, were favoured by an accident of importance in the history of my education. A clergyman called Frith, who held a poor curacy at a desolate place called Middlesmoor, bequeathed to my father his library, containing, besides scores of Greek and Latin books, several first-class English works."

At this period, all his reading was desultory; but on this he tersely remarks: "I always took the shortest road to an object: this tendency led me into some errors, but is the principal cause of my ultimate success as an author. I never could read a feeble book through: it follows, that I read master-pieces only—the best thoughts of the highest minds."

After making these and similar remarks, and not doing himself common justice, when he says, "to me a primrose is a primrose, and nothing more," he states, in his brief autobiography, "that from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, he worked for his father at Masbro', as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterwards in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham, when my brother happened to be ill or absent."

The father at length took the son into partnership; but it proved unfortunate; and, at the former's death, our poetical Vulcan had to begin the world again. He borrowed £100, and, leaving Rotherham, established himself in business at Sheffield. Here, by dealing in the raw material of Sheffield-cutlery—he managed to make a fortune; but the crash of 1837 stripped him of all but £6000, and he was rejoiced, he says, to escape so easily. His biographer and son-in-law, Mr. John Watkins, seizes this point in the life of Elliott to give us the key to his leading opinions, and pithily informs us how he came to be the Corn-law Rhymer.

"Elliott," says he, "had a scape-goat on which to lay all his misfortunes and all the sins of the nation—viz., the Corn Laws. To these he attributed the tantalising uncertainties of life, so vexatious both to employers and the employed—its struggles to mount upwards ever ending with a sudden downfall—capitalists compelled to lower wages, or stop work; and the strikes of labourers, who only saw the stick that struck, and not the hand that held it. That hand, said Elliott, was the bread-tax. In Sheffield, indeed, he had found a congenial sphere: it was here that he first succeeded in business, and here he began to be popular as a poet."

As the Corn-law Rhymes were written for a time of excitement, and under the aggravation of a sense of oppression, they must not be criticised too keenly. His political creed was—

Be supplication dumb,
When charity is deaf.

He would rather demand than entreat: hence the energetic, and, too frequently, coarse style of his far-famed "Corn-law Rhymes." The following is a fair sample of the whole, as regards poetical merit; but it forcibly reminds you of the immortal sonnet of Milton, "Avenge, O

Lord, thy slaughtered saints." It is called the Jacobin's Prayer.

Avenge the plundered poor, O Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword—
Not as at Peterloo they died,
Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
Avenge our rage, our chains, our sighs,
The famine in our children's eyes!
But not with sword, no, not with fire,
Chastise thou Britain's locustry!
Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
Whip them, O Lord, with poverty!
Then cold in soul as confined dust,
Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
Let them in outraged mercy trust,
And find that mercy they deny!

But, as Mr. Watkins has said, "luckily for literature and the fame of the poet, the Corn-law Rhymer has written much poetry that has nothing to do with politics; and this portion of his poetry will live, and transmit his name to posterity." What can be more graphic than his eulogy of the town of which he had constituted himself the bard?

Ere Bedford's loaf, or Erin's stybe be thine,
Cloud-rolling Sheffield! want shall humble all.
Town of the unbowed poor! thou shalt not pine
Like the fallen rustic, licensed Rapine's thrall,
But first to rise, wilt be the last to fall!
Slow are thy sons the pauper's trade to learn;
Though in the land that blossoms like the rose,
The English peasant and the Irish kerne
Fight for potatoes, thy proud labourer knows
Nor workhouse wages, nor the exile's woes.
Not yet thy bit of beef, thy pint of ale,
Thy toll-strung heart which toil could ne'er dismay,
Nor yet thy honest, skilled right hand, shall fail;
Last from thy hearths the poor man's pride shall stray,
And still shall come thy well-paid Saturday,
And still the morn of rest be near and sure.

Or what of the kind could be finer than the following delicate, highly-finished, yet natural portrait of that unfortunate and abused queen, Mary Stuart?

Perhaps the artist might, with cunning hand,
Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;
And fancy might before the canvas stand,
And deem he saw the unreal bosom move.
But who could paint her heavenly soul which glows
With more than kindness—the soft thoughts that rove
Over the moonlight of her heart's repose—
The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,
Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose?
Oh, hadst thou words of fire, thou couldst not paint
My Mary, in her majesty of mind,
Expressing half the queen, and half the saint—
Her fancy wild, as pinions of the wind,
Or sky-ascending eagle that looks down
Calm on the homeless cloud he leaves behind,
Yet beautiful as freshest flower full-blown,
That bends beneath the midnight dews, reclined;
Or yon resplendent path o'er ocean's slumber thrown.

The amatory effusions of Ebenezer Elliott are remarkably few in number. His poem on "Love" is a very solid composition, but it glows with fine and soul-elevating thought. The following invocation to the genius of home is unsurpassed by anything in the language:

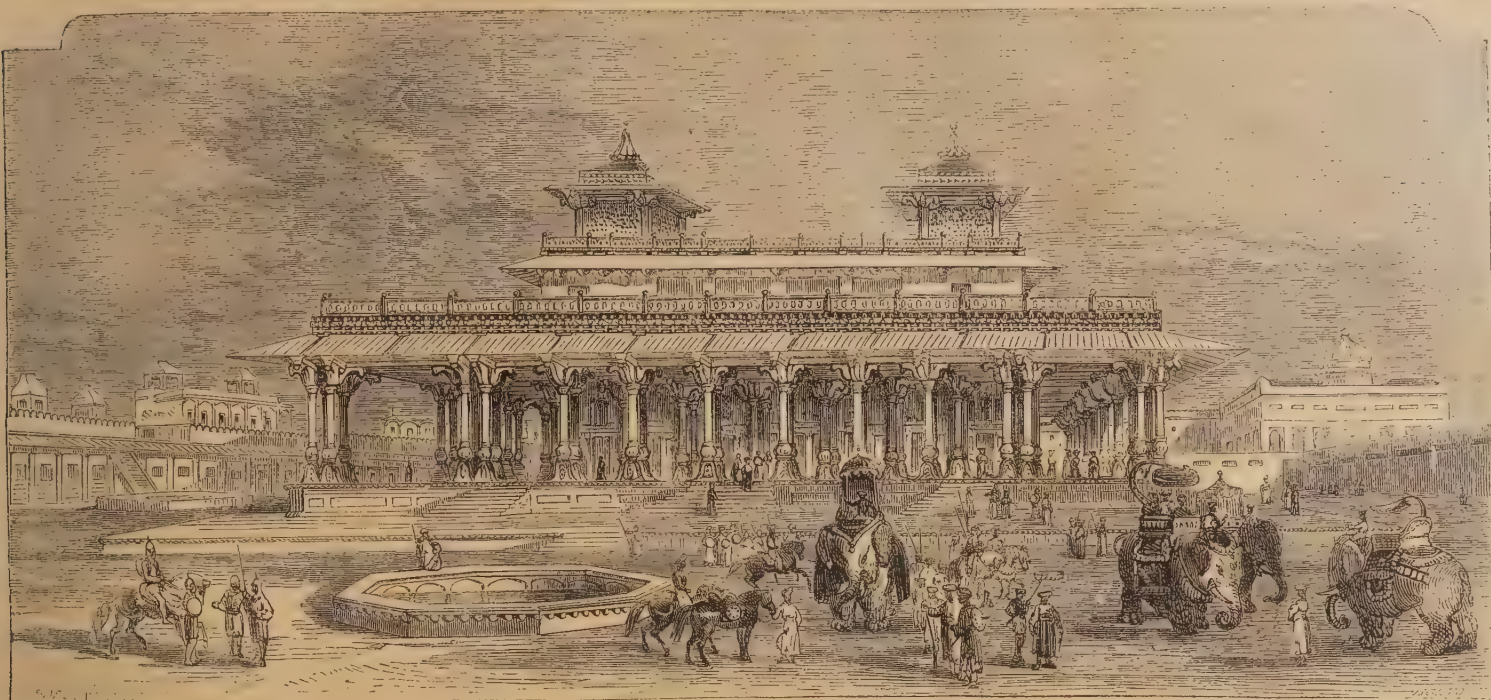
Blessed is the hearth when daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While Love and Hope inspire his wordless prayer.
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know.
Them may no poisoned tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die—
The generous heart, the independent mind—
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind.
May Temperance crown their feast, and Friendship share—
May Pity come, Love's sister-spirit, there.
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave;
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave;
Sweet peace be theirs, the moonlight of the breast
And occupation and alternate rest;
And dear to care and thought the rural walk,
Thine be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropped, that shall not bloom in vain,
And Hope's blest sun that sets to rise again.
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Blessed beyond fear and hate, if blessed by thee
And heirs, O Love! of thine eternity.

Mr. Elliott, who had been long afflicted with severe bodily disease, yielded up his indomitable spirit on the 1st of December, 1849. We say indomitable spirit, because he retained the clear use of his faculties to the last; and although, according to Mr. Watkins, "he lay helpless as a new-born babe, yet, with the strong self-will which had governed him through life, he could not submit to death, but looked, with a frown, as though he resented the intrusion of that stern power into his presence, and was indignant of the advantage which the conqueror was taking of his weak and prostrate condition."

Of the moral worth of this extraordinary man, too much cannot be said. He loved truth for truth's sake. His benevolence was tempered by prudence. He disdained the part of charity-monger. He wished men and women to be hard-working and independent; and, bearing that in mind, few English people, we think, will hesitate to subscribe to the sentiment contained in almost his last epigram:

Though Take's a rogue, and Give's a fool,
Yet Give and Take mean good for good:
Thus, Mine for Thine is blessing doubled
It's pence for pence, its cloth for wood!
It's hay for steel; its work for food!
With two enrich'd, and no one troubled.

In personal appearance the poet was a man rather under the middle size, slightly formed, with features marked by the small-pox, a light-blue eye, eyebrows very shaggy, thick, grey hair, and long upper lip. Our illustration affords an admirable idea of these personal characteristics.



[PALACE OF SULTAN KHOSROO, AT ALLAHABAD.]

TALES OF THE BRAHMINS.

THE FEAST OF RAJAS.

OUR English traveller, in the course of his wanderings in India, visited the city of Allahabad, a place celebrated in the annals of the Mogul dynasty, but now more distinguished for its being one of the permanent stations of the civil establishments attached to the British authority, in the province which has been indebted to the capital for its name.

Following the course of the Ganges, Allahabad is 820 miles from the sea; but the travelling distance from Calcutta is only 550 miles. It stands in latitude 25 deg. 27 min., north, longitude 81 deg. 50 min., east. The population, exclusive of the garrison, is estimated at not more than 30,000.

"The antiquity of the place," Tennant says, "is supported, not only by the tales of ancient tradition, but by large fields of rubbish, which seem to attest its former splendour, as well as its remote origin. The soil, for several miles in the vicinity of the fort, consists of mortar, broken pottery, and brick-dust. The straggling huts cover a space of five miles. Nine-tenths of the buildings are of mud, reared upon the foundations of more substantial edifices of brick, which have long since fallen to decay."

Allahabad, however, was once a very important place, for the Emperor Akbar made it one of his favourite residences, and adorned it with many magnificent edifices. The fortress erected by him was one of the many that extended from Lahore to Chunar, on the Ganges, and so secured his empire, from the confines of Persia to the borders of Bengal. In the present day, Allahabad is esteemed by the Hindoos as the king of worshipped places, because it is near to the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. It is one of their popular places of resort; and, standing in perhaps the most favourable situation which India affords for a great city, when it is connected by railways with Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay—as no doubt it will, in the course of a very few years—there can scarcely be a question that, under the vigorous rule of the British, it will regain more than its ancient importance—probably become the capital of the Anglo-Indian government.

When our English friend paid it a visit, he found it in a very squalid condition—it having obtained, even among the natives, the soubriquet of "Fakeerabad," or *beggars' abode*. The principal buildings consisted of the fort, the Jumna Musjeed, and the palace of Sultan Khosroo—all of which have been subsequently repaired at the expense of the Indian government.

The illustration shows this palace when it flourished as an imperial residence; having, very likely, no less a distinguished occupant than Akbar himself, or his still more illustrious grandfather, the renowned Mahomed Baber.

Bishop Heber, referring to this palace, says: "The finest things in Allahabad, are Sultan Khosroo's serai and garden: the former is a noble quadrangle, with four fine Gothic gateways, surrounded—within an embattled wall—by a range of cloisters, for the accommodation of travellers. The whole is now much dilapidated, but was about to be repaired from the town duties, when, unhappily, the Burmese war arrested this excellent appropriation of an unpopular tax. Adjoining this serai, is a neglected garden, planted with fine old mango trees, in which are three beautiful tombs, raised over two princes and a princess of the imperial family. Each consists of a large terrace, with vaulted apartments beneath it, in the central one of which is a tomb like a stone coffin, richly carved. Above, is a very lofty, circular apartment, covered by a dome, richly painted within and without, carved yet more beau-

tifully. All these are very solemn and striking, rich, but not florid or gaudy."

As our traveller surveyed this splendid pile, his fancy reverted to the period when its arcades, supported by beautiful Moorish pillars, were thronged by the great men who sustained the dignity of the Mogul court; when the fountains in the courtyards sparkled and murmured in the blazing sun, and richly-caparisoned elephants marched solemnly round them; while Arab steeds, bearing fierce warriors—probably ferocious Afghans—pranced about, and the whole palace glittered in savage splendour.

Turning to the intelligent Brahmin who acted as his guide, he said:

"The history of India, my learned friend, seems to me a cycle of changes. When I look upon this beautiful palace, from which luxurious emperors once issued commands, that millions obeyed without a murmur, I am reminded that from this very spot, a few centuries ago, the Hindoo Maharajah did precisely the same thing; and now the authority of both has passed away, and a people from a distant island rule the whole territory from Cape Cormorin to the Valley of Cashmere: a people, my friend, who were only sea pirates when Alexander visited these regions, and were sunk in the barbarisms of what we call the middle ages, when, in the year 1000, the great Sultan Mahmood poured his legions from the north-west, and scoured the plains of India as far as Allahabad, even to Benares, your holiest cities. Hindoos and Mussulmen both seem to have yielded to an inscrutable but invincible destiny."

The Brahmin, with a countenance as passionless as a bronze-visaged idol, answered:

"All things change but the Creator of all things. As he is all, and in all things, and by him are all things, so does he order all things to change but himself."

"A sound Christian doctrine," observed the Englishman.

"It is the doctrine of the religion of Brahma," replied the pundit; "and whatever name we give him, he is always the same."

"Do you style Brahma the Deity?"

"Yes, we have no other name for the impalpable essence, beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, which we call God. Brahma is the Hindoo Great One. But there have been many avatars of God in different lands. You Christians have had one, so have the Mussulmen, and so has every land and every people. There is a spirit in whom God is more especially, and who cometh from God, and is with God, and is likewise God; who hath made known to man the will of God, and the father of all, whom we call Krishnu, and worship as God's image, and believe to be the same as the sun."

"It is a singular worship, but it has undergone many modifications," said the Englishman; "the Hindoos in many parts do not worship Surya."

"No, but they have other emblems for the same active creative power. Behold our monuments and images, do they not all refer to the primary universal agent—life, light, soul, or however else you may choose to symbolise a thing which is, was, and must be."

A loud shouting and beating of drums was heard outside the palace walls; and upon the Englishman inquiring the cause, the Brahmin said:

"It is the beginning of the festival of Ramayuna. If you wish to behold it, I will conduct you to a convenient spot."

The traveller gladly assented, and while on their way

* The sun. Bishop Heber says: "Traits of resemblance to the history of our Lord are in fact to be found in the midst of all the uncleanness and folly in the popular legends respecting Krishnu."

to it, the Brahmin, with unctuous gravity, informed him that what he was going to see was another proof of the unchangeable character of the Hindoos and their institutions.

"The festival of Rama," said he, "has been held for more than two thousand years, and in precisely the same manner: so that the incarnation of Brahma must have visited the earth some thousands of years before."

The Englishman was too eager to see the show, to pause to enter into a chronological discussion; so, while listening to his guide in silence, he was conducted within the lines formed by Sepoy soldiers, and placed opposite the awning, in the principal street, under which the performance was going on. That consisted of a Hindoo drama, of which the chief characters were played by children. Rama, his brother Luchmun, and his betrothed wife, Seeta, were children about twelve years old. Each of the boys had a gilt bow in his left hand, and a sabre in his right; their naked bodies were almost covered with ornaments and tinsel; they had high, tinsel crowns on their heads, their foreheads and bodies were spotted with charcoal, and altogether they perfectly resembled the statues of Hindoo deities—

Except that of their eyes alone,
The twinkle showed they were not of stone.

Seeta wore a gorgeous veil of flimsy finery. The action of the play consisted of Seeta being stolen away by Ravana and his attendant evil spirits, and Rama and Luchmun going into the jungle in search of her. Huniman, the famous general of the monkeys, proffers his assistance; and the next scene disclosed a first and unsuccessful attack of Rama and his army on the fortress of the gigantic ravisher. The fortress was an inclosure of bamboos, covered with paper, and painted with doors and windows, within which was a frightful paper giant, fifteen feet high, with ten or twelve arms, each grasping either a sword, an arrow, a bow, a battle-axe, or a spear. The brothers, in a splendid palkee, were conducting the retreat of their army; the divine Huniman, as naked, and almost as hairy as the animal he represented, was gambolling before them, with a long tail tied round his waist, a mask to represent the head of a baboon, and two great painted clubs in his hands. His army followed—a number of men, with similar tails and masks, their bodies dyed with indigo, and also armed with clubs.

"Rama and Bacchus are one!" exclaimed the Englishman to himself. "Here we have Bacchus, his brother Ampelus, the Satyrs, and the Great Pan commanding them. I wonder whether the Greek fable is a copy of the Indian? I am afraid it is, and that if we were too curiously to inquire into a number of other things, we should have to part with many a cherished conviction as well as classic tradition."

As the pageant had now concluded, the Brahmin informed him that there yet remained three days of festival before Seeta's release, purification, and re-marriage to her hero lover. The pundit, however, did not state that, although the show was then a very innocent one, in "the good old times" before the British police was established, there prevailed a hideous practice, which shows the Hindoo superstition in a shocking light.

The poor children who had been thus feasted, honoured, and made to contribute to the popular amusement, were always poisoned in the sweetmeats given them on the last day of the performances, that it might be said their spirits were absorbed into the deities whom they

* The brothers Bala Rama and Krishnu flourished, it is supposed, about 3000 years ago. Rama is the Indian Hercules. He was a warrior, and, together with his brother Krishnu, subjugated nearly the whole of India.

had represented. Nothing of this sort can now be done. The children, instead of being brought for the purpose from a distance, by the priests, are the children of neighbours, whose prior and subsequent history is known; and Rama and Seta now grow old, like other boys and girls.

"What do you think of what you have seen of our Hindoo drama?" inquired the Brahmin.

"It has its moral," was the reply. "But it is the same story which has been told from age to age in every country, and among every people. The giant Ravana is tyranny—or, rather, power grown cruel and licentious; Seta and Luchinnu are the oppressed people; Rama is the patriot, and Hanuman, the monkey warrior, represents wisdom or cunning. But, considering that this drama has been played in India for, as you say, upwards of two thousand years, and I do not the least doubt it—I say, considering that, I much wonder that the people have been so blind to the lesson it teaches as to submit so passively, so mechanically, as they have done, to foreign invaders and domination. The Mussulman tyranny was a dreadful one—the most detestable that could possibly be imposed on the liberties and consciences of any people; yet it endured for upwards of six centuries, and was only broken at last by decay, produced by internal dissensions."

The Brahmin sighed, as he said:

"Alas! treachery and ambition can pull down a good house as well as build up a bad one. If you have no objection, I will tell how it came to pass that the followers of the Gentile avator, Mahomet, acquired empire in the land of the Indi."

The Englishman cheerfully acquiesced; and, after each had partaken of some refreshments in the abode of the priest, the latter told the following story—which, it may be mentioned, is based, in all its leading details, on authenticated history.

THE FEAST OF RAJAHS.

Towards the close of the twelfth century of the Christian era, the present city of Allahabad was a Hindoo one of much celebrity, being called Prayag, which means the sacred confluence of the Jumna and Ganges. Benares and the holy cities, as they were called, were in possession of the Maharajah, or Emperor of India, who at that time was Jychund Rathore, whose capital was Kanojee. This monarch had a magnificent kingdom, and was very popular. All the other rajahs paid him homage, and he was of so tolerant a disposition, that many natives of Persia and Tartary were engaged in his service.

But it appears that as Jychund waxed older, he was not satisfied with an implied supremacy over the reigning monarchs of India, but insisted upon its acknowledgment in due form.

He called a meeting of Brahmins and warriors, at Prayag, where there was a holy bathing-place; and, after the whole court had passed in solemn procession through the subterranean temple, and touched the sacred tree and drunk out of the sacred spring within its dark recesses, the monarch adjourned to his palace, which stood on the very spot where the accursed palace of the accursed Mussulmen now stands.

Having ascended his throne, he placed his crown * of jewels, that shot light upwards, like light from the morning sun, upon his brows, and at this signal Brahmins and warriors fell prostrate in mute adoration.

"Brahmins, princes, and potentates," cried the monarch, in a loud voice, "after much prayer and meditation, the descendant of Rama, Yom, Surya, and the Surya of all the Indis, has resolved to perform the Raisoo Yag, the great sacrifice which shall proclaim him lord and emperor of the world. Scatter yourselves, heralds, far and wide, and command our rajahs to attend the solemn feast!"

The assembled multitude sprang to their feet, and, after giving vent to their joy in deafening acclamations, retired, with low obeisances. A cloud of Brahmins encircled the monarch, and he was conducted to the temple of the dead forked tree, to invoke the strength of Brahma, as Rama, his great ancestor, had done before him.

When the news of this royal determination had been spread abroad, all the rajahs of India—even those from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, and from the Cow's Mouth, in the snow-capped Himalaya, to the solemn temple of the Black Bull in Tanjore—cheerfully hastened to assist at the sacred ceremonial. Pithowra, the Rajah of Delhi, alone was rebellious.

When the royal mandate reached him, he was at the head of his body guards, exercising them in the great inclosure behind the gardens of his palace.

Pithowra was in the full flush and vigour of manhood. Thirty summers had not passed over his head, and yet he had seven times overthrown the Moslems in as many pitched battles. On the last occasion, he had vanquished a hundred thousand Turkish, Persian, and Afghan cavalry, led in person by the renowned Mahommed Ghouri, the conqueror of Lahore, and pursued them, with prodigious slaughter, for forty miles. No wonder, then, that he was esteemed as the mightiest warrior and bulwark of India, or that his undaunted courage should have been accompanied by unconquerable pride.

When the herald approached, bearing a splendid present from the emperor, the youthful and strikingly handsome rajah reined in his foaming steed, and, bowing his head, received the envoy from the descendant of Rama with profound respect. The herald fell on his knees, and, while thus prostrate, said:

"Jychund, the lord and emperor of the Indi, the master of the world, the invincible and illustrious, the light of heaven, Surya, sends greeting."

"How!" exclaimed the rajah, instantly covering his head; "Surya, didst thou say?"

"Even so—Jychund is the Sun of the World!"

The wrath of Pithowra blazed terrifically, but, restraining himself, he said:

"There is only one Surya, and that is Pithowra, in whose veins flows the golden blood and life of Krishnu, the chief manifestation of the power of Brahma!"

The herald, unimpaired, performed his office, and then the anger of the rajah rolled forth in terrific volumes. He heaped every kind of execration on the head of the Rajah of Kanojee—as he styled the emperor—and then, as his fury exhausted itself, he assumed a tone of scorn, and, as he dismissed the herald, tauntingly exclaimed:

"Let the son of Rama befool himself as he may. The feast of rajahs is not complete without the son of Krishnu—and Pithowra is too great to grace the sacrilegious ambition of an upstart by his presence! Begone! Pithowra defies and contemns Jychund and all his race, and all his mockeries!"

As eastern sovereigns, when ruffled, were apt to forget the difference between an ambassador and a vile paria, the herald hastily retired from the illustrious presence of the descendant of Krishnu, and rode out of the city as swiftly as his fleet Arab steed could bear him.

The Rajah of Delhi, being naturally as magnanimous as hasty, soon dismissed the circumstance from his consideration, and busied himself in perfecting the discipline of his army, and directing the government of his kingdom.

This serenity, however, was not to endure long, for one day a minstrel—the favourite of all the courts in India, particularly at that of Delhi—made his appearance; and, as, by virtue of his office, for which he had been specially trained from the earliest infancy, he was privileged to enter the royal harem, the rajah sent him an invitation, and he was speedily ushered into the recesses of the zenana.

After diverting the ladies with his ballads of love, war, and adventure, the rajah, as was customary, asked him what news there was abroad.

The face of the minstrel became troubled, as he replied:

"Much that concerns your highness."

"Indeed! are the Ghizians about to pour down again upon us from their mountains? If so, we are ready to drive them back!"

"Worse than that!"

The rajah laughed, and said:

"As I apprehend no danger from any other quarter—indeed, fear none from any—speak, Chanda, openly, and reserve thy poetical riddles for another day."

"The Maharajah!" answered Chanda, tremblingly.

"What of him?" asked the rajah, carelessly, as he toyed with the long, flowing locks of his Cashmerian favourite.

"He has appointed a day for the Raisoo Yag!"

"The old fool!"

"And he has sworn that your highness shall be present either in person, or by deputy."

"Ah! proceed good Chanda—proceed! Nay, never turn so pale: your person is as sacred as our own."

The minstrel, thus encouraged, delivered himself of the astounding intelligence, that Jychund, on learning how his envoy had been received, had resolved on leading an army against Delhi; but the courtiers represented that such an undertaking would require a long time for execution—while the hour appointed for the sacrifice was near at hand. Their remonstrances had prevailed with the emperor; but, in order to make the festival as little incomplete as possible by the absence of Pithowra, they had made an effigy of him in gold, and intended to give it the office of porter at the gate.

It has been stated that Pithowra was hot-tempered; but on this occasion he never uttered a word; yet everybody could perceive that he was choking with rage, and that, had the throat of the fair damsel by his side been in his grasp, instead of her thick hair, she would inevitably have supped that night with Seraswati herself.

After a dreadful pause, during which the ladies of the zenana trembled like frightened birds, the rajah said, in a husky voice:

"We thank you, Chanda: your news is worthy ten crores of rupees; but, as we have not so much to spare in these stirring times, thou shalt have a chain of gold, and an office about our person!"

So saying, the rajah gathered his robe about his chest, and strode out of the apartment. The ladies evaporated in a whirlwind of gauze and dazzling-white ankles, and the minstrel, picking up his cittern, hurried to a less dangerous part of the palace.

In the meantime, the preparations for the Raisoo Yag had proceeded with such order and energy, that, when the appointed day arrived, it was found that due provision had been made for every portion of the ceremony.

An effigy of gold, attired in the costume of a rajah, stood at the palace entrance, holding in its hand a formidable key; and, by some curious contrivance, it inclined its head obsequiously to every guest as he entered. It would be too tedious to enter into all the details of this memorable sacrifice. To describe the countless number of self-tortured devotees, or the sacrifice of the thousand virgins, or the largeness and magnificence of the gifts to the emperor, or the unprecedented success of the Rama-yuna spectacle, or the omens vouchsafed on the occasion by Brahma himself, would require volumes: therefore, O Englishman, I must hurry you on to the last day—the day of the Feast of Rajahs."

Ten thousand guests were assembled in the hall of audience, and twice ten thousand goblets of wine sparkled on the tables: for, on that day, as well as on many other days, Hindoos are allowed to indulge in libations in

honour of the vicereigns of heaven. The flesh of the goat and of the birds of the air they may eat, but not the flesh of the oxen.

All went merrily in the hall, for fire was in every eye, and joy on every lip; and, after a thousand cocks had been sacrificed, to appease the infernal gods, the herald proclaimed the sovereign will.

"Honour, glory, and a long and peaceful reign to the Surya!"

This was received with acclamation.

"Confusion to his enemies!"

So was this.

"May he ascend to Swenga, and not go down to Narac, when Yamen calls him!"*

This was boisterously echoed.

"If fate wills his soul should stay on earth, may it not enter an unclean animal, or a vegetable, or a mineral!"

So was this.

But when the herald came to denounce the emperor's personal enemies, the applause redoubled in vehemence.

"Death and disgrace to Pithowra, the false Rajah of Delhi!" screamed the herald.

"He is a paria: he worships the obscene Maritale!" shrieked the guests.

The shouts had scarce died away, when a guest arose. He was young, tall, handsome, and had a death-dealing eye.

"Pithowra is here!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, as he waved above his head a sword of flaming brightness, and at one blow smote off the head of the rajah nearest to him.

This was the signal for five hundred warriors—sober and terrible as Krishnu, the prophet and soldier—to start from their seats, and begin the work of slaughter. The guests, surprised and terrified, fell an easy prey to the swords of the exasperated guards of the Rajah of Delhi; and it was not until the troops of the emperor began to surround the building, that they retreated, carrying with them the effigy which had provoked this sanguinary retaliation. Of rajahs, nobles, and Brahmins, above a thousand fell that day. The emperor escaped unhurt; and next day would have carried fire and sword into the heart of Delhi, had not his courtiers prevailed upon him to consider how unequal the contest would be with such a celebrated general as Pithowra. The emperor paused, and after a few moments' reflection, cried out:

"We will marry our daughter to the Rajah of Malwal, and, with our united forces, we will bear down upon the murderer, like a mountain rolled by the hands of the gods of the winds and the waters!"

This was a wise resolution, and was warmly approved of by the courtiers; and the emperor, after ordering a purification of his durbar, departed to announce his intention to the peerless Aileen, his daughter.

That priceless and incomparable pearl of beauties was a tall girl, with a full, rounded figure, the limbs and gait of an Amazon, the eye of an eagle, but the soft lips of Suradevi, and cheeks as smooth and delicate as the peach in its ripened beauty. She was also as accomplished in mind as person, being a proficient in the Hindostanee, Persian, and Talmul languages, besides having a knowledge of half a score of Indian dialects. She had heard of the exploits of Pithowra, and that, acting on a warm imagination, which had previously been touched by glowing descriptions of the beauty of his person and the heroism of his character, had created within her a violent prepossession in his favour. Therefore, when her august parent entered the zenana unannounced, as was his custom, and found her, as usual, splendidly attired, and made known to her his errand, he was inexpressibly surprised to find her obstinately averse to his proposed disposition of her hand.

"The Rajah of Malwal is rich!" urged the emperor.

"He is old and ugly!" was the tart reply.

"I have promised!" rejoined the emperor.

"I have not!" responded his daughter.

Rather ruffled, the emperor said, angrily:

"Am I not your father?"

"Yes; and in that assurance, I am satisfied you have my happiness at heart!"

Somewhat mollified by this answer, the emperor took a seat, and deigned to explain to his daughter the awkward position in which he was placed.

"The blood of my subjects, of my allies, of my friends, must be avenged," said he; "and, as I cannot carry war into the territories of that fiend Pithowra, without assistance, you must, you see, marry the Rajah of Malwal."

"I will neither marry the Rajah of Malwal, nor will I be made the instrument of inflicting any injury on the Rajah of Delhi!" was Aileen's resolute reply to this parental mode of reasoning.

"Not injure the Rajah of Delhi?" exclaimed the emperor.

"No!"

"He is a murderer—an assassin!"

"He is valiant—he is a hero!"

The emperor sprang to his feet as nimbly as if he had been stung by a *nagao* (cobra di capello), and heaped upon his daughter such a torrent of reproaches, that she became exasperated into the utterance of divers undutiful retorts, and finally avowed a fixed and rooted passion for the Rajah of Delhi.

"I love him!" she passionately exclaimed. "His valour is magnificent, and if he did slay your minions—would he had cleared your court of the vermin—they deserved it. Nay, they deserved more: they should have died by less illustrious hands. Pariahs should have backed them to pieces!"

Swenga is the first heaven; Narac, the region of serpents.

* The solar nimbus is common to Indian, Persian, Grecian, and Christian representations of sacred or royal personages. Its use in India has been traced as far back as the days of Noah.

The emperor was staggered, but not subdued, by this burst of passion. He gave the princess three days to consider, and, at the end of that time, she seemed as resolute as ever. He expelled her from his harem, and had her closely confined in a separate palace, where she was subjected to many hardships and indignities. But, despite them all, she remained firm. She had set her woman's heart on a certain purpose, and neither force nor guile should make her swerve from her adopted line of action.

Such an extraordinary circumstance soon obtained the most extensive publicity. Of course it was wafted to the ears of Pithowra, and he immediately fell desperately in love with the maiden; not more on account of her charms—which, although he had not seen them, he had heard extravagantly praised—than the romantic generosity of her passion for him, the enemy of her father. And thus it happened that a prince and a princess, known to each other only by repute, conceived for each other an affection which actually acquired more force and tenacity through the unparalleled obstacles that not only opposed its gratification, but actually prevented its mutual avowal. Each was ignorant that the passion was reciprocated.

Pithowra was so constituted, that he could not despair. Like his fabled ancestor, he never set but to rise again in renewed brilliancy. Knowing the talent for intrigue possessed by the minstrels who wandered from court to court, he summoned Chanda to his presence, and candidly explained the novel difficulty into which he had been plunged.

The minstrel sympathised with the rajah as readily as if he had been the mighty Cama himself; and, after divers consultations, to the intense regret of all the fashionable people in Delhi, one day he disappeared. The loss was irreparable; for, in that age, a minstrel filled the place now occupied by books, songs, instrumental music, newspapers, and gossiping tea-parties. However, he had vanished, and, for a whole month, Pithowra was sad and gloomy. The whisper ran through the court that Surya was in a state of eclipse.

The Princess Aileen endured the restraint which had been put upon her previously limited freedom, with firmness. A gentle languor had crept over her senses, and, while revelling in delightful day-visions of love, her maiden heart was soothed by the delicious lull which had fallen upon her soul; and which, as a foretaste of joy, steals upon the senses of all of us some time in our lives, like incense wafted from the far-off future. In the evening she would gaze upon the sky, and in the twinkling of the stars read her love and its destiny. While thus occupied one evening, she heard music beneath the lattice at which she stood, and, as she listened, a rich voice trilled a sweet Indian lay. The burden of it was, that an "Indian prince was dying for the bird which had sought his nest, and until he could see the silken fringe shut softly on her starry eyes, he would know no rest."

Aileen's pulse fluttered with delicious fear. Had Pithowra heard of her love for him, and what did he think of her?

The minstrel sang a bolder lay. It was of a prince as handsome in person as he was dauntless in war; it compared him to Agniasthra hurling his thunderbolts from the Himalaya to the plains of India, and then represented him as resting in gloom and solitude, pierced to the heart by one of Cama's flower-wreathed shafts. Aileen could not be mistaken—it was a messenger from Pithowra. Love is daring, and she spoke. The minstrel replied:

"The gold of Delhi is in the eyes of the guard. Listen, lady, to the song of Chanda, the messenger of Pithowra."

He then, in glowing terms, described the burning love of the rajah for the beautiful Aileen, his rage and distraction at her cruel imprisonment, and his determination to risk life and kingdom in the attempt to effect her deliverance. The princess returned an agreeable answer, and thus a correspondence between the lovers was opened and maintained, in despite of the vigilance of the emperor and the hundred thousand troops he had drawn round the sacred city.

Pithowra, disdaining to try what peaceful mediation could effect, one dark night accompanied Chanda as one of his attendants, and pleaded his affection in person. Aileen returned it with ardour, and, in the morning, the emperor found the officer of the guards, and some score of sentinels, cut to pieces, and the cage of his daughter empty.

He would have gone mad, had not a wily courtier suggested that he might revenge himself by calling in foreign assistance.

"By the Ring of Justice I will!" he cried. "I will form a league with the Turk, the Persian, even the robber bands of Sind and Guzerat, but I will be avenged!"

"Call in Mahommed, the Sultan of Ghizni," suggested a noble.

The fatal advice was taken, and the emperor entered into a league with the common enemy of India.

Pithowra was so wholly engrossed with his lovely bride, that the foe had entered his kingdom ere he could tear himself from her arms. But when he did so, he was once again the soldier. All his valour, however, proved fruitless. The hardy warriors of Khorassan and the fierce chivalry of Arabia, united to the forces of Jyehund, were too powerful for him to offer an effectual resistance. In the battle which ensued, on the plains of Tanassar, victory deserted him, and Mahommed and Jyehund entered Delhi in triumph.

"Alas!" concluded the Brahmin; "the infidel took such a violent fancy to the fertile plains, rich valleys, and opulent cities of India, that he shortly afterwards turned his arms against Jyehund himself, and, having easily overthrown him, became master of the largest and most wealthy provinces in Hindostan. He levelled Prayag to the ground; and, having built another city on its site,

which he adorned with many palaces and mosques, he commanded it to be called ALLAHABAD, or the Lord's Abode—as if the Divinity could be said to reside among infidels. But the followers of the avator of the Arabs founded a powerful empire, which in after ages, descended to the grandchildren of the savage Mogul, Timour: and thus was established that mighty monarchy, which you English now, as if in mockery of its nothingness, permit to be styled, by heraldic right, the dominions of the Great Mogul. As for Pithowra and his wife, Aileen, some accounts state that he was slain in the battle, and she was transferred to the harem of the Ghiznian conqueror; but another and more probable account is, that he was taken prisoner, and, having made terms with Mahommed, was allowed to retire to the mountains of Nepal, and take the beautiful Aileen with him. Most certain it is, that among Ghooora tribes there is a tradition, that centuries ago they were governed by a mighty chief, who had only one wife, whom he loved so dearly, that when she died he took up his abode in a mountain-hut by her tomb, and offered himself as a living sacrifice to the Judge of departed souls."

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

POWER OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.—The swallow, while flying at the rate of three miles a minute, is yet employed in looking up and down, right and left, for the minute insects on which it feeds, and which it captures and swallows without any diminution of the prodigious speed at which it is travelling.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—Captain Denham, R.N., now prosecuting a scientific voyage, recently read a paper at the Royal Society, in which the deepest sounding of the ocean ever made was recorded. On the passage from Rio de Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, in 36 deg. 49 min. south latitude, and 37 deg. 6 min. west longitude, on a calm day, the ocean was ascertained to be 7706 fathoms deep—7.7 geographical miles. The weight of the superincumbent water was so excessive, that a bottle of fresh water being lowered to a great depth in the sea, the pressure drove in the cork, and expelled the contents, the seawater taking the place of the fresh.

TO MAKE RAISIN WINE EQUAL TO SHERRY.—Let the raisins be well washed and picked from the stalks; to every pound thus prepared and chopped, add one quart of water, which has been boiled and has stood till it is cold. Let the whole stand in the vessel for a month, being frequently stirred. Now let the raisins be taken from the cask, and let the liquor be closely stopped in the vessel. In the course of a month let it be racked into another vessel, leaving all the sediment behind, which must be repeated till it becomes fine, when add to every ten gallons, six pounds of fine sugar, and one dozen of Seville oranges, the rinds being pared very thin, and infused in two quarts of brandy, which should be added to the liquor at its last racking. Let the whole stand three months in the cask, when it will be fit for bottling; it should remain in the bottle for a twelvemonth. To give it the flavour of Madeira, when it is in the cask, put in a couple of green citrons, and let them remain till the wine is bottled.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PRESERVATION OF WOODS AND METALS FROM DECAY.—The composition specified in Machabee's patent, is formed by melting together three one-fifth parts of vegetable tar, one part of mineral tar, one-sixth part of resin turpentine of Pinus Larix, one-third part of wax, one-sixth part of white grease, with or without the addition of one-third part of Roman cement, and a similar quantity of hydraulic lime, in fine and sifted powder. The mineral ingredients are added to the others when in a boiling state, but are only required in those cases in which the material to be coated with the composition of mastic is to be exposed to the action of heat. The composition is applicable to wood, metal, brickwork, &c., the surfaces of which must be well cleaned prior to its application, which may be effected by means of a brush, whilst in a heated state, and any number of coats may be employed. When the composition is used for covering the inner surfaces of walls, a coating of plaster is applied over the mastic.

IMPROVEMENTS IN GENERATING STEAM.—Mr. S. Cable, of St. Louis, U. S., has taken out a patent for a new mode of generating steam, by which he proposes to dispense with boilers altogether. His plan is to employ a metallic net work, similar to Ericsson's, upon which, when in a properly heated state, jets of water will be thrown, and, being immediately converted into steam, will be conveyed to the steam-chest, where it will be employed in the usual manner. The advantages claimed are economy in fuel, and safety from explosion. How he proposes to restore the heat we do not know.

THE SHIP-WORM.—Destructive as the ship-worm unquestionably is, nevertheless its services could ill be dispensed with. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both: for, were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber, that would choke harbours and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result, would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune—a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, a hundred are really saved; and, whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturesome mariners doomed to watery graves.—*Westminster Review.*

ON THE CAUSES OF EARTHQUAKES.

Few, if any of your readers any more than myself, ever had it in their power to read a simple description of earthquakes, and the atmospheric conditions under which they occur, so as to enable them to judge correctly of the theories already propounded, or to enable them to advance one more in accordance with facts. To judge correctly of the cause of earthquakes, I would submit the following description, observed at Comrie and immediate neighbourhood, a village in the western district of Perthshire.

There are four forms in which earthquakes are exhibited. 1. The perpendicular: in these sometimes there is but one heave, more generally two; on one occasion there were three heaves. When there is more than one heave, they are in rapid succession; but more so in dry weather than in damp. There is a quivering of the ground, while I cannot find that the shocks are perpendicular above a mile in diameter. Assuming the centre to be a short distance north of Comrie, one thing is certain: at the distance of two miles from the assumed centre, the shocks are felt inclined. Those in opposite directions held contrary opinions as to the source of the shock. The second class have a side motion—like the wave. With these earthquakes there is sometimes one side wave, but more generally two: I never observed three. The third class is merely a slight tremour of the ground, such as is produced by the rapid motion of a carriage passing through the village. I am not aware that this class of earthquake is observed six miles distant from Comrie, whilst the two former are often transmitted great distances from that place. The fourth class is nothing but a slight explosive sound, more distinctly heard in the open air than in houses: in this respect it is the reverse of the other three. I contend that it is wrong to class them as earthquakes: they are, however, more frequent than the others, and on some occasions, very numerous, but are not heard at any distance, the loudest not extending two miles from the seat alluded to. These are all the forms of earthquakes observed at Comrie.

The sounds of earthquakes, from the different forms they assume, and the different degrees of intensity, it is impossible to describe; but they are not so loud in the open air as is generally supposed; but, as the sound is caused by the motion of the earth, any one may understand that the sound will be different upon different strata. Let it be distinctly noted, that the shock is felt at Comrie before the sound is heard: at a distance from Comrie the sound is heard first; at greater distances, the space of time elapsing betwixt first hearing the sound and feeling the shock is greater—clearly proving that the velocity of the earthquake shock is less than that of sound.

As to the atmospheric conditions under which different earthquakes occur, I may state, in the first place, that they occur in hot, in cold in wet, and in dry weather; likewise in windy, and what we understand by calm weather; but not during easterly or westerly winds. As this is an important point, I repeat that, when an earthquake occurs in windy weather, the wind is either from the north or south points, or nearly so. Again, on many occasions, when the state of the atmosphere permitted such observation, I observed that when the under-current of air, at the time of an earthquake, was from the south, there was an upper current from the north, and *vice versa*. All the earthquakes that have occurred here were preceded by much wind or rain, within twenty-four hours of their occurrence. At the instant of the shocks occurring, there were great quantities of aqueous vapours in the lower regions of air, either in the form of clouds, mist, hail, &c. I am positive that it was so with all the earthquakes since 1839, excepting the second on the night of the 23rd of October, 1839. At the time of the first shock that night, which was perpendicular, it was not only dark, but the air felt thick; at the time of the second, which was undulating, it was clear; yet, from the fact that it was getting clearer at the time of the shock, I am justified in assuming that the aqueous vapours were moving at the time. All the earthquakes that occur in dull or wet weather, are slower in motion and longer in duration, as the one in wet weather will be found to last three or four times as long as the one in dry weather. The earthquakes are not felt in all parts of this district alike: the shocks are much more severe upon good stratum than on bad; all the houses that were damaged were situated where there was a very wet substratum, and no houses were damaged where there was a depth of dry soil.

Mr. Editor, I think we might as well attempt to submerge the British Isles, as to attempt the solution of the earthquake problem, upon the hypothesis of their being the effects of molten matter in the interior of the earth. Those who think otherwise, may try their ingenuity to make it out; but let them not forget the injury they do to the inhabitants of earthquake countries, who suffer more terror from false theories and exaggerated statements, than from the earthquakes themselves.

I will now very briefly state what appears to me to be the cause of earthquakes. First, no person doubts but that the sound of the earthquake is produced by the motion of the ground consequent on the shock. If so, the earth must move before the sound is heard; and as the neighbourhood of Comrie is the only part where the shock is felt before the sound is heard, it follows that earthquakes must originate there; and as in other parts the sound is heard before the shock is felt, it shows that the earthquake moves with a velocity less than that of sound. Again, the fact that earthquakes in dry weather, being more abrupt and greater in velocity than earthquakes in dull, wet weather, shows that they originate in the surface stratum, so as to be controlled by the solar influences; it likewise points to electricity as the agent—electricity being higher in tenacity in dry weather than in wet. Again, the fact that at the time of the great earthquakes occurring

there were great quantities of aqueous vapours in the lower regions of the air, and the shocks being severest where there was most aqueous matter at or near the surface of the earth, shows that aqueous matter has much to do with the cause of earthquakes; in short, it is the medium through which electricity acts in producing the earthquake phenomenon. In this case, what could be more natural than that the largest quantity of vapour in the lower regions should produce the greater earthquake? What could be more natural than that, when the aqueous vapour was stationary, the earthquake should be perpendicular? and what could be more natural than that, when the aqueous vapour was moving, the earthquake should be side or undulating? It is most probable that, at the instant of the shock, there is a conjunction of the higher and lower currents in the air above-mentioned. Again, most probably those explosive sounds that are so frequently heard, are caused by the explosion of oxygen and hydrogen gas, consequent upon the decomposition of water in the trap rock under the bed of the River Lednock, where the centre or seat of earthquakes' disturbance is. One thing is certain—those living nearest this spot, hear more of these explosive sounds than others. Here it will be proper to observe, that the course of the Lednock is north and south—the direction of the winds under which the earthquakes occur. I am aware that some still hold the seat of earthquakes to be under some of the neighbouring hills.

Lastly, I will give what appears to me, from a review of the whole facts bearing upon the question, the origin of the Comrie earthquakes, which began in 1788. In 1787, a magnetic rock was opened out for a quarry, for the benefit of the hewers of Comrie, upon the edge of the River Lednock; a short distance south from the centre of the earthquake, the magnetic rock dips north under the river, where different geological formations underlie each other. Previous to the excavation, the magnetic rock was covered with dry soil, so as to exclude the atmospheric influences; but when the quarry was opened, a medium of communication for the magnetic disturbances opened, which did not previously exist. That this is the true solution, the following facts will strongly support: From the opening the quarry until 1809, the hewers frequently required stones: by the frequent quarrying, a fresh surface of the magnetic rock was exposed to the atmosphere: this period was marked by very frequent earthquakes—many of them were very alarming. About 1809, a young nobleman, who at present stands high in her Majesty's councils, came with his sister to reside in Comrie Mansion, which is near the quarry: in consequence of this, the hewers were forbidden the use of the quarry until about 1817 or 1818, when it was reopened.

During the period that the quarry was shut, a marked change took place in the earthquakes—they were far milder, and much less frequent; but when the quarry was reopened, the earthquakes resumed their former activity, until the quarry was again closed, which was followed by a milder form of earthquake. About 1834, the quarry was again opened; and, in 1838, a new quarry was opened on the same rock, upon the other side of the river: so that, by the working of the two quarries, a greater extent of the magnetic rock was exposed to the atmosphere than ever before; and it is a well-known fact, that, between 1839 and 1846, there was a greater number of alarming shocks than ever occurred in the same period of time. There has not been any quarrying since 1846, and the earthquakes, since that time, have assumed their milder form, and are of less frequent appearance.—JAMES DRUMMOND: *Comrie, N. B.*

THE SEWING GIRL.

A pure, young heart and a thrifty needle
Are better than pride and a golden girdle.

"Sir, you have dropped this letter!"

The words were few, but they were spoken in so sweet a tone, and in so courteous and modest a manner, that the young gentleman to whom they were addressed involuntarily raised his hat as he stopped and turned towards her, and, with eyes of deep and respectful admiration—which beauty, combined with modesty and grace, always command—took the letter from her hand.

"Thanks, miss; you are very kind, to take the trouble to bring it back to me!"

"It was no trouble, sir!" answered the young girl, modestly; and, dropping her eyes to the ground, she added, in that rich cadence which had already entranced his ear:

"Good evening, sir!"

And she passed on her way with a light, graceful step, as if she was as cheerful-hearted as she was beautiful; for, though it was deepening twilight, the young stranger had seen that her features were uncommonly lovely.

He stood for a moment gazing after her, and then silently remarked, both philosophically and sentimentally:

"How much beauty there is in this world!"

He then resumed his progress. He had, five minutes before, come down in the mail-stage, to pay a visit to an aunt whom he had not seen since his boyhood, when he went to school in the town he had now once more returned to. The stage had left him at the inn, and passed on its way; and, as the distance was short, he took his valise in his hand, and, muffled in his cloak—for it was a clear, bracing, autumnal evening—he proceeded on foot towards the residence of his aunt, which was a large, square, old family mansion, just out of the town, and half hidden from the street by a group of stately elms and oaks.

He had passed on his way but a few rods, when a letter that he had been reading in the coach, and which he had not properly returned to his pocket, fell out. At the moment, a young girl, in a small, neat hood, lined with blue silk, and a closely-fitting, dark-blue habit, that displayed her fine figure, yet without coquetry, her hands thrust into a little muff, passed the spot, not meeting him, but crossing from another street.

Seeing the letter glitter white upon the ground, she picked it up; and, looking round, saw the young stranger, whom she immediately hastened after, and presented him with it, though not without having very naturally glanced at the superscription. It was: "Edward Custis, Esq."

The letter thus dropped, and so gracefully restored, had been received by him, two or three days before, from his father. The contents were as follows:

"My dear Edward,—I have a few words to say to you in confidence, and I beg you will receive them more as the counsel of a friend than the authority of a father. You have just now completed your legal studies, and have passed an honourable examination as a candidate for the bar. Your career is now in your own hands; and I have that confidence in your talents and perseverance, which prompts me to anticipate for you the highest honours of your noble profession.

"You must now take a wife! You will smile at the abrupt manner in which I have introduced the subject; nevertheless, I have written what I have with seriousness. You have a handsome fortune, and are able to live in that style which becomes your family and position in society. I advise you to this because I know you will be happier. Your mother's death breaks up my household, in a great measure, and deprives you of a home. Nothing is more dangerous for a young gentleman than to live a bachelor's life at an hotel or fashionable boarding-house. To make no mention of the habits that he acquires—I do not speak of immoral ones, for I do not fear you would fall into any—he is robbing himself every day of so many hours of domestic happiness. The home alone is the place where the heart learns to know itself, and to unfold its nobler and purer attributes. The 'hearth-stone' develops the man, and elevates and purifies his character. The finer sentiments, the better feelings, the holier emotions, all the great wealth of the heart, all the abundance in the treasure-house of his affections, is brought out within the magic circle of home.

"You must be married, Edward! The parental solicitude with which I have trained you up from boyhood, and followed you through your academical studies, your collegiate pursuits, your law studies, and to the bar, will only find its reward and crown in seeing you the happy husband of some good, noble girl, worthy of you.

"I have selected one for you. You are doubtless ready to say that, if I insist on your taking a wife, you ought to be at liberty to choose her! So you shall be; but how do you know that your choice may not fall where mine has?

"I have long had in my eye Caroline Clifford, your aunt's protégée, and your distant relation. I don't know whether you have seen her since you were at school in B—. I saw her last month, and I must confess that I never saw a young lady who has pleased me more. She has grown very beautiful, and is remarkably intelligent, as well as accomplished. She appears to me to be one whom any man might be well proud of. She spoke of you with the greatest kindness and interest, and wondered why you had not been down to pay them a visit; for she remembered you as a youth of fifteen, and said that she thought you were the handsomest boy in the academy. She asked me a great many questions about you, and really seemed to talk of you as if you were a brother. Thus you see the way is paved for you, by her prepossession in your favour. I am assured by her aunt, who is also your aunt, though you are only cousins by marriage, that her heart is wholly disengaged.

"Now, my dear boy, if you would please me, go down to B— at once, and fall in love with Miss Clifford. You can't help it, when you see her. Her father and I were bosom friends, and when he was alive, he used to take pleasure in talking about the future union of Caroline and yourself. That such a marriage would gratify me you already know. So go down and pay a visit of two or three weeks at your aunt's, before you fall in love with anybody else. I am sure Caroline will catch you without remedy!

Your attached father,

"C. CUSTIS.

"P. S. Caroline Clifford has about six thousand pounds in her own right, and will probably have ten thousand more when her aunt dies. But this is no consideration to you, as your fortune is ample. Had she not a penny, I should equally desire to bring about the match. Now, be docile, my dear boy, and try and make me, as well as your cousin, happy; for a happy girl she will be to get you for a husband.

C. C."

This was the letter which had been picked up by the young girl in the hood lined with blue silk.

Edward Custis had taken it out to read over again as he drew near the town where the fair subject of it resided; and, but for the maiden who had crossed his path, would have lost it, and perhaps exposed to the whole village gossip, the especial object of his visit to B—.

As he now pursued his way towards the mansion of Madame Powell—as the respectable maiden aunt was called throughout the town—he could not get the sweet, pure face of the young girl out of his thoughts; though, it is true, he did not try very hard to banish them. At length he reached the gate, and entered the spacious walk that led to the house.

We will pass over his reception which, by aunt and niece, was all that he could desire. The beauty of Miss

Clifford struck him with admiration. He assented in his mind to his father's words, that she was one of the most beautiful females he had ever beheld. Her age was just past nineteen. Her education had been all that wealth could make it. She was perfect in all feminine accomplishments. But when this is said, all has been said. Her head was educated, but not her heart.

Proud of her beauty, proud of her aristocratic connections, proud of her reputation as an heiress, she had little room for the heart's virtues to bloom and bear fruit. Such a character could not be otherwise than purely selfish; and Caroline Clifford loved herself infinitely. Her character exhibited itself in her air and features; for, beautiful as they were, they betrayed pride and passion to be active ingredients in her nature. But she had the art to conceal these darker features; and the most finished and perfect veil is a lovely face. Beauty is a mask that will defy the keenest penetration. It often conceals the worst aspects of moral deformity.

Miss Clifford had successfully concealed the errors of her character before Mr. Custis. She hoped that she might win the son through the father's good-will; for she had long had her thoughts upon Edward Custis. She remembered him only as a lad, but she knew that he was now a young man of great wealth, and that if she could marry him, she could, with her beauty, take her own rank in the society of the metropolis—perhaps be the very leader of fashion. With these ambitious views in her heart, she had played her cards with the father.

After his departure, her aunt made known to her the recent wishes of the old gentleman, and told her that they would probably, by-and-bye, have a visit from the young heir.

"There is no doubt, Carry," said her aunt, "that you will at once captivate him by your beauty. Mr. Custis was almost in love with you himself; and I think Edward will fall quite in love. You have only to resolve that he shall, and you will effect your object!"

Thus spoke Madame Powell, a proud, cold-hearted, wise woman of the world, who looked forward only to the "establishment" of her niece, without regarding scrupulously the means by which it could be accomplished. She had set her heart on the union quite as strongly as Mr. Custis. But the former was actuated by selfish ambition, because Edward Custis was very rich; while the latter was actuated only by the desire to get his son a good wife, which he firmly believed Caroline would make him.

The reception of the young heir, therefore, could have been none other than most flattering.

Miss Clifford's success more than confirmed her anticipation: Edward was captivated and bewildered by her beauty and fascinations. She saw her power. Closer and closer, day by day, she drew around him the snares of love, and completely made him her willing prisoner. But all this was not effected by mere diplomacy. Caroline Clifford's heart was at length ensnared by her very victim. She began to love with the wildest passion; and thus nature took the place of art in sealing her conquest. She conquered only by being conquered. The spell which she had cast over his soul involved her within its toils. She loved with all her heart, and with all her being. He loved with his head—with that sentiment which is intoxicated with the beautiful. He admired rather than loved. His passion partook of pride in her beauty, rather than trust in her affection. His imagination was pleased, leaving intact his deeper feelings. He willingly deceived himself. He believed that he loved, when, in truth, he was only enchanted.

The week after his arrival, he addressed a letter to his father:

"B—

"My Dear Father—I have now embraced the first moment I could steal from the society of the enchanting Caroline, to write to you. You did not say too much in her praise. She is all that I could desire. Beautiful without a fault—generous to a fault. She gives much to the poor daily, and in her character seems to me without a blemish. You will have your dearest wishes gratified, if I can prevail upon her to accept my hand. To win and wear such a treasure would make me perfectly happy. In a few days I think I shall make her the offer of my hand and heart.

"To-morrow night, Madame Powell is to give a large party, chiefly on my account. I am sure that Caroline will eclipse the brightest coronet of beauties that can be assembled here.

"Your affectionate son,

"EDWARD CUSTIS."

An hour after he had written this letter, and was returning from the post-office, where he had taken it himself, to enjoy the walk thither and back, he was passing a neat two-storey house, of respectable but unpretending exterior, close by the street, when he saw at the window a face which had more than once flitted like a fair vision across his mind, since he had been in B—. He had seen it before only in the soft radiance of twilight, but it was indelibly imprinted upon his remembrance. It was that of the young girl who had picked up the dropped letter. She was now seated at the window, her exquisite profile towards him as he was going by. She was bending gracefully forward, and seemed to be sewing. He stopped full, almost without being aware of it, and gazed upon her charming face. There was a sweet, serene beauty reposing therein, which he had never seen anything like, except in the divine scriptural heads—the Marys or Madonnas of Raphael.

She looked up, and, seeing him, blushed deeply, with instant recognition and surprise. Recalled to himself, he bowed with an air of respectful apology, and moved on his way, wondering who that angelic and sweetly modest girl could be. A few paces on, he met a servant of Madame Powell.

"James, who lives in that house with the green blinds?"

"That small one, sir, with the low windows and the lilacs in the yard?"

"Yes!"

"The Widow Brandon, sir."

"Who is she, James?"

"Well, sir, I believe she is a very respectable person indeed," exclaimed James, with a formal air, as if he did not acknowledge any personal acquaintance with the family. "Her husband used to be a doctor; but, instead of curing sick people, he was sick all the time himself, and never had any practice."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, sir. He died about five years ago, very poor. The family is respectable, I believe; and I remember when his widow used to go to the first parties, and her daughter, too; but it ain't so nowadays! Nice people, sir—very nice—but that's all!"

"Thank you, James!" answered Edward, giving way to let him pass on.

When he entered the drawing-room, he found Miss Clifford and her aunt engaged in the very important discussion of who should be invited to the party.

"You must have a great many ladies in the neighbourhood, Caroline," he said, glancing over the list of names which his aunt placed in his hand.

"Yes," answered the beauty, "we have a very large and fine society here, and unusually select. There are a great many more people who, I dare say, will think they ought to be of the party; but it is very difficult, in an interior town, you know, to draw the line."

"Yes," observed Madame Powell, "one can't associate with all; and so many people are forcing themselves among the aristocracy, that we are compelled to be very strict."

"Aristocracy, dear aunt! You are not speaking of England, are you?" said Edward, drily; for he had a sensible and hearty contempt for that affectation of exclusiveness which characterises too forcibly a large portion of society in his native country.

"We are or ought to be aristocratic here," said Miss Clifford. "As we have no titles to distinguish us, it is the more necessary to draw lines to keep off the common people!"

"The common people?" repeated Edward.

"I mean nobodies. You understand me, Custis, though you pretend not to!" she said, with a brilliant smile, that made him forget, for the moment, everything but her beauty.

"If you please, I will run over your list," he said.

"Oh, yes! I dare say most of the women you will remember as those of your school-boy days."

"Yes—a good many of them," answered Edward, looking over the list. "Most of them are new, and some of those that I recall to mind are not here!"

"Great changes have taken place," observed Madame Powell.

"Yes. I see the name of Peter Leverell, lady, and daughter. He was a shoe-dealer when I was a boy! How does he come within the orbit of your aristocratic world, aunt?"

"He has grown rich since then!"

"Yes, very rich indeed!" reiterated Miss Clifford, with particular emphasis on the magic monosyllable *rich*.

"Oh—ah! that alters the case!"

"He keeps a carriage!"

"And gives elegant parties!"

"It is enough, Caroline. There is a name left out here that ought to be here, unless the family are dead or removed," resumed Edward, as he carelessly ran his eye down the list.

"Whose is that?" asked Madame Powell, eagerly.

"Yes!" exclaimed Miss Clifford; "for we wouldn't forget anybody of consequence, for the world."

"I mean Doctor Brandon and family."

"Doctor Brandon has been dead six years," responded Madame Powell, with a look like one very much relieved to think she had not left out any person "of consequence."

"He died miserably poor," said Caroline. "His widow has all gone down!"

"Gone where?"

"How amazingly dull you are!" she said, laughing. "I mean she is nobody now. They don't go into society!"

"She was once a very beautiful woman, and an ornament to society."

"Yes, I believe so," answered Miss Clifford, with a slight sneer of contempt; but nobody visits them now. They are very destitute!"

"But that should only, it strikes me, be the reason why they should be visited!"

"You don't understand me; I mean visited in the way of social calls and invitations to parties!"

"And why should not Mrs. Brandon be still visited in this way, even if she is poor? She is the same Mrs. Brandon in calico, that she was in silks!"

"Are you in earnest, Edward?" inquired Caroline Clifford, opening her large, hazel eyes, and fixing them upon him with a look of haughty surprise, through which struggled a propensity to laugh.

"Yes, indeed I am!"

"You are wonderfully practical in your republicanism, Edward!" she said, pleasantly. "Your father told us you were a very great patriot."

"That is as it may be. Has Mrs. Brandon any daughters?"

"Yes, one; a girl about eighteen."

"Then, for her sake, her mother ought to be visited. Suppose, now, you break through the trammels of fashion, Caroline, and invite Miss Brandon!"

"Invite Miss Brandon!" repeated Caroline Clifford, with an angry glow on her cheek.

"And why not, if the only reason why you do not invite the mother is that she is poor? Young ladies—nearly all of them—are poor till they are of age, or get married, for that matter. Like Miss Brandon, they are dependent."

"How strangely you talk, Mr. Custis!" said Caroline, quickly, quite vexed and annoyed. "Miss Brandon has disgraced herself. She has taken a step that will for ever shut her out of society!"

"Indeed! I am deeply pained to hear it! I thought she was a person of good character, or I would not have said a word!"

"You misunderstand me," replied Miss Clifford, colouring deeply. "I do not mean to say anything against her character. I mean to tell you that she takes in work!"

"And is this all?" inquired Edward, laughing, and looking very much relieved to find that the lovely girl whose part he had been advocating, was still good and worthy. "I esteem her more for her noble efforts to support herself and family. Is this all?"

"All!" repeated Miss Clifford, in a proud tone, and with an air of ineffable contempt. She then haughtily added: "We will speak upon a pleasanter theme, Mr. Custis. I am not in the habit of thinking upon such low persons, much less inviting them to my fashionable parties!"

"Caroline," said her aunt, when they were alone, "you will offend him by this imprudence. Don't let him see your feelings. Keep them down, and hold a rein on your spirit till you get married. Afterwards, you may cast it loose upon the mane. You will lose him if you don't be cautious, for he is a young man who has plain, practical views of things!"

"Do you think he was really in earnest? Do you believe he would like to have me invite the Brandons?"

"He seems to be wholly indifferent to the distinctions of fashionable life! I shouldn't be surprised if he should like them invited!"

"Then he must have seen Alice Brandon!" cried Miss Clifford, her brow darkening with feelings that she could hardly analyse herself. She experienced all at once emotions of the deadliest hostility to the humble and lovely sewing girl; and while she felt it, her pride was stung that she should condescend to feel at all in reference to one—to use the language of her own thoughts—"so much beneath her!"

The evening of the party, Edward quitted the gaiety, splendour, and hollow happiness of the close, festive rooms, to breathe the fresh air of the calm, starry night. His heart was not in unison with the festive mirth within. Caroline Clifford was indeed there! She who had thrown about his senses the chains of a bewildering enchantress was present, the queen of beauty, and the cynosure of all eyes.

But Edward did not gaze upon her with the fascinated eyes of yesterday. He had discovered that her beauty concealed a proud, selfish, unfeeling heart! He had detected beneath the smile of an angel, the most finished duplicity. Not only by means of his conversation about Alice Brandon had he gained this knowledge, but in many other ways. It had gradually been opening upon him, and slowly enlightening his soul, like the progressive growing of the dawn. Reflection, combining, analysing, and comparing what he discovered in her, led him wholly to reverse his opinion of her. He saw through her, and despised heartily the character which was revealed through her assumed one. He had tried her as soon as he began to suspect her goodness, and in every trial and test she fell! Had she known she was undergoing judgment before her lover, she would have been on her guard. But she did not suspect it, and so he proved in his own eyes her charity to be ostentatious; her amiability, hypocrisy; her artlessness, art.

It was a sad conviction for him to come to, but it was irresistible. He kept from her his discovery, and outwardly extended towards her courtesy and kindness. Yet her quick eye and sensitive love detected and felt the coldness: for where there is no warmth in the eye—warmth from the heart—it will look coldly.

She saw the change in his manner at the ball. She was wretched, in all the glory of her beauty. At length she missed him from the rooms.

He was weary of the mockery of happiness there, and tired of assuming that tenderness towards his cousin that he did not feel. He assumed only for the evening—for if he treated her as he felt, she would have left the rooms and broken up the party, perhaps with a scene! To avoid this, he resolved to let the evening pass off, and determined the next day to take his departure. As he had not yet offered his hand to Miss Clifford, he felt he had perfect liberty to leave without any explanation. Indeed, he hardly knew how to give any, without unfolding to her in detail the dark features of her own character, as discovered by him.

He walked down the avenue, his thoughts dwelling upon this subject. He opened the gate and passed along the walk, which was a broad and smooth gravel promenade, all the way into the town. He was walking on, hardly conscious of having passed out of the gate, and wrapped in his painful thoughts, when he saw half a dozen females standing together, looking towards the brilliantly illuminated windows of the hall, watching the dancers, and listening to the swelling waves of music.

He merely glanced up at them, and passed slowly on. In a few steps he came to two others. They moved quickly aside on perceiving him, as if to escape observation. But they did not retire so soon but that Edward detected the sweet face and sylph-like figure of Alice Brandon. The glare of light from the scene of festivity

was sufficiently strong for him distinctly to see and recognise her. Leaning upon her arm was a lady of maturer years. Edward conceived that it must be her mother. Obeying some uncontrollable impulse, he approached them as they were hurrying away, and said, in a polite tone:

"Miss Brandon, I believe?"

Both ladies stopped for an instant, and Alice Brandon bowed and slightly smiled, as she said, apologetically:

"My mother thought she would walk out a little way, it is so pleasant, and we have been stopping to listen to the music for a few moments."

She then moved on with her mother.

"Mrs. Brandon, you probably do not recollect me?" said Edward, walking by the side of the still fine-looking widow; "I am the Edward Custis who was here when a lad, and lived with Madame Powell."

"I remember you, sir," answered Mrs. Brandon, with the gentle dignity becoming a widow with a fair, blushing daughter upon her arm; "I have seen you pass the house, and Alice told me who you were."

"Indeed! then I am so happy as to have been known to you, Miss Brandon?" said Edward, feeling at heart flattered that she should have thought so much of him as to find out who he was, though but once they had met.

"I saw your name, sir, written upon the letter which I picked up," answered Alice, without lifting her eyes.

"Yes, that is true. Let that letter be one of introduction between us, Miss Brandon," he said, with a sincerity of tone, and an air of frankness, that caused her to look up into his face, and then drop her eyes, while the most pleasing and sweet emotions that ever fluttered in a maiden's heart filled her own.

He walked on with them slowly, and in agreeable conversation, until they reached the gate. Here, he hoped, in his soul of souls, that the widow would enter, and that Alice would linger, and let him converse with her alone; for he felt that, disguise the truth from himself as he would, he had lost his heart to the lovely sewing girl, having only lost his senses to Caroline Clifford.

"Will you walk in, Mr. Custis?" said the widow, with hospitality.

"Thank you; perhaps you would be so obliging as to permit Alice to walk with me a little further, if she will herself consent?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Custis," answered Mrs. Brandon, with a little embarrassment. "Alice is a sewing girl only, and her fair fame is all that she possesses. To be seen with you, a young man of fortune, who is also reported to be engaged to Miss Clifford, would make fuel for idle gossip, and perhaps Alice might be the sufferer. I know, Mr. Custis, that you are a person of too good character for me to fear you; and you are also too sensible to take offence at what I have said!"

"On the contrary, dear Mrs. Brandon, I respect your solicitude for your daughter, and commend you for your motherly care over her! You have done right to speak as you have!"

"I am glad you feel so, Mr. Custis. We should be very happy to have you walk in."

"I will go in and stay a few moments, with pleasure. I am quite fatigued with the noise and crowd at the ball. A quiet conversation with you here will refresh me. I wish to hear the history of your family, and of the doctor's death."

In a few minutes, Edward was seated in the neat little parlour, feeling perfectly at home with his new friends. If he thought Alice beautiful in the street, he now thought her almost a seraph in loveliness and wisdom. How the evening passed he hardly knew, save that it was the happiest of his life hitherto. It was late when he left the house. The sweet "good night" of Alice was echoing in the deep well of his heart, like music, when he reached the mansion. He had been absent two hours. Many of the guests were gone, and others were leaving. He entered the rooms with the careless air of one who was not conscious of having strayed. Miss Clifford saw him; and, although she was engaged in receiving the parting courtesies of her retiring guests, she broke from the side of her aunt, and, with looks pale and flushed by turns, and much excited, she came up to him.

"I am so glad to see you, sir, sir! I feared some accident had befallen you!"

Edward pitied her as he gazed on her. He knew how false she was, and felt for her as a generous man would. He could not help contrasting her with the gentle, pure-hearted, artless sewing girl. It was with difficulty he could answer her civilly. He made some reply in a cold tone, he hardly knew what. She stared at him wildly, and then, bursting into tears, rushed from the drawing-room.

The next day Edward left the mansion. He took leave only of his aunt, having previously addressed a note to the beautiful Miss Clifford, in which, in as delicate and kind a manner as possible, he made known to her that he had decided to withdraw himself for ever from her presence! This decision, in substance, he also made known to Madame Powell.

"What reason do you give?" demanded the surprised and grieved lady.

"Incompatibility of characters. I was pleased, enchanted with Miss Clifford, and believed she would make me a good wife. But I have studied her character. I know my own; and there is no common ground of union. Tell Caroline I shall always think of her with kind regard!"

"This is a strange freak, sir!"

"It may be so. I cannot think of marrying Miss Clifford!"

"Your father will be angry and pained, sir!" answered the lady, trembling with disappointment and rage.

"I must risk his displeasure. Good morning, madam! Give my final adieu to Miss Clifford!"

To describe the grief and wild despair of Caroline Clifford at this result, would be impossible. If she had not loved him, her wounded feelings and disappointed ambition would have found shelter in her pride. But she passionately loved, and this desertion overwhelmed her. She was angry with herself, too; for she saw that he had seen through her character, from her want of watchfulness and art. She saw now how he had drawn her out, and how she had betrayed herself unwittingly to his inquisitorial penetration.

On his way past the humble abode of Mrs. Brandon, he stopped and went in. He was absent an hour, which was strange, as Alice was not at home, being out that day sewing for hire. The widow came to the door, and as she took leave of him, her face wore a look of calm joy. He pressed her hand respectfully to his lips, and left for the inn.

The week following, it was known throughout the town that the widow Brandon had left, where, it was said, Alice was to have a place in a school.

The rumour was not, however, quite exact. Instead of keeping school, Alice was placed in a school—the first school for young ladies in the city.

A year passed, and Caroline Clifford had recovered, in some degree, from her disappointment. She was soled by hearing that her recreant lover was still unwedded and unengaged.

Another half-year passed. Miss Clifford resolved to go to the city and live. Her aunt yielded. Caroline had heard that Edward still remained single, and she was seized with the hope that he had repented, and might be recovered if she was on the ground.

The morning she was to leave, the last Saturday's *Courier* was handed to her fresh from the office. She opened it and looked, as had been her custom since Edward ran away from her, to the hymeneal heading.

She read, shrieked, and fell senseless to the floor. Her eye had caught and comprehended the following:

"Married, last Thursday morning, in Christ Church, by the Rev. Dr. D—, Edward Custis, Esq., of this city, to Miss Alice Brandon, daughter of the late Dr. Charles Brandon, M. D."

We were about to add a few lines by way of moral; but the story speaks it. We will, however, append a short but homely one for lovers of written morals, viz:

"It is no disgrace to take in sewing."

F A C E T I Æ.

AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO.—Come when you are bid, and bid when you come.

FISHERMEN must possess extraordinary medical powers, for they never attempt to cure a fish till he is dead.

A youth with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

AMONG the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household, was the following: "That none toy with the maidens, on pain of four-pence."

A NOVEL MOUSETRAP.—A person named Jerome, in St. Martin's, Haverfordwest, purchased a small quantity of oysters, which he placed in a back room; in the course of a quarter of an hour he went into the apartment, and there discovered that two mice had been actually caught by one oyster, and their heads broken by the shells, when attempting to purloin the fish.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

"GO MARRY," is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with apple blossoms. Again we say, listen to the linnet, and fulfil the ends of your creation.

IN the French translation of "Paradise Lost," "Hail horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs—comment vous portez vous?" that is, "How d'ye do, horrors—how d'ye do?"

AN Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers.

PLEASURES come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF LAW.—A learned judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten dollars, and refused to pay him: "Rather than bring an action," said he, "with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt, in full of all demands;" and after a little rumination, he added: "Ay, and I would send him, moreover, five dollars to cover all possible costs."

The *Springfield Gazette* tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting, in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text, the following passage from Job: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out: "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

"THIS tenement to let, inquire next door." The place was in a wretched state of dilapidation; but Bannister inquired the rent, &c. These particulars gained, he asked: "Do you let anything with it?" "No!" was the reply; "Why do you ask that?" "Because, if you let it alone it will tumble down!"

"COME here, my dear—I want to ask you about your sister. Has she got a beau?" "No! the doctor says it's the jaundice she's got."

HOW TO GET IN.—Allspice informs us that the surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing-office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription: "No Admittance." He asseverates that no person ever read that prohibition over an entrance, without being instantly attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.—According to an American paper, the following bill has been recently introduced into the Indiana legislature: "By Mr. McDonald, bill to compel old bachelors of thirty years of age, to marry, or pay fifty dollars a year into the county treasury, to go to the benefit of the first lady who marries after the 1st of January. The provisions of the bill apply to widowers of one year's standing."

A HARD DRINKER.—"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbour, "that you are becoming a *hard* drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbour; "for no man can drink *easier*."

CHINA.—The Chinese at one time measured the irritable feelings of the English nation by the quantity of china broken in a year. A Chinese historian observes: "The merchants of Canton make the sale of their brittle ware the barometer of European passions, and as often as the sale augments, they say: 'The last year has been a passionate one in England.'" China is not imported to the extent it was some years ago: our own manufactured articles, and those of the continent, have superseded the demand for the brittle ware of Asia, and the wise men of the Celestial Empire now say: "The English have subdued all their anger: they have no matrimonial strife, and seldom break cups and saucers."

PROMPTING THE PROMPTER.—One of the principal actors at the Comedie Française, stopped short in a tragedy, at this passage: "I was at Rome——" It was in vain that he began the passage several times—he never could get farther than Rome. At last, seeing there was no help for it, and that the prompter, as embarrassed as himself, was unable to find the place, or to give him any assistance, he turned his eyes coolly upon him, and said, with an air of dignity: "Well, sir, what was I doing in Rome?"

AN AMERICAN STORY.—There is a good story told of old Meolraj, the native East India general. His followers stole from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions in tin cases, and, not having seen anything of the kind before, he mistook them for canister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, supplying the British camp with a shower of the freshest English provisions.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.—The celebrated Dr. Brown, of London, paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company, when called on for a toast. Being observed one day to omit it, a gentleman reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain: since I have *toasted* her for so many years, and still cannot make her *Brown*, I am resolved to *toast* her no longer."

A very pretty young woman went to the post-office lately, with a letter and no direction, and said to the postmaster: "Send that to my sweetheart!" The postmaster took it, looked at it, and said: "What is his name, and where does he live?" The girl replied: "Ah, that is the very thing I don't want any one to know!"

WRITTEN after going to law:

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects—
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws,
All my effects lost by a single cause.

THE *Northern Journal* states that a boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a shop, the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" The grocer could not withstand the appeal.

"I generally," says Hans Christian Andersen, "found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after midnight; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed, and said: 'The third act is finished!'"

MONKEYS.—The imitative properties of the monkey tribe are well-known. Two monkeys of the larger sort, kept by a naturalist, became perfectly tamed, and were the familiar companions of the gentleman's household; one of these, the female, used to enter the kitchen at a certain time of day, take the broom down and sweep the kitchen, put coals on the fire, and set the tea-things in as good order as any servant-maid could do. This exceeds the sagacity of the dog or elephant, and as the monkey tribe have large developments of the organs of imitation, it also proves the truth of phrenology. Another small monkey, kept by a British consul in this country, once at a large consular dinner-party entered the room, and, jumping into the consul's shoulder, took off his wig, and put it into the fire, to the great amusement of the company.—*Brussels Herald*.

"ALONE IN HIS GLORY."—The *Carpet Bag* tells a story of a preacher who delighted in long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother preacher who always delivered short ones. At the usual hour for closing the services the people became uneasy, and, being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went out quietly, one by one, till the preacher was left alone with the sexton. The preacher, feeling that he must do his duty, still continued to blaze away; till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walked deliberately up the pulpit stairs, and, handing him the key, requested "he would lock up when he got through, and leave the key at his house as he went along."

An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the county—it's so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."

A LADY OFFICER.—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain: "You soldiers all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you on the spot where you happen to be: don't you hear me? Halt I say, all of you." Upon this a lady in an American paper makes the following comment: "Now, Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word 'No', from every rosy lip you meet between this and your tombstone! May you 'halt' wifeless through life; may your buttons be snappish your strings knotty, and your stockings holy. May your boot-jack be missing, your feet corned, your shaving-water be cold; your razor dull, your hair stand up, and your dickies lie down; may your beard be porcupine, your whiskers thinly settled, and your moustaches curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be water-bewitched; may you dream of Paradise, and wake in some other place! And, with a never-dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, fidgetty, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected, ragged old bachelor. Amen!"

THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.—The following ingenious plan of evading this duty is given in some of the Lancashire papers: "A Mr. Lea, of Liverpool, makes the following proposition to the authorities: he wished to purchase the sole right of fixing advertisement boards to the lamp-posts throughout the borough. There are about 3000 lamp-posts in the town; and Mr. Lea proposes to give for the privilege—or rather monopoly—asked for, a sum of £600 for the first year, £800 for the second year, and £1000 for the third year. Upon this, a tradesman gives notice: 'In the event of Mr. Lea obtaining a monopoly of the lamp-posts, I intend to apply for the privilege of affixing business notices on the back of each policeman in the place.'"

ON hearing a lady praise a reverend gentleman's eyes:
I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes—
And when he preaches he shuts *none*.

A JUDGE CAUGHT NAPPING, AND AFTERWARDS SENT BY POST.—Mr. Justice Williams was the other day on the Great Western Railway, bound for Oxford. His lordship, possibly fatigued by the forensic eloquence so lavishly displayed by learned gentlemen when on circuit, very speedily surrendered himself to sleep: the potency of which may be imagined, when we state that he did not awake till the train reached Steventon. This was an awkward affair. His lordship was wanted at Oxford; and thither he must proceed—but how? Post-horses have not been known since the rail opened,—and there was no conveyance but the mail-cart. Stern necessity knows no law, and judicial dignity, accustomed to state processions, powdered footmen, and luxurious carriages, had to be content with the rough trap of a country postman. Jehu, ignorant of the rank of his travelling companion, indulged his gossiping propensity to a great extent; so it happened that a recent assize trial, in which he had been concerned, was fresh in his recollection, and, as the decision was contrary to his views, he took his revenge of judge, bar, and jury, in no measured terms, expressing the utmost contempt for the institution of trial by jury, and giving it as his well-grounded opinion, that all lawyers were rogues,—the biggest of the R's always having the most luck. The judge doubtless enjoyed the fun; but the poor postman was paralysed when he afterwards learnt the name and profession of his distinguished passenger.

STRENGTH OF BAD HABITS.

PROFESSOR MILLER advertising, at a meeting at Edinburgh a short time ago, to the strength a bad habit sometimes acquires, narrated the following story, for which the learned professor must alone be considered responsible: A respectable clergyman had long failed in an attempt to give up snuff-taking, and at last he preached a sermon against it, but was miserable all the week after. When Sunday came round, he found he was getting on very languidly, and, to make the thing worse, an honest man of an elder, sitting immediately under the eye of the minister, took out his "mull," tapped it on the lid, and with the utmost gravity took a comfortable "sneeshin." The minister could stand this no longer—he stopped abruptly in his sermon, and said: "John, for shame upon you, sir! how dare you do that?" The elder looked up in amazement. The preacher continued: "Don't you remember what I said to you last Sabbath?" But the elder could not yet fathom what he had done to cause offence. The minister's passion for snuff had in the

interim grown to such an intensity, that it was a case of life or death—he could restrain no longer, and so, addressing the elder, he said: “I will not pollute my lips by mentioning what you did, but I will show you what it was: hand me up that box.” Having got the box, he gave it a certain number of taps on the lid, and went through the other forms of snuff-taking, in imitation of what he observed the elder do, saying, as he went on: “That is what you did, sir—and what is more, you taking a pinch) did that, too!”

TWO LAWYERS SWINDLED.—Two lawyers, at Brussels, were lately swindled out of a small sum of money in a curious manner. One of them was at dinner, when a young man came in, and, presenting the card of one of his acquaintances, also a lawyer, stated that the owner of the card was in a shop in the neighbourhood, and, being short of 10*fr.*, requested him to lend him that sum until the next day. This the lawyer did at once. The next evening, the two lawyers happening to meet at a *soirée*, one said to the other: “I will play you the 10*fr.* of yesterday at a game of *écarté*.” “Agreed,” said the other. The gentleman who had sent the 10*fr.* having lost: “That squares our account.” “You mean,” said the other, “that you owe me 20*fr.*” How can I owe you 20*fr.*,” said the other, “when I sent you 10*fr.*” This brought on an explanation, from which it resulted that each party had given 10*fr.* to the messenger for the other. After the first moment’s surprise was over, the two gentlemen could only laugh at the trick played on them.—*Galignani’s Messenger*.

ALARMING ELEVATION OF SPIRITS.—Brandy has just risen twenty five per cent. !—*Punch*.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.—Before the Reform Bill, the influence of the aristocracy in boroughs was the thing complained of. Now—as the revelations before the Election Committees have demonstrated—it is the influence of the Sovereign.—*Ibid*.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—In one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the “Railway Intelligence” is inserted next to the “Obituary.”—*Ibid*.

MOTIVES FOR GOING INTO PARLIAMENT.

“I would have been very grateful for some small appointment, and all have their motives for going into Parliament I suppose.”

Such was the avowal made before an Election Committee the other day by a too candid candidate. He would have gone into Parliament for the sake of a “small appointment” for himself, at the risk of no small disappointment to his confiding constituents. “All have their motives,” no doubt, for becoming members of the House of Commons, but all are not so very forward in avowing their motives as the individual to whom this blunt declaration is attributed.

We might certainly be puzzled to find out what motives some people could possibly have had in going into Parliament, for they get no appointment, and are in every way “out of place” in the House of Commons. Some probably enter the legislature with “patriotic motives,” but there are many who, if they but knew their country’s true interest as well as they think they do their own, would, from the purest “patriotic motives,” keep out of Parliament altogether.—*Ibid*.

THE TOILETTE OF THE EMPRESS.

The *Journal de l’Empire* has the following article upon the toilette of the empress:

“The jewellery and toilettes of the empress will be very magnificent. M. Lemonnier, the jeweller, is preparing a *parure* of white pearls and rubies, of a beautiful design, consisting of a small closed crown, to be placed on the back of the head, of bracelets, and of a necklace *à plaques*; and another *parure*, in very rare black pearls, consisting of a bracelet, ornamented with three large pearls, a necklace fitting close to the neck, in the Louis XV. style, with, in the centre, an enormous pearl pendent, and a brooch, with four black pearls pendent. He is also preparing a bracelet, consisting of precious stones of all colours, and a brooch in diamonds of oval form, the centre of which is formed of a very thin, large diamond, which is destined to cover the portrait of the emperor, and a pure diamond is to be pendent from it. This brooch will be of exquisite beauty.

The marriage coin is to be of massive gold, with the rim in diamonds. On one side are to be the initials of Napoleon III. and Marie Eugénie de Guzman; on the other is inscribed, in diamonds, the date of the marriage of their majesties.

M. Fossin, another jeweller, has been intrusted with the arrangement of the diamonds of the crown; and he is to make a crown similar to that of Charlemagne, of great beauty. He is also to supply some very fine bracelets and brooches. It is he who has prepared the ornaments of the prayer-book of the empress. The book is bound in white velvet, with silver ornaments; and on one side is an eagle, surmounted with the imperial crown, in diamonds; on the other, the initials of her majesty, surmounted with an imperial crown, also in diamonds.

Two dressmakers have been charged with the dresses.—Madame Vignon with those for the morning, and Mademoiselle Palmyre with those for the evening. The former is making thirty-four of exquisite beauty. Amongst them are three morning *peignoirs*, richly embroidered, decorated with Valenciennes and Mechlin lace, and lined with silk of a rose, blue, and white colour; two *robes de chambre*—one in black velvet with facings of watered silk, of a sky-blue colour, the other in *gros de Navarre*, lined with white silk; a full dress of rose-coloured watered silk, with very long *basques*, ornamented with fringe and lace and

one of green taffeta, with flowers, ornamented with *plumes frisées*.

Mlle. Palmyre is making twenty full dresses: one is in white brocade, with flowers of silk and gold, ornamented down the front with flowers of different colours; another has three flounces embroidered with silk and silver; another, of velvet, is ornamented with flounces of blond-lace, decked with bees and crowned eagles, in gold; one of blue velvet, ornamented with Alençon lace; one of black velvet, with flounces of gold *guipure*; one of pearl-grey satin, with nine flounces of Brussels lace; three court mantles of silk, watered with gold and silver—rose, blue, and white in colour, &c., &c., &c.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

COUNTRIES are not cultivated in proportion to their fertility, but to their liberty.

FRIENDSHIP.—Though most of the friendships of the world fill deserve the name of friendships; yet a man may make use of them occasionally, as of a traffic whose returns are uncertain, and in which it is usual to be cheated.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

CHARMING, charming Nightingale,
Happy, free, and all alone—
From the myrtle in the vale
Echoes forth your dulcet tone.
Tremble lest perfidious hand
Snatch you from your soft retreat:
In the foliage where you stand
Meshes may ensnare your feet!
Yes—though thickly round you spread,
Waves the ever-verdant screen,
Danger hovers o’er your head:—
Hope is typified by green!
Kind’s the warning that I give—
Charming Nightingale, beware!
In the world in which we live
Hope itself is but a snare!

POLITENESS is the outward garment of good-will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPT. WRIGHT, of the 91st Foot, has been granted a pension of £100 a year, for his noble conduct during the wreck of the Birkenhead.

THE operatives in the cotton trade at Stockport have got up a memorial to their employers, stating that in 1848, they (the workpeople) submitted to a reduction of ten per cent. in their wages because trade was unremunerative, and requesting their employers, now that trade is more prosperous, to return to full prices.

BYRON’s fair and loved Countess de Guiccioli has become a senatoress of France—her husband, the Marquis de Boissy, having been just nominated to the Imperial Senate.

THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.—We are continually told, by certain sapient economists, that they do not care for a garden, and do not possess one, because they find it cheaper to buy their fruits and vegetables. Who doubts it? The pleasures of gardening depend not upon economic considerations. The fascination is in the very arts of cultivation—in the very growing of your own fruits and flowers. Is there no pleasure in tending flowers, and watching their opening blossoms—in nursing the sickly, and rejoicing over the strong—in culling a well-chosen bouquet for the adornment of your *cara sposa*? Is there no pleasure in being able to send well ripened grapes or peaches to a sick neighbour who has them not—in bestowing a capful of rosy-cheeked apples on a rosy-cheeked boy—in inviting the children of the village to partake of your gooseberries—in sending, at the close of a severe winter, a hundred cauliflower plants to the minister of the parish? Is there no pleasure in exchanging rare flowers—in getting and giving floral gifts? Does your heart not leap up when the first snowdrop—bold child of lingering winter, and adventurous invader of his icy reign—shows its welcome face on the green? Is there no transport when the seedling hollyhock bursts on your astonished vision in unexpected beauty? Thousands there are who are doomed by dire necessity never to have a garden of their own; but those who can and ought, and yet have not, for the sake of cheapness and from motives of a mean economy, ought to be banished to some desert wilderness, where the green earth and nature’s flowers may not waste their sweetness on them.

POWER OF MUSIC.—“A clergyman,” says Mrs. Signoriny, “possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied: ‘When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, “Sing!” and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me: and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.’ Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

GENERAL HAYNAU’s sudden decease has not much surprised those who know what his habits were. He was a great eater, and the large quantities of strong wines and coffee which he drank, kept him in a state of unnatural excitement.

GOSSIP.—Eighteen years ago, the Emperor Napoleon III. then twenty years of age, offered his hand to a beautiful English lady of noble birth, and was haughtily refused. “Mademoiselle,” said he, “you have thrown away a crown!” A fantastic speech, no doubt, for a young adventurer with nothing but great hopes, a high heart, a few thousands, a great name, and exile! On the 29th of January, 1835, it is said that Louis Napoleon, irritated, or at all events disappointed, by the refusal of a lady who now boasts one of the highest names in England, went to Lady Blessington, and told her of her rejection, but not of his fine speech, which immensely amused the world of London when it was known. That day eighteen years, Mlle. De Montijo, was Empress of France, and the twenty-five quarterings of the noble Spanish senora will be emblazoned on the shield of the new dynasty.

BACKWOOD AFFAIRS MATRIMONIAL.—Soon after the arrival of Ujbazy on the banks of the Thompson River, when he and his party had hardly pitched their tent, a young backwoodsman came on horseback up to them, and said: “Which is the daughter of the Hungarian general?” Miss Ujbazy, who spoke English, asked him what he wanted. “I reckon it’s time for me to marry,” was the reply, “and I came to propose to you!” The young lady began to laugh; but her novel suitor declared that he was in full earnest, that he did not live far off, and that he would assist her father in every way. But when he saw that his proposal was not accepted, he rode off to his business, without having alighted from his horse during the conversation. The Hungarians afterwards learned that in the backwoods not much time is wasted in courting young ladies, or paying them attention before marriage. The pioneer visits a neighbour who has grown-up daughters, and asks, “How do you do?” places himself on a chair before the chimney, chews, spits in the fire, and utters not another word; after awhile, he takes his leave; and when he has paid a couple of such taciturn calls, he says to the young lady: “I reckon I should marry you!” The answer is commonly: “I have no objection.” The couple, without further ceremony, proceed to the justice of the peace, and make their declaration; and when the missionary Methodists happen to come in their neighbourhood, the civil marriage is solemnised religiously.—*White—Red—Black*.

WORTH HEEDING.—If men gave three times as much attention as they now do, to ventilation, ablution, and exercise in the open air, and only one-third as much to eating, furnishing, and late hours, the number of doctors, dentists, and apothecaries, and the amount of neuralgia, dyspepsia, gout, fever, and consumption, would be changed in a corresponding ratio. Mankind would rapidly present the aspect, not only of a far healthier and thriftier, but a far more beautiful and more virtuous race.

FANNY KEMBLE says: “I firmly believe that we must not look for the real feelings of writers in their works; or rather, that what they give us, and what we take for heart-feeling, is head-weaving—a species of emotion engendered somewhere betwixt the bosom and the brain, and bearing the same proportion of resemblance to reality that a picture does: that is, like feeling, but not feeling; like sadness, but not sadness; like what it appears, but not indeed that very thing. And the greater the man’s power of thus producing sham realities, the greater his main qualification for being a poet.”

FACTORY LIFE IN RUSSIA.—I will begin with the masters. They are generally slaveholders, and can buy or sell any number of slaves. They are obliged to feed them, but that is all. They can please themselves whether they give the slaves any wages, and if they ask for any, they can flog them for doing so; they have no alternative but to submit. Some of the slaveholders, who have no manufactories, will give their slaves a passport to work elsewhere, but they must pay him so much per year for that privilege, and he can call them at any moment he may think proper, and they are bound to obey. The food for the slaves is black bread and salt, with soup three times a day; but I have been told that the officials, or the men who are placed over them, will eat the beef and skim the fat from the top of the soup, and the slaves dare not complain. If you go into a shop and ask the price of any article you may wish to purchase, they will ask you three times as much as they intend to take, and if you are a foreigner, they will cheat you if they can. I come now to the workpeople. It is the custom here to work day and night. I have had an opportunity of seeing the French and Belgian workpeople, but I must say that one Russian will do as much work in the same time as any two of the above-mentioned countries. They do their work most cheerfully, and appear contented; but I do believe that if the people were free to-morrow, there would be nothing but bloodshed. They must first educate the people; most of them can neither read nor write. They are generally very badly clothed, having little more than a coat made of sheep-skins. Since I have been with them, they have been very civil and kind. It is customary here to have soldiers at the mills—some four and some six—their duty being to examine every one of the workpeople before they leave the mill. It is also their duty to flog any one with a birch rod. If a person has to be flogged, there is a man to each leg and arm; he is laid on his belly upon the ground, and receives his quota on his bare flesh; and if the flogger does not do his duty, he gets the same number.—*Letter from an Artisan*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMUS.—Gentlemen do not wear what are called "engaged" rings.

E. L. N.—The consumption of wheat in Great Britain has been estimated at one quarter per head for the whole population. This estimate is exclusive of the quantity taken for other purposes.

VERITAS.—On the eve of your marriage, you wrote your intended a letter, to which you required an immediate answer. She did not reply, the match was broken off, and now you want to know what you are to do, for you really love the girl. It was foolish to write the letter—you ought to have gone yourself. Letter-writing is too cold and business-like for love. However, perhaps it is only a girlish tiff. Present yourself before her, and if she loves you, all will be smooth again. A repentant lover at the feet of a loving but offended maiden, soon thaws her into a genial humour. March ice does not long hold out against the beams of a spring sun.

R. S. D.—A country like England, that pretends to have the most liberal institutions, and when tried by its highest constitutional test, is found not to possess them, is placed in the awkward predicament of appearing to have asserted what was not true. It is humiliating to us, as a nation, to have this picture so constantly before our eyes; but its extreme fidelity ought to secure for it the deepest attention, because, before a national wrong can be redressed, the people must be thoroughly imbued with the conviction that it is wrong. They must first be drilled to recognise the evil, and then drilled to set about its abatement. In these matters the press is the drill-sergeant, and a very martinet it is in the performance of its onerous duties.

GENEVRA has been engaged to a young man for seven years, but, for the last two years, she has heard nothing of, nor received any communication from him. She cannot assign any reason for this silence, having parted with him on excellent terms. If alive, which may not be the case, he has evidently forgotten the engagement. As people, nowadays, unless they go on expeditions to Central Africa, are not held in captivity, the probability is that the man has gone to Australia, and married there. Emigration is destructive to all home-ties, home-feelings, and home-duties. Genevra would be justified in receiving attentions from, and ultimately wedding another.

W. M.—The rules of a building society, which do not state the time within which members withdrawing shall be paid their money, are defective, and you had better apply at once to J. T. Pratt, Esq., barrister, appointed to revise the rules of friendly societies. But as you entered the society with your eyes wide open, you ought to have been aware that you did not propose paying your money into a savings bank.

S.—Redness of the nose, in both sexes, is produced by inattention to the common rules for preserving health. With men the bottle is the predisposing cause; with women, and especially young ones, tight lacing. An unnatural pressure on the waist and chest obstructs the circulation, and causes stagnation of the blood, in that prominent and important feature, the nose. A young girl with a red nose, is a very melancholy spectacle. The ill-natured shrug their shoulders, and whisper; those who know better, regard her with deep concern, for they know she is rapidly hastening to an untimely grave.

***.*.**—You sign yourself "A Subscriber;" don't do so again, for a similar letter will not be noticed.—It is disputed who was the first Pope of Rome. Roman Catholics say St. Peter was; Protestants, some less spiritual personage. Such a question can scarcely be settled, because, in the ages before printing came into vogue, the highest historical testimony to refer to is a few scattered manuscripts and countless traditions, all jumbled together in inextricable confusion. It would be quite safe, because quite natural, to believe that St. Peter was the first Roman pontiff.

GRACE DARLING thinks it sinful, as well as ridiculous, for a person verging on sixty years, to be ashamed of her grey hairs, and dye them black. We do not subscribe to the censure, as regards the sin; for, as the logicians say the moral quality of the action resides in the intention, we do not see anything sinful in an old lady wishing to appear younger than she really was. The practice is certainly ridiculous, and, among the sensible, loving-old ladies who know more of the mysteries of home-happiness than of the insipid elegancies of the drawing-room, more honoured in the breach than the observance. If grey hairs were not natural, nobody would ever have them.

L. H.—The following will effectually destroy bugs, &c.: Take half an ounce of oxyuriate of mercury, two ounces of muriate of ammonia, and two pints of water, mixed together. Apply this wash to the bedstead, thoroughly. By rubbing wood with a solution of vitriol, insects and bugs are prevented from harbouring therein.

THE LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.—We must abide by our opinion, that a married woman is helplessly trammelled as regards ownership over any property that, in moral right, she may call her own. As a learned judge once remarked, almost any wife may be kissed or juggled out of the protection of the strictest marriage settlement. But, as to will making, she is almost helpless; for, if personal property be left to her, for her sole and separate use, she may dispose of it without the assent of her husband, but not without the intervention of a court of equity, and the aid of trustees. Indeed, it seems to be pretty well established among lawyers, that a married woman is so entirely under the control of her husband, that she cannot make what can with propriety be called a will. All that she can do is, under certain circumstances, to make something which operates like a will after her death, which is termed an appointment, and which may be altered or revoked during her life. Her competency in this respect, however, depends entirely on the declared intentions of the person who was the donor of the property to her.

ANNA AND MARTHA.—Exaggeration is common to all classes of people—the rich, the intelligent, and the non-intelligent; and with all of them it is a fault in degree. The uneducated more frequently indulge in comparatively an innocent magnification of objects and circumstances, which is not falsehood, although it may look like it. They exaggerate simply for want of ideas to supply conversation. But with the educated the habit is a vice—a very mischievous vice. The kind of exaggeration you complain of is very common. It is prompted by a frantic straining after notoriety, and its indulgence is a downright exhibition of falsehood. Your male acquaintance talks of lords, professors, politicians, and other distinguished personages, at home and abroad, as if he had been admitted familiarly into the highest and most accomplished society—when you know he has never been twenty miles from his native country town, except on the solitary occasion of his coming to London to visit the World's Fair, in Hyde Park. You must let the unfortunate man have his own way, but silently treat him as Mr. Burchell did the fine ladies who dazzled the simple daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield. All people, whether male or female, who trade in false pretences, are sure to ultimately find their proper level. Habitual liars generally meet the fate of Alcides—they are consumed on the funeral piles they themselves have raised. But, as a matter of moral economy, terrible exaggerations are as useful in their ugly way as drunken slaves were to the children of the Spartans. They teach sensible men and women how much better, more noble, it is to be simple and true, than deceptive, inflated, and offensively braggadocioal.

DORRE.—Neither Moore nor Wellington ever saw Napoleon, much less went to school with him.

R. D.—Hair dyes are all of them more or less dangerous—inasmuch as silver caustic, the foundation of all the nostrums vended for this purpose, acts as a depilatory. We would rather not recommend anything of the kind. Medical men discountenance the practice, and recommend those who are unable or unwilling to discontinue applying some kind of dressing to the hair, to content themselves with a simple, yet good material. The best olive oil, scented with otto of roses or bergamot, is the most suitable for the purpose. The same scents may also be used for pomatum, which should be made of perfectly pure lard, or marrow.

MARY asks us, what is "a cure for a flirt?" Nothing but reproaches and contempt. A flirt is a woman who, having no respect for herself, never receives any, either from her own sex, or the other she treats so vilely. Mary is playing a dangerous game—she is always in danger. Her modesty is tarnished, and if she can blush at all, it is only the blush of audacity; or, if terribly insulted, that of shame, self-humiliation, and bitter regret. The carnation of pure innocence never visits the cheek of a practised flirt. The men know this full well, and that is the reason the best shun her, and the worst pursue her only to torment and devour her. "Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.

A. C. Z.—As the present government have no declared policy, but say they will go with the times, they may do a great deal, or they may do nothing at all. They are pledged to introduce a reform bill of some kind, but what it will be they themselves don't know, for they have not made up their minds. The bill on the franchise, introduced by Lord John Russell, last year, may afford some clue to their intentions. He proposed that the qualification in boroughs should be reduced from £10 to £5; in the counties, from £50 to £20; and in the case of copyholders, from £10 to £5; leaving the forty shilling voters in possession of their privilege. He also informed the House that all adult males paying forty shillings of direct taxation, no matter how levied, should be entitled to vote for a county or a borough. In addition, he stated that the small boroughs should be enlarged to constituencies of not less than 500.

BRAHMA.—The impression that some terrible convulsion in the political world is about to happen, is pretty general in Europe. In France the likelihood is popular—in England ugly and repulsive. We don't like war; but when forced upon us by circumstances beyond our control, it would only be a matter of duty towards ourselves, not only to be forewarned, but forearmed. 'Tis wise precaution is warranted by the aspect of affairs. The Austrian empire hangs together by a few threads, Turkey is very shaky, Italy is fierce for revolt, Prussia quivers like the aspen, and the whole of Germany is as ready to rise and overturn her numerous petty governments, as her hosts were, in the last days of the Roman empire, to march on the capital, and exterminate the throne of the Caesars. In every quarter there may be perceived indications of troubles and sanguinary hostilities, and it will be well for England and her mighty interests, if she exerts herself so as to be prepared for the first shock of the tempest. An awful responsibility rests on the shoulders of the government, of whatever materials it may be composed. After the Emperor of the French has been crowned, probably the curtain will be raised a few feet, so as to afford a glimpse of the first scene in the tremendous drama that is to be played on the wide stage of the wide, wide world.

HUM-NITAS.—Our national greatness is dimmed by the awful SHADE by its side. In one way or another, there are in this country about two millions of paupers, the great mass of whom—human beings, like ourselves—are pent up in gloomy buildings, where they grin and mock at the dispensation which has subjected them to the horrors of hopeless, incurable indolence. The remainder rove about the country in bands, fester in the hearts of the large cities, die in holes and corners, like dogs and cats, or wither away in gaols, crammed to the topmost storey with the sons and daughters of crime. And this miserable agglomeration of idleness and vice blights every fair and good thing that comes within its reach, and in its blackness serves to bring out in bold relief the richly decorated column of Britain's wealth and glory. But the paupers and mendicant tribe are a legacy from the past. Every generation has treasured them up as heir-looms, and transmitted them to posterity untouched in their revolting integrity. Their "darkness visible" has fascinated the men of every period. In one age they were the *protégés* of the barons; in another, of the Church; and now, as if to raise the ignominy to its loftiest distinction, the middle classes, by strenuously insisting on an unadulterated poor-law system, have taken a million of them under their protection, and thrust them under the nose of the nation as an unabatable nuisance, an everlasting infliction of unproductive, mischievous dependence on the industry and moral intelligence of the nation at large.

CAROLUS JOHANNES.—Your dedication to the "British Lion" might win the applause of a convivial party; but as, in the event of an invasion, the toppers would not be the fighters, we cannot say we admire your effusion. The allusion to Louis Napoleon is ridiculous. He won't come to England—he has something better and safer in view. The two first verses and the last would not be a bad song, especially to the air, "The Shamrock and the Lily."

Oh, Albion, my island,
Though all the world, though all the world
Should join against thee, my land,
With flags unfurled, with flags unfurled

In true men's hearts there never
Could creep a fear, could creep a fear,
But that such vain endeavour
Would cost them dear, would cost them dear

Then Albion, my island,
We'll drink to thee, we'll drink to thee;
The only piece of dry land
Where men are free, where men are free.

B. AND D.—We never interfere in mere political discussions, for we have a thorough contempt for what, *par excellence*, are termed politics. And for no class of politicians do we entertain a very flattering opinion. One set want to keep all they have got, and another hanker after popularity, through the medium of an advocacy which has borrowed its tone from what were called the reformers of thirty years ago. Their views of this latter party are narrow, their ideas antiquated, and their mental ability exceedingly poor; in heart, they are as crabbed and dry as a set of politicians above them. Their distinguishing peculiarities are rant, cant, fustian, and mulish intractability. The people, in the true sense, are their own leaders—when they were not, they were always in some trouble or another. There is nothing like independence, but there is no independence in being led by the nose by a newspaper writer, or a frantic platform orator. Politics are made by the people, not for them; and when a change of any moment is imperatively demanded, talking and scribbling does not bring it about. It is the national head that does it all. When conviction has once entered that splendid temple, its high priest, the national intelligence, has but to order, and it is obeyed. Mere politicians have too mushroom-like an existence to make a durable impression on such a mighty institution.

G. C.

I'm a bachelor, fair ones, in want of a wife,
Who would be constant and true to the end of her life.
I am tall and genteel, and very well made,
And passingly handsome (so people have said).

My hair is jet black, and my eyes the same hue,
And my heart, I will vouch, is both faithful and true
Five thousand pounds is my annual fee,
And I should like a companion to share it with me.

If these lines a young lady's approving eyes meet,
A bachelor's heart will be laid at her feet:
Then husband and wife for ever we'll be;
So without hesitation, pray address to G. C.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Sheffield (An apprentice is bound to obey his master in all lawful and reasonable things)—J. Read (A creditable first attempt)—Handel (We have seen "The Treasury of Knowledge, or the Seven Wonders of the World," on the old book-stalls)—John Richardson (Declined, with thanks)—J. M.J. (Write to the editor of the *Shipping Gazette*)—Thomas Prescott (We never made any such promise)—Musician (Purchase some work on vocal music)—Experience (Most of the savings banks are considered safe enough, but we could not undertake the responsibility of recommending one in particular)—Laura St. Clare (The Great Napoleon was uncle to the present Emperor of the French)—A. D. F. (Declined, with thanks. We are inundated with such compositions)—Sydney Stock (Will be pleased to accept the same answer)—Leeds (Fulfil your engagement, instead of taking unfair advantage of an accident)—Thos. Watkins (Order the number from your news-agent)—T. Crossley (Wombell was the name)—F. G. (See the ship advertisements in the newspapers)—H. Montague (Her Majesty is about five feet two inches in stature, Prince Albert five feet ten inches)—R. W. S. (Apply to a solicitor)—Frederick Bramstone (Such cases are skillfully treated in the metropolitan hospitals)—D. B. H. (Too late)—C. (The salaries of under clerks in the Custom House vary from £75 to £150 per ann.)—Superstition (The so-called "Science of Astrology," is an imposture)—F. W. "Minnigrey" was concluded in No. 397 of this Journal)—Miss T. (On receipt of six postage-stamps, the number will be forwarded through the Post Office. We are surprised and offended at the agent's negligence)—Genevra (Address your letter, "The Registrar, Herald's Office, London")—E. M. T. (Not destitute of merit)—S. Smith (Order the "Herbals Guide," or "Companion," from a bookseller)—John B. Gill (We never, under any circumstances, undertake to return manuscripts. As yours was not used, it, of course, was not deemed admissible)—J. R. Watson (You will only be entitled to a dividend on the net amount of your claim)—Pocket Book (The certificate of bankruptcy is a complete answer to all claim on your father. The surety is liable, unless the Statute of Limitations bars the claim)—Sussex (The custom of excluding the eldest son from the inheritance, took its origin as you have surmised. In after times it was qualified by the presumption, that the father, in his life-time, had provided for his eldest son)—A. Mackie (A soldier or soldiers may be billeted on tavern-keepers, as often as is necessary. Read your licence)—R. H. D. W. (Both wrong. No picture in the National Gallery can be copied, without the special permission of the trustees)—W. H. B.—Florence and Kate—Bona A. Z.—J. A. C.—Gog—Shakespeare—Miles de Cogan—Pater Noster—Un Jeune Homme—Alfred—J. B.—Violet—Lonely—Eliza Ann Watson—Worthy—William C.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.—Since penning the memoir of this distinguished Englishman and poet, given in another portion of this Journal, our attention has been directed to the following lines, eulogistic of the memory of the "Corn-law Rhymer," by Walter Savage Landor:

Glory to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out; no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.

Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance;
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty,
And said: "Rise, mother, and behold thy child!"
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.

Three Elliots there have been—three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelacy to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Racked by slow tortures ere he reached the grave.
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame,
When Gaul and Spaniard moord their pinnaces
Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,
Until one moment more, and other screams
And other writhings rose above the wave,
From sails a-fire and hissing where they fell,
And men half-burnt along the buoyant mast.
A third came calmly on, and asked the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread,
As they in childhood had been taught to pray
By God's own Son, and sometimes have pray'd since.
God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread
They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.

I may not live to hear another voice,
Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
Dense multitudes; another none may see
Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
And where the trumpet, with defiant blast,
Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
Therefore take thou these leaves—fresh, firm, though scant
To crown the city that crowns thee her son.
She must decay: Toledo hath decayed;
Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
Flashed on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
The baldrick, what torn flags o'ruing the aisle,
What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
But louder than the anvil rings the lyre;
And thine hath raised another city's wall
In solid strength to a proud eminence,
Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
Nor Time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
She lifts with pious love the thoughtful stone.
Genius is tired in search of Gratitude:
Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

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[TERROR OF SUSAN AND THE WIDOW BARNES ON SEEING THE CHEETAH AT LIBERTY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy and confined at home,
Rests and exults in a life to come.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

It was astonishing the change which a few days of quietude and repose produced in the health and appearance of Ellen. Her cheek gradually lost that pale, sickly hue which generally follows the attack of fever; and although the traces of severe suffering were undoubtedly visible, they had not that character of indelibility which the future cannot efface.

Being no longer subjected to the power of her enemies, both her heart and mind were comparatively at peace.

Her great anxiety—and we doubt not but our female readers will think it a very natural one—was for the return of her lover, of whose fidelity a suspicion had never entered her imagination. She trusted to him with all the confidence of woman's nature, ere bitter experience has broken the promise of her dreams, and taught her that the words which fall like a spell upon the ear, when uttered by the lips we love, can be breathed only to deceive.

She attributed his silence to illness, or to the probability that Meeran Hafaz and her unprincipled uncle had intercepted her correspondence; but to change or indifference, never! The testimony of an angel to such a tale would scarcely have been credited by the confiding girl.

The knowledge that the warm-hearted Dr. Orme had set out for Italy, in order to discover his young favourite, was an additional consolation: she prayed daily for his success and speedy return.

The return! There is both music and poetry in the word. Like dew to the faded flower, it brings strength to the pining heart—it implies the re-knitting of affections which absence too long has tried—it speaks of home, of the fulfilment of hopes and dreams, of the smiles and tears which welcome the wanderer back. How often do the lips of woman, in solitude and suffering, breathe the prayer, whose burthen is comprised in that one word—*return!*

Ellen loved to dwell upon the word, and the bright

sunny pictures of the future to which it was the key. She would sit for hours in her chamber, absorbed in dreamy thoughts, which did more to recall the rose of health to her cheek, than all which medicine could achieve.

At such times, her faithful attendant, Susan, seeing that she desired to be alone, would leave her, to assist in the household duties of the place, which were considerably augmented by the presence of her young mistress and herself in the solitary residence of the renegade.

The Widow Barnes, the only domestic of the Khan, was a simple, faithful creature, whose fidelity no bribe could corrupt; but, unfortunately, like most ignorant persons, she was both credulous and superstitious.

The retired life which her master had hitherto led, joined to the circumstance of her being excluded from the largest room in the house—the door of which was kept carefully locked, and the shutters closed—disposed her to listen to the idle gossip of the neighbourhood. Some said that her employer was a coiner; others hinted that his pursuits were of a yet darker nature. The old woman inclined to the latter opinion herself, for she had frequently been startled from her sleep by strange noises, resembling—as she expressed it to Susan, whom she admitted to her confidence—the roaring of a lion, more than anything else; and all from the mysterious chamber where the Khan passed the greater portion of his time. Never having seen the cheetah, or hunting leopard, no wonder she was at a loss to account for them.

"I don't believe a word of it," replied the village girl—whose countenance, however, belied her assertion, for it was deeply impressed with awe and terror. "Your master is too good to have anything to do with the powers of darkness."

"He is good!" said the old woman, forgetting for a moment her superstitious fears, and listening only to the promptings of her gratitude; "he has been kind to me and mine!"

"And yet you accuse him of —"

"I don't accuse him of anything," interrupted the Widow Barnes; "I only repeat what all the neighbours say of him. He speaks with no one."

"Perhaps he is not fond of conversation?" observed Susan.

"He does not look like a Christian."

"I have yet to learn that a man's Christianity depends upon his looks!" added the girl. "I see how it is," she said; "you have listened to the tales of a set of idle

gossips, who would rather speak ill of their fellow-creatures, than admit they know nothing about them."

"That won't account for the noises I have heard!" answered the widow—who, although a very worthy person, began to feel piqued that her judgment should be doubted.

"But the wind might!" was the reply.

"Or the voices which I heard myself!"

"Voices!" repeated Susan, with a look of incredulity.

Drawing her chair closer towards the one on which the speaker was seated—the usual prelude to confidence or scandal—Mrs. Barnes informed her new friend how, being startled from her sleep by the fearful cries which she heard in the room below, she had descended the stairs, and listened at the door of the forbidden chamber, where she distinctly heard the Khan threatening some one that some person, or thing, should tear him in pieces, if he resisted; that the menace was followed by a deep growl, and then a supplication for mercy.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that this occurred on the night of Dr. Guyot's visit to the renegade, when he so incautiously placed himself within the spring of the cheetah.

"And what followed?" demanded Susan, pale with terror; "do speak!" she added, as her companion shook her head mysteriously; "you almost frighten me!"

"I returned to my bed more dead than alive!" said the widow.

"And this stranger—perhaps some visitor?"

"Till you came, my master never had any visitors: at least, I never let any in; and I am still more certain that he did not let any out—for I laid awake all night, and must have heard him!"

Susan did not know what to think—the tale of the old woman was so circumstantial: she resolved, at all events, to consult her sweetheart, Joe Beans, upon the subject, upon his return: she had more faith in his judgment than her own. Unfortunately, he had that very morning accompanied Red Ralph to Mortlake, in order to liberate the warren, as narrated in the preceding chapter. The Khan, too, was absent, and, except her young mistress, they were left in the house by themselves; a fact which did not tend to increase her courage, after the severe trials to which it had so lately been exposed.

Not willing to let the old woman perceive the effect which her tale had produced upon her, she turned it off by observing that she must have been dreaming.

At that moment, a cry so loud and unearthly, that there was no possibility of mistaking it for human, came from

the mysterious chamber, adjoining the room where they were sitting—it lasted for more than half a minute. At first it consisted of one prolonged note—then broke into a howl like that of rage; after which it sank into a whine, and then died away.

Had either Susan or Mrs. Barnes ever been in India, they would at once have recognised the cry of the hunting leopard, when weary of its chain and inactivity.

There is a fear whose very intensity, paradoxical as it may seem, imparts a kind of desperate courage. Although her heart trembled at her words, Susan declared her intention of ascertaining the cause of the cry which had startled them both: that it proceeded from nothing human, she felt assured.

"Where is the key of the room?" she demanded of her companion.

"My master has it," replied the old woman.

"Is there no other?"

The widow Barnes hesitated; but her own womanly curiosity got the better of her terrors, and she confessed that there was a second key, which she had found in clearing out one of the closets, and which she felt assured would open the door of the mysterious chamber.

"But don't, for the love of heaven, be rash!" she added, "I should never forgive myself, if harm should come to you, or to my master! Let him be what he may, he has been kind to me and mine!"

Despite her remonstrance, the poor girl, doubly excited by curiosity and fear, took the key from the speaker, and, lighting a candle—for she knew that the shutters of the apartment were closed—advanced fearlessly along the passage to the door: as she reached it, a low, suppressed growl struck upon her ear.

"God help us!" said the widow, "but it must be something awful! Let us return before it is too late!"

"No!" answered Susan, firmly; "were I alone concerned, I question if I should have fortitude to persevere; but the safety of my dear young lady is at stake, and it is necessary that we should know the real character of the man in whom we have confided."

The key turned in her hand as she spoke, and the door slowly opened. The scene which met her gaze might have appalled a stouter heart than the simple village girl's: for several moments she stood incapable of speech or motion, transfixed with horror.

Our readers are already aware of the nature of the Khan's pursuits—the purpose for which he had procured from the hospital, the poor-house, and the grave, so many heads to operate upon.

Several of these ghastly remnants of mortality were scattered on the ground: having served the experiment for which they had been originally obtained, they were of no further use. One, still fresh and bleeding, was fixed on the frame which we have before had occasion to describe: its glassy eyes were turned towards the door—as Susan and the widow imagined, directed towards them.

On quitting the house that very morning, the renegade had forgotten to feed the cheetah; and the hungry animal, excited, no doubt, by the odour which the sad relics of humanity exhaled, had broken its chain, to reach the disgusting banquet. The cry which had alarmed the females, was uttered by the brute as it made its last successful effort to release itself.

At the sight of living prey, the graceful creature, whose ferocious instincts were now thoroughly roused, crouched upon the ground, like a cat before it makes its spring, and began lashing its flanks with its tail. The lips were drawn tightly over its jaws, displaying fangs which were almost as sharp as lancets; and the pupils of its eyes dilated, till they flashed like two orbs of fire upon the intruders.

Susan was fascinated with terror—as the poor, fluttering bird is supposed to be fascinated by the gaze of the Indian rattlesnake. The Widow Barnes, who was standing behind her, was the first to recover her self-possession. She saw the cheetah, slowly drawing nearer, gliding upon its belly. Just as it had measured its distance, and was about to spring on the defenceless girl, she dragged her into the passage, and dashed to the door. Another moment, and it would have been too late. They heard the bound of the animal—its fall against the door—its savage growl of disappointment—and they shrieked with terror.

Half mad with fear, even Ellen was forgotten: they rushed from the house, and ran down the narrow lane, they knew not whither—anywhere, to escape from the horror of the scene.

As they left the place, Lady Mowbray, with two female keepers, whom she had engaged from a noted asylum, for the carrying out of her cruel purpose, drove up to the cottage. The artful woman had represented that her niece was mad: not that she feared any hesitation to execute her bidding from them—they were hardened to cruelty, and willing to lend themselves to any act, provided they were paid. If such a thing as conscience existed in their callous hearts, they only knew it from its marketable value. Besides, the order of the Chancellor relieved both their employer and themselves from all fear of responsibility.

Ellen, who had heard the shrieks of the widow and Susan, as they fled from the house, although still weak and suffering, hesitated not an instant, but descended to ascertain the cause. At the bottom of the stairs, she encountered the female keepers.

"What seek you?" she inquired.

"You, most likely!" was the reply.

"Me?"

"It is my niece!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, who had alighted at the door, and recognised the voice of her victim. "Be speedy!" she added, fearful lest any unexpected succour should mar the success of her enterprise.

Without a word, the two women laid violent hands upon Ellen, and commenced dragging her towards the carriage.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the terrified girl. "I will not be forced! Help! I have friends, who will punish this outrage!"

"So they all say!" observed one of the keepers, with a grin. "Bring her along—never mind her prating!"

"Of course not!" replied her companion; "I have had too much to do with mad people, to pay attention to their ravings!"

"Hear me!" exclaimed Ellen, trying to appear calm. "I am not mad! You have been deceived by my enemies! Indeed I am not!"

"Of course she knows better than the doctors!" observed one of the keepers.

"Or the Chancellor!" added her companion.

"Or her aunt!" resumed the first speaker, "who has taken such pains for her—poor young lady!"

Despite her resistance, the two furries succeeded in forcing the suffering girl into the carriage, where Lady Mowbray was already seated. A cold, satirical smile passed over the countenance of the heartless woman of the world, as she eyed the victim of her persecution: it was thrown away, however, upon Ellen—the poor girl had fainted.

As a precaution, she drew down the blinds of the carriage—and it was well she did so; for, at the end of the lane, the vehicle was passed by Joe Beans and the Khan: either of whom would have heeded the danger of contempt of Chancery as little as she did the reproaches of her conscience, or the opinion of the world.

Joe had just been relating to the renegade the affair with the warren—his rescue from the rats, at Mortlake, and committal at Bow Street, upon a charge of an attempt at murder.

"Attempt at murder!" repeated his companion.

"Yes!" replied Joe; "as the man was there himself to press the charge, I could not be said that he had committed it, had as he is!"

"Ah! you mean the lawyer?" observed the Khan, in the tone of one who suddenly recollects himself.

"Who else should I mean?" demanded Joe.

The old man remained silent.

"Do you know whether he has committed any other murder?"

Still not a word.

"I can't make thee out!" continued the speaker; "thou beest a strange being: I sometimes think there be as much evil as good in thee!"

"More," said the renegade, with a sigh; "much more! I must live many, many years, before the good actions of my age can atone for the evil ones of my youth! Strange," he murmured, in an under-tone, "that the best impulses of the heart should spring from it only after it is withered!"

Joe was not much of a philosopher, but he perfectly understood the drift of the old man's speech. There was a bitterness of self-reproach in the tone in which he uttered it, that gave the rustic confidence in his honesty.

"It be the case with all of us, I suspect!" he answered; "I ha' heard parson say that repentance is the fruit, and that sin be the blossom of the tree. For my part, I don't much care to have either blossoms or fruit in my garden!"

On reaching the house of the Khan, they found a group of twelve or sixteen persons collected at the door, with whom Susan was vainly disputing admission. The faithful girl, after yielding to the first natural impulse—which was to fly from the place, on making the discovery above related—recollected that Ellen remained behind—unprotected and alone. Despite the remonstrances of her companion, she returned to share the danger of her young mistress, and, if necessary, to defend her; but nothing could induce the Widow Barnes to follow her example. She continued her flight till she reached the cottage of her nearest acquaintance, where the exaggerated account she gave of the horrors of the mysterious chamber, were swallowed by open-mouthed credulity.

The consequence was the assembling of the knot of persons, who, confident in the presence of each other, and eager to gratify that morbid love of the horrible and strange which is the characteristic of ignorance, were demanding admission of the terrified Susan.

"No nonsense, young woman!" exclaimed a stout, bluff-looking man, whose rubicund cheeks and carbuncled nose proclaimed him a worshipper of the purple god; "we must come in: I am beadle of the parish!"

"And I constable!" added another.

"And we are here to assist!" chorussed the rest.

"But there is a lady in the house, who is ill—very ill!" urged the poor girl, imploringly; "your presence will terrify her!"

"Terrify her!" repeated the beadle; "a likely story—as if a respectable parish beadle could terrify any lady! It's far more likely, poor thing, that she will hail us as her deliverers from this fearful den!"

"Of course she will: we must come in!"

This was added by the constable, who, like his brother official in the parish, was a stout, active man. Smiting the action to his words, he ascended the steps which led to the cottage; and, taking Susan in his arms, attempted to remove her from the door, but without using any unnecessary violence in so doing. It was at this moment that Joe Beans and his companion drew in sight of the house.

No sooner did the former perceive his sweetheart in the grasp of her assailant, than he sprang to her assistance. To release her, and pitch the constable headlong down the steps, was the work of an instant.

"What is that for?" demanded the fellow, as soon as he had recovered his breath, which Joe's vigorous attack had all but driven out of his body.

"To teach you manners!" replied the rustic; "first lessons are always difficult—you'll take 'em easy in time. Don't be frightened, Susan!" he added, pressing the terrified girl, who clung to him, yet closer to his manly breast. "I am here to protect you! Where is Miss Ellen?"

"In her chamber," was the answer; for she was not yet aware of the visit of Lady Mowbray in her absence, and the consequent abduction of her dear young mistress.

The appearance of the Khan did more to dissipate the crowd, than even the stout arm of the rustic. There was a cold dignity in his manner—a singularity in his semi-oriental physiognomy, which awed them. As he advanced to the house, they slowly made way for him. He passed without a word, and closed the door of the cottage.

"Sorcerer!" muttered the beadle, as he disappeared.

"Worse than that!" added a cobbler, whom curiosity had drawn to the spot.

The first speaker stared, as if to ask what could be worse.

"He is a murderer!" added the man, who had heard from the Widow Barnes's own lips an exaggerated account of the scene she had witnessed in the hitherto carefully locked chamber.

Drawing a little to the side of the road, he related to the curious mob all that the old woman in her terror had stated, with such poetical additions as his own love of the marvellous suggested. On hearing his tale, the constable and beadle decided upon applying at once to a magistrate, for a warrant to apprehend him; the rest of the crowd promising to remain at a respectful distance, to watch that no one left the house.

The Khan judged, from the ill-concealed horror and fear with which Susan regarded him, the nature of the discovery which had taken place. It required all his eloquence and reasoning to dissuade her. Joe, upon his invitation, accompanied him to the room where the cheetah, now rendered furious by hunger and disappointment, was committing sad havoc amongst the scientific preparations and apparatus of its master.

If anything could have increased his companion's veneration for the renegade, it was the calm courage with which he approached the animal, whose roars subsided to low growls as its master advanced, with his eyes riveted upon him. Without the least hesitation, he seized it by the collar, and, despite its struggles, dragged it to the broken chain, to which he once more fastened it. That done, he next proceeded to explain to the awe-struck Joe the meaning of the ghastly heads scattered about the apartment. When the young man perfectly comprehended his purpose, his countenance brightened with intelligence and hope.

"And do you really think," he said, "that you can restore poor old Martin to his senses?"

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply. "My only fear has been lest it should be at the expense of life. But that danger," he added, thoughtfully, "may be avoided."

Although perfectly satisfied with the explanation, Joe wished to leave the place; the grim skulls exercised a horrible species of fascination over him—he could not withdraw his gaze.

"Come," he said, "let us return to the kitchen, where we have left Susan."

No sooner did they make their appearance, than the agitated girl threw herself upon the neck of her lover in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, with tears and broken sobs:

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

"Forgive thee, Susan!" said the young man. "Forgive thee! for what? for being frightened?"

"Ellen—poor Miss Ellen!" she whispered.

Joe's countenance became as pale as death.

"Do speak," said her lover; "anything is better than doubt!"

"She is gone!" she faltered; "fallen into the hands of her enemies!"

"Gone!" repeated Joe; "and through my fault! I ought not to have left her side for an instant. Gone—and Master Harry on his way back! Harry—who trusted to me to protect her, to watch over her—the truest friend man ever had! I shall never be able to look him in the face again!"

In the bitterness of his disappointment, he buried his face in his hands, to hide the tears which, despite his manhood, marked how bitterly he felt.

The Khan appeared scarcely less overwhelmed than himself; a painful struggle seemed to be taking place within his breast; in a few moments, however, his countenance became calm and settled. Placing his hand upon the shoulder of his companion, he bid him hope.

"Come what may," he said, "I will yet restore her to you!"

"You?"

"I! You have the word of one who never promised lightly, or failed to keep the pledge he gave!"

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

There is a bond between us, sir, which makes One common danger or one common safety: For the same roaring sea which wrecks my bark, Ingulfs yours, too. OLD PLAT.

It had been previously decided between Meeran Hadaz and his unworthy accomplice, Colonel Mowbray, that in the event of Ellen being once more in their power, they should, without further delay, proceed to Carrow Abbey—the last place in which her defenders would expect to find her. The secluded situation of the old mansion, and the evil reports believed by the superstitious country people, rendered anything like unpremeditated intrusion improbable. Against legal interference they were guarded by

the order of the Chancellor—and open violence they were equally prepared to meet.

The two confederates were seated in the library of the colonel, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to bring them intelligence of the success of Lady Mowbray's scheme. The countenance of the young Indian, once so calm and passionless, bore traces of the violent emotions of jealousy, doubt, and disappointment which had lately agitated him.

"Once more mine," he murmured, "and I will trust to no other eyes to watch, or arms to guard her! I have been weak, colonel—weak as a child—and suffered foolish pity to unman me—henceforth she shall find my resolution cold as her own heart—firm as its prejudices against me!"

"She has indeed been most ungrateful," observed his convenient friend, "as well as blind to her own interests. Such a brilliant match! such very liberal settlements! I scarcely know a name in the whole peerage which would have refused them!"

"Perish such considerations!" exclaimed the young man, indignantly; "it is the very disinterestedness of her nature which adds such fuel to my passion—I never yet valued the smile that gold could buy!"

"Dreamer!" muttered the colonel, with a sneering smile.

"If I am a dreamer," continued Meeran, "let me dream on still! I have a faith in woman—call it idolatry, if you will—peculiar to myself. Even the love of Ellen would cease to attract me if my wealth could purchase it! I pine for it," he added, "as the adventurous traveller pines to explore the cloud-capped tops of the lofty mountains of my native land—on account of the glory and the difficulty. I would win—not buy her!"

"And falling to win?" interrupted his friend.

"Will take by force," replied the Indian, gloomily, "that which is denied to entreaty! I must place a bar between her and this accursed peasant slave, who has crossed my heart in the only hope it ever framed! When next we meet, the fate of Ellen and my own will be decided!"

A servant entered the room with a note upon a silver, which he handed to his master, who hastily broke the seal, and, having cast his eyes over the contents, handed it, with a triumphant air, to his visitor.

It contained only a few hurried lines from her ladyship, informing her husband of the success of their plan—that Ellen was once more in her power, and that both were on their way to Carrow, whither the writer recommended the colonel and Meeran to follow as quickly as possible.

"You may leave the room, James," said the master of the mansion, addressing the servant; "there is no answer."

The man hesitated.

"What is the matter?" he added.

"Nothing, sir; only that another messenger has arrived from Newgate, and wishes to see the rajah."

Although Meeran Hafaz was not entitled to that rank, it was the name by which he was generally spoken of in the household of Colonel Mowbray.

This was the second application which the warren had made for an interview with his employer.

With muttered curses, wrung from him by impatience, Meeran Hafaz directed the domestic to inform the messenger that he would visit the prison that very day.

"Will you accompany me?" he demanded of his friend, as soon as the man had left the room.

"Perhaps I had better not."

The young Indian looked offended by the reply.

"I neither know, nor do I wish to be informed," continued the colonel, "of the nature of the tie between you and my late brother's servant; doubtless you have found him useful, and if it lies in your power to serve him in any way, I would counsel you to do so."

"As useful as you did," observed the young man, bitterly, "when you and Captain Lucas employed the rascal to spread the report of the late baronet having killed a political opponent in a duel, and being compelled to fly to France for his life—which falsehood induced the deceived and unhappy wife to intrust herself and infant to the care of a false friend!"

The colonel turned very pale, and muttered something about Will Sidelier being a worthless villain.

"Come, come," continued Meeran, "rail not against the poor devil! Men, after all, are what necessity, and the virtues or vices of those above them, make them. I will soon return from my visit to Newgate, and then we will start at once for Carrow Abbey: there I shall triumph over my rustic rival, and reap the rich reward of my long-enduring passion and perseverance!"

"Or of thy crimes!" muttered his confederate, as the door of the apartment closed between them. I am tired—galled by the lordly airs of superiority this fellow gives himself, and willingly would—but, no!—no!" he added, with a shudder, as he recollected the fatal confession he had signed, in which he acknowledged himself a cheat and a swindler; "he would blast my reputation, and render even the wealth I have sinned for worthless! I have paid the penalty, and will not, like an idiot, forego the enjoyment!"

With this resolution he rang for his valet, to give orders for his departure for Norfolk; for, convinced by reflection that it would be useless to struggle with the toils in which, at the commencement of their acquaintance, Meeran had bound him, he felt only anxious to complete the price of his redemption, by forcing the unprotected orphan to his arms.

Will Sidelier had not been many hours an inmate of Newgate—to which prison the magistrate had committed him, upon the charge of robbing and attempting to murder Mr. Elworthy—when he began to entertain those uneasy sensations which indicate a conscience ill at ease. Great as the terrors were which he endured in his subterranean

den at Mortlake, the mental ones which now came thronging upon him were yet greater; and more than once he asked himself the question, which one half of mankind ask only when too late—whether honesty, after all, is not the best policy, even in this world. True, for a man in his position, he was rich, possessed of more gold than at one period of his life he dreamed was in existence. He could buy land—houses, waving corn-fields, and woods might call him master. Every enjoyment his gross, sensual nature could desire was within his means; but there was a drawback to this reflection—a dark and terrible one—that the possessor of this gold was a prisoner within dark stone walls, with an accusation affecting his life suspended over him.

His first feeling was of anger that he had not completed his work, and really taken the life of the lawyer; his second, of regret that he had ever undertaken the task at all.

"Would he were anything but a lawyer!" he thought; "lawyers are like priests—they never forgive! This fellow, whose brain-pan I could crush with a blow of my fist, will never rest till he has brought it home to me! The judge will be a lawyer—I shall have hard work to escape between them!"

In his danger he remembered Meeran Hafaz: he knew his vast wealth, and standing with those who could save him; and as his yielding to his temptation had brought him into difficulties, he determined that he should find the means to save him.

"He must," he said, "or we both swing together! I was always of a sociable disposition, and should not like to hang alone!"

Such were the feelings with which he twice sent to request an interview with the young Indian. Disappointment at his not obeying his first summons, added to his recent sufferings, made him ferocious and sullen—in fact, so much so, that he scarcely deigned to notice his visitor, when he entered the cell in which he was confined.

"So you are come at last!" he muttered, savagely.

"Ruffian!" said the young man; "is this your gratitude for my condescension in visiting you in prison?"

At the words "ruffian" and "condescension," the eyes of Will Sidelier flashed fearfully upon the speaker: perhaps he remembered whose temptation had placed him in his present danger—or still writhed under the recollection of the severe chastisement he had received.

"Ruffian!" he exclaimed. "Well, I suppose I must not quarrel with the name, since we bear it equally from the same godfather! But as for gratitude: I feel no gratitude for your doing that which I could have compelled you to do, whether you liked it or not!"

"What means the insolent?"

"Insolent!" interrupted Will; "there are a pair of insolents! and, since you feel so little for the position to which your bribes, temptations, and crimes—ay, sir, crimes, for they were yours even more than mine—have reduced me, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll send, the first thing in the morning, to Mr. Elworthy!"

"Well?"

"Confess everything to him!"

"Go on!"

"Even to the death of Sir William Mowbray!"

"And then hang like a dog!" quietly observed Meeran Hafaz, without betraying the least alarm at the threats of his confederate.

"No matter—I shall not hang alone!"

"There, again, you are mistaken!" continued the young Indian; "there is not one jot of evidence against me, except your word, which no one will believe! I am rich, have friends high in power, and instruments ready to swear to anything I may suggest; so you see, after all, Will, the probability is that you must hang alone!"

It was curious to observe, whilst the speaker was thus addressing the instrument of his crimes, how the bold and insulting look of the ruffian gradually changed to one of cringing servility and utter hopelessness, as the conviction took possession of his mind that the wily tempter was beyond his power.

"No matter!" he said, trying to put a bold face upon the difficulty; "at least, such an accusation will blast your reputation!"

"Not in the least, my good man!" coolly answered Meeran.

"Detain you in London, at the very moment you are desirous of quitting it, to accomplish your purpose against Miss De Vere! I wonder," he added, with a shudder, "how you can bear to look upon her!"

Although his visitor had affected to treat the menaces of the prisoner as unworthy of the slightest consideration, he was secretly moved by them: he had been long enough in England to be perfectly aware that the law, in certain cases—such as murder—struck the strongest in its might, and was not to be tampered with; that, even if he eventually escaped the penalty of his crime, it would only be after trial and imprisonment; and he gradually suffered himself to relent.

"Sidelier," he said, "were I the heartless man you think, I should leave you to your fate! Me you cannot assail; and I naturally felt indignant at your conduct, after having resolved to risk everything to insure your safety."

"At the word 'safety,' the eyes of the warren began to brighten.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "had your conduct been such as I had a right to expect, in three days you would have been at liberty; but, as it is —"

"You will not abandon me," interrupted the wretch. "For a hardy word, spoken in despair? I fancied you had forgotten me! Could you not feel for one hour the horrors of captivity—the fearful thoughts which crowd upon the inmates of these walls, as they count the weary hours of sleepless night—the terrible dreams which haunt

them, when worn-out Nature at last takes refuge in a broken sleep—you would pardon my impatience—pity, and not upbraid me!"

"I do pardon you!"

"And you will save me?"

"And I will save you!" replied Meeran; "but not, as you suppose, from any personal considerations—I have already told you that I am above them. In three days you shall be at liberty, but you must consent to quit the country!"

"Willingly!"

"For ever?"

"For ever!" repeated Sidelier; "I have little to love or to regret in it: I don't believe I have even a dog to care for me!"

"Enough!" answered Meeran, rising to depart; "tomorrow you will receive a visit from your father!"

"My father!" repeated the captive, with astonishment.

"One, at least, who must pass as such: follow the directions which he will give you, and trust to me to accomplish the rest. Once at liberty, you must traverse France till you reach Marseilles, where you will find a ship bound for India!"

"India, or any other land!" sighed the wretch; "all countries are to me alike indifferent!"

Drawing out his purse, his visitor inquired if he wanted any money.

For once the yellow idol had lost its influence upon the heart of the captive.

"Gold!" he exclaimed; "it has been my bane—my curse! My conscience is loaded with it! I would give it all—all that I possess—for one calm night of peaceful sleep!"

Finding that, in his present state of his mind, his visit could be of no further use, the tempter left him to himself.

"Will he keep his word?" thought the prisoner, as soon as he was alone. "He must—he dares not break it: despite the pride and defiance with which he listened to my threats, 'tis plain he feels their force! I was right—quite right!" he added; "either we will both be saved, or swing together!"

With this resolution, he seated himself upon the stool, near the window of his cell, and became buried in reflection.

When Meeran Hafaz returned to the residence of the colonel, he found everything in readiness for their journey to Carrow Abbey. To the surprise of his friend, he informed him that he had changed his intention.

"Changed it?" exclaimed his confederate, with astonishment.

"Yes. In three days I shall be at liberty to accompany you; but I cannot quit London till then."

The colonel inquired no further, but gave orders to unpack the carriage: knowing his visit to Newgate, most probably he guessed the nature of the business which detained him.

CHAPTER XC.

The sword is tempered to the soldier's hand;
The drug is mixed to arm a woman's weakness;
The law hath quibbles for the miser's gain;
And every crime its ready instrument.

HERMIONE.

THERE are hundreds of men in London, calling themselves agents, who would be much puzzled to give an account of the nature of the business they transact. They neither buy nor sell—and yet they live. Some profess to be lawyers, although they never prepared a single brief; others, bill-brokers, who profess their readiness to cash the acceptances of thoughtless heirs to any amount, without having the means, perhaps, of paying the rent of their scantily-furnished offices.

The only stock in trade of the greater part of the class of men we allude to, consists, like the spider's, of their web—spun from the venom of their brain—as that of the insect's is from glutinous resources, provided by nature for that purpose, in their bodies. They are a race of beings to whom honour is a forgotten name—who consider crime only in proportion to its risk, and, provided the insurance be large, are ready to risk everything to obtain it.

One of the most celebrated of this class was an old man, of a most venerable appearance, who was generally supposed to have made a considerable fortune—how, it would have puzzled an honest trader to tell; for William Davids kept neither books nor merchandise, was particularly careful in discounting, and had never been seen upon 'Change.

The old deaf woman, who, for more than thirty years, had kept his chambers in Clement's Inn, when questioned upon the subject by his curious neighbours, used to declare that he seldom had more than one or two visitors per week. It was known that he seldom went out: so the inquirers naturally concluded that those one or two customers were good ones.

If paying well made them good ones, they were not much out in their calculation.

To this person did Meeran Hafaz resolve to address himself, and, on the evening of the day on which he had visited the warren in his prison, he set out, alone and on foot, to visit him.

The old man was seated at a small round table, in the dismal little room he called his office, examining, by the light of a solitary candle, various papers and memoranda, written partially in hieroglyphics, scattered before him. They were the reports of the instruments he employed in the various transactions in which he was engaged. A wiry-haired, red-head looking man was standing by his side.

It was his confidential tool, known by the name of Tyburn Ned.

"What has become of the infant?" demanded his master.

"Safe in the workhouse."

"And no suspicions?"

"None. I took care to change its clothing of lace and cambric for the coarsest rags."

"Right!" said his master, making a note; "that affair is settled!"

"And the captain?"

"Over the water!"

"At last!" sighed old Davids, with satisfaction. "That fellow has given me more trouble than profit. Let him know that if he returns, it will be useless to expect any further assistance from me—a bungler! He may hang or starve, for aught I care!"

His observations were cut short by a ringing at the bell.

"See who is at the door," said the speaker; "but do not open it!"

Ned left the room, and in a few minutes returned, after having reconnoitred the visitor through the little iron grating in the door.

"Well! who is it?" demanded the old man, sharply.

"Don't know," replied the fellow; "but you had better see him. He is no ordinary visitor: he might be a prince, from his air."

"How is he dressed?"

"In a large Spanish cloak, drawn closely round him. I could see upon the hand with which he held it, partially to conceal his face, a diamond as large as that which —"

"Enough!" interrupted the agent, hastily; probably not wishing to hear anything more about the diamond which the speaker particularly alluded to. "You may admit him."

The next minute, Meeran Hafaz was ushered into the dimly-lighted apartment. Ned officiously placed a chair, but before the young man condescended to sit upon it, he abruptly demanded of the old man to dismiss his servant.

"Go," said Davids, mildly, to his confederate, "and attend to the shipping of those goods!"

This was a cant phrase agreed upon between them, when Tyburn Ned was to dog the steps of any visitor, and bring word back where he resided; for many who sought the assistance of the old man, cared little to leave either their names or addresses.

"Now sir," he continued, as soon as they were alone, "your pleasure?"

Had the young Indian not been well aware of the real character of the man with whom he had to deal, he would have hesitated before he replied to him; his appearance was so truly venerable, and everything around him bearing the impress of respectability.

"Is your name William Davids?" he demanded.

"It is."

"An agent?"

"A general agent, at your service," observed the man with a smile.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Davids!" resumed his visitor; "of your skill and determination in conducting the affairs of those who place themselves in your hands. I have heard that there is no difficulty, no matter how grave or delicate, which you will not undertake to arrange?"

"Provided the payment equals the risk and trouble, none."

"And what payment," inquired Meeran, in the blandest tone of voice imaginable, "would you conceive sufficient to undertake the escape of a prisoner from Newgate, within three days?"

"Three days! The time is short!" said the agent, musingly.

"I am aware of that!"

"Of what is the man accused?"

"Of murder."

"Of murder!" slowly repeated the old man, with the air of one carefully weighing the risk. It will be difficult!"

"Had the thing been easy," observed his visitor, "I should not have required the assistance of so experienced a person as yourself. The station of the man for whom I interest myself, is humble in the extreme; but that is not the question. Perhaps," he added, "it may lessen the difficulty, when I inform you that the murder was only attempted—not completed?"

"Not in the least, sir," replied the man of many secrets; "the proceedings will not only be difficult, as I before observed to you, but expensive."

"I am prepared to meet it."

"So many risks to run!" added the agent, who was mentally considering how much he might venture to ask.

"Your price, sir—your price?"

"Five thousand pounds!"

No sooner had the old fellow named this sum, than he fixed his little, ferret-like eyes upon his visitor, with an anxious look, to watch the effect his words produced.

"It is yours," said Meeran, coolly.

Instead of feeling rejoiced at the acquisition of so important a client, the wretch secretly cursed himself for having asked so little.

"Here," said the young man, drawing a note for five hundred pounds from his pocket-book, "is an earnest. I will call at the same hour to-morrow night, when you will report progress—your plans and means; if I find them feasible, the present sum shall be doubled. Is the arrangement understood between us?"

"Perfectly sir," answered the agent, eagerly clutching the note, which he held close to the solitary candle, to assure himself that it was a good one. "I will have all my plans matured by then; but before I take any steps, it is

positively necessary that I should know the name of the—hem! did you say gentleman?"

"I thought I told you," observed the young man, "that his station was humble?"

"You did—I had forgotten."

"His name is Will Sidelers!"

"Will Sidelers!" repeated the avaricious old wretch, with a look of surprise; "dear me—how very extraordinary!"

"How, extraordinary?"

"I have already had an inquiry respecting him."

The speaker, in fact, was the very person to whom Captain Elton had confided the will of Sir William Mowbray, in order to get it copied.

"Some time since," continued the agent, "a client of mine placed in my hands the will of the late baronet, as security for a large sum of money."

"The name of this client?" eagerly demanded Meeran Hafaz.

"Captain Elton."

"And the sum?"

"One thousand pounds."

The wretch eagerly watched the countenance of his visitor, to note the effect produced. He was fearful of asking too much—and still more so of losing the chance of augmenting his ill-gotten store by demanding too little.

"Have you the document by you?"

"I have not," replied the agent; "but I can easily procure it."

This was a lie; but he knew by experience there was nothing so likely to insure the success of his scheme as exciting the impatience of the young man by pretended difficulties.

"When can you procure it?" inquired Meeran.

"To-morrow."

"Have it ready, and the sum you name is yours!"

A quiet, sly smile illuminated the countenance of the agent; he had made a good night's work of him.

A few such clients would have made any man rich.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE REMEMBRANCE.

BY EMMA A. B.

WILD thoughts come o'er me of the days gone by,

Dreams I had fancied in oblivion cast;

With quivering lip, and trembling tear-dimmed eye,

I gaze upon the shadows of the past.

Thy presence is the spell that calls them back,

To stand once more upon my life's lone track!

Oh early loved! I see thee once again;

I meet thy glance once more, and I forget

All the estrangement, all the years of pain

That darken o'er our path, since last we met,

For in my inmost soul, severed apart,

Thy memory lives, lost idol of my heart!

How thou wert loved, bear witness, bitter tears;

And even now that love is lingering on,

Unquenched by absence, and unchanged by years,

Surviving still though every hope be gone!

And thou perchance may'st vainly, too, recall

The one true heart, that loved thee best of all!

And there is gloom upon that well-known brow,

And sorrow in that soul, I must not share,

And yet the thought will come, ay, even now,

How blest I were only to soothe thy care.

It may not be, we meet on earth no more,

The vision's past! the idle dream is o'er!

Oh worse than idle, yet the heart is weak,

And love will cling around the chords of life:

Our steps are failing, we have need to seek

Some higher hope, to cheer us in the strife,

The hope to meet, amidst a world of bliss,

Those we have loved, and lost, and vainly wept in this!

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

THE LONGEST STRAIGHT LINE IN THE WORLD.—The Illinois Central Railroad is 700 miles in length, and has 626 miles in a straight line, which prepares the road for a speed which no other road in the United States is capable of.

WHITTINGTON'S STONE.—On paying a visit recently to the above, we were sorry to see it out of condition: the inscription is almost illegible, and in a short time will be wholly so. It appears to us that it has been recently moved from the edge of the road farther in, on account of a new street forming at the foot of Highgate Hill.

SEA-SAND FOR MORTAR.—Has the following method ever been tried for making sea-sand usable in building? Washing the sand in dilute oil of vitriol, so as to separate the salts from the siliceous particles, pouring off the fluid, and washing again, twice or more, in fresh water.

GAS FROM WOOD.—A dentist has taken out a patent for generating gas from simple wood. A correspondent says: "This is no idle fiction; we examined the works, and saw the light burning in a juxtaposition with that created from the Scotch coal, and it was equal to it both in purity and brilliancy. The inventor has entered into a contract with a company in Wilmington, to light up that town with this material. Pine wood, with which that country abounds, is preferred to any other, and the gas generated from it costs comparatively nothing. The apparatus for generating this gas is extremely cheap and simple, and we expect in a few years to find it in universal use—accessible alike to the poor as well as rich."

A RARE FISH.—At a meeting of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society, the president exhibited a fish, taken in Belfast Lough, called the *Leptocephalus Morisii*. It is so very transparent that it is difficult to detect it in the sea-water, when living; its eyes only are the most conspicuous parts, being opaque, and very beautiful. It is about five inches in length; and, when preserved in spirits, its opacity is increased, so as to be then distinguishable.

THE PARISIAN EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The "Palace of Industry," in course of erection in the Champs Elysées, is to be composed of a hall 192 metres in length, and 48 metres wide. It will be surrounded by a double gallery 24 metres wide. The roof is to be supported by light columns, and the whole length of the building will be 254 metres, and the width 103 metres. The height is to be 35 metres. The building is to have four grand entrances—one at each side, with four smaller ones at the angles. The exterior wall will be made of cut stone, with arcades, 360 in number, the principal entrance facing the avenue of the Champs Elysées. All round the building will be inscribed the names of men celebrated in arts and manufactures. Also along the front of the principal entrance will be sculptured medallions destined to receive the busts of men who have been an honour to France. About 20,000 persons will be able to circulate with ease at the same time in the building. The roof is to be of iron and zinc, the top being of glass, like that of the Crystal Palace of London.

NEW DESCRIPTION OF STEAMER.—A new description of steamer, called "Rotatory," has commenced to ply on the Clyde, between Glasgow and Dumbarton. The peculiarity of her construction lies in her compactness, her paddles being much lower than the bulwarks; and, as her engine is on the rotatory principle, it likewise occupies very little space. The inventor, Mr. David Napier, thus describes her: "The advantages these engines have over others are, that they are more compact, consume about one-fourth less fuel, and require no engineer; the steersman, by a peculiar valve moves the vessel ahead or astern, without communicating with any one. The furnace bars contain water, consequently the hot ashes, which are destructive to the common furnace-bar, in this case tend to the production of steam. There is also a simple application of the fan to assist combustion. Such steamers would be invaluable on crowded rivers like the Thames or Clyde: as running down could scarcely ever happen, the steersman standing before the funnel, and there being no paddle-boxes to interrupt his view, he sees every object ahead, and can stop or reverse the engines in an instant, without leaving the wheel, or applying to any second party."—*Glasgow Courier*.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.

A company, just established in New York, have issued a prospectus of a new power, and claim for it the most extraordinary and marvellous qualities. It is called Salomon's carbonic acid gas engine; and the projectors represent their belief, that it is destined soon to surpass the highest anticipated performances of Ericsson's calorific engine, as much as Capt. Ericsson believes his power capable of eclipsing all previous efforts. The proprietors call it the "crowning work of motive-power," which is about to consummate and characterise the meridian glory of the 19th century. Carbonic acid gas is generated in any desired quantities, by the action of diluted sulphuric acid upon chalk. At the ordinary temperature and pressure, carbonic acid attains the gaseous state; but when subjected to the pressure of 36 atmospheres, or 540 lbs. to the square inch, at a temperature of 40 deg. Fahrenheit, it has a pressure of 1080 lbs. to the square inch. Its expansibility by heat, therefore, will create a motive-power of unlimited capacity. Mr. H. W. Adams, a practical chemist, made such experiments in 1850, with this gas, in its generation, its reduction to a liquid by a pressure, and also to a solid, that he feels justified in reporting on the value of the invention, and in testifying to its immense power as a mechanical agent.

The practical operation of the new engine is as follows: "The gas is generated, in the first instance, as before-mentioned, and is forced from the generator, under a pressure of 540 lbs. to the square inch, into a reservoir of small copper tubes, all united so as to form but one conduction main for the liquid, and so bent that a considerable length of this tubing is placed in an air-tight box, whose temperature is kept at 32 deg. by an exhaust-pump, worked by the engine. Upon entering this copper tubing from the generator, the gas is reduced to a liquid, and the condenser is thus charged. The pressure upon this copper tubing is now 540 lbs. to the square inch. A force-pump, worked also by the engine, is connected to one end of the copper tube, and at every stroke forces a given amount of carbonic acid gas into a gas-holder, or substitute for a steam-boiler, whose temperature is kept at 45 deg. When the liquid enters this reservoir, it is at once expanded into gas, and exerts a pressure of 1080 lbs. to the square inch. Under this pressure, a valve opens its communication with the piston, which is worked by the gas; then an escape valve opens in communication with the other end of the copper tubing, or condenser, while, at the same moment, the first-named egress valve closes, and another opens at the other end of the piston. The result is, that the piston is forced back into the cylinder under a pressure of 1080 lbs. to the square inch, while the gas at the other end of the piston is forced out into the copper tubing and condensed to a liquid by an instantaneous reduction of temperature to 30 deg., and under a pressure of 540 lbs. to the square inch. Thus a perpetual circuit of power is kept up."

This new power is said to be comparatively inexpensive.



[ANCIENT BUILDINGS NEAR FEROZE SHAH'S COTILLA, DELHI.]

TALES OF THE BRAHMINS.

Our English traveller, in the course of his desultory wanderings, visited the city of Delhi, still the seat of a phantom imperial authority, but looking as if it had fallen never to rise again. Its ruins, however, attest its former grandeur, for they extend over a surface as large as the whole of the British metropolis, and amply sustain the assertion, that when Delhi was the capital of Mahomedan India, under the Affghan or Patan dynasties, its inhabitants numbered upwards of two millions. At present they are probably not a tenth of that number, although Delhi is considered the most important British station in north-western India.

The inhabited part of Delhi is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded with an embattled wall, strengthened with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and, above all, are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumma Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn colour, inlaid, in some of the ornamental parts, with white marble; and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character. It far exceeds anything at Moscow. The Jumna, like the other great rivers of this country, overflows, during the rains, a wide extent; but, unlike the Ganges, does not confer fertility. In this part of its course, it is so strongly impregnated with natron—extensive beds of which abound in all the neighbourhood—that its waters destroy, instead of promoting vegetation; and the whole space between the high banks and the river is a loose and perfectly barren sand, like that of the sea-shore.

Bishop Heber says, in his lively volumes, that:

"From the gate of Agra to Humayoon's tomb, is a very awful scene of desolation; ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brickwork, freestone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa, in the Crimea; but this was Caffa on the scale of London, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as London itself cannot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput, which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the Emperor Shah Jehan, he removed many of its inhabitants thither; most of the rest followed, to be near the palace and the principal markets; and as, during the Mahratta government, there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shah Jehan-poor (city of the king of the world); but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation, and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the emperor's eye.

"In our way, one mass of ruins larger than the rest, was pointed out to us as the old Patan palace. It has been a large and solid fortress, in a plain and unornamented style of architecture, and would have been picturesque, had it been in a country where trees grew and ivy is green—but is here only ugly and melancholy. It is chiefly remarkable for a high, black pillar of cast metal, called Feroze's walking-stick. This was originally a Hindoo work; the emblem, I apprehend, of Siva, which stood in a temple in the same spot, and concerning which there was a tradition, like that attached to the coronation stone of the Scots, that while it stood, the children of Brahma were to rule in Indraput. On the conquest of the country by the Mussulmen, the vanity of the prediction was shown; and Feroze inclosed it within the court of his palace, as a trophy of the victory of Islam over idolatry. It is covered with inscriptions, mostly Persian and Arabic; but that which is evidently the original, and probably contains the prophecy, is in a character now obsolete and unknown, though apparently akin to the Nagree."

It has been remarked that the Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers; yet the ornaments, florid as they are, in their proper places are never thrown away, or allowed to interfere with the severe and solemn character of their edifices. The breadth and excellence of their style may be attributed to the examples of Hindoo architecture which they had constantly before them, and which they scarcely ever failed to imitate, adapt, and improve upon. The picturesque mass of ruins shown in our very fine pictorial embellishment, exhibits something of the severity and simplicity of the manners of the early Mahomedan invaders of India; but we believe it has not yet been determined to what period the buildings belong. The probability is, that they owe their erection to Feroze Shah—the monarch whom Heber alluded to—who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century, and is said to have built forty mosques, twenty caravanserais, five hospitals, a hundred palaces, ten baths, a hundred tombs, and a hundred bridges. But all his building could not save his throne from the invasions of the Moguls, under Timour and Baber, and the ultimate ruin of the whole of his posterity, under Akbar, the celebrated grandson of the latter. Nor could the building mania, which subsequently seized upon the Mogul emperors, prevent the like catastrophe befalling them at the hands of rebellious vassals, brigand Mahrattas, and hard-fighting and incorrigibly-intriguing British. The Mahomedan empire in India, both in fact and sentiment, is utterly ruined and destroyed, and all that remains of its several brilliant phases, are magnificent ruins like those shown in our illustration, scattered over the face of the country.

Some such conviction as this must have seized upon the mind of our English traveller; for, after gazing upon those remains of a once splendid Patan palace, he remarked to the Brahmin who acted as his guide, that he thought not only the political power, but the very monuments of the Mahomedan rulers of India, were rapidly hastening to oblivion.

"It is so decreed," remarked the Brahmin; "empires founded by the sword, melt away just as snow-flakes on the hills of Cashmere melt in the beams of the noon-day sun. The dust of battle has scarcely cleared away, eye

the victorious rider and horse fall prostrate on the plain. Nothing is eterna but Brahma."

"If I mistake not, my friend," said the Englishman, drily, "the swords of Bala Rama and Krishnu had a good deal to do with overturning Buddhism, and seating Brahma on his throne."

"The Prophet Brothers," replied the Brahmin, "founded kingdoms and bequeathed them to their posterity; but the kingdom of Brahma they could not found, for it was before them, after them, and is eternally. Still I am free to admit that the earthly monarchies of Rama and Krishnu have disappeared; but they endured for more than two thousand years, and their monuments still survive. Moslem rage in vain has attempted to extirpate them. Behold their power, and its evidence. The Great Mogul is a phantom in the hands of your mighty Company, and these buildings, founded by his race, which in this part of India do not take back beyond two centuries, are already crumbling to dust."

"So I perceive," said the Englishman. "Delhi, although, in its architecture, comparatively a modern city, is nothing better than a pile of ruins. Yet some of the Mussulmen monarchs were great men. It would be difficult to find, in the long roll of European kings, one that excelled Baber, the most eminent and accomplished prince that ever adorned an Asiatic throne. Akbar was also a great emperor. The vast empire of the Moguls was never more flourishing than under his rule. History tells us that he established schools, in which both the Indian and Arabic languages and sciences were taught. Translations of works of taste and art were made at his express desire. Under his mild and equitable government, agriculture flourished, commerce revived, arts prospered, and his subjects enjoyed the fruits of their increased industry, free from those apprehensions of insecurity to which they had been so long exposed. Truly Akbar was a great king, as well as a great warrior!"

"He had many solid as well as shining virtues," said the Brahmin, sententiously; "but he failed to transmit any of them to his posterity. His grandson, Shah Jehan, the last Great Mogul who resided in the palace of the Patans, the ruins of which you so much admire, could not rule his own family; his sons were perpetually in rebellion against him, and while his wife Noorjean lived, she possessed absolute sway over his actions as well as affections. When she died, Aurungzebe, the third son, seized upon the throne by force and treachery, after massacring his brothers, and placing his father in prison, where he ultimately died, not much lamented by any class of his subjects."

"His affection for his queen must have been remarkably strong," said the Englishman, "to have induced him to erect over her ashes such a magnificent pile as the Taje Mahal, in Agra. But what induced him to abandon a palace founded, like our Windsor Castle, or the Kremlin in Moscow, by monarchs of his own creed, if not of his race?"

"The cause was romantic," said the Brahmin; "and it you are not disinclined to listen to a story, I will tell you."

The traveller willingly assented, and, in view of the sombre memorials of a past age, looking hoar and surly in the dawning light of an early morning sun, the Brahmin,

with much comment and circumlocution, which has necessarily been omitted, related the following narrative.

THE SULTANA'S SACRIFICE.

In the summer of 1740, the imperial city of Delhi was in mourning. Shah Jehan, "The Lord and Conqueror of the World," "The Sun of Wisdom," "The Star of Islam," "The Light of the Universe," "The Puissant Emperor of India," lay on a bed of sickness. The mosques were filled with the faithful, offering up prayers for his speedy recovery; the shops were closed, to the great grief of all the tradesmen of Delhi, and the houses, as well as the people, wore a melancholy, apprehensive appearance. Some of the latter, congregated in groups in the squares and open places, were performing a ceremony dear to Mussulmen as well as Jews. Each one in turn waved his turban and shawl thrice round his head, as he besought the intercession of the prophet and all the saints, on behalf of his sovereign. Many of them made presents to each other, with the same ceremony; and a few, consisting of the most devout, revolved within themselves the necessity of a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Near one of these groups, closely observing them, stood a man in the prime of life and of distinguished appearance, who, although he wore the oriental costume, from the fairness of his complexion, was evidently an Englishman. By his side was a shrewd-looking old Mussulman, whose long white beard descended to the pit of his very ample stomach. The former was an English physician, named Boughton, one of those energetic men who, two centuries ago, by their tact, skill, and courage, obtained from the Mogul court concessions which served to lay the foundation of the British empire in India. Boughton had proceeded from Surat to Delhi, to negotiate with the emperor in person, for a licence to trade within his dominions, and establish a factory on some advantageous point on the sea-coast. But just as he had found Shah Jehan inclined to concede some trifling privileges to the company, the negotiations were interrupted by the latter's illness; and the English adventurer had nothing to do but wait patiently until the light of the world was permitted to shine again in public. His mission, conciliatory manners, and, it must be added, convivial habits, had gained him the acquaintance—friendship it could scarcely be termed—of Shere, the court sage and poet, who had good-naturedly assigned him quarters in the part of the palace where he was permitted to reside. Shere had taken a fancy to the young and dashing Englishman, and frequently accompanied him in his rambles in the town and through the adjacent country. On the present occasion both were rather taciturn, for the bulletin of that morning had been more dismal than usual. The emperor had passed a very bad night indeed. Boughton would have tendered his professional services, but, as he knew such a step would provoke jealousy, perhaps compromise his safety—for failure in a medical man in the East, is the last offence that is forgiven—he hesitated. Shere very much approved of his determination—indeed ventured obscurely to hint that the recovery of the emperor was not very ardently desired by his sons.

"That is very shocking!" observed the frank Englishman.

"Hush!" replied the wily poet-laureate, drawing him away from the edge of the crowd, so as to be beyond hearing; "the very stones of Delhi have ears!"

"In the event of the emperor going the way of all flesh," inquired Boughton, "what chance do you think I shall have?"

"The prophet guide us!—what a question!" replied the poet; "but as you seem so anxious, I will tell you all I know of their mightinesses the royal princes. Like all the children of the house of Baber, they are well versed in the learning of Persia and Arabia, and have deigned to cultivate some of the infidel Hindoo lore of Hindostan. Dara, the eldest, is handsome, generous, and rash. He is a very great favourite with everybody. The women sing his praises morning, noon, and night. Sujah is more prudent; but when in the pursuit of pleasure, he is a perfect tyrant. Aurungzebe, the third son, is a mystery: he affects the austere habits of a fakir, but I suspect his religion is but used as a cloak for his ambition. Morad is a very violent and impatient youth—quite a cub at present—but disposed to spurn all control."

"I should think the Prince Dara the noblest of the brothers," said Boughton; "and he would be the one to whom I ought to apply."

"Not so!" replied the poet; "he detests foreigners, but is too magnanimous to do them a wanton injury. Do you go to Aurungzebe—his star is the brightest; besides, I have heard him approve of the Portuguese settlements, and say that trade and commerce were the best mines from which the imperial treasury could be replenished."

While thus conversing, they reached the poet's residence. The chambers were numerous enough, but the furniture was very scanty; and Boughton was much inconvenienced for the want of a seat like what he had been accustomed to in Europe. Squatting on the ground like a tailor, offended his notions of dignity; but, as he could not avoid it, he endeavoured to make himself at home. The etiquette of the court of the great Mogul did not prohibit clandestine tipping. The poet was fond of his bottle, and as Boughton found the emperor's wine by no means disagreeable, he exerted himself to do honour to his entertainer's hospitality, sang him some French and English songs, and actually moved the old man to tears, by the pathos of his Scotch and Irish ballads. While they were thus engaged, a messenger summoned the poet away; and Boughton, glad of the opportunity, hastened to pay a visit to the zenana. Don't be alarmed, it only contained one lovely girl—the daughter of Shere.

The Englishman had discovered her one day, while

rambling about the rooms in search of amusement. She had often seen him before, and heard him, too—for his singing resounded through the empty rooms of that portion of the palace. She was rather startled, but Boughton calmed her fears so gently, that she spoke to him; and as he understood both Persian and Arabic very well, they could converse with fluency. Her father had given her an instruction far superior to that generally received by the daughters even of the Mogul nobility; and as he regarded her extreme beauty and fascinating manners, he was not without hopes of pushing his fortune at court, by means of marrying her to some distinguished personage. Baba herself was totally ignorant of these ambitious views, and as she was artless and innocent as a child, it is not surprising, in a climate in which love at first sight is the rule instead of the exception, that she should from the first have been charmed by the handsome exterior, and manly but fascinating manners of her father's guest. On his part, it would be difficult to describe his sensations. He was young, ardent, and bold; and he could not disguise from himself that the lustrous oriental eyes of Baba had in them an inexpressible attraction for him. But he never returned from one of these stolen interviews without some misgivings as to its propriety. His English notions of honour were rather shocked at his abuse of the confidence of his entertainer. But as his passion rather increased than diminished after every visit, his scruples gradually softened in tone, and he submitted to what he deemed an irresistible impulse.

On this occasion he found Baba magnificently attired, for the daughter of a literary man. A circlet of diamonds crossed her pale, open brow—she had inherited a fair complexion from her Persian mother—and several jewels flashed in the coils of her raven hair. In person she was tall, with a fine figure, and a face of ecstatic beauty. Her lineaments were like those which delirious poets coin in their dreams or cups—for such inspiration comes as frequently from the latter as the former; and in her bewitching exterior she combined all the graces, as well as virgin freshness and modesty, of that rare style of beauty which seems a combination of the Greek and the broader-featured daughters of the north. She had only one attendant—an old woman, whom a trifling present of money and opium had easily bribed to secrecy.

She received the Englishman with a deep blush, and his bronzed countenance became deeply suffused, as he carried her jewelled hand to his lips, and then seated himself at her feet.

Perhaps, owing to his being heated with wine, he pressed his suit with more than his customary ardour; and among his soft whispers there was one which hinted at an elopement and a disguise.

Baba was alarmed: although unsophisticated, she had been educated in such strict notions of female reserve and restraint, that the proposal jarred upon her sensitive nature.

"Would you ask me to leave my kind old father?" she softly said.

"Father!" cried Boughton, carried away by his headlong passion; "what is a father to a husband? A father calculates, orders, and disposes; a husband, on the contrary, loves and entreats: he shelters his beloved one from every storm, from every danger; ever by her side, she is pressed to his bosom, rooted in and twined round his very soul; and while invoking heaven to shield her from harm, he puts forth his strength and his wisdom to build up for her a house, and provide for her a happiness which never ends but with the grave. A Christian husband, Baba, cherishes only one wife: fly with me, then, to the sea-side, where I have friends, companions, wealth; and if fortune should not smile on us in this land, I have my own dear native one, and a mother who will receive you as kindly as the second father of mankind did the timid dove when it returned to his ark."

"My father has said that your country is cold, that it is beaten by perpetual storms; and that to arrive there, one would have to sail from one extremity of the world to the other!" said Baba, gently repulsing him.

Boughton strove to combat her fears, which he partially succeeded in doing; but he had no sooner commenced renewing his frantic solicitations, than Baba hurriedly started to her feet, uttered a shriek, and fled.

The old woman uttered an unearthly exclamation, and speedily followed her example. Boughton was bewildered; but, on hearing a voice—a stern, sonorous one—saying:

"Miserable slave!—are you weary of life?"

He turned rapidly round, and beheld a sight which caused the blood to roll back on his heart in frost-touched currents. The figure of a tall, swarthy, but fine-looking man, blocked up the doorway. He wore a breastplate, inlaid with gold, and on his head a helmet, from which nodded a plume of feathers. The Englishman immediately recognised the Prince Dara.

"Explain this scene, Frank?" said he, sternly.

Boughton stammered forth some excuses, the weightiest of which was, his ignorance of the customs of the country, and his regret if he had committed any offence.

The prince eyed him for a moment in disdain, and then peremptorily gave him to understand that he had fixed his princely regards on the lovely Baba, and only waited for her father's consent to transfer her to his zenana.

Boughton looked the indignation he felt, but, not daring to reply, made a stiff inclination of his head, and seemed to await any further injunctions the prince had to lay upon him.

At this juncture Shere himself made his appearance, evidently in great perturbation.

"The emperor!—the emperor!" he gasped.

"What of my father, the emperor, the wise Shah Jehan?" asked Dara, turning pale.

"The angel of death has spread his wings over him," said the poet, "and nothing can save him but a sacrifice! There must be a life as dear as his own freely given to save him!"

Dara was not superior to the superstitions of the age; but in this particular one he lacked faith, and, after a few moments' reflection, he turned to Boughton, and, with a less severe countenance, said to him:

"I came hither to see you concerning my father, when I—, but let it pass; Dara knows how to pardon as well as condemn! I have heard that you are skilled in medicine?"

"I am a physician, and, in my own country as well as the neighbouring one of France, had acquired no slight reputation for skill," replied Boughton, boldly—for he felt that in his present position it would be better to show confidence than hesitation.

"Will you adventure the cure of the Shah-in-Shah, my illustrious father?" demanded the prince.

"I will!"

"Follow me!"

And the pair, without another word, disappeared from the presence of the astounded poet, court seer, and astrologer.

The prince led the way in silence, through numerous long corridors, and across splendidly adorned courts, all rigidly guarded by the *élite* of the emperor's guards, until he came to a large hall lighted by a hundred lamps. This was the threshold of the zenana, a place into which the prince dared not penetrate without the express permission of the empress. Having given the customary signal, the door was cautiously opened, and the prince was admitted. In a few minutes he returned, and beckoned the Englishman to accompany him. The latter unhesitatingly complied; after traversing several gloomy passages, he was ushered into a room hung with red cloth, and, like all the others he had seen in this portion of the palace, lighted by artificial means. On a couch of silk, above which was suspended the red umbrella of state, lay the monarch, moaning and tossing feverishly from side to side. Close by the couch knelt the figure of a woman, veiled from head to foot, and at some distance from it stood Aurungzebe, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised, as if in the act of silent devotion.

"Empress," said Dara, softly; "the Frank doctor."

The empress quietly rose to her feet, and, slightly putting back her veil, gazed at Boughton with an expression of deep scrutiny. The glimpse, passing as it was, enabled him to see a pair of deep-blue eyes, and a face of much sweetness, blended with dignity. She was young, having only borne the emperor one child, and justly celebrated for her personal charms as well as mental accomplishments.

Being as passionately fond of her husband as he was of her, his illness had roused all her woman's energies; and, as all the emperor's medical advisers had failed to restore him to convalescence, she had resolved, although contrary to court etiquette, and in defiance of the deeply-rooted prejudices of her husband and sons-in-law against foreigners, to consult the Englishman, of whose professional skill she had heard something from the rumours spread abroad by his attendants.

Stepping, without even a rustle of her robe, to the spot where he stood, she seemed to gaze into his very soul, as she said to him:

"Does thy knowledge of the healing art enable thee to practise it on kings?"

"It does," replied Boughton, touched by her sorrowful aspect; "I have studied in the first schools of medicine in the western world, and have had much experience in various countries."

"You seem honest," said the empress, thoughtfully; and then, addressing herself to the two princes, added: "Dare we trust our lord the king of kings in the hands of this stranger?"

"Let it be on peril of his life if he fails!" replied Dara, who, with all his reputation for magnanimity, had an inveterate dislike and suspicion of foreigners.

"In the name of the prophet, let him try!" answered Aurungzebe, covertly fastening on the Englishman a look as glittering as a serpent's.

The empress hesitated an instant, and then touchingly said:

"Frank, my lord has been a good lord to me—his hand has ever been gentle, his voice has ever been soft to me, his only bride and empress—judge, then, how deep is my love for him, and how bitter my sorrow would be, should he be wafted from my side, even to Paradise! Essay thy skill, and the prophet and the saints direct thy judgment!"

Boughton then was permitted to approach his patient, who, after a brief examination, he found was labouring under unmistakable symptoms of poison; but he prudently kept this discovery to himself, and, retreating from the couch, declared that the emperor was in no immediate danger, and would most likely be restored to health in a few days, if he took a draught prepared solely by himself, and administered by no other hands save those of the empress.

"Why only the empress?" said Aurungzebe, sharply. "The hands of those well beloved lend a charm and a potency to the most powerful medicine," answered Boughton, quietly.

"It shall be so!" said the empress, decisively, as she commanded Dara to place the Englishman in an apartment by himself, and furnish him with whatever he desired to have for his great experiment. The princes conducted him to a neighbouring apartment, where they left him, after placing a strong guard at the door; but before Dara had threatened him with instant death in case of failure, and Aurungzebe had cast upon him a look

which shook even his well-tempered and long-trying iron nerves.

His medicine chest having been brought to him, he prepared the draught, which he intended to be a powerful counter-agent to a slow vegetable poison; and, having been conducted by the princes to the door of the zenana, delivered it to the empress, who received it trembling, and in silence. He was then led back to what in fact was his prison, to indulge in whatever meditations he might, in such a peculiarly perplexing position.

Thoughts of home, and country, and friends poured in upon him; and he began to consider that being head physician to a monarch who was then considered the greatest potentate on the earth, was by no means a sinecure.

While thus pondering, Aurungzebe entered, and abruptly inquired the real cause of the emperor's disease.

"Fever!" said Boughton.

"Produced by what?" demanded the prince.

"That I cannot say precisely; probably from over-exertion in the affairs of state, or a cold caught when last out hunting," replied Boughton, cautiously.

Aurungzebe eyed him closely and curiously for a few seconds, and then said:

"Will his majesty of the universe be worse before he recovers?"

"He will be nigh unto death's door!"

"Ah! When?"

"On the third day from this!"

The prince mused for a little while, and then said to Boughton:

"You wish to trade in my father's dominions, and build a factory on the coast: to what nation do you belong?"

"England, your highness!"

"I have heard of it. In the reign of my grandfather—the magnificent Jehanghire—an English ambassador was presented at court. The coach he presented is still in the royal menagerie. * Well, I perceive you are discreet, but upon your further discretion depends the success of your mission. I am going away, but the walls of this palace are not too thick for my ears!"

Boughton understood him, and shuddered as he imagined that he saw a premeditated parricide before him. Aurungzebe repeated his caution, and, after bestowing upon him a massive chain of gold, he left the room, and soon after the palace, to put into execution some of those crafty schemes which subsequently conducted him to the throne, over the bodies of his brothers, and at the expense of the perpetual imprisonment of his father, who in his old age was to learn the bitter lesson, that filial ingratitude was the basest of crimes, and that, for his rebellions against his father, he was retributively punished in the daring usurpation of his third and last-loved son, Aurungzebe.

While Boughton was pondering over the cold-blooded atrocities practised even at a fiery Asiatic court, the door of his room was again opened, and this time the Prince Dara entered. His inquiries were bold and straightforward, and he appeared satisfied with the assurances he received; but in one matter it pleased him to be exceedingly angry.

"Infidel!" said he.

"I am a Christian, and an Englishman!" retorted Boughton, indignantly.

"Thou art a Nazarene!" said the prince, unmoved, "and therein art an infidel; so, touching thy audacity with the Lady Baba, I have to tell thee that if thou darest lift thine eyes but to her scandal-tie, I'll have thee torn to pieces!"

"Have you forgotten that I am a prisoner?" said Boughton, looking him full in the face.

The prince blushed, and, without saying another word, turned upon his heel.

Two days passed away without his seeing any one but the guard; but on the morning of the third he was awakened from the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, by hearing the hollow murmur of voices, and the clank of arms. The whole palace was in commotion. The Englishman smiled: he guessed the cause, and was about to congratulate himself on his captivity being near at an end, when Dara, transported with fury, and followed by a band of armed men, burst into the room, and loaded him with every species of reproach, in Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanee.

"Dog—murderer—poisoner!" he exclaimed; "thou hast extinguished the 'Light of the World,' and shalt die!"

"The Light of the World will burn brighter than ever before sundown!" said Boughton, calmly. "The emperor, I presume, is in the swoon I had anticipated!"

Dara gazed at him with a tiger-like expression of countenance, as he muttered an oath, and half drew his sword. Boughton saw that his life was scarcely worth a minute's purchase, so, instantly recollecting the incident between Louis XI. and his astrologer, he quickly said:

"If you slay me you slay your father! He dies within an hour after my murder! The spell will not work without the breath of him who prepared it!"

Dara was awed but not subdued by this threat, and ordered the officer by his side to throw the unfortunate physician into one of the dungeons beneath the palace. This was speedily obeyed, and as a reward for his endeavour to prevent the "Light of the World" being snuffed out by a poisoned hand, he found himself in a damp, musty, and dark dungeon, containing not a single article of furniture; indeed, nothing but a pitcher of water.

To account for this disaster, we must return to the chamber of the king, and also mention that Prince Dara, the day before, had been repulsed by Baba, and received

but slight encouragement of his suit from her father. The poet loved his child too well to give his permission that she should enter the harem of a prince who already had the number of wives allowed him by the law of Islam. Dara had too much savage pride either to stoop to entreaty, or disclose the particulars of the scene he had witnessed between Baba and Boughton. In a few hours he thought he should be emperor, and then who dared dispute his will? But he had resolved to sacrifice the physician to his resentment; and what occurred in the imperial chamber afforded him a pretext for gratifying it.

On the third day Shah Jehan became much worse. His mind wandered more, his pulse beat quicker, and after a few convulsive throes he fell into a swoon, which the empress and her attendants at first imagined was the sleep of death: hence the alarm which had led to Boughton's catastrophe. But gradually his lineaments became more composed, and after awhile assumed the placid expression of simulated death. The empress remained by his couch, absorbed in prayer, except when she kissed the clammy brow of her husband, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief, mingled with the most endearing exclamations.

As the day wore on, and the emperor remained in the same condition, the empress became more composed; but it was the composure resulting from a desperate resolve, founded on the most implicit faith in the efficacy of the expedient she was about to adopt. Summoning Shere to her presence, she asked him whether a great sacrifice would not be acceptable to the Almighty under the present deplorable circumstance.

"It would, O empress!" answered Shere; "and, as I had the melancholy honour of informing your majesty two days ago, the Almighty sometimes vouchsafes to receive the most valuable thing possessed by one friend, as an offering in exchange for the life of another."

The empress threw herself on her knees, and, in a transport of conjugal love and fervent pity, exclaimed:

"My life is dearest to my lord as his is to me, and next to the life of my lord my own is the most valuable thing I possess: so, in the name of the most holy prophet and the saints in Paradise, I here devote my life to heaven, as a sacrifice for my lord's!"

The ladies in attendance on the empress set up a loud wail at hearing this determination, and entreated her to retract the rash vow.

"Your sublime highness!" stammered Shere, "has offered too much! The ancient sages have said that it was the dearest of our worldly possessions alone that were to be devoted to Heaven! The 'Mountain of Light,' that priceless diamond, taken by your great ancestor, the invincible Baber, at Agra, is the most valuable thing on earth. Let that, O empress, be the sacrifice for the life of the 'Ornament of the World,' 'The King of Kings!'"

"Not so!" answered the empress, solemnly; "no stone, of whatever value it might be—no, not even all the precious stones and jewels of the earth—can be put in competition with his life! I am resolved! my life for my lord's! had I a thousand, I would sacrifice them in return for the unbounded love he has given me!"

Summoning the Prince Dara, who was a great favourite with her, also the great officers of state, to the zenana, she appeared before them attired in her imperial robes, and wearing a crown of gold, inlaid with sparkling gems.

The couch of the dying emperor had been removed to the centre of the room, and the empress, after declaring, in a loud but musical tone of voice, that her sacrifice was free and voluntary, walked three times round it, and while doing so, fervently prayed heaven to take her life in exchange for the emperor's. After she had performed this solemnity she retired behind a screen, and continued praying aloud, so that all in the chamber could plainly hear her. After some time she was heard to exclaim:

"It is accepted—it is borne away—it is borne away!"

While these exclamations were ringing through the chamber, to the great terror of all present, the emperor opened his great black eyes, and murmured:

"Oh, my beloved, Paradise without thee is a dreary blank! My love, my light of lights, my beautiful, come—Shah Jehan calls!"

The sound of his voice brought back to the heart of the empress all her womanly feelings, and with a sob of joy she rushed to the couch, and kissed his hands, his cheeks, his mouth, his eyes, his forehead, the very pillow on which his head reclined.

The Prince Dara, after assuring himself that his father really lived, and was likely to live, ordered the chamber to be cleared, and went forth himself to command prayers to be said in all the mosques in Delhi, and throughout the empire.

The physician, who had really wrought this wonderful cure, meanwhile lay in his dungeon, unheeded and neglected. No, not quite neglected—for on the morning of the second day of his imprisonment, the dungeon door creaked on its hinges, and when it closed again, Boughton could hear the light breathing of some one who had been admitted.

"Another miserable wretch!" he thought; and at the same instant the idea flashed across his mind that his executioner had arrived. At this surmise he fairly groaned. To die a violent death at thirty, and in the hideous darkness of a dungeon, was too much for even the stoical philosophy of an Englishman in difficulties. We say he groaned, and then, convinced that he was to be put to death like a beast, he resolved to die after the fashion of

* There are similar incidents to be found in the course of Mahomedan history. Baber, when in the prime of life and vigour, offered his life in exchange for that of his son, who then lay sick; and it must be accepted as at least a singular coincidence, that as the son progressed towards convalescence, the father's health visibly declined, and he gradually sank until he died, without ever rallying.

a brave one when driven into a corner. Drawing a long hunting-knife, which he wore in his belt, he prepared to spring upon his assailant the moment he approached. The breathing every instant became louder; some garments rustled, and, even in that moment of terrible excitement, he detected a rich perfume in his cell, and concluded that the assassin was a noble—perhaps the Prince Dara himself. Nearer and nearer the object came, and just as he was preparing to take the fatal spring, he heard his own name pronounced by a musical and well-known voice: the next moment the knife was dashed to the ground, and he was clasping the sobbing Baba to his heart. She had neither forgotten nor neglected him. Inspired by love, she had bribed the guards—not a difficult matter in an Asiatic palace—and prevailed upon them to allow her to visit the prisoner.

"Baba—dear Baba!" exclaimed the delighted Boughton, as, in despite of his boasted manhood, hot, scalding tears rushed to his eyes; and he added to himself, "may heaven fail to forgive me if I ever wrong a woman with an evil thought or a suspicion again!"

Baba could not speak—her emotion was too deep for utterance, but she had sufficient presence of mind to place a stone bottle full of the emperor's wine to his lips, and a rich pasty in his hands.

The Englishman—after satisfying his hunger and quenching his thirst—inquired the news; and was rather astonished when Baba told him that the emperor's recovery had been caused by the sacrifice of the empress. It is reported that he swore terribly; but while he was cross-examining Baba on the delicate subject of Prince Dara's attentions, the door of his cell once more opened, and he was informed that an order had arrived from the empress to set him free.

"Heaven bless her!" thought the Englishman; "she at least has more wisdom than to believe in the efficacy of her mummery!"

Hastily snatching a kiss from the lips of Baba, while under cover of the darkness—for the guard had told her she must vanish like a flash of lightning—he bade her an affectionate adieu, after obtaining from her a promise to meet him again; he was then conducted to the gate of Sultan Khosroo, and dismissed with a friendly hint that he had better leave Delhi at once.

Shere received him warmly—almost kindly—and Boughton, who was naturally frank and honourable, confided to him the secret of his attachment for Baba. The old man was more astounded than displeased; but as he revolved in his mind the insidious designs of the heir-apparent, and was himself by no means a strict follower of Islam, he did not view the disclosure with that indignation which it would have excited in a rigidly orthodox Musliman.

"The Emperor Jehanghire, my never-to-be-forgotten and illustrious patron," he muttered, "was more of a Deist than anything else! He saw good in the followers of Brahma, and Zoroaster, and Christ—and why should I not see good in this handsome Nazarene? Besides, his people take only one wife, and his star, next to that of Aurungzebe, is the brightest in the horoscope!"

The next day Boughton was summoned to court to administer to Jehanara, the favourite daughter of the emperor, whom grief for her father's illness had thrown on a bed of sickness.

A week's assiduous attention served to restore her to her wonted health, and the physician—whose fame, despite the wonderful sacrifice of the empress, began to be noised abroad—was honoured by an audience with the emperor and the empress. Shah Jehan was a munificent monarch; but Boughton, when offered some most costly presents, only asked for the privilege of carrying on a free trade in his majesty's dominions. The emperor, amazed at the modesty of the request, complied with it cheerfully, but insisted on his accepting what had been offered him.

"And thus," observed the Brahmin, as he drew towards the conclusion of his narrative, "commenced that tremendous power which you British now wield in India. The emperor recommended the English physician specially to the favour of the Nabob of Bengal, in whose service his professional abilities enabled him greatly to distinguish himself; and Boughton, who must have been a patriotic, self-denyng man, obtained an extension of the privilege given to him personally by Shah Jehan, to all his nation. On the payment of 3000 rupees, a licence was given for an unlimited trade, without payment of customs, and a factory allowed to be established at Hooghly, by the Company's servants at Surat.

"And what of Baba?" inquired the traveller, whom the story had interested.

"She married the man of medicine—turned Christian, I believe, and became a happy wife, and the mother of a numerous family. Her descendants are now among the most opulent of the merchant princes of Calcutta."

"And the empress?"

"Sickened and died. As the emperor began to recover, in proportion her health and strength visibly decayed. The emperor, distracted, removed her, during the sultry summer months, to the cool and beautiful valleys of Cashmere—but all in vain. In the ensuing winter she breathed her last, in his arms, at Agra—the sacrifice was completed. Shah Jehan, after her death, became an altered man. Instead of having only one wife, he adopted the custom of the East in this respect to its fullest extent. He became extravagant, undertook expensive wars, and finally so alienated the affections of his subjects, that he was easily dethroned and imprisoned by his own son, Aurungzebe, who subsequently proved himself to be a man of the most consummate talent. Shah Jehan had abandoned the ancient Patan Palace, which you now behold in ruins before you; but after the loss of his umbrella, he petitioned his son that he might reside in it during his

* Sir Thomas Roe was sent as the first ambassador from England to the Emperor of Hindostan. He presented a coach to Jehanghire, from James I, and obtained permission to establish a factory at Surat.

remaining years, in order that he might chasten himself by constant familiarity with every object that would remind him of his beloved empress, and her unexampled sacrifice to conjugal affection. His request was complied with, and his body is believed to be reposing under the centre of that great white dome which you see crowning the hill in the rear of Feroze Shah's once gorgeous palace. Most certain it is that he was not buried at Agra, where he interred his wife, and built for her a tomb which, to this day, is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the world.

ESSAYS.

NO. CLXXV.—MORALS IN TRADE.

No greater mistake is conceivable, than the common one of excluding the principles of high-toned morality from the calculations of business. There are thousands ready to ask, with astonishment: "What possible connection can there be between a man's moral principles and character, and his success in business matters?" Nor is this all. Not a few are in the habit of imagining that a very strict and conscientious adherence to moral principle is not only no help, but a very serious hindrance to prosperity in trade; and that a man, to get ahead in the world, must at times stretch his conscience a little, overreach his neighbour occasionally, or take advantage of his ignorance or inattention.

Now, without wishing to assume the position of lecturer on morals to mercantile readers, we must be permitted to doubt not only, but deny utterly, the expediency, in a business view merely, of disregarding any of the dictates of sound morals in the conduct of business affairs. We not only deny the necessity of any resort to over-reaching, any violation of the strictest rules of integrity, or any violence to our own conscience, in matters of business, but we are prepared to maintain that every kind and degree of dishonest dealing with our fellow-men is a positive, and serious, and often fatal impediment to ultimate success. We believe that a large proportion of the failures of individuals and associations are owing to bad moral principles, or a deficient rule of integrity. The late Gideon Lee himself—one of our most upright, and at the same time most successful business men—was accustomed to predict the ultimate failure of those whose strict uprightness he had seen reason to doubt. On one occasion, an individual dealing with him boasted that he had overreached him in a particular transaction. It came to the ears of Mr. Lee, who simply remarked that he regretted it for the individuals' sake; for, with such principles, he could not fail ultimately to overreach himself, and get into straits. The event proved the sagacity of the prediction. In a few years, the individual in question, from being a man of handsome property, became a penniless dependent upon charity, and applied to Mr. Lee, among others, for assistance.

It is seldom, indeed, that the revolutions in trade which disturb the general prosperity are attributable to physical, providential influences. It is not the earthquake, the pestilence, the famine, or the failure of natural causes to work their results, that is chargeable, in most cases, with the decline of a people's prosperity—but the silent, sure operation of moral disorder; and so it is with individuals. Most men fail in business, not through overwhelming physical misfortune—such as loss of health or reason, or the destruction by fire or flood of their property—but generally through disregard of the simplest principles of morals. In most cases, we suspect, it would appear, were the truth known, that the ruined man has brought his affairs into hopeless condition by his grasping spirit involving him in ruinous extensions and speculations; or by his overreaching disposition, which, becoming notorious, has driven off his customers; or by his meanness, which has disgusted them; or by some other bad ingredient in his moral mixture.

The same principle operates in the case of corporations; for, notwithstanding the adage that "corporations have no souls," there is a public sentiment at all times surrounding them, which holds them to a rigid moral responsibility, and dooms them if they disregard it. We see the fragments of broken institutions—banks, for example—floating down to infamy, simply because they had not the wisdom to fulfil honestly the purposes of their existence; and we see others rapidly tending to the same inglorious destiny, not because there is not profitable business enough for them, but because they are not held by a strong sense of moral obligation to the path of their duty, and because, like grasping individuals, they are not content with legitimate and reasonable gains. Morally corrupt in their internal administration, they not only insure their own ultimate decline, but involve in it the community they were bound to serve; for there is a prodigious force in the corrupting influence of a bankrupt bank upon mercantile morals. A bank that sets at naught its solemn promises to pay its obligations, opens the flood-gates through which individual honour and responsibility are swept away. To be as good as the bank, is the climax of mercantile credit, and few men care to be regarded as better. The bank is the standard, and when that falls, those who were regulated by it fall also, and a common and promiscuous corruption reigns.

It is bad enough when physical calamity overwhelms a community—such as the great fire, when many millions of property were in a few hours reduced to ashes, and the monuments of industry and enterprise had reared, tottered and fell in vast blackened ruins. But from such cala-

mities we can recover. Under such afflictions we gather strength, resolution, and buoyancy; and, like the fabled Phoenix springing from her ashes, we rise in brighter forms. The memorials of destruction are effaced, the warehouses of commerce are restored, and the labours of enterprise resumed with four-fold energy. Such calamities do not unmake, but make us. But when the lofty tone of mercantile honour, integrity, and stern morals, is lowered—when the craft and cunning, the shrewd overreaching, and the inordinate grasping of the pedlar, usurp the spirit and principles of the high-minded merchant—when trade becomes a trick, and mercantile enterprise a game, in which the parties only aim to circumvent each other, and sweep the gains into their own coffers—then are we ruined indeed, without hope and beyond remedy.

We make these remarks because the keen encounter of competition, in this day of intense activity in all mercantile pursuits, tends constantly and powerfully to blunt the moral sense, to deteriorate the better feelings of our nature, and to superinduce a narrow, selfish, grasping, immoral sentiment, than which no greater evil can befall us.

AN ESCAPE.

I was among the English who were detained in France at the breaking out of the war, in 1803. My rank, as an army physician, enabled me to be of much service to many of my countrymen at Verdun; whilst the fees I obtained from the wealthier individuals supplied all my necessities. My medical character likewise introduced me extensively into French society; and I must confess that I was always treated with kindness and delicacy. Though many of the military, the *employés*, and even the rich householders and landholders had risen, as the English phrase is, from "the dregs of the people," by the conflicts of the revolution, I almost always found them polite, liberal, and sincere. Good manners are really of very easy acquirement by people of intellect; witness the stage, and revolutions, which always give the ascendancy to talents. It was long before our splendid victory of Trafalgar, and the supplementary victory of Sir Richard Strachan, were known by the English prisoners at Verdun. At length a *Morning Chronicle* got amongst us, heaven knows how, and the joy of our countrymen was extreme, nor was it expressed in terms very flattering to the French. This I rather regretted, for the better classes of that nation were, I thought, peculiarly delicate in communicating to us the victories of Napoleon. They always softened them to our feelings, by considering the emperor at war with the English government, and not with the English nation.

Whilst our exultation was at its zenith, I went to dine with the Count de —. I had determined to avoid the mention of Trafalgar, and of all belliciferous or national topics. This was my invariable habit. However, on entering the room, which was excessively crowded, particularly with ladies and military men of rank, I found a strong reaction against us. The countess, forgetting, I thought, her usual urbanity, said to me:

"Ah, Doctor —, so Providence has given you English a great victory at sea!"

I knew the whole value of her emphasis upon Providence. If the English gained a battle, it was the work of Providence, distinct from their merits; if the French obtained a splendid triumph, it was attributed to the genius of the emperor, and to the native bravery of the French soldiers. Resolved that the lady should not make me the dupe of such egregious national vanity, and in the presence of so many who were enjoying the triumph, I coolly replied, that I was far from a sceptic as to the interference of Providence, but I could never mix up a Providence in the destruction, carnage, cruelties, and ferocious passions of a battle.

"Madam," I added, mildly, "I must confess I could never form any idea of a fighting Providence, and least of all can I appreciate a Providence so inconsistent, not to say treacherous, as to fight on both sides; for whilst she gives us the victory at sea, she as invariably gives the triumph to Napoleon on shore. Trafalgar comes between Ulm and Austerlitz."

My triumph over my hostess was evident in the faces of the company, and the conversation changed with the grace and facility peculiar to the French.

It was two years after this, that I had a singular opportunity of escaping from Verdun. I had ceased to be on parole, and a combination of circumstances, advantageous to my escape, was offered to me by friends. My plan was to go to Paris, and from thence to travel to Bordeaux as an American merchant, returning to Baltimore.

In the diligence to Bordeaux, was a vivacious and loquacious little Frenchwoman—very pretty, and of most insinuating manners. Another *compagnon de voyage* was a captain of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard. He was the beau idéal of a military hero—young, tall, of a powerful frame, with an open, noble countenance, and a profusion of jet-black whiskers and moustaches.

We became almost confidential even at the outset of the journey; and what did not a little surprise me was, that he spoke to me by my assumed name as if we had been old friends, though I felt convinced I had never set eyes on him before. So superb a Murat-like figure of a military officer was not easily to be forgotten.

Arrived at the little town of —, about twenty English miles from Bordeaux, he took me into the recess of the window of the house where we changed horses, and informed me that he was on a visit to his uncle, who had a small estate and chateau just off the high road; and he first invited, then pressed, and at last insisted that I should accompany him, and stay two or three days with

"the good old man." In vain I urged the necessity of my mercantile affairs, and my anxiety to get back to my counting-house at Baltimore. The officer repeated, mysteriously:

"I am a gentleman and a soldier; accept my invitation, or you'll repent it!"

I was at last reluctantly overcome, and the officer sent a boy off to his uncle with the news, loudly delivered, that he and his old friend had at length arrived at the inn, and would be with him in an hour.

I was very hospitably received by a venerable old lady and gentleman, in a house of some grandeur. One fortnight elapsed, nor could I get away from my kind hosts, in spite of my palpable and uncontrollable anxiety to depart, and my incessant fear of being detected. At last, at night, after the old lady and gentleman had retired to rest, my friend, pouring out the last glass of a bottle of fine old claret, said, without any preface or apology:

"You must go to Bordeaux to-morrow—I have ordered my uncle's carriage and horses for you precisely at six."

"Shall I not take leave of the family?"

"Decidedly not. My uncle and aunt are invalids, and cannot be disturbed so early, and they will dispense with the ceremony; so good night!"

I was bowed out of the room and lighted to my chamber in a very summary way; and I was much perplexed and not a little annoyed at so much kindness, mixed with a singularity which became almost insulting.

The next morning, at six, I found an open carriage at the door, with my friend's horses and liveries, and my friend himself awaited me in the hall.

Taking me into a little boudoir, he briefly and abruptly said, in the style of his master, Napoleon:

"You have been perplexed at the singularity of my manners—at my taciturnity—and vexed at your detention from your counting-house at Baltimore! My friend, you are not an American returning to your country; in plain terms, you are an English prisoner, escaping from Verdun! Do not start or turn colour—I presume you are Dr. —. You were not on your parole when you escaped, but two of your countrymen, who had their parole, have shamefully violated it, and they escaped from Verdun eight-and-forty hours after you left it. The emperor was vexed at this dishonour, and the police on the coast were using their utmost vigilance. That pretty woman in the Diligence, with whom you seemed so much inclined to become intimate, is the wife of a police agent at Bordeaux. The only way to save you was, to treat you as my old familiar friend, travelling with me to my uncle's chateau—now all is explained. Entering Bordeaux in this equipage, and with a passport from this house, you will excite no suspicion. I need not say the injury I shall suffer, if you betray the service I have rendered to you. But, no—you cannot—you are a man of honour; and now, my friend, do not imbibe the vulgar prejudices instilled into your countrymen by your press, that the French officers are ferocious *canaille*. We fight for military glory, whilst the personal malignity of your officers against us strips war of all its pride and magnanimity. Farewell, and let us exchange these snuff-boxes as a memorial of this scene; but I have one favour to ask of you: Do you know an English town called Reading?"

"Intimately; it lays on the high road between the metropolis and my little paternal property. I pass through it five or six times every year."

"Then do me this sacred office of friendship. I have a young brother, a *Lieutenant de vaisseau*, who was badly wounded and captured by one of your ships of war. He is a prisoner at Reading; I have never relieved his necessities, partly from the want of means, and partly from my absence with the emperor, at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena. Take these seventy napoleons; deliver them to my brother, and console him by what you know of me and of his kind old uncle and aunt."

We parted: I was but eight-and-forty hours at Bordeaux, when I obtained a passage on board a ship bound to Charlestown, South Carolina. In the night, when out of sight of land, the captain put the helm up, and steered due north. On my expressing my astonishment, he frankly told me that his American papers were all forged, and that he was bound to the port of London, adding:

"You need pay me nothing for your passage, since I was obliged to deceive you; and from London you may get a passage to Baltimore any day in the week."

I became equally confidential, to his equal astonishment.

In three days we had passed through the English Rochefort squadron and Channel fleet, and I went on board the Ville de Paris, where I had a long interview with the Admiral in Chief, the Earl St. Vincent.

I had been but a few days in London, when I went to Reading on my friend's mission. I found his brother had died about six months before, partly of his numerous wounds, and partly of the melancholy of his sensitive temper, at his neglected, impoverished state. He had died in great distress.

I had an opportunity of sending the seventy napoleons to their owner, by a gentleman going to Paris. However, to my great grief, in about three months I received from this traveller a bill of exchange for the same amount, with a letter saying, that my friend had been killed in a charge upon the Russian Cuirassiers at Friedland.

Travelling for amusement in the south of France, in 1815, I repaired to Bordeaux, and visited the chateau of my friend's uncle, who was dead; but the widow, though extremely old, recognised me, and was bitterly afflicted with the recollections I occasioned of her nephew. Into her hands I put the seventy napoleons; and I remained two days under her roof, consoling her with merited eulogies of my generous friend—the captain of Cuirassiers.



[THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.]

THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is the largest territorial empire in the world. And, if we except Great Britain, whose colonial dependencies form so vast a portion of its bulk—also the Chinese empire, about which we know very little—Russia has the largest, and, next to the United States of America, the most varied population. The Roman empire at its zenith was equal only to the European portion of Russia: its greatest length, from the Euphrates to the Western Ocean, was 3000 miles; its greatest breadth, from the Wall of Antoninus to the Pillars of Hercules, 2000 miles. From Riga to the haven of Peter and Paul, the length of the Russian empire is 11,434 miles. The possessions of the Romans did not exceed thirty-two degrees of latitude; those of Russia exceed thirty-five degrees. The parallel, however, is not maintained when we contrast the climate, fertility, and consolidated population of the Roman empire—which extended over the magnificent regions of the temperate zone—with the excessive cold, the sterility, and the scanty and barbarous population of a very large portion of the Russian territory.

But Russia is a Colossus. It stretches over 170 degrees of longitude, and its extent from north to south, in some places, embraces nearly thirty-four degrees of north latitude. Its population, according to the last census, was sixty millions, which comprehend a great variety of races. First, there are Russians and Poles, who are of Slavonic origin, and who comprise about two-thirds of the inhabitants; then there are Germans—all the nobility and middle classes of Finland, Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland are Germans, as well as most of the colonies in the interior and south of the empire; with these, as of the same Gothic race, may be enumerated the Swedes who inhabit Finland, and the Danes who occupy two of the Baltic isles belonging to Russia.

Next in order are the Fins, the Laplanders, the Parmians, and the Ostians; then there are the Tartar race, who inhabit the Crimea and the southern districts of the Volga; afterwards the Georgians, Caucasians, and Circassians; then the Mongol race, comprising the Calmucks and Bourjats; the Turks and Armenians in Moldavia and Bessarabia; and, lastly, various nomadic tribes in Siberia and the borders of the northern realm of perpetual ice.

All these races are subjected to the most stringent military regulations; and, owing to the sound organisation of a militia similar to our own, it is said that Russia could send into the field an army of six millions of men. So tremendous a force could probably never be brought to bear on one point; but when it is considered that this power is wielded by one man, and that man a traditionist of the very worst character—viz., an hereditary lover of conquest—it is not surprising that other nations should regard it with jealousy, not unmixed with awe.

At this juncture the Emperor of Russia holds the balance of power in Europe. With one wave of his hand he could pour armies over the face of all Southern Europe, march to the gates of Constantinople, and, by means of the formidable fleet always kept in a state of high effi-

ciency in the Black Sea, force the passage of the Dardanelles, and contend with France and England for the mastery over the waters of the Mediterranean. It is this apprehension that makes the Turkish question always such an important one to France and England. Neither of them, although their ministers and writers talk and pen a good deal about the integrity of the Turkish empire, have the slightest desire to see it perpetuated, except as a barrier against the encroachments of Russia. The sway of the Turks has had nothing in it to recommend it to the sympathy of Christian nations. It has always been coarse, brutal, and cruel. Having been won by the sword, it has been ruthlessly maintained by the sword; and when we reflect on their barbarous treatment of the Christians under their authority, and their frequent unprovoked invasions of Christian countries during the last four centuries, with the lover of freedom and of human development, they have, in their decline, placed themselves beyond the pale of pity, and their enforced fall can only be regarded as a just and proper termination to a career of rapine and cruelty.

But moral considerations of this nature have little to do with politics. It is felt throughout Europe—and no nation ought to feel it more acutely than Austria—that Russia is already too great, too threatening in her aspect; and that, were she to obtain possession of the European provinces of Turkey, she would be in a position to menace the vital interests of France and England, on the shores and among the islands of the Mediterranean; and, by becoming a leading maritime as well as military power, seriously injure the manufactures of both France and England, and impose terms which would probably not only disturb, but violently change, every existing territorial arrangement. A savage war would be the inevitable result: so that the existence of Turkey as an independent kingdom, is looked upon as some guarantee for peace. Her fall is dreaded as a calamitous and irreparable event, and this serious apprehension for her safety accounts for the agitation that always pervades political and moneyed circles, whenever Russia, as at present, gathers armies on her frontiers, and dispatches an ambassador to Constantinople, to make the most peremptory demands. The last one was on the subject of the Holy Shrines.

The Emperor of Russia, as head of the Greek Church, wishes them to be placed under his protection; the Latins—that is, the people of the Roman Catholic or Western Church—prefer the same claim: so that Turkey is placed between two difficulties, and seems likely to realise the truth of the adage which refers to such a precarious existence.

Those mad enterprises, the crusades, are being revived. With Greek and Roman the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre is deemed a sacred mission; but this time with this difference—that each are separately contending for its possession as a mark of supremacy over the other, and ultimate complete ascendancy as a church.

To England, as a sentiment, the dispute is immaterial: she can afford to smile at the unseemly struggle for some bits of stone; but, in a political sense, she cannot unconcernedly perceive the head of the Greek Church aggrandising himself in a quarter where he is already too powerful, and might use his conquests hereafter to further his

cherished designs on India and; British interests throughout the East. Let Russia once obtain possession of Constantinople, and she will make it the capital of her empire; for St. Petersburg, although a city of palaces, was only built to approach as nearly as possible to the civilisation, wealth, and politics of Europe, and would readily be abandoned: because Constantinople would afford infinitely greater facilities of this kind, besides placing in the hands of the emperor the key, as it were, to the gates of the whole of the eastern hemisphere.

England and France have therefore a joint interest in resisting this encroachment; and as at the present moment, all eyes are turned to the leviathan of the north, we have thought our readers would like to know more about Russia than they do; and by way of illustration, have some of its architecture presented to them in a pictorial embellishment.

Our trade with Russia is very extensive. She supplies us with tallow, hemp, and hides; but probably there is no country in the world we are so little acquainted with. It is not our intention to indulge in a long dissertation on her people, manners, and customs; but we may be allowed to observe, that Russia in the east holds a position relative to that of the United States in the west. Both are aggressive; although one is a republic, the other a despotic monarchy. Russia is pushing her way towards the south and south-east; the United States are doing precisely the same; so that a very great analogy exists between them. They are advancing to meet each other, and probably in the course of two or three centuries, the amalgamated British and American power will dispute for the empire of the world on the plains of Hindostan or at the very gates of Peking; while their rival fleets will determine the sovereignty of the seas in the vicinity of some of the beautiful islands of the Pacific Ocean. There is nothing improbable in this conjecture; for, in principle, the Russian, like the Englishman, is, in politics and disposition, a true descendant of those ancient Scandinavians, whose sea rovers founded so many powerful empires. England received its first impulse from the Normans. The Conquest, as it is called, infused life, vigour, purpose, design, and the spirit of conquest into a people emasculated by the weak rule of the drif-velling Saxon kings. Had it not been for the Normans, there would have been no modern England, holding authority over a sixth of the people, and, with her children in America, over half the surface of the habitable globe. The history of modern England commences with the exploits of the Normans, and, as if further to sustain the analogy above alluded to, they commence the history of Russia. A Northman or Norman laid the foundation of the present vast empire of the czar.

The first time the name of the people of Russia was divulged, was in the tenth century. It appears that about the middle of the ninth century an embassy was sent from Theophilus, Emperor of the East, to Louis, the son of Charlemagne, Emperor of the West. In the train and under the protection of this embassy were some Russians. These Russians, who were envoys of the Great Duke, having traversed many hostile nations in their journey to Constantinople, were desirous of regaining their country by a safer route; and they accordingly requested the French

monarch to send them to Russia by sea, which he did, in the year 839.

About twenty years after that event, the foundation of the present kingdom of Russia was laid by Ruric, a Scandinavian chief. At the head of some Varangians, or Corsairs of the Baltic, he invaded the eastern shores of that sea, and reduced the Finnic and Sclavonic tribes that inhabited the neighbourhood of Lake Ladoga. His descendants held the sceptre above seven centuries. In the tenth century, the Russians made themselves masters of the spacious province of Moscow—the Baltic Sea and Prussia formed their western frontier. They had pushed their conquests to the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and towards the south, following the course of the Borysthene, they had approached the vicinity of the Euxine Sea.

Such were the limits of the Russian territories in the tenth century, as laid down by the Emperor Porphyrogenitus—for even at that early period they had become formidable to Constantinople.

Within less than two centuries they had made four attempts to plunder the treasures of that city; and it was even then asserted and believed that an equestrian statue, in the square of Taurus, was inscribed with a prophecy, that the Russians would eventually become masters of Constantinople. At this day this is the belief of most Russians and Turks; and, we apprehend, of Frenchmen and Englishmen as well.

No permanent result followed from these piratical invasions; but the friendly relations between the Russians and the Emperor of the East, which seem to have been scarcely injured by their wars, led gradually to the civilisation of the former. The baptism of Olga, the wife of Igor, the son of Ruric, may be fixed as the era of Russian Christianity. She had assumed the sceptre on the death of her husband, and in A.D. 935, sailed from Kiev to Constantinople, where she was baptised. Her family and nation, however, adhered for some time to the idolatry of their fathers; and her son and immediate successor, Sviatoslaw, was more disposed to gain the confidence and applause of his companions and subjects by his rude and undaunted bravery, than to expose himself to their scorn and ridicule, by introducing and countenancing a new religion. By his valour, the nations between the Volga and Danube were subdued and repelled; Bulgaria was conquered, Adrianople was taken, and Constantinople itself was threatened. His further progress, however, was checked by John Zimisces; and, after repeated defeats and losses, he was glad to accept the liberal terms offered by the conqueror—a safe passage to the mouth of the Borysthene. Vladimir, his third son, devoted his youthful zeal to multiply and adorn the monuments of idolatry; but the efforts of the Greek missionaries, aided by his desire to marry Anne, sister of the Emperor of Constantinople, converted him to Christianity. All Russia followed his example, and in the next generation the relics of Paganism were extirpated.

In the twelfth century, the Tartars began their invasions of Russia, and continued them, frequently destroying the capital, Moscow, until 1462, when Ivan III. mounted the throne, and by his talents and good fortune restored union, consistency, and independence to the Russian states.

Russia thenceforward increased in size; but the history of its doings is a barbarous record of brutal wars, the vices of its monarchs, and the wrongs of its people. But all the czars who are distinguished in Russian history, largely added to its territory. Ivan IV. tripled the extent of his dominions. Peter the Great extended his empire 280,000 square miles. The Empress Anne, treading in the same path of augmentation, left behind her a realm of above 324,000 square miles in extent; and while the renowned but infamous Catherine II. held the sceptre of the north, the territory was increased to 335,000 square miles. In the reigns of Paul and Alexander, the empire was enlarged to no less than 345,000 geographical square miles. And we might prophecy that, if this system of aggrandisement be persevered in, the Emperor Nicholas may bequeath to his successor an empire of 400,000 or even 500,000 square miles.

Such is Russia—that Gog and Magog of the modern world—that vast, heterogeneous empire which, stretching over more than a third of the circumference of the globe, and from the Arctic Sea southward beyond the latitude of Rome, touches on one side Sweden, Prussia, and Turkey; on the other side, Persia, China, and, by means of her colonies on the north-west coast of America, Mexico and the United States. It should, however, be borne in mind, that a great portion of the Russian territory is but the waste land of the civilised world; and that, throughout its huge extent, the pulse of thought and the circulation of commercial and moral energy is so feeble, as scarcely to give the semblance of life to its various parts. The great majority of the people are, as yet, but little removed from the uncivilised and brutal state in which they were left by the Rurics and Vladimirs of other times. There are but two classes—the noble and the slave.

The government is a despotism of a strictly oriental character administered by a military police; the word of the emperor, if not his will is his law—for his will may be controlled by his vizier or his janissaries. The religion, literature, and commerce of Russia are all exotic. Her sacred language is Greek, her polite language French, her vulgar tongue a compound of Greek, Latin, German, French, and Sclavonian. Her *literati* are Germans; her mechanics, and, to a great extent, her merchants, British; and her bravest officers are Poles and Cossacks. Her future must not only be great, but calamitous for the rest of the world—for her greatness has in it all the elements of mischief. A warlike emperor might—like another Jenghis Khan, or Timour—pour his legions over Europe, and desolate the fairest provinces.

Even should France make a dash at Italy, it is almost certain that in half a year the Russians would be watering their horses in the Rhine, or, as in 1814-15, bivouacking in the boulevards of Paris.

She is the Great Behemoth of our day, and whenever it shall please her to upheave her vastness, society throughout the world will undoubtedly be convulsed and shaken to its centre. In the meantime, as we are in the crowd of lookers-on, it would be as well if we were more familiarly acquainted with the features of this dreaded exposition of war on the largest scale. Having sketched a few of her antecedents, we beg to present to our readers a view of probably the finest royal palace in the world—the Kremlin, Moscow.

The city has been called Tartarian Rome—for it is a mixture of the grand and the squalid. Wretched hovels are blended with large palaces—cottages of one story stand next to the most superb and stately buildings—many brick structures are covered with wooden tops—some of the wooden houses are painted, others have iron doors and roofs. In fact, Moscow may be considered as a town built upon the Asiatic model, exhibiting, even after its renovation subsequent to the great fire, a motley mixture of discordant styles of architecture. The Kremlin, which strictly means fortress, is a large walled circle, containing many old churches, as well as the public offices and apartments of state; and hither almost every traveller wends his way first. Our view shows the terrace which overhangs the walls towards the River Moskva, at the extremity of which, to the left, is a curious structure of the Trinity Church, and the awe-inspiring portals of the Holy Gate, through which every passenger walks bare-headed. At the other end, a cluster of domes rises from the church of St. Nicholas, that of the Assumption, and the chapel and palace of the czars, with the lofty temple of Ivan Veliki, which towers far above them, and reflects the beams of the sun from a globe of gold. The palace of the czars does not boast of an antiquity of more than two hundred years, but it is an edifice raised with princely costliness, and much artistic taste.

It is one of the most showy examples of the gorgeous architecture of the Kremlin; the entire circle presents an assemblage of bright, dazzling colours, and a display of richness that calls to mind the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. The cupolas and roofs are gilt, or stained green or red, the walls and towers covered with glazed tiles of blue and white and yellow; in other parts adorned with storied paintings from Holy Writ; while on every side may be seen a *melange* of pear-shaped domes, Tartar battlements, Gothic tracery, Grecian columns, the star, the Crescent, and the Cross. Below, the stream of the Moskva winds its course amidst the streets and houses of the town, interspersed with glittering steeples; cottages, gardens, and palaces being intermixed, and offering to view the endless variety of a Russian city.

The origin of Moscow is involved in some obscurity, but it is supposed to have been built about the middle of the twelfth century. It derives its name from the river which flows by the Kremlin. Its history presents a singular series of disasters. It seems to have been subjected to periodical visitations from the sword, fire, and pestilence. Its first enemies were the Tartars, who burnt it repeatedly; then, at least once a century, it was visited by the plague, succeeded by a conflagration; the Poles set it on fire several times; but the invasion of Russia by the French, in 1812, followed by their occupation of Moscow, the burning of the city, and their consequent disastrous retreat, have connected its history with some of the most momentous and influential events in the progress of modern Europe.

Few of our readers but are acquainted with that extraordinary event—the voluntary destruction of Moscow, in order to insure the certain ruin of the finest army that ever was led to battle by the first general and the ablest man ever intrusted with the destinies of a people or a time. The French took possession of the Kremlin on the 14th of September, and before night Napoleon himself arrived at the gates of Smolensko, “where he waited, expecting a deputation from the municipality, as he had been wont, whenever he entered any captured town—but none came.” On sending to inquire the reason, he was told Moscow was deserted. What a chill must have fallen on his soul at the announcement. He sent one of his generals to make further search and inquiries. “Not a Muscovite was to be seen, not the least smoke rose from a single chimney, not the slightest noise issued from this immense and populous city; its three hundred thousand inhabitants seemed to be struck dumb and motionless by enchantment. It was the silence of the desert.”

Napoleon’s star waned from that time. In the course of the night the fire broke out, and speedily 21,000 buildings were in ashes. Napoleon was paralysed; he wasted time in attempting to negotiate, and it was not until the 19th of October that he quitted Moscow, leaving orders to blow up the Kremlin—which, however, in the hurry of departure, were only partially obeyed.

The retreat was the most dreadful on record; and although we have not had a touch of the Napoleon fever, we can fervently regret the loss of the magnificent army which the Emperor led into Russia. The Russians were invariably beaten whenever they showed fight, but King Frost and Queen Snow were irresistible. Before their breath the finest troops that ever marched to battle melted, as did the host of Sennacherib, on that fatal night when the Israelites were fearfully avenged.

Napoleon’s celebrated exclamation when he arrived at Warsaw, after he had deserted his army—a trick he practised more than once in his time—“There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!” was a heartless but fitting comment on the last scene of the horrors of his unnecessary and unskillfully conducted Russian campaign. Had he conquered the Russians and baffled the weather,

his triumph could not have resulted in any solid advantages to France—for he could only have levied a tribute, or, perhaps, have patched up the kingdom of Poland again. Had he not gone to Russia at all, but marched straight to Constantinople, the aspect of the world would have been very different from what it is now. Russia would have been a third-rate instead of a first-rate power, and neither England nor France have been under the necessity, as they are now, of watching her movements with a nervous anxiety, not unmingled with dread. But it was not to be so. Destiny drew the great Emperor to Moscow, and there it folded him in a mantle of snow; and he hurried back to Paris alone, shivering, and humbled.

Moscow will ever be associated with his downfall; and although it is unlikely it will ever again be the capital of Russia, or regain its former importance, its name will go down through untold ages, as inseparably linked with the fate of, as Byron designated him:

The greatest, nor the worst of men.

SENSE, COMMON AND UNCOMMON.

CHAPTER I.

If we were about setting out upon a long and somewhat perilous journey—one that would tax all our powers, and in which many a traveller had been sore beset—the most obvious dictate of prudence would be to procure maps, charts, guide-books, records of former voyages, and whatever might in any way promise benefits from the attempts—successful or otherwise—of those who had gone before. We could not be satisfied with mere directions and cautions from friends at home: their knowledge might be traditional, or imperfect, or obsolete. The freshest intelligence, brought by clear-sighted observers, must be ours, that we might proceed on our way in full strength and courage, with leisure to enjoy the journey, and no occasion for painful care or solicitude.

It is on this principle, we cannot doubt, that many young ladies spend so large a portion of their time, after leaving school, in the study of those instructive and veracious histories of the world and its doings, called novels. Feeling the importance of a thorough and impartial survey of the delicate ground on which they are about to enter, they apply themselves assiduously to results of reflective wisdom and experience, and store their various memories with cases and precedents, maxims and views, calculated to render that mortal career, which has sometimes been compared to a labyrinth, perfectly plain and easy to the simplest comprehension. What days of application and nights of vigil do these fair *debutantes* devote to study; and such is their zeal, that not a complaint is heard.

One of these devotees to study, called Constantia—for the love of some heroine whose especial whereabouts in the land of fiction the historian is unable to point out—was bred in a great city, in the choice atmosphere of a fashionable boarding-house, where her pretty little face and gentle manners made her much a favourite, especially with the young gentlemen who, escaped from shops and offices in town, passed a good many evenings in the great drawing-room, lounging on sofa or ottoman, or leaning over the veteran piano, then and there thrilling to the touch of young ladies whose curls, descending, swept their youthful breasts, while the entire atmosphere breathed Cologne and Patchouly. Constantia was a pretty girl, and a good girl, too, as well as uncommonly sensible; and her knowledge of life could hardly be surpassed—for there was not a novel of the day that she had not read, spite of double columns and dingy paper. She knew perfectly well how very apt young ladies of amiable character are to be run away with against their will, and all the snares laid for heiresses—not of vile pelf, but of the unpurchaseable treasures of rosy lips and bright eyes. Her mother, a graduate of the same school, was so full of sage cautions to her, moulded especially on the high reputation which her daughter enjoyed of being so very sensible, that it was rather a disappointment to Constantia when she found herself seventeen without a single attempt at abduction, or even a proposal to run away. Far from exulting in such ignoble quiet and safety, she looked scrutinisingly into the glass, to ascertain whether she might not have over-rated her charms. But, no! There they all were, fresh as ever—real and unmistakeable as ugliness or ill-nature; and the compliments of her friends and admirers upon her sense, had in no respect fallen off. What could be the reason of such neglect? Obviously the tame and prosaic character of the society in which she lived.

What in the way of romance could be expected of young lawyers, physicians, and merchants, anxious only to get business, and settle down as comfortable citizens? It began to be fearfully evident that poor Constantia, in spite of her charms, was doomed to be asked and married, in the common way, with cake and bridemaids—and not a heart-quake or a speck of anguish about the matter.

We dare not say that this conviction, mortifying as it was, wore upon our young friend alarmingly. Her fair cheeks lost none of their roundness; her eye danced about and sparkled, as it could not help doing, at whatever was pretty or funny; and when sly compliments were launched at her by the common-place young gentlemen in white cravats, who had quite a trick of lounging about her in the evening *conversazione*, quick-flitting dimples rippled about her rosy mouth, and little blushes came and went, not at all after the manner of a pining heroine. Our life is twofold; and while the Constantia of the ideal world was impatient and nearly discouraged at so much happiness, the Constantia of ours was as gay and light hearted as health and compliments could make her the only outward effect of her secret expectations

being a perfect immunity from love, so far as the *habitudes* of the fashionable boarding-house were concerned.

So were along the smooth days, leaving little trace on the face or mind of our heroine, until destiny (as we speak), brought to town for a few weeks a heroic-looking specimen of that boundless region called the West: a young man who might have been supposed a patron of every Tricopherous and Patho-Capline in the country, so luxuriant were his dark locks, his shadowy beard, and his somewhat exuberant moustache. Besides these advantages, he was at least six feet high, and carried himself with an erect yet careless grace that was very bewitching; and his whole air was that of a man of action rather than study. He spoke in a clear, cheerful voice, and now and then said a gallant thing in a modest way, which the young ladies felt to be more respectful than the downright compliments with which their more hackneyed beaux expected to propitiate them.

This was the nearest approach to the expected hero that Constantia had yet encountered; and, strange to say, of all the arrows launched at the new-comer, hers was the very one of all others to take effect. Occupied as was Mr. Darley—busy from morning till night, and coming to tea so tired that he declared he was not fit company for anybody—he always contrived to make himself very agreeable in the evening; and in no instance could he be detected in the least flagging of the spirits, or forgetfulness of the duties of the moment. But while all voted him charming, it soon became evident enough who it was that he felt to be so; and before anybody suspected it, and while the fair chosen one was herself still in the first confusion, flutter, and doubt of the reality of his preference, he had asked her of her mamma, and laid siege to her pretty little self, with an ardour and business-like determination quite in keeping with all that he had been able to manifest of his character.

"It is providential!" said the mamma, as Constantia, half smiles half tears, consulted her on this momentous matter. And with this she dismissed all prudential concern as to the past of her future son-in-law. To be sure, he was his own voucher; for there are people to whom nature is so truly bounteous that doors and hearts fly open at their approach, and we feel neither keys nor cautions to be necessary where they are concerned. Mr. Darley told his own story, and when he did this, full belief was natural. He gave references to his far-off home, and spoke of ample means of living; but somehow nobody thought it worth while to take any trouble about things so obvious; and after a six weeks' acquaintance, our heroine and her chosen, with youth and beauty, and good spirits and amiable tempers secured to them, if nothing else, departed for the West, where Constantia's mamma was to visit them as soon as the fashionable touring season should arrive.

CHAPTER II.

WHETHER any mortal mixture of earth's mould ever came up to a novel-reading young lady's ideal of a lover, may perhaps be questioned: so that we shall only say that Constantia's admiration of Mr. Darley suffered no perceptible diminution when she saw him in the character of a most gallant travelling companion—so well acquainted with all the exigencies of such a position, that no accident ever took him unawares, and no fatigue ever vanquished his good humour. Perhaps it was hardly to be dreaded that a bridegroom should become cross on his wedding-tour; though we believe such things have happened—there being plenty of objects besides the lady on whom to vent their pent-up irritation. But Mr. Darley had such a fascinating *bonhomie* about him—took everything so gaily—and, in short, showed so much of the light-hearted kindness of a genuine Westerner—that his bride, accustomed to more constrained and guarded manners, was delighted with his bold, manly air, and grew every day more in love with her hero. All that had been left unsaid, through lack of time, during their short courtship, was now brought forward and discussed: Constantia's goodness and her mother's kind confidence in trusting a stranger; the chances of some disappointment consequent upon an introduction to the dozens of new relations who were anxiously expecting the bride from the great city; the probability of Constantia's liking her new home—her new mother—a country life. All these were again and again talked over, among other matters—so that the time seemed very short, and passed so pleasantly, that our bride almost dreaded the termination of the journey; although she had no fears for her new position, except those which grew out of a modest estimation of her own claims, and some dread of the critical judgment of the friends whom she was about to see for the first time.

"I cannot help feeling a little anxious," said Mr. Darley, "lest you should be disappointed, at first, at least. Your views and habits certainly differ a good deal from those of my family; and though there will doubtless be a sufficient assimilation in time, you are very likely to be shocked at many things you will see and hear. My mother is a plain old lady—has lived all her life on a farm; and although she has good sense and great kindness of heart, her manners are simple in the extreme, and her education no better than that of western women of her age generally."

"Oh, I know I shall love her if she will let me," said Constantia; "it is so easy for me to love good people!"

"My mother is warm-hearted—rather impetuous," was the reply; "her love for me is unbounded, and her over-estimate of my character and abilities in proportion. How this may operate upon her appreciation of my wife, I don't know; but you will have patience, I know, even if she should think no woman on earth could be good enough for me—because by-and-by you will show her that somebody can be more than that."

"I will take care not to expect too warm a reception," said Constantia, "and to bear patiently any looks of disappointment, such as will be very natural at first. But, Edward, when are we to go into our own house? Will it take long to make it ready?"

"I hope not. I have sent some directions, but I preferred that all should be arranged to suit your taste, which I could hardly hope my sisters would succeed in. They would gladly have assumed the necessary trouble and responsibility, but feared that New York bred eyes would discover mortifying errors. So it is left entirely to yourself to decide what shall be the style of your home—which will have some rural charms, for the house I have chosen is a little out of town, so as to be nearer my mother's, which is almost in the woods, on a large farm managed by my elder brother, who is a bachelor."

"Oh, that will be delightful! Do they have cows, and sheep, and pretty little lambs there? and can they hear the wolves howl at night?"

"I can't answer for the wolves," said Darley, laughing, "but the other matters are all right. You can learn to make butter, if you like."

"I shall learn to spin, certainly!" said the bride, with a resolute air; "I have seen a beautiful picture of a lady sitting in the midst of her maids, spinning on a little ebony wheel, inlaid with ivory; and her lord, just returned from the wars, coming in, delighted to find her so well employed."

"My wars are in court, dearest, and our western wheels are not of ebony and ivory; but you will find ways and means of making pretty pictures out of such material as we shall have, I don't doubt. But I forewarn you, that you will be shocked at our plainness. At L—," continued Mr. Darley, "we shall be within less than half-a-day's travel of our home. I think it will be well to remain there to-night, that you may recruit a little after the fatigue of so long a journey; and to-morrow we can easily reach mother's in time for her early dinner."

To this Constantia gladly consented; for her trepidation at the idea of a first appearance had not been lessened by Darley's account of the aspect of things at home.

"I will be as plain as myself," she thought; "and of all things take care that they do not fancy me proud and 'stuck up,' which Edward says is a mortal offence at West. I shall soon learn, I dare say. I staid a fortnight, last summer, at Nyack, and know very well what country people are."

CHAPTER III.

A COUNTRY TAVERN—bare floors—no parlour without a bed in the corner—a table which required a chip under one foot to make it stand steady—very fat ham, the only viand to behold—warm milk—yeast bread—an atmosphere of old tobacco-smoke—no spring-water that did not taste of sulphur. Who that has travelled much in the West, has not, now and then, in out-of-the-way places, found all these things?

Our bride, weary and almost dispirited, had no better fortune.

"Try an egg, love," said Darley, anxiously; "eggs, at least, are better here than in New York."

Constantia could not help feeling this a gentle reproach, and she really made an effort to swallow something, lest her husband should feel hurt.

"I believe I am too tired to feel hungry," she said; "I am really fit for nothing."

"You shall lie on the sofa, and I will read to you," said Mr. Darley, kindly.

"We have read all our books!"

"Oh I dare say we can find something."

As he was leaving the room on this rather hopeless errand, he was met with the intelligence that two men wished to see him below.

"How vexations!" he exclaimed; "I was in hopes to have reached home before anybody pounced upon me! But I am so well known in this neighbourhood, that somebody has found me out!"

"Found you out?" said Constantia.

"Yes; some rascal on a business matter, I don't doubt! But have patience, dear; I will get rid of these fellows as soon as possible, and we will have a nice quiet evening!" And he ran off, gaily as usual.

The short time seemed very long to Constantia. What could it be? Vexation and curiosity combined, were turned, by utter weariness, into a presentiment of evil. The thought—"What can it be?" recurred so often, that her mind seemed sore with it.

Edward returned—but not with comfort. He looked a good deal perturbed, for him.

"I shall be obliged to leave you awhile, love," he said, with an effort at his natural cheerful tone.

"Leave me, Edward!"

"Only for a short time, I hope. The business on which these men came cannot be deferred, and I have not a moment for explanation. Here is a tolerable sofa, and I will try to send you some books. Perhaps you can sleep. Don't be low-spirited (seeing tears that would not be kept down), I will tell you all about it when I get back, and we'll have our quiet evening yet. See what a glorious sunset we're going to have! Good bye! I'll come or send to you very soon!" And the young husband ran off, leaving his wife half vexed, half frightened, at being left alone in this strange sort of way. Soon after the women of the house brought in some tattered volumes, and Constantia tried in vain to interest herself in their dingy pages. An hour wore on—no Edward blessed her weary eyes. Again she opened one of the books, and read with fascinated attention that melancholy tale, "The Forgers;" and now the heart of the young bride found relief in tears, called forth by sympathy for the desolate survivor of husband and son. Perhaps she was not sorry for an excuse

for tears—for she had become gloomy and despondent as the sun neared the western horizon. "Yet why this weakness?" she asked herself; "necessity alone could have induced Edward to leave me thus; and when he returns, I shall be ashamed to own how like a silly girl I have felt!"

CHAPTER IV.

A SCRAP of paper was brought her, containing a line or two in pencil from her husband, telling her that he found himself prevented from returning as soon as he had hoped, but that he would come or send before dark.

Still further puzzled, Constantia looked at her watch—it wanted a quarter of six. To remain in this painful uncertainty till dark, seemed an age of cruel suspense. She thought of a duel—only because she could think of nothing else; for at a calmer moment she would have been sure that Edward was no duellist. Seeking the master of the tavern, she inquired whether he knew the person with whom Mr. Darley had left the house. Then, recollecting the impropriety of such a question, she added, that she had become uneasy at his stay. The man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Squire Montgomery came for him in his carriage, ma'am, and I see Grabbins get in after 'em."

"And pray who is Grabbins?" she inquired.

"The constable, ma'am."

"Oh, it is professional business, then!" said Constantia, as she dismissed the man; and she endeavoured, as she repeated this to herself, to calm the flutter which still agitated her nerves. But every moment grew less and less supportable; and when the last ray of the setting sun had disappeared, she took her station on the piazza upon which the room opened, hoping thence sooner to be aware of the return of her husband. As she cast her eyes below, a plain light waggon drove up to the door, and a rough-looking man asked if there was a young woman there.

"Her husband has sent for her," he added, giving his whip an impatient crack, while he awaited the answer to his question.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Constantia, without a moment's reflection; "I will be ready in a moment!"

"Oh! you're the one, be ye?" said the man, looking up; "we'll be a joggin' for it's gettin' late!"

And in an instant the bride appeared below, equipped for a drive.

"But have you no note or letter for me?" she said, before she descended the steps.

The man felt in his pockets, took off his hat, and, after extracting therefrom a dirty cotton handkerchief, and exploring the crown with a reflective air, replied:

"Wal, I had a kind of a billet, but I must ha' dropped it out of my hat. But never mind, I guess we'll find it as we go back, for there ain't many passers on that road."

With this comfort Constantia resolved to content herself; and, allowing the stranger to help her into the waggon, they drove off—the poor bride's heart misgiving her sadly; yet the thought of rejoining her husband putting down all less agreeable anticipations.

No time was lost on the way. The waggon banged over the new-made forest-road at so furious a rate, that Constantia begged her escort to drive more moderately; and, when he complied, she took the opportunity to ask to what place she was going.

"Oh, not far!" he replied; "it can't be above three miles from that tavern where you put up!"

"And shall I find Mr. Darley there?"

"Find who?"

"My husband, Mr. Edward Darley," said the perplexed Constantia.

"Wal, I don't know; Ned 'll be there if he can, I dare say; but he's obleeged to steer pretty close just now!"

Then, in answer to Constantia's look of speechless, terrified surprise, he added:

"I see he hasn't told you as much as he ought to; but never mind—this may blow over; we've weathered many a black-looking a squall as this!"

Trembling and agast—her confidence in her beloved Edward still firm, yet a sense of danger and distress weighing on her heart like a millstone—the now wretched bride attempted to extract more definite information from her conductor, who, though rough, was far from seeming devoid of feeling. But he declined entering into the particulars.

"I must leave Ned to tell his own story," he said; "he's played gentleman so long, that he's mighty uppish, and I don't want to have a quarrel with him! It's pretty dangerous, as more than one can tell!"

As he spoke, he turned from the travelled road, and struck into a devious path, which led into the depths of the wood. So thickly were the branches interlaced above, that daylight was almost entirely excluded; and here a new fear seized poor Constantia. She thought of robbery and murder, and all those accumulated horrors which are apt to present themselves to the imaginations of novel-reading young ladies. But ere she could give voice to her new fears, her companion drew up before a small house which she had scarcely observed, and which seemed to have no cleared land near it, except a small garden, and a courtyard inclosed by a picket-fence. Here, leaning over a little gate in front, stood a portly, red-faced woman, who hailed Constantia's driver with:

"Hilloa, Jerry! is that you?"

"I guess so!" was Jerry's reply; "and here's Ned's gal!"

"Why, do tell!" said the old woman; "well, I'm glad you're come, for all we're in trouble! It's plagney lonesome here!"

Constantia sat paralysed. Could that coarse, vulgar being be the mother whom she was to love—first for

Edward's sake, and then for her own? Could this diminutive dwelling be that which her husband had represented as the pleasant home of his boyhood? Impossible!

"I believe—I think there must be some mistake!" she faltered out; "this is not Mr. Darley's mother?"

"Mr. Darley!" said the old woman, with a knowing look at the man. "Why yes I be—aint I, Jerry? Come along in; tea's all ready, though if I'd a known you'd been a coming, I might ha' slicked up a little more!"

"I see Ned down yonder," said Jerry, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, as he prepared to assist the trembling girl from the waggon; "and he told me I was to go to the tavern after her!"

"And where's your trunk?" said the old woman.

"I left the baggage in charge of the landlord," Constantia replied. "I did not know—"

"That's a pretty go!" said the old woman, with another look of intelligence at Jerry. "I should ha' thought Ned might have learnt you better than that! You'll never see that again, I can tell ye, and it'll be well if that's the worst of it! I'll warrant you had some real handsome things, too; for Ned's always open-handed when he's got anything!"

"Light come, light go!" muttered Jerry, as the old lady went to the fire to replenish her tea-pot.

The terror-stricken bride, with a death-sickness at her heart, sat gazing, first at one and then at the other of these speakers, with a conviction of their utter villainess, and a wild fear, often indignantly repelled, yet gradually gaining ground in her mind, that her own dear Edward must indeed be of their crew. Then she would strive to collect her scattered senses; to recall the proofs of her husband's refined education and highly delicate and sensitive mind; the various testimonies to his excellent reputation at home, which had come to her knowledge during their brief acquaintance; and then his tenderness, the almost worshipping fondness with which he had dwelt on the anticipation of introducing his fair prize to his mother and her friends. Had he deceived her? If he had, it was love alone which prompted the wrong. To have acknowledged poverty like this, would have rendered their union impossible. But then that horribly vulgar woman and her associate, between whom there seemed so familiar an understanding. "Oh! it can never be—never be! There is some horrid mistake, after all!"

And, starting up, she entreated Jerry to drive her back to the hotel. She offered him any price he should demand. She wept—she prayed: Jerry and the fat woman laughed immoderately.

"Why, now, you do act real silly!" said the latter. "I told ye he would come as soon as he could; but he darsent come till it's darker than it is now. So make yourself easy, and behave like a gal of sense! There won't nobody hurt ye!"

"But I am convinced there is some mistake, and I must go! I shall set out on foot," said Constantia, wildly, and darted from the door.

The couple made no effort to detain her; but the next moment a shriek from the unhappy girl called them to the gate. They found her extended lifeless on the ground, a white silk handkerchief faintly grasped in both hands.

"Well, this beats all!" said the woman. "Ned said she was city-bred, and very delicate-like, but if she's going to act like this here, the house 'll be too hot to hold her and me together a great while! Well, I s'pose we must carry her in, for Ned 'll swear like anything, if he comes here and finds her lying on the damp ground!"

So saying, with Jerry's aid, Constantia was borne to an inner room, laid on a bed, and brought to her recollection by the reviving odour of burnt feathers, held sufficiently near her nose.

When she opened her eyes, it was to look round, and then fall into a fit of the most immoderate weeping, and inquire for the handkerchief.

"Here it is," said the woman; "and I should think you'd want half a dozen on 'em if you're going to cry that way!"

"This is my husband's handkerchief!" said Constantia.

"Like enough!" said the agreeable mother-in-law; "I don't doubt he's got a plenty of all sorts of good clothes while he's been gone!"

The poor girl closed her eyes in despair. She had found the handkerchief only a few paces from the gate, and recognised it at once as the one her husband had used that day. And to make the sad assurance doubly sure, she could distinguish, by the twilight, his initials in the corner. It was in vain longer to doubt the identity of her Edward with the "Ned" of the odious woman, and the last ray of hope gave way to the intolerable certainty. But with despair came the appearance of calm at least; and she remained perfectly quiet, while the hostess proceeded to recount the expense and trouble which had been bestowed upon the room she then occupied, in order to fit it for her reception. The floor was carpeted, and the bed curtained; and the few articles which found room within the narrow walls were new, and of better quality than those in the outer apartment. Of these the whole history and prices were set forth in many words, and the recital concluded with the triumphant question:

"There! aint it fit for any lady in the land?" She paused for a reply, and Constantia tried to say:

"Oh! certainly!" and with this faint encouragement, the oratress proceeded.

"Oh! Ned knows a thing or two! He ha'n't been all over the States for nothing! He knows how to do things like a gentleman! You needn't ha' been so down-hearted at seeing things look kind o' poor like! We don't put everything on the outside, I can tell ye!" Then getting up, and cautiously locking the door, she drew from under the bed an elegant travelling-case, well guarded with plates and rivets on every side, and, unlooking its intricate

inclosures, she displayed to Constantia's bewildered eyes several large packages of new bank notes.

"There! it isn't every bride that can have the handling of such stuff as that! and there's a sight of it real, too! Ned's been a travelling this two months, and he's put off a good deal. He does the most of that, because he's so much of a gentleman that nobody ever suspects him where he aint known. He always takes some great name or other, and I s'pose when he was in York he called himself Squire Darley?"

Constantia might have hoped that this swindling, forging miscreant had only assumed her husband's name; but then the handkerchief—she knew that too well, even without the initials; and her mind remained a chaos of doubt and misery, where no connected train of thought could find place. Every moment her opinion varied. Now hope—now despair—now love—now indignant detestation swayed her. Could this be the evening of that day whose morning and noon had been so blessed? Was she to share the fortunes of a felon, and become the companion of his guilty associates? And yet could she endure the idea of forsaking the man to whom she had willingly given her affections, and for whom she felt that she could, even at that moment, yield up her life? Either alternative seemed insupportable, and she groaned bitterly, in the anguish of her heart.

The old woman was about to resume her remonstrances, when the sound of a step, entering the outer room, called her from the bed-side. Constantia followed her to the door, which was left ajar, and listened eagerly. It was Jerry.

"Where's Ned?" said the old woman. "I wish he'd come and look after this fine lady of his'n; she takes on like everything!"

"Ned's nabbed!" was the laconic reply.

"You don't—"

"Yes! I must bury the boxes, for it's like enough they'll be here again. They were off the scent, but the foolish fellow went to look after his wife: he'd got a notion that I was shamming him when I told him she was here, and so he fell into the trap. He's gone now, sure enough!"

The sound of Constantia's fall, as she sank under this dreadful intelligence, drew their attention to the wretched inmate. They ran to raise her, and even the hardened natures of these guilty creatures, familiar as they were with crime and its attendant miseries, melted into pity for the hapless girl, who, they plainly saw, had only now discovered herself to be the wife of a felon. They made some rough attempts to console her; but she recovered her senses once more, only to weep and moan in tones which must have touched any human heart.

"Go, Jerry!" said the woman; "be about what you're got to do! I'll do what I can for her, poor thing!"

As Jerry disappeared, the sound of wheels became audible in the distance.

"Yes drive!" muttered the woman, turning to listen; "ye're mighty chirk when ye're going to get anybody into trouble!" Then, to Constantia, trying at the same time to raise her face from the pillow where she had buried it: "Look up, dear! keep a good heart—he may get off yet; and whether or no, you'll come to no harm, for anybody may see you're as innocent as a baby!"

CHAPTER V.

Hark! a hurried sound of many steps entering the outward room.

"Where is she? Constantia! Constantia!" exclaimed a voice that would have roused the poor girl from any stupor but that of death; and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

"Constantia, my love, what does all this mean?" was Darley's inquiry, as soon as he could command himself sufficiently—for the dishevelled and wretched appearance of his wife struck him to the heart.

"Ah! what, indeed, Edward!" she said, faintly. "Is it all a frightful dream, or are you—are you—" She could not proceed—sighs and tears choked her voice, and she sank sobbing on the beloved bosom.

"Can it be possible, my dearest girl, that you have allowed yourself to be made so wretched by a mere inadvertence? I was requested so urgently to lend my aid in securing a notorious counterfeiter, who had been tracked to his haunt in this house, that I consented, without hesitation, under the expectation that an hour or less would accomplish the desired end; and I did not dare to tell you my errand, because I knew you would torment yourself with fears for my safety. The many doublings and windings of the experienced scoundrel have kept us riding through this wood ever since. It is easy to explain my absence; not so easy to forgive the thoughtlessness which has caused you so much cruel distress. But you will own that my feelings, on inquiring for you at the inn, may have been some punishment at least!"

"Ah! I see!" said Constantia, beginning to understand the cause of her perplexities; "it was my own fault, after all! How could I allow my impatience to blind me so far? I might have known you would not send for me in that way! I have read too many novels, Edward!" and smiles, shining through the tears which still flowed plentifully, once more lighted the sweet face of Constantia, and cheered the heart of her husband.

"Come, I will tell you all about it as we return," said Darley. "My mother, with a whole party of friends, has come over to L—, to meet you, and they will be anxious until we return, although we had some intelligence of your whereabouts from the people of the tavern, who knew your amiable driver, and ought to have interfered to prevent his carrying you off. You will not be very ready to run away from me again, I think!"

To think that so much study of life beforehand should have produced such very ludicrous results! We need not say that the study of living men and women, and plain, common things, proved much more profitable to our fair bride, under her husband's tuition.

Perhaps severe judges may say that this was far better than Constantia deserved, for marrying after six weeks' acquaintance. We can only reply, that there are some people who are their own letters of recommendation so unmistakably, that even in this wicked world it is impossible to doubt them.

Still, we are far from desiring to establish a precedent

THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR-KING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd
And flew the bolts of war:
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song:
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seem'd the Bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!—
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight;
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his vision's sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war—
The rush of million feet—
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,—
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and broder'd pall,
A funeral train swept by:
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior-king
To his last dark home of rest.

WOLFISH LETTER CARRIERS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

LASTLY, we carried out—more, I believe, from amusement than from any idea of its being useful—a plan which had suggested itself to the people of Sir James Ross's expedition, when wintering in Leopold Harbour, in 1848-9—that of inclosing information in a collar secured to the necks of the arctic foxes, caught in traps, and then liberated.

Several animals, thus intrusted with despatches and records, were liberated by different ships; but, as the truth must be told, I fear, in many cases, the next night saw the poor "postman," as Jack facetiously termed him, in another trap, out of which he would be taken, killed, the skin taken off, and packed away, to ornament, at a future day, the neck of some fair Dulcinea.

As a "sub," I was admitted into this secret mystery, otherwise I, with others, might have accounted for the disappearance of the collared foxes, by believing them busy on their honourable mission. In order that the crime of killing the "postmen" may be recognised in its true light, it is but fair that I should say, that the brutes, having partaken once of the good cheer on board or around the ships, seldom seemed satisfied with the mere empty honours of a copper collar, and returned to be caught over and over again. Strict laws were laid down for their safety—such an edict, that no fox taken alive in a trap was to be killed. Of course no fox was, after this, taken alive; they were all unaccountably dead, unless it was some fortunate wight, whose coat and brush were worthless: in such case, he lived either to drag about a quantity of information in a copper collar for the rest of his days, or else to die a slow death, as being intended for Lord Derby's menagerie.

The departure of a postman was a scene of no small merriment. All hands, from the captain to the cook, were out to chase the fox, who, half-frightened out of his wits, seemed to doubt which way to run; whilst loud shouts and roars of laughter, breaking the cold, frosty air, were heard from ship to ship, as the foxhunters swelled in numbers from all sides; and those that could not run, mounted some neighbouring hummock of ice, and gave a view halloo, which said far more for robust health than for tuneful melody.—*Osborn's Stray Leaves.*



[THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CONVEYED TO THE TOWER.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XX.

Ye towers of Julius—London's lasting shame;
With many a foul and midnight murder spread.

GRAY.

ELIZABETH passed, as may be supposed, a most unhappy night. The cruel uncertainty of her sister's intentions towards her—joined, perhaps, to the secret consciousness that she had unwisely permitted herself to be drawn into a conspiracy against her crown and authority—naturally alarmed her for the result. The example which Henry VIII. had set, of shedding the blood of royalty upon the scaffold, had familiarised the nation to the execution of princes. In her own time she had seen the unole of the reigning king, and the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, led to the block, and she bitterly regretted her imprudence. During this, the most trying period of her life, she evinced much firmness and tact; she hoped much from her letter to the queen, who, with all her bigotry and harshness, was a strict observer of her word—and Mary had promised that she should not be condemned unheard.

At an early hour the following morning, she was again waited upon by the lords of the council. Although she augured ill from the repetition of their visit, and the insulting air of her bitter enemy, Gardiner, she maintained a bold face, and received them with the same statelyness of demeanour as on the previous occasion.

"Madam," said the bishop, bowing with mock humility; "your grace will pardon us! We are the messengers of our sovereign's will; and that will, we regret to say—"

"My lord—my lord!" hastily interrupted the princess; "there needs no hypocrisy between us: we can guess the nature of your errand, from the messenger! You have ever been our enemy, though God wot for what reason! Perhaps he may one day requite you!"

"We regret," replied Sussex, answering for his colleague—whose evil disposition, he feared, would render the commands they were intrusted with yet more harsh, by the tone in which he delivered them—"that it is the pleasure of her majesty, your grace should forthwith remove from the Palace of Whitehall, and take up your abode in the Tower."

The countenance of Elizabeth became deadly pale.

"The Tower," she said, "is the abode fitted for traitors—not the sister of your queen! O, Sussex—Sussex!" she added; "is this the result of your promise and intercession?"

"I have performed it!" your grace, replied the peer

respectfully "I placed your letter in the hand of her majesty!"

"And she read it?"

"Yes!"

"The reply—the reply? Quick, man—quick!" exclaimed Elizabeth, fixing her eyes upon him, as though life and death hung upon the words he was about to utter.

"The queen was not pleased to make any," continued the nobleman; "doubtless you will receive it from her own hand: her orders were, that your grace should at once take water for the Tower; and so peremptory were they, that we dared not disobey them. These noble lords," he added, pointing to the members of the council, "are here to attend your highness in all honour!"

"Honour!" repeated the royal maiden, scornfully; "say rather to my death, my lord! I have not studied the pages of our history so carelessly, as not to remember that the Tower is an abode fatal to princes! I must see my sister!"

"Impossible, your grace!" said Gardiner, moving towards the door, towards which the speaker had advanced, as if with the purpose of putting her design into execution. "The queen has decided upon not admitting you into her presence, till the present unhappy obscurity which rests upon your loyalty shall be cleared—till—"

"Till mine enemies have triumphed!" interrupted the prisoner, passionately; "till lying and false-swearing have done their worst to blacken me in her judgment and affection—till I am condemned!" she added, with a shudder; "then it will be too late!"

"This admission," observed Lord Paget, "proves—"

"That I know my foes, and the means whereby they hope to crush me! Perjured, disloyal knaves are they who try their strength against a woman's weakness; but no matter—God and mine own innocence will shield me!"

"Heaven grant it, your grace!" answered Gardiner, with a slight sneer. "He at least is a judge who cannot be deceived: He reads the hearts—man can only investigate the words—of His creatures!"

It was in vain that the captive entreated of Sussex and the other lords of the council to return to St. James's, and entreat the queen in her behalf. Not one of them dared undertake to disobey the sovereign, by delaying the execution of her strict commands. Finding her solicitations vain, Elizabeth tried the effect of obstinacy.

"What," she said, "if I refuse to obey this injunction? ye have no warrant for this act!"

"Does your grace deny the authority of the queen?" demanded Lord Paget, one of the most bitter of her enemies.

The princess was silent.

"Or suppose," added Gardiner, "that these noble lords and myself would venture upon such a step without fitting orders?"

Sussex advanced to the royal maiden, and respectfully reminded her "that resistance would prove not only useless,

but injurious to her cause, by incensing the queen yet more strongly against her. Force us not," he continued, "to use harsh means!"

"Mean you violence?"

The frank-hearted nobleman remained silent.

"I see," said the prisoner, with sudden determination, "that for awhile the malice of my foes prevails; but a time may come when it shall be otherwise! To the love and justice of my sister, I can trust better than to your deeds: therefore, while protesting our innocence, we submit to the pleasure of her majesty! My lords, we are ready to attend you!"

The only person who heard this decision with real pleasure, was the noble-minded Earl of Sussex. He knew that Whitehall was surrounded by a party of the guards—not only to serve as an escort, but strong enough to bear down any opposition which the friends of Elizabeth might make, even had she been mad enough to encourage such an attempt.

"Your grace has decided wisely!" he said.

Whilst the barge was being prepared, the future Queen of England was permitted to retire to the inner chamber of her lodging, to make the necessary arrangements with her women. No sooner were the doors of communication closed, than she fell upon her knees, and offered up a mental prayer. Lady Tyrwhit, who was weeping by her side, whispered in her ear:

"There is some one in the chamber!"

Her mistress looked upon her with an inquiring eye—for she saw no one save themselves.

"A friend!" added the speaker.

"God help me!" sighed the princess, "I have but few!"

The faithful attendant hastened to the doors, and drew the massy bolts: no sooner had she secured against all intrusion, than a portion of the arras was drawn aside, and Cecil, who was disguised in the dress of one of the halberdiers, made his appearance: the sight of so tried a friend was doubly welcome.

"Cecil!" said the princess, "never was a counsellor more needed, for I am in sore strait—mine enemies prevail! Mary has forgotten her promise never to condemn me unheard, and I am a prisoner, on my way to the Tower! None to serve me—none to assist me in my need!"

"Your grace is wrong: intelligence of what has been designed is rife in the City. The Protestants are indignant—the leaders of the party are ready and armed!"

The eyes of Elizabeth began to brighten.

"Many are gathered near the Tower. They have consulted with me: a word, and they would have attacked the escort!"

"Well! and you—"

"Refused to speak it!" replied the statesman.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in a tone of disappointment. "You, too, have deserted me!"

"Say, rather, that I have saved you!"

"Saved me?"

"By whom, think you?" continued the cool-headed politician, "that the intelligence was permitted to transpire? I will tell your grace—by your enemies!"

"My enemies?"

"Yes! and their motive is so clear, that I marvel your grace does not see through it! An attack upon the authority of the queen would be considered rebellion—treason; and afford a pretext, no matter whether just or not, for your death. Sir Thomas Gage has already received orders to march into the City, at the head of five hundred men. The Tower is filled with soldiers from the north—the men most devoted to the Catholic cause. It is a trap laid for your undoing! For hours I have been labouring to convince your friends that you stand in greater danger from their well-meant zeal, than from the machinations of your foes. Thank heaven, I have succeeded!"

"Right, Cecil—you are right, my true and faithful friend!" replied Elizabeth, after a pause; "henceforth I shall mistrust my judgment when opposed to thine; and yet—"

She hesitated—it was not without good reason that she trembled at the thought of taking up her abode in the Tower.

"You are safe," whispered the statesman, "even there; for, without proof, they dare not condemn you: you have more friends in the peers than your grace has been led to imagine!"

"Proofs," murmured the princess, doubtfully, "they have none, and yet I fear the stability of Courtney!"

"He is a fool, but an honourable one," answered Cecil; "he will lay his head upon the block, rather than compromise you; besides," he added, "his interests are allied to yours!"

"To mine?"

"Yes! he aspired to your hand, and, through you, to the crown matrimonial of England. Mary once favoured his pretensions to her own hand—more—she once, I believe entertained something like an affection for him: he relies on that to save him!"

"He will trust to a broken reed, then!" observed the royal maiden, scornfully; "she has the blood of our father in her veins, and more than a share of his nature in her heart: she will never pardon any one who lays his hand upon her crown! The Tudors," she added, "have ever been a jealous and unforgiving race: they may pretend to pardon, but they bide their time!"

Never, perhaps, had a greater truth been uttered by royal lips, in conversation with a statesman. Cecil smiled as he heard it: doubtless he remembered it in after life, when the fate of Mary Stuart was debated in the councils of the speaker.

There was a gentle tap at the door of the chamber. Elizabeth silently extended her hand towards her counsellor, who kissed it with as much reverence as if it had

been that of his actual sovereign; then hastily retired to his place of concealment behind the arras. At the same moment, Lady Tyrwhit threw open the folding doors, and exclaimed aloud:

"The Lady Elizabeth!"

Gardiner secretly smiled at the display of state in one who was already a captive, and destined, as he trusted, to end her days and royalty upon a scaffold.

His companions were struck with the calm air of the royal maiden, as she entered the apartment: there was neither defiance nor hesitation in her look or manner.

"My lords," she said, "we are ready to attend you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Is guilt so bold? or innocence so trusting?

HERMIONE.

THE rain was fast falling, for the day was overcast as the present fortunes of the heiress of the crown. Still, the inclement state of the weather did not prevent a number of persons being assembled as close as possible to the Traitors' Gate: many were in small boats, which, despite the repeated warnings of Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower, would press nearer than his ideas of military etiquette permitted, to the fatal portal at which so many noble victims had been landed. Several citizens and gentlemen were standing on the summit of the broad steps which led from the water. Curiosity was blended with pity and interest in the countenances of most of them.

"Back, my masters—back!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, who was surrounded by his warders: "You press too near! one would think the bears were about to be baited in the Tower, instead of the arrival of a prisoner!"

Still he gave no orders for dispersing them. Many of the partisans of Elizabeth regretted that they had listened to the advice of Cecil, and come unarmed, when so fair an opportunity presented itself for rescuing her; but the more clear-sighted approved of the sagacious judgment of the future minister, for they saw that the attempt was not only foreseen, but wished for and provided against.

"Shall this iniquity be permitted, father?" demanded a young man, in an under-tone, "and we call ourselves Englishmen?"

This was addressed to an aged citizen, whose garb, as well as that of the speaker, although rich in materials, was of that plain fashion even then affected by the professors of the reformed religion.

"Silence!" said the old man; "it is too late!"

"Not too late!" urged the youth; "many of our friends have not yet laid aside their arms! Numbers are gathered upon the hill and the inner ramparts: only give the word, and —"

"You will be shot down like fools!" interrupted the second speaker mildly. "I feel as indignant as you can do; but, fortunately, anger has not yet deprived me of my reason. I tell you, boy, there are five hundred noblemen in the Tower, besides the regular guard; the guns are all shotted; they are prepared—nay, anxious for the attempt!"

His son—for such was the relation between the speakers—looked surprised; still he urged that it ought to be risked.

"More," said the old man; "the scaffold on which that blessed martyr to our faith, the Lady Jane, mounted to heaven, is still standing in the Tower, and I know that Hendrée, the headsman, has been sent for. Now can you comprehend?"

The ardour of the young man was instantly cooled, and he made no further attempt to shake the resolution of his parent, who was ostensibly a merchant of considerable standing and wealth in the City, but in reality a minister of the reformed religion, and an agent of the Evangelical Church in Holland, for the distribution of Luther's Bible and works.

From the excitement of the crowds in the boats upon the river, it was evident that the barge with the royal prisoner and the lords of the council was fast approaching the fortress. On a signal from the lieutenant, a party of the warders lined the steps even to the water's edge, whilst others kept back the crowd of people.

At the sight of the Traitors' Gate, where it was intended to land her, the pride of Elizabeth returned. She felt the outrage keenly, and demanded of the lords who had charge of her the meaning of such an insult.

"Your grace must land," replied Lord Paget, "where it has pleased her majesty to direct! Prisoners have no choice!"

It was useless to contend—the royal maiden was compelled to yield. As she rose from the barge, the speaker offered her his cloak of velvet and minever—for the rain was falling in torrents. Although a bigot and her enemy, he was a gentleman. Elizabeth, however, dashed it hastily aside, and set her foot upon the stairs, exclaiming, in a firm tone:

"Here lands as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed on these stairs! Before Thee, O God, I speak it—having no other friend but Thee!"

The lords were astonished at her firmness, and Gardiner satirically observed, "that if it was so, it was the better for her!"

All present were struck by the courage and dignity of the royal prisoner. As she reached the top of the stairs, many persons fell upon their knees, and prayed aloud for God to preserve her grace; but not the slightest attempt was made to rescue her.

"The heretics seem overawed!" whispered Paget, in a tone of disappointment, to his colleague the chancellor.

"Or forewarned!" replied Gardiner, bitterly; "no matter—they cannot fail to compromise her! Rebellion will out, despite their prudence! The serpent cannot change its nature!"

On the summit of the landing-place was a large, square stone, entirely unsheltered from the falling rain. Upon this the future Queen of England seated herself: her features were pale, but stern—her flashing eye resembled more that of a lioness at bay, than a captive about to be consigned to the tender mercies of a gaoler.

"Madam," said the Lieutenant of the Tower, who stood bareheaded before her, "had you not better retire to your lodgings, which I have commanded to be prepared for you?"

"Better sit here than in a worse place!" she replied; "for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me!"

Many, at the sight of her disconsolate state, began to weep and pray for her, and her gentleman usher was so moved that he burst into tears.

"Beshrew thee for a weak knave!" exclaimed the lion-hearted daughter of Henry VIII.; "although a kind one! wailing like a girl, instead of comforting me! None know better than thyself that I have done nought against my allegiance, that man should lament for me!"

At the request of the lords of the council, who began to tire of the scene, Master Bridges, the lieutenant, conducted the captive to her chamber, where the nobles took their leave of her with many outward demonstrations of respect.

No sooner were the bolts of her prison-door drawn upon her, than the spirit which had hitherto sustained her gave way, and she wept bitterly. Gradually, however, she calmed her passion of grief, and had recourse to prayer. There is little doubt that the danger which Elizabeth ran at this period of her life, taught her extreme prudence. Pity that her sufferings did not inculcate that nobler virtue—mercy.

The instructions of the lords of the council were of a most rigorous nature. No person, however high their rank, was to be permitted on any pretence to have access to her. She was to be compelled to attend daily at the mass. The two or three attendants who remained with her, were on no account to leave the precincts of the Tower, or hold communion with any one within the walls. She was to be subjected, in short, to all the restrictions usually exercised towards a prisoner of state.

"And pray, Master Bridges," said Gardiner, "what may be the condition of the fortress?"

"Strong enough, your lordship," answered the lieutenant, "to keep the enemies of our gracious sovereign from either breaking in or out of the walls!"

"And the disposition of the men?"

"Loyal, my lord. I will answer for them as for myself: there are no traitors within the Tower, unless as prisoners!"

"Would I could say the same for those without!" observed the prelate; "but watchful eyes are on them!"

"Chancellor," said Sussex, "let us not be too harsh with this unhappy lady! Let us remember that she is the daughter of him who was our king, and so conduct ourselves that we have not to answer for it hereafter!"

Gardiner smiled: he had no doubt of that future to which the speaker alluded; for he had already resolved, in the recesses of his subtle mind, a scheme for the destruction of Elizabeth. But heaven watched over her. He permitted his colleagues to depart without him—alleging, as an excuse for remaining, that he had certain orders to attend to on the part of the queen.

"Bridges," he said, as soon as they were alone, "is the scaffold of the Lady Jane still standing?"

"It is, my lord!"

"And the block?"

"Remains."

"Tis well!" said the crafty statesman, with a gloomy smile; "see that they are not disturbed; and, further, that the headsman does not absent himself one instant from the Tower! If any attempt should be made to rescue your prisoner, how would you act?"

"As a soldier, my good lord!" replied the officer. "I know my duty—I would defend it to the last!"

"But should you fail to keep the place?"

"It can only be with my life, then," said Bridges.

"It will not come to that," said the churchman, in a low whisper, "if you act wisely! I will give you the means to hold the place against a host of traitors!"

"How, my good lord?"

"Strike off the head of your captive," deliberately uttered the chancellor, "and cast it to the rebels from the walls!"

The Lieutenant of the Tower shuddered, and remained silent.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,

'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,

One morn in the valley a bower he found,

So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,

A fountain ran darkly beneath;—

'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;

Love knew it, and jumped at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at his weak years,

What urchin was likely to know?

That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears

The fountain that murmured below.

He caught at the wreath—with too much haste,

As boys when impatient will do—

It fell in those waters of briny taste,

And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;

And, though it all sunny appears

With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,

Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

FACETIÆ.

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

What difference is there between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon one and stand on the other.

An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door."

THE COW AND CALF.—A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at a country tavern, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow this way!" To whom the lady thus retorted: "Waiter, take the cow down there where the calf is bleating!"

TRUTH BY TELEGRAPH.—A telegraph report has contrived to speak unvarnished truth for once. It says that "rumours are abundant, facts scarce."

A bachelor friend of ours has left a boarding-house, in which were a number of very plain-featured women, on account of the miserable *fair set* before him at the table.

A man in New Bedford, who had backed out from a promise of marriage, was prosecuted and imprisoned by his intended. The injured fair one paid his board in gaol for two weeks, when he surrendered, and they were married. Other damsels similarly situated, might adopt this method with equal success.

MARBLE-OUS.—Dan Marble is delighting the English with stories like this: He says he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald headed.

If you please, Mr. Sugarcoat, ma wants to know if you will have the kindness to send her one halfpenny worth of starch and a farthing's worth of needles by the boy, in a basket. Please send the bill with the goods, and she will call and settle with you on Saturday.

A "RUN" FOR GOLD.—The horse, *West Australian*, is the favourite at Tattersall's, for the Derby. No wonder, when the run for gold to Australia has been so general and durable!

COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS.—The *Medical Gazette* and *Journal of Health* has this "hit" among its brevities: "What did Mr. — die of?" asked an acquaintance. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe a complication, my good sir?" "He died," rejoined the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

RATHER DRY.—We heard the other day a good anecdote of a clever fellow, who was a passenger on the mail boat some time since. He is not in the habit of "indulging," but on this occasion he found himself somewhat under the influence of "old King Al." Being asked how in the world he came to drink so much, he replied: "Why, the fact is, gents (hic), the river has got so low, (hic), that the Captain has forbid the use of water as a beverage—there's none to spare."

ASTRONOMICAL FUN.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed: "What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a grand sun!"

A BULL.—A local newspaper says: "On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition." This reminds us of an honest Hibernian, who called at the *Weekly Times* office with an advertisement, the price of which, he was told, would be nine shillings for the first time, and seven and sixpence for the second. "Faith, then," said he, "I'll have it in the second time, and not the first at all!"

REPORTED PROMOTION.—Rumour insinuates that the Master of the Horse to her Majesty has recommended Mr. Braidwood, of the London Fire Brigade, for promotion, for his services at the late fire at Windsor. The title to be "Master of the Hose!"

THE "GUARDS" IN THEIR ELEMENT.—The household troops have been officially complimented for their good behaviour while extinguishing the late conflagration at Windsor Castle. This is as it should be, as the Guards ought to conduct themselves well and steadily under fire!

A CARPENTER'S DEFINITION OF THE INCOME TAX.—"Tin tacks! (tax)."

A "TWISTER" FOR THE COTTON TRADE.—At New Orleans, 18,000 bales of cotton have been consumed by fire—a consumption anything but what the manufacturers contemplated. Thus, the owners of the said cotton have been seriously *worsted* in their speculations.

SOMETHING NEW ON FOOT.—We'll tell the ladies a pretty secret, an' they will promise faithfully not to say anything about it—except to their particular friends. A new style of dress and evening slipper is coming in vogue, which will decrease the apparent dimensions, while it will greatly add to the invisible fascination of all the pretty feet in the metropolis. The new slipper is made of black or bronze satin, with three or four light bands of India rubber running around the top, and the instep ornamented with a good sized rosette, of the same colour as the slipper. Isn't it charming and quite refreshing, after the dull monotony of square toes and plain quarters?

THE YANKEE AND THE GRAND DUKE.—An American traveller in St. Petersburg, went out on foot in March, when the snow was melting after a sudden rain. The streets presented the aspect of extensive puddles, separated at the crossings by a ridge of more solid snow, over which the foot passengers worked their telltale way. The American was lost in the midst of such a snow

bridge, when he suddenly recognised the Grand Duke Constantine, in plain clothes, followed by his aide-de-camp, coming from the opposite side. The footpath between the two puddles was not wide enough to let two persons pass by, and Mr. — did not wish either to turn his back uncourtously to the prince, by returning from whence he came, nor to step servilely into the water; he therefore, pulling out his purse, presented it to the grand duke, and asked: "Odd or even?" "Even," answered the astonished prince. "You are right, imperial highness—I have lost, and must give way," said the American, and stepped into the water. The prince was highly pleased by this proceeding, and the American received on the next day an invitation to dine with the emperor.—*Pulasky's White—Red—Black.*

TRITE AND TRUE.—"I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson, in his valedictory address to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

SOMETHING "LIKE."—Louis Napoleon's embracing the Countess "Theba" as his wife, was decidedly rather a *Spanish* affair!

SOMETHING NEW.—The Registrar General, in his report on the health of London, talks about "the sleeping capacity" of a room! This is the first time we ever heard of an apartment having any capacity for sleep; but possibly we are not sufficiently gifted with the power of *clairvoyance* to see the Registrar's meaning very clearly.

GOVERNMENT AT SCHOOL.—The Aberdeen ministry are just now obliged to mind their P's and Q's, in consequence of Lord John Russell's proposed *Educational Bill*!

"RED" MOROCCO.—We are told that the expected death of the Emperor of Morocco will cause *sanguinary* civil war. The only question will be, which of the Moroccan chiefs will get the worst *leathering*!

SUSPENSION OF THE "GRAPE" SHOT.—Now that the Kaffir war is supposed to be terminated, it may reasonably be expected that the people at the Cape will cease to cry out for fresh troops. Thus we shall have no more Cape *whine*!—(wine.)

A DRUNKEN ASS.—An old lady in Knaresborough lately placed her "brewing" in the street in a cooler, and it caught the eye of a drouthy donkey, who took an opportunity of drinking it up. Poor Cuddie! he found even four legs incompetent to hold him up respectably straight, and reeled about the town, a delightful text for teetotallers.

DIFFICULTY WITH A NEEDLE.—A new difficulty has arisen with respect to the arrival of "Cleopatra's Needle" in England, to be exhibited at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham. The needle is *stuck* so firmly into other works as to render the *point* as to its eventual extraction doubtful; therefore those who have an *eye* to a sight of this wonderful piece of antiquity, as described by *polished* travellers, will probably be disappointed.

TOO DEAR.—A pair of rustic lovers had resolved to make a match of it, and the prudent bridegroom went about the parish, asking the cheapest road to wedded bliss. The conclusion to which he came was complimentary to the church. The registrar's charge was so substantial that he thought he might as well employ "a real parson" at once, and then "the job would be sure to stand!" So off he went to church with his bride, and made her his own "for better for worse." The knot tied, he asked for the "reckonin'," and was thunderstruck by the announcement of "fourteen shillings." He proposed seven. Heads were shaken:—"no half-price" was the rule. "Then," said Hodge, handing over the full sum in a fume, "I'm blow'd if ever I get wed here any more!" The priest could no longer maintain his gravity—the man's threat was too droll to be resisted. He thought it so good, that he rewarded its author by returning the fees, and making him a present of his *first* wife gratis.

WHO OWNS IT?—The young ladies who have had occasion to visit the Glasgow sub-post-office recently, have noticed that the Postmaster in every instance regarded them with a curious look, and the matter has been made the subject of a large amount of chat among the fair denizens of the place. "Jane, have you been to the post-office within a day or two?" "Yes!" "Didn't the postmaster scrutinise your countenance as if he was about to make an inventory of your features?" "La, yes! Now I think of it, I remember that he looked at me very hard!" "There, there, Antoinette, it's just what all the girls say! What does it mean, I wonder?" This was the conversation for a week; but at length it was ascertained that a letter was lying in the post-office which bore this inscription: "To the handsomest girl in Glasgow." The postmaster, who claims the privilege of deciding upon the matter, has not yet come to a decision.

HOAXING THE YEOMANRY.—The following hoax was played off on the Weston Zoyland troop of Somersetshire Yeomanry, lately. Some would-be wit transmitted to the members of the corps the following circular: Bridgewater, March —. Sir,—The Bridgewater troop will meet tomorrow (Thursday) morning, at half-past ten, when it is particularly requested that every man will punctually attend in full marching order. There would have been more notice given, but the news only reached Bridgewater this evening, that Napoleon and his troops are already in the channel.—By order of Colonel Tynte, Bamberie.—P. S. Any man's non-attendance will be at his peril." In consequence of the intimation, several of the Yeomanry met, when the hoax was discovered, and they returned, much annoyed at the trick played on them; though doubtless greatly relieved at finding the alarm was a false one.—*Dash and Cheltenham Gazette.*

[APPROPRIATE.]—A cargo of emigrants recently left England for Melbourne, in the ship *John Bunyan*. Of course this was the "*Pilgrims' Progress*."

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—Although Billingsgate Fish Market has been remodelled and rebuilt, yet, from the fact of the old site being retained, it will have much of the common-*place* about it.

A large majority of the Carlton Club—all lawyers—wishing to get clear of an obnoxious member, O. P. Clifford, agreed recently to dissolve, for the purpose of reforming without him; but he unexpectedly took the stand that, as they had left the club, he was the sole possessor of the property: and so it proved; and they were obliged to buy him off.

THE INQUISITIVE INNKEEPER'S REVENGE.—The American orator, John Randolph, being at an inn in Virginia, was about to leave, when the master of the house inquired which way he was travelling. "Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?" "Have I paid you my bill?" "Yes." "Do I owe you anything more?" "No." "Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?" "Yes." The landlord was somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off; but to his surprise, in a few minutes sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road he should take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath: "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent—just take which road you please."

ALL THE BERRIES.—A celebrated comedian arranged with his greengrocer—one Berry—to pay him quarterly; but the greengrocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the greengrocer, and, labouring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've sent in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry; your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look black, Berry—for I don't care a straw, Berry—and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

A KEEN RETORT.—An English gentleman, possessing a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends, by saying smart and uncourtous things to annoy him. "By the way," added she, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted he, but with the blandest manner possible, "I know not, unless it be that the French army have not been twice to our capital to teach it, as they have been at yours."

HOW WAS IT?—At Bristol there is an almshouse for "Old Maids," and relative to one of its inmates the following story is told: Some years since an old maid, belonging to the Almshouse, went out one very fine evening to tea with a friend in College Street; but whether she sat too long over what followed—namely, chat—or whether she was guided by the cathedral clock, which seldom was right, I cannot say, but she did not get home till after the gate was locked; and, after sundry raps and a host of palpitations, she was told she couldn't lodge there that night; so, finding the sour old bachelor inexorable, she at length grew sour and exceedingly fiery, and, giving the gate a tremendous blow with her umbrella, exclaimed: "I only wish as how my son Bill was here—he'd let 'ee know whether you wouldn't let I in or not!"

NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—Serjeant Wilkins, in a recent case of breach of promise, laid it down that no lady's heart was ever broken after she was twenty years of age; but we have the testimony of many excellent spinsters of a "certain age," that they cannot agree with him on that score.—*Diogenes.*

"A BIRD THAT CAN SING, AND WON'T SING, OUGHT TO BE MADE TO SING."—The public like the airs sung by Simms Reeves, but they don't like those that are shown by him. Although Mr. Allcroft becomes his apologist, they think Reeves's repeated affectation of colds—all craft. He should face his audience, if he only sneezed at them.—*Ibid.*

THE FIRE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—We have heard of the boy who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from. And, judging from the reports in the papers—this being torn up, and that being dragged down—Windsor Castle is to be pulled to pieces, to find out how the fire originated. Prince Albert attempted a witticism, saying, he had no doubt that some *spark* had to do with it. And the *Standard*, emulating the waggery of the prince, and justifying the spoliation of the castle, says: "The subject is one which comes home at least to every one's *heart*." It would be better to say *grate* at once, for there the subject may be stirred with safety, and probably a useful light be obtained.—*Ibid.*

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.

The following extract from the Paris correspondence of the *Republic*, is decidedly French. It starts an interesting question for lawyers: "To whom does a broken pane of glass belong? If you can decide, under the circumstances of the case I am about to relate, you will set a vexed question at rest. The other night a carriage, badly guided, dashed upon the sidewalk, and the pole passed through the window-pane of a shoemaker's shop. It went through as clean as a bullet, making a round O in the pane—and letting in a streak of cold air as smooth as a musket-barrel. If the pane had been cut up by cracks like the rays of the sun, or the spokes of a wheel, it would have possessed no earthly value, of course; but, as it was,

sundry amateurs of curiosities who passed by, declared it to be worth ten thousand francs at least.

The shoemaker thought he had made his everlasting fortune, and, naturally enough, claimed the broken square. But he had counted without his host, or, as I should say, without his proprietor. The owner of the house claimed the smashed window-glass as his own by right of possession. The shoemaker was only his tenant. It was in vain that the latter reminded his landlord that he had never offered before to replace the window-panes that he had the misfortune to break or to have broken. The landlord insisted—but he had not foreseen a certain difficulty. The insurance company that had insured his house, not only against fire, but against tumbling to pieces, against earthquakes, and against window-breakage, claimed, in its turn, the right to mend the pane and take the old one. But the insurance company had forgotten a slight circumstance in their way. The glazier claimed the broken pane as one of his traditional, immemorial perquisites; never, he said, had any one yet made any objection to his removing the splinters and the old putty, and doing what he pleased with them. So here are four claimants, and I am not sure that the adroit driver will not put in his claim, too, as the original cause of the breakage, and the lawsuits which threaten to grow out of it."

INTEMPERANCE IN THE EAST.—Turkey is not much of a country for drinking; but it appears that France and Russia have been very nearly quarrelling over their *Porte*.—*Punch.*

HOW TO FIND OUT WHEN IT IS HIGH WATER.—Go into the cabin of one of the Australian Mail Steamers.—*Ibid.*

FEMALE INFALLIBILITY.—A man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."—*Ibid.*

POLICE REGULATIONS

FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOUR AND ELEGANT DEPORTMENT OF CABMEN.

EVERY Cabman is to wear a white neckcloth.

No Cabman is to open the door without first putting his gloves on.

Every Cabman is to have a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne* in his vehicle, for fear of accidents.

Every Cabman is to shave at least once a day, and to wash his face and hands not less than three times: viz. 8 A.M.—1 P.M.—and 4 P.M.

None but the best Windsor soap to be used on all al-luvial occasions.

Any Cabman detected reading a letter on his box, and afterwards tearing it up, and flinging the pieces about the street, will be instantly taken into custody.

On all levees, and drawing-room days, every Cabman is to wear a nosegay in his button-hole.

Every Cabman is expected to touch his hat only every time he sees a gentleman or lady pass, but if he is spoken to, he must take it off, and remain uncovered until the gentleman or lady leaves him.

Every Cabman must possess a certain knowledge of French and German—sufficient to make himself understood—and, if he can add to the above a small smattering of Italian, his merits will not be overlooked.

Every Cabman must be provided with a silk umbrella, in the event of rainy weather.

No Cabman, whilst on his box, must read, or yawn, or sleep, or sing, or whistle, or talk too loud, or make pantomimic signals with his hands, or keep them in his pocket, or sit with one leg crossed over the other, under any pretence whatever.

Any infringement of the above regulations will be visited with the very severest punishments the legislature can inflict—the lowest being a month's imprisonment, with hard labour. (Signed) COMMISSIONER MAYNE.

—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSPORTATION OF A WEALTHY MAN.—Andrew Saulsbury, a Leicester pawnbroker, occupying his own property, and reported to be worth £10,000, has been sentenced to seven years' transportation. He had palmed upon his dupes, as "unredeemed pledges," articles professing to be gold, which were merely gilt.

THE DYING SOLDIER.—In the heat of the Battle of Neerwinde, gained by the French in 1693, the Marshal of Luxembourg, who commanded them, seeing a soldier of the guard quitting his corps, said to him, in a threatening tone: "Where art thou going?" "Sir," replied he, opening his coat to show his wounds, "I am going to die, a few paces from this, happy to have exposed my life, and to have lost it, for my country, in fighting under so great a general as you."

NOTE ABOUT ARAB HORSES.—Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain his descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be even about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim: "O Fellah! (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawivah, and her dam is ridden by Awaith, a sheikh of the Fedhan" (or as the case may be). Nor will a lie come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy, will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man, as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost.—*Layard's Remains of Nineveh.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. R. D. AND EDWARD JONES.—Vol. XV. of this Journal is in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand.

C. F.—Unstamped publications may publish anything but news. The question can only be definitely settled by the repeal of the obnoxious duty.

EDWIN H.—In 1848, Louis Napoleon volunteered his services, and was sworn in, as a special constable. During his residence in England, his means of subsistence were derived from the estates and money he inherited from his parents. We believe he had at one time estates in Switzerland, Italy, and the United States of America. He has been all his life—that is, from twenty until he was elected president—what is called a “fast man.”

J. H.—It would not be safe for an executor, although he had the consent of the persons interested, to sell, convert into money, and distribute the estate of a testator, before the time prescribed in the will. Under such limitations, no executor—not even an astute lawyer—can tell what other interests may be involved before the prescribed time has elapsed. In all monetary transactions, anticipation is a great evil.

SWEET-TOOTH.—Eating sugar rather preserves than injures the teeth. It is the villanous compounds called “sweetmeats” that do all the mischief. One ounce of highly-coloured gingerbread, or one pennyworth of the pellet rubbish called “Scotch Mixture,” will do the teeth more injury than a whole hoghead of sugar would. But too much sugar injures the digestive powers.

LUCY wishes to be an actress, but her friends will not consent. Her friends are wise. The life of an actress is very perilous—it is worse than a soldier's. In time of peace, the latter is sure of good clothing and lodging; and in the event of war, he can only be killed outright. But an actress is never sure of anything, and if she be young and pretty, she is every day exposed to the base attacks of the base among the opposite sex. Men don't respect unmarried women who have been in the glare of the footlights. But Lucy is only sixteen—the age of feminine dreams. When she is a little older—perhaps in a year or so—her sympathies and aspirations will assume a more womanly complexion. At present she has no right to, and cannot, judge of what is best for herself.

A. C.—A man may wear his beard and moustache, and yet be considered a Christian—as you term it—in appearance. Formerly these appendages were generally worn, and as men are necessarily more exposed to the weather than women, we think the disease of them has not been attended by any beneficial results. Catarrhs and consumptions are more prevalent now than they were in the days of beards and moustaches. Besides, men ought to be as unlike women as possible. Shaving is an effort to reduce the sexes to something like a facial equality. If the shaving principle goes much further, the whiskers won't be spared. But in the absence of a general rule, wearing the hair on the lip and chin looks singular. No reason can be assigned for the custom, as partially adopted, unless some civilians wish to be thought military; others artists, others Frenchmen, Italians, Turks, or Kaffirs. It is nothing more than hanging out a sign-post, just as a tradesman or publican does. But, as a matter of health and manly adornment, we should not object to every man wearing his beard and moustache.

TALLY-HO.—The Metropolitan Interments Act is not, nor can it be in operation: for the simple reason, that the commissioners appointed to carry out its provisions have no power given them to raise money to provide extra-mural burial-places. They are empowered to purchase land, but not empowered to raise the money to purchase it with. Such bungling is more than disgraceful—it is criminal; and should the cholera visit us again this summer, it is to be hoped the bunglers won't escape so easily as they did in 1849-50. Such mistakes are wifull.

JOHN JONES.—A will may be proved twenty years after the death of the testator. Indeed, there is no precise time within which the Ecclesiastical Courts will cite an executor to prove a will. Our opinion is, that, as far as these lumbering tribunals are concerned, the proving is not compulsory, but for the sake of the revenue arising from the stamp duty on probates and letters of administration. The Act of the 55 Geo. III., c. 184, sec. 37, imposes a penalty of £100 on any person who shall take possession of or administer the personal estate of any deceased person, or any part thereof, without obtaining a probate, or letters of administration, within six months from the date of the deceased's death.

ADRIAN.—Russia is the only country in the European confederacy which promises anything like an example of permanent dullness. There the pulse of thought is as still as the grave. Throughout the rest of Europe, it beats high and hopefully. The intellectual and popular mind is saturated with principles that will have elbow-room. The third act in the drama of revolution cannot be much longer postponed; but when the curtain does rise, depend upon it the struggle will be dreadful. Society has outgrown its veneration for vested interests; and the only thing to be regretted is that, in political convulsions, many good institutions are dragged down with the bad.

W. B.—Among some ancient nations, the face of the dying was concealed, in order that the death agony might not be witnessed; but the practice does not prevail among any of the modern civilised nations. The last looks of those loved or known in health, are too precious to be lost. Besides, there was excessive cruelty in the practice. Would you wound the heart that in a few moments will be cold and pulseless, by shutting out from the eyes the last glimpse of dearly-loved faces—the last look at the blue heaven above—or the still dearer gaze in which smiles and tears mingle in sweet, immortal harmony? No. Remember that your own death-hour is at hand, and think. It is only selfish people that would draw the curtain on such a solemn scene. Besides, if it be true, as contended—and we have no reason to doubt it—that the mind has volition long after the body—that is, every part but the brain—is cold—dead—only imagine the agony—the excruciating, unutterable agony—of that last mental trembling on the brink of eternity! No—no; let the faces of the dying be uncovered. The life God gave should never expire in a corner. Its last flickerings are as hallowed as its noon-day brilliancy.

VICTOR.—When you address letters to a person of rank, give the title in full. The necessity for this rule would be apparent, if, in writing to ladies of high rank, you were to write “Lady,” &c.: as you would be confounding their rank with the inferior one of baronets or knights. The term Esquire is a title of mere courtesy, but custom has awarded it as a right to all persons above the rank of shopkeeper, especially to professional men; and the safest rule is, to be courteous to all men, and remember that it is extremely vulgar to attempt to display your own importance by affecting to underrate the pretensions of others. In the army, captain being the lowest grade which a military man chooses to acknowledge, in writing to subalterns, do not address them as “Ensign,” or “Lieut.,” &c., but simply, “H. W., 52nd Regt.,” &c., as the case may be. The term “Professor” is about as valuable as that of “Esquire” for, of late years, it has been so much abused, that it carries with it no intrinsic respectability. It is safer to address an eminent man as “J. F., Esq.,” &c. Real talent, being simple and true itself, admires simplicity and truth in others.

W. W. E.—1. Cousins, according to the law of England, being strangers in affinity, a legacy from one to the other is chargeable with a duty of ten per cent. 2. Legacies are not payable until the expiration of one year from the testator's death.

JAMES BODKIN (Hinckley), and his five sisters, would only be too happy to hear from, or very grateful to learn something respecting their brother, George Bodkin, who was induced to emigrate to Lake Shore, Canada West, North America, about six years ago.

J. O. T.—In gilding on glass, after the latter has been well cleaned, there is thinly applied a size prepared by dissolving a quantity of amber or copal, in its own weight of boiled linseed oil, adding a sufficient quantity of oil of turpentine.

EMMA MAY.—All wills, to be valid, must be supported by the presumption that, at the time of making, the testator was a free agent. A will that has been made through fear, restraint, or importunity, may be set aside. In a case on record, where it appeared that a man in his last sickness was obliged to make his will to procure quiet from the extreme importunity of his wife, it was held to have been under restraint, and was set aside. But in all such cases it is left to the discretion of the court to determine, upon consideration of the circumstances, whether or not such persons could be supposed to have had a free will to dispose of their estates.

F. W. and F. D.—In these cases—which, for obvious reasons, we will not particularise—the ecclesiastical law would allow a divorce *a mensa et thoro*: that is, a divorce which amounts to a separation—not one enabling the parties to marry again. A complete divorce—that is, a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*—can only be obtained through an Act of Parliament. As the commissioners appointed to inquire into the law on the subject have recommended “that a new tribunal shall be constituted, to try all questions of divorce,” our correspondents may give their injured lady-relatives ample room to hope that, ere long, they may obtain some measure of justice at a cheap rate. People of limited means cannot afford to appeal to the law: and that is the reason, we think, why some husbands are so barbarously tyrannical, and some wives are driven, against nature and conscience, to seek revenge in the only retributive retaliation they can command. But what a revenge! The lash of the domestic Legree had better be borne than it attempted.

P. R. H.—We are not among those who view with alarm the extraordinary increase of the United States of America. On the contrary, we consider it would be more advantageous for the South American States if they were added to the union; but that at present is simply impossible; and even if it were effected, it would be only a temporary arrangement. The vast continent of America would never submit to the political supremacy of a congress and president located at Washington. Local interests, climate, passions, necessities, and inventions, would divide America just as Europe is divided. Indeed, we don't think the American Union, as at present constituted, will hold together another half century. Like all giants with disproportionate bodies, it is already rickety. The north and the south are in a state of antagonism, and the election of General Pierce, as president, may be considered a fortunate event for both.

ISHMAEL.—We could not publish anything that related to the clandestine marriage of the daughter of any house or anybody. The feelings of a nobleman ought to be as sacred from intrusion as those of a person in any other class of life. Remember the superb declamation of Shakespeare—“Hath not a Jew hearts?” &c. The last place to discuss family affairs is in the press, and then it only takes cognisance of transactions that have acquired notoriety—such as that afforded by a court of law. We like the gentleman's little song very much.

THE EVENING STAR.

Star of love, star of hope,
Ever gentle and bright,
I remember thee well,
With thy silvery light;
How my heart thrilled with joy
As I gazed upon thee;
For I knew that my darling
Was waiting for me.

She has left me alone,
And thy beams from above
Now glisten through tears,
Where they sparkled on love.
But my heart can still hope,
As thy brilliance I see;
For I know that my darling
Is waiting for me.

SLAVERY.—We are prepared to denounce slavery, in any form, with all the eloquence, zeal, and consistency of a Christian moralist; but we are, at the same time, also prepared, not only to look at every side of the inquiry, but to refuse our assent to the selection, for reprobation, of a wrong perpetuated in a foreign country, in preference to one out of the number of glaring ones that stare us in the face at home. If the ladies of England desire to undertake the hard work of philanthropists, let them begin their labours among the poor of their own country. Our institutions, as regards the suffering classes, are deplorably imperfect; and, until they are reformed, no portion of the British community, however influential or pious, can with any propriety appeal to another nation on the subject of any social abuses: as a lawyer would say in such a case, they would be put completely out of court. Holding this opinion, we were not at all surprised at the tone of the ladies of America, in replying to the address of the ladies of England on negro slavery. Both were weak, and therefore they could each be bitter and telling in their cross accusations. It was a sentimental tilt from each side of the Atlantic; and, as Englishmen, we grieve to think that our countrywomen had decidedly the worst of the encounter: thus affording another instance of the utter powerlessness of mere sentiment to bring about any permanent good. Freedom is naturally of slow growth, and it has hitherto been more indebted to necessity than anything else for its progressive development. A condition for the legitimate enjoyment of freedom has always been created before the dispensation itself became a fact. Sentiment contributed nothing to the process, and we warn our young readers not to allow their imaginations to be overwhelmed by it. If sentiment could work practical wonders, it ought to have delivered the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidels; for Peter the Hermit preached a sentiment that thrilled through the heart of Europe; but the Holy Sepulchre is not yet delivered, and never will be, through that agency. It is the same with negro slavery in America. It is bomb-proof against the attacks of all the Mrs. Stowes and Duchesses of Sutherland in the world. Nevertheless it is doomed—for the fair earth will not always endure the burthen of a living curse. But it will only fall just as serfdom fell in England. When America becomes so densely populated that slaves will be rather an incumbrance than otherwise, the negro race will be emancipated—not before. The analogous case of England supports us in this argument. Our boasted freedom was not obtained by the sword, or by Act of Parliament, or by the enchantment of sentiment; but simply came as a matter of course. When labourers multiplied, it was found cheaper to hire labour by contract, than have it always on hand, as a property which had to be fed lodged and clothed.

W. WILSON.—Unquestionably Wellington won the Battle of Waterloo before the Prussians entered the field. The Prussians themselves admit the fact. But on this point you would do well to consult our Tenth Volume, where you will find it unanswerably proved that the Prussian army assisted only in the *pursuit*, and of course materially contributed to render the victory complete.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—History, as a science, is still a mere infant; but an infant vicious and rickety. It has been criminal, as well as weak, glossing over the truth and exaggerating falsehoods, to the utter destruction of the characters of the periods it has attempted to represent. Probably not many have suffered more at its hands than what are called the “middle ages,” or, according to the prejudices of history—the “dark ages.” They have been not only enveloped in obscurity, but presented to us through the mist of representations swollen and distorted to suit a particular purpose. The ten centuries following the advent of Christ, every historian seems to have exerted himself to view with abhorrence. The most contradictory qualities have been brought together to add to the long catalogue of their faults. They are supposed to have joined all the profligacies of refinement to all the coarser vices of barbarity. All distinction of right and wrong seems to have been rooted out of men's minds. The people of those times, we are told, were wicked for the sake of being wicked. Virtue and knowledge had hidden adieu to the earth. No sacrifices were offered but on the altars of ignorance and vice. The historians would fain make us believe that, in the outset, the peace and harmony inculcated by the Christian religion were unfavourable to the happiness of the human race; that, at the approach of the messengers of Truth, the arts and sciences fled from the dwellings of men; that the mild lessons of the Gospel only the more disposed them to violence, and war, and bloodshed. Indeed, if we place implicit reliance on the assertions of history, we must believe that the heathens greatly surpassed their Christian successors in all the attributes which add to the dignity of man; whilst the early followers of Christ were only distinguished by brutality and ignorance. All this, when fairly examined, will be found to be a tissue of gross perversions and omissions—not to say of numberless inventions of men too prone to dwell with complacency on the fruitless studies of antiquity. Scanning verses and turning periods was not an employment of the middle ages—and hence a great portion of the obloquy heaped upon them by mere lovers of finely-strung words. Authors and poets dealt unmercifully with the ages in which they were not adequately represented.

JENNY is just eighteen, and has not yet met with a suitor. She is what the world calls pretty, having a fair complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair, and being tall and graceful. She dances, plays the piano beautifully, and is very domesticated. On the day she is twenty-one, Jenny will have a very nice little sum of money.

WALTER, a retired officer of the army, aged thirty-one, and generally considered good-looking, having regular features, light-brown, curly hair, high forehead, an open countenance, and a moustache, wishes to form a matrimonial engagement. He is descended from a very old Irish family, and has an income of about £2000 per annum.

ANGLO CELT, a native of the Emerald Isle, feeling tired of a bachelor's life, submits his case to the kind consideration of some of the fair readers of this Journal. He is above six feet high, with dark hair and whiskers, thinks he has a good temper, and could make a rational woman happy. Money not so much an object as a happy first-aid. He is a member of the Established Church, and aged twenty-seven.

MRS. G., having contracted a second marriage, is anxious to see her two daughters comfortably settled in life. She flatters her self one of them may suit “A. B. C.,” or any young gentleman accustomed to good society. They have both received a highly-finished education, and have moved in the first circles. “Annie” is twenty-one, tall, very fair, with blue eyes and good teeth. “Julia” is nineteen, rather above the middle height, with hazel eyes, dark-brown hair, and good teeth. They are considered very good-looking. She will not name what fortune they will have, but content herself with saying that they are amply provided for.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—A Schoolboy and Others (You have guessed rightly—the answer to Catherine Sinclair's Rhus, in No. 423, is “New Brighton”)—L. E. L. (Under no circumstances whatever do we forward letters from one correspondent to another. All such letters are destroyed. When we have obliged our young friends by making their communications public, we refer them for any consequent results to the sentimental column of the daily Times)—J. Underwood (a shilling of George II.'s reign is of no value whatever, except as old silver)—J. S. K. (Purchase Mrs. Skill's little treatise on “Modelling in Wax”). Fifty (Gentlemen or ladies who indulge in facetiae are rarely correct in their quotations)—Anna (We never answer questions about contemporary periodicals. It would be a breach of etiquette, and without the *lex non scripta* of honour, the press would not be what it is, the most sensitively honourable institution in the realm—ay, in the world)—Henry M. (The proper—indeed the only safe method of getting rid of superfluous hairs, is to have patience, and pluck them out with tweezers)—G. H. E. (We thank you, but really the “Uncle Tom” stanzas have been pouring in too fast. We cannot afford even to read them)—R. R. (The work never appeared in this Journal—and what is more, never will)—David G. (Search the newspapers of that State)—Thomas W. Arthur (Order from the agent in Carlisle)—Une Panvre Veuve (Our arrangements in that department are completed)—Holland (We do not know the gentleman. The handwriting is so obscure that we cannot read your poetry. As far as we can read, the “Sword Song,” with some correction, would be very good)—Fitz-Horace (“Remorse” is well written, but the theme is hackneyed). Udolphus (Consult a medical gentleman)—Dyce (The “Will and the Way,” commenced in number 398 of this Journal) Hopeless (We do not see any moral in your verses)—Dunce (“The council,” is singular when referred to as a body, but plural when the members are designated)—A. W. H. (Learn nothing by rote—not even the rudiments of a language)—J. Haskins (Imperfect. The sentiment is good)—Hugh Henderson (You are one of those who think only of self. We never made any promise of the kind. Read the notice carefully)—Dilemma (The method you refer to is not correct. More we cannot say, without giving offence to a large class of persons)—W. X. (Advertise the “antique copper-plate” for sale)—William Little (Is worthy of his name. He is very little indeed. He says we have no right to give the opinion that the wife should be younger than the husband. Did he pen his epistle at the dictation of Mrs. Little?—M. S. N.—Blandford—John, of North Shields—E. T. A.—J. H. J.—Annie and Alice—H. W. G.—Chemist—Clamates—George—Amicus P.—Pharmacopœia—J. G. S.—Emiline—Walter St. Clare—Maria—T. F. E.—F. S.—William—S. B. C.—Honey-Bee—Rose—F. Brayshaw—James Huntley—Caractacus—Lyman E.—K. C. L.—George A.—Miss Ann Dobbs—Francis Tennyson—John Firth—J. Wakelin—Thomas Baron—Frank—R. P. A.—Edith—Scribo—Madelina St. George—Emily Watson—J. T. G.—Gog.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



THE AYAH PROTECTING ELLEN FROM THE VIOLENCE OF LADY MOWBRAY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XCI

A den of common villains—men who sell
Their very souls for bread—whose cheeks have lost
The blush of honest shame—crime's agents,
And its victims.

OLD PLAY.

WILKES, of *North Briton* notoriety, made one observation which, from its profound philosophy as well as humanity, deserves to be remembered, when the party struggles in which he bore so prominent a figure are forgotten—it was:

"That the worst use you can make of a man is to hang him."

Modern legislators seem gradually awakening to a sense of the force of this important truth; prison discipline is reduced to something like system: the chaplain and schoolmaster have been introduced, and it is to be hoped that in time they will supersede the necessity for the turnkey.

Thirty years ago, Newgate presented a far different aspect to the orderly, well-regulated establishment of the present day. The rich felon was permitted to pass the brief space which intervened between committal and trial, in the most degrading debauchery—reason and conscience were alike drowned in the wine-cup. The poor one, on the contrary, found in prison, as in the world, that poverty was considered as his greatest crime.

The gaolers, who made considerable additions to their incomes by selling or conniving at the introduction of beer, spirits, and tobacco for their prisoners, fawned upon those who had money, till their last guinea was spent. Blows, oaths, and harsh treatment were reserved for those who lacked the means of gratifying their avarice: they were considered as vulgar, petty-larceny rogues—fellows without spirit, or prudence to provide against a rainy day.

The felons' day-room resembled more the parlour or tap of some notorious tavern, than a place of confinement for criminals. Singing, gambling, and drinking were the order of the place. The chair and vice-chair were generally taken by some expert burglar or highwayman, whose reputation—for even crime has its aristocracy—entitled

them to such an honour. The turnkeys, when off duty, shared their orgies; and blasphemy and revelry were often heard, where penitence alone should breathe the prayer which, from the stricken, contrite heart, is never breathed in vain.

Till the visit of Meeran Hafaz to the prison, Will Sideler had remained a voluntary inmate of his cell. The enormity of the crime of which he was accused, made him an object of interest with his fellow-prisoners, and a fit subject of speculation to the rapacious turnkeys. Although several times invited by the president of the society to join them in the day-room, he had sullenly declined. The shadow of the repenting angel's wing was over him. The presence of his tempter, and the promise he held out to him, had scared it—he began to tire of the companionship of his thoughts: to get rid of them, he descended to the felons' yard.

Amongst the inmates of the place was a thin, wiry, iron-featured, bilious-looking old man, who was generally known by the name of Mike. It was never properly understood whether he was a prisoner awaiting trial, or one serving out his time. The turnkeys evidently attached but little importance to his safe custody—for they permitted him to pass from the common yard to the porter's lodge without a word; he came and went as he pleased: some supposed him a spy, others a superannuated officer of the prison.

Everybody seemed to know him; even the governor, as he made his daily round, would occasionally nod to him—which was considered an act of condescension from so important a personage, who seldom deigned to notice his subordinates.

Mike was no less singular in tastes and manner than person—generally speaking, he shunned rather than sought society: in the day-room he appeared more as an observer than a guest; and if ever he did unbend, it was in favour of some notorious criminal, whom justice had already marked for a last terrible example.

Another peculiarity was, that every Tuesday—which, in the days of George III., was the regular hanging-day—the old man seldom made his appearance in the yard or day-room until late, and then he seemed more taciturn than usual. The governor, on such melancholy occasions, it was understood, permitted him, as an especial favour, to be present in the press-room.

In fact, he was one of those beings in whom humanity had very little sympathy or part—like Cain, it seemed to

have rejected him; he lived and moved amongst his fellow-men alone.

Mike was walking close to the wall, on the sunny side of the prison-yard, when Sideler descended; a short pipe, from which at irregular intervals he puffed the sedative weed, was firmly stuck between his discoloured, mummy-like lips.

The dress of this peripatetic philosopher—for Mike was a philosopher in his way—consisted of a rusty suit of black, not one article of which, apparently, had been made for him. The cuffs of the tight-fitting sleeve of the narrow, swallow-tailed coat scarcely reached the wrist: this gave an additional length to his thin, long, bony hand, whose fingers reminded one of the claws of a vulture—there was a sort of natural crook in them. The waistcoat had evidently been taken in under the delusion that it could be made to fit him; and his breeches, which buckled considerably below the knees, over a pair of coarse, speckled worsted stockings, were, as Shakespeare expresses it, "a world too wide for his shrunk-shanks."

A broad-brimmed hat, with a band of faded crape round it, drawn closely over his bushy brows, completed the old man's costume.

Many had been the speculations amongst the prisoners, when they noted the crumpled bit of crape around the hat of Mike, who such a being could possibly mourn for.

As these two men passed each other in their walk, the warren observed that the smoker eyed him with peculiar interest. His manner at last became so marked, that the ruffian began to feel offended.

"What does the fool take me for?" he murmured to himself. "No matter, I'll soon put an end to his staring!"

With this intention, the speaker, the next time they met, suddenly stopped, and, fixing his eyes upon Mike, scowled menacingly upon him: an action which seemed rather to amuse than irritate the old man, who noticed it merely by a cold, cynical smile, and a scarcely perceptible drawing-down of the corners of his thin lips, which gave them a mocking expression.

Sideler shuddered: he thought he had never seen so terrible, so menacing a smile before, and his insolent gaze sank beneath the serpent-like eyes fixed upon him.

The very silence of the encounter made it the more oppressive—and he determined to break it.

"Do you know me?" he said.

"Not yet!" answered Mike, his countenance instantly

losing its peculiar expression; "but no doubt we shall become more intimately acquainted!"

"I think not!" observed the ruffian, with affected carelessness; "my stay in Newgate will be very short!"

"True, true!" quietly assented the old man; "the session is near at hand!"

"Then I shall be the sooner at liberty!" exclaimed Will.

His new acquaintance looked incredulous.

"I tell you," continued the speaker, "that I am here through a mistake! A rascally old lawyer, who got more frightened than hurt, imagines that I am the man who attacked and robbed him! It's my belief," he added, "that the old fool was never robbed at all, and that he has only trumped up this charge to spite me! Fortunately I can prove an *alibi*!"

"It's bad dealing with lawyers!" said Mike, after a few moments' reflection. "I scarcely ever knew a gentleman escape, when once they fairly got him into their clutches; and Lawyer Elworthy is uncommonly shrewd!"

"Elworthy!" repeated the villain, with astonishment.

"Ay! the man you robbed, and all but murdered—at least as he asserts!"

"And how the deuce did you know his name?" demanded the ruffian, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Read it in the charge-book, in the lodge," was the reply.

"Then you are not a prisoner?" observed Sidelers.

"But I am, though!" answered his acquaintance; "only, as my time is nearly up, they pay no attention to me, but let me run about the place as I like: they know I have no temptation to quit it!"

His hearer looked very much as if he had, and a very strong temptation. Newgate was not at all to his liking: not that he thought the place so bad in itself; it was the *mode of exit* which troubled him.

"Can't you return home?" he said.

"Home!" ejaculated the man in rusty black; "it is many a long year since I knew the meaning of the word! Home implies friends, relations, children, wife. Now I have not a living being belonging to me. I have lived so long in prison, that I should like to die here—be buried here! I should never feel at my ease anywhere else!"

These singular feelings and opinions puzzled the warrener: he could not comprehend them, and naturally felt curious to ascertain the nature of the crime which had made the speaker for so many years the inmate of a prison.

"Oh, nothing—a mere trifle, scarcely worth speaking of!" answered the old man; "the fact is, it occurred so long ago, I scarcely remember it. Hark!" he added, as a loud burst of merriment broke from the prisoners in the day-room; "the captain is at his old jokes again!"

"And who is the captain?"

"One of the most successful and daring forgers of the day. He has passed as many bank flimseys as would have made the fortune of any moderate man; but, as the saying is, 'light come light go.' A girl whom he promised to marry has sold him. He is sure to swing at the next session."

Sidelers shuddered, but could not avoid expressing a desire to see the man who, with such a doom impending over him, could still find mirth and jest to set the table in a roar. Upon expressing this desire to his companion, Mike offered to accompany him to the day-room, adding, by way of recommendation, that it would prevent the time from hanging heavily upon his hands.

The offer was accepted. The prisoner had got over the first sensation of repugnance which he felt towards his new companion; in fact, he almost began to like him.

The day-room was a long, narrow apartment upon the ground floor of the prison, which received light from four narrow, grated windows in a line with the door. The walls, which had originally been whitewashed, were discoloured by smoke, and names celebrated in the annals of Newgate were written with the smoke of a candle upon the ceiling, or scrawled with charcoal.

At a long oaken table in the centre of the den, between twenty and thirty men were seated, of various ages and physiognomies—from the abashed stripling, who had made his first step in crime, to the hoary-headed ruffian whom habit had made familiar with it. Two of the turnkeys, who were off duty, were present.

At the upper end of the table was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, about forty-five. His countenance was flushed with the wine he had been drinking—probably to drown reflection; for occasionally recollection would bring to mind the dark and hideous future—the impending trial—the condemned cell, and the execution. At such moments the expression of his eye became wild and fearful, and he had recourse to the intoxicating draught which drowns memory in insanity.

The arrival of the new-comers was received with a shout of welcome.

Sidelers and his companion would have quietly seated themselves at the lower end of the table, but the president prevented them.

"This way, gentleman!" he exclaimed, accompanying his words with a graceful flourish of the hand. "No false modesty, if you please! Pickpockets and petty-larceny rogues—fellows in *status pupulari*—below the salt; *masters of arts* above it!"

The point of this allusion was lost upon the wretches present, but it proved that the speaker had at least been trained with the prospect of better things than ending his career upon the scaffold.

The coarse songs, wit, and humour of the scene exactly suited the disposition of the warrener, who began to feel a degree of pride in the distinction which the enormity of his crime procured him. His eye glanced freely round the board, and he began to return the nods and winks

the felons with an air as reckless and a spirit as light as their own.

"Who is the captain?" he demanded, in a whisper, of his companion, who seemed perfectly at home in the place.

"His name is Forbes," replied the old man. "He was educated for the church, but took to the road; then became a forger. His career is nearly run."

"He will die game!" observed the warrener, with a look of admiration.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mike, doubtfully; "can't say: I generally find the quiet, sullen ones die best!"

"You find them!" repeated Sidelers, eyeing him as if an unpleasant suspicion had crossed his mind.

"Yes," observed his companion. "I get into the press-room at every execution; it's the only amusement I find in the place!"

At the word "amusement," an involuntary shudder ran through the veins of Will Sidelers, and the feeling of repugnance which he experienced when he first encountered his strange companion, returned.

This private conversation was interrupted by the president calling upon Mike for a song.

"You know I seldom sing," observed the old man, meekly: a declaration which was received with vociferous laughter, and loud calls for "The Ravens."

"The Ravens!" repeated Sidelers; "I never heard it: what sort of a song do you call that?"

"The song of the gallows-tree," replied his companion, giving two or three preparatory "hems," by way of clearing his throat. "I suppose I must comply: I shouldn't like to disoblige either the captain or you!"

There was a leering expression, half mocking, half-cynical, on the countenance of the speaker, which set the warrener thinking: his suspicions, if he entertained any, were dissipated by the song of the speaker.

A raven was perched on the gallows-tree,
The wild storm howled o'er the blasted heath,
As the fiends were keeping their revelry—
A partridge swung in chains beneath.

The raven's beak and claws they were red
With the dotted gore of the sinful dead
"Ho! ho!" said the bird, and the deep words broke
With a chuckling sound 'twixt a laugh and a croak;
"They cry we shall soon lack our dainty cheer—
'That food will grow scant and scantier here!"

I am old, I am wise—and heed not what they say—
That the raven and gibbet will e'er want their prey!"

Two ravens were perched on the gallows-tree:
"Say, son," said the first, "where thy course hath been?
What tidings of mankind bringest thou me?
And what hast thou heard, and what hast thou seen?"

"Of religion I heard the parson preach,
Of justice and law the schoolmaster teach.
I laughed, for I saw that their task would be vain,
Whilst they hated each other like Abel and Cain."
"Fear not," said the old bird, clearing his throat,
With a chuckling sound 'twixt a laugh and a croak,
"While they each, like two fools, pull a different way,
That the raven or gibbet will e'er lack their prey!"

Three ravens were perched on the gallows-tree:
"Say, son," said the first, "where thy course hath been?
What tidings of mankind bringest thou me?
And what hast thou heard, and what hast thou seen?"

"I've seen," groaned the bird, "their task in the land,
The priest and schoolmaster pursue hand-in-hand:
Since they ceased acting by contrary rules,
Prisons are turning, I fear, into schools."
"Ho! ho!" cried the raven; but this time there broke
No chuckling sound, but a mournful croak;
"I am off—I am off—for heed well what I say—
That the raven and gibbet will soon lack their prey!"

A round of vociferous applause followed the conclusion of the song. The singer received it with that modest confidence which intimated that he felt it to be his due; and Will Sidelers, in his turn, was called upon—as the vice-chairman, a prig of low degree, observed—to promote the *army of the evening*.

"It must be when he comes back, then!" said a stout, burly-looking personage, who made his appearance in the day-room; "his father wants to see him!"

The information was received with a shout of laughter.

"His venerable father!" repeated a pickpocket at the lower end of the table; "I thought he was a *horfian*!"—an observation which provoked a broad grin from those who, like the speaker, sat below the salt; those above it condescendingly noticed it by a patronising smile.

"Tibbs," said the chairman, who was a great stickler for etiquette—"it strikes me that you are inclined to grow familiar!"

The warrener knew too well the importance of the interview, to delay for an instant following the messenger. Instead of the shame and humiliation with which a son, under such circumstances, would be supposed to meet his parent, a smile of triumph lit the flushed countenance of the speaker, and he left the room with a firm, confident look.

Mike, who had been closely observing him, muttered to himself as his new acquaintance left the room, that the visitor was not the prisoner's father.

When the warrener followed the turnkey to his cell, he found an old man of most venerable appearance, whose dust-covered shoes and travel-stained garments denoted that he had arrived from a long and weary journey. The face of the impostor—for such he was—was deeply furrowed with wrinkles; silver locks were thinly scattered over his sunburnt brow. Any one, to have gazed upon him, would have taken him for some simple rustic, whose life had been passed in the fields, in honest labour—far from the world, its strife and passions.

Thirty years at least had elapsed since the sanctified old rascal had seen a green field, or quitted the purlieus of London.

The heart-broken parent, so cleverly got up for the occasion, was no other than William Davids, the general agent.

"My son—my son!" exclaimed the old wretch, with a well acted burst of grief, at the same time throwing himself upon the neck of the warrener; "you will bring my white hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave! Alack—alack!" he added, looking round the cell with disgust; "to think that after so many years of separation, we should meet in such a place!"

"It's no use crying after the funeral is gone!" observed the prisoner, with difficulty repressing a grin.

"You expected me?" whispered Davids, as he pressed the robust form of the warrener still closer to him.

"All right!" replied Sidelers, in the same under-tone.

It was one of the prison regulations, although imperfectly observed, that one of the turnkey's should be present at the interviews between the prisoners and their friends. The man who had conducted the agent to the cell of his pretended son, foreseeing that the interview would most probably be a tedious one, drew a short pipe from his pocket, and began to smoke.

"I must speak with you alone," said the agent, in an under-tone.

"Shall I bribe him?"

"No—no!"

"Send him for liquor?"

"It would not do!" replied his visitor, in a whisper

"I have it! leave him to me!"

"What do you intend to do?"

"Pray!" said the wretch, with a twinkle of his small, grey eye, which denoted how much he enjoyed the joke; "there is not one of them can stand that!"

Sinking upon his knees, the arch-hypocrite began a long supplication to the Divine Being—whose majesty he was impudently mocking—to touch the heart of his son: from the fluency with which he proceeded, it was evident that he had either previously studied his part, or was gifted with no ordinary command of language.

The turnkey, at the commencement of the prayer, slowly sauntered towards the door of the cell, and looked down the long, dark corridor with a listless air. His indifference, as the agent proceeded, gradually changed to impatience, which he expressed by smoking violently, and uneasily shuffling with his feet.

Still the visitor showed no symptoms of concluding.

"Hang the fellow!" muttered the officer; "he is more tedious than Holy Joe!"—the cant name of the chaplain. "It is bad enough to be compelled to listen to his drawling tones on a Sunday! I may as well drop into the day-room, and see what is going on there!"

With this conclusion, the speaker sauntered to the end of the corridor, and crossed the yard.

The instant Will Sidelers heard his receding step, he attempted to start to his feet, but the hand and expressive glance of Davids restrained him: the fellow continued in a yet louder voice, till well assured that the man was out of hearing.

"Don't be impatient," he said, rising from his knees, "or you will spoil all! slow and certain, is my motto! Is this your cell?"

"It is!"

"Is the door at the end of the passage barred at night?"

"And doubly locked," answered the warrener.

The agent reflected for a moment: the difficulty did not appear to have much weight with him, for he alluded to it no more.

"In this packet," he said, thrusting a small parcel into the hands of the prisoner, "you will find instructions how to proceed. There are four spring-saws: I suppose you know how to use them?"

The warrener smiled, as he concealed the packet in his bosom, at the simplicity of such a question.

"I should think I did!"

"I shall come and see you every day," added the old man, "and give you further instructions. One word of advice—trust no one: as long as you remain the master of your secret, it is your servant; once reveal it, and you become its slave."

In the hurried conversation which followed, the agent detailed his plan for the escape of the prisoner, which, as it must necessarily be developed in the action of our tale, it is scarcely necessarily to relate here: enough to say that it was bold and feasible.

"You understand?" he said.

"Perfectly!"

"And think your courage will not fail?"

"Not if the gallows were erected," replied the ruffian, with insolent bravado, "and the rope about my neck!"

Mr. Davids gazed upon the speaker with a look of admiration: like most men who, from want of physical courage, rely upon stratagem for the accomplishment of their designs, he had a profound veneration for brute force.

"You must have many friends?" he observed.

The warrener nodded, as much as to say that he was already aware of that important fact.

"And rich ones—eh?"

"Pretty well for that: some of them," added the ruffian, with a cynical expression, which elevated him yet higher in the opinion of his visitor, "are so fond of me, that they would not let me even swing alone!"

The low chuckle which followed the observation of the speaker, assured him that it was properly appreciated.

When the turnkey, who had been absent nearly an hour, returned, he found the pretended father and son seated together, each clasping the other's hand. They had heard his heavy step in the stone-paved corridor, and purposely arranged the *tableau*.

Both had an eye to the picturesque.

"Time to leave!" said the officer.

The old man was apparently overwhelmed with grief, and, after piously exhorting the prisoner to repentance and reflection upon his awful state, prepared to follow his conductor to the outer lodge.

"Take my arm!" said the turnkey, who began to grow impatient, and was fearful, perhaps, of another homily.

The proffered kindness was humbly and thankfully received, and rewarded by the agent, as he left the gate, by slipping a half-guinea into the hand of the gaoler.

"Humph!" said the man, as he turned the keys; "he is not such a bad un after all—only too much giving to preaching!"

It would have been as good as fifty pounds to him, if he had overheard the sermon which the old countryman preached.

That same evening, when Meeran Hafaz sought Mr. Davids, at his office in Clement's Inn, he found the old man, as on the first visit, seated at a table, reading his memoranda, but this time he was alone.

"Now," said the young man, impatiently, "have you succeeded in seeing the prisoner?"

The agent nodded, to intimate that he had. He was a man of few words upon occasions.

"And the result?"

"Promises fairly," said the subtle, experienced rogue; "the fellow, I find, neither lacks nerve nor presence of mind. I answer for his escape!"

The tone of perfect confidence in which this was uttered reassured his visitor.

"Within the time you promised?" he demanded.

"Within the time."

Satisfied with this assurance, the Indian next proceeded to inquire whether the agent, according to his orders, had succeeded in procuring for him the will of the late Sir William Mowbray. The respectable Mr. Davids, who had had it in his possession all the time, drew it from a drawer in the table, and placed it in his hands. Meeran read it hastily over: when he came to the part in which the deceased baronet gave his formal consent to the marriage of Ellen and Henry Ashton, and left her to the guardianship of the worthy rector of Carrow, a bitter smile curled his scornful lips. He was about to tear it into a thousand fragments, when the hand of the agent restrained him.

"Not till it is paid for!" quietly observed the man.

"Do you doubt me?" laughingly demanded Meeran.

"No—no; but it is not business!" was the reply.

The young man cast upon the table the stipulated price, which the wretch eagerly seized, and began to count. Before he had finished, the parchment was thrust into the fire, where it crisped and curled, and finally was reduced to ashes.

"Are you satisfied?" he said, as the last guinea chinked as it fell from the hands of the agent.

"Perfectly!" he answered with a sigh; for he could not avoid mentally calculating the riches of the man who so readily parted with such vast sums. Perhaps, also, he speculated upon his past and present designs.

After giving the man a further instalment of five hundred pounds, to enable him, as he stated, to carry out his schemes for the liberation of Will Sidelar, Meeran took his leave. He longed to be free—to quit London, which began to be irksome to him, and hasten down to Carrow; but prudence whispered him that it was better to remain till the fate of the warren was decided.

Strange that the destiny of two such beings should have been linked in the same chain; but the headstrong indulgence of the passions makes us acquainted with odd confidants.

"For the expenses of releasing the prisoner!" slowly repeated the old man, with a chuckle, as he placed the money in an iron chest, carefully concealed behind a panel in the wall of his office; "as if I should be fool enough to bribe, when wit will do as well! I have no confidence in others, but I can trust to myself. Expenses!" he iterated, with yet increased complacency; "let me see: the four spring saws, twenty shillings; turnkey, half-a-guinea—out of a thousand pounds on account! No bad day's work! I must employ some one the last night to assist me. I have not the strength, I fear, to throw the ball of twine over the prison walls: perhaps I could—perhaps I could!"

Not being assured, however, that such was the case, he generously resolved to expend a guinea or two, in order to insure success—it was not much out of five thousand!

Having relieved his mind and conscience by this decision, he resumed the employment which the visit of Meeran Hafaz for a few moments had interrupted.

Let it not be considered that the portrait we have drawn of Mr. Davids is either dark or too highly coloured: there are many such men in London, ever ready for gain to assist in the most nefarious schemes, and accomplish the most unheard-of enterprises. We question if there are not several old residents of Clement's Inn still living who will recognise the original of the sketch, in the miserly old rascal who for so many years had his chambers at No. —, — court.

We are certain that the porter still remembers him.

CHAPTER XCII.

It is my home, but no familiar face
Is here to welcome me: desolation's breath,
Like the hot Simoom, hath passed over it,
Marking its path by death.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

At the end of the second day's journey, the carriage of Lady Mowbray, with Ellen and the female keepers, drove along the shady avenue of Carrow Park, and stopped in front of the mansion, which presented a lonely, deserted appearance. The shutters were all closed—no outward signs were visible of the place being inhabited.

The orphan sighed deeply, and hid her face in her hands, to conceal the tears which, despite her resolution, would

flow, when she remembered the difference between her present and former reception. There was no kind Mrs. Jarmy to receive her—no Sir William to welcome her; a chill fell upon her heart as she entered the great hall. The poor girl felt as if she had crossed the threshold of her tomb.

The ayah, and two men-servants upon whom her ladyship could rely, were the only inmates of the place.

The bronzed cheek of Zara became of a yet deeper hue, as her eyes encountered the reproachful glances of her foster-child. They seemed to ask her if such was the recompense she merited for having preferred the life of her nurse to her own safety. Despite her apathy, the Indian woman was moved.

"She does not know me yet!" she murmured.

Whether this proceeded from any sudden feeling of repentance, or resolution she had formed in favour of the being she had hitherto so cruelly persecuted, time will show.

The prisoner—for such the orphan again was in the hands of her persecutor—was conducted to the chamber, at the end of the picture-gallery, which she had formerly occupied. Well did she remember the first night she took possession of it—the affectionate kindness of her murdered uncle—the grateful attentions of the worthy old housekeeper: and the change to her present desolate state became doubly painful from the contrast.

"This is your chamber!" observed her aunt, in a supercilious tone; "you will not quit it, till you renounce your disgraceful attachment to this Henry, and yield to the wishes of your natural guardian!"

"I shall quit it before the period which you so vainly hope for!" was the calm reply.

"When?" demanded the heartless woman.

"When I am taken forth to be laid in the same vault with him whose arm is now powerless to protect me!" answered Ellen. "If the spirits of the dead are permitted to watch over those they love while living, I feel assured that my uncle is at this moment grieving over my injuries! There is strength and consolation," she added, "in the conviction!"

"Perhaps," said Lady Mowbray, "you may find yourself removed to a worse place, should you continue obstinately blind to your own good!"

Her niece looked as if she felt that no place could be worse than her present prison—no guardian more hateful to her than her unfeeling relative.

"The mad-house!" continued the speaker.

"I am not mad!" exclaimed the orphan, mournfully; "or if I am, the cruelties you and my guardian have inflicted upon me have made me so! Your persecutions may make the grave my only refuge; but even you cannot deprive me of that—it is a sad, but sure one! Aunt," she added, willing to make a last appeal to the womanly nature of her ladyship, "how have I wronged you, that you should bring the light of my young days to darkness so profound, no ray of hope can penetrate it? You have a child—one whom doubtless you love. What would you feel to see her thus oppressed and trampled on—tortured till reason is almost shaken from its throne? Mercy—mercy!"

"You know the price at which my affection will return to you!" said the cold, artful woman.

"And at that price," exclaimed Ellen, proudly, "I would scorn it! Weak and friendless as I am, I would not break the word I had given to the meanness of God's creatures—much less to the noble, generous being whom it is my pride to love! By what right," she continued, warming with indignation, "do you presume, madam, to exercise such an authority over me? You are neither of my blood nor kindred! My very soul revolts at such barefaced oppression!"

"Insolent!" said her ladyship.

"Insolent!" repeated her victim; "impossible! since language has no words sufficiently strong to characterise your baseness!"

"The authority of the Chancellor!"

"He has been imposed upon!"

"The opinion of the physicians!"

"They have been bribed or deceived! the very means you have taken to obtain possession of my person—the precautions to secrete me here—prove that you are aware of the infamy of your purpose; but it will be baffled yet! The hand of heaven will rend the mask of seeming virtue from your treacherous visage, and expose you to the contempt and scorn of the world—a degraded thing, who meanly descended, for a hireling's pay, to pander to the passions of a villain!"

"Ellen!"

"A murderer!" added the almost frantic girl. "Yes, in the sight of heaven, I accuse him of the murder of my uncle; and you, madam, in heart, if not in act, as his accomplice!"

The countenance of Lady Mowbray turned deadly pale, and her features absolutely became distorted with rage, to find herself thus braved by one whom she regarded as a mere child. The evil passions of her vindictive nature were roused—her pride was enlisted in the contest; and she mentally vowed that no human power should prevent the accomplishment of Ellen's union with Meeran Hafaz; so bitterly at that moment did she feel towards the persecuted girl, that she absolutely raised her hand to strike her.

At the sight of the outrage offered to her foster-child, the hitherto impassible Zara interferred: her capricious disposition could lead her to plot against the happiness of her charge herself—even to destroy it—but it revolted against permitting violence from another.

"Back!" she exclaimed, calmly, but resolutely; "the child I nurtured at my bosom is not a slave! Do not fear, Ellen!" she added, in a voice slightly broken by emotion; "I am here to protect you: this degraded woman shall not harm you whilst I have life!"

"Degraded!" repeated her ladyship, with mortification and rage; "such words from the servant of Meeran Hafaz!"

"We are both his servants!" observed the ayah; "since he pays us both! My wages consist of kind words and looks—of the confidence he reposes in me, and the happiness I feel in serving him—me he respects! Your wages are the gold which his prodigal hand has heaped upon you—the gems which glitter on your withered neck! Trust me, our master knows the value of such service—he recompenses, it and despises you!"

"Turn that woman from the house!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, transported beyond all self-command by the bitter taunts of the speaker.

The two female keepers advanced to execute the order they had received; but, although accustomed to have violent contests with their patients, and strong of limb and courage, they were like infants in the grasp of the resolute Zara, who dashed them from her as coolly and unconcerned as a tigress might be supposed at freeing herself from the attack of a couple of wolves.

"She is no woman!" observed one.

"Her grip is of iron!" added the other keeper, rubbing her shoulder, where the ayah had placed her hand.

"No matter!" said their employer; "call up the footmen! Either this insolent creature quits the abbey, or I do!"

"You may do as you please!" answered Zara, with a glance of contempt; "I shall remain! Like most weak minds, anger hath made you mad! Suppose for an instant that you could succeed in removing me from my foster-child—I should but have to go to the village, and declare that the wife of Colonel Mowbray held the niece of their late master a prisoner in the abbey—that she had sold her like a bale of merchandise to Meeran Hafaz: more than a hundred arms would be enlisted in her cause; they would drive you like a leper from the place, and rescue her! But why do I waste words?" she added, with the consciousness of one perfectly aware that her power was unassailable. "Till the future husband of Miss De Vere arrives, I am her guardian! Neither you nor the female furies in your service, shall exercise the least control over her!"

With looks of disappointment and anger, Lady Mowbray and the keepers left the room. No sooner were they gone, than Ellen approached the ayah.

"I cannot thank you," she said; "and yet I feel grateful for the protection you have afforded me! Oh, Zara! why not continue to pursue the path of penitence and virtue? Save me from Meeran and his destroying love! Save me, and the past shall be remembered only as a hideous dream! Save me, and I will bless you!"

The Indian woman seated herself, without a word, upon the pile of cushions which we have previously described as part of the furniture of the chamber.

"Will not pity—will not love for the child you nurtured," continued the fair suppliant, "move you? Will not her returning affection compensate you for the frown of Meeran—to say nothing of the approval of your own heart?"

"Leave me!" murmured Zara, hoarsely. "The Indian woman has given her word. She would die rather than break it!"

With a sigh of disappointment, and a look of pity and regret such as an angel might have cast upon the nature it had failed to move, Ellen retired to the window, apparently to gaze upon the park, but in reality to hide her tears.

"God help me!" she mentally ejaculated; "my last hope is gone!"

The prisoner and her gaoler spoke no more that night. The stone was loosened—not removed.

At an early hour the following morning, the domestics assembled with terrified looks in the servants' hall. Each had a tale to tell of the extraordinary manner in which they had been disturbed during the night.

It seems that, alarmed by the heavy tread of a footstep in the long, gloomy corridor into which their chambers opened, they had ventured to peep out, and beheld a wild, fantastic-looking person, whose head was crowned with a wreath of leaves and flowers, pacing up and down the passage.

The footman—the same who had been so insolent to Joe Beans—declared that the ghost—for such he persisted in calling it—kept muttering something about blood: he distinctly heard the word.

The account of the two keepers was even more shocking: the mysterious visitant had obtained access to their bed-room—although they had, as they declared, doubly locked the door—and made repeated signs to induce them to follow him; they even hinted at their intention of quitting the place—it was too much for their nerves.

Nerves! and yet, in the exercise of their heartless vocation, they had assisted and been instruments in scenes which might have made strong men weep.

"For my part, *Tummas*," observed the aristocratic footman, "although I have a very great respect for my lady—who knows how to *preciate* a confidential servant—I shall start!"

His companion remained silent: perhaps he thought more of the promised reward.

At this moment the bell of Lady Mowbray's chamber rang violently. Her ladyship slept in the one lately occupied by the murdered baronet. There was a hesitation as to who should answer it.

"It is not my place," observed Thomas.

"Nor mine!" exclaimed his companion, conceitedly; "My lady should have brought her own woman with her! I am a young man, and the colonel is remarkably jealous it would not be prudent! These ladies," he added, "had better go!"

"The signal was repeated yet more vehemently than before.

"Lord bless us!" said one of the female keepers; "perhaps the black lady is a strangling on her!"

"She is vicious enough!" chimed in the other. This suggestion, which was considered as more than probable, decided them.

All four of the speakers rushed in a body to the door of her ladyship's apartment—not one would go alone. Just as they reached the corridor, the bell rang again.

Barbara Botch, the elder of the two females, with a courage borrowed, most probably, from her morning draught, tapped at the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed a voice.

"I can't, my lady," replied the woman, shaking the lock; "the night-bolt is down!"

A noise was heard like the drawing of the bolt, and the two keepers entered the room. They found Lady Mowbray in a state of great excitement, sitting up in her bed, her features ghastly pale, and her eyes glancing wildly round the room.

"Search the room!" said their employer, faintly; "there is some one concealed in it!"

The women did as they were directed—not a closet was left unexplored: no one was to be seen. They looked at each other in silence. The windows were fastened, and to all appearance there was no other entrance than the one by which they came in.

"There is no one here," observed Barbara Botch.

"Has your ladyship seen him?"

"Seen who?"

"An old man, who looks as if he had just risen from the grave—his features are so pale and death-like—with flowers and leaves about his head. He has nearly frightened the servants out of their wits! I am sure the house is haunted!"

"Haunted!" repeated the lady; "ridiculous! Some such person as you have described certainly did gain admittance to my room, and stood moaning at the foot of my bed—even had the insolence to touch the clothes, as if to awaken me, and motion me to follow him; but I am certain the fellow was human!"

The two keepers shook their heads incredulously.

"How could he get in, my lady?" demanded Barbara.

"Or out?" added her companion. "The night-bolt was down when we knocked, and the windows are fastened still!"

This was exactly what Lady Mowbray wished to know, and was determined, if possible, to discover. Hastily throwing on a loose wrapper, she sprang from the bed, and searched every part of the room. Not content with examining the closets, she sounded the walls, by tapping against them. To all appearance they were solid.

"This is inexplicable!" she murmured, with an air of vexation.

The women looked as if they considered it awful.

"I shall change my room!" added her ladyship, after a few moments' reflection.

Her hearers thought that it would be of little use; they related, in turn, how they had been terrified during the night by a similar apparition, and concluded by expressing a desire to leave the abbey.

It required all the reasoning of their employer, backed by promises of increased recompense, to induce them to remain.

Under pretence of assisting her to dress, Lady Mowbray—upon whom the adventure had made a deeper impression than she chose to admit—kept them in the room till she was ready to descend. Secretly she prayed for the arrival of her husband and Meeran Hafaz—for another such a night, she felt assured, would leave her alone in the mansion with the ayah—whom she already doubted—and Ellen.

By her directions, the doors were kept carefully locked. Not a window was permitted to be opened—that if any of the inhabitants of the village chanced to pass through the park, they might not perceive the house was inhabited. The precaution was an unnecessary one—for, since the murder of the lamented Sir William, few cared to approach the place.

Ellen, who had been prevented from sleeping by the sad complexion of her thoughts, had been equally favoured by a visitation. The same figure had appeared at the foot of her bed, moaned, and invited her to follow him. At first she deemed that her imagination was playing her one of those fantastic tricks with which it sometimes bewilders waking reason: it was not till the phantom, or whatever it was, had disappeared, that she fancied she could trace in it a resemblance to old Martin. Bitterly did she then reproach herself that she had not obeyed its mute invitation—it might have led her to liberty.

To her astonishment, the ayah—whose sleep was generally so light that a breath would break it—had not once stirred: a spell seemed to be upon her.

By the light of the moon, which partially illumined the old panelled chamber, the orphan noticed something glittering upon the ground, at the foot of the pile of cushions upon which her faithless nurse was reposing. She recognised the long, keen knife which Zara, like most of her countrywomen, invariably wore: to steal from her bed and secure it, was the thought and act of an instant.

No sooner was the orphan in possession of the weapon, than a fearful calm—a repose like that of death—fell upon her spirits. She felt that she was mistress of herself and destiny. It seemed as if it were no longer in the power of her enemies to make her false to her plighted faith; even the idea of Meeran Hafaz became less terrible.

Carefully unfolding the instrument in her handkerchief, she placed it next her heart—resolved that it should become its sheath, rather than another head than Henry Ashton's should e'er be pillowed near it.

A sad change had come over the inhabitants of the Home Farm. Matthew Ashton still drove his team and sowed his fields. The world went prosperously with him, but his heart was heavy—he missed our absent hero. It seemed as if he had no longer an object to toil for. As for his dame, she was even more changed than her husband. Her temper had become sour, fretful, and peevish. Her dairy, once a model for the wives of the neighbouring farmers, was neglected; her butter no longer quoted as the best in the market.

"What's the use of working," she used to observe, "when we are so near the grave? Harry's footsteps," she added, "will never follow us to it!"

This speech was generally addressed to her husband, on which occasion the old man would only smoke the faster.

On the morning after the scene of confusion we have described had taken place at Carrow Abbey, the aged couple were seated in the little parlour, at breakfast, when one of the servants entered, to inform his master that the sexton of the parish wished to see him.

"The sexton!" exclaimed the dame, sharply; "and what can he want with farmer? There be no one dead here! send him away!"

Her husband thought differently, and directed the eccentric old fellow to be admitted. His curiosity was roused: there was something strange in Chettleborough calling upon any one. In fact, it was a rare thing to encounter him out of the precincts of the churchyard; he did not seem at home anywhere else. He was much better acquainted with the gravestones than his living neighbours, and probably liked them better.

As the tall, gaunt figure of the earth-digger stalked into the room, Mrs. Ashton thought she had never seen a more ill-favoured visitor.

"I have come to you, farmer," he said, "because I don't feel quite easy in my mind!"

"Haden't you better go to the doctor?" replied the dame.

"That is not what he means," observed her husband, who understood the speaker's manner better than his wife. "Something has occurred to unsettle him."

"He looks as ugly," thought the old woman, "as if he had seen a ghost: not but what he ought to be used to them by this time!"

Our readers will recollect that he lived in a corner of the churchyard.

"What has occurred, Master Sexton?" demanded the farmer; "something respecting poor old Martin?"

His visitor nodded in the affirmative.

"Speak out, man!"

"Can't!"

"Why?"

Chettleborough most ungallantly pointed to the lady.

"Never speak before women!" he said.

"Our female readers, we feel certain, will admit that this was more than sufficient to try the patience and temper of the most amiable of their sex: not that Mrs. Ashton was precisely the woman most entitled to that appellation—for she muttered something in which the word "bear" was distinctly audible.

The farmer took his hat, and invited his visitor to follow him to the little garden in front of the house. As soon as they were standing under the mulberry-tree, beneath which was a well-filled row of bee-hives, Chettleborough stopped.

"Sir William be dead," he said; "Parson is away—Master Harry and Joe Beans gone, the Lord knows where: so I come to you, as the next sensible person in the parish, to tell you that there be strangers in the abbey!"

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Matthew Ashton.

"Old Martin has seen them!"

"How should he get in?"

"He knows more ways than any living thing to enter the house," replied the sexton. "I have several times missed him, but I made my mind easy, for I knew where he was. He returned this morning, after a longer absence than usual, and has been raving ever since about Miss Ellen and a black woman: rely upon it, farmer, I am right—there be some unlawful doings at the hall!"

"It shall be seen to," said the uncle of our hero, after a moment's reflection. "If Miss Ellen be at the hall, villany is at work—it shall be seen to!"

(To be continued in our next.)

DISTINGUISHED SHOEMAKERS.—Linnaeus, the founder of the science of botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden; but afterwards taken notice of, in consequence of his ability, was sent to college. David Pareus the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated professor of theology at Heidelberg, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker. J. Prendell, who died some time since, at Gray's Buildings, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker. Hans Sachs, one of the German poets, was the son of a tailor, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Benedict Baddonin, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was a shoemaker, as was likewise his father. He wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. To these may be added Holcroft, and Gifford, for so many years the editor of the *Quarterly Review*; and Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy" and other poems—all of whom were shoemakers. John Brand, the secretary of the Antiquarian Society of London, and author of several learned works, was originally a shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford University.

THE ENEMIES OF THE OYSTER.

The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oyster they may devour.

First comes the sea-crab, who seats himself on an oyster and drills a little hole in his back, and makes the poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villainous crab runs a "stinger" down his throat, and the poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. On the sea-shore bushels of shells are found perfectly riddled with holes by the crab. Sometimes the crab files the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger.

Second comes the drum-fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long; he is large about the stomach, and tapers off toward both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for, just as soon as his eye rests upon an oyster, he starts towards him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and, grabbing him in his mouth, smashes him into chowder, "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relative: being opposed to have families separated, he is anxious to have them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster-shells are found in a drum-fish's stomach.

Third, comes the sea-star—everybody knows what a sea-star is, for they look just like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and as they do not keep horses and waggon, they find it very inconvenient to go a-foot—not having any feet—so when they wish to travel, they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large hill, sometimes ten feet in circumference, and permit themselves to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not, nor care not, whither; but if they happen to roll over an oyster-bed, they all immediately let loose of each other, and hug an oyster, and wrap their five points about him, and hug him closely, hug him dearly, until the oyster desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say, "Hold, enough!" when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down the oyster's nose, and he is a "gonner."

Fourth, comes man, with dredging-irons, with scoop, shovels, and tongs, pulling him, and making him into an oyster-soup, pie, fry, roast, and so on, and so forth, eating him whole, and indiscriminately body and soul, without saving the pieces. Thus it is with poor oyster; troubles upset him on every side, and though thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.—*The Naturalist.*

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BY PATRICK SCOTT.

The many forms of life he tried

That minister to man's delight,

In soft desire, or sterner pride,

By day or night.

He taught the festal hours to swim

Upon the tide of song and cup,

As pleasure to the goblet's brim

Came floating up.

Each manlier sport he knew, when need

Of nerve was there, or skillful grace;

And fearless upon flying steed

Provoked the chase.

With Science' lore his mind was filled;

He learnt the tongues of other climes;

Or in the poetic fit distill'd

His brain in rhymes.

Fair woman fix'd his fond desire,

Until his foolish heart became,

As brought too close unto the fire,

Burnt by the flame.

But still he found that human bliss,

Though bright when caught, had ready wing,

And felt in Fortune's sweetest kiss

Some bitter thing.

The goblet lost its ruby joy,

And weary Science veil'd her face;

And oft-repeated scenes could cloy

E'en in the chase.

And raven locks grew thin and grey,

And bloom and blossom faded by,

And slowly died the light away

From beauty's eye.

He sought, 'mid shifting grief and bliss,

A bosom strung with answering tone:

Though many friends were round, in this

He was alone.

He met with one who more than men

Reflected both his love and thought;

He link'd his life to hers, and then

Gain'd what he sought.

For there he found, as still he ranged

O'er realms of nature and of art,

An earthly good that never changed,

In woman's heart.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—On the decease of the late Duke of Wellington, there remained in the possession of his family three Ribbons of the Order of the Garter. The latest worn by the lamented hero has recently been presented to, and graciously accepted by, her Majesty. A second, of very old and historical interest, is retained in the family, and the third has just been sent by the present Duke of Wellington to the Marquis of Londonderry, upon whom, it will be remembered, the garter of the great duke was conferred by the Queen.



[THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER AND THE HEADSMAN.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

Much suspected—of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

LINES WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH WHILE IN PRISON.

NOTHING could exceed the harshness with which the royal captive was treated in the Tower. Her Protestant books were taken from her; she was obliged to attend the mass daily, and her servants were subjected to the most rigorous examination, in order to draw from them some means to criminate their youthful mistress. One of her gentlemen—Edward Tremaine—was even subjected to the torture, by order of Gardiner; but nothing could be extorted from him.

This firmness on the part of her domestics, is presumptive proof that Elizabeth was very much beloved by her household; but that which did most service to her cause, was the generous conduct of Wyatt upon the scaffold. At the last moment he publicly declared that the princess was innocent of all participation in the crime, either by word or cognisance, for which he was about to suffer: a confession which appears to have produced a favourable effect upon the mind of the queen, and rendered the efforts of the Spanish ambassador, Gardiner, Arundel, and the rest of her enemies, who were incessantly urging her execution in the council, ineffectual. They little knew the character of Mary: with all her gloomy bigotry, harshness, and cruelty, she was incapable, unless upon sure grounds, of shedding her sister's blood. Conscious that she did not love the daughter of Anne Boleyn, she still remembered that she was the daughter of Henry VIII., and misdoubted her own judgment.

Elizabeth's examination in the Tower was rather a triumph than a humiliation for her. Sir James Croft, the leader in the late rebellion, on being confronted with her, fell upon his knees, and took God to witness that he never knew anything of her grace's conduct not becoming a true and loyal subject.

The Earl of Arundel, one of the staunchest of the Catholic party, and a former advocate for her death, was so disgusted by the proceedings against her, that he, too, fell upon his knees before her, declaring that he was sorry to see her grace troubled by such matters.

The minutes of this examination, which were duly reported to Mary, produced a favourable effect; for she not only permitted Elizabeth to take air and exercise in the

gardens of the Tower, but firmly refused the iterated entreaties of the Spanish ambassador, Gardiner, and her council, to permit her being brought to trial: an act which doubtless saved the life of the future Protestant queen—for religious animosities ran so high at the time, there is little doubt that the Catholic party, then dominant, would have secured her condemnation.

An affecting incident occurred during the imprisonment of the royal maiden. When she walked in the garden, a pretty boy, about six years of age, was in the habit of seeking her, to bring her flowers. The captive found pleasure in caressing and conversing with the child, from which innocent amusement her enemies sought to draw a means for her undoing: they pretended that these flowers were tokens sent by Courtney, also a prisoner in the same fortress, and covered a treasonable intelligence between them.

This child, although so young, was arrested, and underwent an examination before the council; but nothing could be elicited from its artlessness and innocence.

About this time Mary fell into an illness which was considered likely to prove fatal by those about her. The alarm of the Catholic party was great—the joy and hopes of the Protestants unbounded. Most probably they were prevented from making any public demonstration of their exultation by the prudent advice of Cecil, and others of Elizabeth's more prudent friends. There is little doubt that the slightest movement in her favour at this critical juncture would have been the signal for her death.

Gardiner, as the party most implicated in the proceedings against the heiress of the crown, was naturally the most alarmed for his own personal security, in the event of the death of his royal mistress, who never appears to have accorded him her full confidence. He saw that the danger was imminent, and determined by a bold stroke to evade it: this stroke was nothing less than the death of Elizabeth, without the authority or consent of the queen.

The unprincipled statesman, and yet more unworthy churchman, whose profession should have at least taught him justice, if not mercy, was seated, towards the close of day, in a small cabinet adjoining the chamber of the queen. There was a singular expression of triumph and excitement in his usually leaden eye and pale countenance. From time to time he turned his regards towards the door, as if impatiently awaiting the arrival of some one. He had not long to wait—for the door was gently opened, and an aged man, of simple, quiet manners, slowly entered the apartment.

It was Richard Masters, one of the physicians of the queen.

"Your news, man!—your news, man!" exclaimed the prelate, starting from his seat; "What has England and our holy faith to hope or fear from your august patient?"

"Everything, my lord!" exclaimed the man of science; "the excitement the queen's grace has lately been subjected to from the unnatural conduct of the Lady Elizabeth—the rebellion of her subjects, and the delays in the arrival of the Spanish king, have produced a crisis."

"Which may possibly terminate——" said Gardiner, fixing his eyes with a searching expression upon him.

The physician made no reply; for the act was still in force which made it penal for any one to prophesy the death of the sovereign.

"Why do you not answer me?" continued the speaker. "Are you aware that I put the question by order of the council?"

"In that case, my lord, I cannot choose but obey: in four-and-twenty hours the crisis will either terminate fatally, or the danger of her majesty be past!"

"Four-and-twenty hours?" slowly repeated the prelate. Masters bowed in the affirmative.

"And can you not prolong it?"

"No!"

"Not even for a day?"

"Not for an hour!" replied the physician; "with all our science, nature, my lord, is stronger than art: we may aid her minor operations or retard them; but we cannot change her fixed laws; and it is one of the fever under which her majesty is suffering that——"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the chancellor, impatiently waving his hand for him to withdraw; "we have not time to listen to such a thesis now—when the safety of the kingdom and the church are alike in jeopardy. Leave me," he added; "the toils of the beast who sweats beneath his burthen, are pleasures compared to my labours; for my burthen is upon the brain!"

No sooner was this bold, bad man alone in the cabinet, than he began to pace the narrow limits of the chamber; he was evidently debating in his own mind some terrible resolve; for the carrying out of which it was not conscience, but prudence, that restrained him.

"Four-and-twenty hours!" he repeated to himself; "the time is short to carry out a kingdom's welfare—but it will suffice; such deeds require decision—not deliberation; when such interests are at stake, I were a fool indeed to listen to the voice of pity or humanity!"

To do the speaker justice, they were the voices the least likely to be heard by him—for his conscience was deaf as the ears of the adder; indeed his whole career proves him to be a man of cruelty and blood—harsh and remorseless. He drew from his bosom a small slip of parchment, and read it twice slowly over. It was an order from the privy council, which he had caused to be privately drawn up, and addressed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, for the immediate execution of Elizabeth; it was sealed with the privy seal, and only wanted his signature to give it force. With a firm hand, he took the pen and wrote his name.

"There," he said, with a satirical smile—"there ends the hopes of the foul traitors who pine to see their idol, Elizabeth, upon the throne—of the heretics who would uproot and trample upon our holy church—of the enemies who predict my downfall and disgrace! That signature secures me a cardinal's hat from Rome—a friend in Spain—and, though last, not least, a Catholic successor to the crown, in the person of the youthful Queen of Scots. The daughter of Anne Boleyn will regret her scorn and insolence towards me when it is too late!"

There was a gentle tap at the door of the cabinet, and a tall, thin personage, dressed in a closely-fitting doublet of black velvet, and wearing the illustrious order of the Golden Fleece, entered the room.

This was no other than Renaud, the ambassador of Spain, and the prime mover of every intrigue against Elizabeth.

"Well, my lord," he said, with a cold, satirical smile. "how long is this child-like indecision to last?"

"It is over, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur!" replied the chancellor.

"Over!" repeated the Spaniard, doubtfully.

Gardiner placed in his hand the warrant for the death of the princess, which he had so lately signed. The saturnine countenance of Renaud flushed with triumph as he perused it: it had been the aim of his imperial master, as well as the end of his own exertions, to compass the destruction of the daughter of Anne Boleyn. Spain had never pardoned the unfortunate wife of Henry VIII., for having presumed to take her seat upon the throne of Catherine of Arragon; and the hatred extended to her innocent child.

"Your eminence!" he said, bowing respectfully as he returned the document, "has acted in this with your usual decision and intelligence!"

"Eminence!" repeated Gardiner, with a glow of pleasure.

We need not remind our readers that the title of Eminence is reserved exclusively for the cardinals of the Roman Church.

"Eminence!" once more repeated the ambassador; "for it cannot be, after having rendered such essential service to the church, that Rome can longer delay the only fitting recognition of your services, or Spain her influence to obtain it. My imperial master, I have reason to know, has already demanded your nomination to the purple of the sovereign pontiff; in fact, that you are named *in petto*, and will be proclaimed at the very next consistory!"

This probably was untrue; but the speaker had long since discovered the ambition of Gardiner to adorn himself with the ornament of the imperial purple—which Rome has adopted, with other relics of her former Pagan rulers. The ambitious prelate would have sacrificed his soul to have obtained it.

An hour after the interview between these two remarkable personages, a messenger from the privy council was

dispatched to the Tower: he was the bearer of the order of the chancellor for the execution of Elizabeth at an early hour the following day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALTHOUGH Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower, was one of the most faithful partisans of the government of Queen Mary, fortunately for the safety of her unhappy sister, he was a man of honour as well as prudence. On receiving the missive from Gardiner, containing the death-warrant of the heiress of the crown, he showed neither hesitation nor embarrassment, but bade the messenger assure the chancellor that his orders should be strictly attended to.

Such, however, was very far from being his real intention. He knew that Elizabeth had been subjected to no regular trial—in fact, that her late examination before the lords of the council, in the Tower, had produced an impression in her favour; moreover, he was no stranger to the state of the queen's health, and the personal risk to himself, if he ventured to lay violent hands upon the princess, who was generally regarded throughout the kingdom as her successor.

Several times he turned over the warrant, which he continued to hold in his hand: his position, it must be confessed, was a perilous one, since he risked his life and position either way.

"It lacks the signature of her majesty," he said, "and consequently is informal. Who ever heard of a princess of the blood being beheaded on a chancellor's warrant? I must see the queen myself!"

As may be supposed, the worthy officer passed an unquiet night; but, like most men, he had taken counsel from his pillow, and decided how to act on the emergency.

His first act was to cause the gates of the Tower to be closed, and ingress or egress rigorously refused to every person—no matter what his rank—who might present himself. By this means he secured a double advantage: Mary was really dead, he would hold in his hands the destiny of England, and guard her successor from the machinations of her enemies; if living, and bent upon the execution of her sister, he could easily return and conduct the illustrious victim to the block.

Before leaving for St. James's, where Mary then resided, he had an interview with the executioner, who, by Gardiner's orders, had, ever since the imprisonment of Elizabeth, been a resident in the Tower. The wretch came bowing and smiling into the presence of the lieutenant, from whom he was accustomed to receive the orders for the execution of the victims. Unfortunately, during the reign of Mary, they were neither few nor amongst the least illustrious in the land, although her sister, on her succession, far exceeded her Catholic predecessor in that respect.

"Well, Hendrée," said the lieutenant, "is the scaffold still standing?"

"Yes, lieutenant."

"And everything prepared for immediate use?"

"Even to the sharpening of my axe!" replied the fellow. "I take as much pride in it as you gentlemen and officers do in your swords! Shall you require its services?"

"Perhaps."

"To-day?"

"That you will learn upon my return. Do not absent yourself an instant; and hark you," continued the lieutenant; "you will do well to abstain from the wine-pot and the beer-barrel! Your head must be cool and your arm steady, should I require your services!"

The eyes of the last minister of the law glistened with exultation. He knew, from the extraordinary cautions of the commander, that a personage of the highest rank was expected to suffer; and he felt assured that it could be no other than Elizabeth, the fee for cutting off whose head—independent of any gift from her own hand—would amount to six times the sum paid for executing an ordinary person. No wonder, therefore, that he rejoiced.

"Fear not, lieutenant!" he replied, with a grin; "none who pass under my hand ever complain of my want of expertness! Shall I have the black cloth hangings from the vault under the chapel, and the chair?"

"No!" exclaimed Bridges, sternly; for he knew that the sight of such a preparation would cause it to be instantly rumoured that Elizabeth was about to suffer—and he did not wish to alarm her. "And look you," he added, "that you keep your tongue close! If I find, on my return, that you have prated, I'll have your tongue cropped as short as the heads of some of your victims!"

So saying, he left the room, and instantly took barge for Westminster.

That same morning, Queen Mary, contrary to the expectation of her physician and those around her, was sufficiently recovered to receive several lords of the council, as well as the chancellor, in her privy chamber. The crisis, which Dr. Masters anticipated would prove fatal to his royal patient, had taken a favourable turn; and, though still languid, suffering, and weak, she was considered out of danger.

A singular look passed between Gardiner and the Spanish ambassador, when her majesty inquired of the former the news of her sister, the Princess Elizabeth. It was the first time for many weeks that, in speaking of her, the queen had designated her otherwise than as the "daughter of Anne Boleyn," or "my father's daughter."

She repeated her question. There was a general silence: they feared the effect of too sudden a communication of what they considered the fatal truth—that Elizabeth had that very morning laid her head upon the same block which received that of Lady Jane Grey. The Earl of

Arundel, who had become from an enemy, a partisan of the royal captive, was the first to speak.

"There is one without, your majesty," he said, "who perhaps can afford you the information these noble lords are fearful to impart."

"Who mean you?" demanded Mary.

"The Lieutenant of the Tower," replied the peer.

At the name of that dreaded officer, the countenance of the queen flushed, and then turned very pale.

"Silence, my lord!" she exclaimed, as Gardiner, who had knelt at the side of the couch on which she was reclining; "not one word till we have heard the report of the Lieutenant of the Tower! Perhaps," she added, sarcastically, "we, too, may have an order to give him! Admit Master Bridges," she said, addressing the Earl of Arundel, "and give orders to the captain of our guard that no member of the council quits the antechamber without our special order, as his head shall answer it!"

All were in consternation: the decided manner in which Mary had expressed herself, proved that the conspirators had gone too far. Arundel alone remained unmoved.

As soon as Bridges entered the royal chamber, the queen fixed upon him a stern glance, and even before he could bend his knee, demanded of him the health of her sister.

"Well, please your majesty, in body; but sorely distressed in mind: as, in spite of my precautions, the rumour has doubtless reached her that she is condemned to die!"

"To die!" repeated Mary Tudor and by whom?"

"I know not, please your majesty, neither is it my business to inquire: all I can say is, that last night I received the order for the execution of her grace; but that, discovering it wanted your majesty's signature, I took upon myself the peril of postponing it, in order that there might be no mistake, and came for further orders. But everything is in readiness," he added; "scaffold, block, and headsman!"

"Keep them in readiness still!" exclaimed Mary, sarcastically. "I may want them for the traitors who would have dishonoured their mistress in the eyes of Europe and the world! What!" she added; "without trial—proof! O shame—shame, my lords!"

Renaud was about to speak, but Mary impatiently waved her hand for silence.

"Prove to me—to the satisfaction of her judges—that Elizabeth has conspired against my crown, and I will sign the warrant for her death without a word! I may consent to an act of justice—but not to a deliberate murder! My lords—my lords! you have acted foully in these proceedings!"

Gardiner shrank back from the side of the couch: he felt that, in the event of Elizabeth succeeding to the crown, not even the promised purple would save him from her just revenge, for his many treasons against her.

Of all present, Arundel and Sussex alone felt at their ease—for they had been purposely kept in ignorance of the design of the rest of the privy council, who had yielded to the threats and insinuation of the chancellor, that they ought to spare their royal mistress, by the promptitude and vigour of their proceedings, the pain of signing the death-warrant of her sister.

"Master Bridges," said the queen, speaking more calmly, "you have our thanks—you have acted like a good and loyal servant in this matter: at a fitting moment we will reward you! Give me that warrant!"

The lieutenant presented it to her, upon his knees. Mary slowly perused it, then tore it into several pieces.

"Send for Sir Henry Beddingfield!" she exclaimed. "I must make an end of these dark plottings! I can confide in him: he, at least, is one who will not deceive me! Go, my lords!" she said, addressing the members of her council; "we have little comfort in your presence, and less support in your wisdom; for the present, at least, we will act without you!"

"With this ungracious reproof—which was merited by all save Sussex and the Earl of Arundel—the lords of the privy council left the chamber of Mary Tudor. As they disappeared, a stern-looking personage, whose thin, grey hair and moustache proclaimed that he had long passed the meridian of life, was ushered into the chamber.

It was Sir Henry Beddingfield, of Norfolk—one of the staunchest adherents of the Catholic cause, but at the same time one of the most honourable. Mary, throughout her short and disastrous reign, found in him a loyal and disinterested friend, and deservedly placed every confidence in him.

After being closeted with his royal mistress for more than an hour, he returned, with a paper bearing the sign-manual. It gave him the command of a hundred men, and the sole authority over the person of Elizabeth; in fact, his power virtually superseded that of Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

SUCH WIVES ARE SCARCE.

HOFMEISTER, a youth of uncommon understanding and abilities, so long as he continued at the university, distinguished himself above all his fellow-students by his exemplary application. When he left it, he wished particularly to improve his knowledge of the law, and in consequence of his good character was admitted to board in the family of an eminent barrister, under whose tuition he doubted not but he would acquire that learning which was then the sole object of his ambition.

With the above counsellor lived a confidential house-keeper, who, although rather on the wane, was still an agreeable woman. She was born of respectable parents, possessed of an obliging disposition, and had cultivated

her mind by reading. Her continual kind offices, yet unasked for, had gained her from Hofmeister sentiments of regard, which increased in the course of a dangerous illness, during which she nursed him, and, indeed, he was partly indebted for his recovery to her particular attention. They subsequently became more intimate, in one respect, notwithstanding love was quite out of the question—at least on the side of Hofmeister—as she was more than double his age.

In this manner some years elapsed, at the expiration of which Hofmeister thought himself competent to appear at the bar; when, in consequence of his known abilities and good moral principles, he soon procured many clients, the number whereof augmented, owing to his integrity and indefatigable activity.

In the midst of his occupations, no wonder if he lost sight of the worthy housekeeper; when one morning she came to pay him a visit. She informed him that, from the confidence she long since reposed in him, she was now come to intrust him with the management of a most interesting and important affair. A near relation of hers had gone to the East Indies, there to try his fortune; and after being most successful in all his undertakings, had returned to Holland, where he had recently died. That his succession amounted to at least one hundred thousand crowns; that she thought herself the nearest kin, and that she had accordingly written to Holland, whence she had received an answer replete with objections. She therefore was come to request of him to examine the various documents she had brought, and to inform her, with his wonted candour, whether her claims rested on solid foundations or not?

Hofmeister examined the papers with proper attention and he gave his opinion that her right was undeniable, and offered to support it. He removed the objection of the good woman, who said she had not the means of paying the preliminary costs, which must be considerable, by offering to make the journey at his own expense, and promising not to demand being reimbursed in case he should not succeed.

He took his departure, and, upon his arrival at the Hague, found matters just as he expected: he had to encounter a thousand obstacles that his skill knew how to remove; he received many proposals which his integrity caused him to reject, and foresaw several snares that his prudence taught him to avoid. After a stay of a few weeks, the business was settled according to his wish; the inheritance was given up to him, and he delayed not to return home.

You may easily imagine the joy of his friend on seeing him the bearer of such happy tidings and of so immense a property. The whole transaction appeared as a dream to the good creature—she could scarcely credit her own eyes. Indeed, she did not then repay the benefactor to whom she was obliged for all she possessed, but only said to him, when he left her in the evening, that she would think the next day of discharging her debt; and they parted without another word being said about it.

On the day following she invited him to come and see her, asked his advice concerning a multiplicity of arrangements, promised to adhere to them, but her embarrassed countenance revealed that there was a something that expired on her lips; at length, however, she summoned her best spirits, and addressed him thus:

"No one can be more sensible than myself, in this sudden transition from mediocrity to opulence, how much I stand in need of a counsellor to advise me, and in whom I can reposit an entire confidence. My present fortune, I know, might procure me a choice amongst men of almost every age and situation in life; but far from accepting their offer, I wish to choose for myself. To you I lay under great obligations, to you I owe all I am worth; and if my hand, with the command of my whole fortune, can prove acceptable, I make you here the offer, and shall think myself happy if it be not rejected."

Hofmeister was not a little surprised at this unexpected proposal. Ninety-nine out of a hundred, in a similar position, would have agreed to it without taking time to reflect. Hofmeister made all possible objections, assured her that he felt the importance of her proposition; that he esteemed her as a friend and a person endowed with a generous mind, but that esteem was not love; that he could rather show her the respect of a son than the affection of a husband; he begged of her to reflect that the inequality of age had often rendered miserable such couples as love had united, and that more fatal consequences still were to be apprehended when benefits alone formed the bonds.

The good lady was not to be persuaded by his discourse; quite the reverse: she replied that she saw with pleasure that no interested motives could actuate him; that no wanton self-love could blind her to the difference in their ages; that it was real friendship that had suggested her proposition; that the latter sentiment was the only one she would demand; and that whatever he might determine, her most ardent wish was to meliorate the situation of him who had rendered himself so deserving of it.

Subsequent to some further discourse of this sort, Hofmeister at last accepted her offer with thanks; and a short time after, they were made man and wife.

They lived as happy as could be expected, considering that friendship alone had brought them together. Hofmeister, on account of his increase of fortune, entirely gave up the profession, but continued upon terms of intimacy with several of his former brethren, who were frequently at his table, and who often returned the compliment.

One of them had lately married a young wife, of superior beauty, uncommon wit, and excellent education. Possessed of such advantages, she necessarily could not escape being noticed by Hofmeister. He always liked to sit by her at table, and when a walk was ever proposed

he would always offer her his arm; most of his discourse was addressed to her.

These trifling attentions he was not sensible of himself, but the eye of a wife is often more penetrating than that of a husband. Madame Hofmeister perceived what was going on, and doubted not for a moment but love was the secret motive of these doings. Nevertheless, she always behaved with a mildness that denoted her amiable disposition, and with a prudence that screened her suspicions. She continued to invite the fair lady, on the one hand not to fan a passion that might blaze from opposition; on the other, to avoid being suspected of jealousy, which would only serve to augment what she wished to diminish. Several years thus followed, and Hofmeister enjoyed as much undisturbed happiness as any rational man could wish for.

At last an event occurred which Madame Hofmeister, to speak the truth, had more than once anxiously wished for. The husband of that beautiful young lady, whose name was Landolt, and who was as old again as his wife, died. His forlorn widow wept, as is customary in those cases; and as soon as she was out of mourning, Madame Hofmeister made her husband a proposition that occasioned him still greater astonishment than when she had offered to marry him: she proposed a divorce.

After he had recovered from his surprise, he inquired what motive could prompt so unexpected a resolution, and begged of her to let him know what he had been guilty of that offended her. She assured him that he was the man in the world whom she esteemed most, so far from having to upbraid him; but that it was quite impossible for her to continue living any longer in bonds contradictory to the chief inducement to matrimony: the disparity between their ages threatening to expose her to everlasting censure. Notwithstanding he represented how long their union had lasted—in what good understanding they had lived always together—the bad construction that might be put on so hasty a rupture—she persisted in her determination; declaring, at the same time, that it would occasion no alteration in their domestic arrangements: so that Hofmeister, yielding to her perseverance, finally consented, and proper measures were adopted for the execution of the projected plan.

They still continued in the same house; the divorced wife insisted on acting her former part with respect to housekeeping, although she wished to keep within her own apartment. A few days after, Hofmeister found on his bureau a bundle of papers, which proved to be vouchers to the amount of fifty thousand crowns, with a few lines intimating that sum to be his without any reserve. He went to meet the donor, whom he entreated anew to reveal to him what could have suggested her adopting a conduct altogether so incomprehensible and generous, and to take back her immense present. The last request she rejected in a tone that allowed no objection; with regard to the first, she would, she said, comply with it, as soon as she had brought to bear another project which she had in contemplation.

One day after dinner she ordered her carriage, under a pretence of taking a ride. She generally invited Hofmeister to keep her company; this once, however, she dropped the compliment. For a moment he wondered at it, but business of more serious consequence soon made him forgetful of so trifling a circumstance.

He had in all probability lost sight of her, when the coachman was bid to drive to Madame Landolt's. The widow was at home, and welcomed her visitor with the greatest civility. After the general topics of conversation had been run over, the old lady introduced the subject of widowhood, and inquired, without ceremony, whether it was not attended with many unpleasant circumstances. Being answered in the affirmative, she asked the beautiful widow if she felt any inclination for a second marriage; and, without leaving her time to reply, added, that the object of her present visit was to propose a husband, who was certainly possessed of every qualification to please her, and who united to an agreeable person, a feeling heart and a large fortune; he might also be said to be in the prime of life.

It may easily be conceived that, notwithstanding such a proposition was by no means alarming, the overture, nevertheless, was somewhat so novel, that the widow must have felt no small amazement at it; but to what pitch was it not raised, when, upon asking who that meritorious object might be, her friend informed her that he was no other than her former identical husband, who, indeed, was equally ignorant of her visit and of her proposal; but of whose affection towards Madame Landolt, she had long since a thorough conviction.

In vain would the young widow attempt to postpone giving an answer, under a pretence that it was impossible to decide so hastily on a matter of so serious an importance. She pressed her so obstinately, that the widow at last confessed that, if Hofmeister did really love her, she might perhaps listen to his addresses. The old lady, satisfied with such a reply, bade her adieu in the most friendly manner, and returned home. In the whole course of the evening she spoke not a syllable upon the subject.

The next morning, as they were sitting at breakfast together, this extraordinary woman said to her former husband:

"My dear friend, I have already made you two presents, which you little expected."

"Only two! Excuse me —"

"Patience—patience! my dear Hofmeister—two only: the first when I compelled you to marry me; the second when I wished to unburthen myself, in your behalf, of part of a fortune that was cumbersome to me; what would you say if I were to make you, on this day, a more valuable present still than either of the former two?"

"Most generous of women!" exclaimed Hofmeister, full of admiration.

"Yes, a third, I tell you: the heart of a young and amiable woman, deserving of you, and whom you love!"

"The astonishment which is depicted on my countenance must inform you that I do not comprehend a word of what you mean; that I have not given a second marriage a thought, still less have I made a choice; neither can I conceive how —"

"How I feel concerned, were you going to say? Well, let us see. You have thought of no one yet—not even of the Widow Landolt? I have caught you there! your sudden blushes confirm what I wished to know; but now, without a joke, I must give you an account of my yesterday's afternoon occupation.

She then related the whole, as above-mentioned, and inquired if she had acted right.

"But too right! Yet I am at a loss to conceive —"

"How I have been able thus to read within your heart? Ah! my friend, there I long ago discovered your love, and esteemed, two-fold, the man who, by the side of a superannuated wife, knew how to express his affection for a youthful and beautiful woman, who seemed not to dislike him. The moment Mr. Landolt was no more, if I had neglected executing my plan, I should have eternally reproached myself for having prevented the union of two persons created for each other. My motives now, I hope, no longer can appear mysterious.

The history now draws near its conclusion. The proposed marriage took place, to the extreme joy of both parties concerned. On the day the ceremony was performed, Hofmeister's friend offered him a transfer of the whole property, which he was forced to accept of; neither had she ever occasion to repent her generosity. The new-married couple considered her as a parent, and the mistress of their home. Every one showed her the respect due to her age, and still more to her disposition.

Towards the end of her career, the children of her adoption took all the care of her which the advanced period of her life demanded, and were overwhelmed with her blessings. They finally closed her eyes, and bathed her tomb with their tears.

Beneficent woman, may your ashes rest in peace!

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

A process for the conversion of the hides and skins of animals into leather, has just been patented by Mr. Charles Augustus Preller; the operation of which is described as remarkable for its originality, and which was likely to be attended with great advantages to the consumer.

Mr. J. W. WILKINS, of London, has issued a prospectus proposing to establish a steno-telegraph, by which messages of twenty words or under may be transmitted a distance not exceeding one hundred miles for one shilling. We hope he may be able to carry out his scheme, which he asserts could easily be made to pay.

LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—In a recent decision, Murray v. Bogue, was involved a point under this act—whether a book, of which the first edition had appeared before that act, required registration of books for protection of the second edition: this has been decided in the affirmative, at least, that if subsequent editions are not registered, the new matter contained in such new edition is not protected, although the matter contained also in the first edition would be so.

The following is the suggestion of a correspondent: "It seems to me that if a very transparent talc (such as they paint costumes, &c., on, in India), can be rendered perfectly colourless, it is preferable to glass for preserving oil paintings. Talc has not the glitter or the extreme brittleness of glass—and even if accidentally broken over the picture, could not, like fragments of broken glass, endanger its safety. Talc would, in fact, be a sort of moveable varnish, and might supersede any other. If you find this suggestion new, and worthy of notice, perhaps you will do me the favour to print it in your Journal."

"I am, &c.

A. H. BROTHERTON."

"Rome, March 24."

NEW MATERIALS FROM WESTERN AFRICA.—The *Manchester Guardian* says: We have been favoured by Mr. Thomas Clegg, of this town, with samples of two new materials for textile manufacture, which have been recently received from the south-west coast of Africa, and which, if they can be furnished in sufficient quantity, and at a moderate price, will probably become important articles of trade with that country. The first of these is a fibrous substance, sent by a missionary at Abbeokuta, as "red cotton." It is not produced in the neighbourhood of that place, but is brought thither from the Hoassa country to the northward in considerable quantities; and the people who bring it state that the deep red colour which it bears is natural; but the writer of the letter adds, that the chief at Abbeokuta "thinks they lie." The scepticism of the chief is undoubtedly well founded. The material, which is not cotton at all, but an entirely new species of silk, is unquestionably dyed—probably with alkanet root, which we believe is abundant in Africa. If sent in its natural state, it would undoubtedly prove a very useful material for the waste silk spinners. The letter does not contain any information as to the price which this material bears in Africa; but as it is stated to be produced in great abundance, it seems probable that the price will be moderate. The other material to which we have referred is a new and somewhat peculiar description of wool, stated to be brought from Quitta, a town on the coast to the westward of Abbeokuta; but as the climate of the coast must be very unfavourable for the production of wool, we think it is probably brought from

some of the mountainous regions in the interior of the continent. Like the dyed silk, it was sent to this country as a sample of cotton, and with it was some yarn, purporting to be spun from it. That, however, is unquestionably an error, as the yarn is made from cotton. The wool seems of tolerably fine quality, of a pale buff colour, apparently natural, and is worth, we are told, about 1s. 3d. per pound. If it can be obtained in quantity, it will prove a very acceptable boon to the woollen manufacturers of this country, whose supplies of raw material have latterly proved very insufficient.

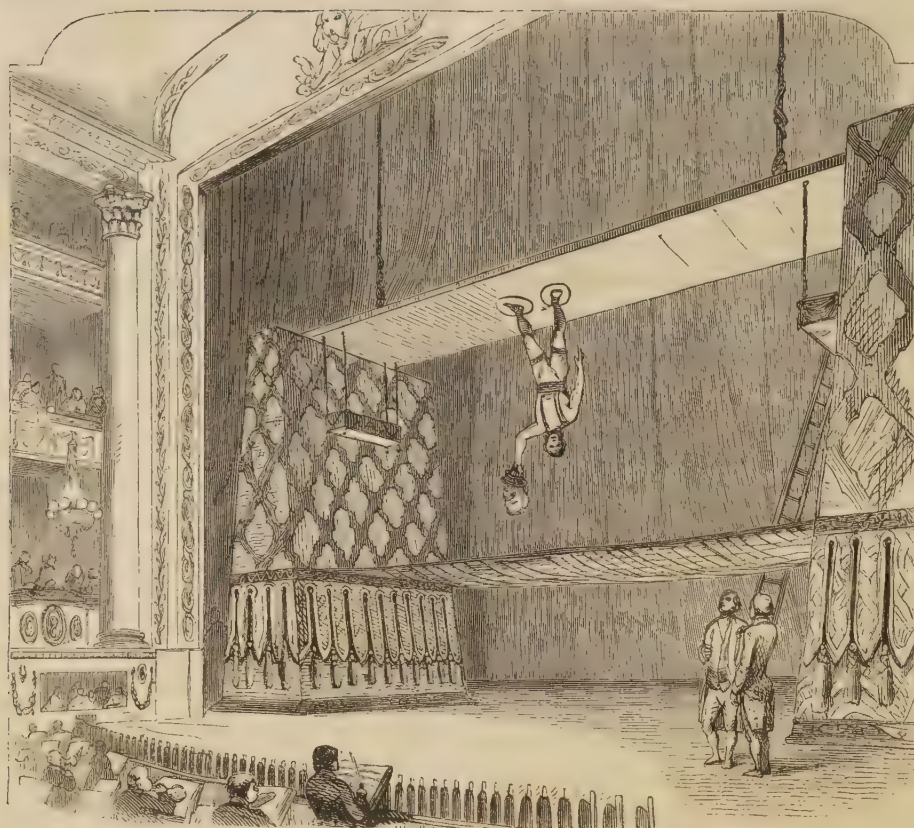
RUSTY IRON.—In answer to the inquiry put by "B. G.," who is desirous of learning the most effectual mode to prevent his 5-8ths rod-iron fence from being entirely destroyed by rust, I beg to inform him the cure for iron sickness is to have it galvanised (which means coating with zinc). The metallic contact between the zinc and iron immediately suspends the destruction going on with the latter, because the zinc is lowest in the scale, and is the more easily oxidised of the two. This plan was well known to Sir Humphry Davy, and has been lectured on by Professor Brande, of the Royal Mint.

FINE-TOOTH COMBS are now made of india-rubber.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—A singular discovery has been made in France, by a M. Fabre, a humble gardener of Ayde, but of some local note as a botanist. The herb *agilops*, heretofore considered as worse than useless, grows abundantly on the shores of the Mediterranean. It produces a species of grain resembling wheat in form, but much smaller. In the year 1839 M. Fabre sowed a quantity of this grain, and he was struck by observing that the produce of it seemed to bear a close affinity to wheat. That produce he sowed the next year, and the yield was still more like wheat. He went on sowing the yield in this way, year after year, and each year found a marked improvement in the produce, until, at last, he had the satisfaction of getting as fine a crop of wheat, and of as good quality, as could wish to be seen. At first he produced his crops in a garden, but his later sowings were made broadcast in an open field. Thus, then, a wild and mischievous herb, which is particularly destructive to barley crops, can be *educated* into excellent wheat.

BRASS TUBE-MAKING MACHINERY.—A very ingenious machine for making brass tubes without seam, the invention of M. Degrand, has been recently established in France, and promises very excellent results. The tubes are cast in brass, (say) 20 inches long, and of a great thickness. These are then put on steel mandrils, the diameter of which answers to the interior diameter of the finished tube. The tubes on the mandrils are then placed in the machine, and passed between fluted rollers under a considerable pressure. A reciprocating motion is given to the tube on which the mandrils are fixed, and, at the end of each stroke, the tubes are slightly turned round, to expose a fresh surface to the action of the rollers. A continuation of this process swages out the short, thick tube to a long, thin one, of the desired dimensions. A machine, under the same patent, has been set to work in England; and having been constructed after the one above-mentioned, is still more simple and effectual. Under the ordinary system of making brass tubes, the brass is cut into sheets of the proper size, the alternate edges bevelled off in a planing machine, and the plate is then bent on a mandril with the hammer, and brazed, the bevelled edges forming the joint. The rough edges are then cut off in a lathe, and the tube cleaned with acid to finish it.—*Artisan*.

THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Mr. Parris, the artist, has just completed his floating gallery in the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, to carry out the important restoration of the paintings of Sir James Thornhill, which adorn the interior. The paintings, which have long been obliterated, owing to a leakage in the upper part of the dome, represent the principal events in the life of St. Paul, in eight compartments of the cupola. Viewed from the pavement of the cathedral, the construction of the gallery seems the most curious thing imaginable—namely, a leaf-like kind of platform of boards floating in mid-air, some 220 feet high. The great cornice where the paintings begin is 60 feet above the whispering gallery, and the cupola rises 60 feet perpendicularly—altogether 220 feet from the pavement of the cathedral. The light is obtained from 24 windows between the cornice and the whispering-gallery—consequently the paintings are lighted from below. All previous propositions for the purposes of their renovation have been to erect a scaffold right up from the base. These, however, have been uniformly objected to on two grounds—namely, it would interfere with the regular service, and it would leave the artist in darkness, as it would be necessary to cover over the whole surface—a diameter of 100 feet—with flooring. The plan in operation by Mr. Parris obviates these difficulties. It is only on reaching the whispering gallery that its character can be properly estimated. It comprises two galleries—one on a level with the great cornice, and the other some 30 feet above it, in the spring of the cupola. The flooring of each is sustained by poles, firmly secured, one end riveted into ring-bolts inserted into and through the solid masonry of the cupola (two feet and a half in thickness), and secured with iron plates on the outside, while the further end is supported by strong wire ropes secured above through the upper gallery to the frame work of the over-dome. The present platform occupies only one-eighth part of the circumference of the cupola: so that, when one compartment is finished, the gallery is shifted round to the next compartment, and so on till the restoration of the whole paintings is completed. It is said to be the intention of the Dean and Chapter to follow up the ideas of Sir Christopher Wren to the fullest extent.



[MR. SANDS'S PERFORMANCE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.]

MR. SANDS—THE "AIR WALKER."

Now that witchcraft and ghestercraft have gone out of fashion, and only material novelties will delight and dazzle the public mind, we must confess to a want of surprise when anything new is announced. Mechanical invention is so fertile, and its productions succeed each other so rapidly, that really the expectation gets so attuned to the promise of novelties, that when they come, they are received with a gravity which would excite surprise, were it not well known that the anticipation must have been strangely roused indeed, when it receives the promised realisation with fevered excitement.

People in the present day expect new things as a matter of course. Hardly recovered from the staggering dream of living in the midst of railways, electric telegraphs, photography, mesmerism, and the other numberless manifestations of the age, they are dumbly on the look out for fresh developments, just as mariners are on the look out for the exact position of sunken rocks, or the welcome sight of land, under the shelter of which they can anchor in safety. It was therefore owing, we presume, to this normal kind of feeling, that we heard of an American having performed the seemingly impossible feat of walking across a plain surface, with his head downwards; in fact, by some means or other, overcoming the law of gravity, and affording us the certainly extraordinary spectacle of a man at a respectable elevation, not suspended by his feet, but actually walking, seemingly at liberty, just as a fly walks across a ceiling. We of course went to see him, and our artist has enabled us to lay before our readers a copy of the scene, just as we saw it at Drury Lane Theatre.

First of all we saw a kind of platform in front of the stage, suspended, as we thought, after the fashion in which stage divinities perform their aerial gyrations; but on looking closer, we perceived that it rested on two lofty, well-draped supports, and consisted of a strong and stout timber framing, about twenty-eight feet in length, which on the under side presented a white, smooth surface, giving it the appearance of a marble slab. This was the ceiling on which the feat was to be performed. At each end was a strong seat, and underneath a large net was spread, to provide against, as we considered, the strong probability of an accident. Presently Mr. Sands, who has been an equestrian from his childhood, and is now proprietor of the Hippodrome, at New York, appeared in true athlete costume, and prepared himself by lacing sandals over his boots, to which were attached brass loops; and these were connected by springs with a pair of platter-like soles, in which lay the secret, as we had been told: they were always brought to the theatre in a locked box, and conveyed away with similar caution at the close of the performance. After these preliminaries, Mr. Sands ascended by a ladder to one of the strong seats, and, lying on his back, by the aid of ropes placed his platter-shod feet on the ceiling; then gently detached himself until he hung head downwards, and then passed or walked very slowly across the smooth surface, occasionally poising himself on one leg, until he reached the seat at the opposite end—which having gained, he descended by the latter: and thus, in about three minutes, the performance was

concluded, and the audience were left to speculate as to how it had been managed. There was evidently no deception or trickery about it. Mr. Sands fairly went, head downwards, along a smooth surface some twenty-eight feet in length. How he managed it can only be guessed—for of course he keeps his secret locked up in his breast or his box. The most plausible surmise is, that the adhesion to the temporary ceiling is obtained on the same principle as a boy lifts a heavy stone by means of a snucker and string—namely, the exhaustion of the air. The hollow soles are exhausted of air—so that he is, as it were, glued to the surface; but to afford him the power of locomotion, it is supposed that by means of the pressure of a valve the air is re-admitted into one hollow sole, at a time; and when the leg to which that is attached has taken a stride, and the air has become re-exhausted, then the same operation takes place with the other sole. This is the secret of a fly walking upon the ceiling, but evidently does not explain the whole of the secret of Mr. Sands's feat. He acknowledges to have received the necessary instructions from a scientific man in America, and first accomplished it at Auburn, in May last. That it is attended with extreme danger is quite evident; indeed Mr. Sands, in July last, while attempting it, was so much injured that he was ill for some months after. So that the net would appear to be indispensable as a precaution—indeed we rather think that no manager in this country would permit the performance without it.

However, we leave all speculation on the subject to our scientific readers; all that we can say is, that we believe Mr. Sands faithfully did what he proposed he could do, and gave to an admiring British audience a very forcible exposition of the idea our ancestors had of the Antipodes, before the theory of Copernicus was received, America discovered, or the Pacific Oceans opened up to the navigation of Europeans. For some three minutes, Mr. Sands's head literally grew beneath his shoulders—so that he politely presented that valuable portion of his body to the aborigines and English settlers in New Zealand, instead of the soles of his feet: which latter, by the way, to ordinary people an indispensable necessity, is, in some countries in the East—Burmah for instance—considered a shocking breach of etiquette.

We can scarcely pause to criticise this trans-Atlantic contrivance: it is something new—that is all; and of course as that is everything in the present day, its novelty rather than its merit must be looked at. But after Old Drury has been turned into a den for wild beasts, and the exhibition of some beautiful horses, as well as daring horsemanship—to say nothing of some contingent tumbling, rope-dancing, and legerdemain—we ought not to grumble at Mr. Sands and his air-walking; for really he offers nothing objectionable except the danger of breaking his own neck: which we presume ought not to be taken into consideration, seeing that he voluntarily undertakes the risk—and receives money for doing so in advance, it is to be hoped. The truth, however, is, that what is termed the legitimate drama will not fill a house of the size of the theatre in Drury Lane. The public are tired of the heavy didactic drama; and as the time is eminently practical, and affords abundant opportunities for the manufacture of real substantial heroes—heroes in drama, in art, in literature, in politics, in war—in fact, in anything—they do not care much about the heroes in pasteboard armour and tin-pot

helmets. They prefer reading the immortal language of the best dramatists at home—abroad, they want to be amused and excited, after the severity of the day's mental and physical toil. Therefore it is that managers are obliged to cater for the public taste; and in so doing, it must be admitted, they frequently offend that old play-going public, who vividly remember the stars that shone five-and-twenty years ago, but seem to be utterly insensible to the fact, that within that period, the world, from one extremity to the other, has been turned completely upside down, and well shaken into the bargain.

THE SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE ships!—the ships of England!—how gallantly they sweep
By town and city, fort and tower,—defenders of the deep!
We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty walls of stone;
Our warlike castles breast the tide—the boundless sea's their own!

The ships!—the ships of England! What British heart is cold
To the honour of his native isle, to the deathless deeds of old?
From quenched Armada's vaunted power, to glorious Trafalgar,
From Philip to Napoleon—when set Britannia's star?

The ships!—the ships of England! Where'er the surges roar,
Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East-Indian shore—
Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry breezes play—
The flag of England floats alone, and triumphs on her way!

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our vessels glad the view;
The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays his swift canoe:
The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each distant sail
Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight pale!

Oh, wives, that love your cottage-homes! oh, maids, that love the green!
And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs, a free-born grace is seen,
Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and freedom lend,
And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale ascend!

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless seamen know,
When thunders rattle overhead, and billows plunge below;
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some funeral strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful main!

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck their dauntless breast,
While ye smiled o'er the social fire, or found the balm of rest!
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled vulture caught,
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's sweet pleasures sought!

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those who brave the sea,
And peril life that ye may live, and still prove fair and free:
Amidst your harvest-fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer prevail:—
"God guard the ships of England, o'er whatever sea they sail!"

THE Italian farmers still plough by the same rude implements that were in use before the Christian era: sometimes two cows, sometimes a horse and a cow, are yoked to a long pole, which is tied crosswise to a crooked bough or trunk of a tree, the fork of which, or the rudest piece of iron, serves the purpose of a coulter. The women still go down to the streams to wash and to fill their earthen jars with water, which they carry home upon their heads: their jars correspond exactly in form and size with the jars of the Etruscans and of the Egyptians seen in the British Museum, and in the Louvre, at Paris. Shepherds clothed entirely in skins, are seen tending their flocks in the fields, and caves, natural and artificial, are visible, in which they take a refuge by night or in a storm.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—Whilst the present owner of the late Major Ringgold's favourite driving horse Jerry, was driving him along the road, about two miles from the city, he halted in front of a blacksmith's shop, and commenced to kick furiously. The gentleman got out and examined the gearing, and could discover nothing wrong. He retook his seat and endeavoured to urge him, but he kicked even more violently than before. The behaviour was a matter of some astonishment, as he had been used for a driving-horse for many years, and never before had committed an unruly act. After looking about carefully to see if there was anything to annoy him, it was perceived that one of his shoes was off. He was taken into the blacksmith's shop, the shoe replaced, again harnessed to the vehicle, when he started off as kind as ever, seeming perfectly satisfied with the restoration of his shoe.



[TRAVELLERS AND GUIDES ASCENDING MONT BLANC.]

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

EVERY division of the earth is intersected by lofty mountainous ranges, and Europe is peculiarly favoured in this respect. Between France and Spain there are the Pyrenees; in Turkey, the Balkhan Mountains; and between Germany and Italy, the Alps—

The palaces of nature, whose vast walls,
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalp;
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around the summit, as to show
How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain
man below.

This enormous group of mountains extends from the banks of the Rhone in France, on the west, to the rivers Verbas and Narenta on the east; of which the former falls into the Save, a confluent of the Danube, and the latter into the Adriatic. They form a vast semicircular bulwark, which encompasses on the north Italy and the Adriatic.

They are divided into ranges—comprising the Mont Blanc range, the Pennine and the Lepontine Alps. The great range embraces nearly the whole of Switzerland, with its ramifications.

According to Simond, some idea may be formed of the Helvetic geography, by comparing the country to a large town, of which the valleys are the streets, and the mountain groups of contiguous houses. The region of the forests in the Alps extends from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea level: and here snow in winter, like rain in summer, is very abundant.

To reach Switzerland through France, the traveller will cross the Jura Mountains—a chain of central Europe—and

proceed from Chalons by diligence. As he rambles along amid the grandest scenery in the world, he will very likely remember the burst of enthusiasm of one of the most singular men that ever lived. Rousseau said, under such a circumstance:—

“The nearer I approached Switzerland, the more was I excited. The moment when, from the heights of the Jura, I discovered the lake of Geneva, was a moment of ecstasy and raptivism. The sight of my country—of that country so beloved by me—where torrents of pleasure had inundated my heart; the air of the Alps, so healthful and so pure; the sweet air of my native land, more delicious than the perfumes of the east; that rich and fertile land; that unique country, the most beautiful on which the eye of man ever rested! charming residence to which I had found no equal in the circuit of the world! the sight of a happy and free people! the mildness of the season, the serenity of the climate, a thousand delightful remembrances which aroused all the feelings I had experienced: all this threw me into transports which I cannot describe, and seemed to restore to me at once the enjoyment of my whole life.”

At the edge of the summit of the Jura Mountains, the whole of the Mont Blanc range bursts magnificently on the view. The “monarch of mountains” is seen emerging from his stupendous palace of mist and cloud.

Prince of the whirlwind! Monarch of the scene
Mightiest where all are mighty! from the eye
Of mortal man half-hidden by the screen
Of mists, that meet his base, from Arve's dark, deep ravine,
Stands the magnificent Mont Blanc! His brow
Scarred with ten thousand thunders; most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below,
To mark the progress of Decay: by clime,
Storm, blight, fire, earthquake, injured not! Like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by.

After passing various places, rich in historical recollections of the great reformer, Calvin, the steam-boat conveys the traveller past Lausanne—where the illustrious Gibben retired to finish his work, the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;” then it touches at the Castle of Chillon, immortalised by Byron; and finally lands him at Geneva, from whence he must take his departure for Chamouni—the celebrated valley at the base of the Mont Blanc territory.

Chamouni is supposed to derive its name from two Latin words, occurring in a deed of gift from Count Aynon of Geneva to a convent of Benedictines, which he founded towards the close of the eleventh century, and around which a village was gradually formed. The Latin words are *Campus Munitus*, or “fortified field”—in allusion to the lofty mountains and inaccessible aiguilles which on all sides surround the valley as a natural defence. To arrive, however, at the literal word, Chamouni, the Latin words must be translated into French, or into the *patois* of the country, and their signification will prove equally good: *campus* becoming *champ*, and *munitus*, *muni*. The term *prieuré*, or priory, was generally used until the year 1330; but at that time the few cottages surrounding the monastic building assumed the name of Chamouni.

Words fail to do justice to the scene it unfolds to the eye. Every visitor, however, may adopt the language of the poet: “Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; the pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains; half way up was the veil of mist; above me rose the snowy summits and the sharp needles of rock, which seemed to float in the air like a fairy world. There the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines; and high above all rose the white, dome-like summit of Mount Blanc. And ever and anon, through the shroud of mist, came the awful sound of the avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines. Then the mists began to pass away, and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together.”

The ascent of Mont Blanc is a most hazardous undertaking. The services of guides are secured, and by means of ropes, chains, hatchets, and ladders, the attempt is made, sometimes successfully, but very rarely so. The difficulties to be encountered may fairly be imagined, when we state that the valley of the Chamouni is 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and the Col de Balme, the first accessible height, is 7200 feet above the level of the sea. From this point, looking to the west, Mont Blanc is seen in profile, from its summit to its base, and its different parts rise above each other in their just proportions. Nearer, and in the same range, are seen the summits of the principal aiguilles, these mountain peaks rising from 11,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in any other situation would be regarded with astonishment; but the effect of their amazing height is diminished by the outpeering magnitude and elevation of

The monarch of mountains.

A lower range of mountains, called, from their red colour, the Aiguilles Rouges, are seen on the north side of the valley. Beyond there is Mont Brevent; and nearer, on the north-west, rise the mountains of the Valorsine. The valley of Chamouni is seen from one end to the other, with the Arve meandering along it. The Col de Balme closes the eastern end of the valley; and the western extremity is shut in by another mountain.

The scene from this eminence, says Dr. Barry, is sublime. The ascent from Martigny, in the valley of the Rhone, was very steep. Nothing was seen, advancing towards the top, besides the rocks that formed it. When suddenly there upheaved itself a scene of Alpine magnificence, long unapproachable and overwhelming; an amazing picture which the eye knew not how to scan, enchaining the beholder, lost in an astonished gaze. The prodigies of nature piled up there, cast other, even Alpine splendour, far into the shade. A thousand towering, dark, and savage peaks, lightning-riven battlements, at whose bases, hardened and heaped up, great depths of ice, bidding defiance to the sunbeams; and glaciers, winding many a league downwards through their own ravines, like belts of brightness ‘flung over a region’ black with pines. Beneath that heaven-high wall of frowning rock and chilling ice, bordering upon the barrier of permanent congelation, and like an oasis in a wilderness of frost, was the green vale of Chamouni, smiling with rural beauty and the abodes of man; the River Arve rising at my feet, and winding its silvery way through the meadows of that vale.

“But for these scenes of softer beauty, the eye was paralysed; it saw them not, save in so far as they made, by contrast, the icy regions towering above them more arctic, chill, and awfully sublime. To these, the eye, spell-bound, ever returned; and yet the one great sorcerer of the mighty scene remains unnamed. Surrounded by these rugged heights of rock, these battlements towering 9000 feet and more above the valley—so vertical that snow rests not upon their sides—there rose, far higher than them all, a snowy pyramid, in proud supremacy, yet placid and serene. It was ‘the father of the Alps,’ Mont Blanc himself, enthroned among and guarded by his dark aiguilles.”

Saussure was the first to attempt the ascent, and succeed. After him, several Englishmen performed the feat; and, we believe, about the last band of adventurous tourists who were so fortunate as to gain the snow-capt summit, was that of which an account has been written by Mr. Albert Smith, and which forms not the least graphic portion of the pleasing Alpine entertainment he is now giving in the metropolis.

Saussure's first attempt to cross the Mer de Glace—the first enormous glacier at which the real difficulties of the ascent commence—was attended by no ordinary peril sometimes he had to slide down to the bottom of little ice-

valleys—the intervals of those mountain-waves which look like small undulations from the Montanvert—and then to climb out of them on the opposite side, with immense labour and fatigue. At other times, when he came to *crénasses*, which were very wide and deep, he had to pass them on very narrow ridges of ice, extending across from the one side to the other.

"The good Pierre Simon, my first guide in the Alps," he says, "repented strongly of having let me engage in the undertaking. He went about here and there, seeking the least dangerous passages, cutting steps in the ice, offering me a hand whenever he could, and giving me at the same time the first lessons in the art—for it is one—of putting down the feet and resting the body properly, and of making use of one's *baton*, in difficult passages. I escaped, however, without other injury than a few contusions, which I got in sliding down some very steep slopes of ice, which we had to descend. Pierre Simon slid down, standing upright on his feet, his body thrown back and leaning on his iron-shod *baton*."

Captain Basil Hall, who made the ascent, thus describes a part of it, attended, even in the view of so adventurous a spirit, with "real danger." "At a certain part of our course, the path along which we were struggling came close to the base of the cliff overhanging the Mer de Glace. On its summit there lay a thick coating of ice and half-melted snow, mixed with numerous blocks of granite, cast down by the avalanches. The frequent sound of these cataracts of snow we could hear in different directions among the mountains, and some of the avalanches we actually saw not far from us. The weather being excessively hot, the melting snow caused innumerable cascades on both sides of the valley, which were all very pretty and picturesque, so long as we kept at a respectable distance from the cliff; but, unfortunately, just over the very point where our road happened to touch the foot of the precipice, we were startled by beholding a mass of granite about as big as a mail-coach, barely held up by the ice in which it had probably at one time been completely imbedded, but out of which more than three-quarters of its bulk now protruded."

An anxious conversation now took place on the part of the guides; and the account is thus continued:

"At the end of this parley, during which we began to fear that our expedition must here stop short, two of the guides, without consulting us, or saying more than 'Be silent and steady, or you are lost!' suddenly seized the foremost of our party, and, with the swiftness of chamois goats, dashed along directly under the stone, which they afterwards explained might have been shaken down at any moment, by the mere tremor in the air caused by our speaking."

"As soon as the first of us had been whisked across the point of danger, another was spirited off in the same manner. The guides then returned one by one, stepping underneath the great rock as cautiously as if they had been treading on eggs, and transported the remaining two gentlemen to the safe side. We now begged permission of the guides to set up a shout, in order to bring the stone down, that we might enjoy the crash in safety, and appreciate the full value of our escape, by witnessing the havoc which the avalanche would cause. 'Yes,' said the guides, 'but who knows the extent of these things? How many more such fellows may not be lying further up, ready to topple down upon us—or how shall we be sure that the path, now open for us, may not be so blocked up by the falling stones and ice, that our retreat will be rendered impossible? No, no! let the rock alone; and very thankful we may be if we shall find it sticking where it is now, when we return here some hours hence.'"

After leaving the Mer de Glace, the dangers accumulate fearfully; and here we should mention, that Mont Blanc rises gradually above the surrounding mountains, till it first terminates in the summit called the Dôme de Goutte; beyond this is a valley of snow, from which rises the middle dome; another sweep, still higher, leads to the extreme rounded summit, which is named La Bosse du Dromedaire, from its supposed resemblance to a dromedary's hunch.

The ascent is not completed until this point is reached, and the parties who risk their lives in the attempt, generally bivouac for the night on the Mer de Glace.

The ravines, which are many, but wide, and the glaciers, constitute the obstacles that have to be overcome. The glaciers are streams of ice flowing down a declivity, between banks which are sometimes precipitous. They can easily be walked upon—for the entire surface, except when they are vertical, or nearly so, is covered with gritty particles. The chasms in the glaciers are frightful—some of them are 100 feet deep; and it is to guard against falling into them that the party is always large, and ascend linked to each other by strong cords, in Indian file: so that if the foremost fall into a dreadful abyss, those behind check his fall, and can drag him to the surface again. These chasms are subject to change every day, and almost every hour; and hence the extreme danger of the ascent of these treacherous highways hung in air. The fact that

The glacier's cold and restless mass,
Moves onward day by day,

is well known to all the guides, and they are almost as much dreaded as the avalanches.

But supposing all the difficulties to be overcome, and the summit gained in safety and triumph, the scene must be tremendous in its sublimity—the panorama of the Alps, and the golden-tinged clouds beneath, glorious. Well might the banker poet, when he saw them for the first time, exclaim, with a touch of the wizard quill of the mystic Coleridge:

Who first beholds these everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling, that he loses not—
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever!"

But, as a matter of economy, the question arises—Is the sensation worth the risk? We will not risk an opinion; for Englishmen will go anywhere, or do anything. But we will complete the sketch given in our illustration, by the following account of the accident which befel the party which accompanied Dr. Hamel, during his ascent of Mont Blanc, in 1820. In proceeding obliquely upwards, they approached a dark rock, deeply imbedded in the snow, when the catastrophe occurred, as thus related by Julien Devousson, one of the guides: "At the moment of the disaster, the leading guide was Pierre Carriez, the second, Pierre Balmat, the third, Auguste Tairraz (these three perished), the fourth myself; then, next to me, Marie Coutet (our captain), then behind were five other guides, with Dr. Hamel, and two English gentlemen. Suddenly I heard a sort of rushing sound, not very loud; but I had not time to think about it, as I heard the sound at the same instant that the avalanche was upon me. I felt my feet slide from beneath me, and saw the three first men falling on the snow with their feet foremost. In falling, I cried out, loudly: 'We are all lost!' I tried to support myself by planting the ice-pole below me—but in vain. The weight of snow forced me over the *baton*, and it slipped out of my hand. I rolled down like a ball in the mass of loose snow. At the foot of the slope was a yawning chasm, to the edge of which I was rapidly descending. Three times I saw the light, as I was rolling down the slope; and when we were all on the very edge of the chasm, I saw the leg of one of my comrades just as he pitched down into the crevice. I think it must have been poor Auguste—for it looked black, and I remember that Auguste had on black gaiters. This was the last I saw of my three companions, who fell headlong into the gulf, and were never seen or heard of again."

"At this moment I was just falling into the same crevice, and can but confusedly understand why I did not; but I think I owe my life to a very singular circumstance. Dr. Hamel had given me a barometer to carry; this was fastened round my waist by a strong girdle. I fancy that at the moment this long barometer got beneath and across me, for the girdle suddenly broke, and I made a sort of bound as I fell: and so, instead of following my poor comrades, I was pushed over into another crevice, close by that in which they were killed. This chasm was already partly filled with snow; I do not think that I fell more than fifty feet down, alighting on a soft cushion of snow, and a good deal covered with it above. I suppose, before tumbling into the chasm, we slid down 150 to 200 feet; but I cannot tell, for it seemed to be not more than a minute from the time I heard the noise of the avalanche above me, till I found myself lying deep down in a narrow crack."

Coutet replied to a question:

"I should fancy I slid down near 400 feet, and tumbled headlong about sixty feet."

When Julien was asked what his thoughts were during his fall: his reply was:

"While I was rolling, I said to myself, 'Farewell my wife and my children!' and I asked pardon of God. I absolutely thought nothing of the others."

"On coming to myself," continued Julien, "I was better off than I expected. I was lying on my back, heels upwards, with my head resting against the icy walls of the crack, and could see some light and a little of the blue sky through two openings over my head. I was greatly afraid some of my limbs had been broken, but I had sunk into the mass of soft snow, and though bruised by falling against the sides of the ice, yet nothing was broken, and in a few moments I contrived to get up on my feet. On looking up, I saw, a little above me, a man's head projecting from the snow. It was Marie Coutet (our captain): he was quite covered with snow up to the neck, his arms pinioned down, and his face quite blue, as if he was nearly suffocated."

"He called to me in a low voice, to come and help him. I found a pole in the crevice (I think not one belonging to those who perished, but another); I went to Coutet, dug round him with the *baton*, and in a few minutes got Coutet clear out of the snow, and we sat down together. We remained in silence looking at each other for a minute or two, thinking that all the rest were killed. Then I began to crawl up on the snow that partly filled the crack, and in climbing up I saw above David Coutet, who was crying, and saying, 'My poor brother is lost!' I said 'No; he is here below' (for Coutet was climbing behind Julien, and was not seen at first); and I asked, 'Are the others all up there?' They answered, 'That there were three missing.' I asked, 'Who they were?' and the answer was, 'Pierre Carriez, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairraz.' I then asked, 'if the gentlemen had received any injury?' and the reply was, 'No.' Then the guides helped us to get up about fourteen feet on the solid ice. They threw us down a little axe to cut steps, and put down their poles, and we two got out. We all went to search for the three others: we sounded with our poles, we cried aloud, we called them by their names, and listened—but all was in vain, we heard not the slightest sound. We spent two hours in this melancholy search, and by this time were well-nigh frozen, for the wind was bitterly cold, our poles covered with ice, our shoes frozen as hard as horn. We were compelled to descend; we hurried down in perfect silence, and returned to the inn late at night."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

"TINK—tink—tinkle!" rang the little, silvery-toned bell through the boudoir of Isabel Linn. The white hand of that peerless lady replaced the soft-toned bell upon an antique mosaic flower-table, and she relapsed into her former attitude of elegant repose. The boudoir befitted nothing but the beautiful being who was its mistress. It was a small room of circular shape—looped, like a tent, from the centre of the arched roof, with rich curtains of rose-coloured silk sweeping down the sides, and caught back from the glittering mirrors; lovely statues, soft pictures, slight tables, and rare vases, placed between slender pillars of marble. In every unoccupied recess, luxurious heaps of velvet cushions, of the same soft colour as the drapery, were thrown. The lady herself reclined on a low, yielding sofa, nearly concealed beneath the splendid dress which floated over it, but whose rose colour still softened the dazzling whiteness of the bare arm, and the rich glow of the round cheek nestled upon it. It was evening—and a lamp, tinted with the same softening tinge, flooded the beautiful apartment with a dreamy and eloquent light.

The lady was evidently dressed for an assembly. Her fine form was draped in rich crimson satin, with an overdress of exquisite lace, rare and delicate. Ornaments of gold and rubies caught the lace upon her snowy bosom, and held it up from her exceedingly lovely arms; and from them it waved back and fell around like—like nothing; for nothing was ever so beautiful. Her black hair was twisted with rubies, and wound around her head in magnificent folds. Her style of beauty was so brilliant, that all the jewels upon her hands, and arms, and bosom, and hair, seemed part of her loveliness, and were not misplaced. If the rubies were bright, her lips were as red and her eyes as flashing; and the beautiful contrast of her raven hair, waved back from her high, white forehead and haughtily-curved neck, were still more dazzling. After ringing the silver bell, she sank into her former listless attitude, and, when a servant entered at the door, she said, without raising her eyes:

"When Mr. Cleveland Merefort calls, show him in here."

The servant departed, and she was again alone with her thoughts. That they were pleasant, was shown by the gay smile which broke gradually over her face—the rich lips parting, the fair cheeks crimsoning, and the dark eyes shining like deep waters beneath their drooped lashes. Isabel Linn was not young—she was thirty-five, and looked twenty-five; but she was peerlessly beautiful; more splendidly so than a younger lady could be. A strong will and powerful passions breathed in all her attitudes, glances, and features; the motion of her firm but graceful foot, the curve of her delicate nostrils, the superb turn to her full, red lips, the sleeping fire in her large, slow-moving eyes, made her a fascinating and fearful creature. But she had made it a study through all her life, until she had attained a wonderful degree of self-possession. There was something that breathed of power and passion in the very calmness of her slow, graceful motions. And now, though there were a thousand emotions making her heart throb, she stirred not one of her delicate fingers, nor the small slipper just revealed beneath her flowing dress.

Presently the door again opened softly. Her bosom heaved quickly, a deep flush broke over her cheek; and, with a smile of ineffable brightness, she slowly raised her deep, bewildering eyes towards the door. But she paused in the welcome that rose to her lips, and the flush went back from her face—for it was not yet *he* who had come.

A young girl stood timidly within the room, hesitating whether to go or remain—for the lady did not bid her enter. She was young and fair—not more than fifteen—with a slight form, and hair like an angel's wing—changing, bright, and golden. There was something in her gentle hesitation very different from the proud repose of the beautiful woman before her. Her dress was of delicate white, and some bright roses laid on her bosom.

"You may come in," at length said the lady. The maiden glided in, and sat down on a cushion by the sofa.

"Effie, my daughter!" said the woman, with unusual tenderness—for she was chary of the affection she bestowed on her only child; but love was busy at the mother's heart—and love softens the manner towards all. Wild, wild dreams of love were waking in her bosom, and changed her cold bearing unconsciously.

"Mother," said the fair girl, hesitatingly raising her sweet face, and then dropping her eyes till the silken lashes touched the cheek, where a delicate glow was wavering out into a blush; "mother"—and her cheeks were crimson—"you know I am but a child—only fifteen; I never yet kept anything from you, and may I not tell you how very, very happy I am, and how my heart is still trembling with its new delight? You know—"

The bashful girl paused, and the mother, wondering if that mere child could have found a lover, laid her white hand on those brown curls, to reassure her.

"You know Cleveland Merefort, mother?"

"Yes—yes! what of him?" suddenly exclaimed the mother, withdrawing her hand, and fixing her burning eyes intently on the blushing face before her; "what of him?"

"Oh, mother! you will not be offended—you cannot be; he is good, and manly, and gifted! I could not think it a harm to love him. He is so beautiful and so gentle, and loves me so earnestly—I am sure he does!" mur-

mured the timid girl, as her cheek grew pale, and the tears sprang instantly to her soft eyes.

"Indeed! Did he tell you this? did he say he loved you?" asked the lady, in a tone of withering contempt; "or are you not guessing at all this happiness?"

"He did tell me that he loved me!" was the proud and earnest reply; "and I knew it was truth he uttered, for his eyes were solemn, and looked into mine so gently, and his lips trembled as he spoke these happy words; and when he drew me close to his heart, I felt it beat so rapidly, and—"

"Effie—Effie—Effie!" almost shrieked the woman.

"You frighten me, mother!—you look so fearful! What have I done? Is it wrong to love him? Tell me, dear mother, is it?" pleaded the quivering voice of the young girl, shrinking from the intense gaze of those dilated and burning eyes. "Do not look at me so!" she continued, as that motionless look, and the spot of livid red on the cheeks of her mother, made her tremble.

"Effie Linn, remember!" was uttered in the distinct tone of deep passion; "you will never marry that man—never! Receive no more vows of love from him! Cast him off—forget him—or you are no child of mine! Remember!"

"Cast him off? Never—never!" murmured the young creature, whom this sudden shock to her sweet happiness, startled from a whole world of life-dreams, to a sense of utter misery; and, with these words she fell from the ottoman, insensible, upon the rich carpet, whose gay lines mocked the pallor of her cheek.

Again the bell sounded a sharper summons than before; and, to the servant who appeared, the lady spoke in a cold, calm tone:

"Summon her maid, and assist my daughter to her room—she is not well!"

The maid came, and they bore the fainting girl from the apartment.

The moment they disappeared, Isabel Linn passed her hand over her forehead, as if to feel if all traces of her passion were smoothed away. The game she had to play was now more difficult, and at this moment required all her skill.

Five minutes afterwards, Cleveland Merefort stood within the room. He glanced around the exquisite boudoir with a look of surprise, mingled slightly with embarrassment. He was a very handsome man, of thirty, with a polished and frank bearing, and a singularly fascinating smile—though he seldom smiled; dignified almost to coldness; evidently gifted—evidently a most perfect gentleman. There was a kind of sadness in his eyes, and reserve in his manner, which told of passionate feeling repressed and hidden; a kind of mournfulness in his smile which went quick to the heart; a kind of pride that mingled with his reserve, which made him deeply interesting: and all these things said that he was evidently a poor man. And this was, perhaps, the reason why he had never loved or married hitherto.

"Mr. Merefort," said the lady, raising her dark eyes slowly, with a sweet smile upon her lips, and holding out her small hand, without rising from the sofa.

As he advanced towards her with slight confusion, her heart told her that this consciousness was not, as she had fondly hoped, an evidence of her power, but was owing to the thought that Effie had revealed the new relation in which he stood to her.

"Sit here!" she said, retaining his hand a moment, and motioning to the ottoman, where Effie had sat.

The gentleman felt grateful and gratified; for he had no doubt now but that she was prepared to receive him as her son-in-law; and previously, notwithstanding her marked kindness to him, he had entertained a fear that his poverty would be an objection to his claiming the hand of the daughter of the rich Widow Linn.

"Is Miss Effie unwell this evening?" he asked, taking the seat she assigned him close by her side.

"A little indisposed—nothing serious," was the reply; "she retired to her room a few moments ago."

"Indeed!" was the remark, in a disappointed tone.

"I have not ordered the carriage for an hour yet," continued Mrs. Linn, sweetly; "and we will have a quiet chat, which will be charming—will it not? By-the-bye, do you fancy the arrangement of my boudoir?"

"It is delightful—a fairy palace!" replied her visitor, glancing through the elegant apartment with a pleased eye. "How very kind she is to give me this opportunity to speak!" thought he; and the beautiful lady, whom he had always admired, appeared doubly brilliant and lovely to him then.

But if he had the opportunity, he had no way to improve it; for the fascinating woman reclining on the sofa before him, in her splendid attire, with the rosy light falling over her, fixed her large dark eyes upon him, and murmured, in a low voice of music, a thousand eloquent things; leading his thoughts even from the subject which engrossed them.

She spoke of beauty, and he felt how very beautiful she was. She spoke of love; and he realised that she was capable of intense love; that passionate emotions throbbed beneath the bosom heaving in those rich folds of satin and lace. Burning words of poetry fell in liquid cadences from her lips; and he wondered at, and then was carried away by her irresistible eloquence. He was a worshipper at the shrine of beauty, genius, poetry, love; and here before him was a lovely—nay, a glorious woman—radiant with one and gifted with another, breathing the third, and glowing and blushing with the last. The ball, and even the sweet Effie in her lonely room, were forgotten. He bent forward, with smiling eyes and heightened colour, to listen; his own eloquence, so often concealed by reserve, was awakened, and he rivalled her in the utterance of beautiful sentiments.

In the midst of all this, the carriage was announced;

and the splendid siren, with a gay laugh at their forgetfulness of time, took the arm of her companion, and they were whirled away to the ball; while young Effie lay moaning upon her restless pillow.

It was late when the two entered the brilliant ball. Many eyes were centered upon them. They were certainly the most striking couple in the room.

Mrs. Linn was the leader of the *ton*, and the handsome Cleveland was even more interesting than usual; something sparkled through his dignity that was very pleasing. He was a fine waltzer, so was the superb widow. They waltzed till every eye was upon them—it was so beautiful. They floated around in the music, perfume, and light. The lace dress waved, and the satin glistened about that lovely form; her cheek was glowing, and her rubies flashing. Cleveland himself was enchanted: it was perfectly entrancing to hold that magnificent creature, and to circle and glide, and float away in that bright atmosphere, breathing with bewitching melody. He felt his companion, dizzy with the motion, press closer to him—and he wished that it was Effie that was sharing this delight; and he whirled on till the bright head sank on his bosom—then he was obliged to seat his beautiful partner. No—no—he did not wish it was Effie, was his after thought—not Effie, with all those eyes upon her, bold and admiring; he was almost sorry it was Effie's mother. But he forgot this presently, and after a time they waltzed again. It was a brilliant party—all seemed delighted. It was late when they drove home, but the spirits of Mrs. Linn were hardly yet fatigued.

"You will call to-morrow?" she said, as Cleveland left her at the door. The flattered man consented, with pleasure, to come to a private tea with Effie and herself in the boudoir—for Mrs. Linn added this to her invitation.

CHAPTER II.

THE lady did not wake her maid when she reached her room, but, unfasting her heavy ornaments, she laid them aside, and threw herself upon her couch: though very weary, she did not sleep. Her feelings were of very mingled character: triumph—for she saw that she impressed Cleveland Merefort; bitterness, that he had not paid homage to her power before, but had dared to pass her by, and bestow his love on a mere sweet child; anxiety, for the result of the game she played; and taxing her ingenuity to know best how to manage Effie, and compel her to resign him of her own consent.

She lay sleeplessly till long past sunrise, busy with her thoughts, and then, throwing on her morning-gown, she sought the chamber of Effie. The fair girl lay upon the bed, dressed in the same attire, and with the same roses lying withered on her bosom, as on the evening previous. She had not undressed, but was now sleeping nervously. Her eyelids were stained with tears, her cheek was feverish, and she moaned and muttered in her dreams.

Her mother sat down by the bed-side, and looked upon her. A thrill of remorse shot through her heart as she gazed; but it was momentary: she herself could not be the sacrifice—her child must be. She reasoned that her love was the strongest—for it was the love of her passionate and developed nature. No!—Effie must be the sacrifice!

The eyes of the maiden opened presently, as if she was awakened by the gaze fixed upon her.

"Oh! mother!" she murmured, pleadingly.

"My darling child, did what I said last night distress you so much? I was afraid that you were suffering, and I have come thus early to talk with you about it."

"You have come to take back those cruel words—to take them all back! I know you have—you speak so kindly!" said Effie, eagerly.

"Not to take them back," said the mother, in the gentlest tone; "but to give you reasons for what I said—good reasons, that will reconcile you to them."

"Reconcile me!" replied the fair girl, mournfully.

"Effie, I will take you into my confidence. You dare not betray the trust of your mother—you cannot rival her! I love Cleveland Merefort as never woman loved! Speak my child! your mother's happiness is in your keeping!"

"Do I not, too, love him, wildly, devotedly? Mother, it would kill me to give him up!—mother—mother—mother!"

"Listen, Effie—I would not be selfish! I do not wish to be selfish; but I am older than you, and know the heart better! I know that with you it is but a school-girl affection—in two years you will smile at the idea of dying for love! But with me it is life, hope, being—all! If I thought that you would suffer in all as I have already suffered since you told me he loved you, I would sooner perish than require it!"

"But, mother, he loves me! and I shall wrong myself and him!"

"Act coldly to him, and he will forget you; only consent, and I can make him love me!"

The young girl hid her eyes, and moaned:

"Mother—mother!"

"Listen again, Effie—I have not told you all—you cannot dream how utterly my hopes are fixed on this! Effie, I will reveal my heart to you—this is my first love, as it is my last! From my infancy till I was married, I suffered the pangs of poverty; I was beautiful—but beauty was a mockery—for I was poor! I longed for the means of gratifying my tastes—for arraying my loveliness in jewels, and silks, and laces. I longed to be a belle—to be admired! Oh, I forgot that there was anything to be prized but wealth! In vain my mother warned me! At your age I married a man whom I could not like—but he was very rich! What mattered it if he was cold, and ugly, and ignorant?—he was rich. I was his wife—I lived in splendour, and was courted, flattered, and envied. I was

beautiful and wealthy, but I was miserable. I hated your father—I could not endure his caresses. Yet all the ten long years he lived with me I was compelled to conceal this; for, should he know it, at his death but one-third of his immense wealth would be mine. He was blind to my dislike, and at his death left all to me. At last I was free—free as the wind—with all things at my command. You, Effie, were my child, and everything you asked was yours. You have always been gratified in every wish—but all this time that I loved you, and cherished you, could I dream in what way you were to rise up and crush me?"

Again the young girl moaned helplessly.

"At last I have loved!—with all the intensity of sentiments and passions hoarded up and stifled for long years, I love. To say I love, is an empty term. I find that my very reason is bound up in this feeling. Effie, could you be happy, married to this man; and your mother, perhaps—I feel so!"—and she pressed her hand to her forehead—"perhaps a maniac, or happily in her grave? Never! And I would not have said this—I would have suffered and died—but that I am convinced that your happiness is not really concerned in this. Remember, you are a mere child—just from your books and aprons—it cannot be! But you say nothing—you forget that I am your mother, that my life is in your childish hands! You will marry Cleveland Merefort?"

The woman who had always been so cold, and proud, and calm, that the young girl had almost feared her, was now on her knees before her child. It was enough, and too much.

"Mother, rise! I did not speak, because I could not—but I am resolved. I cannot, after what you have said, marry this man. I only hope that he will love you. Go—go, if you please, mother! I want to be alone!"

"Bless you, my child! my darling, noble child! Of course your own good sense will suggest what is the proper manner for you to observe towards Mr. Merefort. Try and forget this, dearest, and I shall at length be happy!"

She kissed the cold brow of her daughter, and left the room. Well satisfied with the result of her skilful appeal to the heart of poor Effie, and fatigued with all this excitement, she again sought her couch, and slept undisturbed for many hours; while the one whom she had called on to make this bitter sacrifice, was pacing her room with the slow steps of misery.

It was after dinner before she summoned her maid to assist her in dressing.

"Which is the most becoming, Margaret—this green velvet, or this black one?"

"The green velvet makes madame look *magnifique*—the black very charming; the black makes madame's eyes look very bright, and her lips red!"

"I will wear the black this evening, Margaret, as I do not wish to look magnificent in my boudoir."

So, when the maid had finished attiring her, her mistress was herself pleased with the plain, elegant, black velvet, and with the delicate net-work of gold thrown over the back of her glossy hair, together with plain gold bracelets. She stood long, studying this style in her mirror. Her hair was done up high in folds, and shone blackly through the chaste and glittering network; the bodice of her dress was close and plain; her arms, bare to the dimpled elbow, looked rounder and snowier than was their wont, in the broad circlets of gold which bound them. Her dress gave a pensive, touching air to her brilliant beauty; her eyes did indeed look darker and deeper, their curved lashes longer, and her bright lips fresher and dewier. A crimson thread would almost have destroyed the effect of this simple elegance. She decided that her dress, at least, was perfect.

Mrs. Linn was in her boudoir when Cleveland entered. The two sat down at the little table which had been brought in and set with a dainty repast, in delicate taste. The young man looked anxious, till his hostess informed him that her daughter was still indisposed, and could not appear. He then looked both anxious and disappointed.

"Is she seriously ill?" he asked, earnestly.

"Only a very little indisposed, yet she thinks she had better keep her room to-day."

"She must be really unwell if she will not come down to see me!" thought the lover, and the expected pleasure of his visit vanished. He was silent and grave. In vain the winning woman exercised her powers of fascination: they fell unappreciated upon him, except that he thought that the sweet lady before him was too young and lovely to wear the title of mother to a man of his age—and he smiled to himself at the fanciful thought.

Thinking this, he looked at her more earnestly, and thought her more beautiful than ever—for her brilliant charms were softened into a more pensive style; and the wild, impassioned love she secretly cherished, lent a melting, glowing sweetness to her tones and actions. Her eyes were almost bewildering, but there was something about them that did not, could not, touch his heart like the clear, pure, innocent ones of his soul's sweet choice.

The little tea-party was a failure! Cleveland continued silent and sad, and rose at last to leave. The widow was chagrined, but she did not at all despair.

As Cleveland returned through the parlours alone—having begged of his hostess not to trouble herself to accompany him—he saw Effie half-concealed in the embrasure of a window in one of the apartments. He advanced immediately in surprise, and held out his hand.

"And you are well enough to be standing here, and would not even come a moment to see me at tea?" he said, reproachfully, gazing fondly into her lovely face.

The poor girl could not speak that moment. She had not known he was there, but dared not say so; and, if she had known it, what would it avail? She turned very pale.

"Forgive me, dearest—you do indeed look faint and ill!" continued he, with anxious tenderness. "You are not going to be really so sick? oh, I hope not!"

"I am not very unwell," she said, at length, in a faint, cold tone, withdrawing from the arm he had extended when she looked so white. "I have a slight headache."

It was so unlike her usual confiding sweetness, that he knew that she was ill or offended.

"Oh, my darling Effie! you don't know how I wanted to see you last night! And to-night I was so glad—I thought you would be with your mother, and we should have such a happy evening! I was so anxious, I could not remain—I fear your mother thought I was hardly polite. Oh, dearest! I wished to steal to your chamber and see if you were ill, and kiss your poor forehead, if it ached, before I came away!" and he would have pressed his truthful lips upon her pure brow, but again she shrank away.

Her heart beat almost to bursting—she would have given worlds to have received that kiss. She thought of her mother, and her promise.

"Mr. Merefort!" she said, in a constrained tone.

"Effie!" was the sad and grieved reply. "Effie!" he continued, "have I offended you unconsciously? Believe me, I do not know in what manner! Tell me, that I may atone! You are very much altered to-night, dearest!"

"Not at all, Mr. Merefort; pray do not think I am offended!" she replied, in the same constrained tone.

She did not dare to raise her eyes to meet his look of surprise.

"Good evening, Effie!" he said, in a wounded tone.

"Good evening!" was the chilling reply.

The next moment he was gone, and the unhappy girl sank down upon the floor, and buried her face in her hands. Her heart was almost broken.

And she must still play this terrible part—wound his love, estrange his affections, when her own heart was yearning wildly—and she must see him give that love to another—see him at the altar: it was a martyrdom to her heart more cruel than death. But she had resolved, and promised to play her part; and she would not fail—it must be done.

CHAPTER III.

WEEKS and weeks had passed away. In vain had the lover striven to ascertain the cause of the change in Effie's manner. At first he pleaded to know, when by chance he met her; then his wounded pride and affections kept him silent; and at length he ceased to speak to her except in the most formal way. But he suffered almost as much as she; he endured the agony of suspense, and the torture of her chilling demeanour. She saw that he suffered; and the noble, patient, heart-weary girl would have revealed all to him for his sake, but that her duty to her mother seemed sacred: so she only hoped that he might forget her, and be happy. But she could not look upon his proud but mournful face, without almost betraying herself; and at length she avoided him altogether.

Yet he still visited at the house of Mrs. Linn. He was irresistibly attracted by the syren. At first he imagined that the mother knew of his attachment to her daughter, and sympathised with him in her neglect; then again he concluded that she knew nothing of it, but that he was a favourite of hers—perhaps that she loved him! No, no—he could not think that; but there was something about her that attracted him by her side, and made him wish for her sympathy and gentleness. Not that he was not yet true to his Effie—he was!—he was! He loved her with the intense fervour that a reserved, proud, intellectual man of thirty will love for the first time a sweet, pure, gifted girl. But this very love made him seek the mother: he had a faint hope that through her he might at least discover the cause of this strange falsity on the part of his affianced. She was so soothing, so gentle, so beautiful, so eloquent, that, unconsciously, he was deeply interested in her, and could not pass a day out of her society: it was a balm to his suffering heart.

She saw all this, and acted accordingly. She saw just how far he was in her power, and she had a hope. It was a longer struggle to gain him from his disappointment than she had anticipated—but she did not despair. To her it was happiness to have him come and sit by her, if he only listened to her words—for Effie was out of the way, and he was hers alone—if his mournful thoughts did still wander away after the beloved false one. She stifled all pangs of remorse—she lived but for one thing: to gain the love of Mr. Merefort.

One morning Isabel Linn sat in a beautiful apartment, opening into the conservatory. The room was fresh and pleasant. She was attired with studied carelessness, and looked very lovely. A book was in her hand, which she laid aside with a flush of joy, as Cleveland entered; he came across the rich carpet, and sat down upon a low seat beside her luxurious arm-chair. He was more than usually sad; he sat for some time without speaking, while Isabel looked upon him with tender eyes.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as true and constant love?" he asked, suddenly, raising his dark eyes intently to her face.

Those beautiful orbs of hers seemed to melt away in tenderness, as she looked into his, without answering in words.

"You are sad this morning?" she said, softly. "I would that I could banish that mournfulness from your face for ever!"

"You may perhaps alleviate it!" he replied, slowly.

"Then tell me?" she said, with a sweet smile, bending towards him.

"Let me confide to you the secret of this sadness," he said.

She held out her delicate, fair hand, and he pressed it in both his, as he said, rapidly:

"I loved your daughter, Mrs. Linn—I was betrothed to her; I loved intensely and purely, and thought she returned it. I believed the gentle words that trembled on her lips and the blush on her cheek, when she told me that her love was like to mine. But for many weeks she has slighted me: I have not even seen her recently. The change was so sudden, so entire, I could not but believe that she loved me still as ever, but that some fatal misunderstanding existed. Tell me, do you know aught of this? and, if you do not, will you be so very, very kind, as to learn for me the reasons of this change?"

Mrs. Linn listened with a soft smile, and when he raised his eyes earnestly, to hear the answer to his questions, she smiled still more—yet kindly, gently, pityingly.

"Can it be that a man of your experience and knowledge of life could trust his happiness to a mere child?" she said, with a burst of gentle surprise. "Effie has but just left her studies, Mr. Merefort; and of course the offer of love you made was accepted: young girls cannot know themselves, and are invariably flattered by the first attentions they receive. Doubtless her conduct now is but a foolish caprice—some other admirer has appeared, and you are forgotten. I only regret that your noble and true love was given so carelessly, to such a child. But it would not be manly to let a school-girl make you unhappy!"

Cleveland bit his lips with mortification and agony. Could it be possible he had been such a very simpleton?

"But I would not have a worn-out, second love. So you think there is no such thing in life as earnest, true, unchanging love?" he asked, bitterly.

"How could I think so?" she asked, in a low, sweet tone, and, turning those large, dark, passionate eyes slowly to his, she bent forward still farther, and made no other reply.

Her companion knew not what to say. He was fascinated by that eloquent face—yet his heart was still true to another.

"Yes!" she said, earnestly, after awhile; "I know that there is a love, which is hardly a love—it is so much of worship, thought, life; but it is not the shrieking love of a trifling, timid child. It is the passionate devotion, the wild idolatry, the burning affection of older, stronger, more fully-developed natures. It is the love that comes at the time when the heart knows itself and others; when its thoughts are matured, its impulses strengthened, its gifts cultivated, its affections deepened into steady, fervent, intense power; when the spirit and the beauty and the genius of life are at the zenith of their glory. It is passion—it is hope—it is life—it is all! it is fearfully, madly deep and strong! it does all, dares all, sacrifices all, to its own intensity!"

She bent further forward as she paused, and laid her soft hands on the dark curls of the man before her, and pressed a quick, warm kiss upon his forehead. Then, folding those hands over her bosom, she drooped her head, while a crimson blush burned on her cheek, where the long lashes trembled in drooping confusion.

There was a moment's silence, while Cleveland gazed upon the blushing, beautiful, impassioned creature who had thus revealed her love to him. Had he indeed been mistaken in looking for unselfish love from a very young girl? did this splendid woman love the most devotedly? It would seem so; for, while one would not make a sacrifice of pride to explain the cause of her estrangement—or perhaps had even no pride and no cause—the other had sacrificed pride and more, and now sat trembling and subdued before him. While he still thought, a tear dropped down from those long, jetty lashes, and fell on his hand. The spell was completed. He sank upon his knees, took the small hands from her bosom, and pressed them to his own.

"May I look for that love and devotion from my beautiful Isabel?" he asked.

The superb head was on his shoulder—broken, murmuring words of tenderness fell from her lips—and then, blushing, radiant, smiling, confused, bewildered, she glided from the room, and left him kneeling, entranced and dreaming, by her chair.

"Come to-night," she said, as she left him.

For a long while Cleveland knelt there, with his head drooped upon his hand. His heart beat so violently, that he could not think calmly. When his pulses grew more subdued, he realised that he did not yet love the beautiful creature who had just left him—but he thought he might do so—and for her sake he would try. Of Effie he thought with a curling lip—she was unworthy; yet there was still a desolation and gloom in his heart. It would yet take all the beauty and the skill of Isabel Linn to complete the triumph which had sent her quivering, joyous, blushing, happy, to her chamber, to hide her tumultuous bliss in solitude.

By-and-by the young man arose and stepped out into the conservatory, to soothe his mingled feelings among the flowers. There, close by the door, lying among the bright blossoms, pale and still, was the broken-hearted and devoted Effie. She had seen all that had passed within; and when she heard that, low, earnest question of Cleveland's, and saw him sink upon the floor and clasp her mother's hand, the strong purpose which had upheld her gave way, and she fell, insensible, among the fair flowers—none of them so lovely yet so blighted as herself.

Her lover looked upon her for a moment, motionless. She had grown very slender since he saw her last; traces of heart-suffering were on her transparent forehead, and pale lips, and wasted form. In a moment he felt that he had wronged her—that she was and had been very unhappy—and for what cause? He resolved now to know,

if it was not too late. He took her in his arms, and bore her into the drawing-room—took a chased gold bottle of salts from the table, and sat down on the sofa, supporting her head on his breast, chafing her hands, and applying the salts to her nostrils. Still she did not stir, though her pulse beat faintly in her delicate wrist. A glass of wine stood on a small stand near by—some of this he poured between her lips—and after a few anxious moments, she gave a faint sigh, then breathed gently, and unclosed her eyes.

The face of her lover bent above her—his deep eyes were looking with unutterable tenderness upon her.

"Cleveland, is it you? do I rest here?" she uttered faintly, and with a blissful smile, she pressed her head closer on his bosom, half clasped him with her arms, and closed her eyes again. "I did not think I should ever nestle here again—yet you love me still! You have come to me to tell me how entirely I am yours!"

The young man replied to her low murmur with fervent kisses on the sweet brow that had grown so pale and spiritual. She loved him yet—he knew it now; yet, like a sharp dagger, came the remembrance of the past scene! it was that which had taken the breath from the young lips of Effie. What should he do? He was false to her—it was but for a moment—and he knew it; ay, and another knew it, and rejoiced in it. His brow contracted with pain. Oh, how he longed to have this mystery cleared away—for he felt there was a mystery! He awaited anxiously for the fair creature he sustained to gain strength to tell him all.

Suddenly the young girl pressed her hands upon her temples.

"I feel such agony here!" she exclaimed—and, before her supporter could prevent her, she sprang from him, and stood in the centre of the apartment.

Her eyes were now wide open and brilliant, and her cheeks were red, and clear, and hot, and her forehead pale.

"Mother! mother! mother!" she moaned, clasping her hands piteously; "do not be so cruel! See how you lure him away from me! Ah, mother! you look like a beautiful serpent, enchanting him! I see your great eyes burning down into his! I told you I would die, mother, if you took him from me! and look!"—pressing her hands on her heart—"there is such a pain here, that I know I am dying! Dying—dying, mother! and you killed me!"

Cleveland shuddered at the unnaturally brilliant eyes that were fixed upon him with a gaze of reproach and feverish agony; he shuddered at that wild look and burning form—his Effie was delicious! But he would not summon help yet—he wished to hear from her raving lips the whole of this mystery. The young girl now came a step towards him, and the expression of her face changed—her large eyes were troubled, and tender, and pleading.

"My own Cleveland! do not look so coldly upon me! for sweet mercy's sake, turn away that bitter look! I did not mean to be cold to you—believe me, I did not! and when I saw you look so despairing—oh! Cleveland, my heart was breaking—slowly, slowly breaking! But she bade me do so, dearest—she compelled me! I pleaded to the stars, and they did not listen! I prayed to the angels, and they heard me not! Cruel! cruel! cruel! It is terrible, to see you look so—do I not shrink and quiver before your gaze? Oh! Cleveland, I shall shriek out, if you do not pity me and forgive! See, I am at your feet—at your feet, Cleveland!"

The young girl was kneeling at his feet, with her pale, thin hands outstretched to him; her whole face was brilliant with fever, and softened by its pleading expression. It would have touched a heart of stone to have seen that burning, beautiful, mournful face! If the mother had witnessed it, it might have smote her heart! The lover's breast hardly held its bursting emotions. "Oh, curses on that beautiful deceiver! curses on my silly self!" he exclaimed, in the bitterness of anger and remorse.

"You curse me, Cleveland?" said the poor girl, in a reproachful tone, clasping his knees, and hiding her wild, sad face.

"Curse you for my own mad folly? Dearest, look upon me! see! I am beseeching you to listen to me! I love you so tenderly—so dearly!"

He took her up from the floor, and supported her in his arms, trying to soothe her, and make her comprehend him.

"Is it indeed you, Cleveland? have you come to take me from my dreadful mother? Ah! she deceived you so terribly, that it broke my heart! Let us sit down and talk about it!"

They sat down on the sofa, and he held her.

"Hark! I hear the flowers in the conservatory laughing and singing, because you love me yet, and will take me away! I am so happy—my heart is all in a flutter—my brain is burning—do you hear them laugh? Ah! they are moaning—it is not you—you must be my poor mother! Yes, it is you, Cleveland! I hear your deep voice—my mother's voice is sweeter, but it is deceitful! I do not love her—do you, dearest? Now I remember, you told her that you would love her, and it made my heart ache; but we will love her together, and—are you here, dear? it is so dark, I cannot see you!"

Here she sank against him more heavily, and murmured inarticulately. He had heard enough to set his soul on fire; and, very much alarmed at the illness of his Effie, he laid her carefully on the sofa, felt her throbbing temples, and hurriedly rang the bell.

"Call Mrs. Linn," he said, to the servant.

In a short time Isabel came back into the apartment, with a soft blush, and a look of inquiry.

"Your daughter is ill!" he said, almost sternly.

The haughty woman turned pale, and would have stammered out a question, but, passing her with a cold bow,

Cleveland Merefort hurried into the streets, and paced them with restless steps.

Effie loved him yet—oh, joy! but Effie was very ill, and would not probably live—oh, unutterable agony!

CHAPTER IV.

It was the crisis of the fever!

Profound silence was in the marble mansion of Mrs. Linn. In one of the lower apartments, with his face buried in the arms which were folded over a chair, knelt Cleveland Merefort—waiting in intense anxiety for the messenger who should bear the fatal or joyful tidings; moving not—scarcely breathing—in his suspense.

In the chamber above, the sick girl lay sleeping. The nurse, physician, and mother were gathered around her bed. Wasted, and pale, and still, she lay on the white pillow; the breath just trembled on her pallid lips.

The mother sat with her head drooped on her hands, watching the face of her child. God forgive her! but, as she looked upon that sweet but deathly face, there was hope in her heart, which she dared not acknowledge to herself, that the crisis might not be favourable! deeper emotions than those called up by the situation of the child agitated her, though her face was pale and calm. She feared—indeed she knew—that the man she loved must know all; for his stern look, and the incoherent ravings of Effie, convinced her of this.

Very, very fallible and slender, therefore, were the hopes she entertained of now succeeding. A tempest of varying passions—love, anger, sorrow, mortification, revenge—every feeling by turns burned in her bosom.

After a long, weary watch, the sleep of the invalid was broken. She unclosed her eyes: in an instant the doctor was bending over her.

"She will live, madam," he said, after a moment of suspense.

"Ah, heaven be praised!" said the nurse; and, approaching Mrs. Linn, she whispered: "There is a young gentleman down stairs, in a dreadful fret to hear from our dear young lady—shall I send word that she is better, and will get well?"

The mother started, and changed countenance.

"I will go myself, and tell him this happy news," she said; and, kissing her daughter's forehead, she hurried from the room.

It was a great effort for her to appear calm, as she entered the room where Cleveland was yet kneeling. But she need not have striven so hard, for he had that moment forgotten his position towards her. When she entered, he sprang up.

"Tell me instantly, Mrs. Linn—oh, speak! is she dying?"

"The crisis is past—the physician pronounces her out of danger!"

The lover clasped his hands fervently.

"And now, dear one," said the lady, with the smile of an angel, "now that this anxiety is over, we can again spend a charming hour together! Sit here—I want to talk of all that has happened since we were separated by this unfortunate illness."

Mr. Merefort declined the seat she proffered, with a cold, impatient air.

"Can I not be permitted to look upon the poor sufferer—my Effie?" he asked.

Isabel did not blush nor frown, but replied with her everlasting, beautiful smile.

"Ah, I scarcely know! any excitement might—"

"But she shall not see me—I will not speak!" interrupted the lover, eagerly. "Believe me, I will be discreet!"

The lady gnashed her teeth secretly, but smiled again.

"Come, then; but I will not answer for you to the doctor!" she said.

He followed her with a beating heart; and, silently entering the sick room, stood by the bed-side, concealed by the curtain.

Oh, his darling, beautiful, suffering Effie! He would have given a fortune, had he possessed it, to press that wasted form to his breast, and see a smile on that pale, pure cheek. Still, and colourless, and exquisitely lovely she lay—so motionless and pure, like a rare statue, only more spiritual, more transparent.

"Doctor," she said, faintly, as they all gazed on her, "have I been very ill?"

"Yes, my dear lady; but you must not speak now."

She moved her eyes slowly, till they fell on her mother's face.

"You here, my dear mother?" and, as her eyes still wandered, they rested on the countenance of her lover, who, in his agitation, had advanced within sight: a faint, sweet smile shone then from those large eyes; "and you, too, Cleveland? then mother has repented! You are mine! bless you—bless you, mother!" she almost whispered—she was so weak.

No one heard her but the two interested. Mrs. Linn grew pallid.

"The young lady must cease talking," here interrupted the doctor.

Effie made an effort to extend her hand to her betrothed, as he was turning away: he took it, held it a moment tenderly, looking down into those loving, languid eyes with mournful interest; then turned away, and left the house, despite the still placid invitation of the lady to remain.

After he departed, Mrs. Linn's tender smile vanished. She went to her room, closed the door, and paced hurriedly to and fro. The mask of sweetness was thrown aside, and it was frightful to see her in the paroxysms of mortification and disappointment. She tore her magnificent hair, ill it hung in dishevelled masses around her haughty form;

she bit her convulsed lips till they were stained with blood; she snatched her jewels, and flung them away; she stamped her delicate feet till they were blistered; she tore the muslin drapery from her beautiful arms, and the folds of silk and linen from her swelling, passionate, wild, mad heart! She threw herself prostrate on the floor, with her black locks and torn garments streaming around her. Then she arose, and lifted up, in threatening grandeur, her clenched hand. Splendid, yet degrading sight! passions that, cultivated and restrained, would have made her sublime in womanly power, now raging uncontrolled—wrecking and convulsing their fair tenement! One moment she was a hateful fury, debased by anger and malice, grinding her teeth and tearing herself; the next, she was terribly, touchingly beautiful—as anguish, and sorrow, and regret, at this blighting of her first, strong love agitated her. Then the dark eyes were thrown upward, in an intensity of agony, their long lashes trembling on the contracted brows; then her burning lips quivered, and her small hands pressed her throbbing bosom; then the attitude of that superb form was eloquent of despair.

Half the night the excited woman gave herself up to this uncontrolled outbreak of her emotions. What dreadful thoughts suggested themselves during that time, who shall say? That she did curse her daughter for falling ill, for getting well, is true; but whether darker thoughts of yet making that recovery impossible brooded in her selfish soul, the events that followed only witnessed to. We know that such things have transpired—and Isabel Linn was wilful, passionate, unprincipled, uncontrolled; she loved her daughter's affianced, and hated that daughter.

Completely exhausted, Isabel at length threw herself on the bed, and fell into a muttering slumber. It was late next day when she awoke. She sprang from her couch, and hastened to the mirror. It gave back her features pale and haggard; her lips were blood-stained, her eyes heavy: there seemed wrinkles on that beautiful face.

"It will never do to indulge in this!" she murmured. I look ten years older than I did yesterday!"

From that time forward, for several days, the haughty, cold, indifferent manner of Isabel, was changed for one of gentleness and suavity, at least, before Cleveland—who came every day, as Effie grew stronger, to sit beside her couch: sometimes silently holding her hand, sometimes reading to her, and sometimes whispering dear words which brought a faint hue of happiness to the cheek of the invalid. Isabel even took the lover to her boudoir one day, and humbled herself before him, confessing, with penitential sorrow, that she had been the cause of Effie's illness; but that she had no idea that so mere a child was really so interested—that her own wild love blinded her; but that now she saw the wrong, and had made a great effort, for her child's sake, to smother her own feelings; and she thought that she had conquered them; when Effie was well enough, they would have a wedding. She could smile now, to see her two children wed one another.

Cleveland pitied and forgave her, and went away with a heart full of joy, to talk to his betrothed about it; and the invalid, too, smiled and blushed, and seemed a great deal better.

CHAPTER V.

CLEVELAND MEREFORT was threading his way through one of the bye-streets of his native city. Though he was not a rich man, he had a heart and a purse for the suffering: and now, with his fine, intellectual face beaming with kindness, he was on a visit to one of the poor men he had at some time employed, who was now sick. As he turned a corner in the dirty street, a lady, in a plain, dark dress, and thick veil, glided before him, without perceiving him. He watched her with interest, wondering if she, too, was bent on a charitable errand—for that she was elegant and fastidious he saw, though she was in this low part of the city. Her whole demeanour, despite the plain dress, was so haughty and graceful, that he was almost sure that the lady was Mrs. Linn.

After preceding him for a short distance, she paused a moment, and then entered, with a hesitating step, a dingy house, which, the young man at once recollected, was the abode of a necromancer, and dealer in love and hate philters. Convinced that it was Mrs. Linn, he strove to conjecture her errand, but was at a loss. He proceeded on his mission of mercy, and then wended his way to the residence of his dear invalid.

Effie was now so strong that she came down every day and sat in the easy chair, in the back drawing-room—the pleasant room that opened into the conservatory.

As he was now in the habit of doing, Cleveland entered the hall without ringing the bell; and, going first into the front drawing-room, he paused a moment, when he saw that the inner door was half open, to look, unperceived, upon the fair sufferer.

She sat by the open window, with her head resting on her hand. She wore a light-blue morning dress, her hair was pushed back wearily from her forehead, and a slight flush of anticipated pleasure, probably, was on her clear, soft cheek. Her face was the purest thing out of heaven! and now, spiritualised yet more by suffering, it was unearthly in its loveliness.

While the lover, with suspended breath, was feeding his soul on this rare beauty, he saw, through the partially closed door, Mrs. Linn enter behind Effie, holding something wrapped in paper in her hand. Her bonnet and veil were cast aside, but it was the same dark dress. She paused at a stand where stood some cooling drink for the invalid, and, pouring some of this from the cut-glass pitcher into a silver cup, she dropped the contents of the

paper into the goblet. Had it not been that her hand trembled so violently, and that she grew so deathly pallid, he would have supposed, of course, that it was some powder prescribed. But her face wore such a strange expression, and she pressed her hand to her heart, as if to strengthen some purpose, that immediately the thought of the visit to the necromancer flashed over him. He grew quite faint at the thought, and leaned against the wall, still watching the inner room. When the mother grew more calm, she went to her daughter, and kissed her cheek.

"You are a little feverish this morning, I fear?" she said, kindly.

"No mother, I feel better—almost well!" was the reply.

"I will roll the stand here, where you can drink when you are thirsty," continued the lady; and, deigning as she said, she left the room, remarking: "Cleveland will be here soon, I suppose!"

The sweet girl blushed, and, as the door closed after her parent, ere the blush faded, Cleveland entered and called it back.

He sat a moment or two, conversing pleasantly.

"So you are almost well, are you, dearest?" I heard your mother say you must drink this beverage: so, as you are well enough to tease now, I shall give it all to the canaries and lap-dog!—and the lover arose and emptied the contents of the cup into the China dishes on each side the gilded cage of the golden warblers, and the rest into the porcelain plate of little Fidele. Then he filled it again from the pitcher, and watered a portion of the plants in the conservatory, and set the goblet back, with a gay face.

CHAPTER VI.

EFFIE, dear, cannot you trust me? Cannot you place entire confidence in what I say? Believe me it is only necessity that urges me—a pressing necessity, which I keep from you, for your own happiness.

"I do trust you, Cleveland; but it is so strange, when we were to have been married in a few weeks, to propose so strange a step! Tell me all, Cleveland, or I cannot decide."

The lovers sat in a little sylvan temple in the garden, and they supposed they were entirely alone; but Isabel, coming herself to summon the young couple to tea, heard the eager questions of the gentleman, and paused to listen outside the doorway, which was made of marble, in the shape of two sweet statues, with their hands linked together overhead.

"Oh, Effie—Effie! I cannot tell you anything, except that the reason is good! Do not hesitate, then: be mine to-night, and to-morrow we will be far away on our journey to a southern home! When I tell you, Effie, that it is for your own safety and welfare, you will not refuse me!"

"Leave my home, my mother, for ever—be married secretly—go to the south—conceal from my mother where I am? Oh! Cleveland, it is not possible! it cannot be!"

"Speak, dearest! what do you suspect?"

"You have not by accident committed—you have not—tell me, have you committed some terrible crime?"

"Oh! Effie, then you do not confide in me, when I tell you that I have done nothing wrong! You will not place yourself in my keeping now, under circumstances a little darkened; yet in a few weeks you will trust your happiness to me! If you cannot consent now to give all to me, I cannot accept the gift at a more fitting time: I have told you I have done all this for you. I have made sacrifices for your happiness. I would willingly tell you all now, only that I assure you it is better that you should not know. Effie, do you believe me?"

"I do! I do! But my mother—my lonely, desolate mother—my home—to leave them for ever!"

"Do you love them better than him you have promised to wed?"

The young girl burst into tears.

"Dearest—my own sweet one!" pleaded the lover; "it is cruel, I know, to tear you away from them! It is natural that you should hesitate. I hardly, myself, realised this—the necessity was so very great! Yet you must go—you must be mine to-night. And if you will not feel satisfied without, you shall know the cause: though, I assure you, you would be happier in ignorance. Yet, rather than you should suspect me of any crime, I will tell you all!"

"No—no!" interrupted the lovely girl; "tell me nothing! I will trust to the words you have spoken. Heart and soul are yours already, and, if you say so, to-night I will be yours!"

At this moment, Mrs. Linn stood in the temple. A scornful smile was on her lip, and her eyes flashed fire.

"So, my grateful, loving little bird is going to fly away—is she? I shall have to fasten her cage doors to-night! Can Mr. Merefort explain the meaning of this?"

Effie lifted up her face, which was very pale now, and stood with her eyes cast down. She had always feared her mother, and as she heard her speak in that distinct and hissing tone, she clung closer to her lover. She felt that those fierce eyes would annihilate her if she looked up.

"I cannot explain, Mrs. Linn," said the young man, firmly; you have given your child to me, and I claim her now!"

"I retract the promise, then!" was the disdainful reply; "I did not anticipate this—it was not part of the contract! Can you tell me what one so poor as you is to do with that delicate child? You are very discreet, Effie!" she added, with an accent of bitter scorn.

"Mother!" said the fair girl, with unusual firmness,

"you choose riches; and how are you repaid? My choice is love!"

"Bless you, Effie!" said the young man, folding his arms around her.

"Effie will stand without your aid, if you please!" said the mother, haughtily.

The proud man pressed her closer, and looked up at the excited woman with a calm smile.

"Henceforth her home is here!" he said, with dignified tenderness.

"It is a home which ill befits the daughter of Isabel Linn!" was the sneering reply; "*I have a presentiment* that my dainty child will not live very long, under such gentle care!"—and a flush of dark triumph made the beautiful fiend look awful.

Cleveland looked steadily in those triumphant eyes, and said, with slow and distinct emphasis:

"*I have a presentiment* that she will live longer in my humble home, than under the care of her affectionate mother; that potions received from the necromancer are not healthy for such delicate creatures, let the late death of your flowers, your canaries, and your lap-dog testify!"

Effie looked up with a startled and frightened look, turning as white as a lily, as she met her mother's gaze.

For a moment the betrayed and discomfited woman stood motionless, growing paler and more pale; her great, dark eyes were distended, and her lips parted; then, pressing her hands over her mouth, as if to repress the thrilling scream which burst forth, she sank slowly down to the floor.

"My mother!" murmured Effie, kneeling beside her, as she saw a crimson torrent of blood gush from the lips of the magnificent but fatally thwarted woman.

The blood-vessel which burst proved fatal: the physician—speedily summoned—could not save her; and ere the morning broke, she was dead.

"Forgive—forgive!" she faintly whispered, some hours before she expired. Effie and Cleveland heard her, and pressed her cold hands.

Her death was an accident—so people thought—caused by falling, and receiving an internal injury.

When the bright form of Isabel Linn was shrouded for the coffin, bitterly—bitterly Effie wept over it. She had already forgotten the great crime her mother had meditated against her; and Cleveland shuddered and wept, too, for his Effie's sake.

The life of Isabel had been a mockery—for she worshipped riches, and was rewarded accordingly. She was buried with funeral pomp; and that was the end of all.

No, not yet the end; nor yet quite a mockery—for Isabel was a mother!—mother to the pure, the angel-like, and surpassingly lovely wife of the gifted Cleveland Merrett; the kind creature who lived so many years to dispense mercies with her delicate hands.

FACETIÆ.

TO SHARPEN A MAN'S MEMORY.—Borrow five pounds of him.

A FORLORN HOPE.—The widow that wishes to die an old maid.

WHY are soldiers like clocks? Because their first duty is to "mark time."

NATURAL MAGIC—some one defines as being a pretty girl. We cannot gainsay it for the life of us.

WHAT makes a lawyer's position so perilous? Because he has other men's deeds to answer for as well as his own.

A late Dublin paper contains the following advertisement: *To Let.*—The upper part of a cellar, to a small family, rent low. P.S.—Privilege on the side walk for a pig.

A BASS VIOL.—A small bottle filled with "doctor's stuff."

A late traveller, in speaking of Austria, says that one half of the people are under arms to keep the other half in gaol.

If five and a half yards make a Pole, how many would go to the composition of a Laplander? Answer by return mail.

A poor woman went to an eminent but eccentric surgeon, to inquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound. "Put on a cataplasm," was the answer. "But, doctor, it's for a little child." "Then put on a kitten-plasm."

If you doubt whether two skulls are better than one, just undertake to row against the tide some day.

The question has often been asked: "Why an elephant is like a thousand of bricks?" and the answer invariably is: "Because neither of them can climb a tree." A friend suggests that the true reason is, "because neither of them wears yarn stockings."

If a spoonful of yeast will raise forty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel with.

A traveller went into an inn after a shower, and asked the landlord to show him a good fire; "for," said he, "I'm very wet;" and then turning to the waiter, he said: "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm plaguey dry."

A functionary at Sleaford has the following on his sign-board: "Letter-carrier by appointment, almoner town-crier, primary envoy, external paper-hanger, renovator of faded habiliments, hair abbreviator, ambrosia dealer, adroit horse-trimmer, and general agent, &c."

CON.—Why are a country-girl's cheeks like well printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep their colour.

The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Parliament may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example.

DOBBS says that he has always noticed that the slight acquaintance of a great man is generally a person that the great man slights.

CHARACTERS.—The following amusing circumstance is stated to have occurred at a fancy-ball given in Washington City, recently. It was understood that every person was to dress in character, and an usher was stationed at the door of the saloon, to announce to the company within, the different characters as they entered. Two young ladies appeared at the entrance. "Your characters?" asked the usher in a whisper. "We do not appear in costume to-night!" said the two young ladies. "Two ladies without any characters," bawled out the usher, at the top of his voice.

JONATHAN TRYING TO TURN THE TABLES.—A new play, called "The White Slave of England," has been performed in New York, at the Broadway Theatre. The details of the plot are ludicrously inaccurate. Grind, taskmaster of Lord Overland's white slaves, is represented as kicking coal-miners with top-boots, and goading them with a cudgel tipped with tennepenny nails. Women are represented carrying baskets of coals, as they did formerly. Then there is a white slave-market, and a woman with a halter round her neck is sold for twenty shillings. The whole ends with a scene to show the comparative happiness of the blacks in the Southern States of the American Union.

WHY is a sharp-nosed woman like the great wall of China? Because, if crossed, you're apt to find a Tartar.

WHAT is the difference between Scott's best novel and Desdemona? Listen, and we'll inform you. One was the "Bride of Lammermoor," while the other was the bride that "the Moor" lam'd. The young man that perpetrated the above, left for New York in a fish-car last week. A cordwainer mourns his untimely departure.

THE BENCH MISBEHAVING ITSELF.—The Hull magistrates are learned in physiognomy, and delight to prove that justice can use her eyes to advantage. Three girls were examined lately, when the following dialogue—which we take from the police report in the *Hull Advertiser*—occurred. Mr. Cookman (magistrate): Pull up your veils, girls. (Loud laughter.) The women hesitated and blushed. Mr. Steed (solicitor): Pull them up, the gentlemen want to have a look at your pretty faces. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Greaves (solicitor): You can't do any harm if you only lift up your veils. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Blyth (magistrate): Come up with them. (Continued laughter.) Mr. Steed: Why, what's the use of being so long about it; pull up your veil, Elizabeth; the magistrates like to see a pretty face. (Convulsive laughter.) Mr. Cookman: You'd better lift them up; we want to see who you are. (Laughter.) The three girls then lifted up their veils, but one of them, Elizabeth Mills, shortly afterwards, when the prosecutor entered into details and cross-examined, again hid her countenance from view, and put down her veil.

LADIES' STOCKINGS.—At a camp-meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good-humour, rose and said: "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down!" This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats.

PHOTOGRAPHY ANTICIPATED.—Sir George Beaumont, about forty or fifty years ago, hoaxed the good people of London very pleasantly, by advertising in a fashionable newspaper, that Signor Sketcherelli Vittrious, a wonderful Italian artist, had arrived in town, and taken apartments at No. 46, Bond Street, to practise his newly-invented method of likeness-taking. His method was—to place his sitters before a looking-glass, and then, by the chemic agency of a peculiar fire, to *bake* the reflection hard and fast on the polished surface. Hundreds and hundreds of silly people crowded to No. 46, Bond Street, to have their likenesses *baked*; while Sir George sat at the window of his hotel opposite, sipping his Burgundy, and maliciously enjoying the fun.

PARLIAMENTARY COGNOMINA.—The following names will be found constituting the members of the House of Commons returned to sit in the present Parliament, which, when put together, appear somewhat strange aliquot parts of the constitutional body at large: A Court with two Kings, with Grace, a Duke, a Hale Knight, and a Hastie French Marshall. A Portal, two Halls, and two Chambers, with a Guest, and one Bell. A Wall with a Walpole. A Forester, a Roebuck, a Buck, besides a Bagge Fox and a Talbot. A Monck, a Goodman, and a Shee-Hayter, Cocks and a Vane Peacocke. A Masterman, two Carters, with a Mare and Packe. Currie and Rice, with Greene Lemon Peel. A Butler, with two Butts. A Collier and Pryme Yorke Coles, with two Prices. A Woodhouse and Hutt, with Barnes, and a Freshfield with Hill and Wood. A Miller, with two Mills, two Brookes, besides Wells. A Cootie, a Swift, and a Martin. A Wise Child. A Potter, with Clay Balls. Six Smiths (Bright Fellows). A Taylor, a Tyler, a Sadleir, and a Palmer. Milton, Thompson, Cowper, and Shelley. Power, North, East, and West. A Hogg with Lowe Manners. A Scott and a Kirk, and, by way of winding up the list, two Dunnes and a Baillie.

A late writer says that the fact that men can go into bankruptcy, and yet laugh afterwards, is strong proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. A Roman tailor, incapable of meeting his debts, would have strangled himself with a bed-wrench. Things have been completely revolutionised. It is not the tailor who now gives up to despair and cordage, but his creditors.

A HOME ARGUMENT.—A lecturer, addressing an audience, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that art could not improve nature, when one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming: "How would you look without a wig?"

The national peculiarities of a people are shown as strongly in the naming of ships, as in more consequential matters. The Spaniard displays the religious tendency of his mind by such titles as "the Holy Trinity" and "the Twelve Apostles." The French exhibit their sensuality in the "Prima Donnas" and "Madame Ceritas." The industry and love of money of the Dutch, shows itself in such titles as the "Beaver" and "Gold Hunter." John Bull comes out in the shape of "Spitfires" and "Boxers," "Thunderers," and "Devastations." Jonathan goes his length on speed, progression, and universal dominion—a peculiarity that shows itself in such names as "Flying Cloud," "Sovereign of the Seas," "West Wind," "Wild Pigeon," "Empress of the Deep," and "Frightened Lightning." In our opinion, a philosopher could get up quite a truthful history of a people, without consulting any other documents than the stems of their ships.

"STOP MY PAPER."—When a man gets mad and stops his paper, he always borrows the next number of his neighbour, to see if the withdrawal of his patronage hasn't killed the editor and dressed the columns in mourning. This grows out of the fact that none try to show their spite in this way but the kind of people who imagine that the world rests on their shoulders.

GASTRONOMIC PROGRESS.—M. Soyer has now come forward with a new discovery, consisting of an improved method of making *mustard*! This shows that the "Gastronomic Regenerator" is no longer a mere *class* caterer; for we recollect him formerly as being partial to the "broad brim," inasmuch as that he stuck firmly to the *pepper and salt*! This "*per Saltrum*!"

TURNING THE TABLES.—A correspondent of the *Dublin Warder* shows how an old acquaintance once turned the tables upon the bailiffs. Two smart-looking fellows dressed as sailors, and with a rolling, seaman-like gait, called at his house, and chucking the servant girl under the chin, told her to tell her master that they had brought commands from his brother, who was at that time at sea. The credulous debtor eagerly opened the door, and was soon in the arms of the bailiffs. After complimenting them upon their ingenuity, he invited them into a back parlour, and begged they'd wait till he'd send off a bit of a note to a friend that he expected would arrange it for him. "The messenger was back in the shakin' of a lamb's tail; and my dear life, 'twasn't long till the tables wor rightly turned, and the brace o' shoulder tappers frightened out o' their seven sinases by the arrival of a press-gang; and, says Mister Blake, throwin' the Freemasons' sign to the officer, who happened, as Providence would order it, to be a Leithrim man, 'Here's a pair o' light active chaps, that have deserted their ship, and are disgracin' the blue jacket by actin' as bailiffs.' Sure enough that was a sore day for the disguised bailiffs, for, notwithstanding their entreaties, they were obliged to go with the gang!"

CATECHISM OF THE FINE ARTS.

Q.—What is Poetry?
A.—Too frequently "doggrel." Some prefer *measures* to imagination; but, properly speaking, *imagination* ought to be allowed to take its own *measures*.

Q.—What is meant by Music?
A.—Music is generally supposed to be a succession of sounds which create agreeable sensations; but this is a fallacy, since it too frequently happens that the sounds at our modern theatres promote just the reverse feeling. Vocalists who *ascend the scale* in their own estimation, generally *go down* the scale in public opinion.

Q.—What is an Overture?
A.—A proposal of marriage to a pretty girl.

Q.—And a Symphony?

A.—A Symphony is the expressed approbation of the couple about to be "made one," which is thoroughly within musical rules, as *all* parties ought to play together as *one* executant.

Q.—What is a Solo?

A.—A "Solo" is a somewhat solitary affair, and is best illustrated when a lover is expecting his "ladye love," who is rather behind her appointment.

Q.—What is a Duo?

A.—A Duo is redolent of sweet sounds, being no more nor less than the "protestations of faith" between the lover and the beloved.

Q.—Then what do you understand by a Trio?

A.—It is not so agreeable as a Duo. On the contrary, it is calculated to mar musical effect—since it is well known that "*two* are company, but *three* are none!"

SNAIL EATING IN ENGLAND AND ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Snail-eating is not uncommon. When a youth, I took a dozen snails every morning to a lady who was of a delicate constitution, and to whom they were recommended as wholesome food. They were boiled, and mixed up with milk. They were the common snail, usually found about old garden walls. A friend of mine, in walking round his garden, was in the habit of picking the snails off his fruit-trees, and eating them raw."

He was sometimes fastidious, for I have seen him take a snail, put it to his tongue, and reject it as not of a good flavour, and select another more agreeable to his taste. We are strange creatures of habit, especially in our feeding. I am fond of oysters, muscles, and cockles; but I do not think anything could induce me to taste a snail, a periwinkle, or a limpet." A second remark: "This practice is very general in Italy. While residing near Florence, my attention was often attracted by a heap of fifty or one hundred very clean, empty snail-shells, in a ditch, or under a bush; and I indulged in many vain speculations before I could account for so strange a phenomenon. One day, however, I happened to meet the *contadina* coming out of my garden with a basket on her arm, and from her shy, conscious manner, and an evident wish to avoid my seeing the contents, I rather suspected she had been making free with my perches. To my surprise, however, I found that she was laden with the delicious *frutti-di-terra* (sometimes so called, as the Echinus, so common along the Indian coast, is called *frutti-di-mare*); and, thinking that she had been collecting them simply from regard to my fruit and vegetables, I thanked her for kind services. But she understood me ironically, and, with a great deal of confusion, offered to carry them to the kitchen, apologising most elaborately, and assuring me that she would on no account have taken them, had not our cook told her we despised them, and that she would no doubt be welcome. I asked her what in the world she intended to do with them: and, with a look of amazement at my question, even surpassing mine at the reply, she informed me that her brother and his wife had come to pay them a visit, and that, with my kind permission, she would thus treat them to *una bellissima cena*. She had collected about three quarts during a search of two hours. The large brown kind only are eaten. Among the poor, they are generally esteemed a delicacy, and are reputed to be marvellously nutritious."—*Notes and Queries*.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.—*Tupper*.

THE worst men often give the best advice.—*Bailey*.

AMBITION is a lust that's never quenched, grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment.—*Uwacy*.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.—*Roscommon*.

It is indeed a blessing, when the virtues of noble races are hereditary; and so derive themselves from the imitation of virtuous ancestors.

To make the cunning artless, tame the rude, subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul; yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth, and lead him forth as a domestic cur, these are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.

It is a glorious occupation, vivifying and self-sustaining in its nature, to struggle with ignorance, and discover to the inquiring minds of the masses the clear cerulean blue of heavenly truth.

PERHAPS perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character.

THE drunkard begets children in his own image, like him in propensities not less than in features, and so is the guilty means of entailing on them a descending curse.

No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould and tilled with manure! Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven.

I have found that the most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind, nor the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

A word of kindness. It is a seed, which even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

A princely mind will ruin a private fortune. Keep the rank in which Providence has placed you; and do not make yourself unhappy because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expense of one extravagant person.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE first opera ever composed was "Daphne," sung at Florence, near the end of the sixteenth century: the words by Rinuccini, and the music by Peri.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion, who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweeping estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship. What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love? Woman's love is a robe that wraps her from many a storm.

A CHASE ACROSS THE PAMPAS.—We now entered upon the plains, where for the first time I saw wild deer and ostriches—and here we enjoyed a glorious chase. We were going at rather a gentle pace, when we came upon a herd of deer: they did not appear to take much notice of us, until we were near enough for them to hear the mare's bell, the sound of which attracted their notice—for they turned their heads, and stood with ears erect, and their bits of tail stiff with expectation. We gave a long tally-

ho, which sent off both horses and deer at a killing pace, and being compelled, *volens volens*, to keep up with them, we seemed as if in full chase of a troop of wild colts. It was most princely sport—Nimrod himself never had a finer chase. The cattle on the estancia cleared out, leaving a broad open space for our coursers, and for a long distance we followed, at full speed, a quarry composed of colts, deer, and ostriches. Storks, turkey-buzzards, and countless flocks of birds, poised on their wings, as if astonished at the unwonted sight. At length the ostriches and deer parted company, and we very gladly saw our tropilla slackening their pace. It reminded me of a superstition amongst the natives: almost every night, at about the same hour, it is said, all the dogs in the country commence a most melancholy howling, as if they were lamenting the dead; and the natives say that this occurs when some spirit rides past on his nightly rounds, mounted on a wild colt, and driving a troop of horses before him.—*Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces*.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of the ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt: it's a promise—redeem it; it's a shilling—hand it over—you know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to children: they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effects will probably be as lasting as life. MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.

WHICH IS THE TINKER.—A modern writer, whose name we omit, out of charity, has published 'an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which he has undertaken to tinker the work of the incomparable dreamer by putting brass to Bunyan's gold. According to this gentleman, "the work, in the state in which John Bunyan left it, cannot safely be put into the hands of children," and as he, the editor, considers that it teaches "formal heresy," "he cannot be called dishonest for making his author speak what he believes that, with more knowledge, the author would have said." Had he lived yet, and known this, he certainly would have said some sharpish things about it, we opine.—*Scottish Press*.

PETITIONS AGAINST THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS.—We have seen a petition about to be presented to the legislature, against the desecration of the Sabbath by the opening of the Sydenham Palace on the Lord's Day, which is now in course of signature, by the working classes and labourers of Belfast and Ballymacarrick exclusively, the subscriptions to which already number four thousand six hundred and ninety, and which, it is expected, will reach to six thousand. The petition, with its signatures, for ms a roll fifteen or twenty yards in length, and sets out in full, not only the names, but the occupations and residences of the subscribers. It will, we understand, be presented in the House of Commons, by Mr. Cairns, who has expressed his cordial sympathy with the movement. This is a worthy example to set to all the other large communities in the province, whence it is expected that a most formidable protest will be ready to meet the petitions now getting up in London and elsewhere, in favour of the Sabbath desecrating scheme. The petitioners mainly rest their prayer on the ground that the proposed measure would inevitably lead to the employment of a vast number of hands on the Sabbath, and would tend to degrade them, as a class, in the eyes of the nation. Some idea, indeed, of the Sabbath labour which the scheme would create, may be formed from the fact, that a sum of £30,000 is about to be expended by a Sydenham hotel-keeper in stabling accommodation alone.

FRENCH LAW OF MARRIAGE.—The Imperial court of Paris (says *Galignani*), has just been occupied for three days in hearing arguments, in a case which may be of some interest to English people. In 1823, Captain Weir, of the English navy, came to live with his family in France, and took up his residence at Loches. He had a daughter, Emma. When she attained the age of twenty-three, she was sought in marriage by M. Alfred Perault, an officer of a cavalry regiment; and as he knew that his father would object to his marrying, he went with her to Jersey, where they were married by a Protestant minister, without any of the formalities required to be observed by the French law. This was in September, 1831, and in November, 1832, a son was born. M. Perault's father took law proceedings, for the purpose of having the marriage annulled, on the ground that it had been clandestinely celebrated. At first, M. Perault, jun., and his wife opposed these proceedings; but after awhile they separated, and allowed them to take their course. The marriage was accordingly declared null by the Tribunal of Nantes and the Court of Rennes. Some years after, M. A. Perault and his father and mother died, and their fortune passed to Madame de Julvécourt, sister of the former, and daughter of the two latter. In 1852, Madame Weir demanded from Madame de Julvécourt a portion of M. A. Perault's property for her son; and as this was refused, she brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against that lady, for the purpose of having the claim allowed. She contended, in support of it, that both she and Perault had celebrated the marriage in the belief that it was perfectly regular, and that, even if it were not, the son ought not to suffer. But the tribunal declared that it was tainted with fraud, that she must be assumed to have known that—and that consequently the son had no claim to any portion of his father's property. She appealed to the imperial court, but the judgment was confirmed. In the course of the proceedings, it was stated that M. de Julvécourt, husband of the defendant, had promised that Madame Weir's son should be provided for.

WHITE ROSES.—In an old newspaper, the *Weekly Journal*, or *British Gazetteer*, of Saturday, June 15, 1723, I find the following paragraph: "Monday being the anniversary of the White Roses, some persons who had a mind to boast that they had bid defiance to the government, put them on early in the morning; but the mob not liking such doings, gathered about them, and demolished the wearers: which so terrified the crew, that not one of them afterwards would touch a white rose."

NINEVEH was fifteen miles by nine, and forty round, with walls one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick, and three hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The Temple of Diana was four hundred feet high, and was two hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is four hundred and eighty feet high, and six hundred and sixty-three feet on one side; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. Three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its erection. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three thousand chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. It had one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-five miles round, and so was Athens.

EDITORIAL ABILITY.—Newspaper writing, says the *Spectator*, has grown to be an art of itself. Many a literary man who thought, because the "greater includes the less," every author is, *ex-officio*, qualified to be an editor, has sunk back into the rear place of the press, after some smart writings had shown his bookish talent, and his inability to deal with facts. Others who could pour forth volumes, have failed, because they could not cope with hydraulic pressure, or prompt selection of silent points needed for the space and rapid comments of the journal: Take the best papers of London or Paris, different as the circumstances of the case may be, and you must allow that it is not every booby that could seize the moral spirit of passing history. People of some little talent fancy they can edit a newspaper, if they can do nothing else; but they eventually find their mistake. Not only is intellect, but knowledge of the world, miscellaneous information, tact, industry, rapidity of thought, a nervous style, and a capacity at once to catch the strong and weak points of every subject, are required for a good editor.

WITCHCRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The *Chambersburg Whig* relates the following singular instance of superstition, which proves that the belief in witchcraft is not yet done away with: "A correspondent, writing from Fulton county, informs us of a singular case of supposed witchcraft that occurred near Sidding Hill. There is a certain religious sect in that neighbourhood, calling themselves the Christian Church. A lady, one of the members, was taken sick, and lay for some time, until she finally imagined herself bewitched, and a sister in the church was settled upon as the witch. A meeting of the session was called in due season, at which the minister presided, and the charge of witchcraft was formally preferred against the lady. Being a new case, and, we presume, not provided for in the discipline, the session was puzzled as to the proper manner to proceed in the case. At length it was proposed that she should be asked to step over a broomstick, as it had been said that a witch could not do so; but the accused got over it without apparent difficulty. After a consultation, it was then agreed that she should be tried in a pair of weighing scales, with a Bible to balance her; and, if she were a witch, the Bible would be too heavy for her. Accordingly, she was taken to a mill, and the experiment tried; but she proved too heavy for the Bible. It was then intimated that probably her clothing prevented a fair test, and half a bushel of corn was put on the scales with the Bible, to balance the clothing; but still the lady was too heavy, and the charge was formally dismissed."

OH! LET ME KEEP MY LITTLE CHILD.

BY WILLIAM H. MCALLA.

"Cassy overhears the bargain between the slave-dealer and her master for the sale of her little child."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"Oh! take an arm—I still can wind

The other round its little form—

I still for it a home can find,

Can shield it still from life's rude storm.

Oh! take an arm—take out my eyes—

'Twill drive me mad! 'twill make me wild!

Though sight of God's bright world I prize,

I still can hear, can feel my child!

"I'll be your patient, willing slave,

I'll watch in sickness by your bed,

For you I'll every danger brave,

I'll call God's blessings on your head:

Let gentle pity touch your heart,

Nor by this vile act be defiled,

Say that we will not have to part—

Oh! let me keep my little child!

"I'll work and toil the livelong day,

I'll heed not hunger, cold, or pain,

I'll work till I am old and grey:

Let me not ask this boon in vain.

Give me the lash—I have no fear—

I'll deem your sentence kind and mild,

I'll shed not one complaining tear—

But let me keep my little child!

"Not one kind look—not one kind friend—

Of hope for me no single ray!

Will God no aid unto me send?

Must it from me be torn away?

Oh! take an arm—oh! take my eyes—

'Twill drive me mad! 'twill make me wild!

To take all on this earth I prize—

Oh! let me keep my little child!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. M.—The President steamer was lost in returning from New York, on her third voyage.

A. C.—Procure the means of an introduction to the parents. Clandestine courtships are dangerous, and rarely terminate happily.

ROLLA.—The etiquette is, that when a lady and gentleman who have been engaged disagree, and the match is broken off, the presents that may have passed between them are mutually returned.

W. W.—The clerks in county courts are appointed by the crown. The patronage is divided among the great law officers.

BRASS FOUNDER.—Substitutes for brass may be made of pewter two parts, zinc four parts, fused at 300 to 350 degrees; or pewter three parts, zinc four parts, fusible from 250 to 350 degrees.

BLUCK PRILL.—The American barbarism called Lynch law, owes its origin and name to having been first put in practice by a person of the name of Lynch. Tarring and feathering is an old Saxon punishment.

T. D.—An apprentice is bound, unless there is a special agreement to the contrary, to serve the full term of his apprenticeship. Illness or involuntary absence is no excuse.

J. B.—Pulmonary consumption, it is believed, can be given by one person to another, just as a piece of wood that has the dry rot can impart the disease to a piece that has not.

YOUNG WOMAN.—There is no process by which hair can be removed without injuring the part on which it grows. Depilatories darken the skin, and the deadly poison in them is absorbed by the ducts, and thrown into the system. The tweezers and patience are the only remedy.

ISABELLA.—Should your grandfather die intestate, you, as the only child of his deceased eldest son, would be entitled to share equally with his surviving children, in the distribution of his personal property.

J. W.—The number of gas-lamps in the metropolis is of course known. The gas companies have them classified and numbered. Taking the number of streets, squares, and lanes in the metropolis at 15,000, and supposing that on the average each has two gas-lamps, that will give a total of 30,000, which we should say was about the correct estimate.

M.—Farming all depends on the quality of the soil. The system of the north is not adapted to the south, or that of the east to the west—and so on. The Scotch system is the most scientific and economical.

MISS LUCY, at the performance of a comedy at the Haymarket Theatre, fell in love with one of the actors. She must fall out again. Let her go and see the gentleman play a villain. If that don't cure her, she had better go to a nunnery or turn poetess. A lady once saw the elder Keats in one of his most heroic characters, and she became so enamoured of him that she left him a large legacy. Some time afterwards she saw him play Luke the Labourer, and fainted. Neither Keats nor his son ever touched a farthing of the legacy.

HENRIETTA SEPTON.—Fifteen young ladies belonging to a school walked out together for seven days, in parties of three, without any two walking together twice. How was this done?

A. R. M.—You surmised correctly. We do say "Return home, and at once." We have no sympathy for prodigal sons. Besides, there are your parents to consider: have they no feelings, no hearts, no affections to be consulted? For shame! Go to them immediately, and induce them to send you out to India or the Cape, where a little roughing would tame you down to a decent young man.

M. J.—We could readily give you our interpretation of the meaning of the thirteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Revelations; but we refuse to do so, as being contrary to the principles on which this Journal has been conducted. Our interpretation would necessarily be only an opinion—and as there are now too many opinions extant on religious subjects, we would rather not give publicity to another. When people travel from the broad, undisputed facts of Christianity, they get lost in mists, fog, and darkness. It is safer to believe in promised conditions, than to attempt to give them form and substance by even the best analogical reasoning.

ADA forwards us a rebus, which we insert. My 8 5 2 1 6 7 is a river; my 4 2 8 is an animal; my 1 2 10 4 5 is a month; my 5 6 3 is a bird; my 8 5 10 9 6 is a number; my 6 2 7 3 9 10 is an university term; my 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 is a city; my 2 6 2 is a refreshing beverage; my whole is a town in Lancashire.

JOHN MOOR.—Were you the criminal with the first lady? If so, you must marry her; if not, what earthly objection can there be to your consulting your own self-respect and future happiness? Be a man—think purely and act honourably, and you will have no occasion to trouble editors with stupid questions.

JUVENIS.—The custom of wearing rings dates back to a very remote antiquity. It prevailed extensively among the Greeks and Romans. From the latter we have derived the wedding-ring and its symbolical meaning. In the middle ages rings were given and worn as symbols of authority. Every prince and noble had his signet-ring, an impression from which was essential to the validity of any legal document. In the present day, among refined people, the custom is "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

JULIA.—The following pomade for the hands has been highly recommended. Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three drachms of virgin wax, and three drachms of spermaceti. Warm these three substances in separate vessels, and then pour them all into one, taking care to stir them well with a wooden spatula, then throw them into a basinful of very clear, fresh water. Keep stirring, and change the water often, till your pomade becomes very white, then put it in rose-water or spring-water, which must be changed daily.

INQUIRER.—The term "Iron Duke" was given to the late Duke of Wellington, as the most forcible expression that could be applied to his insensibility to fear, and the indomitable resolution of his character. His nerves were steel—he had neither an ideal nor an instructive knowledge of what fear was. Having resolved upon a course of action, nothing could dissuade him from pursuing his purpose to completion. Hence the phrase "Iron Duke," for which the robustness of his physical organisation afforded additional warranty.

TOBY FRINK.—Calling a person a "liar" is not libellous in law, but it is wrathful and vulgar; and, being calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, a magistrate has the power to order the "caller" to find sureties to keep the peace for a definite period; so that this kind of explosion of passion may occasion great inconvenience, and no trifling expense; for the costs of summons, &c., must be paid.

JOHN W. EDWARD.—Don't marry until you can afford to maintain a wife in more than decency. You must also give up your pipe and glass in the evening, or the pipe and glass will give you up. It is the pipe and glass men that turn out bad husbands, bad fathers, and bad men. A prudent girl ought to look upon a pipe and glass man as striding rapidly along the high road to ruin. A pipe and glass, indeed! Why cannot you go the theatre, the concert-room, or the lecture-hall, if you want relaxation; or, what would be better, visit your intended, and, while feeling delightfully thrilled in her presence, talk lovingly of the future. We are afraid that, with all your scruples, the girl would have the worst of the bargain.

A. Z. cannot overcome the awkward habit of blushing on all occasions. Let her fall in love, and she will speedily acquire the necessary command over her nerves and susceptibility. People in love are very sly—and we believe sly, artful people never blush at all. A hint is as good, &c.

ORPHAN DAUGHTER.—A minor may hold and enjoy any description of property, but cannot dispose of land, so as to give a legal title, before he or she is twenty-one years of age. The rule does not apply to personal property in possession—such as furniture, money, or stock in trade.

JAMES RINGETT asks which is the better singer, Mr. Sims Reeves or Signor Mario. It is doubtful. Both are so very good, that choosing between them is difficult. Mario is, perhaps, more spiritual, but then Reeves has not had the same amount of experience. The temper of the English singer is against him, but undoubtedly he is a vocal genius of the highest order.

ANNA MARIA is a prudent, sensible, good wife. Her husband holds the first place in her heart, and she cannot let him be foolish if she can help it. Very proper. It seems he can barely afford to be just, and yet he wishes to be generous. His penchant must not be indulged. The lodger, whether his mother-in-law, or an angel from the skies, ought to pay for board, &c. "Give's a fool, and Take's a rogue!" said Ebenezer Elliot, and we cordially subscribe to the sentiment. But it seems the old lady wants to pay. Take the money, and tell your husband to mind his own business.

Q. V. D.—A solution of muriate of cobalt, so diluted with water, that the writing, when dry is invisible, is a good sympathetic ink. The pen must be quite new and clean. On gently warming the paper, the writing will appear of a blue or greenish colour. A solution of muriate of copper, in like manner, forms a yellow sympathetic ink, and acetate of copper, a rose or purple.

MARY.—The parish of Rotherhithe must be a very ancient one; for, in 1094, William Rufus endowed the priory of St. Saviour, which formerly stood in Bermondsey, with the manor of "Bermond's Eye," an ancient demesne of the crown, which included Camberwell, Rotherhithe, the hide of Southwark, Dulwich, and Reyham, with their appurtenances. We do not know when the church was erected.

N. N. A.—Housekeeping expenses all depend upon the station in life of the parties. But with the addition of a wife there is something else to be considered. She requires clothes and pocket-money. A wife should always have more in her possession than she actually requires, for prospective as well as present necessities. The stinginess of husbands in this respect is as cruel as it is foolish. As you have put a pointed question, we should say a person in the station in life of a clerk, should have at least £100 a-year before he took unto himself a wife. In housekeeping, the contingencies try the temper as well as the pocket. Ten pounds won't go a long way in bringing to a conclusion the solemn ceremonies to be observed before a lovely, domestic, et cetera, is enveloped in abbreviated necessities.

R. W. P.—The conclusion of your poem, "The Warbinger of Spring," contains a good idea, well expressed.

Lonely outcast of nature, foredoomed to the shade,
How many frail dreamers in thee are portray'd,
Whose hopes gaily bound, like some sun-gilded wave,
But whose joys are o'ershadow'd by grief and the grave.
Too much hath mankind—cold experience has shown—
That an emblem in thee, little floweret, must own;
Meek hearts, that are strangers to falsehood and scorn,
Are the snowdrops of life—the unfoster'd and lorn;
And souls that are noble, fair shrines of true worth,
That would emulate heaven while dwelling on earth,
That would place their proud names on the scroll of the free,
Gaunt spirit of want! are as slaves unto thee.
Peep forth, with each year, from thy nook in the vale,
To whisper pure truths in the ear of the gale;
And when the world-wearied droop o'er thee unknown,
Still prove to each bosom it grieves not alone;
Still gently remind us, when pausing to rue,
"What shadows we are, and what shades we pursue;"
And long will hards love thee, long make thee their theme—
Brave, beautiful venturer, born of a beam.

BASHFUL unintentionally accurately describes all the symptoms of a modest, maidenly regard for a man. He says: "About three years ago I became acquainted with a young lady, and, being in the habit of visiting her parents' house almost daily, we of course became very friendly, which, on my part, soon ripened into a pure and devoted love; but I have delayed from time to time to avow to her my fond partiality; why, I cannot tell, except for fear of being rejected, and that my love is not reciprocated. There are times when I fancy there is something in her manner more than ordinary friendship; at others, there is a peculiar shyness which I cannot understand, and when in the presence of friends, is cool and indifferent towards me, but when alone, she is generally kind and friendly in the extreme; I can safely assert that she is no flirt—quite the contrary—rather shy before strangers, and of a modest, amiable, and domesticated disposition. Bashful must address himself to her parents, but a preliminary declaration to the girl herself would be extremely advisable. Surely one pliant hour might be seized out of the twenty-four."

L. S.

DEAR sir, in your Journal one week,
Fitz Glennie's address met my eye;
Though a blush as I write dyes my cheek,
That it suits me I cannot deny.

Though I love not to sound my own praise,
I will not from the ordeal flinch;
I can play, sing, and draw, and can raise
A painting or two at a pinch.

I am tall, and not quite skin and bone,
My hair is abundant and jetty;
Though I'm blushing again, I must own
That every one says I am pretty.

My name is euphonious and short,
'Tis Lucy—familiarily Lou;
(Hint) I always to reading resort,
If I've nothing important to do.

My nature is gentle and kind,
My affections till now have been free;
If your Cupid will make up my mind,
I am willing his Psyche to be.

DAME DUDEN has attained her twenty-first year, and wishes to meet with a husband who would be steady, loving, and attentive. She considers herself rather intellectual. Her figure is good, she is about the middle height, with good features, and will have £1000 on her marriage-day.

MARIANNE would have much pleasure in corresponding with "A. B. C." She possesses all the requirements he seeks for in a wife, is a native of London, and has moved in the first circles. She has personal attractions commensurate with her thirst for literary and refined pursuits. She is twenty-two years of age, of the medium stature, inclining to a brunette in complexion, verging on *embonpoint*, fascinating, and accomplished. She is entitled to a large property at the death of her parents.

* * A creditor sending a letter to a debtor, with the royal arms engraved at the top, and a printed county court threat at the foot, commits an illegal action. He is not only usurping the functions of an attorney—an indictable offence—but using the royal arms, which formerly was deemed petty treason. The practice seems to have crept into extensive use lately, but we suspect will be stopped the moment a vindictive debtor lays an information.

LENOX.—At twenty-eight, a man who has sufficient moral and mental capacity ought to regard nothing possible as impossible. Mahomet was turned forty-five when he commenced the greatest revolution in society since the advent of Christianity. Milton was old, poor, and blind, when he composed his glorious "Paradise Lost"; and, to descend from poetry to substantial prose, Arkwright had passed the prime of life when he set to work and made a fortune of seven millions sterling. It is never too late to commence anything dictated by a laudable desire, and offering reasonable hopes of realisation.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Cromwell (Many thanks for your praises of our Journal. The style of the handwriting is unexceptionable).—Emigrant (Consult some of the various guide-books. We do not approve of emigration. At best it is only a make-shift. Working men and women have as much right to England, as the higher and middle-classes, and we can perceive a monstrous injustice in packing them off to the colonies, just like so many bales of manufactured goods).—R. R. S. (Read the book advertisements in the daily papers).—An Inventory Lad (An excellent specimen of handwriting).—Z. R. (Any of the first-class dealers in old books. See the "London Directory").—F. R. (An English Bible of the date 1649, would be of no value except to a collector of rare books, &c.).—Mesmer (We could not recommend any work on "Mesmerism," unless it was the "History of the so-called science").—T. O. (See the derivation of the word "Oldham," which is given in "Baines's History of Lancashire").—A. E. B. (The lines "To Emma," are pretty and musical—but blighted affections should be screened from the public eye).—W. Fraser (A full account of "Lord Lovat" will be found in the histories of the stirring events of 1745–46 and 46).—Curious (Do not be foolish. Planet ruling has gone out of fashion. A few sharp men live by imposing on the dull ones).—E. N. Sedding (We gave a full account of the "Life of Lord Nelson," in the course of "The History of the Consulate and the Empire").—Punny ("Twenty cheeses," not "twenty cheeses")—Thomas Watson (Persevere. You have a poetic vein in you).—Will Sidelier (A silver coin of the reign of Elizabeth, would not be worth more than double its intrinsic value).—T. R. M. B.—(The address would do. The works of Shakespeare comprise only his plays, sonnets, and two lengthy poems).—T. J. L. Z. P. (Thanks for your encomiums. Your suggestion will be partially carried out, but we fear the celebrities are very scarce).—A. B. (The Index and Title-page to Vol. XVI. of this Journal are on hand, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand).—Jack Robinson (Deeds of apprenticeship in the merchant service cost nothing whatever. They are prepared by the merchant, ship-owner, or broker).—Henri (The volumes of this Journal are issued half-yearly).—Slender (Hair that does not curl naturally, cannot be made to curl by any other means than putting it up in paper every night).—Cesar (All letters intended for her Majesty, must be forwarded to the Lord Steward of the Household).—A. B. S. P. (Consult "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary").—J. Martin (The explanation will be found in the "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," and the modern cyclopaedias).—Un Jeune Cleric (An employer should be addressed with respect—not servility. Servants are not slaves. Employ the simplest terms).—J. W. (The charge for a number of this Journal, a month old and upwards, is three halfpence, and no more).—G. Finch (We have systematically refused to enter into religious controversies. Eat the loaf in England, Poland, or America).—Agnes F. (Would you send one of "Moore's Songs" as an original composition? Kie).—Bank (The expression is rank nonsense. How could a man "commune with a massive pillar")—E. G. Banks (The lines are too irregular).—George Osborne (Purchase one of the numerous Treatises on the "Art of Painting in Water Colours").—Joe Beans (Go to the Bank of England on a dividend day, and take your papers with you. The accumulated interest will be paid as a matter of course).—Charles Harding (Very poor. The subject was borrowed from an old caricature by H. B.).—R. L. B. (The marriage was legal. The parties were cousins).—F. Pollard (The present volume of this Journal commenced with No. 420).—P. B. (The man cannot compel you to take in the work).—A. R. C. (Declined, with many thanks).—A Cheltonian (The deed of apprenticeship should have been executed by your father. Without his signature it is worthless).—J. M. (The spire of Salisbury Church is the highest in the United Kingdom).—G. T. J. (The receipt of your inclosure was acknowledged at the time).—M. L. F. (Numerous Treatises have been written on "Perpetual Motion," but they are all of them nonsensical).—Z. C. L. T. (Consult some eminent oculist).—Joseph Potter (Apply at one of the East India merchants' offices, either in London or Liverpool).—Mearan (You may take out the Post Office Order in any name you like, but you must previously advise the party for whom it is intended of the fact).—Pietro (The recommendation of an East India Director).—D. Temperley—George Maquire—Marion B. Scholasticus—Cyril—Two Cousins—W. D.—Nil Desperandum—Alice Glenville—Montague—B. A. Annie—Miss E. G.—Frank—M. F.—Annie Laurie—John Elijah James—J. Smith—G. Green—Genevra Sfonza—Silvester—Amica—Topsy—Ivy May—A Lady Bird—Zenophon—Josephine—James Borden—Happy Ned—X. Y.—Alice C.—Romeo B.—A. B.—Charles Florence—Two Laughing Girls—E. Cluster—A. X. G.—J. A. R.—Eva—J. Q.—J. G. and T. W.—A. M. Y.—Achilles—Clara Gordon—A. R.—L. T. C.—Cecilia Dore—Henry and John—Georgiana and Sarah—J. A.—Lassy—Frederick L.—Edward Gising—W. H. W. S.—Augustus Marriott—J. W. C.—Academicus—W. Knight—P. A. S.—Mary Ann Suffolk.

T. Withers' solution of Rebus, in Number 424. I am two words of sixteen letters: My 1 6 9 4 16 is clever—witty; 3 6 11 a title of respect—sir; 13 2 12 11 an animal—bear; 7 10 4 is a snare—net; 5 6 9 15 a small insect—mite; 16 10 12 11 is a portion of time—year; 8 9 2 10 11 is to guide—steer; 3 9 12 11 is a luminary—star; 7 2 12 11 is close—near; 13 12 14 16 a young child—baby; 9 15 7 is a number—ten; 2 11 12 an epoch—era; 1 10 8 9 a point of the compass—west; 11 12 4 is an animal—rat; 2 12 11 is one of the organs—ear; 9 10 12 11 is to break—tear; 1 6 8 10 prudent—wise; my whole "Westminster Abbey." Correct solutions were also received from Cromwell—F. W. D.—R. Wallen—W. J.—F. K. S.—Halbert—Lizzie and Annie Lawrie—Etonian C. Davies—Edward Gosling—John H. Herbert—J. L.—Eames—J. W. C.—Thomas Wild—Frank—R. B. Johnson—Juvenis—John Partington—F. R. A.—O. M. D.—Huddersfield—D. Harrison—W. L. P.—Agamemnon—W. Sampson—John Jones—W. Hughes—R. A. Williams.

* * All letters intended for the Publisher, Editor, or Proprietor of this Journal, should be addressed, "The Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL, 334, Strand, London."

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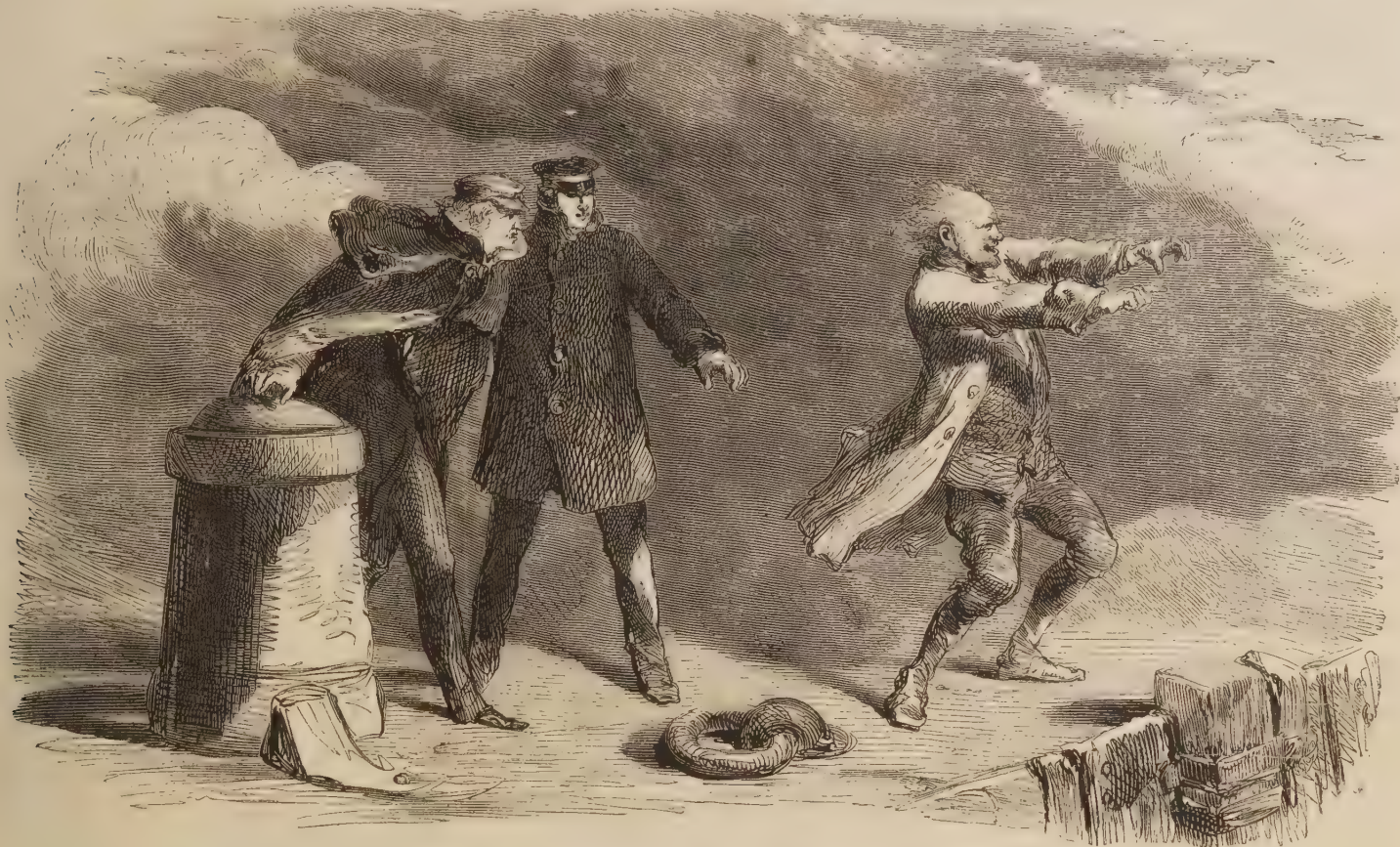
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[HENRY ASHTON RECOGNISING WILL SIDELER ON THE PIER AT CALAIS.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A habitation fragile and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar mind.

THE warrener devoted the greater portion of the night which followed the visit of the wily agent of Meeran Hafaz, to sawing through a portion of the massive lock of his cell. The bar shot into the solid granite, and consequently could only be tampered with when fastened. The sharp-biting edge of the spring saws slowly but surely cut through the well-tempered bar. Daylight dawned as he had about half finished his operation.

Although there was slight chance of detection—for the bolt once drawn back, no indications of the attempt could be perceived—the prisoner thought it most prudent to remain, under pretence of indisposition, all day in his cell, so as not to give a chance away.

"One night more," he muttered, as, tired with his efforts, he threw himself upon his narrow pallet, "and I shall be free! I have often, in my youth," he added, "dreamed of other lands, but never thought to lay my bones in them! No matter—with gold I can live as merrily in India as in England!"

The door of the corridor in which the cell of the speaker was situated opened into the day-yard; it was regularly locked every night after the turnkeys had taken their round: this, however, did not present any serious difficulty to the plan of his escape—for directly over it was a grated aperture, for the double purpose of ventilation and light, quite large enough to admit of a much stouter man than himself passing through—that is, provided the iron bars were removed. Sidelier calculated that he could saw them in about two hours.

Although considerably fatigued, the ruffian was too much excited to sleep, but lay upon his back, mentally measuring the chances and difficulties of his position. Suddenly he recollected a danger which he had not previously calculated: the door of his dungeon grated heavily upon its hinges every time it was either opened or shut, and his fellow-prisoners would be certain to hear him, even if he succeeded in cutting through the lock, and might raise sufficient outcry to cause an alarm.

"I must have oil," he thought, "to ease them!" The difficulty was, how to procure it.

A copious breakfast, which remained untasted, was placed upon the little deal table, close to the window of the cell. The warrener sat near it, with his arms folded, lost in profound meditation; his usually voracious appetite had deserted him—thick-coming fancies crowded upon his mind; the attempt to escape might fail, in which case what remained? a trial, the press-room, and the scaffold! The mob, with their eager, curious faces turned towards him—their yells, perchance—the grip of the hangman—the death struggle—and after death!—he shuddered as he thought of that.

So painful had his reveries become, that he felt considerably relieved when old Mike, with his stealthy, cat-like step, came gliding into the dungeon. Any society was preferable to his own reflections. The old man cast a greedy look upon the table.

"Perhaps I intrude?" he said.

"Not in the least," replied the prisoner, forcing a smile.

"On the contrary, the sight of a human face is welcome."

Mike gave one of his peculiar smiles: perhaps he thought to how few the sight of his face was welcome.

"One of the keepers told me," he continued, "that you were ill, so I thought I would drop in in a friendly way."

"Ill!" repeated Sidelier, passing his hand over his blood-shot eyes; "I should think I am ill—and enough to make me! The air of this accursed place is thick and heavy—I can't breathe here! I feel the slow throbbing of my pulse—can almost hear the beating of my heart! I pine for the free air and green fields—they never appeared such luxuries as since I have been deprived of them!"

The old man nodded his head, as if to intimate that he perfectly comprehended the feeling.

"Besides," continued the speaker, "when I try to eat, I have a choking sensation in my throat!"

"That's because you eat alone," observed Mike, from time to time casting a hungry look towards the breakfast table. "When I first came here I felt as you do—careless little or nothing for food; but I soon got over it—my appetite returned, and now I am so used to the place that I should regret to change it for the green fields you talk of: the sight of trees and flowers always sets me thinking!"

The warrener took the hint, and invited the speaker to share his meal with him.

Mike needed no second invitation, but, seating himself at table commenced an attack upon the food with the

earnestness of a man sharp set, and conscientiously bent on doing justice to the good things before him. Chop after chop disappeared, to the envy and admiration of Will Sidelier.

"It strikes me, my friend," he observed to his visitor, who threw himself back in his chair, with a sigh of repletion, after making a meal which a ploughman might have been proud of, "that you do not often come across a good breakfast?"

"Seldom, except upon hanging mornings!" was the reply; "and that is generally once a week!"

"Hanging mornings!" repeated the prisoner—a very unpleasant suspicion crossing his mind. "Why on that morning more than any other?"

"I'll tell you!" said the old man, in a confidential tone.

He moved his chair, in a friendly way, nearer to the warrener, who drew back the stool upon which he was seated, with an involuntary shudder.

"You know that I am generally present on such occasions?"

"I have heard so!" drily answered the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the narrator, "as soon as the chaplain has given the signal, and the executioner has drawn the bolt, the sheriffs and their friends hurry off to the governor's room to breakfast. Such a scramble and such a spread—fowls, tongue, beef! Talk of my appetite—you should see them! To be sure they are obliged to be up early, in order to get through the mob to the prison, and that I suppose gives them an extra whet! Enough, however, remains for the turnkeys and—you know who I mean?"

"No, I don't!"

"The hangman!" added Mike. "They are a good-natured set of fellows, and generally invite me to pick a bit with them!"

"What!" exclaimed Sidelier, with disgust; "do they sit at the same table with such a wretch?"

Mike regarded him very much like a man whose feelings were deeply wounded. Perhaps he was a friend of the much-abused functionary of whom they had been speaking; or his long residence in Newgate had upset his previously-conceived ideas.

"And why not?" he said. "I can assure you that he is considered a very respectable person!"

"I never saw one," observed the prisoner, with a sickly

look; for, like most rustics, he had a most unphilosophical idea of the dignity of the office in question.

"That may account for your prejudice," said the old man, with a forgiving smile—which had, however, something sinister in it.

"What is his name?" demanded the prisoner.

"Mat Cows."

"And his age?"

His visitor seemed to reflect for a few moments before answering.

"I can't exactly say," he replied. "It's rather difficult to guess his age; but I should think he is not much under fifty."

Sideler noticed with satisfaction that the speaker was nearer seventy.

"He is a thin, wiry man," continued Mike, "with black hair and very bushy whiskers, and when dressed in his best suit of black and a white neckerchief, looks almost as well as the parson. In fact, when I was the City grocer, was sheriff, he took him for one, and chatted with him very pleasantly until he found out his mistake—which I don't think he ever forgave."

"I should think not!" observed his listener.

"Did you ever hear how Mat came to be made hangman?" inquired Mike.

"Never!"

"Well, then, I'll tell you," resumed the visitor; "for somehow I begin to feel quite a liking for you!"

The prisoner—whose suspicions of the speaker, whatever their nature, were entirely removed—extended his hand, which Mike shook most cordially.

"Thank you!" said the warrenner. "I hope we shall become better acquainted!"

"Not unlikely!" replied Mike; and the warrenner again noticed that peculiar smile which had previously annoyed him.

"Some twenty years ago, more or less," resumed the narrator—"for I can't be particular as to dates—Mat Cows was a cooper in the London Docks. He was a happy fellow then, and had everything comfortable and respectable about him: a neat little cottage at Rotherhithe, and a wife whom the world called pretty—perhaps she was. Mat believed her to be good, and loved her for that better even than her beauty. Wasn't he a fool," added the speaker, with fearful earnestness, "to suppose a woman could feel grateful for an affection which displayed itself in rising early and working late to keep their home in comfort about them? Had he flattered her vanity with soft words and fine speeches, she might have liked him better!"

"It's the way with them!" observed the warrenner—many passages in whose early life led him to sympathise with the story. "I suppose I can guess the rest?"

"Doubtless," said Mike; "the tale is as old as the world, or pretty nearly so. She deceived her husband for a young fellow whom he had assisted out of charity, when dismissed from his place in the docks; but with all your cunning," added the old man, "I question if you can guess Mat's revenge!"

"Perhaps he murdered her?"

"No he didn't?"

"Left her, then?"

"Neither one nor the other—though his blood was changed to gall, and his heart to ashes: he dissembled, gradually yielded to the persuasion of his dear friend, and accompanied him to the alehouse; from a sober and industrious man, became a drunken and a lazy one—lazy in appearance only—for his brain worked night and day."

"And enough to make it!"

"Well, sir, at the end of three months, Mat lost his situation, too, and then the punishment of the false wife commenced. One by one he stripped the cottage of every piece of furniture, till not a bed remained for them to lie upon—even the shawl he had given her upon her wedding-day, went to the pawn-shop. She dared not reproach him—she felt that she had no right to do so. One day when there was not a loaf of bread in the house, or anything left which she could sell to procure one, intelligence was brought her that Mat Cows and Dick Houghton—that was the name, if I recollect rightly, of her seducer—had been taken up for housebreaking—caught in the very act."

"That was unfortunate!" observed Will Sideler, who began to take considerable interest in the history of the hangman: not so much, perhaps, from the circumstances themselves, as the singular earnestness with which his visitor related it.

"No it wasn't!" said Mike.

"Of course I mean for the husband!"

"It was the very thing he wished—had been trying and scheming for: the person who gave information to the Bow Street officer was no other than Mat himself; he also restored the property taken, and, in consideration of his penitence, as they called it, was permitted to turn king's evidence."

"And was he?"

"Was he!" exclaimed the old man, with a deep chuckle. "I'm hanging him with his own hands—for the situation happened to be vacant at the time, and he asked for and obtained it. What passed when the cap was drawn over Dick Houghton's eyes, and the rope over his neck, none knew. The sheriff supposed he was asking pardon of his friend for the duty he had undertaken—but I guess they were deceived!"

"More likely," said the warrenner, "he was reproaching him for his ingratitude, and telling him how he had been deceived."

Mike nodded his head, to intimate that he thought it not unlikely.

"And what became of Mat's wife?" inquired the speaker.

"Oh, he hung her, too!"

"What, his own wife?" ejaculated Sideler—for even to his callous nature, such a revenge seemed going a little too far.

"And why not?" demanded his visitor, in a calm tone of voice. "It was his duty, as executioner to do so: he remembered his, if she had forgotten hers!"

A low, indistinct sort of murmuring indicated that his new friend could not quite agree with him.

"At first," resumed Mike, "she lived—at least I have heard so—with a City banker, whose notions of respectability were shocked when he heard that she was the wife of the hangman; so he turned her off. The same thing occurred more than once; for, wherever she went, Mat took care to let the fact be pretty generally known. At last she became connected with a gang of forgers, who employed her to pass the notes. It was chiefly brought home to her by her husband's means—she was condemned! How the once fond fool she had deceived laughed, when he saw the judge place the black cap over his beetle brows, and heard him sentence her to the gallows!"

"He must have been a devil!" exclaimed Will Sideler, emphatically.

"He was what a bad wife and a false friend made him," answered Mike. "The rest of poor Mat Cows's story is soon told," he added; "the tie between him and the woman was not generally known, and those who were aware of the fact, pretended not to know it—it might have inconvenienced them; for there was no one else to fill his office: people will get more enlightened by-and-bye!"

"But did he really hang her?"

"You shall hear: on the morning of the execution, the instant her husband entered the press-room to pinion her, she began violently to reproach him for her ruin, as she was pleased to call it. One word silenced her—the name of Dick Houghton. No sooner did Mat whisper that in her ear, as he drew back her arms to pass the cords, than she comprehended it all—his drunkenness, dissipation, loss of character and place; the robbery—everything. What is very odd," added Mike, musingly; "from that moment she neither resisted, spoke, nor seemed conscious of what was going on, till the drop fell."

There was a pause: the warrenner felt as if he had listened to the narration of some terrible dream—he could almost have imagined himself under the influence of the nightmare; his visitor, on the contrary, appeared as calm as usual. The only indication of the excitement which he had betrayed at the commencement of the story, was the rapidity with which he drew the smoke from the pipe which he had just lighted: his coolness might be accounted for by the supposition that he had both heard the tale and related it, many times before.

"And how did you know all this?" inquired Sideler.

"Mat told me!"

"He must have great confidence in you!"

"Very great!" observed the old man; "we are friends he tells me everything."

"Then I must tell you, Master Mike," said the ruffian, with an affectation of disgust, "that your acquaintance with such a fellow does you very little credit!"

A deep scowl appeared upon the features of his visitor.

"You had better not let Mat hear you say so!" was his reply.

"And why not?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing particular! only he might remember it in the event of your becoming better acquainted with him! In hanging," he added, with the most provoking coolness, "a great deal depends upon the knot—the manner in which it is tied. In Dick Houghton's case, the struggles lasted more than ten minutes; but then the executioner was a novice at his trade, and felt a little nervous!"

The warrenner felt a sudden chill creep through his veins, and regretted, he scarcely knew why, his imprudent speech: as his visitor rose to leave the cell, he felt almost tempted to request that he would not repeat it.

He had not been long alone, before one of the turnkeys made his appearance, accompanied by the agent of Meeran Hafaz. Sideler eagerly welcomed his pretended parent, and the impious farce of prayer was repeated, with the same success as on the preceding day.

"How have you succeeded?" demanded Mr. Davids, in a whisper.

"Excellent! the lock is half cut through!"

"It must be entirely cut through to-morrow night," said the seeming countryman, "for I have promised your friend that by that time you shall be free."

"I shall require oil," observed the prisoner.

The thoughtful agent placed a phial, containing about four ounces, in his hand.

"Read the paper round it," he whispered, as the warrenner thrust it into his bosom; "it contains every instruction: you must follow them to the letter; and, remember, no impatience must induce you to quit your cell before the governor has made his rounds, which he regularly does at eleven!"

"I understand."

"How long do you think it will require to cut through the bars in the window over the door of the corridor?"

"An hour, at least," was the reply.

After a few moments' reflection, the respectable Mr. Davids informed him that would do; and it was finally arranged that, the instant the clock of the neighbouring church struck one, a ball of twine should be thrown, by his friends on the outside of the prison, into the day-yard:—by which contrivance the prisoner was to pull a knotted rope over the wall: that once done, the rest of his task would be easy enough.

As the seemingly heartbroken old man, after taking an adequate leave of his pretended son, crossed the day-yard of the prison, in company with the turnkey, who

was to accompany him to the lodge, they encountered Mike, whose countenance still bore traces of the spiteful feelings which the observations of Will Sideler had left rankling in his breast.

"The fool will hang—I am sure he will!" he kept muttering to himself; "the mark of the gallows is upon him!"

No sooner did he perceive the clever agent of Meeran Hafaz, than his eyes began to sparkle with peculiar intelligence. With the craftiness which marked his character, he took care, however, to make no inquiry, till the object of his curiosity had left Newgate.

That same evening, whilst smoking in the porter's lodge, he inquired of the same officer "who the old man was whom he had conducted out of the place that morning."

"The father of a prisoner," replied the turnkey, in a careless tone, as if he presumed that the answer was a matter of perfect indifference.

"Of Sideler?" said Mike.

The man nodded.

"Has he been often to see him?"

"Twice—yesterday and to-day."

"Of course you remained all the while in the cell, according to the prison regulations?"

"Of course I did!" replied the man, thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

The old fellow knew that he was lying, but did not choose to say so.

"You should hear him preach!" added the man.

"Did you hear him?"

"How else should I have known it!"

This was enough—Mike inquired no further. He had recognised Davids, despite his disguise; for they had had more than one profitable transaction together. His relationship to the warrenner he knew to be a pretence—nor was he at a loss to guess the purport of his visit.

"No—no!" he muttered to himself; "I said the fool would hang, and I am determined that he shall! No escape! but I must watch—it is fortunate that I can do so! Escape—indeed—I'll teach him what it is to insult me!"

Perhaps there was another consideration—it would have robbed his friend the hangman, Mat Cows, of ten guineas; and he felt a strong interest in the worldly prosperity of that very amiable individual, and law officer of the crown.

That same night the warrenner was busy, as before, at the lock of his cell.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Revenge, the luxury of vulgar minds,
As generous pardon, and soft, pitying words
Distinguish nobler natures. OLD PLAY.

THE Governor of Newgate had made his usual round, and everything was still within the prison, when Will Sideler, who had succeeded in cutting through the lock of the cell, with shoeless feet crept stealthily along the corridor, the door of which was strongly barred against him: a difficulty, as our readers are aware, which had been foreseen and provided against by the clever Mr. Davids.

After several ineffectual attempts, the ruffian contrived at last to raise himself to a level with the grated aperture, through which was the only mode of escape into the day-yard.

Fortunately for him, the bars were already corroded by rust and time, and required but little time to cut through, for the effort was most fatiguing: seeing that he was obliged partially to support himself by one hand, whilst he plied the saws with the other.

On the other side of the door was the figure of a man, with his ear glued to the iron-studded panel, listening eagerly for every sound. As the sharp teeth of the spring saw began to bite into the iron above, it made a kind of low, hissing sound, which the listener occasionally answered by a corresponding chuckle.

We scarcely need say that it was no other than Mike like a bloodhound upon the watch.

"Saw away!" he muttered; "saw your heart out—you cannot escape me! It will be delightful," he added, with a ferocious kind of joy, "to look into his eyes, when he knows who I really am! but I'll not balk him—he must be at the very moment of escape, when his pulse beats high with hope—then will be my time!"

There was a fiend-like refinement in the reasoning of the old man—the very solitude of whose cell had given a rough sort of philosophy and half-penned tone to his mind.

First drawing a pistol from his breast, to see that the priming was all right, Mike crept with noiseless step from his hiding-place by the door of the corridor, across the courtyard, and took his station in an angle formed by the wall of the day-room and that of the prison. The moon was shining so brightly, that a cat could not have run over the flagstones without his perceiving it; whilst the deep shadow of the spot where he was standing, effectually screened him from observation.

As he crouched down in the corner, like a tiger waiting for his spring, the clock of the neighbouring church struck a quarter to one.

A few minutes later, and the bulky figure of the warrenner was seen crossing the yard towards the wall. He had his shoes suspended round his neck by a twisted handkerchief, having prudently removed them to break the noise of his fall from the window, as well as to avoid alarming his fellow-prisoners by his foot-fall along the corridor.

"I wonder," muttered Mike, "how he intends to scale the wall! Does the fool think he can fly over? He is too long now—waiting? Rather too soon for that!"

The ruffian was upon his knees, fastening on his shoes. Hence the mistake of the concealed witness of his proceedings.

The old man had not long to wait—for just as the warrenner rose from his knees, the clock struck one. The last vibration had scarcely died away, before a leaden weight, enveloped in a soft wrapper, to deaden the sound of its fall, was thrown over the wall. A strong thread of twine was attached to it.

The spy grinned. He saw at once that his suspicions were correct—the prisoner had accomplices.

Sideler hastily began to pull the twine, and soon succeeded in dragging over the wall a strong rope, knotted at regular distances, so as to afford a hold for the hands and feet.

After pulling it several times, to ascertain that it was well secured on the opposite side, the prisoner began to ascend. He had just raised himself from the ground, when a cold, clammy hand grasped his neck, and a voice, something between a chuckle and a whisper, bade him descend.

The next instant sideler as on his feet, with Mike, who still retained his hold upon his neck, presenting a pistol to his head.

"Mike!" faltered the warrenner, "is it you?"

"Well, I guess it is!" replied Mike, mockingly.

"You surely don't mean to detain me?"

"Don't I!" said his captor.

"But I thought we were friends?"

"And so we are—such dear friends that I can't think of parting with you!" answered Mike, with a grin. "To speak plainly with you, I must say your proceeding is most unhandsome towards me!"

"Unhandsome?"

"Yes—robbing me!"

"Robbing you!" repeated the warrenner, more and more mystified; "I don't understand what you mean?"

"You soon will!" observed the old man.

"How can my escape rob you?" demanded Will.

"Of just ten guineas—to say nothing of the value of your clothes, which are dirt-cheap at two pounds more: which makes just twelve pounds ten shillings!"

A cold perspiration broke over the haggard features of the prisoner—for a horrible suspicion had struck him.

"You are," he exclaimed, in a tone, in which terror and disgust were mingled—"the—"

He could not pronounce the name. His throat became suddenly parched, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"Exactly!" said Mike; "the hangman, Mat—you know me at last! Of course," he added, "you would not wish to deprive a poor fellow like myself of his perquisites! You would never be so unreasonable!"

As the speaker made this last observation, he peered into the eyes of his victim, who remained helpless as a child in his hand. The old man chuckled with delight, as he felt the muscular, iron frame of the strong man tremble beneath the grasp of his long, bony fingers, which half encircled his neck.

At this moment the rope was agitated from the opposite side by the agent and his assistants—they were growing impatient.

"I will give you the ten guineas," said the warrenner, with a desperate effort to recover his self-possession.

"You forget the clothes!" quietly observed Mike.

"Twelve, then?"

"But the risk!"

"Fifty!" added the prisoner, with increased terror.

"To say nothing of the pleasure of turning off a fine-built fellow like yourself!" whispered the hangman.

"What say you to a hundred?"

"It is not enough."

"All I possess?" urged Sideler.

"Will not tempt me!" replied Mike, in a determined tone; although it was not without a severe struggle with his avarice that he came to such a resolution. "It is not often that I make up my mind to a *luxury*—but when I do, money does not stand in my way! You remember our conversation yesterday, when, like a fool, I told you my story—you scorned me: it's ill quarrelling with Mat—he will not forget it when he ties the knot! If you stir or offer the least resistance," he added—for the warrenner was beginning to draw courage from desperation—"the bullet whistles through your brain!"

"Better that," muttered the prisoner, "than the rope!"

With a sudden blow, he dashed the pistol from the hand of his captor: as it fell upon the ground the pan flew open and the priming fell out, fortunately without exploding. Once disarmed, the tables were turned—Mike was like an infant at the mercy of one as pitiless as himself.

"Help!—help!" he cried; "pri—"

The word was cut short by a blow upon the temple from the fist of Will Sideler, which felled the hangman like an ox in the shambles. To seize him by the throat, and drag him into the obscure corner of the courtyard, was the work of an instant.

Again the rope was jerked more violently than before; but, although a minute's delay might compromise his safety, and his friends on the outside of the prison were evidently growing impatient, the warrenner did not leave the old man till he had kicked him about the head and body so as to fearfully disfigure him. Bitterly did he regret that he had not his knife; never had he experienced, in the course of the long indulgence of his passions, such ferocious joy—it rendered him insensible even to his danger.

But then it must be remembered that his victim was the hangman—the fellow who had threatened him with the rope—coolly calculated the price of blood—a wretch whose fearful grin he had already felt upon his neck.

"I may see," he muttered; "but Mat Cows will never let the knot he boasted of!"

Giving the senseless man a farewell kick, the ruffian grasped the rope, and, with the activity of a much younger man, soon drew himself to the top of the wall: once there, the descent was easy. He glided down, and stood once more at liberty.

The agent and two of his confidential assistants, who were well armed, were waiting to receive him.

"What the deuce delayed you?" demanded the respectable Mr. Davids; "you appear to have been as loth to quit your prison as others are to enter it!"

"I have been watched!" replied the warrenner.

"By whom?"

"The hangman! and had a struggle for life with him. I would have bribed the aged wretch, but he refused my gold! He longed for the pleasure of tying me to the gibbet, and so—"

"You murdered him?"

"Even so!"

"And very proper, too!" replied the philosophic agent; "are you sure that he is dead?"

"Unless he has more lives than a cat!" was the reply.

The agent felt that there was no time to be lost; it was just possible that the speaker was deceived—that the hangman might recover, and give an alarm. Hastily removing the cloak from his own shoulders, he threw it over those of the liberated felon, and placed a fur travelling cap upon his rough, shaggy head.

"Follow me," he said, "without a word!"

The whole party pursued their way as rapidly as possible towards Blackfriars Bridge, where a travelling carriage with four horses was waiting, ready to start at an instant's notice.

The warrenner entered first, and Mr. Davids followed him; the two persons who had accompanied them remained behind.

"Dover!" said the agent.

The postilions cracked their whips, and the carriage started at a rate which threatened—in the event of their being followed—to leave pursuit behind. At every stage fresh horses had been ordered—every difficulty foreseen and provided against: so that they reached the sea-port without interruption.

At the Ship Hotel, they found the valet of Meeran Hafaz waiting for them: he had been directed by his master to accompany the warrenner to Marseilles, and see the fugitive safely embarked on board the vessel which was to convey him to India.

As the Post Office packet sailed out of the harbour at Dover, the agent—who was standing upon the pier, impatiently counting the moments of departure—rubbed his hands with an air of pious satisfaction: he had very cleverly earned the large sum of five thousand pounds, and saved the life of a fellow-creature.

We need not inform our readers which reflection afforded him the most pleasure.

Great was the consternation amongst the officials in Newgate, when, at an early hour the following morning, the flight of the prisoner was discovered. The turnkeys underwent a strict examination before the governor—but nothing could be elicited to afford the least light upon the subject. Mike—or, as we must now call him, Mat Cows, the hangman—was removed to the infirmary; for, although fearfully disfigured, he still lived.

"I can do nothing for him!" observed the surgeon, as he contemplated the swollen and distorted features of the old man; "he is past cure!"

"No—no!" murmured the patient, with a deep groan; "I shall live! I will live to hang the rascal yet! Try, doctor—try!"

The man of science did so: and Mat Cows kept his word. He did live—but whether to accomplish the revenge he had promised himself, the future only can decide.

Despite the indifference which Meeran Hafaz had assumed, at his interview with Will Sideler, he was not insensible to the danger which might accrue to himself, should the scheme of his agent fail—for he felt assured that the ruffian would put his threat into execution, and denounce him to the hands of offended justice.

Although he appeared in society with the usual smile upon his lips, and a light spirit, the canker was secretly gnawing at his heart. He had given orders to his domestics to be called at any hour a person of the name of Davids should inquire for him: it was not till an early hour on the morning of the fourth day, that the indefatigable old man drove up to the door of the splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

"You have returned at last?" said his employer, who had been watching all night in the library.

"As fast as four horses could bring me!" answered the man; "it has cost a mint of money!"

"Never mind the amount!" hastily ejaculated his employer—who regarded gold only as the means of contributing to his pleasures or his passions; "we will not dispute on that point!"

The agent could not suppress a sigh of envy, as he looked round the splendidly furnished apartment, and mentally calculated the wealth of the speaker.

"The result?" impatiently demanded Meeran, to whom every moment of suspense was agony rendered more intense by the long hours of doubt he had endured; "has the ruffian escaped?"

"He has!" was the reply.

"And embarked?"

"I did not quit the pier till I saw the packet out of harbour."

The eyes of the young Indian flashed brightly for an instant, with intense satisfaction. The weight was removed from his heart.

The account between himself and his visitor was so liberally settled, that even the avenging Mr. Davids for once was compelled to own himself satisfied: and he

quitted the house, to return to his den in Clement's Inn, much richer man than he left it.

"A few more such clients," he thought, as, overcome with fatigue, he threw himself upon his truckle-bed, "and my fortune would be made!"

With this reflection he fell asleep. His dreams were of gold—the only god he worshipped, or had ever believed in.

Greatly as Meeran Hafaz rejoiced at the escape of the warrenner, one doubt of the future still lingered on his mind: frequently he tried to dismiss it, but it would return to him. For more than ten days he had received no letters from Martingale, and he kept continually asking himself whether the attempt upon the life of Henry Ashton had failed; the interest, too, which the Khan appeared to take in Ellen alarmed him—for he knew him, by experience, to be both resolute and indefatigable in the pursuit of any purpose upon which he had once set his mind. With respect to any suspicion which he might entertain touching the death of Sir William Mowbray, he felt perfectly at rest. The oath of his quondam friend assured him that he would never, *by word or writing*, denounce him.

"Let him return!" he said, alluding to his rival; "long before he can reach England, Ellen shall be mine, and seas be placed between us!"

He was mistaken: the avenger was closer upon his steps than he imagined.

"Better he should live," he added, soliloquising, "to endure the misery of knowing she is another's—to feel the serpent fangs of jealousy gnawing his very heart-strings—its fires consuming him! The death of an unsuccessful rival like Henry Ashton would be mercy—not revenge!"

That same day Meeran Hafaz started, with Colonel Mowbray, for Carrow Abbey.

CHAPTER XCV.

In vain he flies—the furies still pursue.
Avenge justice on the murderer's track
Follows to claim her due.

SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

THE *chancellerie* of the British embassy was crowded with Englishmen anxious to obtain the *visé* of his excellency to their passports—the regulations regarding which were far more stringent than at present. Amongst the number of visitants was a tall, pale young man, whose countenance was marked by sorrow and recent fatigue. Still there was a cold determination in his dark eye, which showed that his energies were not yet subdued. He was dressed in deep mourning. It was Henry Ashton, who, after travelling day and night, had reached the capital of our Gallic neighbours. As his passport was a diplomatic one, the formality of calling again was dispensed with: the necessary signature was affixed at once.

Several gentlemen who had been waiting, murmured at the preference—which, with their English notions, they could not understand.

"I have called twice!" observed one.

"And I, also!" added another. "My business is most important."

"Life and death wait upon mine!" exclaimed a third speaker, who was no other than the worthy rector of Carrow.

At the sound of his well-remembered voice, his former pupil turned hastily round—for he had been standing with his back to him, replying to the *attaché*, who had promised to offer his apologies to the ambassador for omitting the usual visit which etiquette required. They recognised each other in an instant.

"Henry!"

"My benefactor!"

Such were the mutual exclamations, while each grasped the hand extended to him.

"Thank God, my dear boy," said the rector, "I have found you at last! It has spared me a long and painful journey! But you are ill!" he added; "and how is this? In mourning. Have you, then, heard—"

"Everything," replied the young man, mastering his emotion with a violent effort; "but tell me—"

The heart of the lover was so full that he could not pronounce the name of Ellen.

"Well—quite well!" said the rector, hastening to relieve him—for he perfectly comprehended to whom the question related. "I left her in the care of her uncle, Colonel Mowbray!"

An audible expression of gratitude broke from the lips of the youth—who, however he might dislike the brother of his murdered benefactor, was far from supposing him capable of descending to pander to the designs of his unprincipled rival.

The place of meeting was ill-suited for such explanations as they had to receive and make; but previously to adjourning to the hotel of our hero, Henry procured the *visé* for his friend's return to England.

"More favouritism!" observed one of the disappointed group, as they left the *chancellerie*. "I shall complain, on my return, to the House!"

Although the speaker was a member of Parliament, his threat only procured for him the unwelcome distinction of being kept waiting to the last. The *attaché*, who overheard it, being nephew to one of the ministers, felt perfectly at his ease in disregarding it.

Those only who have had some dearly-loved or venerated friend torn from them by the hand of brutal violence, can conceive the agony with which Henry Ashton listened to the terrible details of the murder of his benefactor. To have wept—to have relieved his overstrained heart by tears—would have been consolation; but it was denied him.

"Do not think me ungrateful!" he said, fixing his blood-shot eyes upon those of his aged friend. "I cannot mourn until I have avenged him! Is there no clue," he added, "to enable me to track the assassin to his den—to drag him, amid the execrations of the world, to justice! Cruel, pitiless, remorseless villain! The life whose purity an angel might have envied—so benevolent and good—cut short—and by such means!"

The rector informed him of the visit of old Martin, Lawyer Elworthy, and Joe, to the library; and the discovery of the gibern of the warrener in the recess at the end of the secret passage.

"What did it contain?" demanded the young man.

"Letters of ancient date," replied the rector, "which proved that Sir William had been cruelly deceived respecting the conduct of his unhappy wife; and that his former servant had been one of the unprincipled instruments; but not the least clue how they came there!"

"It needs none," muttered Henry; "I shall find it!"

As briefly as possible, he informed his kind old friend of all that had taken place in Rome: the perfidy and commission of Martingale—his discovery of Lady Mowbray—the death of Walter, and his ultimate conviction that he was the son of the late baronet.

"I do not think so!" observed Dr. Orme, after a few moments' reflection.

"Why not?" demanded his former pupil.

"Because I distinctly remember the marriage of the colonel—which was against the inclination of Sir William—and the birth of a son. Lady Mowbray's boy was not born till more than a year afterwards!"

Hurried as these explanations were, they afforded the unhappy lover one consolation. Ellen, he believed, was well. Joe Beans and Susan were with her—and he knew he might rely upon the courage and fidelity of his early friend.

Despite the entreaties of the rector, who felt seriously alarmed for the health, if not the reason of our hero, Henry determined upon starting within an hour for Calais. Had it been possible, he would have given half his life to have annihilated the time and distance which separated him from England.

As the carriage passed the Porte St. Denis, Dr. Orme for the first time mentioned the name of Meeran Hafaz. His affection for his adopted son made him dread their meeting.

"Do not name him!" exclaimed Henry, grasping his arm with convulsive passion. "When I have shed the life-blood of the cold, calculating, remorseless villain—trampled on his heart—offered to outraged justice and gratitude the only victim which can appease its claims—then, and then only, can I hear his name!"

His companion felt that it would be unwise to pursue the subject further. Mentally he offered up a prayer for the preservation of the youth, whom he loved like his own son; and for several hours they pursued their journey in silence.

At a late hour the following night, the tired travellers reached Dessin's Hotel, at Calais. Dr. Orme, yielding to the entreaties of his young friend, consented to retire to bed, for they found that the mail packet was not to sail till six in the morning.

Although he had endured, both mentally and bodily, enough to weaken a frame of iron, Henry could not sleep—the fever of his heart kept him awake and restless: enveloping himself in his travelling cloak—for the night promised to be a rough one—he crossed the market-place and made his way to the pier. The keen blast refreshed his burning cheek; there was something congenial to his spirit in the raging elements—the dash of the billows, as they came roaring into the harbour, or broke in angry murmurs against the piles, soothed him.

He had taken one or two turns, when he encountered a naval officer wearing the British uniform, who regarded him attentively; but our hero felt scarcely conscious that any one beside himself was treading the creaking planks.

"Surely I can't be mistaken?" thought the officer.

A second time they passed each other.

"What, Harry Ashton!" exclaimed the speaker, as they met for the third time; "don't you know me?"

The wanderer looked up, and recognised the son of a gentleman whose estate was in the neighbourhood of Carrow: they had often met, when boys, to play at cricket upon the common with their young companions.

"Fred Suckling, if I am not mistaken?" said our hero.

"Of course you are not!" said the young man, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I cannot tell you," he added, "how delighted I am to see you! Do you return with me?"

"Return!" repeated his friend, as if he scarcely understood the question.

Lieutenant Suckling explained to him that he commanded the government packet, which was to sail in a few hours.

"Yes—yes—I shall return with you!" eagerly answered the lover of Ellen; "and oh, Fred, if the recollection of boyish days and pastimes has any weight with you, set every sail, stretch every nerve, to reach the shores of England! My heart is consuming in its own impatience, till I once more set my foot upon its strand!"

"Fear not," said the young man, "but we will whisk you over quickly enough! The wind is in our favour, and the little craft I have the honour to command worthy a better service—but we are at peace now. Harry," he added, a thought suddenly striking him, "if you have had any unpleasant adventure—any dispute with the authorities—perhaps you had better go on board directly with me! Once under the flag of old England, you are safe!"

The offer was gratefully declined.

"I am indeed most anxious to quit France!" observed our hero; "but not from the cause you name."

The officer of course pressed no further.

"Well," he said, after a pause, during which his companion, who had fallen into a reverie, continued to walk mechanically by his side, as if unconscious of his presence, "our meeting is most singular—but it is not the most singular one I have had to-day!"

Henry looked up in his face.

"And from Carrow, too!"

"From Carrow?"

"Ay—did you notice a tall, solitary man seated at the end of the pier?"

He to whom the question was put had noticed such an object, but turned short to avoid him—for the presence of a stranger was hateful to him.

"Yes—that is, I think I did!" was the reply.

"And did you recognise him?"

"No!"

"Had you done so," continued Lieutenant Suckling, "you would have discovered the face of an old acquaintance."

"In the name of heaven, whose?" demanded the listener.

"A fellow who has often chased me as well as yourself over the common and out of the woods of Carrow: not that either of us, I am sure, bear him any ill-will for that!"

"His name?" gasped Henry Ashton, his eyes flashing fire; "for mercy's sake keep me no longer in suspense!"

"Will Sidelers, the warrener," replied the officer, who began to think that his new-found friend had lost his wits.

"I spoke to him, but he did not appear to recognise me. Excuse the frankness of my speech, Harry, but he seemed as mad as yourself, or perhaps a little more so—for he kept tossing his arms in the air, and muttering some unintelligible words. Perhaps, after all," added the young man, "he was only drunk!"

"It is with blood, then!" exclaimed our hero, fiercely; "the blood of his victim—the good, the noble-hearted Sir William Mowbray—for something whispers me that he is his assassin! Fred, you must assist me to secure that man!"

"Secure him!" repeated the bewildered lieutenant—who certainly had heard of the baronet's assassination, but never had the slightest surmise that Will Sidelers was the murderer.

"Yes; and bear him with us to England."

"Haden't you better apply to the authorities?"

"And so give the villain an opportunity to escape!" interrupted Henry Ashton, impatiently. "No—no! it must be done at once! The fiend who employed him is rich! No chicanery will be left untried—no gold spared—to defeat the ends of justice! I will take all the responsibility on myself!"

"You?"

"Yes—I! and Dr. Orme, you know, is a magistrate: our worthy rector is the companion I spoke to you of."

Suckling was perfectly aware of the paternal interest which the benevolent clergyman had taken in the speaker, and how it was generally supposed he would leave him a considerable portion of his wealth: he began to think that his old playmate was not so mad as he appeared.

Determined to convince himself that the lieutenant had not been deceived, Henry drew his cloak around his face, so as effectually to conceal his features. The two young men crept cautiously towards the end of the pier, where the murderer was standing, his grey hair—for the travelling cap which the agent had given him had fallen or been blown off—streaming in the wind. It was evident that the ruffian was very much excited: the brandy—great quantities of which he had drunk upon landing—had affected his brain.

As he stood gazing towards the shores of his native land, he fancied that some imaginary personage was beckoning him to return.

"The sea is between us!" they heard him mutter, "and I will not return! I have felt the hangman's grip once upon my neck—but I escaped him! Safe—safe—safe! Beckon away!" he added, with a yell of furious laughter; "point to the gash upon your throat! they can't prove I did it! or if they can, I am safe here!"

Henry Ashton pressed the arm of his companion.

"Are you convinced?" he said.

"Perfectly!" was the reply; "but listen!"

The murderer spoke again.

"You can't follow me!" shouted the drunken warrener, shaking his clenched fist with defiance towards the imaginary object he was addressing; "the sea will not bear your footsteps! God!" he added; "it is changed to blood! The avenger still pursues me! I won't be taken!"

The wretch, exhausted with the terrors which his conscience had conjured up, cast himself upon the pier, and hid his face in his hands.

"Can you still refuse me?" whispered our hero.

"No!" said the lieutenant, firmly; "but we must proceed cautiously, and without alarming the authorities. In an hour I will have him safe under hatches on board the packet: once safe in my custody, I should like to see the Frenchman that would take him from me! But I must seek the assistance of some of my men."

"Where will you find them?"

"At the Dover Castle, close to the gate at the end of the pier!" answered Suckling; "you remain here to watch the villain, whilst I seek my tars to secure him."

(To be continued in our next.)

WHEN we see birds, at the approach of rain, anointing their plumage with oil, to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from eating our hearts?

THE MASK.

It is the day's decline, and, leaning from a window of one of the old palace homes of Venice, looking down into the clear transparency of her waters, and seeing reflected therein her own loveliness—with a troubled shade, it is true, on her countenance, and thoughts oh! how far absent—is seated a noble Roman lady. She has all the grand beauty of her race: the full throat—the small and gracefully shaped hand—the exquisite bust—the large, glorious, shadowy eyes, tremulous as stars, full of soul and poetry—the clouds of dark hair pushed back from the forehead, and secured behind by having a silver arrow run through them—no other ornament; herself a gem, priceless, unapproachable. Truly so; for as you gaze upon her, you see the eye brighten and dilate wildly, mournfully, whilst she sways herself to and fro with a restless motion, as though to still the beatings of her heart, singing all the time a kind of low, crooning lullaby to the ripple of the waves. In the afternoon, when the little bay is alive with pleasure-craft, and gondolas come up under her very windows, taking in their freight of happy passengers, her figure may still be seen, ever singing that same monotonous chaunt—ever pressing her hands against her bosom, and bending over them, as though she thus soothed some unconscious infant to its sweet repose.

Such are the mournful phases of her disordered intellect. Her story is soon told. Young, lovely, loving, and beloved, with one beautiful boy to bless their union, life was fast becoming to Lucrezia B. an earthly paradise. She had been bidden with her husband to a grand state ball; and as she swept past them, with brilliants hanging like tears in her dark hair, and the folds of her white dress flowing round her in classic drapery, even those most accustomed to her appearance felt upon them "the power and might of loveliness." She stooped to kiss her infant son, slumbering in his cot like a fair bud of promise; and, having exacted of the nurse—that she would not leave the side of the timid child until her return, passed onwards with the calm smile and placid manner that is ever the best assurance of a heart at ease.

Shall we follow her into the marble halls, where through the pillars may be seen sweet fountains, throwing up their crystal jets of water, and dashing bright, trembling tear-drops on the living flowers that repose beneath them, laden with perfume, glorious in colouring, peeping out from their green sanctuary of shade like stars of earth, glimmering, tremulous? Shall we listen with her to the invisible music that seems to rise as beneath our feet with prelude—passionate, appealing—till, swelling in sound, it bursts in gladness and revelry into a kind of choral triumph, in which voices are blended, and from which is struck out, like ringing bells, the waltz's musical melody? How rapidly the dancers fly forwards in the mazy circle, threading intricate figures! How beautifully is combined the music of motion with the poetry of sound! The evening speeds swiftly forwards. The Prince de B— has solicited the hand of our heroine, and through the graceful waltz her figure is again seen floating, brilliant as houri, light as spray of ocean. Suddenly a shriek rings piercing from her lips—wild, fearful, she stops. She shudders; she trembles convulsively; she grasps the arm of her companion desperately, as though to steady herself, and sobs, from her white, half-opened lips: "My child! oh, God! my Carling!" Her eyes are fixed: there is in them an expression of nameless horror, of unfathomable dread; her teeth are chattering as with ague. They bear her through the pillars, dashing the cold water from the fountain on her pale brow, but it is still the same bewildered look of agony. "Take me home! oh! quickly—my child! do you not see he is dying?" and a cold, shivering tremor again seized her. The carriage is brought round—reverently she is placed in it—for the presence of a great grief will sober even the giddiest—the horses' feet strike the flints—they draw up under the palazzo—the door stands open—her husband raises her in his arms like a child, and carries her up the broad stair-way; she presses her hands upon her ears, for the wild shrieks of a little child come ringing through the halls, and even the father's strong frame totters and shakes beneath them. They enter their boy's nursery: it is crowded with hirelings; and on a low stool is seated the nurse, holding the child in her arms, just as she has taken him out of his cot. He is screaming in violent convulsions—his face black—his eyes turned upwards to the face of a mask that is suspended over the cot curtains. Painfully, as though in a dream, the unfortunate mother staggers forwards, grasping him in her arms just as a fresh convulsion seizes on his weakened frame, and the soul dissolves away in its mortal fear and agony. The faithless nurse had seized the opportunity of the mother's absence to spend her evening abroad; and, knowing the child to be timid, had thought to guard against danger by leaving the lamp burning in the room, and suspending a mask over the cot, that he might have that to turn to and play with should he awake and find himself alone.

Heaven help the poor child! who, stretching out his arms to receive the usual caresses, was met only by that grim spectre mask-face bending over him as though it were coming down to overwhelm him, and would not be denied its prey. We can only image the terror that little soul passed through, and give a sigh to the miserable mother, who, ever since that miserable day, has kept her bewildered watch at his nursery window: now, in her wild passion of delirium, clasping him in fancy to her bosom; and now, with low voice and raised finger, singing snatches of childish lullaby.



[ELIZABETH CARRIED PRISONER TO THE QUEEN, AT RICHMOND.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. P. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF
"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

O Fortune! how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
LINES WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH IN PRISON.

THE royal maiden had been permitted occasionally to walk in the garden of the Tower, where none save the child alluded to in a preceding chapter, were suffered to approach her person. Her enemies were fearful of her communicating with any of the reformed religion without the fortress. Here, it is more than probable, the future sovereign matured that system of government which, in after years, gave such lustre to her reign. Misfortune develops the intellect as much as study.

So anxious were Gardiner and his friends to obtain evidence against the Protestant heiress of the crown, that they caused the child to be arrested and brought before the privy council, where he was severely interrogated, but nothing could be elicited to answer the purpose of her enemies.

Elizabeth was sitting, pensively enough, at the window of her chamber in the White Tower, when the two noblemen intrusted to remove her to the royal bower of Woodstock—a measure which Mary had decided upon, after various other places had been suggested—entered the courtyard, at the head of the hundred men under their command.

"Who is that man?" she demanded of her gentleman, who was standing at a short distance from her.

The officer, with a look of surprise, approached the window: it was not often that he had seen the countenance of the lion-hearted princess blanched with terror, or heard her voice betray such profound emotion—he recognised the person of the stern old Catholic knight at a glance.

"Sir Henry Beddingfield," he replied, respectfully.

His mistress became more and more agitated: she knew the person so designated to be not only a devoted partisan, but deep in the confidence of her irritated sister, and naturally imagined his arrival at the Tower boded her no good; but one thing she did not know—that the Norfolk knight was a man of unblemished honour, ready to risk life, lands, and name for the queen and the Catholic cause; but incapable of an act of treachery or infamy, even to advance the cause nearest to his heart.

"God help me!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "I am in a sore strait! Send for the Lieutenant of the Tower—I would speak with him!"

In a few minutes Bridges made his appearance.

"Who is this Sir Henry Beddingfield?" she demanded, the instant he entered the apartment; "and what brings him here?"

"He has been appointed by her majesty to guard your grace," answered the officer, "and the Lord Williams of Tame is joined with him in the commission."

"To guard me?" repeated the princess, fixing a searching glance upon him.

"Even so, your grace!"

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing!"

The calm tone of the speaker somewhat reassured the royal prisoner: still she was far from being satisfied, and inquired whether the scaffold of her cousin, Lady Jane Grey, was still standing within the precincts of the Tower.

"It is, madam," answered Bridges; "but there is nothing unusual in that! Let me entreat your grace to dismiss such thoughts from your mind; for, feel assured, there is no cause for inquietude. Her majesty has no such unkind thought towards you!"

Elizabeth smiled scornfully.

"Be assured of it!" continued the speaker, who proceeded to relate the conduct of Gardiner in sending a warrant for her execution—how he had taken upon himself to disobey it—the indignation of the queen, and her tearing up the death-warrant in his presence.

"So," thought the captive, "they would avoid the scandal of an execution—an assassination would be more convenient!" She next inquired what sort of man the lieutenant considered Sir Henry Beddingfield to be.

"What sort of man?"

"God's death! do not palter with me!" exclaimed the daughter of Henry VIII., in a tone which reminded Bridges forcibly of her father; "but answer a plain question with as plain a speech—what sort of man is he? one of those ready tools which power finds ready to its hands, when it would imbrue them with the blood of a princess? Is he a Tyrrel?" she added, harshly; "a ruffian to strangle childhood in its sleep, or lay a murderous hand upon the daughter of a king?"

"Heaven forgive your grace such unjust suspicion!" answered Bridges—who, as well as the stanch Norfolk knight, belonged to the Catholic party. "Sir Henry would not, for the crown he has more than once risked his life to guard, have hand or dealing in so foul an act! You have asked me, madam," he continued, "what kind of man he is? I will answer you. Were your grace condemned by lawful authority to die, and Sir Henry Beddingfield, with only ten men under his command, commissioned to see it done, he would hold out the Tower to the last, though all London were clamouring at the gates. Placed under his ward, he will guard your life with equal fidelity. The queen's is not more sacred in his eyes than yours!"

Elizabeth's after experience, proved that the judgment of the Lieutenant of the Tower was correct. The Catholic

knight proved himself a stern but an honourable guardian, and defeated, by his precautions, more than one attempt against the safety of his prisoner.

The royal maiden drew her breath more freely. The conduct of the speaker in the affair of the warrant, induced her to place confidence in his words.

"Why comes he here, then?" she inquired, more calmly. "His orders, I believe, are to conduct your grace to another residence."

"To Pontefract?" exclaimed the princess, with a shudder; for she remembered the fearful crimes committed—the murder of so many princes.

Bridges answered in the negative.

An unpleasant suspicion crossed the mind of Elizabeth. She had heard that the emperor, who was her bitterest enemy, had recommended Mary to send her to the court of his sister, the Queen of Hungary; or to Brussels, where she would have been more immediately in his power; but she did not know that her sister had refused her assent.

"I shall not quit the realm!" muttered Elizabeth, half aloud and half musingly; for, even in the most adverse fortune, she appears never to have lost sight of the reversion of the crown.

"I do not think such is her majesty's pleasure," observed Bridges. "I at least can vouch that Sir Henry Beddingfield is intrusted with no such orders. His present instructions are to convey your grace to Woodstock. But here come the knight and my Lord of Tame—they will doubtless inform you of the queen's good pleasure."

The gentleman usher—who, during the above conversation, had remained in the antechamber—now entered the apartment, and announced the visit of the commissioners, who followed him so closely, that his mistress had scarcely pronounced the words, "Admit them!" when they entered the apartment.

Sir Henry Beddingfield was a tall, gaunt-looking personage, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. His hair and beard, which he wore closely trimmed, were of an iron-grey; there was great severity in the cast of his features: the deep-set eye and thin upper lip denoted determination. His manner was cold as steel, but neither unpolished nor without dignity. His companion, who was some years younger, had far more of the courtier in his appearance. Both doffed their bonnets as they advanced towards the chair in which Elizabeth had seated herself.

"We hear, gentlemen," said the princess, endeavouring to repress the fire of her eye and the impatient bitterness of her speech, "that you are charged with a commission from our dear sister, whose mind is disabused at last, we trust, of the cruel slanders and devices by which my enemies and hers have blown the coal of discord between us—for a more loyal subject than myself never suffered wrong!"

A grim smile curled the moustache of Sir Henry.

"God's wot! do you doubt me?" added the speaker.

"It is not foinne to judge your grace's loyalty to your sovereign and sister," replied the knight, not in the slightest degree abashed or moved by the angry glances which from time to time she bestowed upon him; "I am here to execute the queen's commands!"

"Which," added Lord Williams of Tame, willing to lessen the harshness of the old knight's speech, "I am happy to state, are more favourable to your grace than your enemies could wish!"

"In which," interrupted Elizabeth, sarcastically, "I presume I am to include the messengers of our sister?"

"I am not the enemy of your grace," replied the noble.

"Nor I!" said Sir Henry Beddingfield, firmly. "We are both loyal subjects to the queen; and, as such, prepared to execute the orders intrusted to us."

"Which orders I am bound to hear," observed Elizabeth—who began to see the impolicy of making enemies of two such men.

"And obey!" added the old knight. "Your grace will prepare for your departure for Woodstock, where it is her majesty's pleasure you should remain, till such further steps be taken as the queen, with the advice of her privy council, shall see fit."

"And when must this be?"

"When the hour is fixed we shall inform your grace," answered the Lord of Tame. "Having announced to you our commission and our orders, for the present we will take our leave."

It having been decided that Elizabeth should be removed as privately as possible from the Tower, in order to defeat any project or demonstration of the citizens of London in her favour, neither of the parties intrusted with the affair thought it prudent to permit the hour or day to transpire; for it was well known that the Protestants contrived to communicate with the royal prisoner by signs and tokens in the Tower. There is good reason to believe that Cecil, or some other male friend about the court, found means to intimate the intention of Mary to grant her an interview at Richmond, though for what purpose, was a secret confined to the queen's own breast. From the decided conduct of the princess on the occasion, she must have well considered and matured her resolution.

It was on a bright morning in May, that the barge which was to convey the future sovereign of England to her new abode, drew up to the Tower stairs. This time it was not the Traitor's Gate, but the usual landing-place. The gates of the fortress were shut, to prevent the approach of the idle or the curious. The Lord Treasurer and the Lord Chamberlain were there.

As Sir Henry Beddingfield conducted his charge to her seat, she cast her eyes thankfully around her. The recollection of her mother's death, and the bitter hours she had endured, made the Tower distasteful to her, independent of her own sufferings. As she stepped into the barge, the child who had so frequently brought her

flowers, but who had not been permitted for some time to see her, ran to the water's edge, and exclaimed:

"Farewell, lady! I shall bring you no more nose-gays!"

The captive was observed to dash aside a tear, and the barge, with the curtains of the awning drawn carefully down, moved from the Tower stairs.

CHAPTER XXV.

Remember in thy youth the Lord,
And gladly bow before His throne;
Follow the precept and the word,
The narrow path in mercy shown.
Remember Him in joy, and life
In danger's hour will pity thee.

OLD POEM.

THOSE who had charge of the august prisoner, did not permit the barge once to stop until it reached Richmond, where Mary Tudor then held her court, when it drew up at the landing-place in the gardens.

The palace—a plain but large pile of building—was the same which Henry VIII. had bestowed, together with the manor of Richmond, upon his favourite, Cardinal Wolsey, when that magnificent prelate surrendered to his rapacious master his more splendid palace of Hampton Court, which he had reared at such great expense, and furnished with every luxury.

As Elizabeth, surrounded by her escort, passed through the gardens, many of the courtiers—especially those inclined to the reformed church—regarded her with the deepest sympathy—for none could tell what might be her fate. The demeanour of the captive was firm, and even cheerful: pride would not let her betray the doubt and secret terror which must have agitated her spirits.

Leaving the great entrance, they approached the palace by a private path, and reached the north tower, in which the royal apartments were situate. It was evident that arrangements had been made for their reception—for they found the captain of the guard at the bottom of the stairs, and a gentleman usher at the entrance.

"The queen," said the last-named officer, bowing humbly, "expects your grace! I will conduct you."

"God help me!" sighed Elizabeth, as she slowly ascended the staircase. "My life hangs on the balance!"

Sir Henry Beddingfield and the chamberlain alone accompanied her.

In a tapestried chamber, hung with arras from the looms of Beauvais, was seated Mary Tudor. There was an air of determination on her harsh features, which argued unfavourably for her successor. A missal, richly illuminated by the cunning hand of some Italian painter, together with a cross and portrait of Catherine of Arragon, were upon the table. The latter was inclosed in a sort of ebony and silver shrine, such as the Catholics use to contain the relics of the saints.

The gloomy queen was clothed in a dark mulberry coloured velvet dress, edged with miniver, and richly ornamented with pearls. Upon her head was one of those small peaked caps, such as we find in all her portraits. It was evident she had been praying, and from prayer had fallen into a deep reverie.

A gentle knock was heard at the door, but Mary did not seem to hear it till it had been twice repeated.

"Enter!" she said, in her usually brief tone.

The curtain over the door was drawn aside, and Gardiner made his appearance. Mary received him rather coldly.

"Madam," said the prelate, "the prisoner has arrived."

"Our sister, my lord—I presume you mean the Lady Elizabeth? 'Tis well! Give orders to the captain of our guard to admit her grace to the presence when he shall hear the strike of the bell."

The chancellor bowed. From his manner it was evident that he wished to urge something, but was doubtful how his advice would be received; for, since his unconstitutional attempt to execute the princess without the form of a trial—stretch of authority which, with all his tyranny, Henry VIII. himself would have paused at—he had evidently lost ground, both in the favour and confidence of his royal mistress.

"Speak!" she said, perceiving his embarrassment; "what would you request?"

"Nothing madam."

"Advise, then?"

"Merely this: that in the approaching interview with the rival to your throne—for such my duty compels me to designate the Lady Elizabeth—and the enemy of our Holy Church, your majesty should have the support and presence of one of your ministers!"

"Yourself, my lord?" inquired the queen, coldly.

"It is not for a subject, madam, to dictate to the choice of his sovereign!" was the reply of the astute churchman.

"I shall receive the Lady Elizabeth," said Mary Tudor, "according to my original intention!"

"Madam! the council?"

"Are my subjects!" exclaimed the daughter of Henry VIII., striking her hand upon the table; "I have no dictation to receive from them! You have your answer, my lord, and may withdraw: it is not my custom to pronounce my pleasure twice!"

Gardiner bit his lips with mortification, and, bowing lowly, to conceal his confusion, withdrew.

"Our Lady of many Sorrows help me!" murmured the queen, as soon as she was alone. "I am beset on all sides! First, Spain, Philip, the Pope—and now my ministers urge me to consent to the death of my rival! Would that rival," she added, sternly, "were any but my sister!"

Before giving the signal which was to admit the captive to her presence, the speaker closed the little ebony

shrine which contained the portrait of her mother—but not till she had pressed it to her lips.

"*Ne nos inducas in tentationem!*" she said; and, seating herself upon a chair of state, close to the table, she struck the bell.

When Elizabeth entered, she approached the spot where her sister was seated, and, bending the knee, began a passionate protestation of her innocence and loyalty, ending in a well-rounded period, in which she expressed her affection for her sister, and the joy she felt at being once more admitted to her presence.

Mary listened to her with the impassibility of a statue—there was no sign of relenting in her features.

"Words!" she said, at last—"mere words! which bitter experience teaches us are used to conceal, more frequently than to express our thoughts! I am tired of them!"

"Alas! how can I defeat the malice of mine enemies?" exclaimed Elizabeth, wringing her hands with real or well-acted sorrow, "and prove my love to your majesty?"

"By obedience."

"Obedience?"

"Ay," continued the queen; "the councillors of my throne urge me to bring you to trial and execution. But I have paused. The public voice has accused you of treason—as yet I have not listened to it—one way will end my doubts, and cast a seal of oblivion over the past. Accept as a husband Philibert of Savoy, a prince of unblemished honour, who is a suitor for your hand. Your dower shall be worthy of the sister of a queen! One word," added Mary, "of assent, and I restore you to my favour and my love!"

"Alas, gracious madam!"

"Hear me!" interrupted her majesty. "I will do more, in consideration of your compliance with my wish. I will cause parliament, in default of my having issue, to acknowledge you heiress of the crown: the object of your dreams—of your ambition!"

"It has done so already!" observed the princess.

It was terrible to see the change which overspread the countenance of Mary Tudor, at this indiscreet reply of her sister. Her brow knitted, and her eye flashed like her father's.

"Has it, minion!" she exclaimed. "But thou dost forget that between it and thee the headsman stands, grasping the blood-stained axe—the fitting doom of traitors! Dost think I cannot read thy pretended love and loyalty? Hollow words—masking deceit and falsehood! I have chosen for thee a husband worthy the daughter of a king; and doubly so, of the offspring of of Anne Boleyn!"

This was one of the very rare occasions on which the speaker had been known to make an ungenerous allusion to the mother of her sister.

"Madam," said Elizabeth, sinking once more upon her knee; "punish me not for the slanders of mine enemies—it is your place, as the fountain of all justice and honour, to protect me from them—but judge my disinclination to accept the gracious offer of your majesty for my unworthy hand to its true motive—the resolution I have made to lead a single life! I shall never love!"

Mary smiled bitterly, and pronounced the name of Seymour—alluding, of course, to the high admiral, the first lover of the princess.

"I have been foully wronged!" replied the princess; "the admiral was nothing more to me than a friend!"

"Arundel?" added the queen.

"A fool who deceived himself!"

"And Courtney?"

"A relative," said Elizabeth, "for whom I was bound to pray!"

"I am tired of this paltering with my will—answer me at once!" said Mary; "do I see before me a sister whom I can take to my heart and love, as the bride of the Prince of Savoy, or a contumacious traitor, plotting against my crown?"

"A loyal subject, and a true sister!" answered the princess, in a firm tone, although her features were pale as she pronounced the words; "but not the bride of Philibert!"

The queen, with a look of terrible anger, struck upon the bell: in an instant the captain of the guard, Sir Henry Beddingfield, the chamberlain, and the chancellor, entered the apartment: there was an expression of curiosity in every countenance.

"Sir Henry," said Mary, with dreadful calmness, "conduct the Lady Elizabeth to Woodstock, and hold her close prisoner until further orders! We need not recommend you to be careful of your ward—for we have proved your fidelity to our crown and person! You will dismiss her household!" she added, "and see that none have access to her, but on our especial warrant!"

So saying, she left the apartment, without deigning to cast a look upon her still kneeling sister, who faintly murmured, as she disappeared:

"Lost—lost!"

ESSAYS.

NO. CLXXXVI.—THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

THE boyhood of the mental luminaries of the world, presents a subject worthy of the most anxious study. It not only points out with distinctness the several paths by which great men arrived at their respective eminence, but would seem to afford a clue to the solution of the grand mystery of all intellectual development.

The investigation of all divine natures must always afford the most exquisite pleasurable sensations; but when pursued under the influence of economical considerations, is capable of yielding a vast amount of in-

struction, as well as preparing the mind for suggestion of the deepest gravity.

The Boyhood of Great Men! What may we not learn of that susceptible, yearning, half spiritual, half physical existence—that romantic period which, even to those who subsequently shine high and bright in the firmament of thought, is ever dear to the remembrance—ever surrounded by a halo of pure, imperishable memories. How was the early bias formed?—how was it manifested?—how early did the bud peer forth?—did the blossoms afford any indication, or give promise of the magnificence of the fruit? All these are questions of thrilling interest, and furnish a splendid theme for those who, by promoting education, regard mankind under a nobler aspect than being the slaves of circumstances or necessity.

In addition, the information thus to be obtained must be highly advantageous in an educational point of view: as showing the condition of mind in its early dawn, and so enabling parents and guardians to avoid those dreadful tyrannies, in the guise of mistaken affection, which have blighted and ruined myriads of capacities, which, under more judicious culture, would have expanded to the greatness which wears the crown that age cannot dim, or detract rob of a single jewel. Ignorance and prejudice have and daily are shutting out countless numbers from all sense of the glorious summer noon of mind, all knowledge of an existence as far transcending that

"Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,"

as the sun in its full effulgence transcends itself when in dim eclipse, and

"O'er half the nations disastrous twilight sheds!"

Indeed, it may be accepted as indisputable, that the study of the boyhood of great men would tend to weaken, if not to destroy, the pernicious system which tramples down and makes a litter of materials intended to lay the foundations of superstructures wherein "the thoughts that wander through eternity" may be coined, and the earthly man lift himself nearer to the source of the immortality that pervades the universe, invisible to mortal eyes, but still a living glance of everlasting life. We would therefore recommend the first indications of genius and the earliest incidents in the careers of distinguished men to the earnest attention not only of fathers and mothers, but to that distinguished host of practical philanthropists, who have at heart the moral and mental improvement of their fellow-creatures. We would, in fact, wish the boyhood of great men to be made the study of both parents and schoolmasters—so that in time a science might be elaborated out of the glittering mass of details that would be gathered together, and some rules established which would leave the birth and growth of talent for a particular pursuit less to chance, and more to some defined principle of certainty. At present boys are directed to the future by no rules whatever, beyond the arbitrary inclinations of their natural guardians, or the contingencies which arise out of the independent exercise of a will too robust for the position to which it is attempted to be confined.

The natural bias is too little consulted: because in some instances it is not respected, in others not understood; and we might mention many in which it is overruled by a dogged desire to realise a wish or fulfil a promise made before the child had acquired even the gurgling language of infancy. It is too much the fashion for parents early to decide what profession or trade their children shall follow. How can the most astute father or sagacious mother know what a boy under ten or twelve, or if of a sluggish temperament, under fourteen years of age, is fit for? To say that such an infant shall be a lawyer, another a physician, another an artist, another a soldier, sailor, or mechanic, is sheer infatuation—a species of domestic bigotry which, in the majority of instances, dooms the child to a condition far worse than slavery—for it takes not the slightest notice of the ability or adaptive capacity of the future boy or man for the pursuit selected; in fact, it ignores every wise and prudent consideration, and is just about as humane a proceeding as turning a man adrift on the trackless ocean, instead of compelling him to adopt the old buccaneering expedient of walking the plank at once.

But probably a few examples will best illustrate what is meant by sound educationists, when they energetically contend that the natural bias of the child should be studied and accommodated before any attempt is made to control or carve out for him a future destiny. Take the cases of three boys, who subsequently became very great men in three of the highest departments of intellect. Their fathers were pre-eminently wise fathers, and the boyhoods of their sons are actually pages of encouragement and sunshine. We allude to Galileo, Mozart, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, on the 15th of March, 1564. His parents were descendants of a noble Florentine family; indeed, he had the best blood of Florence in his veins, but it was allied to poverty. His father had a very small income and a very large family; but to compensate for his want of fortune, he was accomplished, refined, and possessed rare musical talents. Not being able to afford to have his son educated at an academy, he undertook the task himself, and under such loving auspices, the young Galileo soon grew up a graceful and talented boy. His father at first destined him for commerce, in order that he might repair the broken fortunes of the house of Galileo; but the studious habits of the boy proved obstacles too formidable to be surmounted, and the fond father gave way, and resolved to afford him an education to fit him for a liberal profession. Accordingly, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the University of Pisa, to study medicine; but this intention proved abortive. Galileo could not accommodate himself

to the system of education then in vogue, and embroiled himself with the professors, by exposing and denouncing their ignorance, in the keen, ironical way which afterwards drew down upon him the vengeance of the Inquisition. He had early manifested a taste for geometry, and at this period commenced the study of Euclid and Archimedes. His father sought in vain to recall his attention to his professional pursuits. The early bias first indicated when he pondered over the cause of his top spinning, had grown stronger, and the father wisely allowed him to follow the bent of his own inclination. His first essay, a paper on the hydrostatic balance, procured him the acquaintance of Guido Ubaldo, a learned Pisan, who conceived such a strong friendship for the young author, that he procured him the appointment of lecturer of mathematics in his native town. From that time may be dated the commencement of Galileo's greatness, and, what embittered his life, his daring attacks on the false doctrines of Aristotle. In 1609, he re-invented the telescope, which enabled him to prosecute the science of astronomy with such ardour, that he soon proved the mobility of the earth, and the immobility of the sun. Now, had his father forced him into the drudgery of trade, or compelled him to adopt medicine as then practised by the Sangrado tribe, where would the Galileo of history have been? Chance might have rescued him; but chance can do little towards extricating a mind from darkness—from the dull lethargy of distortion and perverted powers. No, Galileo had a wise as well as an indulgent father, and he lived to adorn and glorify the world of science, and do quite as much as Luther in bringing the Romish Church into contempt and ridicule. For had he not been persecuted by the Inquisition, public attention would not, for at least a century, have been so markedly drawn to the irreconcilable differences between the revelations of science and the Roman interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. As to Galileo's weakness, that must all be charged to the execrable Inquisition. Men of science have not the enthusiasm which leads martyrs to the stake. Besides, when summoned to Rome, he was verging on the period assigned to human life, was weak in body, and shattered in nerves. And was it not a miserable triumph to make an infirm old man bow his grey head before the terrors of the dungeon and the rack? But posterity amply avenged the indignity. From the hour that persecution had done its work in Galileo, the Romish Church declined, and to this day is falling—and will continue to fall, until its mission has been accomplished, and it shall have been consigned to the pages of history or the dim chronicles of tradition.

Turn we gladly to the more pleasing illustration afforded by the boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His father had a strong *penchant* for poetry, and, spurning the profession of attorney, began wandering about the country in search of ideas and subjects upon which to exercise his luxuriant imagination. Whether he succeeded is not recorded, but he found a wife in his wanderings, the daughter of affluent parents, by whom the youthful couple were disarmed; and the poet being thus obliged to cultivate something besides the romance of life, after several ups and downs, became supervisor of Excise, at Bristol: in which city his sixteenth and youngest child was born, on the 4th of May, 1769. In the same year, the father, now "old" Lawrence, resigned his appointment in the Excise, and finally settled down as landlord of the Black Bear Inn, at Devizes. Here he is stated to have tried the patience of his customers by his constant recitations of Shakespeare; and, not content with the exhibition of his own powers, assiduously laboured to impress upon his distinguished son a love of the same kind of performance. The precocity and versatility of Master Thomas were so remarkable that his father used to say to his visitors:

"Will you have him recite from the poets, or take your portraits?"

The innkeeper—he must have been an extremely worthy man—was so delighted with the accomplishments of his son, that he omitted not the slightest opportunity of bringing him out. When Thomas was six years old, Lord and Lady Kenyon arrived one evening at the inn, fatigued after a long journey; but in the host the proud father was so predominant, that he must needs introduce his prodigy of a son to take their portraits. The boy did so, and with astonishing success. They were delighted, and did not omit to spread abroad the fame of the future "painter in ordinary to his majesty."

At thirteen, his talent and popularity were so well established, that the price of his portraits was raised from one guinea to four, and the studio of the boy-artist, at Bath, was the resort of the noble and learned. When eighteen, his father yielded to the entreaties by which he was beset, and removed his son to London, where he took up his quarters in Tavistock Street, and became a student of the Royal Academy. His subsequent progress was extraordinarily rapid, and it must have delighted the sound old heart of his admirable father, to have lived long enough to behold his son the companion of nobles and princes, and caressed by the most beautiful as well as the most distinguished in the land. Too much praise cannot be awarded to that father. Although an innkeeper, he had the soul of an artist. Had he not had something heroic in his disposition, the boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence might have been frittered away, and the future great man totally lost to society. Or, to indulge in a more dreadful supposition—had he been a coarse publican, the genius that in 1814 commanded the patronage of the Allied Sovereigns, might have been extinguished in the squalid tavern-keeper, or popular parlour *bon vivant*. Chance might have rescued him? Possibly—but as we don't believe in chance, we detect it, and regard the memory of that Shakespeare-reciting father of the greatest portrait painter that ever existed, with a mingled feeling of respect and kindly ex-

cuse for the foible that proved so troublesome to his hard-headed, fastidious customers. The great son owed everything to the fond father; and it is gratifying to know that their affection for each other was enthusiastically reciprocated.

Mozart, in like manner, had his genius developed under the most favourable circumstances. His father was an accomplished musician, and encouraged his wonderful boy to obey the law of his nature.

At six, young Mozart composed a concerto, and in his seventh year his fame had preceded him to Paris, where he met a brilliant reception. Indeed, not to enter into particulars that must be familiar to all our readers, there is a remarkable parallel in the careers of Mozart and Lawrence. Both were precocious, both had enthusiastic but clear-headed fathers, and each, before he had attained his thirty-fifth year, had acquired imperishable renown.

How different was the case with Handel, the prince of melodists, as he has been styled. His father, a parchment-loving lawyer, refused to believe that

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;

and strove by every possible means to stifle the genius that was destined to become so potent. Everything in the shape of a musical instrument was banished from the house, and Handel, when only six years old, by the aid of a servant, when the family had retired to rest, stole to a garret, where he practised on "a small clarichord—an instrument in the form of a spinet, with strings so covered with little pieces of cloth, as to deaden or soften the sound." Accident threw the young enthusiast in the way of a German prince, who was so delighted with him, that his father was summoned to court, and the result was that Handel was provided with musical tuition, and in time became the composer of pieces that will endure as long as divine sounds linger on earth, to chasten, elevate, and ennoble the human soul.

These memorable instances ought, we think, to be sufficient to show the necessity for knowing what a boy is fit for before he is put to any trade or profession, and that the arbitrary selection of the parents without this previous inquiry, is not only foolishly erroneous but decidedly cruel. *The boy should take to the business or profession, not the business or profession be forced on the boy.* The capacity should select the employment, not the employment the capacity. Dr. Parr is an example in point. Having a taste for the ponderous in matter as well as sentiment, he wished to be a clergyman. In his infancy he amused himself by pronouncing funeral orations over dead dogs and cats. His desire was gratified, and he became, through his classical acquisitions, a rather famous man in his day. Had he selected to have been a butcher, no doubt he would have distinguished himself—for his biographer informs us that, although "his humanity to animals was extreme, and the only battle he had ever fought at school was in defence of a worried cat, he had, notwithstanding this, a strange fancy for filling oxen at the slaughter-house." So that for any pursuit in which originality or brilliance was requisite, it is quite evident that he was totally unqualified. He was adapted by nature for the heavy responsibilities of the parson and pedagogue, and his friends showed much wisdom when they allowed him to study for the position which he afterwards obtained.

On the same principle, a man with a poetical organisation rarely succeeds in the law. The present Mr. Justice Talfourd, an elegant poet and accomplished scholar, may be an exception—but we doubt whether he would have been a judge, if he had adopted poetry and literature as a profession. He merely used them as auxiliaries: so that this or any of the solitary and far, very far between exceptions that might be cited, rather strengthen than weaken the rule. And we confidently refer to the boyhood of Sir Walter Scott for corroboration of the truth of our remark, that natural poets seldom excel as artificial lawyers. Scott's father was a lawyer, and he ardently wished that his son should succeed him in business; but the bias acquired at Sandie Knowe was too strong to be resisted even at the call of filial affection. The mimic hero mounted on his Shetland pony, and the delightful rambles with old Dalgety in the village of Prestonpans, were not forgotten in the man. He qualified for the bar—but as, in three months after his assuming the gown, he was "exploring the border dales in search of ballads, it is almost impossible to think that his heart could ever have been earnest in his professional pursuits." No, all his tastes and inclinations were literary; and, by cultivating his powers, he became one of the most facile and original writers that ever adorned the literature of any nation or any time. Had he been compelled to labour at the law, he would probably never have been heard of out of his own locality, and his fine intellect would have been frittered away "in the collection of curious old books, rare coins, Highland claymores, and all sorts of antiquities."

As the organisation of Scott peculiarly adapted him for becoming a great poet and novelist, so did the organisations of such men as Canova, Ferguson, and Newton, enable them to excel in the departments in which they shone so brightly. The grandson of the village mason, like the Scotch celebrity, received his bias from his charming tale-telling, ballad-singing, and poetical old grandmother, while his grandfather initiated him into the mysteries of drawing and sculpture. It is a pleasant picture to fancy that old man bending over his *protégé*, then about ten years of age—as, on account of the feebleness of his frame, Canova was "indulged in modelling flowers, drawing animals, and other matters congenial to his fine taste and bright fancy." The angel of that boy's future was surely at such a moment whispering in his ear.

Ferguson, the son of a poor Scottish day labourer, and

himself a poor shepherd boy, is another brilliant example of genius allowed to continue in the right channel by kind encouragement. Who can forget his remark on his practice of star-gazing, when out at night keeping sheep. "I used," he writes, "to stretch a thread with small beads on it, at arm's length between my eye and the stars; sliding the beads upon it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying the thread down on the paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads. My master at first laughed at me, but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day-time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

The minister of Keith, who gave him a map to copy—Mr. Grant, the squire, and his sun-dial painting butler, who taught the incipient astronomer decimal arithmetic and algebra—also richly merited his gratitude; and it may safely be assumed that, had it not been for the direction thus early given to his bias, he would never have "died on the 11th of November, 1776, having won and enjoyed a distinguished reputation both in England and on the continent."

Sir Isaac Newton is another glorious illustration of genius not being twisted from its original bias. The "sober, silent, thinking lad," at fifteen gave no promise of becoming a farmer, as his mother fondly desired. "The cultivation of the soil, the breeding of sheep, the growth of corn, and the fattening of cattle were not subjects of the slightest interest to him. He was framing some model, getting a water-wheel into play, or solving a difficult problem—little recking whether his wheat was ripening on the arable land, or his flocks thriving in the green pasture." A clergyman, his uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, found him one day seated under a hedge, reading a book which so completely monopolised his attention, that he was totally unaware of any one having approached the spot. The reverend gentleman was in no small degree astonished to find that the cause of his nephew's attraction was his being deeply engaged in the solution of a mathematical problem, and had no hesitation in determining that nature had not intended him for rural honours. He therefore employed his influence with Newton's mother, and the young philosopher was sent to Cambridge, and entered at Trinity College.

None of these great men appear to have been capable of having filled any other than the positions they respectively held. And in all of them we see how the natural bias was promoted either by friendly circumstances, or the dearer fostering influence of affection. Chance had nothing whatever to do either with the adoption of the pursuit, or the subsequent success of him who followed it. Chance—most likely it was a warm impulse—may have led Moody, the actor, in the largeness of his noble heart, to tell Mr. Stratford Canning, the London merchant, that his nephew was on the high road to the gallows, unless something were done for him; but chance did not fill George Canning's head with brains, or, when at Eton, cause him to shine in a mimic House of Commons, and give the bent to an inclination that conducted him to the premiership of England. Chance or accident may have caused the son of Sir Astley Cooper's foster-mother to be run over by a cart-wheel; but chance did not give the boy Cooper the courage, coolness, and sagacity to stop the bleeding of the wounded artery by tying his handkerchief tightly above it.

But it would be idle to pursue such an argument. Chance is rather an enemy of genius than otherwise. It is to circumstances of a sunny nature, to forethought and kindness of parents, and the sagacity of philanthropists, that we must chiefly look for the causes which have assisted the sons of genius to climb the steep ascent to undying fame—to prove that

The child is father of the man;

and, from the unequivocal positiveness of the principle to be deduced from the details of the boyhood of great men, establishing, beyond a doubt, that it is madness and against nature to thwart the instinctive bias of a brain that only requires proper cultivation to become as fruitful as the fields of the earth under the hands of the skilful agriculturist, and the bountiful supply of nurture derived from the rains and the light of heaven. J. P. H.

A LADY'S HAND.

'Tis dimpled, white, and oh! so soft,
That little fairy hand!

It lies within mine own so warm,
So graceful in its *petite* form;

No words I can command
Will tell the magic, mystic spell,
Which in that tiny hand doth dwell.

As to my burning lips full oft
That little hand I press,
Bestowing Love's caress

Upon the flake of dimpled snow
Which warm with life and youth doth glow—
My lady's soft white hand!

I love to mark the blue veins swell
Upon that little hand!

Each finger tapers, round and fair,
And by that much loved hand I swear,

While I have wealth or land,
That gentle hand no ill shall know,
No rude touch bid its whiteness glow,

That snowy hand I love so well.
Would it were *now* in mine,
That I might leave Love's sign,

His signet, and his sweetest seal
On that hand, which, thro' woe and weal
I'll love—my lady's hand!



[VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE.]

ETON COLLEGE.

THIS venerable and illustrious seminary—which, for nearly four centuries, has planted the seeds of piety and learning in the expanding mind of youth, and the records of whose favoured alumni contain a host of names distinguished for their renown in the field, the cabinet, and the varied pursuits of literature—was founded by Henry VI. In September, 1440, that monarch purchased the perpetual advowson of the parish of Eton, for the purpose of founding a college; and by two charters, dated October 11, 1440, and March 11, 1441, endowed it with sufficient funds for its maintenance. The building was commenced in the following year, and, when completed, contained accommodation for twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor and infirm men to pray for the king; with the requisite number of tutors and ecclesiastical attendants. The new establishment was modelled upon the plan of William de Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College, his statutes being transcribed without any very material alteration. In 1464 a treaty of union and mutual defence was concluded between Eton, Winchester and King's College, Cambridge. The first head master was William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, afterwards provost of the institution, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford. Fostered by the hand of royalty, even during the stormy period of the Reformation and the subsequent fluctuations in the established religion of the country, the infant establishment made rapid progress, and speedily numbered in its list of provosts the most celebrated men of the age. Among them was Sir Henry Saville, who founded professorships of astronomy and geometry at the University of Oxford; Sir Henry Wootton, Bart., an eminent statesman at the court of James I., by whom he was frequently employed in embassies to foreign states; Provost Steward, Clerk of the Closet to Charles I.; Francis Rowse, whose principles became so decidedly puritanical as to procure him a seat in Cromwell's Upper House of Parliament; and many others, equally eminent, of later date than the preceding.

The present establishment consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, a master, under-master, assistants, seventy scholars, seven lay clerks, and ten choristers, besides the inferior officers and servants for the domestic offices of the collegians. The scholars on the foundation are distinguished by wearing a black cloth gown; the others are termed *oppidan*, the expense of whose education and maintenance is defrayed by their relatives, and who are boarded in private houses within the precincts of the college: the total number is upwards of 600. The annual election of scholars to King's College, Cambridge, takes place at the latter end of July, when the twelve senior scholars are put upon the rolls to succeed to King's as vacancies may occur: four or five generally take place in the course of a twelvemonth, and the students succeed to the fellowships at three years' standing. Upon the day of election the provost of King's College, accompanied by two posers, attends at Eton, when the candidates pass through an examination: on this occasion the senior scholars deliver public orations, in the upper school, selected from the classics and the best English authors. Eton likewise sends two scholars, denominated post-masters, who originally officiated as choristers, to Merton College, Oxford, and has several exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each, for the benefit of the scholars who are supernumerary, which, by the statutes of the college, they become at nineteen years of age.

The singular custom triennially celebrated at Eton on Whit-Tuesday, and which had the title of *Montem* (but now fallen into disuse), appears to have been coeval with

at which time consecrated salt was sold to the spectators. The spectacle partook somewhat of a military array; the major part of the boys were habited in uniforms, and the senior scholars wore the dresses of a marshal, captain, lieutenant, and ensign, the latter of whom carried the college flag, inscribed with the motto, "*Pro more et monte*," which was waved with much form on the summit of the mount at Salt Hill. The two principal collectors were termed salt-bearers, and were assisted in the duties of the day by several more of the upper boys, who had the title of servants; their dresses were rich and fanciful, chosen according to the taste of the wearer: so that it was by no means unusual to witness these youths habited in the costume of every clime and period. The collection generally amounted to between £800 and £1000.

The buildings of the college form two large quadrangles, and, with the exception of the chapel, are built of brick, having the roof battlemented; the principal front faces the Thames, a neatly-disposed garden extending to the bank of the river. The outer quadrangle is formed on the east side by the clock tower and apartments of some of the masters; on the north, by the lower school, above which is the Long Chamber or dormitory for the scholars on the foundation; on the west by the upper school, which, with the stone arcade beneath it, was built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Dr. Allestre, provost of the college after the Restoration; and on the south by the chapel. In the centre of the courtyard is a bronze statue of Henry VI., on a marble pedestal, inclosed within an iron railing; the monarch is in his full robes, wearing a cap of state, and having the sceptre in his right hand, and the globe and cross in his left. It was executed by an artist named Francis Bird, in the reign of George I.

The chapel is a very handsome Gothic structure, supported on each side by massive buttresses, but fitted-up internally in a style of great plainness and simplicity.

A small postern gate, luxuriantly mantled with ivy, forms an opening from the cloisters into the playing fields—an extensive tract of ground, shaded by several lofty trees, and bounded on one side by the Thames. The young gentlemen educated here are greatly attached to aquatic amusements, and twice during the summer (on the 4th of June, in commemoration of the birthday of George III., and on the last Saturday in July, when the senior scholars are elected to King's College, Cambridge) splendid regattas take place. On these occasions, they go in procession, habited in fancy dresses, in several long-boats, ornamented with flags, and accompanied with music, to a meadow opposite Surley Hall, about three miles up the river, where a cold collation is provided; and on their return, a brilliant display of fireworks is exhibited on an eyot, a short distance above Windsor Bridge. This spectacle has been frequently graced with the presence of several members of the royal family, and annually attracts a considerable number of distinguished visitors.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A PAISLEY BODY.

SOME seventeen years ago, a young man, a native of Paisley, the son of a most respectable tradesman, went to sea: the vessel founded, and, with one solitary exception, all on board perished. The sad intelligence was soon brought to Paisley: the family went into mourning; and for seventeen long years, if they had not forgotten the sailor, they had ceased to think of him as one about whose fate there could be the least shadow of a doubt.

A letter lately made its appearance there, addressed to the young man's father, who several years ago had retired to a watering-place on the west coast, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of a green old age. As he had long

been out of Paisley, the post-office folks had forgotten him, and could not find a party to whom the letter should be delivered. It was sent to Edinburgh, and, after being tossed about from one office to another, was opened at London, and from thence re-directed to Paisley, with instructions that every effort should be made to discover the owner. The contents soon led to the discovery; and it now appears that the young man supposed to have been lost at sea was the one man saved.

A person at present in New Zealand, in the course of his peregrinations, heard that a white man was living far up the country. He determined to search him out. On arriving at the native village, the white man's hut was pointed out. He entered it, and found a comely-looking damsel—a New Zealandess—with two or three fine healthy whitey-brown children nestling about her. She was able to speak a little broken English; told the visitor the Christian name of her husband, and said she expected him home shortly, inviting the stranger to await his return. By-and-bye the husband arrives, tattooed and dressed as a New Zealander.

The two men, of course, were not likely to have recognised each other, even though they had been previously acquainted; but after comparing notes, it came out that they were both natives of Paisley, and had been at school together some twenty-five years ago.

The surprise and astonishment of the stranger may be well conceived. As for the host, he explained that he had been picked up from the wreck of his ship by a passing vessel, and after many curious escapes and adventures, found himself in the interior of New Zealand, far from any settlement. There he married a native of the country, a chief's daughter, by whom he has had a family, and with whom he has been living very happily. He feels quite comfortable in his adopted land; likes the mode of living extremely, and has no desire to return to Paisley. He cannot tell how long he has been in New Zealand, not having adopted Crusoe's expedient of notching the time.

After a long talk about Paisley and auld lang syne, the stranger bade him adieu, and on his return to the British settlement, wrote the letter above referred to.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

FORGIVE and Forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!

Forgive and Forget! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met:
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget?

ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.—Mr. Jacob has estimated the existing gold of the world, previously to 1844 (four-fifths of it existing in manufactured articles), at £350,000,000. Add our new acquisition of £255,000,000, and we have a present world-wealth of gold of £705,000,000. Taking the cube yard of gold at £2,000,000, which it is in round numbers, all the gold of the world, at this estimate, might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All our boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe nine feet square and nine feet high. So small is the cube of yellow metal that has set populations on the march, and roused the world to wonder!

EUROPEAN DRESS AND TURKISH WEARERS.—The change that has been introduced (into the Turkish costume) shows the wonderful power of the Sultan over the people; all has apparently been done by example, and by the influence of that universal power, fashion. The Turk, proud of his beard, comes up from the province a candidate for, or to receive the office of governor. The Sultan gives him an audience, passes his hand over his own short-trimmed beard: the candidate takes the hint, and appears the next day shorn of his honoured locks. The Sultan, who is always attired in a plain blue frock-coat, asks of the aspirant for office if he admires it: he of course praises the costume worn by his patron, whereupon the Sultan suggests that he would look well in it, also so in the red, unturbaned fez. The following day the officer again attends, to receive or lose his appointment, and, to promote the progress of his suit, throws off his costly and beautiful costume, and appears, like the Sultan, in the dull, unsightly frock. A regimental cloak may sometimes be seen covering a fat body inclosed in all the robes of the Turkish costume; the whole bundle, including the fur-lined gown, being strapped together round the waist. Some of the figures are literally as broad as long, and have a laughable effect on horseback. The saddles for the upper classes are now generally made of the European form; but the people, who cannot give up their accustomed love of finery for plain leather, have them mostly of purple or crimson velvet embroidered with silver or gold, the holsters ornamented with beautiful patterns. The horses are small, but very good and showy. Every gentleman in the street is on horseback, with one, two, three, or four servants, according to his rank, walking by his side, one carrying the pipe.—*Sir C. Fellows's Asia Minor and Lycia.*



[THE NEW WING OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.]

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THIS town residence of royalty is comparatively a modern structure; for in "Walks through London," a work published about thirty years ago, we are informed, that "at the west end of St. James's Park, fronting the Mall, stands the Queen's palace, which, till 1762, when his present Majesty bought it, was called Buckingham House."

George IV. had this old house pulled down, and the greater portion of the present imposing edifice erected on its site. The cost was enormous, and afforded to the political agitators of the time of the regency, and the early portion of that monarch's reign, a fruitful topic for declamatory exertion. His taste was for the gorgeous and showy. He wished to rear a marble palace amid the smoke of the metropolis, and to hand his name down to posterity as George the Builder. Posterity has ignored his claim; and in connection with Buckingham Palace, only remembers him as George the Extravagant. Most of his plans have been set aside; for even in the reign of William IV., under the judicious suggestions of that amiable and accomplished lady, the late Queen Dowager, the work of more chaste adornment, as well as comfortable addition, under the guise of alteration and improvement, was commenced, and rapidly proceeded with.

When her present Majesty ascended the throne, it was found that the palace was extremely inconvenient; but when Queen Victoria became the mother of several children, the building, although to the eye so vast in appearance, was speedily discovered not to be large enough. There was positively not the slightest provision made for such contingencies as royal children.

Fortunately for the claims of royalty to be properly housed, the late Sir R. Peel was at the head of the government when the want of accommodation became too evident to be longer postponed; and accordingly we find that, in the spring of 1846, the right hon. baronet informed the Lords of the Treasury, that her Majesty had been for some time past subjected to great inconvenience "from the insufficient accommodation" afforded by the palace. A letter was consequently written to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who promptly replied to it by, in August, calling upon Mr. Blore, the architect, to "report on the nature and extent of the insufficiency of accommodation, together with such plans, elevations, and alterations as would best provide for its improvement and enlargement." Mr. Blore, in August, 1846, replied, that "he had long been aware of the extreme inconvenience to which her Majesty personally, the juvenile members of the royal family, and the whole of the royal establishment had been subjected, in consequence of the insufficiency of Buckingham palace in point of accommodation."

Among other inconveniences enumerated by Mr. Blore, it appears that the private apartments in the north wing "were not calculated originally for a married sovereign—the head of a family"—that the nursery department was confined "to a few rooms in the attics of the same wing," and that the basement story of the wing was used "by the Lord Chamberlain's department for stores and workshops"—that there was a constant noise, and continual smell of oil and glue; and, as if these were not enough, he adds—"the kitchen, again, is a nuisance to the palace."

In short, he might have said that, however well Buckingham Palace might have suited a childless monarch, like George IV., it by no means suited Queen Victoria, who—in addition to a taste unexcelled for purity—had a love of the comfortable and the domestic. As she must reside a portion of the year in London, she asked for a proper house to reside in, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests promptly acknowledged that her complaint was just and reasonable.

Mr. Blore's estimate amounted to £150,000, and for this he was to make "a new east front to the palace—clear out and re-arrange rooms in the north wing—make alterations in the south wing—new kitchens and offices, with ball-room over—take down the marble arch—decorate, paint, and alter drains."

With these precise instructions, and ample funds to resort to, the architect vigorously proceeded with his task; and in the course of less than seven years it may be assumed that he has given quite a new appearance—indeed, a fresh and less questionable character—to Buckingham Palace—internally as well as externally. The gloomy and unsightly sunken square which formerly disfigured the east front, is now properly shut in as a carriage yard, and a superb *façade* is now presented to promenaders in the park.

The sculptures which adorn the centre and two wings of this *façade* are very beautiful. In the former is an arch, opening with a balcony supported by bold trusses, and surmounted by scroll-work, inclosing a shield, bearing "V. R., 1847," whilst on the lateral turrets are placed colossal figures of our old tutelar favourites, St. George and the Dragon, and Britannia with the British Lion. These figures are sculptured by Termouth.

Over the north wing is a group of the hours, upon a pedestal pierced with a circle intended for a wind-dial, flanked with recumbent figures.

Upon the corresponding, or southern wing, is a circle for the reception of a clock-dial, flanked by Morning and Night—the latter with bats' wings and her characteristic bird; the centre figure of Apollo being an impersonation of Noon. These two groups (upon the wings) formed part of the original sculptural decoration of the Palace.

Military trophies and festoons of flowers are distributed over various parts of the building where ornament has been required to give effect to the design.

All the other portions of these attractive architectural additions, are in complete harmony with this really beautiful *façade*. The section just completed, is that of the new ball and concert-room, in the south wing. The refined taste of Prince Albert is here very manifest. Every feature of the exterior, as will be seen by our pictorial embellishment, is plain, simple, but massive and beautiful. There is no affectation of the unadorned Doric, or an effort at a more pretentious composite style. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort wished to have a handsome ball and concert-room, and the architect has literally and successfully carried out his instructions. When the embellishments shall have been completed, the effect of the chaste *ensemble* will be more visible. At present, a noble frontage is presented to the eye—neither too heavy nor too light—but just showing a frontage sufficiently adorned to take it out of the category of rude simplicity.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

A TALE OF MOSCOW.

ON the 19th of August, 1812, the ancient capital of Russia was in a state of intense commotion. A French army, under the command of, to the Russians, the Tamerlane of modern times, was already in the heart of the empire, and its march on Moscow was anticipated with rage and trembling. Rumours of a great battle, in which the Russians had been unsuccessful, were flying through the city, and the continual arrival of messengers, bearing despatches through the gate of Smolensko, only seemed to add to the general apprehension.

The morning broke finely—and all classes remembered that it was one of the high festivals of the church. Devotion and habit proved too powerful for fear: accordingly, from the earliest dawn the preparations for celebrating the day set apart for the Donskaya—Holy Mother—were vigorously proceeded with. As soon as the sun had peered above the horizon, the bells of the six cathedrals, twenty-one monasteries, and three hundred churches, which were then in Moscow, began tolling; and high above them all, sounded like rolling thunder, the bells in the tower of Ivan Veliki.

The population of the city at the same time began pouring into the streets and squares, and at all the gates streams of people from the neighbouring villages came in almost unbroken lines. In the squares the military and the militia were assembled, in heavy marching order, while mounted police and gendarmes hovered on the edges of the crowds, or were grouped in the vicinity of the fire-engines—which in the Russian cities are always kept ready for instant service, either for extinguishing a fire or dispersing a disorderly assemblage.

After the holy procession from the Cathedral of the Assumption, consisting of the bishops and clergy, all bare-headed and on foot, accompanied by the holy banners, crosses, books, and relics, had arrived at the Donskoi Monastery, Divine service commenced, and the immense multitude gathered together in Moscow bowed their heads in prayer to the Donskaya. Not a head was covered, not a sound was heard, but the incessant tolling of the bells, and the occasional clatter of a horse's feet on the pavement, as a messenger dashed onwards, at full speed, to the mansion of Rostopchin, the governor of the city.

In about two hours the tolling began gradually to cease, until at last the vibrations of the great bell of the cathedral only were heard; and as they became less frequent and finally died away, a hoarse murmur, just like that of the sea beating against a rocky shore, rose upon the air, and was succeeded by a roar of tremendous volume. Moscow had ceased to pray. The signal for general mirth had been given, and with the enemy almost at their gates, the people, as if animated by one impulse, committed themselves to the excitement of a saturnalia, which may be better imagined than described. All the characteristics of an English fair of the olden time—such as dancing, drinking, fighting, with the super-addition of an amazing amount of genuflections before images of the Donskaya, were developed. Those who rushed from the churches, joined the *mêlée*; the soldiers and militia, after stacking their arms, were allowed the same privilege; and scarcely a human being in Moscow wore a grave face, save the

guards and sentinels at the various public buildings, and the artillerymen, who, with lighted matches in their hands, stood grimly by loaded guns on the walls of the Kremlin, and all the various city gates.

The nobility mingled freely with the populace, and there seemed on this special occasion to be quite a genial, although on one side deferential intercourse established between the masters and their serfs. One group, wherever the party composing it wandered, attracted considerable attention. It comprised the Count Orloff, one of the richest nobles in the empire, his daughter Catherine, a tall, fair, intellectual-looking girl, Ivan Rostopchin, the son of the military governor of Moscow, upon whose arm she lightly touched, the governor himself, a stern, hard-featured man, and Alexis Pheodorovitch, a relative of the count, a young man of distinguished appearance. He was tall, dignified, almost majestic in his look. He was dark-complexioned, with curling dark hair, thick, jet-black moustaches, and large, piercing dark eyes. His costume was rich—and, being in imitation of that of a Cossack chief, well became his remarkably fine figure. He wore a tall black helmet, terminated by a crimson sack, with its plume-laced festoon and white cockade. His dress and arms were altogether those of a Cossack, with one exception—he carried by his side the long, heavy sabre first introduced by Frederick the Great, and afterwards adopted by the French cuirassiers.

As this party wandered down the alleys of grocers' stalls, cooks' shops, taverns, and tea-tents, erected before the monastery, they were saluted with the most profound respect; and when they mingled among the crowds of peasantry squatted in the adjoining fields, eating and drinking, every one rose and made as reverent an inclination as that which he or she a few hours previously had bestowed upon the image of Donskaya.

"What thoughtfulness!" remarked the governor's son, as he glanced at the groups of merry-makers. "The French may be here to-morrow, and yet to-day the people are dancing!"

"They will fight none the worse to-morrow for being glad to-day!" said Catherine, quickly.

"Umph!" growled Ivan, who was rather good-looking in face and figure, but his manner was repelling. "In such a crisis, the worship of to-day ought to yield to anxiety for the morrow!"

Catherine smiled, as she replied:

"My cousin Alexis has seen a good deal of service, and I have heard him say that the men under him never behaved better than when they went into battle with light hearts and merry faces."

"Oh, he is a paragon!" sneered Ivan; "Monsieur Perfection—what he says must be right!"

"He is my cousin," answered Catherine, proudly, "and has served the emperor with his sword—not his pen!"

Ivan had touched a wrong chord; and, although inwardly chafing with envy and mortification, began to praise the noble-looking soldier a few paces in their rear; then renewed the suit for her hand, which for months he had been pressing with vehemence. But Catherine interrupted his passionate exhortation by stepping towards some pretty peasant girls—her father's property—and chatting with them so affably, that the poor girls fluttered like newly-imprisoned birds. While this little bit of bye-play was going on, the Count Orloff and his companions were engaged in a very grave discussion.

"What induces you to imagine that this mad French Emperor will endeavour to push on towards Moscow instead of St. Petersburg?" inquired Count Orloff from the governor Rostopchin, the destined destroyer of Napoleon—for he it was who conceived and carried out the project of burning Moscow: through which act the French army, by being deprived of winter quarters, was overwhelmed in irretrievable ruin.

"Moscow is nearer to Constantinople than St. Petersburg!" replied the governor, gloomily. "Napoleon aims at re-establishing the Roman Empire."

"Besides," remarked Alexis, "by pushing on to our ancient capital, he aims at securing comfortable winter quarters, so as to prepare himself for vigorous operations in the spring."

"He should be driven back!" exclaimed the count—who was one of those who, not comprehending, detested the tactics of the Russian generals, in studiously avoiding a pitched battle.

"He will advance victoriously to the walls—yea, enter our beloved city!" said Rostopchin, his face darkening terribly; "but it will only be to the grave of his hopes! I already see the winding-sheet of his magnificent army!"

"But if he winters here," said the young soldier, impatiently, "in the spring he will be reinforced, and perhaps be able to dictate terms at St. Petersburg!"

"Young man," replied the governor, in his sepulchral manner, "neither the Emperor Napoleon, nor his army, will winter in Moscow! I shall prevent that—let his majesty's generals fight or run, just as they please!"

At this moment a mounted messenger spurred up, and delivered a package to the governor. He opened it—and as he read the contents of the despatch inclosed, his usually dark eyes sparkled strangely, and something like a spasm of exultation played round his large mouth.

"Bad news!" said he, as he folded up the paper. "Smolensk, after being abandoned, has been set on fire, and burnt to the ground. Our army is in full retreat—the French are advancing. So, count, as this will be our last day of illness, and we have seen enough of the merry-making, let us adjourn to your house, and at your hospitable board for a few hours forget the miseries that have been undeservedly heaped on our unhappy country!"

The count gladly assented; and the party, entering their carriages, were driven off amid the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude.

The mansion of the Count Orloff stood about ten versts from Moscow. It was a plain building, two storeys high, partly of wood, and partly of bricks. Its size was amazing, having a frontage of a thousand feet, and the land attached to it extended over at least a thousand acres.

The feast was truly baronial; for though the Russians had adopted the French style of cookery, they still retained their native dishes, with the addition of the solid joints which characterise the English repasts. The guests comprised the *élite* of old Russian nobility; but the chief one of the evening was Rostopchin, although only a patrician of the second class, owing to his being unable to trace his family back more than a century. His son, during the entertainment, had an opportunity of approaching very close to the count; and, having drunk freely, did not hesitate to declare his passion for the beautiful Catherine.

The father listened complacently—for a matrimonial connection with the only son of a man high in the favour of the emperor offered many inducements, even to a nobleman of his rank and wealth.

"I admire your father," was his cautious reply; "and do not doubt he will rise to the highest eminence in the state; but Catherine has to be consulted. She is my only remaining unmarried child, and I would not thrust upon her a husband she might not like. Go to her—you know the way—and if you can win her consent—why—why I'll consult with Rostopchin."

Elated with this concession, and not doubting but that he should ultimately succeed—for in Russia a parent generally disposes of his children in marriage without even consulting their inclinations—Ivan stole from the banquet room, inspired with hope, and, it must be confessed, no inconsiderable quantity of wine.

At the rear of the house, some paths, whose intricacies he well knew, conducted him to a flower-garden, arranged after the English fashion. At one end of this garden some steps led to a gallery which ran along that part of the house from which doors opened and conducted the privileged visitor to the drawing-rooms of the lady Catherine. Ivan ascended to this gallery full of confidence; but as he passed along, he happened to glance in at an open window, and as he did so, beheld a sight which drove every particle of colour from his face, and almost made him stagger. The sun had not quite gone down, but the room was brilliantly lighted up; and from where he stood, thanks to a bushy Portuguese laurel in a gigantic vase beside the open window, he could see and hear all that passed within, without being himself observed.

The apartment was richly furnished—but to Ivan's eye, angry as it was, the most exquisite piece of furniture in it was the figure of Catherine. She was attired in the evening dress then, and for many years afterwards, popular all over the continent, and in England. The corsage was low, revealing the upper portion of a bust, fair, but glowing with the soft tint of youth and health. The waist was contracted, and below it the dress fell in thick folds until it swept the carpet, and concealed feet, than which the whole Court of St. Petersburg—that is, the masculine portion—had declared none smaller or more symmetrical had ever been revealed in the giddy whirl of the intoxicating waltz. Her face, fair, classical in outline, and lit up by a pair of light-grey eyes, was shaded by her dark auburn hair, parted in the centre, and looped up in the German style. Her appearance altogether was luxuriant and fascinating; and as she was seated on a couch, with her plump white arms glistening like marble peering through subdued tints of purple, and her cousin Alexis, seated on a chair close to the scroll end of the couch, was turned towards her, with his handsome face radiant with very lover-like enthusiasm, it is not surprising that the suitor outside should have experienced the pangs of the most acute jealousy. But hark! she speaks!

"When did you begin to love me, cousin Alexis, as cousins are not wont to love?" she asked, with a slightly coquettish air.

The hand of Alexis stole to the long, slender one of the maiden, as he tremblingly replied:

"I cannot tell the exact time, for I always loved you dearly. But I remember, when I joined the army, parting from you was the saddest sorrow I ever felt. I was bewildered—overwhelmed by a sensation that chilled me to my very heart. Then I dreamed of you at night—saw your sweet face in the smoke of battle—at the festive board—in church—in the chace—everywhere. Then I came home again and found you a woman; and oh, how beautiful! Then I heard people talk about love, and wonder who would be your husband; and as I gazed at you, the voiceless whisper of my heart crept up to my brain, and made me wish to have you for a wife, even if only for the blissful instant when I might, in the Holy presence, seal my love on your lips, and feel their velvet touch thrill me, as celestial fire thrills mortal man. After that, my poverty smote me, and I went to the wars again, loving you hopelessly, but more and more. The credit I gained at Friedland, brought me under the notice of the emperor, and I was promoted rapidly. The Turkish war commenced, and I got the rank of colonel. But honour and a sword are poor things to offer a father in exchange for his darling daughter; and when I thought of that, I knew I loved you. The heavy load on my heart disappeared, and a warm, thrilling, ecstatic feeling came into its place. I knew you, surrounded as you were by noble and wealthy suitors, might never be mine; but I loved you not the less for that irresistible conviction."

Catherine's voice slightly quivered, as she replied:

"Position and wealth do not always influence a maiden in her choice. There is honour—the unspotted honour of a gallant soldier—courage, and that largeness of heart, which in man is so noble, so god-like. These I have found in you, Alexis, and, with my father's permission, I would not hesitate to commit my destiny to your keeping."

"Dear Catherine!" was all the soldier could utter, as

he leaned forward, and, drawing her beautiful form towards him, clasped it to his bosom passionately.

The agony of the Evil One, in the garden of Eden, when he witnessed the conjugal tenderness of our first parents for each other, was almost excelled by that of Ivan, as he heard this mutual confession, and gazed with glaring eyes on that protracted embrace. Half drawing his sword, he was about to rush into the apartment, but the sound of voices summoning him and Alexis again to the banquet, arrested his murderous intention, and he hastened away, chafing like a baffled fiend.

In the morning, Moscow had resumed its usual appearance: the inhabitants, being kept in total ignorance of everything that related to the political condition of the country, went about their business as usual; but, among the highest officials the greatest agitation prevailed. They knew well that the French army was rapidly advancing. Rostopchin alone was aware of the imperial intention not to hazard a battle on a large scale, until the enemy had been lured into the heart of the empire, far away from his supplies. He alone knew that Moscow was not to be defended.

"Go," said he, to the chief of the police; "go, and find me the most pious men in the city. I want five hundred men who, at the bidding of the church, would march to the gates of Islam!"

As soon as the officer had departed, the governor muttered:

"When a desperate deed is to be done, fanatics in religion are the men to do it!"

"When do you think the French will be in Moscow?" inquired his son.

"They may be here to-morrow!" was the answer—for the governor would confide his great purpose to no one—his only confidant was the emperor—"or the next day—or the next! Do you go to Ivan's Tower, and bring Michael to me!"

This celebrated belfry stands at nearly an equal distance from the cathedrals of the Assumption and St. Michael. It is the most conspicuous object in Moscow, being visible from almost every part of the city, and to a great distance on all the approaches to it from the east, south, and west. From the bottom to the top of the cross it is 269½ feet high. The number of bells in it is thirty-three, all of them of immense size—the smallest said to weigh 7000 lbs. English, and the largest 124,289 lbs. On festivals they are tolled without intermission, and with but few variations, from an early hour till the evening, the peasantry, and the Russians generally, being extremely fond of Ivan Veliki's, or Great John's, music. The great bell of Moscow, one of the wonders of the world, stands in an immense cavity on the east side of this belfry. In 1812, the ruins of the tower fell into the cavity, and covered the bell. When the court arrived at Moscow, in 1817, it was uncovered, and again surrounded with a rail. According to Dr. Lyall, it originally contained 8000 poods' weight, and was cast in 1654. Being destroyed by fire, it was re-cast, and 2000 additional poods of metal added to it in 1734. In 1737, the wooden edifice erected over it took fire, and the bell becoming hot, was most probably cracked, in consequence of cold water being thrown upon it. An inscription on it recording its second casting, expressly states its weight at 10,000 poods—equal to 360,000 lbs. English. According to the measurement of English engineers, the height, if it had been full cast, would have been twenty-one feet—it is actually only twenty feet seven inches. The greatest diameter, at the mouth of the bell, is twenty-two feet eight inches. The top of the bell, a double ring, measures three feet one inch. The top of the crack is five feet seven inches from the ground. The clapper, which lies at the foot of Ivan Veliki, is fourteen feet long.

Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, positively asserts that this Czar Kolokol, or the Emperor of Bells, was never suspended, and that the Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first-rate line-of-battle ship with all her guns and stores. But this objection falls to the ground, when it has been ascertained that the bell was never removed from the mould, but proper supports, and beams, and cross-beams having been erected, the soil in the vicinity and underneath was carefully removed, and then it hung securely enough in a chamber prepared for it expressly. Travellers who visited Moscow in 1698, expressly state that it was suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams, and was rung by forty or fifty men, one half on each side, who, by means of ropes, pulled the clapper. An inscription on the bell itself states that it began to announce Divine service A.D. 1668, and continued to be used till 1701, when—in consequence of a great fire in the Kremlin—it was damaged. Whether it was ever suspended after its second casting is doubtful; but the Russians believe it was, and on great festivals—such as that of the Donskaya—the peasants resort to it as a kind of sanctuary, regarding it as an act of devotion, crossing themselves all the way as they descend and ascend the steps.

When Ivan arrived at the tower, he found the object of his message superintending the men who were employed in removing the vestiges of yesterday's pilgrimage. He was a man past the middle age of life—uncouth in appearance, and occupied the post of keeper of the bells, whose music seemed to have deadened him to every other feeling save that of fidelity.

"The Czar Kolokol has sounded twice this morning!" said he, in answer to Ivan's salutation.

"Indeed!" replied the latter—who, although better educated, had a superstitious veneration for the great bell—"and what may that bode?"

"Evil!" said Michael, solemnly. "Moscow's pride never speaks but to warn. The last time it spoke was when our last beloved emperor was —"

Murdered he would have said, but as such a phrase

It had been his own doom, he added—"taken into the bosom of blessed martyrs and holy saints."

"And the time before?" asked Ivan.

"When your father's father was betrayed by a traitor, and imprisoned in the chamber of 'the Links in the Chain,' at the top of Ivan Veliki."

Ivan gave a sudden start; a light like a dull phosphoric flash broke in upon his mind, and, taking Michael aside, he held with him a long conference. When it was concluded, he said:

"It shall be done." The will of the governor's son is law with Michael. But suppose the links run out, what then?"

"Leave him to solitude, silence, and death!" was the savage reply; "but long ere that I will take measures for his relief. Once my aims accomplished, I care not what becomes of him. He has crossed my dearest purpose, and must take the consequences of his audacious presumption!"

"No, no!" he muttered, after he had parted from the willing instrument he had found to carry out his diabolical design; "he must not go to the army again with that charmed, handsome person of his, to win glory, as he calls it, and, what is better, promotion, and lands, and a title! Why the count would jump at such a son-in-law then!"

September had arrived, and the news from the army every day became more distressing. After one or two sanguinary engagements, which the Russian generals only risked to appease the clamours of the soldiery and populace, the army fell back on Moscow. On Sunday, the 13th of September, 1812, it fell back on Moscow, in full retreat. Dread, confusion, and despair seized the inhabitants: they issued in crowds through the Gate of Kalomna, flying in all directions across the country. Secret agents, skillfully dispersed throughout the city, had stimulated the natural fears of the people at the near approach of a hostile army into a perfect frenzy; and the whole city, in the course of a few hours, actually took wing and fled, driving their cattle before them, but leaving their homes and other property to the mercy of the invaders.

During this horrible bustle, Alexis—who had been appointed to the command of the guard that was to escort the waggons containing the plate, jewels, and money from the Kremlin—disappeared. He was last seen in the neighbourhood of Ivan's Tower, and it being supposed—as he was aide-de-camp to Marshal Kutusof, the Commander-in-Chief—that he had been dispatched on some other duty, no search was made for him, and in a few hours his regiment marched away without him.

The truth was that Alexis, like thousands of other high-spirited young men in the Russian army, was indignant at what he deemed the pusillanimous conduct of the generals in retreating before the French; and to cool his rage at being appointed to the command of some baggage waggons, had retired to the deserted open space in front of the Great Tower. He felt sure that Catherine would be his bride, if he could only distinguish himself; and now, when he thought the opportunity had arrived for some hard fighting, the army was in full retreat, and the old capital was to be abandoned!

While occupied by the gloomy thoughts these reflections aroused, Michael, the keeper of the tower, approached, evidently in great perturbation:

"Oh! general—general!" he cried, "the enemy—the enemy! Holy Mother protect us!"

"Where?—where?" exclaimed Alexis.

"I can discern them quite clearly from the upper chamber of Ivan Veliki," said the keeper, evidently in great agony; "come and see!"

Alexis, without a moment's hesitation, sprang after the man, and ascended the spiral staircase that wound round the interior of the tower, until he came to a ladder. This was placed under a trap-door of just sufficient width to admit the body of a man. As the keeper had wriggled himself through, the soldier followed his example; but no sooner had he got through the aperture, than he found himself violently seized and thrown down by some six or seven men, and, after a desperate struggle, was thrust into an upper chamber, where for hours he lay stunned, and bleeding profusely.

When Alexis recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, he found himself in a circular room, lighted by narrow apertures in the walls. The only furniture it contained was a rude couch, covered with straw; at the head of which, on a piece of granite, stood a loaf and a pitcher of water. On raising himself, which he did with difficulty, he heard the clank of chains; and when he required an upright position, found that his wrists and ankles were encircled by iron rings to which chains were attached, that extended to a solid ring behind him, from which another chain ran to some fastening inserted in the wall. Horrified at this discovery, he started forward, but could not advance beyond the middle of the room. He then examined the fastening in the wall, and found that it was a ring that slid along an iron rod, buried in the masonry so that he could make half the circuit of the room without ever going beyond the centre.

When he had somewhat recovered from the stupor into which a full conception of his dreadful position had thrown him, he sat down on the edges of the couch, and tried to think, but in vain. He could not recall any offence—even the lightest word he had uttered—that could bring down upon him the suspicion and vengeance of the government. Then he thought of his duty, and the suggestion that would get abroad that he had deserted. His strong frame shook at this surmise. He grasped the edge of the wooden couch, until the blood oozed from his finger-nails. Then he thought of Catherine, and what she would think when the tidings of his absence from his post reached her. A deserter! and she to deem him so! He fairly groaned at this, and the hot tears started to his eyes. Presently he heard a noise like the prolonged roll of muf-

fled drums; and, jumping on to the couch, he looked through the aperture before him. The scene that met his gaze was sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail. At the Kalomna, or eastern gate, he saw the rear guard of the Russian army disappear, followed by every species of vehicle loaded with furniture, and accompanied by confused masses of men, women, and children, on foot. All of them, even the children, carried something; and as night approached, and the stream of fugitives dwindled away to a few stragglers—and at last, when it seemed to have been exhausted, to a few wretches who had evidently crawled out of the public hospitals, and a tremendous silence reigned over the whole city, he cried out, in the bitterness of his despair:

"Moscow is deserted! and I am left alone to die!"

There was something so excruciatingly cruel in such a fate, that it is not to be wondered that, although when at liberty he would cheerfully have charged the enemy to the mouths of their grape-dispensing cannon, in his present condition he should have trembled, and experienced that nameless dread of death which, on the young heart, falls like sharp hail on the tender flowers. Sleep did not visit his eyes during the night; and as the morning sun poured its beams through the prison apertures, and disclosed to him his beloved city spread before him like a map, but silent as the grave, the sense of desolation in him was deepened in intensity. Moscow was indeed deserted, and the enemy might take it without a blow. A slight rattle of his chains drew his attention to the wall; and upon looking round him, he perceived, in a recess near the door, a substantial-looking pie, flanked by a bottle and a glass.

"If I promised to be your gaoler," said a voice behind those articles, "I did not engage to starve you."

Alexis in an instant recognised the voice as that of Michael's, whom he well knew; and he rushed to the opening—a feat his chain allowed him to do, for it slid close up to the spot.

"Why am I here? Who has dared to lay hands on the emperor's soldier?" he eagerly demanded.

"Faith, those that have dared, dare do anything!" chuckled the man. "But as to the 'why,' you are as wise as myself."

"This is not a prison!" exclaimed Alexis, indignantly. "It ought not to be!" said the man, with something like a sigh.

"Its sanctity is profaned—violated!" continued Alexis; "and I wonder the great bell does not rise from its bed, and with its thunder bring it tumbling to the ground!"

"So do I," answered the man. "But the will of the governor is law in Moscow."

"The governor!" shouted Alexis.

The man growled out something; but to all the prisoner's entreaties he returned an obdurate refusal.

"How long am I to remain here?" at length he asked, in despair.

"Count the links in your chain—those from the ring to the wall," was the answer.

Alexis did, and found they were twenty-one.

"Well, that is the number of days I promised to wait upon you. If you are not delivered by the time they are done, I would recommend you to turn your face to the rising sun, and depart as quietly as possible."

With this equivocal assurance the man disappeared, and Alexis was left once more to his own sad thoughts. However, his soldier-like habits came to his aid, and after making a hearty meal of the pie, and disposing of the bottle of wine, he laid himself down, and slept long and soundly. When he awoke, the sounds of music fell on his ear, and on peeping through an aperture that commanded a western view, he saw a division of the French army in deep and serried column, marching into the Kremlin. In fact, it was the advanced guard of the French, under Murat. Later in the day, and at other points, dense masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery poured into the city, and from the numerous camp-fires blazing in the streets and outside the walls, he was assured that the enemy were in complete possession of the ancient capital of the czars.

In the morning he amused himself with watching the evolutions of the French soldiers; but as such a spectacle soon tired his practised eye, he sat himself down on his couch in absolute weariness of spirit, to think. To think! What is thought in the solitude of a cell? The prisoner's only refuge, his only link with the world without, and at last his madness. As he turned over and over in his mind every suggestion that presented itself to him to account for his imprisonment, his glance fell on the chain, and, for sheer occupation, he counted the links in it. There were only twenty. Yesterday, he was sure, he counted twenty-one. He counted again, but there were only twenty. Thinking he must have been mistaken, he glanced at the recess, and there, as on the previous day, saw a repast and a bottle of wine; but although he called and shouted repeatedly, no voice, as before, responded to his own. He never heard the old man again during his imprisonment.

On that night, he observed an unusual glare in the city. Look whichever way he did, he saw flames, and could plainly perceive them devouring whole streets, and licking their way like tongues round churches and palaces. The roar of artillery and the quick rattle of musketry next caught his attention; and every now and then a blazing house shot up into the sky, and when it fell, there was darkness on the spot for an instant; but the flames as if aggravated by the attempt to extinguish them, shot up again with redoubled fierceness, and plunged into quarters which had before been untouched.

"Moscow is on fire," said he to himself, "and in a few hours will be no more! This accounts for Rostopchin's gloom and reserve during the last few weeks. By St. Andrew! but it is a noble revenge! The French cannot

winter in Moscow! As the governor predicted, their winding-sheet of snow is already prepared!"

His nationality overpowered every other sensation, and as he stood watching the progress of the roaring and hissing flames, he exulted in the reflection, that in the fires of Moscow the glory of France would be consumed, and the independence of his country guaranteed.

On the fourth day the wind fell and the flames abated, but the work of destruction had been completed. Moscow, without the Kremlin, was no more. The only building in the Kremlin—thanks to the exertions of the French soldiery—that was destroyed, was the imperial palace.

The heat was now so oppressive, that the atmosphere of his dungeon more resembled that of an oven than anything else; and, as the excitement consequent on the conflagration had subsided, despair—hopeless, gnawing despair—again resumed the mastery over him. He glanced at the chain, and counted the links. There were only sixteen. This time he could not be mistaken. He counted them, one by one, several times over, but could not number more than sixteen. He glanced at the recess—there were food and drink as usual; but this visible shortening of the chain, what could it mean? Was it real? He shivered with that instinctive dread which maddens horses, and paralyses the fiercest beast of prey. He determined not to sleep that night, but to keep watch, with the chain firmly grasped in his hand.

When daylight dawned, he again counted the links—there were only fifteen. Was he dreaming, or mad—or were there in existence minds that could coin such exquisite torture as that of drawing a man—incarcerated from all fellowship—with his fellow men—link by link, to the cold wall of stone that was to be his future coffin? All that day he remained like one in a state of torpor. He could scarcely feel, much less think.

The next morning, at dawn, his eyes stole mechanically to the links. He ran his fingers over them—there were only fourteen. He stepped to the recess—he could just reach it with extended hand. On the following day it would be beyond his reach—and the next—and the next. Oh! horror! horror! he saw himself day by day drawn closer to the wall, until he almost fancied he witnessed his death agonies, and that in after years a group of the curious were gazing on his grisly, but still manacled skeleton.

This idea tortured him so keenly that he uttered one loud, prolonged yell, of such volume, that it penetrated even the thick stone walls that encompassed him, and led to his rescue.

The French had taken possession of the tower, and used it as an observatory and signal post; but as the officers on duty never dreamed that it contained any secret chambers, they were, on the Saturday morning of their occupation of what to them proved the infernal city of Moscow, rather surprised—we cannot exactly say alarmed—to hear under their very feet a cry which sounded very like the death agony of a wounded horse on the field of battle. Not being superstitious, or having much reverence for the sacred tower of Ivan Veliki, they commenced a more careful exploration, which resulted in the discovery of a door, so successfully painted to resemble the surrounding stone-work, as to deceive every eye but that of an old officer of engineers, who once had the privilege of studying such court ingenuities within the precincts of the Bastille. To batter it down was the work of a few minutes, and Alexis was discovered senseless on the floor. To relieve him of his chains was equally expeditiously done, and to remove him tenderly to more agreeable quarters was also a prompt operation. The French are generous adversaries—and that all their opponents have frankly admitted.

Stimulants were administered to Alexis, and in the course of a few hours he recovered sufficiently to be able to tell the story of his wrongs. The novelty of the torture, and the diabolical refinement in cruelty evinced by it, created quite a sensation. The particulars speedily reached the ears of the emperor, who had Alexis before him. The Russian spoke French fluently, but he could scarcely—unnerved as he had been by his recent imprisonment—command himself to be sufficiently composed in that marble presence.

"You have been wronged," said the emperor, quickly; "and would seek reparation?"

"I would—at the throne of my emperor," replied Alexis.

"Ha! you say well!" said Napoleon; "Alexander is magnanimous!"

There was a pause, which the emperor interrupted by hurriedly saying:

"Moscow is destroyed!"

"It is, your majesty!" answered Alexis, venturing to look upwards.

"Do you suspect me of such a wanton act?" demanded the emperor.

"I do not—I would not! Although an enemy, I do not believe you war upon cities."

"You say truly. What do you think—what do you suspect?"

Alexis was silent.

"Ah!" said the emperor, "you Russians are a singular race! Impossible—impenetrable! Your destiny will be great!"

With this characteristic declaration the interview terminated; and on the following morning, Alexis undertook to guide General Lauriston to St. Petersburg, whither Napoleon had sent him to negotiate. The journey was performed in five days; but all that the general could obtain was an armistice. Alexander wanted time. Winter had not set in.

The character of this prince has been made the subject of much contradiction. But he was himself a contradiction, and somewhat of a fanatic. At one time he was the

friend and ally of Napoleon, and the sharer with him in the spoils of his unprincipled wars; at another, his decided opponent, censuring, in the most open manner, his plans of aggrandisement. While he was protecting and encouraging Bible Societies, and the education of the people in his own empire, he was interfering with the spread of political knowledge, and also of liberty, in states far from his own, and with which he possessed not the slightest right to interfere. Sometimes he was wise and liberal—sometimes the reverse, in his commercial policy; sometimes exhibiting great and undoubted decision and firmness of character—at other times vacillating, undetermined, and easily guided. His character baffled all who endeavoured to describe him as he actually was. He was an enigma. But, amid all his inconsistency, he was guided by the hereditary principle of the Russian monarchs—the extension of the empire towards the south and south-east.

At the private interview which he granted Alexis, he treated him with extreme kindness—almost with parental affection; but he enjoined upon him the strictest secrecy.

"The scandal of this outrage," said he, "must not get abroad—the time demands the utmost circumspection. Have you any idea to whom you are indebted for your right?"

Alexis replied in the negative. He really had not; and Iren Rostopchin, with whom he had always been on terms of apparent friendship, was the last person he would have suspected.

"Are you affianced to any lady?" demanded the emperor.

Alexis blushing told the story of his love for the fair and lovely Catherine. The emperor smiled, but, again enjoining caution, dismissed him to the army, with the rank of general of brigade. The same evening the emperor saw Count Orloff and his daughter, and from the latter obtained all the particulars relative to the suit of the governor's son. The emperor assured her of the safety of Alexis, and also gratified her ear with the news of his promotion. The agitated girl stammered forth her gratitude—for Alexis was her cousin; but the emperor, tapping her cheek, bade her prepare her bridal dress—for when the war was over, he would himself honour with his presence the bridal of one of his bravest soldiers and most beautiful of daughters.

"Safe, and a brigadier!" exclaimed the old count, when he heard the news. "I am glad of it. The lad has mettle in him!"

"Alexis at large, and promoted!" exclaimed Ivan, as he stalked through the streets of St. Petersburg, afraid to meet the man he had so much injured.

While thus occupied, a police officer tapped him on the shoulder, and, with a very significant, gesture told him the emperor had summoned him to court.

To hear was to obey, and in a few minutes he stood in the presence of Alexander, who in his anger was as terrible as he was generous in his cooler moments. Denial and hesitation were useless, so Ivan, making a virtue of necessity, confessed everything. That same night, after an interview the emperor had with the governor, Ivan was appointed to a command on the frontier of Siberia, and started willingly—for he knew that Alexis would certainly call him out when he learned who had caused his imprisonment.

In the course of five weeks winter set in, and Napoleon commenced his retreat, leaving strict orders to blow up every remaining portion of the Kremlin. These were only partially obeyed. Ivan's Tower had a narrow escape: instead of being blown into the air, it was rent from top to bottom, and, for a few seconds, reeled like a drunkard, but it did not fall, and was afterwards completely repaired.

The retreat was a march to the grave. By the 13th of December, the whole of Napoleon's once magnificent army had melted away; five hundred thousand men lay in their shrouds of snow. It was the most terrible catastrophe in the annals of warfare, and sealed the ruin of the extraordinary man who for twelve years had Europe at his feet.

As there was not much fighting during this horrible retreat, except at the passage of the Beresina, where Alexis had an opportunity of hearing the whistle of balls and of greatly distinguishing himself, he was enabled in the spring to return to the capital. As the emperor had promised—having graciously interposed and won the cordial consent of the count to the match—he graced the nuptials of the fair Catherine with his august presence, and gave the husband a grant of a large tract of land, which in after years, under the management of a Scotch agriculturist, became one of the finest estates in Russia. But in the three eventful years that followed, Alexis accompanied the army in its arduous campaigns; and after the second occupation of Paris, returned to Russia with the rank of full general, and the reputation of being one of the most brave and accomplished officers in the Russian service. The links in the chain had lengthened into a brilliant position, blessed with a beautiful wife, and sustained by a handsome fortune.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

THE most intense cold ever known in the neighbourhood of London was on December 25th, 1796, when the thermometer indicated two degrees below zero. In Iceland, and some other northern countries, the thermometer frequently falls to zero, which is 32 degrees below the freezing point. At Hudson's Bay it has been known to sink even 50 degrees lower. Such has been the expansion of water in freezing, that rocks and trees have often been split during intense frosts.

GROWTH OF FISH.—Few fresh-water fish grow so rapidly as the pike and carp; yet the former, during its first years, seldom attains a foot in length, while carp takes six years to put three pounds of flesh upon its bones.

GAS.—A new mode of heating the Music Hall at Worcester is described by the local *Herald*. The heating apparatus consists of three brick cylinders placed in the basement under the hall, containing an arrangement of gas-tubing, perforated so as to afford hundreds of jets of flame. From these cylinders only pure warm air is said to be given off—the residuum of combustion—viz., carbonic acid and aqueous vapour, being taken away in a separate tube, without, however, any waste of heat; that tube being inclosed in the one containing the purified warm air, to which its heat is imparted. The pure-air tube is conducted beneath the floor, which it traverses in the centre, having seven openings of perforated zinc, fitted with slides to admit or exclude the hot air. "The apparatus," adds the *Herald*, "consumes only 520 cubic feet per hour, and an hour's supply of hot air is sufficient for an evening's concert, while it also insures complete safety." Mr. Richards, of the local gas-works, arranged the apparatus.

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE.—There are at present 100 vessels in course of construction on the Clyde, and of these only six are timber-built, all the rest being built of iron. It is also notable that these iron vessels consist both of steam and sailing vessels, though the former class preponderates. The aggregate tonnage of the ships now in course of construction on the Clyde amounts to upwards of 60,000 tons. The engines of the steam part of this great fleet have an aggregate of more than 14,000 horse power. The probable value of the whole, though the estimate is necessarily inexact, cannot be much short of £2,000,000 sterling! Yet, in a few months, this enormous amount of shipping will be off the stocks, and its place supplied by a new production, equally valuable. The number of workmen employed in building the vessels and making the machinery is about 15,000. The number of hands employed in raising the raw materials from the basin of the Clyde, within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles, for these and similar great works, is still more immense. Another most gratifying feature of the ship-building trade of the Clyde is, that the employers in nearly all the establishments were working men themselves within the last thirty years. Most of them had attained the period of middle life before they turned their attention to iron boat-building at all. The men are not only the architects of their own fortunes, but the creators of a new branch of industry.

THE COLLODION PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—The following process, it is understood, has been adopted in France, for keeping the collodion plates sensitive for many hours. Two pieces of plate glass, of equal size, are taken, and on one the collodion film is spread in the usual way; it is then dipped in the nitrate of silver bath, and when the streakiness has disappeared, it is lifted vertically from the bath, leaving the lower edge just immersed in the fluid. The second piece of glass is then applied to the collodion film, beginning at the lower edge. A thin stratum of the solution, by capillary attraction, becomes inclosed between the two glasses, which are then placed in the slider; and it is said that thus prepared, they may be kept sensitive a whole day, before exposing them to the action of the camera. On the operator's introduction, at one corner, of a thin ivory or bone paper-knife, without any injury to the collodion film, and the image is then developed in the usual way.

FALSIFICATIONS OF FOOD.—Mark yonder portly man: he has scarcely passed the period of maturity, and yet he incessantly complains of ailments which the art of no physician has yet been enabled to reach: his health is evidently breaking, his system has struggled long against the ravages of an insidious foe. Probably the water with which his domicile is supplied, besides being tainted with all the foulness that a London company can impart, is received into leaden cisterns, which are fast corroding from the action of carbonic acid, and are thus hourly tending to bring their victim to the grave by means, slow but sure, and terrible as sure. At breakfast, his tea, coloured (as it commonly is) with Prussian blue, chromate of lead, or carbonate of copper, adds to the already poisonous nature of the water with which it is combined. His bread, if he reside in London, is certainly adulterated with alum, not improbably with plaster of Paris or sand; his beer with coculus indicus, grains of paradise, quassia, &c. Those gherkins, of emerald hue, that appear so innocent, and consequently so tempting, in their prismatic jars, owe their seductive beauty to one of the deadliest poisons in all the range of chemistry. The verdant apricots in that tart are attractive from the same baneful cause. The anchovy paste produced contemporaneously with the cheese, if analysed, would be found to consist of an amalgam of decayed sprats, Venetian red, and red lead; nay, that double Gloucester itself is not free from contamination: its colour is due to anatto, and that anatto has been compounded of red lead, chrome, and ochre. The oil in that salad has possibly come from Paris, where incredible quantities are manufactured at the knacker's yard! Whole carcasses of horses being there boiled down, the fat is resolved into its component stearine and oleine: the former being converted into candle, and the latter into olive oil. —*New Quarterly Review*.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—The Board of Trade returns again furnish remarkable evidence of the activity and prosperity of trade throughout the country. As compared with the corresponding month of last year, they show, in the declared value of our exportations, an increase of £919,097, and as the increase shown in the preceding re-

turns was £1,410,000, it appears that the total comparative augmentation for the two first months of the year has been £2,329,157, or at the rate of nearly 23 per cent. Cotton, silk, and woollen manufactures are among the prominent items that have contributed to this result; and it is to be noticed that in each of these cases the description of goods involving the greatest amount of skilled labour has been taken: since in the exportation of yarns there has been a falling off. The largest specific increase has, however, occurred under the head of metals, and in this instance an allowance must be made for the rise which has taken place in prices, although it has influenced the total only to a limited extent. Another principal feature for remark is the continued improvement in the exportation of haberdashery, which, on the present occasion, has far exceeded even its usual extraordinary rate of advance. The total declared value of the exportations for the month of March in the years 1852 and 1853, were respectively £5,353,552 and £6,272,649. The quantities of imported articles taken into consumption present, on the whole, no important variation. There has been a rather considerable increase in flour. Coffee, cocoa, sugar, spirits, and spices, have likewise been extensively used. In tea and wines there has been a diminution.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS.—The very general adulteration of drugs becomes more and more manifest as the published analysis proceeds. It appears from the *Lancet* of April 2 that, on an examination of the powder of jalap sold by different druggists, no less than fourteen samples out of thirty-five were adulterated. In some of them one-third of the article was spurious, and in all the fraudulent motive was obvious. It is but just, however, to say that the retail chemists and druggists are not the culpable parties. Evidence is produced to prove that they generally receive the adulterated drug from the wholesale houses, and that these again often receive it from the drug-grinders, who, like the spice-grinders, keep machinery for the purpose of pulverising dry wood to mix with the powdered drugs, to make them more bulky. It must, however, be remembered that the wholesale chemists and druggists are not wholly cleared, for in many cases they are themselves drug-grinders; and it is notorious that other wholesale druggists are accustomed to send a certain quantity of an article to be ground, with a request that it may be returned of a weight greatly exceeding that of the article sent. Thus, it is common to send to the drug-grinder eighty-four pounds of jalap to be made into a hundredweight. This was stated in the House of Commons by Dr. R. D. Thompson, in 1838, in reply to a question by Mr. Wakley.

THE CHARM.

"VERY well, indeed! I see that I shall make quite a gardener of you in time!"

The fair girl to whom this was addressed looked up in the old man's face with a smile, and then went on with her task. This task consisted in tying up various flowering annuals, which, like many other things in this world, required a little wholesome restraint. A pretty little garden it was on which they were bestowing so much pains, both useful and ornamental. The straight green rows of beans had some tall stalks among them, that might have emulated their classical ancestor, on which Jack the Giant Killer mounted to the ogre's castle; and the peas deserved all the praises which it did their master's heart good to hear lavished upon them. There was a background of cabbages, and some artichokes overlooked the neat quickest hedge. Gooseberries and currants were beginning to redden amid their verdant leaves, the cherries were looking a sort of yellow coral, and the small, crisp apples were already set. A blue tint was already appearing on the lavender, and the pale young shoots were springing in the box edges which neatly surrounded the small flower-bed. The porch at the door was covered with China roses, pretty, delicate, frail things, without scent. But this was compensated by the cabbage roses, now opening their crimson depths full of summer and sweetness, wearing the richest blush that ever welcomed June.

Adam Leslie was a happy man: he had all that a long life had desired—a window looking into the street—his house was the last of a row—a garden, and a small competence. He had passed a number of years in the very heart of the city, where a dusty geranium, a pot of mignonette, and a blackbird, were all he had to remind him of his boyhood and his native Argyleshire. He kept a small shop, whose profits just, and only just, maintained a wife and large family. They were not destined long to be the burthen which in his moments of ill temper he sometimes called them: wife, children, were carried one after another to the crowded churchyard in the next street. He wished that they had been buried in the country—for the country to him was the ideal of existence. Years passed away, and found him still the same hard-working man, toiling he scarcely knew for what. Suddenly a new tie again bound him to existence. His brother died, and left an orphan daughter to his charge. Once more that dark and narrow staircase was musical with childish feet; and Adam Leslie no longer sat down to an unshared and silent board. The timid, quiet little stranger soon became to him even as a child of his own. She had the blue eyes and bright hair of those that he had lost. Like them, he soon became anxious for her. The cheek grew paler day by day; the little feet lost their lightness; and the languid lip poured forth less and less frequently its snatches of mountain song. Mariou was accustomed to air and exercise, and pined in the close street.

"Can I not keep even one to be the joy of my old age?" thought the old man, as he looked on the pale and spiritless child, who had drawn her stool towards him, and was resting her head on his knee. His resolution was taken: he gave up sundry visions of wealth and civic honours, that of late had troubled him overmuch—and, gathering together what he had, gave up the pursuit of more. He sold his shop, and retired, as we have before said, on a small but comfortable independence. He took a small house at Greenwich—something of lingering habit still kept him near to the great city where he had passed so many years; and at first, it must be confessed, he found time rather heavy on his hands. But an active mind soon makes occupation for itself, and in the course of a year Leslie had quite enough to do. In the meantime he was amply rewarded by the improvement in Marion. The change did wonders for her. The cheek recovered its blooming colour, and amended health soon showed itself in the amended spirits. Often and often, when at work in his garden, he heard her sweet laugh, like musical bells in the distance; and her soft voice singing those old songs which yet struck a chord in his heart.

But Marion, from the rosy child, was now grown up into the lovely young woman, and there was one in particular who thought her so. Her engagement with Edward Meredith was known to and approved of by her uncle—certainly, in the first instance, he did say that Marion might have done better; yet a little eloquence on the part of the lover, and a little silence and a few blushes on the part of the mistress, obtained his consent.

Young Meredith had his way to make in the world, but his steadiness and activity had made him a favourite with the merchant in whose counting-house he was a clerk, and, in a couple more years, he confidently calculated on being able to support a wife. Adam Leslie had not much to give during his life, but at his death Marion would inherit his little property. In this they were as happy as youth and hope could make them. Expectation is in itself a pretty sort of reality. Night after night Edward used to row, or, if the wind served, sail down the Thames, and land about a mile above Greenwich, when a quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him to Leslie's house. He usually arrived there about eight, which just left time for a walk in the fine old park with Marion. Slowly did they wander through these green and shadowy glades, where the deer feed so fearlessly, conscious, though scarce observant, of the beauty around them. They had no eyes for the Venetian palace at their side, through whose divided domes are seen the masts of a thousand ships. They looked not on the mighty city, dark in the distance, nor on the green country that stretched far away: they had eyes only for each other. But the natural influences were not unfelt: the soft air aided her companion's words to raise the rich colour on Marion's cheek; and Edward grew more eloquent with the free breath that he drew on the fresh and open heights, which the Scotch girl laughed at him for calling hills. At nine punctually they returned to the house, when Marion used to disappear for a few minutes, "on hospitable cares intent," and she and supper came in together. They say suppers are very unwholesome: our grandfathers and grandmothers never discovered it, and Adam Leslie belonged to them; at all events, it was very pleasant when on a summer evening the little table was drawn to the window-seat, which two of the party found quite large enough for their accommodation, and on the other side the old man in his large arm-chair. In this seat Adam Leslie had three sources of happiness: he saw his supper, the clematis he had planted and trained round the window, and the young people who were to him as his children.

"We shall have a thunder-shower soon," had been his prophecy the whole day.

The wish had been father to the thought; still hour after hour the dark clouds had passed provokingly away, taking their showers with them; however, they were now gathering in good earnest. A low clap of thunder growled in the distance, and the wind awoke on the branches. A shower of leaves—green, fresh leaves, falling before their time—whirled through the air. This was followed by the pelting rain, and Edward shut down the window. The gardener congratulated himself and his peas and beans, and the supper went on with added cheerfulness. Suddenly Edward exclaimed:

"Look, Marion, how beautiful!"

She turned, and saw the clear, silvery crescent of the new moon just emerged from a black cloud; a ring of blue sky was around, and the edges of the dense vapour were touched with light.

"Ah!" exclaimed Marion, who had all the ready superstition of a mountaineer, "I have seen the new moon through glass for the first time, and you, Edward, have shown it me!"

"It is very unlucky," continued her uncle, "to see the new moon through glass for the first time."

Edward tried to laugh at the superstition, but unshared mirth only damps the spirits of a small circle, and he gave up the attempt. That night they parted somewhat cooler and less cheerfully than usual. The next morning was too glad and sunny for any ill omen to be recollected, and by a sort of tacit agreement the moon was kept out of the conversation: Marion a little ashamed of a belief which she could not reason upon, and Edward as little liking to renew any subject in which he could not agree with her.

A fortnight passed away, and the moon was at its full; Edward was now later of an evening than he usually had been—for an extreme pressure of business on the house in which he was employed, made the work of extra hours necessary—and he was only too glad to do anything that put him forward in his master's favour. One night he was returning very late, but the tide served, the night was a lovely night in June, and he enjoyed it, as those enjoy

whose naturally poetic temperament is checked by their ordinary circumstances, but which lends the keenest delight to any touch of romance or beauty that breaks in upon the commonplace. He floated down the noble river with a navy resting on its dark stream. The light-arched bridges, with the long lines of light trembling through them, were left far behind. The huge dome of St. Paul's arose bathed in the moonlight—that giant fane of a giant city; a hundred spires were shining silvery in the soft gleam, and all manner objects were touched with a picturesque obscurity; all around was silence and rest. The myriad voices of London were still, and nothing vexed the lulled ear of midnight. The only sounds were those that might have soothed even the ear of sleep: there was the languid waving to and fro of some loose sail, and the dip of Edward's oars. His little boat was the only moving thing on the water—for if the black colliers, whose gloomy canvas was still spread, moved, the movement was imperceptible. But his light boat went on, and left behind a train of glittering bubbles, like the small stars that meet and mingle on the milky way.

He had now arrived at that more lonely portion of the river which preceded his landing. A little tired of rowing, he let the oars drop, and his boat glided with the stream, as he leant back, gazing on the clear heaven above. He started—for a wild strain of music floated on the ear. It was interrupted for a moment by the chiming of the clocks, that, one mingling with another, told the hour of twelve. They ceased, and the music rose distinct upon the ear. He gazed around, and saw, far away in the moonlight, a little boat, with a white and swelling sail. He rowed towards it, and could distinguish the chords of some lute-like instrument, and the tones of a human voice. As he came nearer, he saw that the little bark lay motionless on the river, and that it only held one person. The figure was too much muffled for observation, but the flowing drapery denoted a woman, even if the sweet voice had left it doubtful. Edward remained entranced by the delicious singing. The air was singularly wild, and the words were in a foreign tongue, but he thought in his heart he had never listened to music before. After pausing awhile,

His spirit like a swan did float
Upon the silver breath of that sweet singing.

He rowed eagerly towards the mysterious bark. A dense cloud sailed over the moon, and the river for a few moments was shrouded in complete darkness. The moonlight softly broke through the dusky barrier, the dense veil melted into soft and glittering vapour; again the river was flooded with light, but the music had ceased, and the boat was gone. Edward strained his eyes in gazing round the horizon, but in vain. He listened, but no sound broke the profound stillness till the clocks struck one. He started from the reverie in which he had been indulging, and, snatching up the oars, he rowed to the landing-place. Fastening his boat, he proceeded hastily along the lane which he had so often trod. Twice he paused to breathe the cool, fresh air—for he was feverish, and his temples were throbbing, while that sweet, strange air would not quit his ear.

Late as it was, there was a light in Adam Leslie's cottage, and a light step stole along the passage, and a soft hand unbarred the door; a few whispered words were all on which they might venture—for her uncle would have been miserable at the idea of Marion keeping such late vigils. Edward's sleep that night was broken and troubled—that song haunted him. In his dreams he was again upon the water: he drew near to the strange boat, he spoke to its lady, she raised her veil, and he gazed on a face beautiful beyond all that he had dreamed of beauty. Morning came at last, but he awoke weary and fevered.

"How ill you look, dearest Edward!" said Marion, when they met at their early breakfast; "you are over-working!" and she gazed upon him with a tender anxiety which left him not a thought but for herself.

She walked with him down to the boat, yet he never alluded to the mysterious music of the preceding night, though it still rang in his ear, and mingled with even her sweet voice: a shyness, for which he could not himself account, prevented his alluding to the subject—he shrank from naming it; and when he reached the river, he cast a hasty and confused glance around, as if it must retain some consciousness. But all was bustle and life, the ships, taking advantage of a favourable wind, were under a press of canvas, and boat and barge were in full activity. Children were playing on the banks, and their shrill voices and laughter softened the deeper tones of manhood and business.

Edward sought in vain that day to fix his attention to the desk before him; still he heard that sweet, low song, and faces of strange loveliness floated before him. He was impatient for night, and when it came, he sprang into his boat, half fearfully, half eagerly. It was as his heart foreboded: again he heard that melancholy song—again he saw the veiled figure in the little boat—the clocks, too, told the same hour, but this time he rowed at once towards the stranger's bark. The lady flung back her veil, and he at once recognised the lovely face that had so haunted his dreams. She stretched forth her hand, as the boats lay alongside, and he took the small white fingers, that glittered in the moonlight with gems, in his own. But the touch was as an electric shock—his boat seemed to sink from under him, a mighty sound was in his ears, and he sank back insensible.

He awoke as from sleep, confused and dizzy: he gazed round, and, as he gradually recovered his senses, saw that he was in a vast hall. He lay for awhile in a pleasant state of half-consciousness, his gaze slowly taking note of the various objects by which he was surrounded. The

hall was surrounded by pillars of malachite, wrought into the semblance of gigantic serpents, that supported the shining dome, and whose illumined heads made an enormous lamp in the centre. The partitions they formed were filled either by alcoves crowded with birds of rich and foreign plumage, or by paintings representing scenes in some far country. At one end was a large fountain, which played in fantastic forms round an inner basin that shone with liquid fire, and mingled its reddening jets with the fountain's clear and crystal ones. At the other end was a conservatory crowded with large, beautiful flowers, but none of them familiar to Edward. Marble urns scattered around were wreathed with their magnificent blossoms, and some of the birds, loosened from the golden net-work, flitted past: some with crests of meteor-like crimson, others spreading vast and radiant pinions coloured from the sunset. The waving of their pinions, and the falling of the fountain, were the only sounds heard in that stately hall; these, and one other: it was the low, soft breathing of a woman. Edward heard it, and, turning to the side whence it came, saw, watching by his side, the strange beauty of the song and of the boat. She was tall beyond the ordinary height of woman, but stately in her grace as the ideal of a queen and the reality of a swan. Her arms and feet were bare, but for the gems which encircled them. A white robe swept around her in folds gathered at the waist by a golden girdle inscribed with signs and characters. Her hair was singularly thick, and of that purple blackness seen on the grape and the neck of the raven—black, with a sort of azure bloom upon it. It was fastened in large folds, which went several times round the head, and these were adorned with jewels and precious stones, like a midnight lighted with stars. Her complexion was a pale, pure olive, perfectly colourless, but delicate as that of a child. Her mouth was the only spot where the rose held dominion, and lips of richer crimson never opened to the morning.

"Youth," said she, in a low voice of peculiar sweetness, "I love thee; night after night I have watched thy boat on yonder river. I know not what the customs of thy land may be; I speak according unto mine. I have wealth—I have power—I have knowledge; I can share them all with thee!"

Edward started to his feet—the image of Marion was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Lady," he replied, unconsciously imitating her own high-wrought language; "in my country, woman pleases not to man. I have not wooed, and I do not wish to win thee! Thou art wonderful and very fair, but thou art not my love!"

She looked at him for a moment with her large, dark eyes.

"I think," continued she, "I could make thee love me, if thou wert to stay here awhile! I pray thee give me a lock of your sunny hair—I have seen none like it!"

Edward gave her one of those bright curls which clustered around his head.

"Look around thee," said the lady, "for a little time. This hall is a triumph of my art. These birds and flowers belong to my native Mexico, and so do those glad valleys!"

Edward gazed around in wonder, and while he gazed there came on the air the same melancholy song that he had heard while on the river. The very sound of his own steps disturbed him, and he flung himself on a couch, to enjoy without interruption the exquisite melody. The intense perfume of the flowers intoxicated him like wine. He felt as if lulled in a delicious trance, in which one image became more and more distinct—the pale but lovely face of his hostess. His heart was filling with love for those radiant eyes. A softer fragrance breathed around him—it was her breath. He looked, and she was again bending over him; he saw himself mirrored in the moonlight of her eyes.

"You will not leave me?" whispered she, in those soft, sweet tones which were like notes from a lute.

"Never!" exclaimed the youth, and threw himself at her feet.

Weeks had passed away, and done the work of years in Adam Leslie's cottage. His garden was now in the richest season of the year. The sunshine had settled into crimson on the peach; the bloom was on the plum, and the dahlias, whose colours might vie with a monarch's clothing, crowded the garden with unwonted prodigality. Arm-in-arm the old man and his niece wandered around the now mournful garden: he trying to speak that comfort which his every look belied, and she trying to smile as if she believed him; but the tears rose into her eyes as she tried to smile. It was now more than six weeks since Edward's mysterious disappearance, and the little hope that had once been cherished was now fast dying away. That night, after Adam Leslie had gone to bed, Marion strolled into the garden. She could not sleep, and the lovely moonlight she thought might soothe her. Alas, the tears that had been in her eyes all day had now begun to flow, when suddenly the sound of footsteps roused her attention. She raised her face from her hands, and saw a little deformed negro-woman standing beside her.

"Why do you cry?" said the strange visitor, fixing on her a pair of small, bright, snake-like eyes, "like a child, when you might win your lover back like a woman?"

Marion stood silent with extreme astonishment, and the woman went on.

"Yes, if you will follow me—though you look as if you were frightened to death—I can help you to set your lover free. There are other bright eyes in the world besides your own; but yours will be the best and last loved, if you dare to follow one who is your friend."

"I will ask my uncle," said Marion, trembling with agitation.

"You must ask no one, and nothing," interrupted the little negro, her harsh voice growing yet harsher as she

raised it, "but your own true heart: unless there be love enough to lead you on, your lover will remain bound by the spells of the sorceress for ever!"

The thought passed rapidly through Marion's mind, that if she could but see Edward, old love must revive, even if he had deserted her for another. Led on by some strange fascination, she followed the little negro woman. They came to the river side, where a boat was moored; and, when her companion was seated, took up the oars, and began rowing with great quickness down the river. They stopped at a small flight of wooden steps, and an almost worn-out door admitted them into a large, but desolate-looking garden; another door, but that huge and massy, admitted them into a dark and winding passage. Marion shuddered as the little negro caught her hand to lead her forward: she followed her for some distance, when the sudden opening of a door dazzled her eyes with a blaze of light. They had entered a magnificent chamber, fitted up in the utmost oriental luxury for a sleeping-room. Marion was scarcely allowed time to look round, for her dwarfish companion whispered, in a low tone, like the hissing of a serpent:

"Open that gold box, and take out the lock of hair you see there: it is your lover's."

Well did the forsaken girl recollect the sunny hair: she pressed it to her lips, while her fast-falling tears dimmed its lustre.

"Come, come, I will show him to you!" exclaimed the little negro woman, again hurrying her on; "if you will love him, when you see him, throw that charmed lock of hair into the fountain of fire by which we shall be standing, and the spell that binds him will be broken."

Marion had not power to speak, but she followed the dwarfish creature with a heart beating louder than her steps. Again her eyes closed in the presence of sudden splendour—they were standing behind the fountain of mingled fire and water: thence they could see without being seen. In the centre of that gorgeous hall, a lady was seated on a mattress covered with cloth of gold, and Edward was at her feet. They had eyes but for each other, and her one hand was in his, while the other was twisted in his bright hair.

"Now girl," hissed the same whisper, "fling the lock you hold in the fire!"

Marion almost mechanically obeyed: she flung it, and a burst of thunder shook the building—the little fountain grew crimson, as if with blood; but one heart-piercing shriek rang above every other sound—it came from the dark lady.

"Hast thou found me, oh my enemy?" said she, in the same low, sweet voice; but which now seemed the very echo of a broken heart.

"Ay," cried the little negro woman, "the dark spell has the mastery!"

At this moment Marion rushed forward; she had seen Edward sink back convulsed on the couch: she threw herself on her knees beside him, and supported his head; the dew of death were upon it. The tall and stately lady stood by, paler than marble, and even her bright lips colourless. Still her radiant eyes flashed defiance on the negro dwarf; but the heart's agony was in the compressed mouth, and, with tears in those starry eyes, she turned to Edward. Marion saw her approach, and, clasping him passionately in her arms, exclaimed:

"He is mine—loved long before you knew him! let us at least die together!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, "is it even so? I knew not of it."

A shrill, wild laugh came from the little negro woman, and a faint cry from Marion; for Edward had sunk down exhausted from her arm. Once more he unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them on Marion with a look full of tenderness, murmured her name, and expired. The dark lady leant over him for a moment: whatever might be the anguish of that moment, she subdued it; but the veins swelled like chords in her clear temples, with the effort. She turned, and gave one look at the negro, who crouched beneath it like a beaten hound, and remained as if rooted to the spot.

"Take him to your home," said she to Marion; "what I must do, your eyes would shrink to witness! I will offer you nothing; my love and my gifts turn to curses!"

She stamped on the ground, and four strange figures came forward, and, raising Marion and Edward, carried them into the boat by the stairs, and there left them. The wind and tide slowly drifted them along, and the maiden sat floating over the river, with her lover's head upon her knee. Once, and once only, she raised her eyes. A wild, melancholy song came upon her ear, and a dark bark, dimly seen amid the grey vapours of morning, flitted past. On the deck she fancied she saw a tall figure, with long, floating hair, stand wringing her hands in passionate despair. It passed rapidly out of sight, and as it passed, the melancholy song died away in the distance: never since has it been heard on the Thames. The boat that bore the living and the dead was met by some watermen, who conveyed them on shore. Marion was perfectly insensible, and was carried home in a brain fever, from which she never recovered. At the last gasp they thought her sensible, for her eyes wandered round the room in search of her uncle: she caught sight of his face—a scarcely perceptible smile passed over her countenance, and in that smile she died. The house and garden still remain, but they have a lonely and mournful look. The old man plants no more flowers in his garden: the few that he watches grow in the churchyard. He has planted some rose-bushes on the grave of the lovers; those he still tends and waters. They are the last link between this living world and himself. Night and morning he visits those tombs; but he never visits them without a prayer that the time may soon come when he shall sleep at their side.

FACETIÆ.

A good lady at Watertown recently refused to let her daughter dance with a Cambridge man, because she understood he was a bachelor of arts.

An artist painted a dog and tree so naturally, the other day, that you could hear the bark of one, and see it on the other.

A POSTHUMOUS EPISTLE.—An Irishman on arriving in America, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife: "Dear Norah—These melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jemmy O'Rourke, and take good care of the children. From your affectionate husband till death."

BAKEFACED.—The fashionable bonnet, which sits on the back part of the head, is acknowledged to be the most bakefaced of modern improvements.

"CATO, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stands de clemency ob de norf, and so am obliged to go to the souf, where he experiences warmer longitude."

THE engineer's apostrophe on his boiler.

Alas! I thought she could be trusted—

But when I tightly tied her down—she busted.

A SPEEDY CURE.—"Doctor," said a querulous, suffering patient, who had paid a good deal of money for physic to apparent little purpose, "you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?" "So I will," was the prompt reply, "if you insist on it;" and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy bottle on the sideboard.

A Judge, suspected of bribery, chided his clerk for having a dirty face. The clerk replied, "I plead guilty my lord, but my hands are clean."

"We see a little work advertised, called 'Love in the Moon.' We cannot speak of its contents, for we have not yet looked into it. But we confess we think the title is a decidedly well-chosen one. Love in the Moon seems to us quite in its proper sphere, seeing what defiance lunatics it makes of all who come within its influence."

We were present recently when a lady entered one of our most fashionable dry goods stores, and inquired for "black gentlemen's cravats." It reminded us of the Frenchman who found a "white lady's handkerchief."

ADVICE.—As the season of change is here, it may be well for landlords to follow the advice given by a house-hunter: "When you billet your house to let, put on the price—the rent. We don't mean to say put it on thick, but state the amount of rent you want for the premises. It will save yourselves and everybody else a deal of trouble."

A RUSTIC RHYME.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and waked her; when, clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her; and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, "Take the sting out, I pray you!"

What way I was puzzled to try;
And a trifling wager I'd lay you,
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.

I'd heard about sucking out poison—

A sting is a poisonous dart—

So I kissed her—the act was no wise one:

The sting found its way to my heart.

"Two GREAT LIES."—A slave was sent to meeting with a particular charge from his master to remember what the minister said, so as to give an account of it when he returned. The master had a son named Jonathan, to whose orders the slave was also subject. Pompey accordingly went to meeting, and was questioned by his master on his return: "Gorry, massa!" said he, "minister tell two great lies." "What! What!" exclaimed the master—"you mustn't talk so about the minister! What do you mean?" "Why minister say no man serve two masters—and I know I serve you and Massa Jonathan too." "Well, what else did he say?" "Why, he say, 'he will love the one and hate the other.' Dat am a lie, too, for I hate you both alike!"

COTTLE drove Wordsworth one day from Bristol to Alfoxden, in a gig, and they called at Stowey, by the way, to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. They carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge, abashed, gave the horse to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist. Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever handy Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever got on. "La, master," said the servant-girl, who was passing by, "you don't go the right way to work;" and, turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries.

A lady said to her beau, after fifteen long years' courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow." "Where?" "I don't know." "When are you coming back?" "Never." "What are you going for?" "I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself." "You are very welcome to it, I am sure; but what is it?" "A husband!" "Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to begin."

WHEN Voltaire wrote his tragedy of *Europe*, he called up his servant one morning at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep!"

A sculptor in Paris, as eccentric as he is skilful, made a bet, some weeks ago, that he would stand an hour in a hairdresser's window, without laughing, in company with a waxen lady, dressed in the latest fashion. He arrived within ten minutes of his time, when the police interfered to disperse the crowd. However, the money was paid.

Married, at Podunk, by the Rev. D. Willis, Mr. H. Hoe to Miss Ann Handle, all of that city.

How useless a *Handle* without any *Hoe*,

And useless a *Hoe* without *Handle*;

No better a winter without any snow,

Or a candlestick minus a candle.

But here, joined in one, the *Handle* and *Hoe*,

Will life's rugged journey smooth over;

And each prove a helper in this world below,

Till death shall *hoe* both to another.

ADVICE TO AN AUTHORESS.—An authoress, of some celebrity in her day, once asked Dr. Johnson to give an opinion upon a work she was just about to publish, observing: "If it will not do, I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this is not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else." The doctor, having turned over several pages of the work, returned it, with the following laconic observation: "Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

IRISH THEATRICALS.—The following is a correct report of an address delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland, where Mr. Rae was engaged to perform. There were only three persons in the house: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed, but the performances of this night will be repeated again to-morrow evening."

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—A regular genius, near Camden—who, by the way, is a firm believer in "spirit-rappings"—has invented a pocket telescope that will bring the farthest object so near, as to enable him to give any fellow a *sound licking* who may be seen trespassing upon his premises at any distance. He intends securing it by obtaining a patent for the invention.

A man has been sentenced in Paris to three years' imprisonment for selling quack medicines. Among his compositions were, the "Water of Giants," to hasten the growth; "Water of Financiers," to strengthen the flesh; the "Elixir of Arabs," to fortify the voice; "Prodigal Son Pomatum," composed of the marrow of the fatted calf; and the "Oil of the Capuchins," to make the beard grow. It was shown that the waters and elixirs were either pure water or scented vinegar.

MOLIERE'S TORMENT.—One day, during the representation of the *Tartuffe*, a person coming to speak with Molière, in his study, which looked upon the stage, the latter suddenly called out, "O that dog! that burglar! that butcherly wretch!" and struck his head with his fist, like one in a frenzy. The gentleman was extremely surprised, and thought him seized with a sudden fit; but Molière the next instant added, with the greatest composure, "Sir, 'twas only an actor, who spoke four of my lines most shamefully, without any accent or gesture."

THE INDIAN AND THE INNKEEPER.—Colonel Putnam used to tell a story of an Indian, upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern in the autumn for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The following spring, passing the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord?" says he; "last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum—now you ask three?" "Oh!" says the landlord, "it cost me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hog'shead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that: he won't eat so much hay; maybe he drink as much water."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—David Hale once wrote a *jeu d'esprit* on the "Rights of Woman," in which he showed that the balance of wrongs was decidedly on the side of men. When the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have to give up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the side-walk, who has to turn out? If there are not seats enough for the whole company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who must go forward? If there is a curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? We could mention a hundred other cases, in which, on the simple question of right, everything is yielded to the woman. But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion, a pew at church, or a seat anywhere, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, smirking little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and they must all jump up and clear out at it.

they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that, when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burthen of performing the delicate and often very embarrassing parts of making proposals, is thrown upon the men, while the women sit and say, "No, no, no, no," as long as they like, and never say "Yes," until they have a mind to.

ANNUAL SALUTATION AT THE PALACE.—"Welcome, little stranger."—*Diogenes.*

THE MUSEUM CATALOGUE.—The construction of this Catalogue is ever a matter of complaint. It is based upon an alphabetical arrangement of the names of *authors*, instead of *subjects*. So that the unfortunate student who happens not to know all the writers upon the subjects of his study, cannot possibly derive the benefit of their works. This is obviously a mistake. Who, for instance, wishing to read the life of Bentinck (Lord G.), would turn to D'Israeli? or of Moore, would turn to Russell? They would as soon think of referring to Gilfillan for Milton.—*Ibid.*

A DAINTY DISH (To set before the Emperor).—Taking into account the turn of luck that Mr. Louis Nap. has encountered, we must confess we consider this gentleman has had his share of WEAL and HAM.—*Ibid.*

GOLD-DIGGING HUSBANDS.—Young ladies are especially recommended to marry those young gentlemen who have returned from the "Diggings," as, independently of their golden charms, they make most domesticated husbands, and are especially recommended as being adepts, from long practice, at *rocking the cradle*.—*Ibid.*

DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.—One of the members of Parliament was lately pronounced to be "not duly qualified," and therefore lost his seat. This is a dreadful blow to the constitution of the House of Commons; for if every member unqualified for legislative duties were to be thrown out, there would certainly be a house left, but how many members would be in it?—*Ibid.*

SERVANT-GALLOP—OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSES.—Housemaid; "Well, Soosan, I've made up my mind not to stop 'ere no longer to work like negroes as we do!" Cook: "Nor I, nuther! But just turn the meat, will you, please, the whilst I finish my crochet?"—*Punch.*

THE LIVERY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—We do not know what livery this particularly is, but we should say that, since the deputation of the bankers and merchants to Paris, it may be precisely the same as that worn by the servants and finkies of the French Emperor.—*Ibid.*

AN EXCISE QUESTION TO THE RAPPERS.—Is Mrs. Hayden, the lady "medium" who attends parties wishing to communicate with the other world—is she duly licensed to sell spirits? Answer: No, she only sells the dupes who pay for what they don't get.—*Ibid.*

A HINT FOR STUPID GENTLEMEN.—One Mrs. Catherine Winter had been pleading her cause in the law courts of Dublin, and lecturing afterwards in the Mechanics' Institute. On the latter occasion she said, that she thought "when ladies had pleaded before Moses, she might surely be allowed to plead before Chancellor Brady (great laughter). Many ladies had a taste for the law, and as for herself, she believed she was as good a lawyer as was to be found amongst them (laughter). Suppose a lady with a legal mind married a stupid attorney (laughter), did they not think he would employ himself more profitably in rocking the children to sleep (laughter), than in attempting to manage cases he did not understand, and which his wife would be fully competent to conduct?" (Laughter).—*Ibid.*

THE NEW DECIMAL COINAGE.—There is no doubt that counting our copper coinage by fours and twelves very often throws everything into sixes and sevens—an inconvenience that would be avoided by making pence into a shilling. A proposition to this effect has been put forward, and as we are very glad to make the most of our money, we shall be delighted to hear that two shillings are to do duty for half-a-crown, and that if we owe the latter sum, we may pay the former in discharge of the obligation. There is some difficulty, we believe, as to names for the proposed new coins, and somebody has suggested that a sixpence should henceforth be called by the old name of a "tester." We do not see why the word "tester" is entitled to any particular recognition, any more than a "tanner," or a "Bob," and indeed a "Joey" would have an equal right to recognition by Act of Parliament. If brevity is desirable, let us carry out the principle to its fullest extent: let all our copper coinage pass indiscriminately under the name of "Browns," and let Queen, Lords, and Commons formally recognise as "Tin" the whole of our metallic currency.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Our best security consists in innocence, and the cheering influence of approving conscience.

Show me a liar, and I will show you a thief.

Some live within their means; some live up to their means; and some live beyond their means.

Vain-glory blossoms, but never bears.

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.

A prime minister was asked how he could perform such a vast amount of business, and yet have so much leisure? He replied, "I do everything at the time."

Of all melancholy sights, a bachelor's home is the most so. A house without a woman, is like a world without a sky, or a sky without a star—dark, desolate and dreary.

Those who lie upon roses when young, are apt to lie upon thorns when old.

Those only are fit for solitude who are like nobody, who like nobody, and who are liked by nobody.

The eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon truth, and, generally, where they blink most there is most truth.

The writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

Of the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty.

There is no merit, when there is no trial,
And, till experience stamps the mark of strength,
Courards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

Liberty is willing, thinking, speaking, and doing what we understand; provided we violate no law or principle.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we can bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are the most barren.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

Mind this.—Ten friends are dearly purchased at the expense of a single enemy; for the latter will take ten times more pains to injure you than the former will take to do you a service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GREEN CLOTH "BOARD."—The Board of Green Cloth is a court in the department of the Lord Steward of the Household; it is one of the most ancient courts in England, and has jurisdiction of all offences committed in the Queen's palaces, and verge of the court. It is called the Green Cloth, from the table whereat they sit being covered with green cloth; and without a warrant from this court, none of the Queen's servants can be arrested for debt.

DISCOVERY OF ICELAND.—Iceland was discovered in 860; settled in 870; became an independent republic in 928; was Christianised in the year 1000; in 1265 became voluntarily subject to Norway; in 1387 fell, together with Norway, under the dominion of Denmark; and remains to this day a Danish province. For 900 years the dress, habits, manners, and character of the people (60,000 in number) have remained unchanged.

INSTINCTS OF THE HOTTENTOTS.—The Hottentots are represented as the lowest in intellect of any family of the human race. But even they have an intelligence with which the most civilised cannot compete. They can educate some faculties to a wonderful extent. The facility with which the Hottentot can track his way over the wildest wastes, through the intricacies of the deepest bush, by the light of day or during the darkness of night, is quite proverbial, and amounts to a sort of natural instinct, which they appear to possess in common with some of the brute creation. Endowed with the most acute power of vision, the faintest landmark serves him as an unerring guide. With like facility he will for miles and miles trace the "spoor," or footprints of either man or beast. Place him once on the "trail," and no bloodhound can follow it more accurately by scent than the Totty will do by sight. A single blade of grass removed from its original direction—the slightest appearance of moisture left by the displacement of even a small pebble—a ruffled leaf on the bush—are all sufficient evidences to direct him in discovering the spoor, by the appearance of which he will not only be able to tell whether the object of his pursuit has passed within three minutes or three days, but likewise whether his flight has been precipitate or slow—whether he has moved with the confidence of strength, or that dread of detection inseparable from fear, weakness, or guilt.

NELSON'S HEART.—Human nature is very frail. No man ever had a stronger sense of it, under the influence of a sense of justice, than Lord Nelson. He was loth to inflict punishment; and when he was obliged, as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made a bow to the officers, and, reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said: "Boatswain, do your duty!" The lash was instantly applied, and, consequently, the sufferer exclaimed: "Forgive me, admiral—forgive me!" On such an occasion, Lord Nelson would look round with wild anxiety, and, as all his officers kept silence, he would say: "What! none of you speak for me? Avast! cast him off!" And then added to the culprit: "Jack, in the day of battle remember me!" He became a good fellow in future. A poor man was to be flogged—a landsman—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming: "Pray, forgive him, your honour, and he shall never offend again!" "Your pretty face," said Nelson, "is a security for his good behaviour. Let him go! the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care." This man rose to be lieutenant; his name was William Fye.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.—Another of those extraordinary marriages, which were reported about twelve months ago, has again taken place—namely, the marriage of two deaf and dumb men—Thomas O'maley and

Catherine M'Kean. The marriage was celebrated in the parish church of Ardret, a few weeks since, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, curate of that parish. Mr. Whitaker acted as interpreter. O'maley was educated at Claremont, near Dublin, is a native of the county Mayo, and served his time in Moneymore to the tailoring business—which he gave up, and joined Miss Wright's school, for the education of the deaf, dumb, and the blind. Being an expert fellow, he soon learned to be an excellent carver in wood. So clever did he become at the business, that when the teacher whom Miss Wright had employed to teach the others had left, he was fit to take his place and to teach the others. Catherine was brought up in Moneymore, and was educated at the same school. She is also very clever at the carving work, and not only at this, but is also an excellent hand at any kind of needlework, either plain or fancy. They are able to earn from 12s. to 15s. weekly. They can both read and write well.—*Dublin Freeman.*

INDIANS IN EUROPEAN DRESS.—As much as I like to see an Indian in his native dress or ornaments, be it as scanty as possible, equally funny and disfigured do they look when they put on European clothes. They frequently have no idea for what purpose and in what order they ought to be worn. First, a dress-coat, and then a waistcoat, then part of a shirt, or a waistcoat by itself, or a pair of trousers, or three and four pair of them at the same time, they do not care; and they admire a uniform most—red, if possible, with gold or silver. I frequently saw Indians in the greatest heat with three pairs of trousers, the upper ones pulled up as high as they could get them, the second pair rolled up to their knees, and the undermost left to their natural length, to let all men see what a splendid wardrobe they called their own, and could afford. Cravats for garters, shirt-collars point downwards, waistcoats buttoned behind, and other mistakes continually occur; and, like children, they hang upon them what they can get, and sometimes even what they can buy with hard-earned money, till they get tired of it, and throw it aside.—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

SPAIN, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FRENCH CONQUEST.—Though its people were endowed by nature with heroism, intelligence, and greatness of soul, it was, however, the most backward of all Europe in its institutions. The struggle, at once national and religious, which it had to maintain against the Moors, to reconquer its territory and its independence—thus combining in one flame of enthusiasm its faith and its nationality—had left upon its character an impress of violence and superstition, in which the priest, the soldier, and the executioner were mingled, as it were, in the same individual, and their respective qualities summed up together in the Inquisition. This Inquisition, a perpetual *auto da fé*, suspended over conscience and liberty, and invented by the war of races to purge the soul, had indurated the character of the Spanish people. Cruelty, sanctified by religion, human victims burned for their belief by a slow fire at the stake, offered up as a spectacle and a holocaust to heaven and to men, had stifled all feelings of humanity in this nation. It had, still further, hermetically sealed up Spain against every ray of intelligence and liberty from the rest of Europe; science and civilisation were only known there as words of evil; philosophy hid itself there as a mystery, and brooded as a vengeance; its manners were depraved; its monks reviving the middle ages—in one place possessors of all its wealth, in another sanctifying mendicity; the court itself was only absolute over the people in virtue of its subjection to the priesthood. The sacerdotal police had the power of citing even the conscience of its kings, and did not withhold its hand before the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Egyptian in its institution, African in its character, and Italian in its manners, such was Spain.—*Lamar-tine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE, BY DR. BOWRING.

A man must never talk about,

What passes his own home within;

And for a woman 'tis a sin

To speak of what takes place without.

To pardon crimes is a most foul offence;

But still more foul to punish innocence!

Even though the tree should near the temple grow,
The blasting hurricane will lay it low.

The poet's and historian's pen

Drags from their graves distinguished men.

The power of music penetrates the skin,

And makes the very marrow dance within.

'Tis sad the world's superfluous waste to see,
While millions starve in want and misery.

As the peach-tree's crimson blossoms

'Midst the verdant foliage bloom,

So the virtuous bride embosoms

Love and harmony at home.

If every man would see,

To his own reformation,

How very easily

You might reform a nation!

Give me the most inglorious peace

Rather than all the spoils of war;

Victory's most brilliant trophy is

A fierce fire, blazing, blasting far.

What men call laurels are but blood.

And conquerors for their triumphs should

Have only funeral honours;

Should be their victor-souls and tears!

And 'midst such living sorrows

Their pyramids of bones should rise.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. ALLEN.—The Battle of Berea, in Kaffirland, was fought in December last. But it was more in the nature of a razzia than a regular engagement.

T. C. C.—The following will remove freckles: Take one ounce of rectified acid of pitch, and one pint of distilled water. Mix, and apply to the parts affected.

LONGFELLOW.—The hero in Cooper's novel, "The Pilot," was intended to be a portrait of "Paul Jones," the naval hero, and a very good portrait it is, too, although rather over-coloured; but fiction writers are privileged.

W. W.—If your mother died intestate and you are of full age, you can take possession of all the personal property she left for distribution among her children. Take out letters of administration, and then you can act legally.

C. S.—Moles on the skin may be removed, but not without leaving a mark behind.

B.—The black population of America vote in the election for members to Congress. Five black votes count as three white ones.

Ego. a gentleman, greatly admires a lady whom he has known a number of years by sight, but never had an opportunity of obtaining an introduction to her. They see and notice each other very frequently, in a place of worship. He fears the lady does not like him, she being his superior in life. She has heard of his personality, and since then he fancies she is shy. Very likely. A modest girl does not like to be made the subject of gossip. A gentleman would doat on such circulated rumours. In this case, "Ego" may take the liberty of addressing himself, either personally, or by letter—the former mode is preferable—to the object of his distant worship. No true woman rudely repulses the respectful advances of an honest, pure-hearted man.

MERCHANT tells a funny story. A short time since, he was engaged to a young lady "whooped the question" and has accepted. When, by a gentleman came into the field, and he was completely put aside. On his remonstrating, the lady flew into a passion, and scratched his face so badly, that he was unable to go out of doors for a month. His face is quite well, but, along the places visited by the lady's fingers, is streaked with red marks. Let him be comforted. The marks will disappear with the old skin. He ought to consider himself lucky to have got off so easily. Marriage almost localises the use of the talons; but we have an impression that the finger-nails of an angry married woman are not half so venomous as those of a spinster above thirty. But it requires a good deal to exasperate the latter. Commend us to the windy side of both of them.

H. H.—The widest streets in any large city in the world are in St. Petersburg. The Novski perspective in the latter city is more than half as wide again as Oxford Street in London.

KATH ELLEN is twenty, and has not been baptised. She had letter have the ceremony performed at once; of course she will require sponsors. But the parents may go to the district registrar's office, and register the birth, on payment of five shillings.

UN AMICO.—You must put a restraint on your inclination. Fathers are not mountains of gold. When you are twenty-five get married, and your father will place you in an establishment of your own. At present we don't think you have any cause to complain.

AMARANTH.—You must have faith. Love is worse than nothing without it. Indeed, the sentiment, to exist, must be founded in confidence. But as hoping against hope is difficult, have your doubts at once removed or confirmed. Better to know that a man is faithless, than to be tortured by a vague suspicion. In the former case, scorn and contempt are sovereign remedies for a wounded susceptibility.

WALTER BERNARD.—The rich are often too much engaged in pleasure and ambition to care for the wants of those beneath them. They are generally too far removed to understand them, and too few to make their intellectual powers felt throughout the community; and so all transactions between rich and poor become either mercenary or condescendingly charitable. The working classes are, even under the most favourable circumstances, too much occupied and too much harassed, by their necessities, to be able of themselves to improve their morality or intelligence. It is the middle class which verges towards either extreme, until it loses itself in both, that possesses the greatest amount of virtue and intelligence, and disseminates the good qualities of each amongst the other. It improves the tastes and morals of the masses, copies the refinements of the rich, and checks their habits of luxury. It stimulates production and consumption in bringing intellect to bear upon labour, and in its greater demand for the comforts of life. If the middle class gets either too wealthy or too poor, it becomes inert or powerless—it imbibes the vices of both extremes, and each is left to vitiate in its own circle, until the whole nation becomes depraved.

M. Y. L.—It must frankly be admitted that the great bulk of our electors exercise the franchise conscientiously. The constitution has invested them with the franchise, and being only able to exercise it to the best of their judgment, they are not to be censured for having returned such men as would, best champion their peculiar political views, and exert their utmost to promote those measures which will best develop the freedom, prosperity, and happiness of the trading and commercial classes of the United Kingdom. Conscience in matters of election, lies at the bottom of the till, or in a decent amount at the left side of the banker's book.

B. P. D.—It often happens, when a long life interest, under a will, or a long suit in Chancery, delays the payment of a capital sum, given as a legacy, or forming part of the residue, that in the meantime the person who had a vested reversionary interest in the sum in question, and to whom, therefore, if living, it would have been payable, dies before the payment is made; and occasionally it happens that the residuary legatee, or next of kin of this person is also dead, and the legacy, or residue, or share of residue, is payable to his legatees or next of kin. In such cases the property must be considered as passing into and out of the estate of each person who had a vested interest, whether living or dead, and both probate and legacy-duty must be paid on it at each step.

PHANTOM.—The elements upon which we should operate to produce a change in our moral organisation, are circumstances, habits, and modes of thinking and acting. The impulse of all our actions from birth to death—the spring of all our movements—is a conviction that we can alter and improve our condition. We have a consciousness, stronger than reason, that we can control our circumstances. We can change our regimen and habits, and by patience and perseverance even our temperament. Every one can cite innumerable and melancholy instances of those who have done it for evil. The habit of indulging in opium, tobacco, ardent spirits, or any of the pernicious narcotics, soon reduces the physical and mental constitution to that temperament in which those stimulants are felt to be necessary. A corresponding change is produced in the mind and disposition. The frequent and regular use of medicine, though it may have been wholly unnecessary at first, finally becomes an inveterate habit. No phenomenon of physiology is more striking than the facility with which the human constitution commences a conformity to whatever changes of circumstances—as of climate, habit, or aliment we impose upon it. It is a most impressive proof that man is capable of becoming the creature of all climates and conditions.

MORNING.—The etiquette is, when a lady meets a gentleman in public to whom she has been formally introduced, that she should salute first. Unless she does so, the gentleman will consider that she does not desire to be noticed by him.

E. N. C. H.—At the altar, the bride, when required, repeats the language of the ceremony after the officiating minister. The responses she must utter clearly, but with shrinking timidity. The bridesmaids support the bride, carry her handkerchief, gloves, scent-bottle, &c.; at breakfast cut the cake.

W. W.—Make your will, and there will be no dispute after your death. Should you not make your will, your wife would only be entitled to one-third of your personal effects. In such matters, it is safe to employ an attorney.

HOLLY.—The practice of decorating houses and churches with holly, is of great antiquity. It appears to have been first made use of at Christmas by the early Christians at Rome, and was probably adopted because holly was used in the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred at that period.

GEO. THOS.—To pot mackerel: Clean, season, and bake them in a pan with plenty of spice, bay-leaves, and butter. When cold, put them into a pot and cover them with butter.

ALPHAT.—According to returns published by the authority of the House of Commons, the number of scholars in 1847 was—Church Schools, 955,865; British and Foreign Schools, 225,000; Wesleyan, 38,623; Congregational, 6839; Roman Catholic, 34,750; Ragged Schools, 20,000; total, 1,281,077. Number of schools—Church of England, 17,015; British and Foreign, 1500; Wesleyan, 397; Congregational, 89; Roman Catholic, 585; Ragged Schools, 270; total, 19,856. The income of these schools in 1847 stood thus: Church of England, £817,081; British and Foreign schools, £161,250; Wesleyan, £27,347; Congregational, £4901; Roman Catholic, £16,000; Ragged schools, £20,000; other schools, £50,000; total, about £1,100,000. The sources of income are as follow: Local endowments, £69,587; local subscriptions, £366,823; local collections, £114,109; school pence, £413,044; other sources, £38,076; private supporters, £54,000.

A PURCHASER.—Under the act for abolishing interments in the metropolis, compensation is to be allowed for brick-built vaults, but not for ordinary graves: which to us seems a gross injustice—for a few bricks cannot alter the character of the title to land that is necessarily freehold of inheritance. There is a short bill on the subject before Parliament. Watch its progress.

NNA.—Jealousy is a sure sign of love. Neither man nor woman can love well, without being jealous. Love feeds on the counter-passion. As fools are necessary for the exaltation of wise men, so is jealousy essential to the maintenance of the strength of the most selfish of passions. Your friend ought to demand a candid explanation.

JUPITER. like his ancient namesake, has wooed too imperiously. He has commanded instead of entreated. Now, as young ladies won't be commanded under any circumstances, it is supreme folly in a man to command a woman to love him. She won't do it—it's against her very nature to do so. Love comes by instinct—it is not seen or understood at first, but it comes the more surely for all that. Our advice is, wait. Your feeling may not be love: after marriage it is too late to make the discovery. Matrimony commits sad havoc in the palace of the imagination.

PATNA CO.—The constitution of the Turkish government is strictly despotic. Not only the executive, but the legislative power resides in the sovereign. His spiritual and temporal authority are indicated in the language of the jurists by the titles of *Imam* and *Sultan*. In virtue of his sacerdotal authority he is Emperor of Islamism, Pontiff of Musselmans, and Protector of the Faith. At court, when mention is made of the Sultan, the appellation of "refuge of the world" is usually added to his title of *Padishah*, or Emperor of Islamism. His highest title, and the most esteemed, because given to him by the Kings of Persia, is *Zil-Ullah*, Shadow of God; and one of the most remote from our manners, though common among all ranks of his subjects, is *punkier*, or man-slaver. This is given to him because the law has invested him alone with absolute power over the lives of his subjects. The Turkish casuists allow that he may kill fourteen persons every day without assigning a cause, or without imputation of tyranny. Death by his hand, or by his order, if submitted to without resistance, confers martyrdom.

R. M.—We like the two first verses of "Lines for Music," but not the third.

Go—where the modest violet pours
Its incense o'er the mossy bank,

'Neath sunbeams fair;

Where dew-drops wet the perfum'd flowers,
That both hill and valley frank:

Go, seek me there!

Go, where sweet Philomel enchains
The heart—at twilight's pensive hour—

With music rare;

Weaving, in soul-enchancing strains,
Love's tale, within the roseate bow:

Haste, seek me there!

Whether at cheerful morn, or eve
Frowning, in shadowy cloak awhile,

With aspect drear;

Yet would I never have thee grieve;
Where willows weep, or lilies smile,

E'er seek me there!

C. J. L.—Lambeth Palace has for ages been the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It was built in 1189 by Baldwin, metropolitan in the time of Richard I. In 1292, it was, in a great measure, if not wholly, rebuilt by Boniface. That part which is called the Chantry's Tower, was built in the reign of Henry V., by Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a persecutor of the followers of Wickliffe; and the tower derived its name from a room which it contained, appropriated to the imprisonment of the followers of that reformer, who were called *Lollards*. This is a small room, twelve feet by nine, planked with elm, in which still remain light rings and staples, to which those unfortunate people were chained.

W. H.—Papier-maché is made of cuttings of white or brown paper, boiled in water, and beaten in a mortar till they are reduced to a kind of paste, and then boiled with a solution of gum arabic, or of size, to give consistency to the paste, which is afterwards formed into different shapes by pressing it into oiled moulds.

JAMES TELFORD.—We must persist in our opinion, that sentiment will not do much towards liberating the African. Besides, sentiment, if properly interpreted, means levying contributions on the rich. Will that emancipate the negro? Not very likely—so that we are entitled to believe that his freedom must come with the growth of a condition that will not require his services as a slave. When labour in the slave states of America becomes so abundant that it will be cheaper to hire than have it on hand as a property, the fetters of the negro will fall off as gradually as did the iron collar from the serfs of England. Our vaunted freedom is not the offspring of acts of parliament, or of benevolence, or even the pure ministrations of the church—but simply of necessity. As men and women became more numerous, as commerce increased, new conditions sprang into existence, and enforced servitude gradually ceased, and finally became extinct without the intervention of any express law, civil or religious, and solely through the force of custom, and the non necessity for its continuance.

X. Y. Z.—The following is considered a very good liquid for thickening the hair: Slice eight ounces of burdock root, and cut four ounces of onions; boil these for half an hour in two quarts of spring-water, and then add half a pint of rum, a pint of sweet oil, and two ounces of pearl-ash, dissolved in an ounce of warm water. The three last ingredients are to be well mixed previous to their addition to the decoction of burdock, &c.

J. H. asks which has done the greatest service to the cause of Truth—Philosophy or Poetry. The former, without doubt—for is not Philosophy "the knowledge of the reasons of things?" And what could we know of things, without a knowledge of the reasons for them? and is not Truth itself a thing to be known? Poetry is merely a garment, which either truth or falsehood may wear. Without Philosophy, we should never have known anything of the nature of Truth beyond what was visible to our senses. Believing in a thing because you either cannot or will not refuse to believe in it, is one thing—but believing in a thing with a knowledge of its uses, original design, and application, is quite another: therefore Truth, as a moral system, cannot be defined without the aid of Philosophy. But Poetry has assisted in the development of Truth, because it has presented facts and principles to us in a fascinating garb. At the same time it must be admitted that Poetry, as a medium, may be false, just as spurious coin and base people are false. It is merely an agent.

L. L., not being comfortable at home, wishes to marry. She is jealous of a brother, whom her parents pet, and allow every indulgence. She is not in a fit frame of mind to think even of marriage. She is tormented by envy and jealousy, two of the worst passions that can agitate and darken the human breast. She must school herself to endure. Meekness in a daughter soon finds its way to a parent's heart. But we must say her case is another instance of the abominable cruelty of showing mortification to one child than to another. Parents have no right to have pets among their children. And as petted children generally grow up to be spoiled young men and women—sometimes either very stupid or very wicked men and women—the practice is a domestic vice and a pest to society.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—W. W. (The Lines to "Eva," are declined).—P. Hanley (We miss the vigour of the previous efforts. You ought to do better).—A Clerk (The Statute of Limitations affects Bills of Exchange).—Roger de Coverley (You must already have perused our remarks on History. Alison is a powerful writer, but we consider him partial).—J. D. (Peruse the Army and Navy Lists given, at the beginning of every month, in the columns of the *WEEKLY TIMES*).—J. Johnson (Excellent hand-writing).—Harry Hill (Decent prose, but by no means poetry).—E. James (How can you expect that, we should attempt to revise the decision of the public?).—A Lone Widow (Forward your communication).—C. H. E. H. Z. (There is no such institution in existence).—A. Dutton (Send the advertisement to Messrs. Thomas and Co., Advertising Agents, Catherine Street, Strand).—F. W. H. (A question for a solicitor to advise upon).—John Watts (Consult a physician immediately).—Lyro (Using the word "Miss" to a lady is vulgar. "M'am" is the most acceptable).—K. X. (Write to the registrar of the diocese in which the deceased died).—Gustavus (The eldest son of a German Count has no title by courtesy during his father's life-time).—William (The origin of the order of Freemasons is involved in mystery).—A Mechanic (Purchase a "Treatise on Engraving." The information would occupy too much of our space).—E. N. (You cannot anticipate the property; and, being a married woman, cannot make a will).—Eureka ("With a Commonwealth," dated 1648, is valuable except to collectors of old books).—G. A. D. (All the numbers of this Journal, containing "The Will and the Way," are in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand).—G. J. B. (What would you have us to do? We must be guided by our own experience).—J. E. E. (At the end of "Walker's Dictionary," you will find rules for pronouncing Greek and Latin names).—Philomel (Apply at Herald's College. The fees are very trifling).—A. Clifford (Government situations in Australia are in the gift of the local governments. It is the policy of this country to make the colonies as independent as possible).—Hydrophatist (We have as much respect for the science as we have for experiments in general. At present, it is neither true nor false—merely non-established. Consult the "London Directory").—Charles Howard (All in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand, but it would be more convenient for you to obtain them through a new agent in Sheffield).—C. H. J. (You may enter a government educational training school).—A. Brown (The standard height for the service of the East India Company, is as low as five feet five and a-half inches).—Annie (Patience and the tweezers).—Alfred Austin (Declined, with thanks).—L. (The knot cannot be untied. Difference of temper is no ground for a divorce, even if you could afford it).—H. W. (The two sisters take the property between them).—Thomas Freeman (Such books are being constantly advertised in the daily press).—James Watson (A fair specimen of handwriting).—Edward Hind (Under consideration).—William Budwittle (Must employ a solicitor).—J. S. (Not creditable as an effort, by any means).—H. V. D. L. (See the book advertisements in the *WEEKLY TIMES*).—Ludlow Castle (The pens are manufactured in Birmingham. There is a London House in the city).—Louisa James (The fourth finger of the left hand).—Martha (The American Consul at Liverpool).—Un Ami (Declined).—Roland (Declined).—Thomas B. (The number can be had at the Office, 334, Strand).—A Poor Widow (Wishes to be informed of some particulars relative to Miss Mary Lackington's Gift to Poor Widows).—Agnes (You would have to serve an apprenticeship to the business. A first-rate wood engraver would require a premium of £30, at the least).—A. B. (The order of the "Holy Ghost" is a French one. We do not think the Emperor of the French has retained it. It has a blasphemous sound in it).—George C. (The new landlord coming over you does not alter the character of the tenancy. You must give notice, and leave in the regular way).—C. R. Bayley (Anne Boleyn had the same number of fingers and toes as any other properly formed woman).—Frederick (As one bad sheep infects a whole flock, so one decayed tooth ruins a whole set. Go to a respectable dentist, and have the unsound tooth cleaned and plugged).—W. Hunter—Jacobs H.—Susan—Eames—T. G. H. Norton—Agamemnon—Kate A.—Expectans—James Burton—Ernest—Minimus—J. M. C.—E. J. Brindley—Roger de Coverley—G. K.—Tunbridge Wells—John Schofield—Caer Leon—Gab. L.—Alexis—W. H. S.—D. S. F.—F. R. C. S.—Stanwell—W. Samson—F. Winterton—Pauline—Walter B.—Alpha—William Henry—J. P.—Claudius—H. M.—J. Wakelin—X. Y. Z.—Constance—J. W. S.—Miss M. Rose—Emigrant—J. K.—Jessie—Jane Humphries—The Unknown—E. B. W.—Paul—Adams—Clara—R. W. E.—L. D.—F. G.—Arnold—Blanche—French—Venus—Henrietta—J. S. Cooke—Yvanhoe—Rosa—Leslie—J. H.—Rose H.—Cantab—J. Johnson—Augustus—Carlos—And William—Fred.—Princess of M.—Lizzy—Isabella—Twin Sisters—S. A. B.—W. F. D.—Eugene—Arthur C.—Edith—D. Ganem—W. A.—Reuben—E. G. and J. C.—Henricus—C. H.—Paul Jerrard—C. M.—E. L. Salisbury—G. Smith—W. H. W.—G. S.—N. G. M.—Thomassin—Mary S. W.—J. F. W.—B. B.—Bela—J. R.—Robert Pearce—W. Shea—Carolus—Em. F.—J. Shelton—E. Smith—E. R. B.—Peter Simple—Scotus—H. W. G.

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[HENRY ASHTON'S RETURN TO THE FARM.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Man in his foolish pride proposes,
But of the future as the past,
God in his wisdom still disposes,
Confounding all his aims at last.

OLD PROVERB.

It was with a loathing, sickening sensation, similar to that with which men regard the bloated toad or slimy reptile, that Henry Ashton continued, from his place of concealment, to watch the warrenner, as he lay at the end of the pier, writhing in maulin drunkenness and mental agony. The idea—for as yet he had no positive proof—that he saw stretched before him the assassin of his friend and benefactor, broke the long lethargy which had hitherto enthralled him, and sent the warm blood rushing to his heart and brain. His shattered nerves resumed their elasticity. He felt as if they were suddenly transformed to steel. More than once he clenched his hands with nervous impatience, till the nails cut deeply into the flesh.

He felt an almost savage joy in contemplating him—for he felt that he was in his power: it was a joy

Like that the savage tigress feels,
When fortune to her sight reveals,
Prostrate before her fury flung,
The robber of her ravished young.

"Monster!" he muttered, "between his firm-set teeth; writhe on! the noble blood thou hast shed is choking thee! thy polluted soul is red—thine eye-balls seared with it as with the hangman's iron! God!" he added, "let not reason desert me, lest, in the desolation of my soul, the madness of my indignation, I wrest from the minister of justice his awful attribute, and rend the carrion limbs of this fell miscreant as the lion rends its prey!"

After a few minutes' pause, during which Will Sidelier raised his head and gazed like a maniac round him, our hero advanced cautiously towards the spot where the murderer lay. Above the howling of the tempest and the roaring of the billows, which dashed their foaming crests against the piles of the pier, he distinctly heard the ruffian pronounce the name of Sir William Mowbray,

coupled with broken words, which sounded like a supplication for mercy.

He could endure no more; but, dashing aside his cloak, he sprang forward, and stood before the astonished wretch like an avenging spirit—terrible in its mission—armed with no earthly strength.

"Mercy!" he exclaimed; "monster! the angel's ear is deaf as thine has been: the blood-stifled groans of thy victims have filled it! The gibbet waits thee—the curses of the yelling crowd—the execrations of the poor and fatherless, made doubly orphans by thy crime—the cord—the felon's grave!"

The warrenner started to his feet, and, by the light of the beacon, which fell upon the spot where they were standing, he recognised the pale but well-known features of the speaker. He was bewildered—forgot for the moment that he was in France, and imagined himself at Carrow.

"Henry Ashton?" he faltered.

"Ay! Henry Ashton," repeated the youth, "and Will Sidelier, the murderer!"

"It's a lie!" roared the ruffian, furiously; "who dares to say so? there is no proof—and even if there were, you cannot touch me here! I am right!" he added, looking round; "I remember it all now: I am in France—free from prison—safe from the hangman's clutch: I felt it once—but he is dead—dead—dead! they cannot hang me now! ha—ha! prate of justice—I defy it and heaven!"

The wild, savage laugh of the warrenner rose above the dashing of the waters and the whistling winds, like the shrill cry of the night-bird.

As if to answer the defiance so impiously hurled towards heaven, the dark clouds above the sea were rent by a terrific peal of thunder, and a broad sheet of lightning illumined for an instant the snow-crested billows, as they broke over the pier.

"Fool!" said the young man, "to brave its might at the very moment its hand is outstretched against thee! Dost think our meeting at such an hour, and in such a spot, the effect of a blind accident? No; by the simplest means Omnipotence still works its will—the punishment thou hast merited has at last overtaken thee!"

"Has it?" said Will Sidelier, with a sneer; for remorse and a sense of danger had partly sobered him. "Perhaps you will tell me by what right you interfere?"

"The right of nature," answered Henry, "which arms every honest hand against the murderer! Fly where he

will, the earth trembles at his footsteps—even the grave rejects him! Thou art doomed, Will Sidelier—I tell thee thou art doomed! Thy limbs shall feed the ravens, and thy kite and pie shall perch on thy fleshless skull—thy bleaching bones shall swing from the gibbet's height, a sickening spectacle to earth and heaven! Felon—I arrest thee!"

"Boy!" exclaimed the ruffian, perfectly roused at last to a sense of his situation, and at the same time attempting to pass him; "the tree is not planted yet, from which to make the gallows upon which I shall hang!"

"You pass not!" said our hero.

"We shall see!"

With these words, the warrenner sprang upon Henry Ashton, and grasped him in his sinewy, strong embrace. The youth shuddered for an instant with loathing and disgust, as he came in contact with the assassin, who mistook the tremor in his adversary's frame for terror. He was quickly undeceived.

"Boaster!" he muttered; "you tremble!"

"It is with hate, then!"

These were the only words uttered on either side during the long and deadly struggle which ensued. Although between fifty and sixty years of age, Will Sidelier was a fellow of uncommon strength, to which terror gave additional energy. He had several times disengaged the grasp which the lover of Ellen had laid upon his collar—but failed to succeed. Although young, it was of iron.

There was something fearful in the contest of the two men on such a lonely spot—the waves hissing as they roared round them—neither uttering a word. Finding that he could not release himself by fair means, the escapee suddenly released his hold of our hero, and drew his long clasp-knife from his pocket, then opened it with his teeth. A gleam of ferocious joy shot from his eyes as he raised his arm to strike; but Henry had seen the action, and caught with his disengaged hand the descending blade which slightly wounded him in the palm—still he only smiled. He felt that it was impossible that, in a contest with a wretch whom he believed to be the murderer of his benefactor, he could succumb—and the force of his conviction sustained him. With a violent effort, he wrenched the weapon from the grasp of the warrenner, and cast it into the sea.

Sidelier, who in his youth had been an expert wrestler, tried by every ruse to throw him—back fall and cross were alike unsuccessful. The breath of the ruffian

last became thick and heavy—it was evident that his strength was exhausting itself; whilst Henry Ashton's appeared to increase with each fresh effort.

Satisfied that he could not escape—the next thought of the murderer was of revenge. He determined if possible to escape the gibbet by a voluntary death. Claspings his antagonist with both arms round the body, he raised him from the ground, and succeeded in carrying him to the end of the pier, which fortunately was guarded by a stout oaken railing. Twice did he attempt to lift him over, and plunge with him into the foaming surge beneath. The last time he reeled and staggered like a drunken man—then fell with our hero upon the spray-washed planks.

The combatants paused, as if by mutual agreement, to draw breath—but without relaxing their hold. After a few seconds the contest was renewed, and their limbs became entwined like knotted serpents, in the embrace of hate. The veins and arteries of their necks and temples rose like cords, so violent were their struggles; whilst thick drops of sweat and blood chased each other down their cheeks.

At the time the scene we have endeavoured to describe was being enacted, a party of English sailors, belonging to the government packet, were seated in the little parlour of the Dover Castle—a public-house kept by an Englishman, close to the Calais gate—so well known by Hogarth's inimitable picture. The men were waiting for the tide to serve. The house is well known as the rendezvous of a class of English residents who find it more convenient to live abroad than at home—a set of sharks, who live by preying upon their countrymen—pleading their nationality as an excuse for borrowing or begging, as mendicants do their sores.

The valet of Meeran Hafaz, who had promised his master not to lose sight of the warrenier till he had conducted him safely to Marseilles, and seen him safely on board the vessel which was to convey him to India, alarmed at the absence of his charge, had sought him in every *café* in the town. As a last hope, accompanied by a *laquais de place*, he made his way to the Dover Castle.

"Who is the land-lubber asking for?" demanded a bluff old sailor, who overheard the valet's inquiries of the landlord.

The man explained to him that he sought a rough, country-looking person, who had, he feared, lost his way in the town.

"No fear of his being lost in *Calcy*!" observed another of the crew! "the *jenny d'armes* picks up everybody and everything! Ax the boatswain if they doesn't—he knows the inside of the fiddle!"

"The fiddle?" repeated the perplexed valet.

"Monsieur mean de violin," said the *laquais de place*; "vat you call in Angleterre de *Nougat*!"

"The what?"

"De prison! It shall be all de same; but de shentleman is not dere. We speak if he vas of de concierge municif."

"What's the French frog *parlevoocoo* about?" said the bluff son of Neptune who had first spoken. "I can tell the landsman where his messmate is!"

"Where?" eagerly demanded the servant.

"First let's bear a reckoning, and see what his figure-head is like," answered the sailor, "and take a squint at his rigging!"

"What does he mean?" inquired the valet, turning with a hopeless look to the landlord of the house—who, having been a sailor himself, perfectly understood his brother tar's phraseology.

"Describe him?" replied the host.

"Ay, how is he rigged?"

"Rigged?" replied the inquirer.

"He means dressed!" observed his interpreter.

"Lateen or square-rigged?" said the sailor, puffing the smoke in hasty whiffs from his pipe—a sure sign he was getting impatient. "Has he the cut of a pirate or a land-shark?"

"A seaman or a landsman?" whispered the landlord of the Dover Castle.

"Oh, of a landsman, certainly!" answered the valet.

"And a figure-head like a shipwrecked parson's," inquired the purser, "or one of the king's hard bargains: fellows who go to sea to avoid the gallows at home?"

The servant could not but confess that the description might answer for that of his friend.

"Well," replied the tar, after a few more whiffs, "you will find this precious friend of yours spinning a yarn to the fishes. I passed him upon the pier as I crowded sail to the Dover Castle; the lubber was tossing his fins about, and talking like the play-actor Poll and I once saw at Portsmouth. He'd make a rum messmate!" he added; "I shouldn't much care to sail in the same ship with him!"

"Why not?"

"Because I neither like his build nor his figure-head," said the old tar; "I've seen many a better-looking fellow swinging at the yard-arm!"

Although Mr. Narcissus—the name of the valet—was extremely anxious to discover the lost companion of his journey, he was far too prudent a person to trust himself without additional precautions, on such a night as the present, on the pier. He dispatched the *laquais de place* in his stead, and returned at once to his hotel, where he solaced himself as he best could, under the circumstances, with a bottle of genuine Lafitte, and a flirtation with the landlady.

He had not left the Dover Castle many minutes, before Lieutenant Suckling entered the little parlour. The sailors started to their feet in an instant: they knew, from the visit of their commander, that something—as the bluff old tar who had replied to the inquirers observed—"was up."

"Follow me, my men!" said the officer.

It needed no second command, for the speaker was exceedingly liked by his crew. In their way to the pier-head, he explained to them that his object was to get the warrenier on board the packet as secretly and speedily as possible; for at that time no treaty of extradition existed between the two countries. Gold, he knew, would achieve anything with the French police; and, in a point of so much moment, Meeran Hafaz was not the man to spare it.

Four of the men were sent on board the vessel, which was lying close to the side of the inner basin, with orders to take one of the boats and row round to the mouth of the harbour. The rest accompanied their officer, to seek the assassin and Henry.

"Five guineas, my men," said the lieutenant, after he had given his instructions, "and a night on shore at Dover, if you succeed!"

"Ay—ay!" replied old Tom, the boatswain. "I'm an old press-hand, and helped to man Duncan's fleet in Yarmouth Roads. We'll have the land-lubber under hatches in less time than the Polly takes to make three knots—and your honour knows what a clipper she is!"

As they approached the end of the creaking pier, whose rough, weather-worn planks groaned and trembled in the storm, like a living thing with the ague, Suckling looked anxiously round in order to discover Henry and the warrenier; the waves were beating over the jetty with undiminished fury. He saw no one near.

"What can have happened?" he exclaimed. "Has the rascal escaped?"

Then the recollection that Henry Ashton, from his determined character, would never have quitted the man whom he believed to be the murderer of his benefactor with life, suddenly crossed him, and, clasping his hands, he murmured, with a deep sigh:

"The villain must have murdered him!"

"Murdered him!" exclaimed the old tar; "I only wish he may—that's all! we'll show the Mounseers a specimen of British justice, and, if your honour only gives the word, bring the rascal to a drum-head court-martial, and hang him up at the yard-arm!"

"Belay there!" cried one of his messmates; "doesn't your honour see, just under the bow of the pier, *summat* very like a land-shark?"

Suckling darted through the foam and spray, which at regular intervals dashed over the jetty; and, close to the rail—where the receding waves had washed them—lay the bodies of Henry and the warrenier: both were insensible. The hand of our hero was firmly twisted in the long, grey hair of the assassin, his dress torn and stained with blood, from the fury of the encounter.

The lieutenant and his men instantly raised and separated them.

"God!" exclaimed the officer, who was supporting the form of his friend; "he is dead! I am too late—too late!"

The boatswain, who had been chafing the hands and chest of our hero, fancied that he felt his heart beat.

"All right, captain! the gentleman's cable is not run out yet! Once on board the Polly, a snug hammock and plenty of warm grog will soon set him to rights, I warrant me!"

At this time they heard the voices of the sailors: despite the tempest and the force of the returning tide, the gallant fellows had rowed round to the pier-head.

The difficulty was, how to get Henry Ashton and their prisoner—who also began to show signs of returning life—on board.

Sailors are never at a loss—they are as ready at a shift as a politician. A sail, which fortunately was lying at the bottom of the boat, was hastily rolled into the form of a hammock, and drawn up by the men upon the pier. The still breathing form of the lover of poor Ellen was first lowered, then that of the warrenier. Lieutenant Suckling and his men descended by a rope, which they drew into the boat after them.

"Give way," said the officer, "with all speed, to the Polly!"

The men replied with a cheerful "ay ay, sir!" and the boat shot from the pier-head into the mouth of the harbour.

As the last man disappeared down the side of the jetty, a person who had been silently watching their proceedings, stepped from the obscurity in which he had concealed himself, into the broad light cast by the beacon.

It was the *laquais de place*.

"Mine Got!" he exclaimed; "de English sailor dog have catch him!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Over the sea the bark we guide,
And gaily stem its foaming crest;
The sailor woos his ocean bride,
And sinks 'mid waves and storms to rest,
Whilst the seaway screams his lullaby!

SONGS OF THE OCEAN.

DAYLIGHT was just beginning to dawn, when the mailbags were brought on board the packet. Dr. Orme was already there; for, despite the fatigue he had undergone, Lieutenant Suckling no sooner saw his friend comfortably disposed of in his own berth, than he hastened to Dessin's Hotel, to inform the worthy rector of what had taken place, and escort him to the Lively Polly.

Although the storm had subsided, there was still considerable doubt whether the vessel would be able to quit the harbour, at the mouth of which the waves were running mountains high.

It was not without a feeling of secret envy—which most

of our readers will consider very pardonable in such a case—that the rector received the assurance of the lieutenant, that his taking the sofa in his cabin—his berth was already occupied by Henry—would not in the slightest degree incommode him.

"I shall walk on deck," he said, "for an hour or two, to get an appetite for breakfast."

"Walk!" repeated the old gentleman, whose ruddy complexion began to assume a decided bilious tint; "how can you talk of walking or eating in such a dreadful place? crossing over was bad enough, but returning will be ten times worse!"

The young sailor replied only by a good-humoured smile: the sea was his home—he felt as much at ease on board his well-rigged little craft, as the speaker did in his pulpit at Carrow.

As he was about to quit the cabin, some one rapped at the door.

"Come in!" said the lieutenant.

A midshipman made his appearance, to inform his commander that a boat had pulled alongside, with a message from the captain of the port, who wished to see the officer in command of the packet on shore.

"Does he?" said Suckling; "send word back that, if the captain of the port wishes to see me, he must come on board! Does he think I am mad, to quit my vessel at such a time? He is no sailor," thought the speaker, "and will not venture to dim the lace of his uniform by donning it such a morning!"

As a matter of precaution, however, he gave directions to raise anchor—determined to put to sea at all hazards.

Lieutenant Suckling was busily engaged on deck, in seeing his orders properly executed, when the barge of the functionary rowed alongside the Polly, which was slowly making head to the mouth of the harbour: a middy hailed them, and inquired what they wanted.

"To speak with your commander," replied the port-captain, an unhappy-looking little man, who, wrapped in an immense cloak, sat shivering in the stern of the barge.

The ladder was let down, and the Frenchman mounted with the agility of a cat.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the young officer, of a scowling-looking personage, who was following up the ladder.

"Le commissaire de police de Calais!"

"Then, Mr. Commissary of Police," said the young man, "you do not set a foot on the deck of the Polly! I allow no interference with my command here!"

The functionary—who had been bribed by the valet—would have remonstrated, but the lieutenant ended the dispute by ordering two men to the gangway, with orders to cut down the first person from the barge who tried to set a foot upon the deck of his vessel without his permission.

With a "*sacré Dieu!*" and something which sounded very much like "*Inglis dog!*" the disappointed commissaire slunk back into the barge.

"May I inquire to what happy circumstance," continued the speaker, "I am indebted for the honour of this visit on board his Britannic Majesty's ship, the Polly?"

The captain of the port answered, that information had been laid that an Englishman had been entrapped on board, without any communication having been previously made to the authorities; and that he could not permit the packet to sail till the affair had been properly investigated.

"And pray, sir," inquired Suckling, in a mocking tone, "have you considered how you will prevent it?"

The functionary observed that he was captain of the port.

"And I," said the young officer, "am commander of this vessel!"

"You must pass the batteries!" exclaimed the little Frenchman.

"We will do so," replied the lieutenant; "and, if you will bear me company, you shall see how gallantly, with St. George's ensign flying at the fore! I doubt not but reflection will induce you to pause before you venture to insult it!"

The captain of the port appeared embarrassed.

"I must do my duty," he said.

"And I mine," observed Suckling, giving his orders to the men at the same time with the greatest coolness, to call all hands upon deck, and shot the guns. "Pray, Monsieur le Capitaine," he added, a thought striking him, "by how many persons did you say the information on which you are acting has been laid?"

"By one," was the reply.

"I thought that the law of France required two?" observed the commander; "rely upon it that your dissiminy in this affair will do you no service with your government—they have embarrassments enough already: it is a matter for the big-wigs, not sailors, to settle!"

During the above interview, the vessel had continued to move slowly towards the bar at the end of the pier.

For a few moments the captain of the port reflected. He had done quite enough, he thought, to prove his zeal; added to which, his breakfast was ready on shore, and the motion of the Polly was becoming anything but agreeable to his feelings. Another consideration was, he had no longer the commissary of police to back him; and, to speak the truth, the little man did not possess the most exalted courage; but then, to make amends, his politics were unquestionable—his sister had married the first cousin of the *valet de chambre* of the Count d'Artois.

Such an alliance, under the elder Bourbons, would have made any man's fortune; in Louis Philippe's time an alliance with the *blanchisseuse* of the Rothschilds might have been better.

"This well, sir!" he said, trying to assume a look of

offended dignity, the effect of which a sensation of sea-sickness unfortunately destroyed; "I shall take my leave, and report your extraordinary conduct to the minister!"

Suckling's first idea was to let him go—but he remembered his threat of the batteries, and determined to keep him on board, to prevent mischief. The consternation of the dapper little Frenchman became pitiable when he heard it: he felt assured that his stomach would never endure the tossing at the bar; then the idea of disgracing *La Grande Nation* by yielding to sea-sickness in the presence of the insolent English sailors, who never appear to have any stomachs to turn—it was horrible to contemplate.

"My duty demands my presence on shore," he said.

"Sorry I can't oblige you!" replied his tormentor; "we shall only just escape the turn of the tide as it is; besides, to a sailor like yourself, this land-breeze will only give an additional appetite!"

By this time they approached the bar at the mouth of the harbour, where the swell to a landsman was really terrific: the Polly danced merrily upon the billows, and ducked and dived like a petrel in a storm; even the old boatswain confessed that he had never seen a craft behave better. The presence of the port-captain put the crew of the little vessel upon their mettle; the orders of their officers were executed with a precision which the greatest martinet in the navy could scarcely have found fault with; but their seamanship was entirely thrown away upon the Frenchman.

At the last heave of the Polly, in crossing the bar, he heaved with it—nature could endure no more.

"This comes of feeding upon frogs!" observed a sailor to one of his messmates; "beef and biscuit will stand anything—no danger of preaching to the fishes upon that!"

Once clear of the bar, the barge, which had followed close in the wake of the Polly, was permitted to come alongside to receive the captain of the port, who—more dead than alive, his brilliant uniform considerably shorn of its lustre, his white plume dragged and soiled from the spray, till it resembled the long feathers in the tail of a fowl in wet weather—carefully descended.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he muttered, as he sank, shivering into his cushioned seat in the barge; "catch me going to sea again!"

The commissary, whose countenance was, if possible, of a yet more pallid hue than his own, looked as if he was of the same opinion; but the unfortunate wretch was too ill to speak.

About two o'clock the same day, the Polly arrived safely at Dover.

The impatience of our hero to pursue his journey would not admit of delay. Fatigue seemed to have no power over him; he had recovered from the effects of his contest with the warrener, as if by the mere exertion of his indomitable will.

As fast as four post-horses could convey them, the carriages of Dr. Orme and his adopted son rolled along the road to London. In the first were the rector and Henry; the second, the blinds of which were down, contained the prisoner. Two servants, upon whose fidelity they could depend, rode with him to guard him.

For the present they were undecided whether to place him at once in the hands of justice or not. A letter, which they found on their arrival in town, from Elworthy, decided them upon taking the assassin with them to Carrow.

The lawyer informed them that, in consequence of some intelligence he had received, he had started the day before for Norfolk, whither he advised our hero to follow. He had written the letter in the vague hope that one or other of them might return in his absence. It concluded by adding that they would find him at the rectory.

"Not a word, my dear boy!" said the rector, in reply to Henry Ashton's entreaty that he would spare himself the fatigue of pursuing his journey. "Since I left that wretched packet—where, *par parenthèse*, I must confess that Suckling conducted himself admirably towards us—I feel quite strong again; but, strong or weak, ill or well, I have found you at last, and do not intend to part with you!"

The youth replied to so much affection by a grateful pressure of the hand: his heart was too full for words. He was one of those natures kindness could melt, injustice or oppression only harden.

"What are we to do with our prisoner when we arrive?" he demanded, after a pause. "Send him to Norwich Castle?"

"Perhaps," replied the rector; "but for one night I can find a prison for him as sure."

"Where?"

"In the old tower of Carrow Church," answered Dr. Orme. "It will not be the first time it has been used for such a purpose. The two Kitts, during their rebellion, used it to detain the citizens in till they paid ransom. His ransom, I fear, will only be paid by life!"

Although the two servants placed in the carriage to guard him, refused to answer Will Sidelers a single question, the wretched man seemed to know instinctively whither he was being conveyed; and, strange to say, although he had partially recovered his strength, he made no attempt to escape. Perhaps he felt that, in his meeting with Henry Ashton, the hand of heaven had been visibly outstretched against him, and that it was hopeless to contend.

More than once during the journey he fell asleep, but his countenance became so convulsed, the expression of his features so horrible, that the domestics could not endure to look upon him: for their own sakes they awoke him.

The murderer had been dreaming.

"Thank you!" he said, in a humble tone, as the coachman of Dr. Orme shook him violently by the collar. "I don't want to sleep—it unnerves me!"

His two companions looked as if his appearance and groans whilst he slept had unnerved them.

"Ah, James!" he said, recognising the man—who, like himself, was a native of Carrow—"this is a bad business! What do the people say about me at home?"

This was intended merely as a feeler: he wished to know if public rumour had as yet connected his name with the murder of Sir William Mowbray; but the sturdy coachman, unlike most servants, cared little about chatting, and remained obstinately silent.

"Won't 'ee speak?" roared the warrener, beginning to feel excited.

Still not a word.

"Curse thee!" he said; "where beest thee taking me to?"

"To the gallows!" replied the man, impatiently; "don't rave so—thou wilt arrive there soon enough!"

With a deep groan of mental anguish, the unhappy wretch sank back upon the seat of the carriage.

He asked no more questions of his companions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Since fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SHAKESPEARE.

LAWYER Elworthy, Joe Beans, the Khan, and Susan, were all assembled in the library of the rectory; Mrs. Jarmy, the late housekeeper at Carrow, was also present: the good old lady declared it to be her firm conviction that Martin, could he be consulted upon the operation which was to restore him to the use of reason, would not weigh the risk to his life a single instant against the faintest chance of success.

"I would not," she added; "to avenge my dear master's murder, and drag the villain to justice who committed it, I could sacrifice it freely!"

"If he survives it but one hour," observed the Khan, "it will be sufficient for the purposes of justice; for, during that hour he will be in the full possession of his reason."

"Would to heaven Master Harry or the rector were here!" observed Joe, who had a great horror of subjecting poor old Martin to an operation, the result of which was doubtful in his mind; for he had more faith in the zeal than the skill of the renegade; indeed, a greater degree of responsibility rested upon him than any other person, except the Khan; for, without his assistance or that of Chettleborough—who would have nothing to do with it, partly from fear, and partly from the affection which he began to feel for his harmless charge—it would be impossible to induce the idiot to consent to it. Their voices he still remembered; they were the only persons, since the day when his old enemy the warrener attempted to remove the cap with the plate which guarded his shattered skull in the churchyard, whom he permitted to enter it.

True, it was possible to force him to submit; for, once in the groove which the renegade had invented, resistance would be impossible; the danger was, that the anger and agitation of the patient might cause a determination of blood to the head, bring on fever or apoplexy, and so defeat their aim.

"You must decide quickly," said the Khan, "or Miss De Vere will be lost to her lover for ever!"

"And I swore to protect her—to guard her—in the absence of Master Harry!" muttered Joe.

Susan whispered in his ear, "that he had done his best to keep his promise."

"But I have not kept it!" replied the honest rustic, in a tone of self-reproach. "God forgive me!" he added; "I shall never forgive myself if anything happens to the old man; but since there is no other way, it must 'e'en be so. I will assist you."

"At once!"

"At once."

"And your mind is fully made up?"

"Fully!" replied the humble friend of our hero. "I have no great wit—and what I have, I sometimes fear I don't exactly make the best use of! God forgive you if you deceive me!"

"And what should I gain?" demanded the renegade.

"I know, I know," muttered Joe, "I am unreasonable; but you must acknowledge that I am in a sad strait! Is there any other way to save her?"

"There is not," said the Khan.

"I have often thought," said the young man, "that you knew more than you choose to tell about Sir William's death!"

All eyes were turned upon the mysterious man, who appeared, however, to pay but little attention to their scrutiny.

"I know nothing!" he said, slowly; "but I suspect much! Unfortunately, my suspicions are not evidence—and if they were, I could not give them."

"Why not?"

He remained silent.

Fortunately, they were spared further discussion by the sudden appearance of two carriages, drawn by post-horses, dashing up the avenue.

"The rector!" exclaimed Mr. Elworthy.

"Master Harry!" said Joe, with a shout of joy—for he had recognised the pale features of his friend, even at that distance; and, forgetful of everything but the happiness of once more beholding him, he rushed to the porch, to welcome the long-absent wanderer back.

A faint smile—the first which for weeks had been seen upon the pale countenance of Henry Ashton—appeared there, as he returned the honest grasp of Joe Beans.

"I must cry!" said the poor fellow, vainly attempting to hide the tears which coursed each other rapidly down his cheeks. "If I don't, my heart will burst! Oh! Harry—

Master Harry—where has 'ee been all this time? and I writing day after day, without once getting a line in return, to say that you were alive! Not that I thought 'ee had forgotten me—I knew 'ee too well for that!"

"I never received one of them!" replied our hero; "the most shameless villany has been at work to intercept them! Mine to you, I doubt not, have equally miscarried!"

"This is no place," observed Mr. Elworthy—who was as methodical in his ideas as conduct—"for explanations—we have much to tell, and doubtless much to hear. But whom have you here?" he added, pointing to the second carriage.

"An old acquaintance of yours, if I mistake not," said the rector; "when once you have seen him, I feel assured there will be no need to recommend him to your care!"

The vehicle stopped, and the door was opened. First James the coachman alighted, and then Will Sidelers and the second domestic: a half-subdued yell of horror and disgust saluted the ruffian as he descended.

"In the name of heaven," said the lawyer—who, not having looked at the papers for several days, was ignorant of the warrener's escape from Newgate—"how came that wretch at liberty?"

A few words briefly explained all that he had to learn respecting his escape, and capture in France. He instantly suggested the propriety of his being sent at once to the county goal.

"No," said the Khan; "since accident hath sent him here, let him remain. When poor old Martin is restored to reason—as in a few hours he will be—he may wish to have a few words with the warrener!"

Up to the present moment Will Sidelers had shown a bold, determined front towards his enemies; but at the sound of the renegade's voice, his countenance fell. He felt that the hour of retribution was near.

To the great indignation of the butler, the assassin for the present was ordered to be confined in the cellar, with no less than three men to guard him, and the strong oak door doubly locked upon him.

After having seen him properly secured, and ascertained that escape was impossible, the party re-adjourned to the library.

Poor Dr. Orme! it is impossible to describe the sigh of satisfaction with which he sank into his easy chair. He felt as if every joint in his frame had been dislocated; yet he did not complain—for the son of his adoption was beside him.

It is extraordinary what even weak and indolent natures will endure, where their affections are concerned.

Several hours passed in questions, explanations, and replies, before Henry Ashton and his friends mutually understood the nature of the events which had occurred during their separation.

"Poor Mr. Walter!" said Joe Beans, with a sigh, as his young master concluded the history of his assassination. "He was a true friend, and a noble gentleman—pity he had not a better father!"

"I do not think," said our hero, "that Colonel Mowbray was his father."

"Who, then?" demanded the Khan, with surprise.

"My late benefactor, Sir William Mowbray," replied the young man; "despite the opinion of my venerable friend," he added, turning to the rector, "the more I reflect upon the subject, the more I am convinced."

Before separating for the night, it was arranged that Colonel Butler, the magistrate who had so warmly interested himself on the occasion of Sir William Mowbray's death, should be sent for; also two eminent surgeons from Norwich, of the names of Martineau and Dalrymple.

Despite the remonstrance of the rector, Henry insisted upon starting instantly for the farm.

"My dear boy," said the old man, "after all you have endured, think of—"

"And what have my kind uncle and his dame not suffered?" said the young man, interrupting him; "I can measure their distress by my own! I must go—it is my duty!"

"You are right!" replied the rector, with an approving smile; "I never thought of their feelings; like most men, I only consulted my own! Good night! and heaven bless you! Somehow that boy is always right!" he mentally added, as his adopted son, accompanied by Joe, set out to walk towards the farm—for he had declined the carriage: he felt as if the bracing air of the common would do him good—would still the fever of his blood and the anxious beating of his heart. True, he had returned to his native land, after so many trials, in safety; but the murder of Sir William was still to be avenged, and Ellen rescued from the hands of her persecutors: as yet he possessed no clue to the place of her confinement.

His companion, in the exuberance of his joy at once more seeing his young master—as he loved to call him—scarcely found time to whisper a word of adieu to Susan: he longed to be with Henry alone, to pour forth his feelings—to justify his faithfulness to his charge.

"Master Harry," he said, as they entered the long, shady lane which led to the farm, "when you left for *further* parts—I have lost all desire to see them now—I promised you that I would watch over Miss Ellen?"

"You did, Joe?"

"Don't 'ee blame me," added the honest fellow, "if I haven't done all that I promised: it was not the fault of my heart—that was right enough—but of my head; I ought to ha' shot 'em!"

"Shot who?"

Joe explained that he alluded to Meeran Hafaz.

"And I would ha' done it," he said, "if I had only been assured that you'd ha' thought I had acted rightly! Pity I didn't: thee wouldst have been happy now—and I—no matter where I should ha' been!"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed our hero. "he is reserved

for me! By heavens, I should hate the man who stepped between me and my revenge! Joe," he continued, shaking him warmly by the hand, "you were my first friend; heaven gave me the second one—as true, as devoted as yourself: he is gone! I shall never seek another!"

"Thee dost not blame me, then, Master Harry?"

"Blame you!" repeated Henry; "God bless you, Joe, for your fidelity and friendship to me! I shall never be able to repay you!"

The honest fellow was repaid in those few kind words from the speaker; a weight was removed from his heart: his friend had done him justice.

Silently they made their way towards the farm.

Farmer Ashton and his dame were seated in their little parlour, talking, as usual, of the absent one, the recollection of whom mingled in their daily occupations, and whose return was the theme of their constant prayer. The mind of the old man had been pondering over the communication which Chettleborough had made respecting the visit of Martin to the abbey. At times he was inclined to think his informant had been misled by the poor harmless maniac's ravings. More than once he wished he had consulted Joe Beans upon the subject; but he had only seen Joe once since his return to Carrow—for, as our readers are aware, he had left his service for that of the rector.

"Has Joe been to-day?" he inquired, addressing his dame, who sat listlessly by the chimney-nook.

"No; what does 'ee want wi' un?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing particular!" replied the farmer, relapsing into his former moodiness.

The curiosity of the old lady was roused.

"I tell 'ee what it is, Matthew," she began, "I have been a good wife to thee—worked hard and late?"

"True," said her husband, looking up.

"Our butter," continued the dame, "has been the crack of the market; and as for poultry—you know what that has brought!"

"What does 'ee mean?" demanded the bewildered Matthew.

"Why I mean that thee has a secret from thee wife—that's what I mean! Ever since old Chettleborough called thee out into the garden, there has been a weight upon thee mind! Tell it, Matthew—tell it: if it be anything touching our poor Harry," she added, bursting into tears, "the Lord will give me strength to bear it!"

Farmer Ashton took the hand of his wife, and was about to reply to her, when the door of the room opened, and Joe Beans, his countenance flushed and radiant with smiles, entered the room.

"Ah, Joe!" said the old man, "I wor just wishing to see thee!"

"Likely—likely!" replied the young man; "and I wor wishing to see thee and dame! I guess I be the pleasantest visitor thee hast seen for many a long day!"

"What dost mean, lad? has 'ee been drinking?"

"No!"

"What, then?"

"I—I be almost afraid to tell 'ee!"

What is there in the world so quick as the instinct of woman's love? Dame Ashton at once divined that he had some intelligence to communicate respecting her nephew.

"Thee hast had a letter, Joe?"

"No, no, missus!"

"No!" she repeated, in a tone of disappointment; "I thought thee had—I am sure I thought thee had!"

At that moment there was a slight noise in the outer room, and Bird's-eye, a favourite old dog of the farmer's—half setter and half lurcher—set up a joyous bark. The farmer and his dame both remembered that the faithful animal used to welcome the return of their nephew with just such another. Both of them turned very pale.

"Dame!"

"Farmer!"

These were the only words they could utter. Each cast an imploring look upon Joe Beans, as if to entreat him to relieve a suspense which, from its intensity, was worse even than disappointment.

"Cheer up!" said the young man; "there be news of Master Harry—only I wor afraid to tell it you too soon."

"He has returned!" exclaimed the dame, her attention once more excited by the barking of the dog. "I am sure he has! Listen how the old thing whines with joy! Harry! Harry!"

At the sound of the voice of one who had been like a mother to him, our hero, unable longer to restrain his feelings, rushed into the little parlour; and, whilst he extended a hand to his uncle, clasped the dame in an affectionate embrace.

"God bless 'ee, Harry!" sobbed the old man; "thee beest welcome back!"

"Welcome!" repeated the dame; "ay, that he is—as sight to the blind, as health to the sick! Where should he be welcome, if not here? Thee wilt not leave us again, Harry?" she added, gazing upon him with pride and affection; "home be home, thof it be humble; though farmer and I have scarcely found it home without thee!"

"I have had enough of foreign travel," said the young man, with a sigh; "I shall never willingly quit England again, I assure you!"

A loud "Thank God for that!" from the farmer, denoted how heartfelt was the satisfaction the promise afforded him.

"Thee beest pale, thin, and worn, Harry! Do tell us what has happened? Is there anything money can do to make 'ee happy? Matthew and I are old, and require but little: do we, farmer?"

Her husband made no answer: he knew, better than his wife, that the unhappiness of his nephew was occasioned by a cause which no wealth could remove.

The excitement of the meeting over, the energy which

had hitherto supported the wanderer through all his trials, began to yield to the cravings of nature for repose. Even the loquacious dame, alarmed by the pallor of his cheek, insisted upon his retiring to rest. A few moments saw him asleep once more upon the clean but rustic bed which he had so often pressed in infancy.

The old dog just mentioned would accompany her young master to the door of his chamber, where she obstinately remained, despite the repeated attempts of Joe Beans and the farmer to call her away: the faithful brute only wagged her tail and uttered a low whine.

Henry Ashton had a singular dream that night: he dreamed that Ellen and himself were both seated in the old Gothic library at Carrow Abbey, when Sir William Mowbray appeared to them, with a countenance radiant with joy—such as it must have been in youth, ere the energies of his soul were bowed by sorrow, or the sense of unmerited shame corroded the life-stream of his being. He thought that the recluses blessed both him and Ellen in his dream, and vanished from their sight: so deep was the impression which it made upon his mind, that even the fatigue and deep slumber into which he had fallen did not obliterate it from his memory—he awoke with it fresh upon his recollection.

The sun was streaming brightly into the room, as, remembering the many important objects he had in view, he started from his bed. The old household clock struck eight as he descended.

When Farmer Ashton heard of the intended operation upon poor old Martin, he expressed a determination to accompany his nephew to the rectory. The information he had received might be of use or not: he determined, therefore, to act according to the opinion he might form of the state of the groom's mind. He saw that Henry's health, although his resolution enabled him to bear gallantly up, was severely shaken, and he feared to agitate or unsettle him unnecessarily.

Joe Beans was invited to share the plenteous breakfast in the little parlour. Neither the dame nor her husband would hear of so true a friend as he had proved himself to our hero, resuming his old seat in the kitchen—nor would Henry have permitted it.

"What does 'ee think of this man," demanded the farmer, "who has promised to restore Martin to his senses?"

"I know but little of him," replied his nephew; "but that little is in his favour. I have reason to think he would serve me."

Joe Beans corroborated the opinion of his young master. He related the conduct of the Khan on the night of Sir William's funeral.

"Do not think," said the farmer, after a pause, "that I am prompted by a vain curiosity! But I confess I am most anxious to see this man."

Old Chettleborough had told him something which had set him thinking. It was finally settled that they should all three ride over to the rectory together.

It was amusing to see the zeal with which the farmer's men saddled the horses for the party. Two of them all but quarrelled who should perform that office for the favourite pony of their young master. Whilst they were disputing the point, Joe Beans quietly stepped into the stable, and saddled it himself.

"Ah!" ejaculated the elder of the two; "Joe Beans again—nothing but Joe! He hold his head up so high since he has been to Lunnon, there be no coming near him!"

"Thee beest a cross-grained toad!" said his companion, who was equally vexed, but more just than himself. "Joe be a good lad, ready to do a kind turn to any one!"

And so he was.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE Peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band—
But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry,
Worth all your classic tomes!
God guard the English Peasantry,
And grant them happy homes!

The sinews of old England!
The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe each manly hand,
Thus fearless of its toil!

Oh, he who loves the harvest free,
Will sing where'er he roams,
God bless the English Peasantry,
And give them happy homes!

God speed the plough of England!
We'll hail it with three cheers:
And here's to those whose labour planned
The all which life endears!
May still the wealth of Industry
Be seen where'er man roams;
A cheer for England's Peasantry!
God send them happy homes!

A FRAGMENT OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY A LADY AT NAPLES TO A FRIEND.

I mentioned that I got the particulars in a most romantic and interesting history lately; and I only now have found leisure to write them down for you. When in public with the Marchioness of S—, I had seen her frequently address a very pleasing, fine young woman,

whose name and rank I knew, but nothing more; and she said she wished I should be better acquainted with her before she told me her history. She was reserved, but had a mild sort of quiet melancholy in her manner, that attracted me very much; and you shall now learn the cause. I am not at liberty to give her full name, so you must be satisfied with her being called Rosalie, after her saint. She was the daughter of one of the first houses in this country, and brought into the world with every advantage—having been educated at home, and under a very amiable mother, who, unfortunately, died when she was only fifteen. Her father had selected a youth for her partner in life every way worthy of her; and, what seldom happens, the young people were allowed to form an attachment before marriage, by a considerable degree of intimacy. The young count's mother was a high, violent character, but had not openly opposed this: however, she conducted herself in a manner that showed little partiality to her future daughter. All, however, went on till a few days before the marriage. Great and splendid were the preparations, and future happiness appeared within their reach.

The evening before the marriage day, Count P.'s mother came to his house, newly prepared for his bride, and said it had been resolved the marriage should take place on that night, privately, to spare his lovely Rosalie's feelings, as she shrank from the public solemnity; and that all should be ready, and at an hour she named he would be called for by the father. Accordingly everything was so arranged, and the young man was conducted to church, his carriage following that of his supposed father-in-law. At the altar, which was dimly lighted, stood his mother and the bride, covered by a very thin silver tissue veil; and the ceremony proceeded. The youth, whose thoughts were fixed on present happiness, and engrossed by the service, distinguished no one, and received his wife in full confidence. Silent she was, but tranquil; and his mother carried her home. All the *cortège* parted; and he followed to his own house, there to unveil the treasure of his heart. He found the saloon illuminated, and his brother and sister, who on some pretence had been kept absent from the ceremony, seemingly waiting in impatience with his mother and the bride. The doors closed after him, and his mother withdrew the veil and discovered to him that his wife was a *beautiful idiot*, whose large estates she had long coveted, and had taken this most wicked manner of obtaining for her family.

The anguish that followed brought him to the gates of death, and the loss of reason had nearly been the price at which she gained the success of a plan truly diabolical. His sister, a most amiable creature, soothed him at last into submission to his hard fate, after finding no means were left to set him free. Of the mother and idiot I say nothing: he never saw either, I believe, from that hour.

Rosalie's fate, I believe, has drawn more tears than any event in real life ever did in Naples. Public proof was brought her father next morning of the marriage; but it was added, the bride being veiled, her name was not known. Enraged, as you may conceive, he carried his daughter in silence to his villa, and there, I understand, with more of tenderness than might have been expected from his stern character, unfolded what he deemed the treachery of her lover. The death-blow to all her happiness was such as, her most interesting countenance proves, fifteen years cannot efface; and for a couple of years life seemed held by a very slender thread. That a young woman should remain unmarried out of a convent is a thing unknown; and her vast possessions made her father anxiously desire to see her married before the fatal truth was made known to her: as the sacredness of sorrow had kept aloof all intruders, and her father resolved she should return to the world under the protection of a husband. How this was brought about, may be accounted for by those who know the state of society here. All she desired, when she found that her father's will must be obeyed, was a full explanation of her situation to the Marquis of S—, whom she married.

Thus was this tragedy brought to the most trying scene—the discovery of her lover's innocence, after she herself was another's. The marquis undertook this; he is a cold character, but to her appeared sincerely attached. Rosalie was now only nineteen when this hardest part of her trial was appointed to her; but the effects were quite different from what might have been looked for. The cup of misery appeared to have overflowed, and she received the intelligence as a relief from the bitterness of her former pangs; and, grateful for his faith, she owned it was wisely done to place new duties before her ere she was acquainted with his share in their mutual misery.

Once, and only once, they met in private society; and she requested only her father and husband might be witnesses. With such a woman what must have been the effect upon all present? She clasped him to her heart, and wept in his arms; and then turned to her husband, and said to Count P.:

"To this generous man we owe this indulgence! Kneel with me, and swear it is the last intercourse we shall ever have together!"

You may believe this noble woman's example won him to follow her upright views; and at no moment of their lives, during those years, has that vow ever been broken. In public they meet, but the life of each is exemplary. She fills the station of a wife and mother to perfection, and is rewarded by the respect of her husband, and all her society. There is an elevated character in her sorrows and self-command, that attracts my veneration; and as to him, I do think one of her most severe and secret pangs must be to read in his faded form and fine, dejected countenance what he has suffered.

The idiot and mother both live, no one knows where. Count P. married his sister to a Venetian, and devotes his time to her and her family.



[THE GREAT BELL, IVAN'S TOWER, MOSCOW.]

IVAN'S TOWER.

COLOSSAL as the power of Russia may be considered, it has within its ample bosom all the elements of weakness. It is strikingly a material power, just as the countries where slavery is upheld are material. It has no *vox populi*, and therefore is deficient of the most characteristic feature in national greatness.

This will be apparent, when it is taken into consideration that, with a few exceptions, the peasants of Russia are all slaves. They form two classes—peasants of the crown, and peasants belonging to individuals. The present emperor has done much to lessen the evils of the former, and to render their manumission, as well as that of the latter class, more practicable. Yet the condition of both is still degrading and deplorable. It is an ulcer on the heart of the empire. And to understand Russia correctly, so that she may be less feared, this institution ought always to be held up to the abhorrence of more civilised countries.

It is calculated that about a sixth part of the peasantry belong to the crown. Peasants belonging to individuals are their property, as much as the cattle on their estates. The rent paid by the crown peasants is fixed; that paid by private peasants is regulated by their means of getting money—or, in other words, is a tax on their industry. There is no law to restrain the demands of the master—their time and labour are absolutely at his command. Some of the nobility send their slaves to St. Petersburg or Moscow, to be instructed in various trades; and then either employ them on their own estates, hire them out, sell to them permission to exercise their trade, or dispose of them at an advanced price. In fact, the system is a counterpart of that in vogue in the United States of America, with respect to the black population, only on a much larger scale. Some of the Russian nobles have 70,000 or 100,000 peasants—and from this fact, as may well be supposed, their wealth is immense, in whatever manner the labour of these slaves is employed. Women and children as well as men, must labour for their master, for such pay as his caprice or means may dispose or enable him to give. Tithes are besides demanded out of whatever may remain in their hands. As soon as a child reaches the age of ten, its labour is required; and when he reaches fifteen, each male is obliged by law to labour three days in each week for his master. If the proprietor chooses to employ him on the other days he may—as, for example, in a manufactory; in this case, however, he finds him in food and clothing. In general, the master, instead of exacting the labour of his slave for the stated portion of the week, agrees to receive a rent; and he is bound to furnish him with a house, and a certain portion of land. The aged and infirm are provided with food, raiment, and lodging at his expense.

The master has the power of correcting his slaves by blows or imprisonment; but the law—in such a country easily evaded—forbids the exercise of any great cruelty. No slave can quit his village, or—if he be a domestic slave—his master's family, without a passport. Imprisonment, with hard labour, is the punishment of runaway

slaves. A master may send his slave into the public workhouse, or into the army—in the latter case, he sends one man the less the next levy. No slave can be sold out of Russia; nor in it, except to a noble—but this law is frequently evaded. A slave may obtain his liberty by manumission, by purchase, or by serving in the army or navy.

Viewed in every relation, the state of the Russian peasantry is the lowest in the scale of political degradation. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that, injurious as it may be to the higher feelings of our nature, it is not aggravated by poverty. Their houses—formed of whole trees, and usually constructed solely with the hatchet—are in tolerable repair, and well adapted to their habits. They sometimes, but not often, consist of two storeys: the lower forms a store-room—in the upper one they dwell. A kind of ladder on the outside serves as a staircase. There is generally but one room in the habitable part. Their furniture seldom comprises more than a wooden table and benches fastened to the sides of the room, wooden platters, bowls, and spoons, and perhaps a large earthen pan to cook their victuals in. Their diet is substantial, consisting of black rye-bread, eggs, salt fish, mushrooms, and bacon. They have also a favourite dish—a hotch-potch of salt or fresh meat, groats, and rye-flour, seasoned with onions and garlic. Of this food they obtain plenty at a cheap rate. Their clothing, however, is dear. To clothe a Russian peasant or soldier costs nearly three times as much as in England; but their clothing is strong, and, being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian in rags, and their style of dress becomes them very well. As to their personal appearance, they may be described as a large, coarse, hardy race—possessed of great bodily strength—rarely below the middle stature—strong limbed—lean, but well built. Their mouths and eyes are small—their lips thin—teeth even and white—their hair brown, reddish, or flaxen—their beards strong and bushy. The complexion of the female peasantry is brunet—their skin, in general, delicate. Some of them, as among the other classes, are extremely handsome. But both sexes are remarkable for their superstition. Being deprived of all education beyond that requisite sharpening of their instincts to render them more valuable as a property, they cling to old traditions with extraordinary tenacity—believe in ghosts, goblins, and every variety of supernatural phenomena.

Probably the most singular superstition in the world prevails at Moscow. The people of that city, and for hundreds of miles around it, almost adore the Great Bell, which lies at the foot of Ivan's Tower—a description of which was given in our last number, in the course of the tale called "The Links in the Chain."

On festival days—which in the Greek calendar are remarkably numerous—they resort to the Great Bell as they would to a sanctuary, and in descending and ascending the steps that lead to its base, cross themselves with a great parade of devotion.

The origin of this superstition is involved in obscurity; but as no people, however deeply they may be sunk in ignorance, are so insensible as to be altogether indifferent to the attractions of political and social liberty, the cus-

tom may probably be traced to a tradition connected with the bell, which has been preserved among the Russian peasantry for several generations.

This tradition, it appears, refers back to a period when the Russians enjoyed a condition approaching to the freedom of pastoral simplicity. The alarm-bell, suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, was brought from Novgorod, when that city was conquered in 1477. There it had been used as a signal for the people of that republic to assemble from all quarters, in the event of foreign danger or intestine tumult; and they regarded its removal to Moscow as the sure prelude to their departing liberty. Thenceforward the love of bells became quite a passion among the peasantry of Russia; and several of the emperors, without paying much regard to the political sentiment involved in the matter, gratified their taste by the most liberal expenditure in the casting and erection of means to supply a substitute for the dearer and more soul-stirring strains of liberty.

Alexis, the father of Peter the Great—whose memory is still revered in Russia, as that of a wise, pacific, and humane prince—caused the great bell of Moscow to be cast and suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams; and one traveller—an Englishman—positively asserts that, when rung—which it was, by means of fifty men—one half on each side pulled the ropes—the sound amazed and deafened, rather than delighted the inhabitants. Its thunder reproached them for their lost liberties. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a great fire destroyed all the supports, and the great bell fell into the cavity in which it had been cast. Peter the Great, having removed the capital to St. Petersburg, did nothing to repair what was considered a misfortune. The Empress Anne had it re-cast, but it was never again suspended; so that the Great Bell of Moscow is associated in the minds of the inhabitants with reminiscences of a painful character.

It is a monument of the policy inaugurated by Peter the Great, which aims at territorial aggrandisement, and, by keeping the mind of the nation fixed on conquest, prevents those social developments which can only be obtained through peace as a constitutional idea. It also is a very substantial historical landmark in the misfortunes of Moscow: first, of the great fire which immediately preceded the removal of the capital; and, secondly, to the people it dumbly, but very significantly, points to that remarkable and not over-wise measure; for the destiny of Russia would rather point to extensions on the south and south-east, than a retrograde march to the wastes and snows of the north-west. The fate of Europe has always been decided in the Mediterranean—not the Baltic.

However, not to wander into such a large question, it is quite evident that the veneration of the Russian peasantry for their wonderful great bell had a substantial foundation. Whether it ever will be suspended again, is extremely problematical; but this much is certain—that the Russians, by preserving the tradition of a remote social and political independence, are most assuredly keeping alive the feeling for liberty; and when once that, by means of a rapidly-multiplying middle class, becomes enlarged into a widely-diffused, deeply-rooted national passion, the despotism of

the czars, and the abominable domestic tyranny of the nobles, may be said to have approached their termination. At present, the Russian peasant, like the American black, is raised for market. He is a slave; and, as such a defilement of the image of the Eternal is sure, sooner or later, to be purified and washed away in a storm of retributive vengeance, there is plenty of room for the hope, that another generation will not pass away without the Russian, with his strength, intelligence, and vivacity, taking a higher place among the men of what is called the civilised world.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Who is that very beautiful girl?" asked a young Englishman of his companion, as they leant for a moment against one of the marble pillars, to contemplate at leisure the enchanting scene which a Parisian ball presents to the eye of the stranger. Not that an English ball-room is not a very delightful sight, but the French manage these things better. Perhaps they are constitutionally a more lively nation; but certain it is that the spirit, animation, and joyousness—the total abandonment of everything, as it were, to the spell of the moment—will be looked for in vain at our graver assemblies. And yet I speak not in disparagement—for, after all, give me my own proud, solemn, high-minded, and right-feeling England! But to return to my tale.

The young girl alluded to was exquisitely lovely, with a *petite* and child-like figure, a fair, bright face, and a pair of the most mischievous blue eyes that could be imagined; although the demureness of her present attitude made them appear softened, if not subdued. Her head was bent a little forward, and a profusion of light, sunny curls fell upon her white shoulders, and contrasted strangely in their brightness with the dark emerald hue of her satin robe, the front and sleeves of which were clasped with diamonds of inestimable value.

By her side sat a young man, attired with studied plainness; although the turn of his finely-shaped head, the fire of his dark, melancholy eyes, and the troubled expression of his pale, handsome features, rendered him an object of whom one would wish to know more.

"It is Mademoiselle Verney," replied the young Count de Tours; "the richest heiress in Paris, and on the eve of marriage with that solemn-looking personage by her side."

"She must be very young?" said the Englishman.

"She is scarcely eighteen," was the reply; "and wilful as she is beautiful."

"And her lover?"

"Ah! there lies the disparity: he has nothing—absolutely nothing—and is as proud as he is poor! Why, Lestelle, with her beauty and fortune, might have chosen her a husband among the noblest of the land; but she is fond and romantic, and Monsieur Aubertin, quiet as he looks, has had wit enough to persuade her that she loves him."

"Persuade her?" repeated the Englishman.

"Yes, for she is but a girl, and will have changed her mind and repented a dozen times before she comes of age. And as for Aubertin's having any real disinterested affection for her, we know too much of the world to believe that, my friend!" And the young count laughed scornfully, as he drew his companion away.

"You are ill, Claude?" said Lestelle, anxiously, as she watched the changed expression of her lover's face, and marked his haughtily contracted brow and flashing eyes, "have I said anything to offend?"

"Will you forgive me, dearest, if I confess that I have not heard a word you have been saying for the last five minutes?" murmured Aubertin, abstractedly.

The young beauty tossed back the curls from her white brow, and put up her pretty lip, but she did not reply; and the long silence that ensued was broken at length by Claude.

"Shall I tell you, Lestelle," he asked, in a low voice, "what the Count de Tours has just been saying about us?—and he speaks doubtless from the common rumours and opinions of society?"

"As you will!" replied Lestelle, colouring slightly, and trying to speak with indifference.

"He calls you a fond, romantic girl, Lestelle, and me an—adventurer!"

"And can the idle words of such as he have the power to move you thus, my Claude?" said Lestelle, gently; "or do you think," she added, with an arch smile, "that such a prize as myself is to be attained without exciting envious remarks? That I am fond and romantic I confess: ever since I can remember, in my dreams of young romance, I pictured to myself an ideal being whom I could love; but never were girlhood's visions realised as mine have been—that is, if my hero does not spoil all by his too scrupulous pride!"

"But I have not told you all yet," continued Aubertin, while his haughty frown relaxed beneath the witchery of her smiles; "he said, too, that, but for me, with your wealth and beauty, you might have commanded one of the most splendid matches in the kingdom!"

"And would that have insured my happiness?" asked Lestelle. "Oh that we lived in the old time of the fairies, and that I might have one wish!"

"And what would that be?" inquired her lover.

"That we might change situations with one another: you could have all the wealth, and I be a poor girl, lessened only with your affections! Claude, I should feel humiliation, no gratitude in receiving all from you—love would have equalised us!"

"I fear that your creed is rather a theoretical than a practical one, my own Lestelle!" said Aubertin, with a mournful smile.

"If I could but convert you to its belief, I think I should have nothing left to wish for!" replied the young girl, in a whisper; and there was no shade upon the open brow of her lover, as he mingled in the brilliant throng with his beautiful and devoted mistress.

The evening passed away as evenings do when we are most happy; for, with all its heart-burnings, its disappointments—occasioned, perhaps, by the absence or coldness of the only one amidst a thousand for whom we have dressed and smiled—a ball is a bright epoch in the lives of the young.

"I shall see you to-morrow, Claude?" said Lestelle, in a timid voice, as they stood together, waiting for her carriage to draw up.

"Of course," replied Aubertin, gloomily; "I have received a formal invitation to meet your guardians and the notary, to sign the deed relative to the final settlement of your property."

"It will soon be over!" said Lestelle, laying her hand imploringly upon his arm. "And will you bear this trial for my sake, Claude?"

"My sweet Lestelle! but I will make no promises. You shall see how patiently I will listen to M. Fradel's arrogant taunts, and how humbly and gratefully I will conduct myself!"

"Claude!" interrupted Lestelle, almost tearfully, "you are speaking now in bitterness and mockery?"

"No, *en vérité!*" replied her lover, laughingly. "But good night now, my Lestelle, and God bless you!"

He relinquished the hand he held, and as the carriage whirled rapidly away, the smile faded upon his lips, and he walked home in moody thoughtfulness.

It was a severe trial for the good spirit of Claude Aubertin, much as he loved Lestelle, to consent to owe everything to her—to subject himself to the mortifying surmises of those who judged of him by their own worldly and perverted imaginations. And there were times when he almost determined to give her up for ever, although the destruction of his own peace and hers should be the consequence; while at others he thought of doing something to prove himself worthy of her love. But a name and fortune are not very easily obtained in these days, even by the most talented; and in the interim a thousand things might happen. Lestelle might grow old—or die!—or she might cease to love him—for the heart has its changes and its seasons: none of which, however, resemble its first freshness and purity. The attachments of our girlish days may last through womanhood, and even to old age itself; but every year we live, more of earthly feeling, more of the world's wisdom, will have mingled in our dream of love, until it becomes less unselfish—less ideal—more rational perhaps, but less passionate and devoted. And who could be sure that the faith of one so beautiful and admired as the young heiress would be preserved pure and unbroken, through trial and temptation, amidst ambition and flattery, and with him to whose protection she had clung so confidently, absent for an unlimited period in a foreign land. Woman's fidelity is proverbial; but after all we are but mortal, and

Look through the world, and this truth you will find,

That once out of sight, you are soon out of mind.

It was all very well in the days of old, when, on the departure of the true knight, the constant fair one would shut herself up in her lonely tower, out of the reach of temptation, and, surrounded only by her maidens, employ the weary interval in listening to the noble deeds of his ancestors, and embroidering a gorgeous scarf to present him on his return; but in these days of balls, festivals, and beaux, the young affiancée has a much harder trial—and we seriously advise the lover not to be absent longer than he can help.

The following day, Aubertin found the whole party drawn up to receive him. M. Fradel occupying his large arm-chair at the head of a table covered with parchments, and M. Dumont, the notary—a hard-featured, cold, methodical-looking being—seated at his right; while on the opposite side, Lestelle sat with her elbow resting on the table and her head bent down; and as she slightly raised it on the entrance of her lover, he saw that her eyes were red and swollen from excessive weeping. Having bowed to the gentlemen, and pressed the cold, trembling hand of Lestelle to his lips, he sat down and waited calmly for M. Fradel to commence the business that had brought them together.

"You are aware, M. Aubertin," said the old gentleman, at length, "that my ward is very young, and that, in accepting you for her future husband, she acts contrary to my wishes, and demonstrates the natural wilfulness of her sex?"

"All this is not new to me," replied the young man, while he stole an arch look at Lestelle, who was watching him in breathless anxiety.

"Well, then," we may as well come to the point at once: without my consent your marriage cannot take place until Mademoiselle Verney is of age—a period of which it wants nearly three years; and your signing this deed, by which the whole of her property is settled unalienably upon herself, without giving any one else power to draw or dispose of one sou of it, is the only condition on which the hand of Lestelle shall be yours."

A crimson flush passed over the cheek and brow of Claude Aubertin, and there was a moment's pause, during which the keen glance of the old man, the cold scrutiny of the notary, and the pleading eyes of the anxious girl were fixed eagerly upon his face. The struggle, however, was but of short duration; and with a cheerful smile he held out his hand for the paper, and, glancing rapidly over its contents, instantly affixed his name.

"It is well!" said M. Fradel, complacently. "Now, Mademoiselle."

The hand of the young girl trembled so violently that Aubertin was obliged to guide it; and when the signature

was at length completed, she flung herself upon his bosom, and wept long and passionately. Even the notary was moved into something like sympathy, and, gathering up his papers, he hastened to follow his patron from the room, and leave the lovers at full liberty to give vent to their feelings; but regard for the timid and weeping girl, who clung to him so fondly and imploringly, subdued the offended pride of Claude Aubertin, and he had little difficulty in soothing her fears, and winning back the sunshine of her happy smiles.

A few days after this they were married, and the three succeeding years, which glided past so happily with them, are marked in characters of blood in their country's annals. Now it was that the innate nobility of the mind asserted its superiority over the mere hereditary nobility of name and station—that the barriers of rank and aristocracy were beaten down, and men owned no limits to their own wild wills. Claude Aubertin was a revolutionist in the best sense of the word—his proud spirit had been stung by the worldly scorn of those whom he inwardly despised; but not for this did he turn upon his oppressors—not for any feeling save the pure and holy love of liberty; and when that name became prostituted to the very worst purposes—when it was made the watchword to crime and bloodshed—he yet clung to it as in his first hour of youthful enthusiasm, and trusted everything to its power when the first intoxication should have passed away, and be succeeded by an age of reason and rationality.

Lestelle loved her husband too well not to have habited his principles; and the costly saloons of *la belle cité*, as she was called, were nightly thronged with the leading political characters of the times. But Lestelle was no longer a girl, laughing from the overflows of a glad-spirited spirit; her smiles were less frequent, and had often a purpose to answer which those who looked upon her fair and bright face never dreamed of. There was now a proud aristocrat who, although he knew it not, owed life and fortune to that beautiful and resistless pleader.

The only cloud that rested on the happiness of Lestelle was occasioned by the scrupulous reserve of Aubertin on all affairs connected with her property; nor could her fondness and devotion remove the unpleasant feeling which a consciousness of his total dependence upon his wife was likely to engender in his proud and sensitive spirit; and although she tried to obviate the difficulty by a liberality which pained far more than it pleased him, still there were moments when he bitterly felt the want of funds which could only be drawn through her instrumentality, and which he would have died rather than asked for.

Of late it had been observed that Lestelle was much altered: she would sit for hours in an attitude of deep thought, and was peevish and abstracted when roused, as if the plans which she was evidently arranging in her own mind required the concentration of every thought and energy. She would be absent, too, for hours together, no one knew where, accompanied only by her attendant—she, the gentle and timid, who but a few months before had feared to venture from home without the protection of her husband. But Aubertin, although he felt the alteration, asked no questions: he had too much faith in her affection to have the remotest idea of the fearful shock that awaited him.

One morning, contrary to her usual custom, Lestelle took her breakfast in her own apartment, sending a message by her maid requesting the presence of her husband at twelve exactly in her boudoir; and Aubertin, not being able at the moment to invent any decent excuse for refusing to comply with her request, reluctantly promised to attend her at the hour appointed, determined that the meeting should be as brief as possible, as he imagined that it merely related to matters of a pecuniary nature, a subject of which he always entertained a nervous horror.

"Is it possible," thought Claude, "that she can have generously anticipated my wish to possess sufficient funds at my disposal to prove of beneficial service to our country? And yet, even if it were so, and her guardian consented, I would never accept them!"

At the appointed time Aubertin presented himself at the door of his wife's boudoir, the first glance at which confirmed his previous suspicions as to the purport of his visit. Lestelle was not there, but M. Dumont—the same whom he had met once before at her guardian's—stood bending over a very business like sheet of parchment.

"Pray be seated, Monsieur," said the little notary; "Madame Aubertin will be here directly."

Claude bowed coldly, and took the offered chair in silence.

"Glorious times, Monsieur!" said Dumont, rubbing his withered hands together; "glorious times we live in now! The age of liberty in every sense of the word!"

Claude acquiesced by another bow.

"You have doubtless heard of the new law of revolutionary divorce?" continued M. Dumont; "a very good—a very excellent law, Monsieur!"

"A very convenient one, I should think," replied Aubertin, laughing in spite of himself at the solemnity with which the old man spoke.

"Claude Aubertin," said the notary, after a pause, "I am a man of few words—a man of business—and it is as well to come to the point at once. Lestelle would avail herself of this opportunity to be divorced from you, and has purposely left us together in order that I might inform you of her wishes, to which she entreats that you will offer no opposition."

"Accursed liar! it is false!" exclaimed the enraged husband, "I will never believe it!"

"Claude," said a gentle voice by his side, "as I hope for your forgiveness hereafter, he has spoken nothing but the truth! And now for both our sakes let this scene be a brief one; at a future time all shall be explained, if you

will only sign the paper that sets me free to act as I please."

"Lestelle!" exclaimed the bewildered Aubertin, "can it be my Lestelle—or do I dream? What have I done that you should deceive me thus? Have I denied you aught in reason? Have I loved you less? Have I ever spoke one harsh, one unkind word to you, that I did not strive the next moment to atone for, and obliterate from your memory by my caresses? Have I not for your sake prostrated my proud spirit, and dared the sneers of the world? ay, and deserved them—for I trusted—I consented to be dependent on a woman—and now she scorns, despises, deserts me!"

"Dumont," said Lestelle, looking imploringly towards him, "I cannot bear this!"

Aubertin had forgotten the presence of the little notary, but he now looked proudly up, and, recovering his usual calmness, said:

"One more question, and I will sign. Lestelle, as you hope in heaven's mercy, do you this deed willingly?"

"I do!" said the girl, faintly.

"And our divorce will insure your happiness?"

"It will!" she replied more firmly.

"Then be it so." But as the pen trembled in his hand, he looked once more upon the flushed countenance of her who was so soon to be lost to him for ever, and added, in a hoarse voice, "do you remember the last deed we signed in this man's presence?"

"Perfectly," replied Lestelle; "and it is that recollection which gives me strength to act as I am doing."

Aubertin bent down his head, and a hot tear fell upon the parchment; but there were no traces of it as he returned the document, with a low bow, to the trembling girl.

"You are obeyed, *mademoiselle*!" said he, with a mocking smile, as he moved rapidly towards the door.

The white lips of Lestelle moved fast, but they uttered no sound; she attempted to rush forward and arrest his progress, and her feet seemed glued to the floor; but M. Dumont understood her wishes, and hastened after the offended Aubertin.

"Well, I never could have believed it, so attached as they seemed to each other!" said a young citizen to his companion, De Tours—the same aristocratic count who, but a short time before, would scarcely have condescended to breathe the same air as his plebeian friend, but whom a proper regard for his own safety had conformed to the equalising spirit of the age.

"I always told you how it would end!" said De Tours; "the romance of the young heiress has had time to cool, and she seizes the first opportunity that presents itself of becoming free again!"

"And poor Aubertin, what has become of him?"

"Why, they say that he takes it very much to heart; and no wonder, seeing that her fortune is scarcely reduced, and herself, if possible, more beautiful than ever."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Claude Aubertin himself, with Lestelle leaning on his arm, or rather clinging, in her sweet, graceful manner, while her bright eyes sparkled with happiness as she listened with a flushed cheek to the whispered accents of her husband, on whose countenance a smile of triumphant exultation mingled with deep love.

"What's this?" inquired De Tours of a person who stood near him, and who happened to be the little notary, M. Dumont; "I thought that the Aubertins had availed themselves of the new law, and were divorced?"

"And so they were, and married again this morning!" said the notary, with a knowing twinkle of his cold, grey eyes.

"How strange!" said De Tours.

"Not at all: according to the first marriage settlement, which took place when Lestelle was a minor, the whole of her property was so tied up by her guardian that, without her permission, Aubertin had no power to draw a single sou of it; but on her coming of age she has availed herself of our new law of divorce, in order that the money may be re-invested in her husband's name only."

"It was a noble deed!" said De Tours; "but Aubertin did not at first know her reasons for wishing to be separated from him—for I met him late last night, in the Rue St. Honoré, without his hat, and singing the Marseillaise hymn in a frenzy of despair and excitement."

"The brief trial which his feelings have undergone was unavoidable," said the notary; "as his proud spirit would never have been brought to consent to the sacrifice."

"De Tours," said the young citizen, impressively, and after a short pause, "ages to come, when our fearful struggle for independence will be remembered only with a shudder, the conjugal devotion of this young girl shall remain as a tale to tell around the peaceful hearthstone of a winter's night; and her name be added to that golden scroll on which the recording angel notes down 'the noble deeds of women!'"

RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

THE French government has employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of ancient Babylon. From reports just received from them, it appears that they have ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus, called the Kasr, are those of the marvellous palace citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in such a state of confusion and decay, that it is impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates—a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. In them have been found sarcophagi, of clumsy execution

and strange form, and so small that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them: the chin touching the knees, and the arms being pressed on the breast by the legs. The sarcophagi have every appearance of having been used for the lowest class of society; but, notwithstanding the place in which they were found, the discoverers are inclined to think that they are of Parthian, not Chaldean origin.

There have also been found numerous fragments of enamelled bricks, containing portions of the figures of men and animals, together with cuneiform inscriptions: the latter white in colour upon a blue ground. According to M. Fresnel, the chief of the expedition, these bricks afford a strong proof that the ruins are those of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, inasmuch as the ornaments on them appear to be sporting subjects, such as are described by Ctesias, and Diodorus.

The foundations having been dug down to in certain parts, it has been ascertained that they are formed of bricks about a foot square, united by a strong cement, and that they are in blocks, as if they had been sapped in all directions.

In a tumulus called Amram, to the south of Kasr, interesting discoveries have also been made. They appear to be the ruins of the dependencies of the palace, situated on the left bank of the Euphrates; and they contain numerous sarcophagi, in which were found skeletons clothed in a sort of armour, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exception of some parts of the skulls, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns, are in a fair state of preservation. M. Fresnel thinks that the dead in the sarcophagi were some of the soldiers of Alexander or Seleucus. The crowns are simple bands, with three leaves in the shape of laurel on one side, and three on the other. The leaves are very neatly executed. Beneath the bands are leaves of gold, which it is supposed covered the eyes. From the quantity of iron found in some of the coffins, it appears that the bodies were entirely enveloped in it; and in one there is no iron, but some earrings, a proof that it was occupied by a female. The sarcophagi are about two and three-quarter yards in length, by between half and three-quarters of a yard wide, and are entirely formed of bricks, united by mortar. In addition to all this, a tomb, containing statues in marble or alabaster, of Juno, Venus, and of a reclining figure wearing a Phrygian cap, together with some rings, earrings, and other articles of jewellery, has been found, as also numerous statuettes, vases, pials, articles of pottery, black stones, &c., &c., of Greek, Persian, or Chaldean workmanship.

ANECDOTES OF ETIQUETTE.

THE word etiquette is derived from some Latin words strangely mutilated and combined, and expressive of order and regularity, of a very different nature from the ceremonial of society, according to conventional usages, known by the term etiquette; thus:

In ruder ages, before attorneys and men of business had their neat boxes labelled with their clients' names and estates, deeds and registries were kept in bags, of no very elegant or prepossessing appearance, and on these were written the Latin words *hic est questio inter A & B*, abbreviated into *est hic qua est*, from which the transition to *et-i-quet* and *etiquette* is natural enough.

Some of the recorded etiquettes of courts, ancient and modern, are very whimsical; for example, the Emperor Geta amused himself in arranging etiquettes as much as in state affairs. Amongst other formalities, all the dishes that appeared on his table were served in alphabetical order, and woe to the cook who sent them up, or him who ate them, out of the prescribed order.

Bazile, Emperor of Constantinople, when out hunting, was attacked by a large stag, which leaped upon his horse and entangled his horns in the prince's girdle. In his extremity one of the men of his suite rushed forward and cut the sash with his sword; but etiquette required that the man should be beheaded for drawing his sword in the presence of his sovereign.

In more modern times, the Queen of Charles II. of Spain, who was passionately fond of riding on horseback, was one day thrown from her palfrey. In falling, one of her feet got entangled in the stirrup, and the horse dragged her along, no person daring to assist her, because etiquette forbade any man, under pain of death, from touching the foot of a Queen of Spain.

The king, seeing her fearful condition from a balcony on which he was standing, uttered most piteous exclamations and cries. Two Spanish grandees hastened to the assistance of the queen: one seized the bridle of the horse, whilst the other disengaged the foot of her majesty. But those two brave men were immediately arrested, tried, and condemned to death, and, says the Spanish historian, the queen twice demanded their lives in vain. At length, with great difficulty and much entreaty, she succeeded.

The foot of a Spanish princess seems to have been rather a ticklish member to meddle with, if we are to judge also from the reply of the major domo of a travelling infanta to some manufacturers of silk stockings, who humbly presented a dozen pair of them to her highness.

"Take them away, and know that a Spanish princess has no legs."

King Philip III. of Spain was one day opposite a large fire, and alone: the heat greatly incommoded him, but, according to strict etiquette, to which he tenaciously held, it was beneath his dignity to poke out any of the fire, or even rise from his seat to call for assistance. At

length a lord of his suite came into the room, but excused himself with the most profound expressions of respect from meddling with the fire, alleging the grave consequences that would result to a person of his rank and prerogative for exercising so degrading an office. The officer in charge of the fire did not arrive in time, and the king became so excessively hot that an erysipelas was produced in his head, which caused his death.

Even Russia, so barbarous until a recent period, has had her absurd etiquettes, like other courts of Europe. The annals of that empire make mention of a Czar of Muscovy who ordered a nail to be driven into the head of an ambassador who stood before him with his hat on.

James I. of England did not prove himself to be as fierce a stickler for etiquette in an analogous case. The Duc d'Auxonne, Ambassador of France, being presented one day, when that monarch was surrounded by many noblemen, had his head covered. James, who, every one knows, liked to speak in Latin, said to him: "*Si vestra dominatio haberet tiam, qualem ego habeo, rogarem eam ut tegeret caput.*" The duke, who was prompt at repartee, replied: "*Si cat majestas vestra quod meus pileus videri debet sicut thia, and he put on his hat.*" The noblemen who were present, not wishing to remain uncovered whilst the Duc d'Auxonne had his hat on his head, took their departure, one after another, so that the king and the ambassador soon found themselves alone. "*Nullo habemus censors commode loquamur Latine.*" "Tunc," replied the duke, "*aquam est, ut discipulus sit detectus coram domino,*" and he took off his hat.

By the way, what whimsical distinctions etiquette has established between the different kinds of coverings for the head: as that, in certain cases, a cap may be worn even before a king, without showing any disrespect; but a hat, which is a kind of cap, cannot be worn under the same circumstances. Thus it was only by a *bon mot* that the Duc d'Auxonne eluded this abstract point of etiquette.

It is related of a young Austrian prince who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch, according to etiquette, because the officer whose duty it was to carve was very ill: it was necessary to summon the next officer in rank, but he was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would sooner have died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have a chemise put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.

Charles XII., King of Sweden, though living only for battles and military glory, paid great respect to the laws of etiquette. When a fugitive, and proscribed, uncertain if he should ever return to his country, he yet wrote from Bender to Versailles, to demand that the exact ceremonials of the court of Louis XIV. should be observed with him.

Montaigne relates that a relation of his had such a mania for ceremony, that, perceiving his end near, he occupied himself in his last moments in arranging, with the most minute care, the ceremony of his funeral procession. He requested all the nobility who visited him to attend it. He supplicated, with the greatest earnestness, a prince who came to see him in his dying moments, to attend with his household, alleging many examples to prove that such a condescension was due to a person of his exalted rank.

The great Charles V.—Emperor and King of Spain—went still further: he wished to see a rehearsal of the ceremony which was to be observed, according to the etiquette of his court, at his own funeral.

A magistrate of Toulouse, named Guillaume d'Escalquens, conceived and executed the whimsical project of personating his own corpse, and witnessing all the ceremonials that etiquette demanded at his funeral. He prevailed on the Dominicans of his town to cover their church with black, and to celebrate a solemn service for him. He invited all his fellow-magistrates, as well as a great number of other persons, to be present; had a coffin taken into the choir, in which was his body—forty wax candles were lighted—incense was burned—and when all the burial service was completed, the coffin was taken behind the altar: then he rose up and walked home, accompanied by his colleagues and a number of other people whom he had invited to dinner.

Although etiquette does not seem to have been destined, at first, to regulate the social relations in the plebeian classes, it has gradually found its way down to the inferior grades of society. "*Tout marquis veut des pages,*" says La Fontaine. A shopkeeper who, after having sold for a long time by the ounce, has risen to the station of one who sells only by wholesale, considers himself authorised by etiquette to abandon the title of shopkeeper, and take the higher one of merchant—his shop becomes a depot or magazine—and he who was formerly addressed as Mr., now reads esquire on his letters, and is designated by the etiquette of the provincial newspapers an esquire in every list of quarter sessions or market juries; and even the country dancing-master, when drilling his awkward squad of pupils, tells them that he is the only master who is qualified to teach them etiquette: by which he means to instruct them how to turn out their toes, give a shuffling bow, and hand their partners to or from their seats. Yet what is this but a modification of the etiquette of which a Lord Chamberlain is the regulator at St. James's or the Tuileries, or a Beau Nash at Bath?

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again
Let Pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let Pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye
trod,
By morn or evening dim,—
Reproach you with their frowning
gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again
Let Pride no more be heard.

THE WORM WELL.

A LEGEND OF LAMBTON CASTLE.

I know not how the truth may be—
I tell the tale as told to me.

THE antiquity and importance of a family are often mainly proven by the effect and purport of traditions, which, originating in the obscurity of a remote age, still linger in the minds of the existing generation. Now there is one of those enduring records interwoven with the annals of the Lambtons, which will suggest to the reader many points of similarity with other romantic legends of the past—the famous dun cow of the Warwicks, or the more renowned dragon of St. George. Thus runs the Lambton legend:

One fine morn, the heir to the house of Lambton was fishing in the River Wear, which now, as of yore, winds through the broad demesne of Lambton. Now the said youth was reckless of paternal admonition, or ghostly precept; and, despite "bell, book, and candle," he would pursue this recreation, even on saints' days and holy days. This very morn, then, happened to be that of Sunday. He was, we may imagine, trolling for a trout or pike; but, instead thereof, he caught only a small worm, or eft, which he threw into a well hard by, and thought nothing more of the matter. Time went on, and the worm grew, until, finding the well too small, it betook itself to the river. Here it would lie during the day, coiled round an immense crag, which rose high above the surface of the water. At night it resorted to a large mound, which it would encircle nine times with its giant bulk; and having thus comfortably pillowed itself, enjoy the balm of refreshing slumber. But so large a body necessarily required a suitable supply of creature comforts; and, after ruining half the farmers of the district by its inroads on their farm-yards and byres, it was found necessary to propitiate it by a daily offering of the milk of nine cows. Meanwhile, the graceless cause of this monstrous growth had repented of his evil ways; and, the better to insure his soul's health, had repaired to cut the throats of heathens by joining the crusades. In this pious and holy work he was ever foremost; and having dispatched a full hecatomb of "Mahound dogs" to the other world, and thereby having insured the admiration of the good here, and a prospect of peace hereafter, he returned, an altered man, to his native land.

On reaching the house of his sires, what was his dismay at beholding the fruit of his unhallowed angling! "Had there been none," he inquired, "with spirit enough to encounter the monster?"

Many, he was assured, had made the attempt, but all had perished; for sword was vain against it. No sooner were its huge folds severed by the steel, than—*mirabile dictu*—they immediately reunited.

The warrior was sorely perplexed hereat; and, never having found his own brains of any use, he very prudently resorted to another's. He straightway took counsel of the "wise woman" of the district, and, fortified by her advice, bound himself to the adventure. Unlike his predecessors in this dangerous business, he attacked the worm in its apparently strongest fortalice—the crag of the river—and, his armour being well studded with razor-blades, as fast as the furious reptile coiled round him, fold after fold was severed with their trenchant edge, and, falling into the water, the rapid stream hurried them off beyond the power of reuniting.

The sequel of the story, however, assimilates to the rash vow recorded in Scripture. As a condition of success, the warrior had bound himself to slay the first living thing he met—and to secure himself from the guilt of killing a



[LAMBTON CASTLE.]

human being, he had agreed with his father that, so soon as three blasts on his bugle announced victory, his favourite greyhound should be unloosed, which would naturally make direct for him, and so furnish a harmless victim. But his good old sire, in his joy, forgetting his agreement, hurried to meet him, and be the first to welcome his valorous son. To keep his vow was now impossible for the knight; and, in despair, he hurried to his adviser. The "wise woman" bade him erect a chapel, and at the same time foretold that, as a penalty for the non-fulfilment of his oath, for nine generations no lineal descendant of his should die other than a violent death.

When Hutchins wrote his "History of Durham," the shell of this chapel, which stood near the new bridge, on the left of the road, and just within the entrance to Lambton Park, was yet to be seen; and inclosed within one of the walls, "the figure of a man to the waist, in relief, with uplifted hands," supposed to represent the slayer of the worm. The well and its adjacent mound are still extant; and individuals are there living, who will swear to having seen, in their younger days, the vermicular traces left by the sinuous folds of the worm around the mound.

The curse of the nine generations, according to a manuscript pedigree, was fulfilled. It records, that "Johan Lambton, that slew the worme, was knight of Rhodes, and Lord of Lambton and Wod Apilton, after the dethe of fower brothers sans esschewe masle. His son Robert Lambton was drowned at Newebrygg;" and it is pretended that, tracing nine ascending generations from General Lambton, the present earl's great grandfather, the several worthies died out of their beds, at least. The "worm well" became, in process of time, a "wishing well," frequented by the gentle maidens of the district, who sought to dream of their husbands *in esse*, on Midsummer's Eve; and even now a crooked pin may occasionally be descried shining on the gravel that forms its bed.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

RAILROADS.—There is railroad enough now in operation to reach round the world, and four thousand miles over.

AN Irish gentleman has invented an indicator for proving the speed at which railway trains are driven at every mile of their journey.

IN Russia they have an effectual contrivance for preventing horses from running away: Around the horse's neck, near the neck-strap, is placed a cord with a running knot. To this slip-noose is attached a pair of reins—on gentlemen's horses generally of silk cord about the size of a pipe-stem—which always lie thrown over the dashboard, ready to be seized at once. When a horse starts and becomes unruly, the gentleman takes up this cord and tightens the horse's throat so that he cannot breathe. The most furious horse stops almost instantly, but he will not fall or kick.

THE VITAL POINT.—At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, it was demonstrated by a learned academicien, from various careful experiments on the brains of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger in size than a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal. Whatever portion of the nervous system remains attached to it lives, while that which is separated immediately dies.

FUEL SUPERSEDED.—Dr. Alexander Mayer, a physician, has written to the *Presse*, announcing that he had met with an intelligent and skilful mechanic who has solved the problem of obtaining heat for all the purposes for which fuel is now employed, by means of friction; and that he will soon be able to exhibit to the public an apparatus by which any quantity of heat may be obtained by friction, without fuel of any kind, for the purposes of domestic use, or for the generation of steam for steam-engines.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—The Council of the Royal Scottish Academy, with the view of making the exhibition more directly instrumental in the cause of general education, have made such arrangements as will enable the pupils of schools, accompanied by their respective masters, to make three or four visits to the galleries during the season, at hours when the general public are excluded.

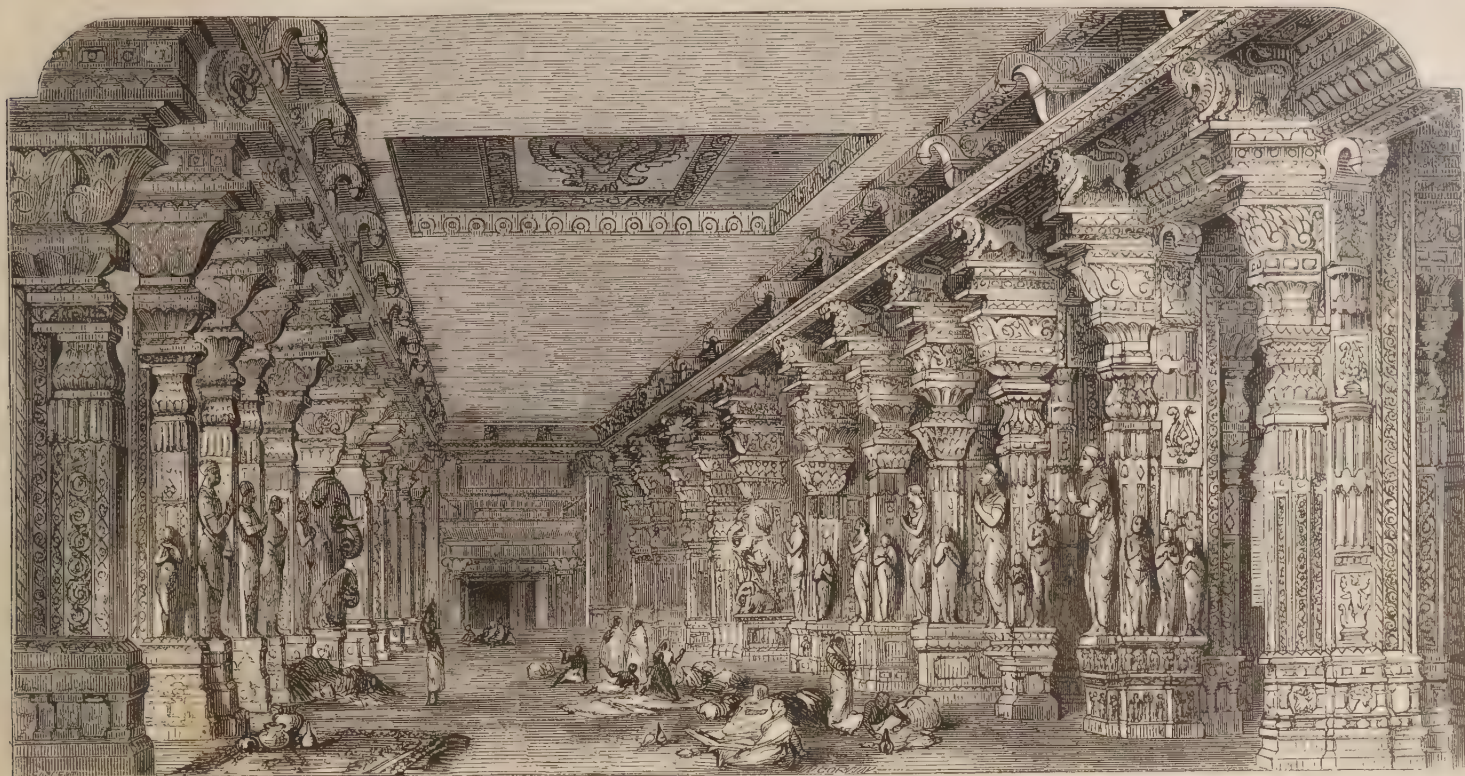
EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—The following information may prove interesting to our readers: 1. The stone of the Persian date, as seen in the grocers' windows, will grow when placed in mould. 2. An acorn, when put into a glass bottle, and suspended in water, will grow into a beautiful miniature tree. 3. Corn, after many months being gathered, will, on being placed in water, turn green, and grow

into beautiful leaves, with roots, &c., of bright green. 4. To those wishing to see the beauty of prismatic colours, boiling hot water put into a cup, held up against the light of the sun, will show them to advantage.

A CIRCULAR WEAVING FRAME.—Amongst the patents granted under the new law, and recently specified, is one to H. R. Fanshawe, of the Old Kent Road, which has for its object the production of various textile articles in a circular or curvilinear form: to effect which he constructs a loom, or weaving frame, with harness similar in all the details thereof to the ordinary harness, only that each row of harness shall have the form of a divided hoop—round, oval, or curved in such a way, or to such particular inclines or curves, as may be required in the article to be woven, each row of harness being connected with its own hoop, or corded tumbler; or the several parts of the harness, or the corded tumblers, may be formed as portions of a hoop, and used instead of one hoop, which will be found the plan most generally suitable; a shuttle, or conveyor of the thread, being provided, and arranged so as to travel within the hoop harness, the whole loom and operation of weaving being suitably arranged with respect thereto. This shuttle is caused to travel within the hoop harness by setting and working the loom, or frame, on the slant, opening the warp, and supporting the shuttle in its race—all which is effected by acting upon suitable apparatus by means of treddles, the machine being moved from time to time in accordance with the progress thereof.

AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.—Professor Buchanan makes the following observations upon the average duration of life, the effect, in part, of the improvements in medical science. He says, that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one half of all that were born died under five years of age, and the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth, one half the population lived over twenty-seven years. In the latter forty years, one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded forty years; and from 1838 to 1845, one half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity of these successive periods has been increased from eighteen years, in the sixteenth century, up to forty-three and seven-tenths, by our last reports.

NEW COMBINATION OF METALS.—Messrs. Morewood and Rogers, of Upper Thames Street, have recently patented a combination of lead and zinc, under the name of "plumbic zinc." It consists of distinct layers of each metal, perfectly united in a peculiar process of manufacture—one side thus presenting a surface of pure lead, the other pure zinc, combining the stiffness of the latter with the durability of the former. A sheet of metal is thus produced, which proves as hard and durable as one of lead several times its thickness and weight; while in peculiar situations the zinc is laid undermost, and is thus protected from atmospheric action, or the effect of acid vapours or liquors, by the preservative power of the lead. For every description of roofing, hips and ridges, gutters, pipes, cisterns, sinks, &c., this metal will most probably be found highly advantageous. For covering terraces, balconies, stairs, and passages, it will be found similar to lead under the feet; while the stiff lining of zinc will prevent it from treading out of shape. For chimney-tops, cowls, &c., the lead is placed inside, which is indestructible from the sulphurous acids and vapours usually contained in smoke. For coal-boxes, baths, pails, and many other domestic utensils, it will also be found highly useful. Japan will adhere to it as well as to iron plate. It will solder as effectually as tin-plate, and works softer and with greater facility than sheet zinc alone. It is also recommended for lining tunnels, sheathing ships, &c.; and no doubt numerous other uses will yet be found for it.



[MADURA.]

TREMAL NAIG'S CHOULTRY.

INDIA for ages has been the land of wonders—the El Dorado of every people and every generation who flourished westward of that noble river, the Indus. For a thousand years, at the least, before the establishment of Christianity, it was the seat of settled governments—organised churches, supported by magnificent architecture—and learning not inferior to that which has immortalised the Greek and Egyptian schools of thought. From the sacred books, or Bible, of the Hindoos, we are informed that about two thousand years before the Christian era, India, from the Indus to the Gangetic boundaries, comprised four states—in fact, Eastern, Western, Central, and Southern India. The different provinces of which each was composed were governed by their respective rajahs, answering, in some measure, to the great feudatories of Europe. A confederacy which held together states and principalities differing materially in language, manners, and religious observances, must, of course, have been subjected to perpetual interruptions. Contests for the supremacy between rival sovereigns, as well as intestine struggles between the sacerdotal and military classes, or contending factions, must have occasioned petty revolutions similar to those which are obscurely referred to in the annals of ancient Egypt, or which have taken place in comparatively recent times among the Buddhist monarchies.

It is to the first moiety of this latter period we must refer for the origin of the Buddhist architecture, the remains of which so extensively prevail over the whole of Southern and Central India. In the latter half of this long period—or say down to about three hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era—or about the time when Alexander the Great was dazzling Europe and Asia by his extraordinary exploits—the Hindoo sovereigns ruled over this vast continent; and it is to their munificence and piety—together with the exertions and contributions of wealthy Brahmins—that we must attribute the erection of those solid fabrics, in the shape of temples and choultries, which to this day are among the wonders of architectural skill and human labour.

But while India has preserved the most splendid memorials of her piety and charity, she has accumulated scarcely anything by which to trace the multitudinous changes in her political condition. Beyond the Cashmerian annals, and the great epic poem called the Mahabharat—which celebrates the victories of those terrible brothers, Bala Rama and Krishnu—and probably a few Sanscrit fables, we have literally nothing to guide us through the maze of Indian history, but her Buddhist and Hindoo temples, her Mohammedan mosques, and the strange, awful fact, that the lethargy of caste has endured, with but few modifications, since its original institution—that it has survived through the most frightful civil wars—proved impervious to the assaults of Moslem ferocity and fanaticism—and is now but imperceptibly affected by the absolute domination over both the peninsula and the continent of the most powerful Christian empire that ever existed.

All that we know is, that India—the golden land of the western imagination for upwards of three thousand years—has been the theatre of the most stupendous, warlike, and political doings in the annals of the human race. Its internal history for that period is eternally sealed—it is buried in the grave of its *vox populi*. And even as regards the innumerable wars and invasions of which it

has been the theatre, its native annals—traditions would be the proper phrase—would be worthless without the light thrown upon them by western history.

It is from the latter we learn that, about five hundred years before Christ, the Persian empire, under Darius Hystapes, had extended itself into India. His admiral, Scylax, a Carian Greek, overran a great part of India Proper, and imposed upon its princes an annual tribute of three hundred talents of gold. It is not indeed probable that his conquests extended much beyond the districts watered by the Indus and its branches; but it is admitted by a Hindoo writer, that the ostensible cause of the celebrated invasion by Alexander of Macedon, was to levy this tribute, which had been withheld, and to compel the Indian princes to acknowledge the supremacy of the great king. This happened two hundred years afterwards, and then we are introduced to the brilliant feats of Alexander and his successors; and after we have wandered over whole pages of nothing but names of men, places, and battles, all we can say we really know is, in the language of Dr. Robertson, “that each of the Bactrian kings carried on military operations in India with such success, that they penetrated far into the interior of the country; and, proud of the conquests they had made, as well as of the extensive dominions over which they reigned, some of them assumed the title of Great King, which distinguished the Persian monarchs in the days of their highest splendour.”

None of these conquests were permanent; they did not alter either the political or religious character of the country: and this, of itself, is amply sufficient to account for the strikingly peculiar and original character of the Hindoo nation, the fixed character of their institutions, and the unchanged nature of their language. They have never been blended down with other nations, by either colonisation or conquest. During more than sixteen hundred years—that is, from the fall of the Bactrian kingdom till the arrival of the Portuguese in the east—no European power acquired territory, or established its dominion in that country. Nothing more was aimed at by any nation than to secure an intercourse of trade with that opulent country.

The Mahomedan conquests, however, may be regarded as an exception. They commenced in the eleventh century; but for nearly three hundred years afterwards, with the exception of founding the kingdoms of Lahore and Delhi, they consisted chiefly in predatory inroads and barbarous razzias. And it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century—when Baber, descending from the hills and fastnesses of Cabul, destroyed the power of the Patna monarchs—that the Mahomedan rule was established in India to any considerable extent. This accomplished monarch himself informs us, in his autobiography—but here are his own words: “At the period when I conquered the country, five Mussulman kings and two pagans exercised the royal authority.”

This was in 1526; and yet, two centuries afterwards, the Mabrattas shook the empire to its foundations; and in 1803, Lord Lake took possession of Delhi, and the imperial Mogul became the pensioner of English merchants. In fact, the Emperor of Hindostan was reduced to a position inferior to that of the Lord Mayor of the City of London.

So that of all the conquests of India, nothing has remained but the records of great battles, the rise and fall of dynasties, and some Moorish mosques and palaces, rapidly falling into decay.

The British power has endured from its earliest establishment, on the 11th of August, 1612, at the humble factory of Surat, until the present hour—nearly 241 years; and what it has done for India, what it may do, and its future prospects, are not subjects for consideration on this occasion. The rise and progress of British India is too romantic, too strange and eventful a theme, to be discussed in a few rapid paragraphs.

All that we would venture to remark is, that the Hindoos and Hindooism has marvellously survived every change. They are as vigorous now as ever, because they are impassive; their ideas stationary—their politics, their religion, their castes the same now as they were as described in the earliest Puranas—compiled, at the very least, three thousand years ago. And, what perhaps is not so singular, considering that they never possessed the means of transmitting intelligence from age to age, they have no authentic account of themselves. All is vagueness, darkness, and theory, unless we wandered into speculative doctrines, that alarm, rather than please, all sects of Christians.

The only readable, indeed visible records of Hindoo, Persian, Greek, Arabic, and Tartaric dominion, are the temples, the churches, the palaces, and the choultries, or alms-houses; in fact, the only authentic history of India, down to the time of Baber, are the monuments of India. They stand in their severe integrity, almost defying time as well as scrutiny; and in introducing to our readers a very remarkable illustration of ancient Indian architecture—a choultry at Madura, in the principality of Tanjore, in the Carnatic—we must acknowledge that we are obliged to refrain from indulging in a detailed description. In fact, Indian architecture—independent of the mystery that attaches to every portion—cannot be adequately described, so as to avoid offending the taste of the modern reader. The pencil of the artist, and the steel of the graver can alone convey an *ensemble* perfectly unobjectionable.

Our present engraving represents a choultry—a building whose purposes and uses are the same as those of the caravanserais of Arabia—which forms a portion of a perfect mass of ancient grandeur at Madura, a holy place on the route to the coast of Madura. Opposite and between it and the coast of Ceylon, lies “the sacred island” of Ramisoceram, containing a temple, dedicated to Sieva, which attracts numberless pilgrims from all parts of the peninsula.

These choultries are nothing more than the inns or hotels of India. They are generally in the great roads, and have been erected either by charitable persons or at the public expense. Both Hindoos and Mahomedans contribute to these charitable undertakings. The modern ones belong to the latter, the ancient to the Hindoos. In some the architecture presents a curious admixture of Hindoo and Arabic workmanship. The form, generally, is a square of equal sides, the entrance being through a highly ornamented door-way, which also possesses attractions of a military character. Round the sides are separate apartments, covered on the top, and open to the centre of the area within. In these places the traveller deposits his goods and sleeps. The attendants at these choultries are generally poor people, who supply the traveller with a small bedstead to sleep upon, for which the charge is, generally, about one penny of our money.

This choultry at Madura is of Hindoo origin, and no doubt was erected for the accommodation of pilgrims to the sacred places in that ancient city, and also to the

island where Rama, the conqueror of Ceylon, performed, we fear, his not over immaculate devotions. But, as we hinted before, we cannot enter into minutiae. The architecture of the Hindoos is very peculiar. This much, however, we may say, that the Egyptian, Hindoo, and Arabic, also the Gothic styles of architecture, are not copies of each other, but the spontaneous production of genius in different countries,—the older and younger brothers and sisters of the same family, conceived, and developed to more or less grandeur or perfection, from studies of the models to be found in artificial Egyptian, Hindoo, and other grottoes and caverns.

The pyramid, the obelisk, the spire-steeple, the minaret, are evidently bold imitations of the romantic forms of spire-towering rocks. The flat-roofed, hundred-pillared Egyptian temple, the Hindoo temple and choultry, are evidently copies of the numerous caverns, cool grottoes, and excavations, which are to be found on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, and in the islands of Elephanta and Salsel, near Bombay. Gloom and darkness are common, and best suited to both; for the imagination is best impressed when involved in the veil of obscurity. The arched vault and lofty dome were suggested to the Hindoos and Egyptians by the natural forms of caverns. And the same may be said of the more modern Moorish and Gothic temples. If the single or grouped pillars in the Hindoo or Egyptian buildings should appear heavy, it must be borne in mind that the idea of them was originally borrowed from the massive props to mountains, and that the first adaptation of a natural form to an artificial purpose would be retained in use until experience and cultivated taste had suggested the more pleasing proportions, lightness, and harmony of the Gothic style.

ALLAN MENTEITH.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the kingdom of Scotland could not lay claim to the intellectual character for which it is now proverbial among all countries; although, considering its narrow limits and the internal discords with which for centuries it had been agitated, it had nevertheless produced some master spirits, who will for ever live in the records of genius. But a mental darkness prevailed generally over all classes, and especially among the peasantry. Learning existed only in abbeys and monasteries, and it was the interest of the priesthood to withhold it from the people, the better to enable them to exercise their domination, and indulge their sensual appetites. Later times have, however, shown us that "knowledge is indeed power," and that the gown and rosary are regarded with respect, but not terror—that religion is received with a wary yet serious consideration, but that all sectarian intolerance is rebuked with a fearless spirit. "The church and the state," as they are coupled in England, are fast parting fellowship—tithes, stipends, pluralities, and a host of other clerical impositions, are in many cases now merely nominal—and "the fathers of the church" begin to bow to the supremacy of intellect, and are compelled to confine themselves solely to the duties of their spiritual calling. At the period at which we lay our story, it is well known that the Roman church was the religion of the land, and that its priests were arrogant and designing in the extreme. The kingdom of Scotland was also divided by civil discord—and the peasantry of its highlands were the vassals or clansmen of various chiefs. These were a race entirely destitute of mental culture, and plunged in the lowest depths of superstition; even the chiefs themselves were men of little or no learning, and holding their titles from the antiquity of birth and their prowess in arms—yet all more or less tinged with the superstitions and legends of their country. Allan Menteith, the hero of our story, was the second son of a chieftain of that name, whose father dying in his infancy, and the title descending to the eldest son, the care of Allan devolved upon a widowed aunt, who lived on the confines of the Highlands, on a large and wealthy estate. The child of her sister, and almost the only relative for which she retained an affection, it is scarcely necessary to assert that she indulged his whims and caprices to an unbounded extent; and by the time that Allan had reached the age of manhood, he was addicted to every extravagance and vice that the locality of the place afforded him. Through the interest of his aunt and some powerful relatives, a commission was obtained for him in the army of Queen Mary—where, among the younger branches of the noble families of that period, his heedless propensities were encouraged and fostered, till they left him so embarrassed, that his frequent calls upon his aunt for pecuniary relief were ultimately met with a refusal. His credit gone, his desires ungratified, he felt reckless of all around him, and hesitated not, at any sacrifice, to procure the means to carry out his views. At one period he had become acquainted with Murdoch M'Ivor, a man of dissolute habits, and who for many years had been known in the neighbourhood where his aunt resided, as one of the most daring caterans or freebooters which the Highlands held. This individual had been once strongly suspected of having committed a robbery on the premises of Lady Alice, Allan's aunt; and although it could not be brought directly home to him—he having contrived to effect his escape—yet it was firmly believed he was the robber; and indeed such was actually the fact—for, in connivance with Allan, he had been admitted into the premises, and the most valuable pieces of family plate extracted and converted into money, which the two had shared between them. M'Ivor had thus the young Highlander completely in his power; and whenever he found himself in difficulty, he applied for aid to Allan, which if refused, he threatened to reveal the robbery to his aunt. For above two years had M'Ivor

thus held his victim in the thrall, and instead of abating in his demands, was only the more importunate and greedy. A sudden cessation of hostilities about this time had given the young soldier an opportunity to pay a visit to his aunt; and he felt grateful, if for nothing else, that he should for a short period thus escape from the presence and demands of the villain M'Ivor. A brief rebuke from his affectionate aunt for his extravagance was all that he received, and her heart was as open to him as ever. For many months he had resided at the home of his childhood, enjoying the sports of the field, and regarded by all the tenantry of his relative with respect and kindness—while his winning manners and bold and handsome figure were admirably calculated to make a favourable impression upon the maidens of the neighbourhood; yet there was ever a thoughtful and moody expression upon his features—his eye, dark as the wing of the raven, was never steadily fixed upon any one object, but its constant wandering betrayed a mind that was ill at ease—yet withal he was a manly and gallant youth. His costume was that of the Highlander of those times. The tartan kilt, which came to the knee, betrayed the proportions of a limb worthy of an Apollo; his coat, of the same material, cut so as to expose his neck, which was of exquisite symmetry, and when not browned by the sun of summer, was as white as the snows of his native mountains. His features were of just and beautiful proportion—his hair was of the hue of the yellow harvest, while the peaked Gaelic bonnet, plumed with the wing of the eagle, surmounted a brow broad and smooth. The chequered hose, which rose midway above his ankle, were fastened with garters of crimson ribbons, a brogue of russet leather encased each foot, clasped by large silver buckles—while overall was thrown, in graceful negligence, a plaid of ample dimensions. Thus equipped, of him it might be said—

So stately his form and so noble his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:

or rather, never were the heather breasts of his mountains trodden by a nobler form.

Among the youthful beauties of Glenlyon valley, was one who was esteemed the gem of maiden loveliness—Catherine Graham. On her had Allan in his days of boyhood looked kindly; and now that he was returned a man and a soldier, he deemed that the simple heart of the maiden would be easily captivated; but pure affection reigned not in his bosom—vice had sapped it to the foundation, and deep and dark designs against her innocence were by him meditated. In vain did he seek to win her ear—in vain did he vow that she was his only idol; but the maiden had already plighted her vows, in the presence of heaven, to Donald Kenmore, cousin of Allan, and also a dependent of Lady Alice. Indignant at thus being foiled in his machinations, a deep and deadly hatred took possession of his heart, and he resolved to blight the character of his cousin in the eyes of his aunt, and thus, if possible, accomplish the easier his design upon the maiden. To effect this, he one night entered the chamber of his aunt while she was bound in slumber, and bore from it a valuable bracelet, the gift of her deceased husband, at the same time dropping behind him the bonnet of Donald—so that suspicion was naturally enough fastened upon the poor youth: who, being accused of the theft, and although no other evidence of guilt could be produced against him, save the circumstance of his bonnet having been found in the apartment, he was condemned, and committed to prison.

Poor Catherine, almost heart-broken, and knowing well that her lover was innocent, pleaded with the Lady Alice for pardon—but the apparent ingratitude of the youth made her deaf to all entreaty; and so, as a last resource, she condescended to make application to Allan to use his interest in behalf of his poor cousin.

"On one condition," he replied, "I will. Transfer your affections from Donald to me, and I will prevail upon my aunt to procure his release from prison."

The eyes of Catherine flashed with contempt, the blood mounted to her face, and her whole frame shook with indignation.

"Mean, contemptible being!" she exclaimed; "none but one who is unworthy of any woman's hand, would dare to proffer such terms to an affianced maiden! What! exchange virtue for vice, truth for deceit, honour for disgrace? Never! sooner would I link myself to the festering remnants of mortality, and be entombed alive, than exchange my Donald's love for the cold and selfish heart that beats within thy bosom!" And, rushing from the apartment, she left Allan confounded and speechless.

He was standing in that position, when a servant entered and placed a packet in his hand. He started when he beheld the superscription. "Ah! 'tis from Murdoch!" he exclaimed, and staggered breathless to a chair. For some minutes he sat with his eyes vacantly fixed upon it, then mechanically broke the seal, and read as follows:

"It is already three weeks past the time appointed when I was to have received the money which you promised. But you thought that, by flying from the city, you would avoid me! 'Twas a vain thought! Oceans cannot part us! The deepest solitude on earth cannot hide you from my searching eye! We are bound together by the indissoluble ties of crime; and when one falls, so must the other. I am now in the neighbourhood. In two days I shall expect the promised stipend: you will find me at the Pine Crag, beyond Saint Swithin's Cave. If you fail me, infamy will claim thee for its own!"

There was no signature; but too well did Allan know the hand, and the truth of its contents. "Horror!" he exclaimed. "I am in the coils of the serpent! 'Tis in vain to struggle! I must bow me to my destiny! But how to acquire the sum? I am almost penniless! And to ask my aunt would but incur her censure—knowing well that I have here no temptation to cause any waste of money. Yet he must be satisfied, at every hazard! But how? By

what means?" And he glanced his eyes around the apartment, as if seeking to find an unexpected treasure. At length they alighted upon a large iron chest. "Ah! the fiend is ever with the wicked!" he exclaimed. "That box has stood my friend already! Murdoch and I have revelled jocosely upon its contents! It must serve me again! But how to procure the key?" And he paused, as if communing with himself the means how to obtain it.

At that moment a flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, roused him from his reverie. "Ah! the heavens are warning me against the deed!" he cried. "I will seek Murdoch, and brave the worst! But where—where is he to be found?" And he again looked at the letter. "At the Pine Crag, beyond St. Swithin's Cave." "Saint Swithin's Cave!" he murmured to himself. Then started, as if some sudden thought had flashed across his brain. "The time—the hour! Yes, yes; my star is propitious! To-night I will seek the page of futurity! 'Tis the eve of Halloween! and, according to the legend of the cave, the mortal who is bold enough to speak the charm shall find three answers to three questions. If I remember rightly, 'tis thus runs the legend:

He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair,
When the night hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, if speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

Yes! by the fiends of darkness, I will dare to know my fate! 'Tis already evening—the clouds are full of storm—no prying fool will be abroad to mark my movements, and unseen I may seek the counsel of the hag! If it be good, then shall I be happy, and life will be worth living for; if evil, why then I know the worst—and better to be mouldering in my grave than to live upon the rack of dread uncertainty—to feel the harpy of crime for ever gnawing at my heart, and know that I am at the mercy of a villain! Yes—this moment will I seek her counsel!" And he rushed from the apartment, pale, haggard, and desperate. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were wrapped in the sheeted lightnings, and the artillery of heaven rolled louder and louder, as if thundering their vengeance against him who sought to penetrate the secrets of futurity.

The cave of Saint Swithin stood upon the borders of a broad and deep Highland lake, formed of basaltic pillars, through which the waters entered to some depth, and when chafed by a tempest, used to make the hollow arches and rifted crevices echo with a mournful and terrific sound. That night the waters lashed and roared as if the demons of destruction were waging war upon their bosoms. With difficulty did Allan gain the cave by a narrow pathway, which, winding around the base of the mountain, led to a small opening which conducted into its heart. Deep and impenetrable darkness reigned throughout, save when the lightning for a moment irradiated its walls, and showed the waves heaving and swelling, tipped with their feathery foam. In one corner of the cave was a rude seat, formed by nature out of the solid rock, like a large Gothic chair; and, according to the legend which from time immemorial had existed among the inhabitants, had been once the seat of the Saint Swithin, to whom innumerable virtues as well as evils were attributed—but none greater than the one contained in the episode quoted in our story. To this Allan directed his trembling footsteps; and, seating himself in it, with beating heart and trembling lips pronounced the following:

By the sacred blood of Saint Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
I call thee, fiend, to appear this night,
And to me reveal thy promised plight.

Strange and unearthly voices rose upon the blast, the wind swept through the cavern with terrific fury, a bright flame rose from the water, and the form of a tall and hideous-looking woman stood before him. In her hand she held the branch of a pine; her hair was grizzled, and fell in thick masses over her naked shoulders and bosom, displaying only a skeleton form, covered with shrivelled skin; her eyes gleamed with an unearthly brightness, and her deep and sepulchral voice fell on the ear of Allan like the knell of death, while she said:

"Behold! True to the spell thou hast spoken this night, I come to reveal my promised plight."

"Ah! it is so?" exclaimed Allan. "Am I, then, in the presence of the night hag?"

"Yes! Bold mortal, thou hast severed the seal that bound thy future destiny! Speak thy wishes, and I will answer thee."

"Then be it so!" cried Allan—desperation taking the place of terror in his heart. "Tell me, shall I ever not find the means to satisfy my enemy, Murdoch M'Ivor?"

"Thou shalt!" exclaimed the hag.

"And in two days?"

"In two days!" replied she.

"And by what means?" asked Allan.

"By blood!" screamed the fiend; and a loud laugh burst from her bosom.

"Horrible!—horrible! And by whom shall that blood be shed?" cried Allan.

"I cannot tell. Three answers hast thou already had! The spell is broken!"

A loud clap of thunder burst in the heavens; the cave shook to its foundation, as if crumbling into pieces, and all again was darkness.

For several minutes Allan was unconscious of what had taken place; and when he began gradually to recover his senses, and the doubtful issue of his mission flashed upon his mind, he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, not to have pried into the book of futurity. Slowly, and with trembling steps, he regained his aunt's mansion. But sleep was denied to him. His villany to his poor cousin hung upon his heart, and filled him with remorse; and he resolved that in the morning he would solicit for

his release. He did so: his suit was fortunate, and before the noon Donald was at liberty.

That day, according to custom, Lady Alice was seated in the family hall, to receive her numerous tenantry, who came to pay their yearly rents. In a corner, apart from the others, sat Allan, apparently perusing a book with intense interest—but his mind was otherwise occupied. The mysterious answers of the fiend, the dread of exposure should he not be able to meet the demands of Murdoch, and the gnawings of a guilty conscience, all were busy within him. Tenant after tenant arrived, each producing his stipulated sum to the Lady Alice. The dark eye of Allan might be seen occasionally to glance to the piles of gold and silver which heaped the table, then quickly turn to the page again.

"Ah!" thought he, "but a little part of that would suffice to set my mind at rest!" and device was soon at work in his guilty bosom.

Before the business of the day was closed the evening had come, and Lady Alice, after bidding her tenantry adieu, who were now enjoying her hospitality, and once more receiving Donald to her bosom—whom in her heart she had never fairly considered guilty—ordered the books and papers to be deposited in the iron chest which we have before alluded to, and where was kept the family plate; then, collecting the money in a leathern bag, she carried it with her to her chamber for better security, till she was able next morning to count it correctly.

To a late hour the guests kept together, and when at last they departed, the only one who remained aloof was Allan. He had retired to his chamber, but his mind was fixed upon the accomplishment of a certain act—an act of crime—the robbery of his aunt. He determined by the deed to evade the commission of murder, which the night hag had prophesied would befall him; and he thought that if he could enter his aunt's chamber, as he had already done, and secure the sum that was necessary for the defrayment of Murdoch's tax, from the money yet unaccounted, he might escape detection, hush the avarice of Murdoch, and again be happy. Foolish hope! what can cover crime? Nothing!

It was now midnight, and with a silent and stealthy pace he descended from his room, and, gaining the door of his aunt's, quietly undid the latch. The low breathing of the worthy matron fell upon his ear like the accusing voice of justice—his heart beat audibly against his breast: he paused, his resolution seemed to forsake him—he was about to return, but the form of Murdoch stood before his fevered sight, the finger of dishonour seemed to point at him: the angel of repentance fled from his bosom, and he was again in the toils of the tempter. He gained the table, and, passing his hand over it, to his confusion found that the prize was not there. Where—where could she have placed it? At that moment the moon burst brightly from behind a cloud, darting its beams into the apartment with a brilliancy almost equal to that of day. Allan beheld his aunt reclining sweetly in slumber, a smile was playing on her aged features, and he thought that in the breathings of her sleep she murmured a blessing upon his name. From beneath her pillow he saw the sought-for treasure; but how to secure it? no matter, it must be done—and cautiously he slipped the wallet from its resting-place; but slight as was the motion, it was enough to awaken the Lady Alice: she sprang from her pillow, and uttered a loud scream. Allan was endeavouring to escape from the room, but the light of the moon revealed his figure.

"Ah! Allan, is it you?" she exclaimed; "would you rob your aunt?"

It was plain he was discovered—disgrace was for ever upon him: there was no way left to bury the secret but by her death. Murder at once took possession of his heart: he seized his dirk, and the next moment buried it in the heart of Alice.

Her screams had aroused the household, who were now heard hurrying towards the chamber. How to conceal himself he knew not—he rushed into the hall: there stood the old iron chest—he knew the secret spring that unlocked it: he touched it, the lid flew open, and, springing into it, drew the lid down, and thus lay secure from observation.

The first who reached the chamber of Lady Alice was young Donald, who beheld the wallet lying on the floor, which in his terror Allan had left behind him. He seized it, and the domestics, entering and finding him there with it in his hand, their mistress murdered, and horror rendering him pale and speechless, at once concluded that he was the assassin. His former crime, which by many had been disbelieved, was now fully credited—and the ill-starred Donald was arrested as the murderer of the Lady Alice.

The authorities of that time were most summary in the execution of the laws; and next day, in the hall, Donald was arraigned for trial. All testified to the situation in which they found him, and it was evident to every one that he had deprived his aunt of life, for the purpose of possessing himself of the money collected for the rents the day previous. But yet Allan was missing—he could be nowhere found. Had he, too, been destroyed for the better purpose of advancing the views of the cruel Donald? Poor Allan! but yesterday he had obtained the release of the murderer from gaol—alas! but to destroy thy aunt, and perhaps thy noble self!

In brief, Donald was doomed the following morning to suffer death; and the poor youth was on the eve of being carried to prison from the hall, when a female voice, in loud tones, was heard exclaiming:

"This way! villain, you shall not escape me! Help—help—help! here is the murderer!"

All eyes were directed to the quarter whence the voice came, and Catherine Graham burst into the hall, pale and almost exhausted, dragging with her the villain Murdoch, and followed by a crowd of people.

"What means this, girl?" exclaimed the judge. "Who is that man whom you have dragged hither?"

"He is the murderer!" cried Catherine; "the assassin of Lady Alice! he that was seen lurking about this place two years ago, when the family plate was stolen from that iron chest!"

Several individuals testified at once to his identity. "Speak, fellow! what know you of the murder?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing!" replied Murdoch, sulkily.

"How came you in this quarter at the very time that murder had been committed?"

"I came to see—to see —," and Murdoch looked around, thinking that he would recognise Allan.

"To see whom? Speak, sirrah!"

"Why to see an old crony of mine, Allan Menteith!"

A deep cry of astonishment ran throughout the crowd, while the judge continued:

"And for what purpose?"

"Why, to receive payment of a small bond which was owing by him unto me!" replied Murdoch.

"What was the nature of that bond?"

"That is a secret between ourselves!" replied the ruffian.

"Were you ever in these parts before?"

"Why, yes—I think I was!"

"And on what occasion?"

"Why to see my friend Allan, to be sure! Have you aught more to ask of me?"

"Yes! and expect that you will answer without prevarication: on your truth depends your acquittal."

"Humph!" muttered Murdoch, doggedly.

"You were in this neighbourhood when the family plate was stolen from yonder chest, some two years ago?"

"I was!"

"And you were the person that did it?"

"'Tis false!" shouted Murdoch, in a voice of thunder; "'tis false! it was not me: it was —" and he paused suddenly, as if afraid of revealing the secret.

"Who? Speak, fellow! your life depends on your answer!" replied the judge.

"Why, then, if I must tell, it was my young friend, Allan Menteith!"

A thrill of horror burst from the crowd.

"How! Allan Menteith! 'tis impossible! you wish to exculpate yourself by casting the guilt upon an innocent man! Were Allan here, you would not dare to say this; besides, I suspect you have murdered him as well as the Lady Alice!"

"Murder! No—no! I am bad enough, but my hands are yet free from blood! Allan not to be found—'tis singular! I could stake my neck against a halter that he is not far from here!" said Murdoch.

"We shall look to that hereafter," continued the judge.

"But you confess that you were accessory to the stealing of the late, some two years since?"

"I do!"

"I remember it was said that there was a secret spring to the chest, which must have been known to the parties; if, therefore, what you say be true, prove it by pointing out that spring."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Murdoch. "That I can easily do! make way there, and I'll show you!"

The domestics stood aside, and the ruffian, approaching the chest, touched a spring: the lid flew open—and the body of Allan Menteith was discovered, cold and lifeless, from suffocation.

Terror and amazement stood on every countenance, and the evidence of Murdoch, with other circumstances, showed that Allan was the murderer, and Donald innocent.

More need not be said: the tale is told, gentle reader, which shows that if there are indeed supernatural agents, and mortals seek their help, they will find that they but "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hopes."

ESSAYS.

NO. CLXXXVII.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

THE reproach implied by the saying, "Get money, honestly if you can—but get money;" no longer applies to the pursuit of wealth, in the estimation of a clear-headed, right-hearted people. For "How to Make Money" is a science governed by exact and rigid principles, and elucidated by unerring rules.

And in order to carry the sympathies of our readers along with us in the course of this article, we must preface it with the observation—that it has been found and tested, by the experience of ages, that the men who have made the most money are the greatest and most useful members of society. And in support of this position, we cheerfully adopt the testimony of Mr. Gilbart, so well known from his treatises on monetary and economical doctrines. In one of his lectures on ancient coinage, he says: "'Tis not correct that the possession of wealth *honestly* acquired has any tendency either to enervate the intellect, to corrupt the morals, or impair the happiness of man. The fact is the reverse. 'Tis poverty which is the source of crime—'tis poverty which is the great barrier to the acquisition of knowledge—'tis poverty which is the great source of human woe. If you wish to increase your knowledge, increase your wealth—you will then have more leisure to study, and be better able to purchase the means of instruction. If you wish to increase your virtue, increase your wealth—you will then have a higher character to support, and fewer and less powerful temptations to act dishonourably and disreputably. If you wish to increase your happiness, increase your wealth—you will then have more numerous sources of pleasure, and, above

all, you will be able to indulge in the luxury of doing good. Away, then, with the notion that wealth is an evil. If wealth be an evil, industry is a vice—for the tendency of industry is to produce wealth. If wealth be an evil, commerce should be abandoned—for the object of commerce is to acquire wealth. But wealth is not an evil. However much the doctrine may have been countenanced by mistaken moralists and dreaming poets, it has never been generally acted upon—for it is one opposed to the common sense of mankind. Both to individuals and nations, wealth is a blessing."

Few in the present day will refuse to acknowledge the soundness of these remarks; but as it is still too much the fashion to decry wealth, and endeavour to refer the progress from savage to civilised life to causes *per se* extraneous and incidental, we quote the opinion of that polished writer and brilliant philosopher, Sir Humphrey Davy on this extremely important point.

"Persons in general attribute to statesmen and warriors," wrote he, "a much greater share in the work of improving and civilising the world than really belongs to them. What they have done is in reality little. The beginning of civilisation is the discovery of some useful arts by which men acquire property, comforts, or luxuries. The necessity or desire of preserving them leads to laws and social institutions. The discovery of peculiar arts gives superiority to particular nations, and the love of power induces them to employ this superiority to conquer other nations, who learn their arts, and ultimately adopt their manners: so that in reality, the origin as well as the progress and improvement of civil society, is founded in mechanical and chemical inventions. No people have ever arrived at any degree of perfection in their institutions who have not possessed in a high degree the useful and refined arts."

The dignity of wealth, and of every honourable occupation connected with the pursuit of it, having been triumphantly asserted—for no man can start in the race with any chance of success unless he believes in his heart and soul that he is engaged in an honourable enterprise—we are immediately introduced to the question, "how to make money?" that is, how to earn it, how to deserve it, and how to accumulate it. And first of all, we would say, that to make money is not only a natural but one of the highest moral obligations. Not in the shape of the mere acquisition of property, but as a means of obtaining and diffusing happiness. Wealth is valueless, except as far as it will satisfy human wants and multiply human enjoyments. But the pursuit of wealth in itself is a source of happiness. It occupies, invigorates, and enlarges the mind, its usefulness promotes self-respect, and its results, if successful—which they may be under proper management—increase the power of doing the good the brain conceives and the heart desires.

The history of our race is a record of a protracted pursuit of happiness. Men have traversed the whole cycle of imaginary good in search of it: they have sought it in glory, ambition, fanaticism, pleasure, action, repose, science, philosophy—at the shrine of paganism—on the sands of Asia—beneath the banners of the Cross—in the midst of luxurious indulgences—in the cloisters of monks—yea, they have invoked the seven spirits to teach them happiness; and, like the remorse-stricken hunter of the Alps, have been answered—"It is not in our essence—in our skill." Philosophy was summoned, at an early day, to point out the way. For more than a thousand years she preached to men to elevate their minds above all physical comforts—to condemn all useful improvements—to seek their happiness in the study of abstract science and metaphysical speculation; but, alas! it was impossible to "solve insoluble enigmas," or attain unattainable frames of mind. About the sixteenth century, a different doctrine was promulgated. The multiplication of human enjoyments, and the mitigation of human suffering, were held up as the only aims worthy of philosophy; and the invention of things useful as the highest exercise of intellect. In less than two centuries results have been realised that have outstripped human belief, as they have surpassed human experience.

The progress of the age is now a household phrase; and, in so far as happiness depends on the earnest, energetic engagement of the mind in any pursuit—on personal freedom—on good laws—on increased duration of life—on mitigation of pain—on improvements in the healing art—on facilities of locomotion and correspondence—on the comforts and convenience of life—this new philosophy has contributed vastly to the happiness of mankind. But as it owes the greater portion of its splendid developments to the pursuit and consequent increase of wealth, we should not be dazzled by the fruit to the total neglect of the tree that bore it, or the soil in which that tree was planted and flourished.

Take two conditions in the state of Europe to illustrate our meaning. On the 29th of May, 1453, the Turks entered Constantinople by the gate of St. Romanus, and the final destruction of the once magnificent empire of Rome was completed. The crescent trampled on the cross. Now what was the state of Europe at that time, that such desecration should have been perpetrated in Christendom by a horde of rude Asiatic warriors? Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius II., solves the mystery in a few nervous sentences. He describes Europe in the fifteenth century, "as a body without a head—a republic without laws or magistrates. Every state has a separate prince, and every prince a separate interest. What eloquence could unite so many discordant and hostile powers under the same standard? What mortal could reconcile the English with the French—Genoa with Arragon—the Germans with the natives of Hungary and Bohemia? If a small number enlisted in the holy war, they must be overthrown by the infidels—if many, by their own weight and confusion."

In fact, Europe at that time was utterly prostrated. It had no science—no literature—no arts—and, to aggravate its distress, the fall of the Eastern empire ruined its commerce.

At the close of the same century America was discovered, and the new route to India by the Cape of Good Hope adopted. From the year of the latter discovery the power of the Turks declined. They ceased to be masters of the commerce of the age; and commercial enterprise taking and forming new as well as independent channels, formed conditions which necessitated the birth and growth of an enlarged intelligence—the cultivation of the arts and sciences—the multiplication of the means of subsistence—and, above all, created conditions which led to the inventive glories of this and the two preceding generations. So that aggregate Europe now, instead of being, as in the fifteenth century, powerless, only for broils and evil, is almost unapproachably grand. Grand in its commerce—its arts—its sciences—its literature—its intellect—its people are surrounded by the imperishable glories of knowledge and energy. But those glories would waste and fade into dim tradition, were it not for industry—for application—for trade—for commerce—for the powers of production, from the smallest pin-head or fragment of yarn up to the enormous iron girder, or the gorgeous shawl that covers the shoulders of majesty itself.

Labour is the source of all wealth, and when its fruits are properly distributed and rationally enjoyed, must be equally the source of every happiness which man, by his unaided exertions, can realise. When we say this, we do not exclude religion from the category of man's duties. On the contrary, knowing that the most industrious men are the most religious, we believe religion to be an essential element of happiness. Without the religious feeling, a man cannot enjoy any real happiness, though he have the intellect of a Shakespeare, Milton, or Pascal, or the wealth of a Rothschild. But religion, although indispensable, is not all-sufficient for happiness in this life. Man was not created to spend his whole time in fasting and prayer.

A recluse, it is said, living in the early ages of Christianity, betook himself to a cave, in Upper Egypt, which, in the time of the Pharaohs, had been a depository of the mummies; and there lived to pray, to converse with the spirits of the dead, to mortify himself, eating only dates and drinking only the water of the Nile. At length, becoming weary of life, he prayed one day more fervently than ever, and then sinking exhausted into a profound sleep, there appeared to him an angel in a dream, commanding him to rise, and cut down a neighbouring palm-tree and make a rope of its fibres—after which, the angel promised to appear to him again. Upon awaking, the hermit instantly resolved to obey the vision, and, travelling for many days from place to place, in search of an axe, he found himself happier than he had been for many years. His prayers, though shorter and fewer than those he had been accustomed to offer, outmeasured them in fervour and effect. Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree, and with much labour and assiduity for a long time prepared the fibres to make the rope, and, by daily occupation, after some weeks he had completed the command. According to promise, the celestial visitor that night appeared again, and said: "Dominico, thou art no longer weary of life, but happy. Know, then, that man was made for labour as well as for prayer: the one being not less essential to his welfare than the other. Arise in the morning, take the cord, gird up thy loins, go forth into the world, and let it be a memorial to thee, that God expects from man, if he would be happy, a course duly adjusted both to his animal and to his spiritual nature."

A man who desires to make a wise disposition of his time should so regulate it as to give to each of the great sources of happiness—religion, knowledge, and business—its proportionate share of his attention, and not allow his mind to become absorbed in any one of them, to the exclusion of the others. It is a union that is eminently practicable, and the result will be happiness.

It is a degrading as well as erroneous idea that business—and by that term, of course we include every description of mechanical and industrial labour—we say it is degrading, as well as erroneous, to imagine that business is inconsistent with the highest degree of mental and moral culture.

On the contrary, it has been proved over and over again, that as a nation is rendered prosperous by industry, so is an individual. It is idleness that is the bane of society—the great rat eating his way through the walls, flooring, and ceiling of the soul, and nibbling away the whole structure, bit by bit. What does Solomon, the wisest, and, as Byron said of the great Napoleon, perhaps "not the worst of men," enunciate on this very subject? His Book of Proverbs teems with exhortations to industry as the road to happiness, and denunciations against idleness as the path to misery. Let those who would sillily sneer against trade and commerce—in fact, business, whatever be its nature—ponder over the following gems from the pen of the regal moralist:

He that loveth the diligent maketh rich.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

The drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.

He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.

The sluggard shall not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty. Open thine eyes and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.

In all labour there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

But to the wise it is needless to defend industrial pursuits from attacks from any artificial elevation in society. The popular notions that poverty is an evil, and wealth a blessing, are irresistible; but to the wavering, and those who have an imperfect idea of the real nature of business—who fancy that trade and commerce are pitfalls into which it is scarcely possible for the spiritual man to escape falling—we would say that a man must possess great strength of moral principle, and an enlarged intellect, to carry on an extended business with a reasonable hope of success. Business is, in truth, a test of virtue—a fiery furnace to principle. He who passes his days in studious ease—holding converse with the spirits of the great dead, or meditating on abstract truths—and only sees life through the window of his study, knows nothing of trial, of danger, of temptation. He may be a swindler—a forger—a murderer, like Rush, and never suspect it.

But no man can pass many years in business without developing his character to his conscience, at least, if not to the world. If he be a man of weak understanding, he will become an habitual liar—if a man of lax moral principle, he will become a rogue, and consequently a bankrupt. If his conscience tells him that he is still a man of moral uprightness, he need fear no other trial. Let him, then, who is desirous of testing the strength of his principles, or improving and enlarging his moral nature by wholesome discipline, embark in trade. Let him who considers himself a skilful arbitrator, or adjudicator of nice questions in morals or metaphysics, place himself in a position where every day of his life he must adjust those in which he is an interested party. Let him who thinks himself a proficient in moral or mental arithmetic, try calculating a problem in which his liberty, his home, his fortune, are involved. Let him who is firmly convinced, from study and reflection, that business does not call for intellectual ability—that "any fool can get money"—embark his all in some business which cannot be conducted without giving credit, and we will undertake to say that in one year he would wish that whole hecatombs of dead authors might bury him from the sight of living men.

That trade is a severe trial to virtue—too severe for the endurance of all men—is no proof that it is unfavourable to moral growth. Life is a probation, and business may be designed as a means of perfecting the moral nature. But it is a proof that science and religion should come down from their "starry heights," and aid the poor sons of toil in their daily trials—that wisdom should make known not general principles merely, but rules that will be applicable to individual cases as they arise. It is a proof that preachers should preach a practical religion, and teachers teach a practical knowledge.

The steam-engine has been called a democrat. We would call it a radical reformer. It is destined to achieve as grand results in the moral and political world as it has in the material—to annihilate evils, as it has annihilated distance. There is no great social evil that will not disappear when the laws that make industry most productive are understood and applied to practice. The condition of the poor in our large towns no one can reflect upon without sorrow. But are there not millions of acres of uncultivated land in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, without making a single reference to our unbounded colonial possessions? Are there not thousands of farmers who would be richer men if they employed more labour? Circulate, then, a knowledge of the true principles of business—convince farmers that labour will and must pay—and soon the demand for labour will be greater than the supply. There will be agents in all the large towns, whose business it will be to procure labourers for the country. One-tenth of the additional income that men might have, if they were wise in their business pursuits, would support all the unfortunate poor in the world.

Our main reliance, it will be perceived, in the moral progress of mankind, is found in those means which aim at the elevation of the business character. When men discover the great truth that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest—when they perceive clearly that virtue and knowledge will improve their chances of success in this life, and promote their present as well as their future happiness—they will not neglect the acquisition of knowledge, nor delay the practice of virtue. There is an identity of interest, a mutual dependence, an intimate relationship between all things that are good—and business prepares the way for the favourable reception of truth: as truth, virtue, and knowledge are the best friends of business. Idleness is a foe to virtue, and business conquers idleness. Poverty is an evil; but in the house of the industrious man "want may look in, but dares not enter." Charity is a virtue, and business gives the means, as well as the disposition, to be charitable. Public spirit is a virtue, and it flourishes best where trade is most respected. Honesty is a virtue—and the more nations are commercial, the more honest they are in their dealings. Patriotism is a virtue, and it exists in its purest vigour where men are free to get property, and where laws protect property. War is an evil. It is the same "man-slaying, blood-polluted, city-smiting god" now, as in the days of Homer; and we believe the genius of commerce alone can effectually stay the ravages of the sword. Commerce—an important branch of business—extends civilisation, equalises the comforts of life in all parts of the globe, circulates valuable discoveries in the arts and sciences, and stimulates invention. It is favourable to establishments of learning and religion, and everywhere it is identified with improvement—improvement in mind and manners—improvement in arts and letters—improvement in knowledge, in morals, in legislation, in laws, in

liberty; and in all improvement it has led more than it has followed; it has been the pioneer much more than the fellow and companion of human advancement and civilisation.

Having, we think, written enough to vindicate trade and commerce—in fact, business of every profitable and honourable kind—from the aspersions which have been cast upon them by superficial thinkers, we will return to our proposition, that it is the duty of every one to endeavour to make money.

As bread is the staff of life, so is money the staff of industry. Every operation, every condition requires its agency. It is not merely the universal agent, the passport to honours, position, rank, opulence—but it is a positive necessity. It must be had; but the first thing to impress upon a young man starting in life is, that as it can be had honestly, so it must not only be acquired honestly, but the desire to obtain it must be founded in an honest feeling, a nice sense of honour. Whatever path he may select, he must start with a determination not only to be honest but honourable. He must bear in mind that, although a man cannot be an honourable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honourable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs—honour refers to the principles and feelings.

This distinction should be carefully preserved. It is the corner-stone of success in every undertaking.

The second impression to be firmly grasped is respect—deep, ineradicable, proud, lofty-minded, but unsophisticated respect—for the calling or pursuit selected. Without this, success is impossible, for in business, respect for it is the primary attachment that makes it considered worth following. And how can a man hope to accomplish anything for his own or others' benefit, unless he embarks in the undertaking with a hearty good-will, a cheerful disposition—indeed, a feeling or sentiment amounting to affection?

The third indispensable preliminary—probably the greatest—is the judicious choice of a profession or business. We reserve our remarks on the education and qualifications requisite for particular professions, businesses, and trades, for another essay; and on this occasion will only say, after agreeing with Pascal, that "the most important thing in life is the choice of a profession."

Be not over-nice in looking out for what may exactly suit you, but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that may occur. Fortune does not stoop often to take up any one. Favourable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way you imagined. Nothing does. Do not be discouraged, therefore, by any present detriment in any course which may lead to something good.

The first question to be settled is—what is the object in choosing a business at all? The answer is obvious. To attain an independence. What is independence? The answer is as straightforward and pithy as in the other case. He who can make more than his necessities require him to expend, is as independent as the richest of the land, and generally far more happy. And then comes the grand question—"How can independence be obtained with the greatest certainty? And the reply in this case is equally as certain. *No man is sure of being able to make more than his necessities will require him to expend, but he who is able to perform a day's labour. A trade is a sure road to independence.*" He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour." Among the ancient Jews, every one, however well-educated, was brought up to a trade. At Sparta, there was a law declaring every one who refused to support his parents infamous; but, if the father had neglected to bring up his son to some trade, the son was not bound to maintain his father, although in want. We may add, that all useful employments by which a man can earn an honest living, are equally respectable in the estimation of every sensible person, and that all kinds of regular business pay equally well in the long run, to those who are capable of conducting them.

J. P. H.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

CHAPTER I.

MARY SEYMOUR was a riddle, a pretty and a puzzling one. Her manner was changeable as an April day, and her looks, whether of brightness or gloom, so varied in expression, that it could hardly be told if they spoke the feelings of the woman or the girl. At one time she was seen romping with children, and then Mary almost seemed to be a child—her tossing hair, flushed cheek, and joyous eye indicating the light-hearted mirth of happy girlhood; at another, moving more staidly in the mazes of the dance, her slight but finely-rounded figure, slender waist, and budding bust vying in beauty with the fairest flirt that trod the lighted hall;—or seated, perhaps, at a distant table, her brow resting on her hand, her blue eye calm and thoughtful, and her features reposing in all the pensive sweetness of womanhood. It was hard to guess at Mary's age, and still more difficult to know how to address her. There were times when to treat her in any other manner than as a child would have seemed almost ridiculous; and others, when to do so would certainly have been rude. Her conversation, too, increased the perplexity—the ready laugh, playful remark, and perfect absence of all reserve, gave it occasionally the manner of a school-girl's; when perhaps the next moment it would become polished, sedate, and thoughtful,—and the little beauty a very prude. Everybody was charmed, but everybody was puzzled with Mary Seymour.

"Now, I declare," said Frank Euston, removing his

eye-glass, "that girl looks more lovely every time I see her. Eglington, is she not beautiful?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the peer, yawning slightly.

"Mary Seymour, Lady Seymour's daughter —" "Pshaw!" replied the other, listlessly; "a child—a mere child—a 'bread-and-butter' darling! The beauties of the nursery, Euston, like those of the greenhouse, are always to me the most insufferable of bores."

"Nay, my dear fellow, she is without exception the finest girl in the room."

"Then marry her, Euston—marry her!" yawned his lordship; "add Mrs. Trimmer's works to your library, and advertise for a music-master!"

"By heaven, Eglington, I am serious,—I love the girl!"

Lord Eglington turned round in utter amazement.

"Euston," said he, "is there madness in your family?"

"Nonsense, Eglington; on my honour I will offer that girl my hand, and lay my fortune at her feet. I only wish I knew her age, for sometimes she looks so very girlish. Candidly, now, how old would you imagine her to be?"

"Really I have not the slightest idea—you had better ask herself. And, by all the saints, here she comes! and upon my word looks really pretty—very pretty indeed! Nay, I did not think she was a girl like that—There he goes!" soliloquised his lordship, perceiving his friend already at Mary's side. "And the lovely fairy meets him cordially, too—loves him, as I live—that glance and blush speak volumes—Euston is now in a fair way of making a fool of himself!"

Mary's glance was bright indeed, and her cheek flushed with pleasure, as, hanging on Euston's arm, she moved among the gay groups that crowded the saloon. Nor was he less delighted, although his pleasure was somewhat damped by his friend's idea of the extreme youth of his partner. "Mary," said he, almost inadvertently, "how old are you?"

The party addressed exhibited no surprise at the question, but, raising her smiling eyes to his, replied:

"Sixteen and a few months."

A thrill of joy ran through Euston's heart.

"Mary," said he, "I love you!"

Quick as thought the whole appearance of the maiden altered at the words, the blood rushed over her cheek and brow, she looked confused and dismayed, and seemed as though she wished to leave his side.

"Dearly, fondly love you," continued Euston, pressing the soft arm that lay linked within his own. "Wilt thou be my bride, Mary?" But Mary could not speak—her agitation increased, and Euston at her request led her to Lady Seymour, who, leaving the card-table in another room, had come in search of her daughter; and soon after he accompanied them to their carriage.

Euston, however, was not doomed to sue in vain—he inherited an ample estate and a noble name—many a match-making mother looked favourably upon him—and Lady Seymour only begged that a twelvemonth might pass ere he led her daughter to the altar. But Euston would hear of no such delay. Mary but feebly supported her mother: entreaties and protestations carried the day, and in six weeks Mary Seymour was a bride.

CHAPTER II.

"Do you go to the opera to-night, Mary?" said Frank Euston, as he sat one morning in a splendid apartment of his princely mansion in — square, a few years after his marriage.

"Undoubtedly. I take Lady Fairfield down. We return to the Countess of M —'s."

"Morning concert, rout, and opera in one day! Really, Mary, I wish you were more at home!"

"To admire the beauty of your yawns in the morning, and sit up night after night—silent and alone—waiting for your return! The inducements are certainly alluring!"

"There was a time," said Euston, gravely, "when I imagined that even that would have been preferred to the endless whirl of gaiety in which you are now engaged."

"Nay, Frank, dear, we have discussed this subject so very often, that it is needless to recur to it again. You forget I have only turned my twentieth year; and if I deny myself amusements now, pray when am I to have them? I am sure before marriage I had few or none!"

"Humph! before marriage!" repeated Euston, to himself, lolling in his chair. "Where do you go to-morrow?"

"To the Duchess of —'s."

"And next day?"

"I have half promised Mrs. Russell to attend her *fête champêtre*, which, however, I shall hardly be able to do, as I go to Almack's in the evening; and oh, that reminds me—I have purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings—quite a bargain—and such beauties!"

"Indeed! and pray what did they cost?"

"You'll see when they send the bill. I was so mortified last night with the shabby pair I wore—but these are really superb!"

"I am far from doubting it. But, Mary, you now consult me less and less. You have really forgotten that there is something in the marriage ceremony about love, honour, and obey?"

"My dear, dear Frank, you are strangely sententious this morning! But hark! who knocks? A cab; and your friend Lord Eglington; by-the-bye, they say he is going to be married. But I must be gone, for I have ten thousand little things to do." And away glided Euston's changed, but still beautiful wife.

"Ah, Eglington, how are you?"

"My dear fellow, I am so glad to have found you at

home; but with such a wife as yours, one is hardly tempted to go much abroad. You are a happy dog, Euston!"

Mr. Frank Euston stretched out his legs, and looked at his slippers.

"Beautiful wife—young, doating—a first love, too! You have indeed been singularly fortunate!"

"Very!" said Euston, drily.

"You must have heard of my approaching marriage?"

"Only this instant; and I have yet to learn the lady's name."

"Lady Emma Singleton. You know her? Something of a flirt, eh?"

"So much the better, Eglington. It's a good omen."

"How the deuce do you make that out? For my own part, that very circumstance is the only drawback to my happiness."

"My dear Eglington, if you would marry prudently, marry one who has gone through a regular course of flirtation. All women are flirts at some period of their lives; and the disease, like the small-pox, is best to have taken place before marriage, were it only for the opportunity it gives you of judging of the marks. Rely upon it, that after marriage the scars are often plaguey deep."

"Why, now, I don't quite see that, Euston!"

"It's a fact, though, rely upon it. Your wife will have thus learned something of the vanity of these matters, and be disposed to appreciate the more highly your worth and attachment. I am serious, upon my honour."

"Now this sounds strangely enough from you, who, of all men, had used to be so romantic in regard to first attachments, and who it was, I verily believe, that so impressed my mind with the idea that the female heart which had, in the most remote degree, been possessed by another, was a ruined sanctuary, and unworthy of solicitude."

"If I said so, it was a grievous mistake, 'and grievously has Cæsar answered it!'"

"But then, my dear fellow, as to age. Emma is many years older—ten, at least—than Mary Seymour was when you married her; and, without expecting to be quite so happy as you in this respect—"

"It is a moderate wish, and the ambition pardonable," said Euston, leaning back in his chair, and thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"I would, however, prefer, I candidly confess, that my wife were sixteen rather than six-and-twenty."

"You would do wrong, then. Brides of sixteen, after all, answer better in romances than anywhere else; and rely upon it, Eglington, that, as the world goes, it is better that your wife should seek to conceal her age, than answer, without surprise or reserve, the odd and ugly question—"How old are you?"

THE TWO SISTERS.

THE pretty, square farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes Lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish), and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty, square farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and outbuildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh—the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune—or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both—everything goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoiled* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, a little cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off. Ay, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans—so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing; as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five, as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking.

Their children—six "boys," as Farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight-and-twenty, and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family—are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well-conducted; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl, as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time; for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of Dromios. Nearly of an age (I believe that at this moment both are turned nineteen, and neither have reached twenty), exactly of a stature (so high that Frederick the Great would have coveted them

for wives for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear, healthy complexions, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé*, that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and, being constantly attired in garments of the same colour and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as "the Evanses," than as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters—Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance—were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance—who, being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribing the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve; and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Bailey, too, the greatest beau in the parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of woman-kind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to this, their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature—who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree—had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious, in a different way. Jane was grave; Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who smiled, for certain was Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resemble her own character—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were to be found in Jane's little flower border; and if Mr. Archibald MacLane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character, might have done honour to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuine abundance of the great English farm-house. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with anything he had met with before. No finery—no coquetry—no French—no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but

FACETIÆ.

Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had known them apart, from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters; and secretly thought Patty as much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all the inmates had given Charles Foster as a lover to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense—and liked to have such nonsense talked to her, better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty—for the two sisters shared the same little room—inquired tenderly, "What ailed her?" The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length she roused herself by a strong effort; and, turning away from her affectionate comforter, said, in a low tone:

"I have had a great vexation to-night, Patty: Charles Foster has asked me to marry him!"

"Charles Foster! did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty, trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster!"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster!"

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, no—no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides, I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is, I would not be his wife—cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me Queen of England!"

"You refused him, then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father! He will be disappointed! So will mother!"

"They will be disappointed, and both angry—but not at my refusal! Oh, how they will despise him!" added Jane.

Poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed, in that agony of passion and grief, which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After awhile she resumed the conversation.

"We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the nation. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me—but he felt your goodness: and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you would accept—" but, unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night Patty cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light, elastic step—she knew the sound well—came rapidly behind her; a hand—oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!—tried to draw hers under his own; whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents:

"Patty—my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me?" replied Patty, with bitterness.

"Ay, to be sure—to your own dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father—for the first time unwelcome—joined us so suddenly, that you had not time to say 'Yes?' and will you not say 'Yes,' now?"

"Mr. Foster!" replied Patty, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here! It was to Jane that you made the proposal, yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment!"

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting!"

"Then he mistook Jane for me, last night—and he is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was: an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Patty, who had scampered away after a glow-worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night's misery to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one. Charles is gone home to his father's, to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

The man who is always behind-hand, has recently purchased several bottles of catch-up!

"GUILTY or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honour pleases. It's not for the like o' me to dictate to yer honour's worship," was the reply.

WHY is a clergyman who hunts, like an officer who runs away from an engagement? Because he departs from his sphere of action (his fear of action).

WHY are the snows of Mont Blanc like a ship-builder? Because they can *avalanche* (have a *launch*) whenever they get ready.

AN unfair dealer is a *foul* man—but a sportsman is a *fowler*. An earthquake is a great *shock*—but the 'ghost of Hamlet's father' is a *shocker*.

WHAT is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the water and the other skims the milk.

RABBI JOSHUA once met a boy who carried something covered up in a vessel. "My boy," said the rabbi, "what have you in your covered vessel?" "If it was intended for you to know," replied the boy, "it would not be covered."

GREAT men make mistakes, as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are not "created free and equal." Said he, "only two *men* were created, and one of these was a *woman*." Tremendous laughter followed the honourable senator's remarks.

A young lady called at the shop of a cabinet-maker in her village, to leave directions with him about making a table which she had previously ordered. Among other particulars, she enjoined it upon him to make the *limbs* small; adding, after some hesitation, "You know what I mean, I suppose?" With a very vacant look the cabinet-maker replied: "You mean *legs*, don't you?"

THE difficulty to which a poet may be put in finding words that will rhyme, is tolerably well illustrated by an old epitaph that is extant in a churchyard in the north of England. It runs thus:

"Here lies the body of Nicholas Newcity;
He died t'other day, the more's the pity."

N. B.—The man's name was Oldtown, but it wouldn't rhyme.

A GOOD LEAPER.—An Irish gentleman, well known in the sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend with, "Upon my word, —, you are riding a good horse!" "And why should I not ride a good horse?" "Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump timber?" "Timber!" replied the other. "Faith, he'll just over your head, man, in a jiffy!"

"WILL you give us a 'apeth o' what you don't sell?" asked a young ragamuffin, on entering a chandler's shop. "Oh, willingly!" retorted the shopkeeper, on laying a stick rather roughly about the shoulders of the querist. "We always give that gratis!"

STOW PROGRESS.—Such is the slow progress made in the noble art of British ship-building by the master builders of the royal dockyards, that it is suggested, since some of the ships so closely resemble the specimens of Noah, that the science should in future be termed "Naval Architecture!"

PROPER PLACES FOR PROPER THINGS.—Literary men should come from Reading; dogs from Barking; calves from Cowes; corrected schoolboys from Wales; clean characters from Bath and Wells; sight-seers from Eye; gamblers from Poole!

A GOOD IDEA.—There is a gentleman in this city who gives twenty-five cents to some charitable purpose, whenever he uses a profane word! The secretary and general agent of the "Boston Provident Association" acknowledges the receipt of seventy-five cents from this individual. The idea is an excellent one, and might be adopted by thousands in this city, to the advantage of their morals, and to the benefit of our public charities.

"OH, my friend!" said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed! We must all die once!" "An' it's that what vexes me!" replied Pat. "If I could die half a dozen times, I'd not care a ha'penny about this time!"

"MOTHER," said a sly urchin the other day, "what does dad do with all the rye he raises?" "O my child, I am sorry to say that he sends it to Deacon Jones's distillery, to make whiskey of." "Well, now, I thought just so, when he came home last night." "Why, how did he look last night, my child?" "O I can't describe him, mother, he had on such a horrible wry face!"

THE New Hampshire State Agricultural Society proposes to offer premiums for the best specimens of patching and darning. It is feared, with good reason, that so much time is bestowed by young ladies upon embroidery, and other flummies, as to cause them to wholly lose the useful art of darning stockings. The ladies who take the premiums will be likely to be in great demand for wives.

A clown, who had a fancy for hearing the Latin ditties of doctors at a University, was asked what pleasure he could derive from them when he could not ever know which party had the best of it. "For that matter," replied the clown, "I am not such a fool but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion."

A GRAND JURY AT FAULT.—A grand jury recently found a true bill against a man for passing a counterfeit note. On the trial of the case, however, not only was the good character of the accused sustained by creditable witnesses, but the note itself was proved to be genuine!

AN exchange says: "The girls in Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands that they sometimes take up with politicians and lawyers."

"My dear you are not the woman I took you to be. But, my dear, you are the man I took you to be! Go and nurse that child, this minute, or I'll —"

EPIGRAM.

SAID a thief to a wit: "There's no knowing one's friends, Until they've been tried and found steady."

"Very true!" said the wit; "but all yours, I presume, Have been tried and found guilty already!"

SPEAKING without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—1st. "What is a slur?" "Almost any remark one singer makes about another." 2nd. "What is beating time?" "Singing so fast that time cannot keep up with you."

CHOPS AND STEAKS.—We have a friend, a school-master, who has subscribed to a building society. He says it gives him a *stake* in the country. We are glad of it, as we are confident he is often without a *chop*!

FANNY FERN says: "It isn't every man who has a *call* to be a husband." She might have added: "It isn't every woman who has a *call* to be a wife."

HOOD made a glorious epigram on the clock.

A mechanic his labour will often discard,

If the rate of his pay he dislikes;

But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—

Will continue to work though it strikes.

MAKE-WEIGHT FOR ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer need not be alarmed about a substitute for the proposed alteration of the duty on newspaper advertisements. One gentleman proposes to levy a penny duty on each railway ticket. This is no bad suggestion; but would it not be more profitable to put a heavy impost on all *railway accidents*? In that case collisions would be rarely heard of.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—A funny exchange (the *Dutchman*, if we remember aright) has set the "march of improvement" to the following funny tune: "Since the discovery of the Australian gold diggings, a passion for joint-stock companies has sprung up in London, that threatened to revolutionise the world. Among those just organising is one for a tunnel from Liverpool to China, with a branch running off to Mount Etna, for the supply of ventilation and warmth. Another proposed to throw a suspension-bridge from Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, with a lateral connection with the moon. Capital, £200,000,000, in shares of £10 each. 'Subscribers who pay when they put their names down, will not be called on again.' So says the prospectus, and we believe it. The company chartered for giving pigs an extra kink in their tails, by mixing pulverised cork-screws with their feed, is in a most flourishing condition. The treasurer informs the shareholders that a dividend of ninety per cent. will be declared the moment the necessary funds come to hand."

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The following fabulous description of a sitting in the House of Commons is given in a recent *feuilleton* by Mery, one of the most amusing writers of modern France: "Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone; members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns; the Speaker does not use a bell, and no one is ever called to order; there is never any agitation on any of the benches; *ennui* reigns in torrents; Whigs and Tories share among themselves badly baked biscuits; a good deal of Barclay and Perkins's order is drunk; members go out every moment to swallow a basin of turtle-soup; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures; ministers play at short whist in a corner; those who are not asleep read a romance; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—Leitch, in his "Travels in Ireland," says: In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure, it's begging I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word." "No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is peeling through my trousers, and the bones through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN CHINA.—When Lieutenant Cunningham was at Hong-Kong, the harbour was often filled with gaily-decorated boats bringing young ladies from Canton, as a mercantile speculation, for the purpose of procuring husbands. "These boats arrived with drums and gongs beating, and colours flying, generally coming to an anchor immediately under my own window; tea-tables were soon arranged, and the young ladies, from twenty to forty in number, arrayed in their smartest jackets and trousers, might be seen endeavouring to bewitch those visitors who flocked to the boats. I was informed that the price, generally speaking, averaged from 100 to 200 dollars: this money was transferred to the mother of the young lady, a due proportion being deducted for the expenses attendant upon the voyage, together with commission, &c., upon the bargain. I have known instances of some of the natives of India becoming pur-

chasers; but in that case, they were solely the refuse of the community. Upon one occasion, a kitmutgar, or table-servant, a native of Bengal, complained to me, and entreated my interference, stating that he had commissioned a friend of his own, who had gone to Macao, with 100 dollars, all his savings, to buy him a nice, comely wife; but when she arrived, she by no means answered the description given of her, being too short and too old, and by no means a 100-dollar wife, but scarcely a thirty-dollar one. Much to his grief, as well as surprise, he only got laughed at for his pains."

At Florence, some years ago, it was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza, at a certain mentioned time, would be provided by the duke with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed time, the beggars of the city all assembled, and the grand duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called "The Beggars' Bridge;" and the city, for the time-being, was relieved of the beggars by which it had been previously overrun—as none would give to the well-dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tale of distress.

THE MORNING TOAST OF THE MAIDS.—A trustworthy member of the Society of Friends, whose informant, an inhabitant of Sunderland, now deceased, was of the same household of faith, communicates to us an anecdote of Dr. Paley, which we do not remember ever to have seen in print. The doctor, while Rector of Bishopwearmouth, was an early riser, but sometimes protracted the pleasure of the pillow; and on one of these occasions he heard two of the maids approaching his bed-room. Pulling the bed-clothes over his head, he lay still. A bottle, containing some cordial, stood in the room. A glass was poured out, and one of them gave a toast: "Here's to our Bill!" and if our Bet was as good a mistress as Bill's a maister, there wadn't be a better place in all Wearmouth!" The toast was drunk "with all the honours;" but before "Our Bill" could return thanks, "Our Bet" rang the bell, and the girls scampered off. The coast being clear, Paley popped out of bed, and slipped into his dressing-room. The same day he had company to dinner; and when the cloth had been removed, and the bottle had made a few circuits of the table, he summoned before him the two girls who had come up to make his bed. Then, pouring out a glass of wine for each of them, he called for a repetition of their morning toast. Abashed at first, they at length complied, and the table was in a roar. But what "our Bet" thought of it, our Friend sayeth not.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN SCOTT AND THE ET-TRICK SHEPHERD.—One day, while Scott was still in Edinburgh, there came into the city a brawny, rough fellow, driving a flock of sheep. It was James Hogg, who, finding himself in the capital, was seized with a violent desire to see himself in print, and accordingly got somebody to strike off some copies of a few of his verses, which, however, made no sensation. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" set him to work at imitating the old Scottish ballads; and as his efforts were warmly praised by Scott, he came down again from the forest to pay his friend a visit. He, with William Laidlaw and others, was invited to dinner. The worthy shepherd appeared in his ordinary herdsman's dress, with his hands well tarred with a recent shearing. Not being accustomed to the society of "grand folk," he had communed with himself as to how he should act, and had come to the conclusion that he ought to copy the lady of the house in all things. Mrs. Scott, being unwell, received her guests reclining on a sofa, and Jamie accordingly, true to his principle, had no sooner made his best bow than he crossed the room, and stretched himself upon another. At dinner he ate, drank, laughed, and chatted, amusing the guests by his strange, uncouth jokes and remarks, and even songs. As the good wine began to operate, Jamie grew familiar, and, after tickling everybody by his rapid advance from "Mr. Scott" to "Shirra," "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," he at last threw the company into convulsions of laughter by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

VOLTAIRE AND HIS SECRETARY.

Voltaire, when on his estate of Ferney, was fond of assuming the air of nobility, and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One of the poor fellows was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him in form of law, and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in his favour, and suddenly stopped short.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire.

"I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library."

He procured the book, and kept turning over the leaves for some time, without saying a word. Voltaire became impatient, and asked him what book he was looking at.

"It is your Philosophical Dictionary," was the answer.

"Well?"

"I have been looking for the word 'humanity,' and I see you have omitted it!"

Voltaire thought the argument so forcible, that the culprit was set free at once.

MOTTO FOR THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.—"Shut up!"—*Diogenes.*

A PUN FOR THE PRIME MINISTER.—"Well!" said Disraeli to Aberdeen, the other day; "How do you feel now?—two defeats in one week!" "Oh!" replied Aberdeen; "just as you may expect; two defeats are enough to make one weak!"—*Ibid.*

MOTTO FOR DISHONEST SHOPKEEPERS.—"Honesty is the worst policy."—*Ibid.*

THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.—Mrs. Haydon states as a reason for the heaviness of her charges, that the spirits have unanimously refused to appear to any one who is not "worth a rap."—*Ibid.*

THE ANTIQUITY OF COALITION.—A newspaper paragraph states, that the ages of the Cabinet Ministers are as follows: Lord Lansdowne, 73; Lord Aberdeen, 69; Lord Palmerston, 69; Lord Cranworth, 63; Lord John Russell, 61; Sir James Graham, 61; Sir C. Wood, 53; Mr. Gladstone, 44; Sir W. Molesworth, 43; Mr. Sidney Herbert, 43; Duke of Newcastle, 42; Lord Granville, 38; Duke of Argyll, 30. If these figures be correct, "Coalition" must be 689 years old.—*Ibid.*

A LAZY FRAME OF MIND.—When you look out of window.—*Punch.*

SUPERNATURAL AMUSEMENT.—Spirit-rapping is performed nightly at the Pig and Whistle Harmonic Meeting, after each of the songs and glees, by persons under the influence of Spirits!—*Ibid.*

OBVIOUS INITIALS.—It was announced in the *Times* the other day, that "The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £15 in Bank of England notes, from 'D. F.' for additional income tax." No need to ask what D. F. stands for. Decided Fool, of course.—*Ibid.*

TOPOGRAPHY OF LONDON.—We are credibly informed that, in honour of the London Merchants' and Bankers' Deputation to Louis Napoleon, Spitalfields for the future is to be called Lick-Spitalfields.—*Ibid.*

RAILWAY SAFETY PUT INTO SOMETHING LIKE A SHIP-SHAPE TRAIN.—Most ships carry, or are expected to carry, "an Experienced Surgeon on board;" why shouldn't railways be made to adopt the same regulation? for, in our opinion, the one requires the services of a surgeon just as much, if not more, than the other. In fact, it is a question whether a medical student wouldn't gain more knowledge of his business by occasionally riding on a railway, than by diligently walking all the hospitals.—*Ibid.*

A GENUINE STOCK.—We have all of us heard of a "Son of a Gun," but the "Son of a Pistol" must be a new branch of the family tree from which the stocks of firearms are descended: and yet, tracing the pedigree of one of Colt's revolvers, it stands (and, if need be, fires) to reason that a genuine Colt must be the son of a horse-pistol.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

GENTLENESS and indulgence towards one's self, and harshness to others, is but one and the same thing.

The celebrated Lord Burleigh is recorded to have said: "Never trust anybody not of sound religion—for he that is false to God can never be true to man."

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time most annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organisation one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

INTELLECTUAL progress resembles physical. Those who climb heights, move slower than those who cross the plain.

BULWER says, there is nearly always something of nature's own quality in very young women, except when they get together and fall a giggling.

AMBITION, when it is a native quality of heart, is a noble faculty; but when it is engendered by the corruption of vanity, or the mortification of pride, it is a perverse and pestilent spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NORTHCOTE, the painter, once said that the devil tempted everybody but the idle—the idle tempted the devil; and that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

INTELLECTUAL AMBITION.—There are some minds which grasp at destiny with a powerful energy—some intellects that move through life's great thoroughfare with all the freedom and recklessness of an untamed steed. Obstacles are of no moment; the great idea is to go on, reaching toward the temple that glitters in all its beautiful proportions in the distance. Many a heart has toiled, laboured, and longed to inscribe its name upon Fame's temple, and many a heart has never satisfied its longing. There are but few who stand upon the mountain's peak, but there are many toiling up its sides, striving to gain the goal.

INDUSTRY.—To be really and practically industrious, one must improve those minute particles of time, known as "spare minutes." Of all portions of our life, these spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, and are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. Spare minutes are the gold dust of time, said Young; sands make the mountains, moments make the year! Idleness wastes a man as insensibly as industry improves him; evil deeds and evil thoughts never creep in upon him who is assiduously, joyously, upon good ones. The mind and body both require activity to keep them pure and healthy in action. Like water, if it runneth free, it is pure and wholesome; but what is there more noxious and pestiferous than a stagnant pool? Diligence of itself alone is a fair fortune, and industry is a good estate to have and to hold.

A man who'd fear God and sleep well, should have as little to do with politics as possible. Remember this, and stay at home with your wife.

The Egyptians are said to have been the first inventors of beer, in the year 1212 before the Christian era. They named it Pelusian liquid, because it was first made at Pelusium, a city near the mouth of the Nile.

The number of letters which passed through the post-offices of the United States, in the year 1852, was ninety-six millions—about one-fourth of the number that passed through those of Great Britain.

WAS NOAH THE FOUNDER OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE?—We have no accurate record that the Chinese Empire was founded by Noah. The Chinese, however, in their traditions, have a clear account of the flood, and their early records state that the empire was founded by one who escaped from the deluge in an ark. Recent discoveries at Nineveh may yet throw light upon this subject, and when we gain access to China, and to the records of the country, the truth may be evolved.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those which on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose
That on a cheek, than in a garden grows.

Randolph.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—I beg to remind my new daughter that the husband has a thousand elements of disturbance in his daily avocations to which his wife is an utter stranger; and it will be her privilege, and her title to the respect of all whose respect is worth having, to make his own fire-side the most attractive place in the universe for the calm repose of a weary body or excited mind. The minor comforts, which are the most valuable, because the most constantly in requisition, will depend more upon her look, her manner, and the evidences of her forethought, than upon all the other occurrences of life.—*Parental Precepts.*

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet

The dream of home, the dream of home,

Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,

When far o'er sea or land we roam?

Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,

To greener shores our bark may come;

But far more bright, more dear than all,

That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth, when far

His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,

What charms him most, when evening's star

Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.

Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves,

At that sweet hour around him come;

His heart's best joy where'er he roves,

That dream of home, that dream of home.

WHOLESALE MURDER.—One of the most extraordinary cases of murder and suicide on record, was that of Major Johnson, an officer on half-pay in Dublin. He entered the parlour, and gave his two sons (one a lad of ten, and the other of twelve years of age) each a loaded pistol, ordering them to fire at each other, or else he would run them through with his sword. They fired, and shot each other dead upon the spot. The mother coming into the room on the report of the pistols, the major stabbed her to the heart, and then himself. This dreadful affair took place in 1720.

THERE is a curious custom at Havana of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to the open window, fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded with high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a *tertulia*, or a ball, I have been startled by seeing the affixed and rigid features of some old lady or gentleman, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neckcloth. I remember one night in particular, I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There, close to the window—so close that I could have touched it through the bars—lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet; her hands were crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened, and altogether her face and expression the most beautiful I had ever seen.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

A THOUGHT.

BY EMMELINE S. SMITH.

The rose unveils its bosom to the day,
And freely pours its perfumed life away—
Lavish of sweets, it loads each passing gale
With the rich tide, whose founts are slow to fail.
Yet spite of all it gives, the floweret's heart
Still keeps a portion it can ne'er impart;
Deep, amid folded leaves that sweetness lies,
And lingering there, with the frail blossom dies.

Thus doth the dreaming bard unveil his mind,
And freely give its treasures to his kind;
Thus doth he freight each hour that rolls away
With tuneful tributes from his life of song.
Yet, after all, his soul must still retain
Gems brighter far than e'er illumed his strain—
Unuttered music—thoughts so pure and high
They cannot find a voice, but must in silence die.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. G.—The height of St. Paul's Cathedral is 340 feet; but to the top of the cross it is 402 feet.

A. R.—The architect of Westminster Bridge was a Frenchman, named Labeleye. The first stone was laid on the 10th of November, 1738-9; and the last on the 10th of November, 1750. The cost of the bridge, which was defrayed by Parliament, was £318,500.

AN INQUIRER.—An apprentice is bound to work for his master at all reasonable times. After nine in the evening is not a reasonable time—and an apprentice requested to work after that hour may very properly refuse to do so.

STRANGEWAY.—Porter should be made from malt, hops, and pure water: but the liquid at present sold under that name is a mysterious compound of Thames mud, treacle, coculus indicus, &c. Brandy should be distilled from the grape—but it is adulterated. Some British brandies are to be preferred to those vended as the best French brandies. This is the age of adulteration. Scarcely any article of diet is pure, and nearly every stimulant is drugged.

ALFRED JACKSON.—The franchise must be enlarged. Only fancy some 800,000 electors—of whom about 600,000 exercise the privilege—deciding who shall represent; who shall control the destinies, improve the resources, and moderate the temper of the vast remainder, amounting to upwards of seven millions of male adults, who constitute the strength and glory of the empire. But so it has been, and so it ever will be, until "England unto herself prove true," and affords to the world an example of what free men can accomplish for their own and their country's good, by union, firmness, and an immensely improved moral and mental status.

GUS.—1. There are no rules laid down for natural politeness, and we trust there never will be—for we should not like to see the etiquette of the heart in a strait jacket. Politeness is one of the first points of civilisation. In your case, be manly and modest. The modest men are the most manly. 2. A master can assign his apprentices. Read the copy, or counterpart of the deed of apprenticeship, and you will find the obligation is to "Executors, administrators, and assigns." But a master can only assign his apprentices along with his business.

EMILY S. is not bound to fulfil an engagement entered into five years ago, when she was too young to have a clear and proper idea of the responsibilities of marriage, if she can now conscientiously affirm that the proposed union is distasteful and odious to her; but for no other reason. Young ladies must not be encouraged in either whims or fastidiousness. However, we presume it is the old story of a first love being extinguished in a new one. First love rarely leads to marriage, we know, and have frequently given explanations of the reasons in these pages, but should like some of our lady correspondents to furnish us with some *piquant* revelations on the subject.

MANFRED.—There are no giants in the present day. We have neither a Pitt, a Castlereagh, nor a Peel to inspire the nation with confidence. In every quarter mediocrity and its attendant gentleness, doubt, mistrust, and weakness, reign supreme. The political pulse of the nation is feeble. The glory of her trade has blinded it to future exigencies. Cotton and gold lead it by the nose. This, the leaders in Parliament, on all sides, know full well, and hesitate to disturb the brilliant slumber by committing themselves to any novel or decisive course of events. As Cobett used to say: "We are waiting for the straw to move." Probably the nation is benefited by this conduct, but it does not uphold either the independence or the dignity of the people.

EXCELSIOR.—It is immaterial in what language—whether in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, or any other tongue—or in what hand or letters—whether in Secretary's hand, Roman hand, old English, uncrossing, or any other hand—a will be written, so that it be capable of being read and understood. Neither does it matter whether it is written in words at length, or by notes or characters usual or unusual—as XX for 20—if it be usual in the testator's style of writing, or even if some words be accidentally omitted, so long as the intent and meaning of the testator be apparent. But if it will be so made that it cannot possibly be read, or if, supposing it capable of being read, the testator's meaning cannot be ascertained, then the will is void and of no force.

C. W. F. (Oxon).—We must refer you to a work on "The Sentiment of Flowers," certain to be in one of the University libraries. The lady sent you a bay-leaf—did she? You are a lucky man, and ought to have known that it is an emblem of victory. The late Mr. Loudon, in his fine work, "The Shrubs and Trees of Britain," has collected almost every legend connected with trees and flowers. The laurel, or sweet bay, among the ancients, was always emblematical of victory or of clemency. In later times it was supposed to be a safeguard against lightning; and Madame de Genlis mentions the device of the Count de Danolis, which was a bay-tree, with the motto, "I defend the earth that bears me." It was the custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel, with the berries on, round the heads of distinguished poets—hence the term poet-laureate. But as regards your peculiar position, upon consideration the lady might have intended the present to convey a modern but equally classical meaning. "Students," says Mr. Phillips, in his "Sylvia Florilegia," "who have taken their degrees at the universities, are called bachelors, from the French word *bachelier*, which is derived from the Latin *baccula*, a laurel berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits; and in time all single men were called bachelors."

G. S.—Emigration has now become a mania in the United Kingdom; and to the lover of his country, it is truly lamentable to see the land despoiled of its best class of labourers, the manufacturers of their most skilful artisans, and all classes in the industrial community weakened by the abstraction of the most industrious and meritorious. It is not the poorest who emigrate—it is the healthiest, strongest, and most moral of our population: the worst are left behind. If the loss tended to mitigate the condition of the suffering classes it might be extenuated—but truly national grounds it never could be defended; but as it does not, it is utterly irreconcilable with the vital interests of the empire. Ship-load after ship-load may be dispatched in frantic haste, but, owing to the imperfect and irregular distribution of wealth and labour, they will leave behind them the union-houses quite as well-inhabited, poverty as rife, destitution as deplorable, and crime as horrible.

J. SHEPPARD.—You say that your mother says the girl to whom you are engaged tipsies, and ask us what your course should be? Why, first ascertain whether the charge is correctly founded. This may be difficult, but in such a case you would be justified in using stratagem and being very cunning. Should your mother's suspicion be verified, break off the engagement at once. Such a habit in a young woman would become a fensish propensity when she became a settled wife. But, in justice to the girl, you should be excessively cautious. Mothers are credulous, and very naturally so—for with them the welfare of their children is the paramount consideration. But as slanderers in petticoats are rather a numerous variety of a very bad species, you must tax your own judgment, and be as discriminative as you can. At all events don't wed while the horizon is darkened.

MARIA.—In taking a house, the first thing to be ascertained is the certainty that it is not damp. The walls should not only look dry, but feel dry. Plates of dry salt placed on the basement floors for a night, will afford a good test—for if the salt be damp in the morning, the house is damp. The next thing to look to is the supply of water. A continuous supply is essential to the preservation of health. The out-house conveniences should then be looked to; but above all requisites is a good kitchen, with range, comprising oven, boiler, &c. A good washhouse, with washing copper, is essential. It is always preferable to take the house for a quarter, each party when quitting to give a quarter's notice. The agreement with the landlord should be in writing.

DAVID M'BURNIE.—Your song, "The Working Men of England," is exceedingly well written; but when you contend that virtue is only to be found in the cottage, you are merely clothing a falsehood in the dignity of good poetry. Virtue is everywhere—it belongs to no particular class—its reign is the universal reign. As a specimen of your powers, we give three verses out of the ten:

The-working men of England,
So loyal, firm, and bold,
The sinews of the nation's strength,
Her wealth more true than gold:
They sow the seed, they reap the corn,
Our gallant fleets they steer,
Bid mines and forests team with wealth,
Draw distant nations near.

They comb the wool, they spin the thread,
They urge the clacking loom,
Fill the world's markets with their goods,
And make the canvas bloom.
Their flag waves proud o'er every sea,
Their voice in every clime,
Sounds high the hymn of liberty,
Eternal and sublime.

Our working men no glory find
In arms strung for the strife;
But in the friendly contests of
An intellectual life.
In rolling back the mists of mind,
And publishing afar
The lights of truth, and science, and
The miseries of war.

P. L. T.—The idlers, in all ranks of society, are a useful body. But in high life they are an incumbrance. As a corporation they are unique in their discipline, for they have entrenched themselves behind every possible precaution, so as to insure a *locus standi* in perpetuity. Standing high, they stand aloof from every other body; raining, from their elevation, defiance and patrician scorn on every class below them. Like the white elephants of the worshippers of the idol Guadua, they are lodged in abodes glittering with gold, and fed with incense wafted from the mouths and nostrils of a multitude who regard them with awe, and firmly believe that the most tremendous disasters would happen if they were not sacredly preserved for the adoration of infinite generations. So, honoured and adorned by slippery fortune and human faith in circumstances based on long endurance, they prance through life, spurning the plebeian earth from their golden hoofs, and fencing the realm of idleness in a whirling, giddy mass of splendour. They are the worst class of idlers—for, not content with non-production, they are extravagant in their habits, and place before society not only a vicious example, but sow the seeds of discontent, which in time ripen into open, ugly rebellion.

M. W. requests us to insert the following: "If this should meet the eye of C. S., we hope she will communicate with her parents, T. and M. W. They wonder at her long absence from home."

ONKROUS (Glasgow) opened his whole soul to a young woman, in a letter, and received a reply realising—ay, exceeding—his most sanguine expectations. But now that they are declared lovers, she laughs at him when he begins to talk about love, and when inclined to be tender in his conversation, fearfully disconcerts him by the remark "that it's all nonsense and sentimentality." The young lady has got a shrewder head on her shoulders than he has upon his. He is inclined to be maudlin and solemn, and she wishes to regard life with a merry face and bright eyes. Some men really don't know how to court properly. Many of them fancy that, because the girls they love don't rush into their arms every time they meet them, or go right off into sobs and hysterics, their love is not reciprocated. Our correspondent is evidently one of this number. Of course when he "pops the question," he will expect a scene: lady-love writhing on the carpet, and the agonised parents wringing their hands, the maid in a fit, and the drawing-room reeking with vinegar and brown paper; and the overwhelmed lover standing, hair on end, as if he had swallowed a thunderbolt. Won't he be disappointed!

THOMAS.—Any habit injures the memory that impairs any one of the bodily functions. Tobacco smoking affects the memory, so does any indulgence of an artificial character. The best strengtheners of the memory—indeed of the whole of the faculties—are temperance in living, honesty in conduct, and prudence in everything.

A LADY.—A taste for the stage, and the capability of treading the stage successfully, are two very different things. The latter requires intellectual powers of no mean order, tact, courage, assurance, and an adaptive capability, which is the index to great flexibility of character; but of a score debutantes in a year, scarcely more than one succeeds, and certainly not more than three appear a second or third time. To educate a lady efficiently for the stage would require a little army of teachers. First there would be the vocal instructor, the piano-forte teacher, then the elocutionist, the stage director, and last, but not least, the posture-master. And the efforts of all these would be vain, if the pupil had no natural genius for histrionic and dramatic developments.

THE POTTER.—We do not sympathise with those who can see nothing good or meritorious in the conduct of the Emperor of the French. We neither admire nor like Louis Napoleon. He is too calculating and cold-hearted to please our temperament. But we can afford to do him the fullest justice. Placed at the head of the French government, he found her affairs so disordered that she was rapidly consuming herself. Four factions were tugging at her vitals. First, there were the Legitimists, a party wedded to old opinions and antiquated habits, that might have suited the time of Louis XIV., but which are totally exploded in the present day. Then there were the Orleanists, a transitory band of politicians, whose only merit was gratitude for honours received from a fallen house. After them came the moderate men—mere grubs in the political system; and, lastly, the Red Republicans, a fierce and intractable order of men. Added to all these discordant elements, there was the patent fact, that a people reared and trained under a monarchy can never enjoy the freedom of a republic; and Napoleon, after studying these features long and well—after calculating the consequences, and weighing the peril—took the decided step of scattering the whole affair to the winds. He put his foot on the neck of discord, which turned, and while prostrate licked the dust at his feet. His usurpation may be obnoxious to the instincts of the British people; but with the antecedent of Cromwell before us, we should not be too nice or censorious.

CHARLES.—To fix pencil drawings, a thin solution of isinglass answers the purpose. It should be allowed to run over the drawing, or be very softly applied with a camel-hair pencil.

SUNFLOWER is in love's distraction—jealousy. She complains of her lover growing colder as the wedding-day approaches. She must not give way to the craving which, in love, is the same as avarice in money matters. Sensible and prudent young men always become thoughtful and grave for some time before their marriage. Remember that with both the parties, matrimony is a ceremony which should be viewed, even in the delicious ecstasy of courtship, with the utmost solemnity. Anti-nuptial frivolity leads to post-nuptial misery.

JESSICA offers herself to the notice of our bachelor correspondents. She has highly respectable connections, is nearly eighteen, of the middle height, fair in complexion, with dark-brown hair, blue eyes, and considered a fine-looking girl.

AMELIA AND EMILY would not object to become acquainted with "S." and "H." Emily is very fair, having blue eyes, and light-brown hair. Amelia is dark, having black, wavy hair, and beautiful laughing eyes, good teeth, and a very good complexion. They are considered very fine, aristocratic-looking girls, and each will have money on her coming of age.

G. F. M. would have no objection to correspond with "U. C. B." She is domesticated, cheerful, affectionate, and calculated to make a home comfortable. She is rather short in stature, with fair hair and blue eyes. Her age is twenty-four, she has received a liberal education, and is the daughter of a gentleman farmer, residing in the south of England.

W. J. W. TO THE LADIES.

Dear Editor, pray forgive me this trouble:

W. C. is a bachelor, in search of a double.
A soldier I am, and true to my trade,
And as hearty a fellow as ever drew blade.

Now, sir, it's a wife I want, if you please,
From a single, dull life, and its cares me to ease.
My name it is William—and a sweet one 'tis, too—
So, now aid me in this, and see what you can do.

I am thin in my figure, with dark, curly hair,
And bronzed are my features by an eastern sun's glare.
In age, it is true, I'm not thirty years old,
And my pay is, per annum, two hundred, in gold.

The lady I'd wed must be not twenty-one,
Sprightly and cheerful, and full, too, of fun.
A brunette she must be, with dark, sparkling eyes,
Genteel, too, in shape, and comely in size.

Her hair must be dark, her teeth pearly hue,
Her lips like the ruby—for such only I'll woo;
Good-looking she must be, and cash, too, possess,
For, without such to live it is hard, I profess.

She music, also, must be able to play,
To cheer our fire-side on a dull, rainy day.
Her fingers, too, taper, and her feet very small—
So ladies, dear fair ones, attend to this call.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Rorey (Our French Lessons commenced in No. 312, and terminated in No. 403 of this Journal)—H. W. (The "King's Cross Railway Station Illustration" was published in No. 403 of this Journal)—Throgmorton (Consult an oculist. People who tamper with infirmities are penny-wise and pound-foolish)—W. S. P. (Purchase Dr. Erasmus Wilson's "Treatise on the Skin")—Mary Anne (The best "Cookery Book" is Soyer's)—Rama Krishna (The cost of the copy of a will is generally two shillings for every ninety words it contains, besides registrar's fees, for searching, writing, &c. Write to the registrar of the court)—W. Prescott (Plenty of such books. Peruse the book advertisements in the newspapers)—Dundas (Railway debentures come under the category of personal property. They are in fact money)—Joseph (Purchase one of the numerous treatises on "Ornithology" which have been published within the last five years)—Fanny Platt (We never undertake to return M.S.) R. Yorks (Peruse our remarks on "Pigeons," contained in our recent numbers)—J. G. R. (Novel-writers do not work by line and rule. When they instruct, interest, excite, amuse, or please, they satisfy their readers. Anything in them is excused but dullness and impropriety)—S. * (You sign yourself "A Subscriber." Now, our rule is, never to either answer or acknowledge such letters; but in your case we make an exception, and reply to your query by strongly advising you to remain in England. English mechanical labour is not required in France. Remember the scandalous treatment English workmen received in '48)—Juvenis ("Journal" means the record or chronicle of the day, not a day. It is indefinite, and may be applied as well to a period of a thousand years, as four and twenty-hours)—X. Z. (You will find a table of the fees paid to witnesses, in the Court House, Warrington)—O. P. S. (We know nothing of the "Lists of Heirs at Law," beyond seeing them advertised in the newspapers. We believe the man in the moon could give equally as good information)—E. Brighton (Stay in England. Carpententering is looking up)—George Richard (Flesh-marks, whether natural or artificial, cannot be removed by any known process with safety. They grow fainter as the years of the party accumulate)—Mrs. Fenwick (This Journal is published in New York)—J. H. M. (Order the book from a second-hand dealer)—H. E. The novel was published in the WEEKLY TIMES, and is now out of print)—* (Mr. Rowland Hill introduced the penny postage system. It commenced in 1838)—Tropic (Purchase the volume of the "Modern Traveller" on Brazil, &c.)—E. Palmer (Yes. Send the stamps—one shilling for the numbers, and one shilling for postage)—D. A. G. (See apprenticeships are only for four years)—Typo (The daily Times)—Belphégor (Several works on the "Stage" have been published. Mr. Heywood, of Manchester, will probably have several on hand)—Richard C. de L. (The enlargement of this Journal will be permanent. We move on—we cannot retrograde)—J. O. ("Lines to a Year" are attractive, but too lachrymical for the dignity of print)—A. N. S. Marriages before the superintendent registrar were legalised by the Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act, passed in 1836. The notice of a marriage must be a clear fourteen days: so that the ceremony, at the earliest, can only be performed on the fifteenth day after giving notice)—Lucky (A Lady would not wear a ring with "some of his hair in it." A brooch containing a fragment of a man's whisker is unobjectionable)—A. W. B. (Order the numbers you require from the bookseller)—Byron (South Australia)—Meeran Hafaz (Lord Hardings is the Commander in Chief of the British army)—J. G. (An emigrant, on arriving out in Australia, may go where he likes. Thousands of private individuals, and so chest both government and the private practitioner who assisted them out)—A. Sufferer (Consult a medical professional)—Joseph G. (If a sufficient number for the militia do not volunteer, the ballot can be enforced. Those above twenty-five and under eighteen years of age, or if under twenty-five and married, having three children, are exempted)—Clarence S.—Mary W.—Secunda—Lizzie—Eliza—A. M.—Linney—L. E.—D. Temperley—L. D. P.—W. M. C.—Lina—Dorah—Mercator—Heartsease, Violet, and White Rose Bud—J. S. C.—Harry X.—H. H.—F. H. A.—S. M. Clark—Oak Tree—P. D. A.—G. B. F.—J. F.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MAJOR MOTTRAM'S VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. HERBERT.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIX.

Will you not see it, sir? the thing will be
Both rare and curious. OLD PLAY.

OUR readers, we feel assured, have not forgotten the elopement of Captain Elton from Bungalow Hall, with the only child and heiress of Sir Jasper Pepper—the sudden death of the bridegroom upon his wedding night—or how the indignation of the enraged little East India director, who had followed the fugitives to London, was suddenly appeased by the words which his old friend and companion, General Bouchier, whispered in his ear: which words were nothing less than an assurance to the angry father, that he would marry the widowed bride himself, and so accomplish the long-cherished scheme of both their lives—of uniting their vast estates.

Had such a thing been possible, the selfish old bachelor would infinitely have preferred that the marriage of the broad acres, five per cents, exchequer bills, and India scrip, should have taken place by proxy; but his nephew's wretched match, as he termed it, with the portionless daughter of Lady Harebell, had deprived him of the only fitting representative on the occasion. In other words, he was compelled either to abandon his plan, or espouse the mourning widow himself.

When General Bouchier—who had never loved any human creature in the world, save himself—reflected upon his engagement, how grateful he would have felt for another nephew, provided, of course, that he was single, and more obedient than Captain Herbert had been. Still he evinced no disposition to retract; on the contrary, as soon as the first three months of widowhood—which is all that is required of those who have time to mourn—had expired, he started to visit the lady—we beg pardon—her acres, five per cents, and India scrip—at Bungalow Hall.

On his arrival, he thought her plainer and more disagreeable than ever; yet his smile was as bland, and his manner as soft as ever. To do the old soldier justice, if his heart was as hard as the diamond, he displayed also the polish of the gem upon his surface.

Sir Jasper and his future son-in-law were at breakfast, *tête-à-tête*. The young lady, who was anything but in love with her elderly suitor, under plea of indisposition, chose to keep her room. The servant had just placed the post-bag upon the table.

"For you, general," said the baronet, handing him several letters, which he had sorted from the contents of the bag.

His guest threw the first one that he opened impatiently into the fire: it was from his now repentant nephew, and dated from a cottage near Richmond, where he was residing with his bride. The passion which had induced him to brave his uncle's wrath, had yielded to the satiety of possession and the chill of poverty: the lean goddess, after all, is the only test of love.

"The idiot!" muttered the old soldier; "Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, was a sage in comparison with him! to renounce such a fortune for a woman!"

"From your nephew?" said Sir Jasper, looking up from the *Times*, where he had been reading the quotations of the Stock Exchange.

General Bouchier nodded in the affirmative.

"All comes of not bringing young men up to business!" continued the speaker; "if, instead of buying him a commission, you had placed him in my counting-house, we should never have been pestered with such folly—he would have learnt the value of money: city men seldom forget that cash is power—everything."

The soldier winced: he had a profound contempt for trade.

"I must do something for the fellow!" he said; "get him handsomely out of the country!"

Sir Jasper suggested a commercial appointment in India—which was declined. The heartless uncle recollected the rank he had held there—the figure he had made. The idea of any relative of his going out in any other than a high civil or military capacity, was humiliating to his pride.

"Thank you," he said; "but I have already decided on the silly fellow's future career."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! Liverpool promised me a vice-consulship for him at Timbuctoo, or one of the Friendly Islands: he will be out of the way there!"

And with this cool observation the subject was dismissed from his mind: and yet for many years General

Bouchier had considered Herbert as his heir—indulged him in every extravagance—encouraged him in his career of selfishness and vice.

A servant announced Colonel Butler.

"At home!" said the baronet. "What the deuce," he added, as the footman left the breakfast-room, "can bring Butler here at such an extraordinary hour?"

"Are you intimate with him?" inquired his guest.

"Not particularly."

The general shrugged his shoulders, merely observing, that people did such odd things in the country.

The object of Butler's visit was very soon explained: he called to request the presence of his brother magistrate, Sir Jasper Pepper, at the rectory, with the view of witnessing the operation which the Khan was about to perform on poor old Martin, and receiving and witnessing any deposition he might make, should his reason be restored, as they anticipated.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the little East India director, "that you can lend yourself to such a proceeding?"

"Quite possible!" gravely replied the colonel.

"Why, the man has been an idiot ever since the night of Sir William Mowbray's death?"

In reply to this objection, his visitor informed him that he had consulted both Martineau and Dalrymple on the subject: that both those eminent practitioners had admitted the possibility, although they doubted the probability of success.

"At any rate," he added, "the attempt is worth the trial. I consider it a reproach to the county that the head of one of our noblest families should have been murdered—as Sir William is proved to have been—and his assassin still at large!"

The East India director—the man of scrip and consols—appeared undecided. He looked at General Bouchier, as if for advice; but the latter personage seemed plunged in a profound reverie—perhaps he was thinking of his bride.

"I really don't see," began Sir Jasper, "how my presence can facilitate the inquiry! Dr. Orme is himself a magistrate!"

"It certainly is not *indispensable*!" replied Colonel Butler, with a smile, which he well knew would pique the vanity of the old man; "as an affair in which the honour of the county and the feelings of the oldest families are concerned, I thought you might naturally wish to be present; in fact, that your absence, being so near the

spot, would be remarked upon: of course you are the best judge! Good morning, Sir Jasper Pepper!"

And the speaker rose to depart.
"Shall I be indiscreet in offering to accompany you, colonel?" demanded General Bouchier, waking up from his reverie.

The active magistrate assured him that his presence would afford them pleasure.

"I, too, of course, shall be there," said the baronet, addressing his visitor; "from my rank and position in the county—as Colonel Butler justly observes—my absence might be thought strange and unneighbourly!"

In less than an hour the party started for the rectory.

About the same time that the general had been discussing his breakfast at Bangalore hall, his nephew, and a friend well known in the clubs and sporting circles of the metropolis as The Major—but whose real name was Mottram—were strolling, *en robe de chambre*, in the garden of a pretty cottage *ornée*, on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond. Isabel had not yet made her appearance. Once or twice in the course of their promenade Herbert paused—looked impatiently at his watch, and cast reproachful glances towards the windows of his wife's dressing-room.

"Too bad, by Jupiter!" he said. "I seldom take more than two hours to dress—nay, I have done it in an hour and a half; and here is Isabel not down yet!"

"So soon!" said his friend, with a smile.
Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"Your wife is a very charming woman?"
"Humph! ye-es!" observed the bridegroom.

"And ladies have their privileges!" added the major.

"So have husbands," replied the ex-captain of the Guards—for he had been compelled to sell out; "and you forget that I have been a husband these three months! In fact, major, I cannot conceal from myself that my susceptibilities have been played upon—the generosity of my nature taken advantage of—that I have sacrificed myself! I have lost a princely fortune for a caprice—a toy! Isabel," he added, with a gravity which made his companion smile, "has no mind—positively nothing intellectual about her! Now there is nothing I adore so much as the mind of a woman—beauty is insipid in comparison with it!"

As the speaker uttered this, his thoughts reverted, most probably, to the fortune of his uncle, and the five per cents and india scrip of Sir Jasper Pepper—all chance of which he had forfeited by his folly, as he termed it.

"Your uncle will relent," said the major. "We shall soon have you amongst us again!"

"Never!" exclaimed Herbert, passionately. "You do not know what a vindictive, cold-blooded fellow he is! I have thwarted the dearest wish of the shrivelled, selfish thing he calls his heart! He will never forgive me!"

"Pooh! pooh!" interrupted his friend.

"More," continued the speaker; "he is about to marry the daughter of old Pepper himself—he, with his bachelor habits, prejudices and vices! Judge, after that, what chance there is of his ever pardoning the man who mixed such a dose for him!"

"Not much of his pardoning the man who mixed it, I confess," observed Mottram, fixing his eyes with a searching expression upon his companion; "but I think he would prove very grateful to the one who prevented his swallowing it!"

"Prevented it! How?"

"By taking it for him."

With all his love of mind in woman, Herbert possessed but very little discernment of his own. He was perfectly aware, from the tone the conversation had taken, that his friend meant something—but what that something was, puzzled his imagination.

"I don't exactly see," he drawled, at the same time passing his delicate white fingers through his flaxen poodle curls—his usual resource when, to use a college phrase, he did not feel up in his subject—"how any other man's marriage with Miss Pepper—or rather Elton's widow—would to heaven the fellow had lived!—should call forth the general's gratitude! it's the estates he wants to marry!"

"Suppose you were to marry her?" whispered the major.

"If you jest!" exclaimed Herbert; "the law would call that burglary or bigamy—I don't exactly remember which, but something decidedly unpleasant!"

"Suppose," continued the tempter—"of course I only put it by way of supposition—that it were possible to restore you your liberty—place you in a position legally to become the husband of the heiress of Sir Jasper Pepper—do you think such an event would reconcile you to your uncle?"

"My dear fellow," replied the ex-captain, with a sickly smile, "it would enable me to make my own terms with him! He would pay my debts as readily as his laundress's bill—and add at least fifty thousand as a *cadeau* upon the wedding morning!"

The speaker felt so interested in the conversation, that he ceased to look at his watch, or cast reproachful glances towards the window of his wife's dressing-room. Taking his friend by the arm, he drew him into a retired walk, still further from the house, observing that they would find it cooler there.

"I am quite cool," said the major.

For some time they continued to walk in silence: neither liked to throw aside the mask, and expose the ulcerous thing he called his heart to the other. Herbert was the first to speak.

"What do you mean, Mottram?" he said; "to hear how you rattle out, one would imagine it possible to dissolve my marriage with Isabel!"

"It is possible!" was the reply; and again there was a pause.

"How?"

"In a hundred ways," replied the tempter; "but pardon me, my dear fellow," he added; "my pity for the blight of your hopes has outrun my discretion! I had not the slightest intention to offend."

"I am not offended," answered Herbert; "indeed, it is scarcely possible you could offend me! I could bear much from you—we are such old friends!"

The two gentlemen shook each other by the hand.

"Of course," continued the speaker, "you would not suggest anything improper?"

The major made no reply.

"That is very improper!" added the ex-captain; "but you have roused my curiosity, and I confess I should like to hear one of those hundred ways which you alluded to explained."

"I have observed that your wife," whispered Mottram, "is proud?"

"Very."

"And vain?"

"As most women."

"And a little capricious?"

"True."

"And very resentful—to say nothing of a slight dash of jealousy in her composition. Such a temper," added the major, with diabolical calculation, "might be easily worked upon to forget her marriage vow. I need not point out to you the consequences—divorce, and liberty for both parties to marry again: such are some of the numerous accidents to which wedded life is subjected."

The husband of Isabel had listened with deep attention to the scheme so artfully concocted. He saw not only its feasibility, but the advantage to be derived from it. The character of his friend left no doubt upon his mind but that the major was himself the Lothario he alluded to.

"There is no hope—fear, I mean," he replied, "that Isabel will ever play me false!"

"How so?"

"She is too fond of me."

The major smiled at what he deemed the conceit of Herbert. His companion saw it, but did not think proper to notice it. It was not his game to quarrel with him—at least, for the present. There was a vein of natural cunning in his disposition, which even those who had known him longest, and most intimately, had never given him credit for. Perhaps it had hitherto lain dormant. If so, the approach of poverty very soon developed it.

"I would bet you twenty thousand pounds," he said, "that you could not find a man to rival me with Isabel!"

Mottram quietly took out his pocket-book, and began to write.

"Good gracious! what are you doing?"

"Booking our bet!" answered the major, without moving a muscle.

"No names—the thing is really so ridiculous!" observed the ex-captain of the Guards.

"Of course not!" said the cool-blooded villain. "But, Herbert, recollect there must be no jealousy between us! Give me fair play!"

"You!" observed his friend, with real or pretended surprise. "Why, you can't be serious?"

"Can't I?"

"What, you!—rival me! Oh, come, come, Mottram, the jest has been carried quite far enough! I am not a vain man; but the idea of your rivalling me is really too ridiculous!"

"It may appear so; and, under ordinary circumstances, would really be so," said the major, willing to soothe the mortified vanity of the speaker. "But, as you yourself confessed, Mrs. Herbert is a woman possessed of much beauty, but very little mind!"

"That's true; and I adore mind."

"Like most husbands," continued the tempter, "you are careless?"

"Humph!—a little."

"At times, perhaps, harsh—at least, what wives consider harsh. On these failings I build my hopes. The awakening from the intoxication of the honeymoon to the activity of married life, is, perhaps, the most trying moment of a woman's life. She fancies that she is no longer loved; pouts at being treated like a mortal, instead of being worshipped as a goddess. In short, at such a moment let any one skilled in the heart of the sex step in—grant him a tolerable person, a persuasive tongue—and ten to one but she falls."

Whilst the speaker was thus artfully dictating to Herbert the line of conduct he should pursue, Isabel, who at length had completed her toilette, not finding the gentlemen in the breakfast-room, sought them in the garden. Despite the utter worthlessness of his nature, her unworthy husband could not avoid a blush as she approached.

"Good morning!" said the unsuspecting girl—for in years she was little more—extending a hand to each.

Herbert pretended not to see the action, but looked at his watch. The major raised the hand to his lips.

"I fear I have detained you?" she said.

"Not longer than usual!" drily observed her husband.

"But punctuality is such a vulgar virtue!"

Isabel might have retorted; for Herbert was one of the most irregular persons in the world. On the contrary, she took his arm, and, looking into his face with a smile, sought to woo him into better humour.

"Don't be angry, George!" she said. "I promise you that I will not keep you waiting again. I'll be down at the very first dinner-bell."

"I don't dine at home."

"Not dine at home!" repeated his wife, with a look of disappointment. "Where do you dine?"

"At my club, madam," was the churlish reply. "And very soon I expect I shall be forced to breakfast there; for the irregularity of this house is intolerable!"

With these words, which sounded doubly harsh in the ears of Mrs. Herbert, from being uttered in the presence of a visitor, her husband dropped the arm which still rested upon his, and proceeded, with rapid strides, towards the house.

A deep sigh broke from the heart of Isabel.

"Take my arm, dear Mrs. Herbert!" said the major, in one of his softest tones; "George is terribly out of humour this morning. I never saw him so capricious—so unjust before! Nay, I could almost call him cruel—so soon after his marriage, too! You must show a little spirit," he added, insidiously, "or he will positively tyrannise over you!"

The insulted wife dashed aside a tear, and, taking the arm of her disinterested adviser, followed the steps of her husband to the house. During the breakfast, she did nothing but coquette with their visitor. Poor Isabel she was like a child playing with a rattle-snake.

Directly after breakfast Herbert went to town, without a word of excuse for his unkindness. As his wife, who really loved him, saw him about to depart, she started from her seat, and would have followed him. It would have been, she felt, so consoling to have received one kiss, or even a pressure of the hand. Her visitor, unhappily, restrained the natural impulse of her heart, by observing, "that she really spoiled her husband."

"How?" she inquired, with a look of surprise.

"By showing him the hold he has upon your affections. I need not remind a woman of your discernment, my dear Mrs. Herbert, that my friend George, who is one of the best fellows in the world, is a little vain?"

Isabel could not avoid mentally admitting that he was vain.

"If he saw that you cared for him less, he would be more attentive."

"True!"

"Less capricious: it is the perfect security he feels, which leads him to indulge in these little ebullitions of temper."

"What can I do?" said the inexperienced wife, who, for the first time since her marriage, began to feel very unhappy. "What would you advise?"

"I," replied the major, laughing, "Oh, I am one of the very worst counsellors in the world you can consult! Stay, I have it—suppose you make him jealous?"

Isabel started at the proposition, and was about to repel it, when the recollection that it was by working upon his jealousy she had secured his hand, reconciled her to the idea.

"You are right!" she said; "quite right! Vanity and pride are the keys to his affection: I will make him jealous!"

Major Mottram smiled.

When a woman once decides upon making her husband jealous, she has taken the first step towards the ruin of her domestic peace; and yet how often do we see them fall into the snare, reckless or misjudging of the consequences! Could she have seen the sinister smile of the tempter, as she uttered the imprudent words, the same breath would have recalled them.

"I have been thinking, Mrs. Herbert," said her visitor, "that till you can find a better cicisbeo, you had better put up with me."

Isabel looked at him doubtfully; but there was such an air of frankness in his manner, that her suspicions gradually vanished.

"When you have alarmed George a little," he continued, "taught him to feel that to retain the heart he has won a little more attention is necessary, we can confess our plot."

"That is true!" replied the deluded woman, charmed at the idea of bringing her husband, as she had done her lover, to her feet.

An hour afterwards, Mrs. Herbert and Major Mottram left the cottage, for a stroll in Richmond Park. Guided by her resentment, she weakly permitted her companion to detain her till the hour of dinner: anticipating the mortification which her husband would manifest on her return—an idea which the major encouraged by every means. He was an accomplished man of the world, and knew how to offer that delicate flattery so acceptable to the female heart.

On their return, the servant presented a note to the gentleman. He read it, and appeared both hurt and surprised.

"Has anything occurred?" anxiously inquired Isabel, who had recognised the handwriting.

"Nothing, I assure you—nothing!"

"It is from my husband?"

"Yes!" replied the major; "George merely writes to apologise for not dining at home. He has met a pleasant party at his club, and—"

"Club!" interrupted the indignant wife; "is there no message? Not one word for me?"

Mottram handed her the note. As soon as she had read it, the unhappy woman burst into tears, and let it fall from her hand.

One trace of Eden lingered in that weak heart yet.

CHAPTER C.

As Henry Ashton and his uncle approached the rectory, they encountered Chettleborough the sexton, and poor Martin. The countenance of the idiot brightened as our hero took him affectionately by the hand, and asked him how he felt. In fact, as Joe observed, it almost became intelligent.

"Back! come again!" said the victim of the warreners' brutality. "One! two! All will return with the sweet flowers and birds of spring!"

"Who will return, Martin?"

The poor old man made no reply to the question, but began counting with his fingers—"One! two!" and repeating the words "back again."

"What can he mean?" said Henry, anxiously.

Chettleborough was about to reply, but a look from Matthew Ashton restrained him. The worthy farmer was perfectly aware how necessary it was that the nerves of his nephew should not be unstrung, or his feelings agitated, by the perhaps groundless supposition that Ellen was at the abbey. He had made up his mind not to tell him till after the operation.

"And how has my poor friend been?" demanded Henry of the sexton.

"E'en as you left him," said the old man; "simple as a child; his chief amusement to gather daisies in the churchyard—for he generally accompanies me, and watches by my side whilst I work. At night he will listen for hours to my bells. Of late," he added, "I have observed a change in him."

"How a change?"

"He is more restless than usual, and once or twice has wandered from my cottage. The last time he did not return till morning. He had been, I suspect, to the abbey—for he raved respecting his old master, poor Sir William, and Miss Ellen."

By this time they had reached the rectory, where Dr. Orme, the Khan, Colonel Butler, Sir Jasper Pepper, General Bouchier, and the two medical men were already assembled in the library.

At the sight of so many strangers Martin drew back, with an expression of almost childish terror. It required all the influence of our hero and the sexton to prevent his escaping from the room.

Henry shuddered as he noticed the chair with the frame affixed to it. His tried friend Joe had already explained to him its use.

"Who is that man?" whispered Farmer Ashton, fixing his eyes upon the renegade—who betrayed, however, neither confusion nor the least sign of recognition at the marked gaze of the speaker.

His nephew explained.

Whilst doing so the Khan—whom their arrival had interrupted in a long explanation which he was giving of his invention, and the results he expected from it, to the medical men—renewed his conversation. At the first sound of his voice the farmer started, trembled, and turned very pale.

"What is the matter?" demanded our hero. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing—it is nothing, Harry!" answered the old man, faintly; "at least nothing that I can tell you now. Take no heed of me."

With a look of surprise his nephew left him—for at this moment Dr. Orme beckoned him to his side.

"Do you think," he said, "there will be any violence necessary to induce poor Martin to submit to the operation? In such case, my worthy friend Dalrymple declares that he cannot sanction the proceeding. The excitement might prove fatal."

"The best way to insure its success," replied our hero, "would be for all but Joe, the sexton, and myself to withdraw to the adjoining room: the presence of so many persons distracts the poor old man."

After a whispered consultation between the surgeons and the magistrates, the advice was taken.

"Be firm, Henry!" said the rector, as he wrung the hand of his adopted son. "I shall pray for success!" Turning to the Khan—who maintained his usual cold and impassible manner—he added: "Whatever may be the result, let not the pride of science induce you to prolong the sufferings of your patient after the hope of achieving a cure has disappeared."

"The result is in the hands of God," said the renegade; "man is but an instrument in His hands!"

With these words he retired to a deep bay-window at the end of the room, and began to examine the instrument, which was upon a table under it.

No sooner were Joe, Henry, Martin, and the sexton alone, than the idiot—upon whose brain impressions and recollections were as evanescent as the rainbow—began to count upon his fingers:

"One!—two! back with the flowers and birds!"

"He is quite calm now," said the sexton. "Shall we place him in the chair?"

As unresisting as an infant in the arms of its nurse, the old man suffered himself to be seated. The only sign of fear or dissent which he exhibited was when Joe Beans attempted to remove his cap.

"No, no!" he muttered.

"You had better let me untie it," whispered Chettleborough; "he will not mind me."

"Come, Martin!" he said, "it is time for bed."

"Bells! bells!" exclaimed the idiot.

"What does he mean?" whispered Henry Ashton—who, as the moment drew near, repeatedly asked himself if he were justified in sanctioning an experiment which might possibly terminate fatally. The sexton made answer, that he was accustomed to play his charge every night to sleep with his hand bells; and, having observed that in the severest paroxysm of his suffering they appeared to soothe him, he had sent them up to the rectory, by the son of I clerk, at an early hour that very morning.

Martin still muttered something about bells; but it was evident that the word had lost much of its force—that the idea it had excited became indistinct—for he almost immediately afterwards recommenced counting his fingers and deliberately pronouncing—"One!—two!"

The bells, with the frame on which they were suspended, were brought into the library, and placed at as great a distance from the chair as the size of the room would permit. The eyes of the sufferer glistened with childish pleasure as the sexton began to strike upon them.

"Now, Joe!" said Henry Ashton, as soon as he saw that the attention of Martin was engaged; "whatever we may feel for the pangs of our poor old friend, we must be firm. You will take his left hand, whilst I secure the right."

"Oh, Master Harry!" observed the rustic, with a sigh; "I would give the best year of my life that it were over!"

The two young men each secured a hand of the patient, whilst Chettleborough commenced one of his favourite tunes upon the bells.

The idiot began to move his head from side to side, as if to beat time to the measure. The Khan advanced from the bay-window to the back of the chair, and began gently to turn the screws of the frame. So gradual was the operation, that the circle closed round the old man's brow almost without his perceiving it, so absorbed was he in the music.

As soon as the head of the old man was secured in the necessary position, Henry Ashton looked up in the face of the operator. The courage of his sinking heart revived, as he gazed upon the calm, self-possessed, dignified countenance of the Khan. There was neither hope nor doubt in his eye, but that which at such a moment was invaluable—decision.

At the first movement of the circular saw—whose action was not only to cut through the injured portion of the skull, but at the same time grasp the fragments so as to prevent them pressing upon the brain—Martin started as if he had received an electric shock, trembled violently, uttered a deep groan, and then endeavoured to raise his hands. Poor Joe in his agitation nearly released the one he held.

The sexton continued his tune upon the bells.

The Khan paused.

"One—two—bells!" said the old man, faintly.

The delay was but for an instant, to enable the operator to remove a few of the thin grey hairs which impeded the action of the instrument.

"In the name of humanity," said our hero, "do not prolong his sufferings a single instant after you have lost all hope!"

"In the name of the God of justice and humanity," replied the renegade, in a solemn tone, "I will proceed whilst one ray of hope remains!"

And once more he applied the instrument.

The shrieks and groans of the sufferer soon became heart-rending—but above them, loud and frequent as they were, Henry and Joe could distinguish the hissing of that terrible saw. They felt it in every nerve; it thrilled through their veins like an electric current, jarred the very marrow of their bones; the agony they endured was second only in its intensity to that of poor old Martin.

In his struggles to release his hands from the firm but friendly grasp which retained them, the patient dug his nails into their palms. Our hero felt sick at heart: he would have given worlds not to have been present, or that the operation were over. His companion was pale as death; huge drops of cold perspiration ran trickling down his honest face.

Still the Khan remained unmoved. Calm as the iron statue of Destiny, he continued to ply the saw, whose delicate, sharp-cutting teeth were slowly eating through the shattered fragments of the skull.

Dr. Orme was a man of the greatest humanity; one of those gentle natures which could not endure to witness the sufferings of any living thing. At the first cry of the patient, he offered up a mental prayer; as his screams became louder and more violent, he grasped the arm of Surgeon Dalrymple.

"Stop this!" he said. "I cannot endure the thought of what his sufferings must be!"

The man of science, who held his stop-watch in his hand, looked at his professional brother to answer for him, and went on with his observation.

"Do not let the cries of the patient distress you!" said Doctor Martineau; "Dalrymple will tell you, as well as I, that he considers it a rather favourable symptom than otherwise."

Dalrymple nodded, as if to confirm the words of his confrère.

"Very shocking!" observed Sir Jasper Pepper, who was beginning to look very bilious. "Oh, that saw!"

They could hear it distinctly; for the sounds of the bells had ceased. The sexton's hand trembled so that he could no longer play them: it would not have been of much use if he could.

There was a succession of groans; then a deep-drawn sigh, followed by silence, which would have been unbroken, but for the hissing of the saw, which grated so upon the ears of the listeners.

Judging from the silence that the operation was concluded, the two surgeons entered the room. They were followed by the magistrates and the worthy rector.

They found the Khan in the act of replacing the cap upon the head of poor old Martin, who was insensible.

Dalrymple motioned to him to remove the cap.

"As I anticipated," he said; "you have succeeded perfectly in accomplishing the removal of the fractured parts, but the patient is dead from exhaustion!"

The renegade shook his head mournfully.

"Dead?" groaned Henry, with a sigh of disappointment. "Poor old man! fidelity like thine merited a better fate than this!"

Martineau—who had been feeling the wrist of the patient—suddenly asked for ammonia: he had discovered the faintest possible indication of a pulse.

"Quick!" he said; "he is not gone yet!"

The stimulant was instantly applied; the Khan at the same time taking care to replace the silver plate, to pre-

vent any injurious effect from the action of the atmosphere upon the exposed portion of the brain.

After a few moments of anxious suspense, Martin gave a gentle sigh. His head was immediately released from the frame: and Joe Beans, taking the old man up in his arms, as tenderly as a mother would her sleeping child, carried him into the adjoining room, and laid him upon the bed. It now became the turn of the regular practitioners to take him in their charge.

"If we can only succeed in keeping down the fever," observed one.

"In preventing his sinking," added the other, "there is a possibility that he may live—at least for some time."

"Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, when he heard the opinion; "it has relieved my heart of a fearful load!"

"And mine, too!" sobbed Joe, who had been vainly trying for some time to suppress a convulsive sort of hiccup. "Hang me, Master Harry! when I looked upon the old man's face, so pale and death-like, and heard the whizz of that infernal saw, I almost felt as if I were helping to commit a murder!"

As the Khan, who had remained behind in the library, to gather up his instruments, was about to follow, a hand was laid upon his arm: he looked up—the hand was Farmer Ashton's.

"Not now, Matthew!" he said; "not now! I will come to the farm to-night—that is, if you promise me to be alone!"

"I do promise thee!" replied the uncle of our hero, in a tone of deep emotion. "Thee will not fail me? I long to learn—"

"You shall learn everything which I can or dare impart," interrupted the renegade; "remember this is no place for explanations such as ours!"

So saying, he left the apartment.

"I am right!" muttered the farmer, as he followed him. "I knew that I could not be mistaken; besides, he called me Matthew: how should a stranger know my name?"

Although the operation had been so far successfully performed, the breath of life was all but extinct in the aged sufferer. Both the medical men expressed a doubt whether, in the event of his recovering his reason, he would sufficiently rally to make a deposition.

Dr. Orme observed that he felt inclined to sleep.

"You are right," said the Khan, whose confidence had never for an instant deserted him; "he is about to sleep!"

Henry walked up to him, and gratefully pressed his hand.

"From which sleep," continued the speaker, "he will either awake with reason and memory restored, or in a world where suffering and crime are alike unknown!"

"You, at least, will watch by him?"

"It would be useless, young man," said the renegade, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker, who was no other than our hero. "I can no further serve him; added to which, an imperative duty calls me elsewhere. Doubt not," he added, "whatever betide, my wish to serve you—for I have not forgotten the scene with the warrener, in the grounds of Sir Jasper Pepper: if I live, we shall meet again!"

So saying, he quitted the rectory, but not alone: Joe Beans accompanied him, with the keys of the belfry—the temporary prison to which Will Siderer had been conveyed, to await the result of Martin's recovery.

CHAPTER CI.

O woman, in affection strong,
Weak only in joy's sunny hour;
More than to man to thee belong,
Endurance in misfortune's hour.

OLD SONG.

It is not to be supposed that Zara did not miss the weapon which Ellen had secured on the night when the inmates of the abbey were startled by the visit of the harmless maniac, who, like a restless spectre, haunted the abode of his former master; or that she was at a loss to guess the purpose for which her foster-child had taken it. Strange to relate, far from feeling alarmed, the ayah felt proud of her charge. She experienced emotions similar to those which the spectator feels who assists at the representation of some highly-wrought tragedy, or listeners to the recital of some desperate achievement. With all her faults and treachery, the Indian could appreciate a great and heroic act.

"It was from this source," she murmured, "that the daughter of the pale face drew her resolution! She has less of her mother's blood than mine. I gave her the spirit which danger strengthens—hitherto I have considered her only as a child. Suffering, I find, has changed her into woman!"

From that time her manner became so affectionate to the prisoner, that had not Ellen deemed it a deep-laid scheme to throw her off her guard, she would have welcomed it as the first dawning of a repentant spirit.

"It matters little which!" thought the persecuted girl; "I am mistress of my destiny! They may destroy me—but my enemies shall never make me false to the faith I have plighted—to the man who hath won my virgin heart! Better Henry should mourn me dead, than despise me living!"

On the arrival of Meeran Hafaz at Carrow, Lady Mowbray, who had neither forgotten nor forgiven the spirited interference of the ayah in behalf of Ellen, poured into his ear the poison of her doubts. She felt assured, she said, "that the Indian nurse meditated treachery."

At first the young man smiled incredulously.

"She has been bribed!" urged her ladyship.

"Bribed!" repeated Meeran; "you do not know the character of Zara! There is no sacrifice she would not

make for those whom she loves! When she has once given her word, the wealth of Peru would fail to move her!"

"Bribed through her affections, then," continued the artful woman; "but bribed I am sure she has been! See her yourself, and judge if she is not changed! Ask the colonel—"

"I shall do better!" replied the youth, coolly.

"Better?"

"I shall inquire of herself!"

So saying, he traced a single word, in the sacred characters of the Hindoos, upon a piece of paper, and requested her ladyship to send one of her servants with it to the ayah—who in a few moments made her appearance in the drawing-room. Her foster-son eyed her narrowly. There was something in her manner which instantly struck him: it was warm and affectionate, as usual, but a shade of sadness was mingled with it.

"Zara," he said, "you do not seem rejoiced to see me?"

"Not unless I see you happy!" was the reply; "it was an evil hour," she added, "which brought us to this cold, distant land, where hearts and faces are like painted epulchres—masked and deceitful!"

At the allusion to painted sepulchres, Lady Mowbray blushed through her rouge, despite her effort to look as if she did not understand the allusion.

"I am not alone changed," continued the speaker; "although I have given you proofs of my fidelity—suppressed, for your sake, the yearning of my heart for the child I nurtured—you have listened to the tale of the slanderer, and suspect me!"

"Zara!"

"Why, else," added the ayah, sternly, and at the same time casting a withering look of scorn towards her accuser, "is that woman present at our meeting? Do you class me with the vile thing whose service gold can purchase?"

"No, Zara!" exclaimed the young man, struck by her manner; "it is true that I trust but little to humanity—for the more I mingle with mankind, the more experience teaches me to despise it. I doubt myself, and all around me; but not you—not you!"

"What a very weak young man!" mentally observed her ladyship, who could not comprehend the existence of such feelings between the haughty, wealthy Meeran, and one whom she looked upon as little better than a slave.

"You trust me still?" said the ayah, fixing upon him a penetrating glance, as if to read his secret thoughts.

"Still and ever!" he replied.

There was a pause, broken only by a deep sigh from his nurse: some terrible emotion seemed to agitate her bosom—but the struggle was a brief one, for her countenance speedily resumed its impassible expression; and, turning with an air of dignity towards Lady Mowbray, she requested to be left alone with her foster-son.

Boiling with rage and malice, the artful woman bounded out of the room. It seemed a relief to both when she was gone—for both despised her. For some time they gazed upon each other in silence, which Zara was the first to break.

"Meeran," she said, in the low, musical tone which she invariably used when speaking in the language of their native East, "I cannot dissemble with you. A change has come over me. I will no longer serve you in your designs against Ellen!"

The young man bounded from the couch upon which he was sitting with the ferocity of a tiger, his face flushed with passion, and then gradually assumed that pale olive hue which indicated the gathering tempest of his soul.

Zara regarded him unmoved—she had frequently witnessed such changes in his infancy, and was not to be terrified by them in his manhood.

"I have witnessed the sufferings of Ellen," she continued, "her sufferings and despair: she is dying, Meeran—the child I nurtured is dying through our cruelty! Act generously," she added; "achieve man's noblest conquest—the victory over his passions; resign her, and return to India!"

It would be impossible to describe the scorn and impotent rage with which her foster-son listened to the unwelcome words of the ayah—to whom his slightest caprice had hitherto been law, absolute as those of her own caste.

"Resign her!" he exclaimed; "not in the grave! From my funeral pyre my ashes still would claim her! I thought thou hadst known me better! My purpose is immovable—alike in love or hate! Is this your gratitude?" he added, bitterly.

"Gratitude!" she repeated, with a look of painful surprise; "gratitude for having watched over you with a mother's care—for having loved you with more than a mother's love—for having overleaped each human barrier—broken every human tie—to please you?"

"It was your duty!" retorted Meeran, sternly.

Zara smiled in bitterness.

"But it is well that I am warned—for with me to know my enemy is to be armed! Give up the key of Ellen's chamber!"

It was instantly thrown upon the table by the ayah, whose eyes flashed as terribly as his own. There was something fearful in the silent hostility of these two beings, who had hitherto been actuated as by one spirit.

"And now," said the young Indian, "hear my last commands: to-morrow night I expect the arrival of the priest who is to make Ellen mine—for mine, by force or her own consent, she shall be! I have sworn it by myself!"

"The only god you worship!" observed Zara, in a sarcastic tone.

Without deigning a reply, Meeran Hafaz took up the key and left the apartment, without casting a look upon the nurse, who remained or several minutes standing on

the same spot, like a person who has received a sudden blow. Twice did the unhappy woman press her hand upon her side, and breathe the name of her foster-son.

"Ingrate!" she exclaimed at last, with a passionate burst of grief; "ingrate! was it for this I stifled the voice of nature in my breast, and lent myself to crime my soul abhorred—practised against the happiness of Ellen, who is as dear to me as if I had borne her? I am rightly served," she added. "My sin is made my punishment! Meeran," she continued, "thou hast seen me strong in vice—shall I prove weak in virtue? How Zara has sinned thou knowest too well! How she can atone, thou hast yet to learn!"

Twice during the day the ayah sought the chamber of Ellen, but found it locked. The second time she called to her.

"They have separated us!" she said, in a kinder tone; "but at night the eyes and arm of Zara shall watch over her charge!"

(To be continued in our next.)

TO-MORROW.

BY E. H. BURRINGTON.

We cheat the heart with waking dreams,

Through all life's rapid range,

And change what is to that which seems

The better for the change.

No swarthy clouds along the sky

Blot out each spot of blue,

But look like net-work to the eye

Of fancy peeping through.

A mother closed her weary eyes,

And they were red with sorrow,

And muttered in her troubled sleep,

"He will be well To-morrow."

She spoke of her poor stricken boy,

Whom pain was sorely pressing,

And though To-day refused a joy,

To-morrow gave a blessing.

Though fast we run, To-morrow still

Unkindly speeds away;

But flings us back the medicine

That soothes our ills To-day.

And like the moon from whom the night

Its fairest look must borrow,

So Hope, an angel winged with light,

Lends glory to the Morrow.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

It is an awkward circumstance to have been born on the 1st of April. To be made an April fool of once and away might be endurable—but to be made an April fool for life, is enough to try the patience of a saint.

It was no longer ago than this time twelvemonth, that wishing, as most men do, to make merry on my natal day, I invited a company of jolly fellows to dine with me. The table was duly set out—my choicest wines were in readiness—turbot and venison were not forgotten. I waited, and waited, and no one came. I sat the whole evening, chewing the cud of mortification and disappointment. I enjoyed the luxury of feeling myself an ill-used man. It could, should, and would be nothing but a predetermined insult, the result of a conspiracy. One man, or even two men, might have been detained by accident—but the whole of a numerous party! Like Rousseau, I began to fancy myself the object of a world's persecution. "My friends were treacherous, my foes dangerous." But a few days removed me from this pedestal of mock-heroic dignity. My cards of invitation had been written by an amanuensis, and my friends, not knowing the hand, and not being aware that the first of April was really and truly my birth-day, had with one consent treated the affair as a practical joke of the season.

Once, in my youthful days, I courted a fair and learned maiden. She was deeply read in the lore of sympathies, and the mysterious concatenation of days. Often did she declare that her marriage must take place on the anniversary of her husband's birthday. She was persuaded that she would thus nestle herself more closely into his heart, and that their course of life would thereby run more smooth, more untroubled by dissensions. I cannot at this day recall all her arguments—for even then I did not entirely understand them. The first time I heard her sweet, musical voice, my heart died within me. Long did I strive to combat her persuasion—at last I was forced to yield, and reveal my fatal secret. It was exactly as I had anticipated. She loved me dearly, but to marry on the first of April! To afford a standing joke to all the rude and illiterate! To impose upon a man who had the misfortune to be born on the first of April, the additional ridicule of being married on that day! My innamorata fell into a musing, then into a melancholy, and thence into a green and yellow fit of pining, which was only cured by her marrying a gentleman with a more auspicious day of his nativity. Poor Celestina! I believe she really loved me, and that even the three husbands she has since had have not succeeded in entirely filling up the void my loss left in her heart.

On the occasion of my coming of age, there were some deeds of great urgency to be executed. Somehow or other my mercurial spirits—perhaps I owe them to the influence of the season at which I was born—had procured for me the equivocal character of a wag. In consequence of this, I had the utmost difficulty in persuading the grave old lawyer, to whose skill I had committed the guardianship of my legal rights, to draw up the necessary documents. It was provoking beyond all human endurance to hear him, in the most pathetic tones of remon-

strance, rebuking me for allowing my madcap humour so far to interfere with my substantial interests, as to lead me to try such a silly hoax. In vain I vowed and protested—he knew better—he was not to be made a young man's jest. I was at my wits' end. To be suspected of quizzing, when I was never more serious in my life,—serious even to anger. And the intolerable gravity and air of superior wisdom of him who was in reality playing the fool he thought I wished to make him! There was nothing for it but to institute a search after the midwife who officiated at my thrice unhappy birth; for not until I confronted him with that venerable beldam, would my man of law credit my earnest asseverations. Even this, however, though certainly provoking enough, was nothing to the mortification I endured from the vulgar, ill-suppressed chuckling of his impertinent clerk, while the deeds were executing.

My sufferings commenced early in life. The secret transpired while I was at school; and from that moment to the time of my leaving, I was incessantly pestered with effusions of schoolboy wit. In general, I was known by the designation of "April Fool." Sometimes I was invested with the dignity of "Dey of Algiers." Nor did the mischief cease with the mortification I then endured, or the black eyes and bleeding noses I incurred, in consequence of my attempts to wreak my indignation on my persecutors. The euphonious epithets I was obliged to endure got wind, and became known to many who neither knew me personally, nor the circumstance to which I was indebted for them. In consequence of this, I have frequently had to struggle against an opinion that I was a silly lad, who had, in all probability, grown up into a sili-er man. Those who know what it is to contend with an unfavourable prepossession, however baseless, will appreciate the extent to which I have, by this means, been a loser.

It is a more serious matter having a bad birthday, than most people will be easily brought to believe. It is like approaching a noble patron's house, the first time you visit him, by the stable approach, and being, in consequence, ushered into the servants' hall, and allowed to remain sitting there for some time before your claims to gentility are discovered. Such an accident, conjoined with your dependence upon the great man's favour, produces an effect on the liveried gentry, which is never entirely effaced by any degree of future success in life. So is it with the unfortunate wight who has had the misfortune to be born on the 1st of April.

It really was a crying shame in my father and mother not to have ordered matters better. It was cruel carelessness to allow a man-child to be born on a day on which a humane bookseller would hesitate to issue a new publication for the first time. Let not my readers fancy that this is attributing an unnatural degree of refined delicacy of feeling to that excellent class of men.

It is provoking, that when there were no less than three hundred and sixty-six days to come and go on (for I was born in Leap-year), the very worst should have fallen to my lot. There are many bad enough. I should not much have relished being born on such a day of mortification as Ash Wednesday. Methinks a man born on that day, must contract a sour, puritanical character from his birth. Neither should I much affect the 29th of February. In that case a man, without having the consolation of remaining young, in consequence would be cheated out of his fair tale of birthdays. But bad though these be, they are nothing to compare with the first of April. A day which sets all the world on the broad grin, is for ever embittered to me by our too intimate connection. When men make mocks at it, I feel as if part of their ridicule glanced by it and alighted on me. My dignity is, as it were, compromised by the ridicule of so important an era in my life. When all the rest of the world are merry, I am dismal and malcontent. When friends seek each other out to wrestle lovingly in the grips of merry malice, I shrink from society and affect solitude. To me the milk of merriment is dashed with gall. To me, whatever it be to others, the first of April is no joke.

WOMAN.—There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place—woman has hers to seek—and alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependence of women in the common affairs of life, is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity; we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outpourings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not, the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and the hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.



[ENCOUNTER BETWEEN BASSET AND THE TAPSTER, AT THE FAIR ROSAMOND.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Though rude in speech, fashioned in honour's mould,
Loyal alike to friend or foe—a man
Unassailable by passion, or the lust
Of courtly favour.

BEAUMONT.

SIR HENRY BEDDINGFIELD seems to have been perfectly aware of the importance of his charge, and how deeply his honour would be questioned if any evil befel the person of Elizabeth whilst in his keeping: perhaps, also, he was no stranger to the machinations of Gardiner and the heads of the Catholic party, who saw no hope of their faith being permanently established in England, if once the daughter of Anne Boleyn succeeded to the crown.

By those who have imperfectly understood his character, he has been greatly censured for the severe restraint which he placed upon the princess. No one was permitted to have access to her person without his special warrant; and when, after several weeks' close captivity, he permitted his prisoner to walk in the gardens of Woodstock, the doors were carefully locked—sentinels placed at regular intervals, with orders to allow no stranger to approach. The sequel proved that the stern old knight was actuated by better and more generous motives than the mere pleasure of oppressing the enemy of his church, the Protestant heiress of the kingdom.

The health of Mary was already failing. Gardiner, whose enmity to Elizabeth was increased by the dread he felt at the possibility of her accession, repeatedly urged on the council the necessity of bringing her to trial. Paget and others of his party expressed the same opinion: to all of which, however, the queen turned a deaf ear. When it is remembered how little cause she had to love her rival—whose birth had stamped her own with illegitimacy—the character of the sovereign whom history has branded as cruel, bloodthirsty, and bigoted, contrasts favourably with that of her successor, who, in her murder of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, displayed an amount of hypocrisy and vindictiveness, which must for ever tarnish her memory.

Gardiner was seated in his cabinet, towards the close of the month of June: he had that very day been unsuccessful in urging upon his royal mistress the topic nearest his heart—and failed; more—been severely chidden for his excess of zeal. The rebuff had but decided in his own mind his half-stated purpose.

"She must die!" he muttered. What is the life of

the heretic daughter of a heretic king, weighed in the balance against the interests of Rome, the salvation of a kingdom, and the safety of its ministers? Mary is doomed to be a childless woman: she cannot long survive, and, failing Elizabeth, the Queen of Scots succeeds! She, at least, is Catholic: and the people will soon be reconciled to her foreign husband. Would that she had chosen any but a Frenchman!

These and similar reflections crowded on the busy brain of the churchman, as he continued to pace the narrow limits of the chamber. He was too astute not to perceive the weakness of the arguments by which he was attempting to justify to himself the crime he meditated.

"It must be done!" he repeated; "necessity and the motive sanctify the crime, and holy church has an absolving power!"

With this convenient reflection, he seated himself at a table placed near the quaintly-carved chimney, and struck, with a small metal rod, not unlike a baton, upon a bell, suspended in an oak frame near him. The arras which covered the door of the apartment was drawn aside, and a young man, in the costume of a priest, made his appearance. His countenance bore the pale, ascetic expression peculiar to the Catholic clergy; motionless as a statue he stood, with his arms folded meekly upon his breast, at a short distance from the table, awaiting the orders of the bishop.

"Francis," said Gardiner, "has the person who during the last week twice visited me, been here to-night?"

"He has, my lord!"

"Left he any letter, packet, or message?"

"He merely bid me say, my lord, that the thing you wish was easy of accomplishment, and that he would return in two hours."

"When was this?"

"About one hour since, my lord!"

"When he comes," replied the prelate, after a pause, "conduct him at once to my cabinet. And, as the affair I have to transact with him is one of importance, see that we are not interrupted."

Francis bowed.

"Take good heed, also," continued the speaker, "that he is seen by none of my household. I have my reasons for wishing his visits here to remain unknown to all."

"They are, my lord."

"Save you?" observed the churchman, suspiciously.

"And I," meekly replied the priest, "have neither ears nor eyes, but as you bid me use them. The reverend general of the order, when he sent me from Rome to assist your lordship in these matters, gave me but one direction."

"And what was that?" demanded Gardiner, with a slight expression of curiosity.

"Obedience to your commands," said the young man; "implicit obedience—life, will, judgment, individuality,

and reason, exist only as you bid me exercise them! A word, and they are annihilated!"

The priest was a Jesuit: one of that order whose influence encircled the earth, the more dangerous from being unseen. The Order of Jesus cares little for outward pomp or dignity—it is content to make itself felt.

The dark intriguer waved his hand, and the speaker disappeared as silently as he entered the cabinet. No eastern despot could have dismissed his slave with less ceremony from his presence than the scheming prelate did the priest: he knew, whether for good or evil, that his power was unlimited over him.

"Strange order!" he murmured, as soon as he was alone; "whose sovereignty is in the mind—whose sceptre the will of its subjects—whose agents the passions of mankind! Had Ignatius lived a century earlier, Rome had not been shaken on her seven crowned hills—the pestilential breath of heresy would have been stifled—and England, Catholic in heart, as she is still in name! And shall be in heart again!" he added, striking his clenched hand upon the table. "What is the life of a girl—a king's daughter though she be—compared with the safety or the interests of Rome? Should we fail? Impossible!"

Several times he repeated the word "fail" to himself—for he was one who saw as far as most men into the future. He had noticed on more than one occasion that Elizabeth had regarded him with a look which reminded him of her father, when he signed the death-warrant of the virtuous Fisher, upon whom the Pope had vainly bestowed the dignity of cardinal, in the hope that Henry would respect it. But the lustful tyrant merely observed, when he heard of it, that although the Pope might bestow a hat, it should not interfere with his claim to the head.

Gardiner remembered with what terrible punctuality he kept his word; and Elizabeth, if she succeeded to the crown, seemed very likely to follow his example.

At the end of an hour the tapestry was again raised, and Father Francis appeared at the door of the cabinet.

"He has arrived," he said, in a calm tone—although he knew perfectly well that the purpose for which the visitor whom he announced sought the presence of the churchman, was nothing less than to concert a plan of cowardly assassination.

"Admit him, and leave us!" were the orders of the prelate, who found himself directly afterwards *tête-à-tête* with a hard-featured, dissipated-looking man about forty years of age, whose dress, although somewhat worn, and not in the most becoming fashion, denoted that its wearer held the station of a gentleman.

"So Basset," said the churchman, "you have considered my proposal, agent which we have several times spoken together?"

"I have, my lord!"

"And the result?"

"It may be done, but not without difficulty and danger: the princess has many friends. It is whispered that the queen herself is opposed to bringing her to trial and punishing her for her treason."

"Openly, Basset! That is openly!"

Gardiner said this to persuade the instrument he was anxious to employ in the furtherance of his dark designs against the life of the heiress of the crown, that Queen Mary was no less anxious than himself for the death of her sister and her rival—only that prudence forbade her to tamper in it in the eyes of the world; but that secretly she had no objection to her being taken off, and was little scrupulous as to the means.

"If I had only some token of her majesty's pleasure," said the adventurer—for such his folly and extravagance had reduced him to.

"Token!" interrupted the chancellor; "thou art mad to dream of such a thing! Where would be the need of an instrument of her will, such as thou art, if the queen could give her mind to give a token of it? What would her sign manual to the Lady Elizabeth's death-warrant be but a token? and has she not the headman? It is because she will give no token that thou art employed. Reflect: thou art not only idle, but steeped in poverty to the very lips; a beggar no less in estate than in reputation!"

"The outcry," observed Basset, "will be fearful!"

"What needest thou care? Long ere the deed can become known, thou wilt be safe in the Low Countries, under the protection of the Emperor Charles!"

"True," said the man, reflectingly; "and the sum?"

"A thousand pounds!" eagerly urged the prelate.

"It is a bargain my lord," exclaimed the ruffian; "but I must have something more than your promise for the payment!"

"Dost doubt me?"

"My knowledge of the world has taught me to doubt every man until I have proved him. It is a hard lesson, but sooner or later we all arrive at the same conclusion; besides, I shall have to engage the services of others, who may feel as little inclined to risk their necks on my promise as I am upon your lordship's: if we had a token from the queen," he added, "the affair would be different!"

Gardiner did not wish to revert to that subject: rising from his seat, he advanced to a strong oak cabinet at the extreme end of the chamber, which opened with a lock of peculiar construction, the key of which he wore constantly suspended by a chain round his neck. The great seal of England was kept by him in the same repository. The eyes of Basset followed him with an eager expression: he would have given ten years of his life at that moment for a rummage in the chancellor's repository—especially when he saw that it was filled with sacks of coin, each one carefully sealed with the prelate's signet, and labelled.

"There are three hundred pieces," said the churchman, placing two heavy bags in his hands, fresh from the royal

mint; "the rest of thy guerdon shall be paid thee when thou hast earned it."

The wretch eagerly clutched the gold, and after weighing it in his hand, he dropped one bag into each of the side pockets under the arm-holes of his faded velvet cloak.

"Now," said his employer, closing the cabinet, "tell me thy project?"

"I shall proceed at once to Woodstock, in company with one Chillingworth, a resolute fellow, who served under the emperor in Italy."

"Is he of our faith?" demanded Gardiner.

"Staunch my lord. I remember, at the sacking of Rome, he cut down a Lutheran soldier who had taken a golden chalice from the sanctuary of St. Peter. He was disgusted to see the consecrated vessel of the church in such ungodly hands."

"Did he restore it?" inquired the churchman.

There was a scarcely perceptible smile playing for an instant round the corners of Basset's mouth, as he made answer, "that he could not vouch for that."

"Humph!"

"Then you must consider, father," added the speaker, "that the chalice was already desecrated by passing through such impious hands—and Chillingworth might consider it fairly as legitimate plunder. He did his duty to Mother Church, by cutting down the sacrilegious rebbel!"

"And to himself by keeping the spoil!" observed his hearer; "I appreciate the difference. But away!" he continued; "I have no time to prate upon such matters now. When do you propose to start for Woodstock?"

"With the dawn, my lord!" was the reply.

"Stint not the gold, nor spare your men! See that you are numerous enough for Beddingfield's guards! He is a precise, mawkish fellow, who has no true love to the church or to our royal mistress, or he might have spared both her majesty and the council much embarrassment. When it is done, return at once to London: I will have a vessel ready to convey you and your accomplices to the Netherlands."

"To a prison there!" he muttered to himself, as Basset left the cabinet. "He must not live to tell the tale of my dishonour! I may trust him to the keeping of the Emperor Charles!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Shall I become a common stabber? take
A hiring's pay to cut the throats
Of wretches while they sleep? OLD PLAY.

ABOUT six miles from the little town of Woodstock stood a solitary hostel, known by the sign of Fair Rosamond, whose portrait, painted by the hand of some itinerant artist, swung from the lofty sign-post erected on the little knoll in front of the porch. The artist had made the hair of the celebrated mistress of Henry as shining and yellow as the broad pieces which Miles Max, the avaricious old host, loved to count. The house was chiefly frequented by pack-carriers and merchants, on their journey between London and Oxford.

The household consisted, first of the landlord himself, next, his wife—a bustling dame—his daughter Mabel, and two female servants. A nephew, who was supposed to be no cold admirer of the pretty Mabel, officiated as tapster. He had a boy under him, whom Miles, as he always stated, had taken to his house through charity; though, considering the various drudgeries the lad performed, the charity of his master must have been rather profitable than otherwise to him. The long oaken table in the kitchen was already spread with bowls of fumety, and savoury meases of pork and beef—the former dressed with prunes, a favourite dish in those days—when a party of twelve persons, well mounted, rode up to the house, and began calling, in a loud, insolent tone, for the landlord, or some one to take their horses. The packmen, who were gathered in the kitchen, ready for supper, appeared anything but delighted with the prospect of such an addition to their company. Bodies of lawless men still roved about the country, taking tithe of honest industry in a most unseemly fashion. More than one of the travellers began to look to their arms; the elders to consider how they could best conceal their well-filled purses—for most of them were on their way to London, to purchase goods suited to the Oxford market.

"Rare roystersers!" observed one. "For my part, I could well dispense with such company!"

"And I also," added another. "They resemble more than is agreeable, the description of the men who waylaid and robbed Mark Lumley, the rich hosier of Olteapside, on his return from Norwich fair."

"What! ho! tapster! ho! knaves!" roared the leader of the horsemen; "is it thus you keep men who ride on the queen's business, waiting like beggars at the gate? Ho, I say!"

The speaker—who was no other than Basset—and a party of ruffians engaged by him as auxiliaries in the desperate business he was concerned in, continued to roar lustily for the landlord and tapster. The former, however, was far too wary a personage to trust himself within reach of his riding-staff. He had met with many such customers before.

"Go, Reuben," he said to his nephew; "tell them that the house is full; that we expect the arrival of my Lord of Arundel—of any one—only rid me of them, in the saint's name!"

"I'll do my best, uncle!" said the young man, whose manner and speech denoted that he had been better reared than to serve all his days as tapster at the sign of the Fair Rosamond. "It is a shame the government does not take strong measures, and rid the country of such extortioners!"

"Hush, boy! hush!"

The youth, with no very satisfied air, advanced to the leader of the party, to endeavour, if possible, to induce him to ride on; for they had hitherto found, to their cost, that such customers were anything but profitable. Before Reuben could speak, Basset, irritated at having been kept bawling so long, struck the young man sharply over the shoulders with his riding-staff.

"That is to teach thee," he said, "to keep thy betters waiting!"

The blood rushed to the countenance of the tapster, and his dark, intelligent eye flashed with passion. Catching up a stable-fork which was standing near to the sign-post, he returned the assault by a blow which made the bullying ruffian reel in his saddle.

"And that," replied the youth, "is to teach thee that Englishmen are not to be beaten like curs at the caprice of every ruffian whose only claim to be considered a gentleman is his sword!"

With a fearful oath, Basset drew his weapon, and, wheeling his horse round, rushed upon the speaker—who, nowise daunted, continued to retreat towards the house; still keeping his enemy at bay with the stable-fork!

The landlord and packmen, alarmed by the cries of the hostess and her daughter—the latter a blue-eyed Saxon-complexioned girl, who evidently took a deep interest in her cousin—ran from the house, armed with such weapons as they could lay their hands on.

Seeing that the numbers were nearly equal, and not wishing to call the attention of the authorities to his being in that part of the country, Basset was the first to propose a truce.

"With all my heart!" said Reuben. "Let him sheath his sword, and I will lay down my stable-fork!"

The terms were agreed upon, and executed accordingly.

"And now," said the ruffian, "I would speak with the landlord of the hostel. Methinks he shows but scant courtesy to worshipful guests who leave the God-penny with him!"

Miles Max advanced, and assured the speaker that he had not a room in the house disengaged; but added, by way of consolation for the disappointment, that there was a house four miles further on the road towards Oxford, kept by a widow and her three daughters, where he could be entertained, to say the least, respectably, if not as well as at the Fair Rosamond.

"I must stay here!" said Basset, resolutely.

"Impossible!" was the unmoved reply of mine host.

"I tell thee that I must! I am waiting for a number of my men to join me here—this is our place of rendezvous. Be reasonable, Miles Max, and thou shalt have little cause to quarrel with thy guests; as for thy malapert tapster, he is safe from my anger—at least for the present," he added, in an under-tone.

What-ever additional arguments the speaker adduced, it appears they were sufficient; for, after a few minutes of whispered conversation with the landlord, they so far overcame his objections, that he ordered Reuben to conduct the horses of the party—most of whom had by this time dismounted—round the back of the house to the stables.

"I will precede you," he said to Basset, "and make it right with my guests—who, to speak the truth, entertain no very excellent opinion of you and your friends."

"Take us for free riders, eh?" observed the agent of Gardiner, with a chuckle.

Miles grinned in the affirmative.

When the landlord entered the kitchen, he had no small difficulty in pacifying the packmen and traders, several of whom declared their intention of passing the night in the neighbouring village, rather than under the same roof with the new comers.

"They are honest men, I can assure you," replied the host, apologetically, "or I would not admit them: their leader has given me proof of that. You need not doubt my word: methinks I have as much to lose by the contrary as any of you!"

The strangers soon afterwards entered, and, seating themselves at the table, commenced a furious onslaught upon the good dame's supper; still, as there was nothing absolutely offensive or hostile in their manner, the traders gradually joined them, and soon afterwards the conversation became general. Confidence was still further strengthened amongst the habitual frequenters of the house, by the readiness with which their host answered the calls of Basset and his companions for wine. The best of his cellar was unhesitatingly set before them.

They knew him to be a prudent man.

Reuben was engaged in the kitchen, when Simon Roach, a respectable trader, who for many years had frequented the hostel, entered the room. After carefully looking round the place, to see that they were alone, he demanded of the young man, of whose discretion and honesty he entertained a much better opinion than of his uncle's, where the captain was to sleep.

"In the chamber above the porch," answered the youth, with a look of surprise.

"Art sure?"

"I heard my aunt direct Mabel to prepare it!"

"I think," said Simon, "there is a kindness between thee and thy cousin; nay, speak freely—I am no tale-bearer!"

"There is," said Reuben, modestly.

"And her father?"

"Seeks a wealthy husband for my pretty cousin!"

"Follow my advice, and he shall be only too happy to bestow her upon thee!" whispered the old trader. "I can make thee rich!"

"Honestly?" demanded the young tapster.

"Honestly!"

The answer was met by the single, but not unimportant query—"How?"

"At night," continued Simon, "climb to the window of the room, and let what passes in his chamber; or place thyself in some situation where thou mayest overhear his words—for I feel assured that he will not be long alone there! Report them to me in the morning, and thy fortune is made!"

"I'll do it!" said the youth, resolutely; and, without another word, his visitor left the kitchen.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

OYSTERS.—When oysters, not interfered with, or transplanted by man, take a natural position, and adhere to rocks and other substances, their deeper shell touches those substances; and the flatter, thinner, or smoother shell is presented to the water. Oysters, undetached, and loose at the bottom of the sea, lie with the round shell down, as the tide flows in, but turn themselves on the flat shell on its reflux.

It appears, from a parliamentary return recently issued, that, during the quarter ending March 31, there have been coined at the Royal Mint 4,304,227 sovereigns, 62,260 half sovereigns—in gold; 382,140 florins, 847,440 shillings, 483,120 sixpences, 4158 fourpences, 4488 threepences, 4752 twopences, and 7920 pence in silver. No copper coins have been manufactured.

COFFEE AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.—The *Lancet* contains a regular statement of the extent and manner in which the recent regulation for preventing the adulteration of coffee is being evaded. Out of thirty-four samples, all purchased as coffee from as many shops in the Borough, Lambeth, and elsewhere, only three were found to be genuine—the proportion of chicory in the majority of cases being equal to about fifty per cent., while in some instances there was scarcely any coffee whatever. Ten of the adulterated samples were altogether without the required label, stating them to be a "mixture of chicory and coffee," and in those where it existed it was generally concealed from immediate observation by the mode of folding the wrapper. The penalty for selling the mixed article without the label is £100, and it is to be presumed that a remedy must also exist for parties who are served with it when they have demanded coffee, even although the label may exist—since otherwise the large number of poor who are unable to read would be wholly without protection.

ORDNANCE SURVEY OF SCOTLAND.—The corps of engineers at present employed in the parliamentary survey of Scotland includes, it appears, about 150 men, under the command of Captain James. About 100 of them are engaged in Fife, and the remainder in Lanarkshire. The survey of Fife, it is calculated, will be completed in about six months; after which Perthshire, it is believed, will be commenced on the six-inch scale, for which the great majority of the counties have petitioned, as most generally useful.

DISCOVERY OF TWO NEW PLANETS.—We have to announce the discovery of two new planets—one by M. Charconac, of the Observatory at Marseilles, the other by M. de Gasparis, of Naples. The former was seen on April 6, and its right ascension then was 224 deg. 43 min. 15 sec., its south declination 16 deg. 52 min. 20 sec. The latter was seen on the 6th and 7th, and the observations taken of it were these: April 6, mean time at Naples, 8 h. 55 min. 34 sec.; apparent right ascension, 11 h. 4 min. 17 sec.—75; apparent declination, 6 deg. 48 min. 40 sec. April 7, mean time at Naples, 9 h. 16 min. 48 sec.; apparent right ascension, 11 h. 3 min. 50 sec.—15; apparent declination, 6 deg. 50 min. 48 sec. M. Charconac proposes to call his planet *Phocæa*, in honour of the alleged Phocian origin of Marseilles. M. de Gasparis has not yet named his.

A PAINT FOR BRICK HOUSES.—A correspondent has used a cheap and very durable paint for the exterior of brick dwellings, which has already stood several years, and is now quite as fresh as when first applied. It consists simply of lime-wash, with sulphate of zinc as a fixing ingredient. Any requisite shade is given by adding the colours used by house-painters. A clear and rich cream colour may be obtained by applying yellow ochre to the common new brick; a livelier and warmer shade will be added by a little Venetian red. Burnt sienna may likewise be used. This paint is far cheaper than oil paint, and costs but little more than common whitewash.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.—In the late sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Coste, Professor at the Collège de France, gave a long and interesting account of the preparations made, at the expense of government, for establishing at Huningue what he calls a vast *pisciculture*, or "fish manufactory,"—that is, a place in which the artificial production of different sorts of fresh-water fish, according to the system recently brought into practice in France, can be carried on on a grand scale. This system consists in forcing, at spawning time the eggs from the female, and the milt from the male, in mixing them together, and in then preserving the eggs from the numerous chances of destruction which await them when deposited by the fish themselves in the beds of rivers and streams. "To form an idea," says M. Coste, "of the danger there is in leaving rivers to become depopulated of fish, as they have been for some time past with frightful rapidity, we have only to cast a glance at the most favoured countries—at Scotland, for example, where salmon has always been so abundant that it may be considered food within the reach of every purse. In that country the quantity of fish diminishes so rapidly that proprietors are becoming alarmed, and the government is taking measures. I will cite only one case, because the document

to which it refers is of indisputable exactitude—it was Lord Grey himself who gave it to me. In the River Tay, near Perth—a place rendered celebrated by Sir Walter Scott—the fishery of Lord Grey produced in 1830 a revenue of £4000; in 1840 it fell to £3000; and it is now only £1800. This is a progressive decrease which threatens to dry up the source of production, if the cause which leads to it be not removed. The return of the fishery made in the portion of the Tay belonging to Lord Grey during the twenty years which yielded £4000, shows that to obtain that revenue, it was sufficient to have, on an average, five or six thousand large, and eight thousand smaller salmon. Now, if we compare that number with that which our establishment at Hunningen will be able, even at the very commencement, to supply to the rivers of France, we shall see the importance of the wealth it will create. It will not be by six, or eight, or fifteen thousands that we shall count, but by hundreds of thousands and by millions." In this the learned professor is far from exaggerating; for it has been demonstrated that, by the French plan, rivers which have now little or no fish, may, in the course of a few years, be made to teem literally with millions!

VULCANISED INDIA-RUBBER AND GUTTA-PERCHA.—In the course of a discussion at the Institution of Engineers (subject, the concussion of pump-valves), it was stated, according to the "authorised report," that although the use of vulcanised india-rubber had not been found to diminish the shock of the beat of valves, under heavy pressure, it had been very successfully applied to the air-pump buckets of marine steam-engines. It was stated that the vulcanised india-rubber would bear perfectly almost any amount of compression, for an indefinite period; but that, on being subjected to repeated extension for a lengthened period, its elasticity became impaired: this, it was suggested, might arise partly from a portion of the sulphur, which was only held in mechanical combination, being thrown off and also from the substance absorbing heat in contraction and giving it out on distension, and thus producing "eremacausis," which eventually caused its disintegration. It was shown that oil rendered tubes of the material fragile; and that the continued action of light and air upon any india-rubber fabric, sufficed to produce a change, and render it brittle. It was shown, also, that although gutta percha tubes, whilst under water, were very durable, yet that on exposure to the air for a few years unpainted, the substance laminated, and could be rubbed to pieces. The gutta percha covering of the wires of the submarine telegraph was very durable under the sea, but on the face of the Dover Cliff it had soon been destroyed; it was then buried under ground, and had proved perfectly successful.

LOCOMOTIVE TABLES.—The German papers are at present full of articles headed, "Das Tischrücken," "Die tausenden Tischen," &c., detailing experiments carried on in different towns on the locomotive powers of tables, by means of the electrical fluid, or magnetic properties in human beings. Five, six, or more people sit round a table, laying their outstretched hands upon it, and placing the little finger of each hand on the hand of their next neighbour, so as to form a continued and unbroken chain round the table carefully avoiding any other contact with it, either of the person or the clothes. After a certain lapse of time—varying in different cases from fifteen minutes to an hour and a half—the table, it is asserted, turns rapidly round of its own accord, walks backwards or forwards, or makes efforts to rise from the ground, and fly to the ceiling. These experiments are said to have succeeded at Bremen, Munich, Bonn, and several other places. At Bonn, the table is said to have moved about in a most lively manner, and to have obeyed the will of one of the operators: the facts being vouched for by one of the professors of the University. I retail the facts to you merely as I hear them from the mouths of those who say they have witnessed them, and from the newspaper reports. I was myself in a small village one Sunday, and on entering a house found eight persons, men and women—"Bunte Reine," as the Germans say—solemnly seated round a deal table in the attitude above described. They remained thus for an hour and ten minutes; but the refractory table was either too obstinate or too orthodox for such unearthly doings on the day of rest, and refused to budge from its place. I heard that nine such experimental parties had spent some hours of their time and patience that day in the same village, but with no better results.

LEWTHWAITE'S PATENT NUMBERING AND MARKING MACHINE.—Mr. Lewthwaite's patent describes a variety of new operations connected with the manufacture and manipulation of card, including a method of preparing a description of that article possessing a superior surface for being printed upon; a machine for cutting it into tickets, and delivering them when cut into separate compartments; and another machine for marking and numbering them in succession. This last portion of the patent promises to have an extensive application to the important object of numbering, printing, and marking with inks of different colours, the tickets issued to railway travellers, which, for various purposes incidental to extensive traffic, require to be distinguished in different ways. The machine performs this work with perfect precision, and a rapidity more than sufficient for the most pressing urgency that can arise in practice. When impelled by steam power, it is estimated to be capable of printing and numbering 20,000 tickets per hour, though it could never be necessary to drive it at that rate. The basis of the invention is to be found in a previous patent of Mr. Lewthwaite's, obtained in July, 1847, the improvements introduced into which consist in enabling railway tickets to be printed and numbered consecutively, and check-marked with any distinguishing device, at one continuous opera-

tion: for this purpose the machine combines printing and marking apparatus with the numbering wheels, and supplies them with ink from inking-rollers provided with means for distributing the ink evenly on their surfaces, and arranged so that the printing, numbering, and marking may be performed in different colours, and the colours transposed and interchanged at will. The machine is also contrived in such a manner that it shall stop working, and strike a bell, when a given number of tickets shall have been printed, numbered, and marked, that in the interval the exact amount of work performed may be readily ascertained; and that it shall stop working, and give a similar notice, in the event of the printed cards not being regularly delivered, in consequence of the introduction of imperfect cards, or any other casualty.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was evening; and a bright moon, riding through a sky whose deep blue was unscathed by a single cloud, shed its flood of clear, cold light over the city of Florence; brought into strong and bold relief the outline of the lofty hills by which it is partially surrounded; gave to the villa-studded plain which stretches towards Pisa, the aspect of a sheet of molten silver; made the fairy bridge of the Trinity look like a band of ivory linking together the two shores of the lovely Arno, whose mimic waves were dancing and crisping beneath the splendour of the hour; slept upon the lofty tower of the cathedral; and, relieved, by its bright flakes of light, and the long, deep shadows with which they were contrasted, the heavy Tuscan architecture of the ducal palace.

In a spacious apartment of that regal habitation, and beside a high-arched casement, which was widely opened to admit the moonlight that poured across the tapestry-covered floor, sat a lady, so beautiful that, although forty summers had already passed over her head, and that the traces of both care and passion were written upon her brow, she seemed to have defied alike time and trial to rob her of her haughty and excellent loveliness. It was the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Francesco Medici, the celebrated worthless Bianca Capella, of whom it has been said by an accomplished writer of the present day, that "her story was a romance, and her death a tragedy." Further within the chamber, and beyond the influence of the cold light which rested upon the person of the lady, reclined a man, some four or five years her junior, whose lofty and well-proportioned figure gave a promise of strength and vigour, which was negated by the worn and languid, although handsome countenance above it. The extraordinary magnificence of his dress, and the majestic grace of his bearing, would at once have distinguished him as the sovereign of the grand duchy, and the representative of the princely line of the Medici, without the witness of the elaborately-carved shield, bearing the arms of his house, by which the tall back of the large oaken chair in which he sat was surmounted, and which was fully revealed in the strong light of a silver lamp, that was suspended from the ceiling immediately above it. He held a paper in his hand, upon which he occasionally dropped his heavy eyes—though rather, as it seemed, instinctively, than from any inclination to decipher its contents.

But there was yet another individual in the chamber, standing a few paces distant from the regal pair, and immediately in front of the grand duchess, whose nobility, based upon a genius which was to render him immortal, was, nevertheless, not sufficiently recognised at that moment to entitle him to a seat in so august a presence. The person in question wore a plain dress of black velvet, fitted closely to his tall and elastic figure, which was gracefully rather than powerfully moulded, and was principally conspicuous for the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, and for a certain expression of lofty and powerful intellect, which made him, despite the elevated rank and sumptuous apparel of his companions, by far the most prominent and interesting figure of the group. If, however, this were the first impression produced by the appearance of the individual under mention, a second glance complicated the feeling of the observer—for there was a wild and wandering expression in his large, deep eye, and an occasional restlessness in his manner, which told that the flame within burned at times too fiercely for the goodly lamp from whence it emanated, and that it had been fed so lavishly as to endanger all within the sphere of its influence.

Such was Torquato Tasso, as, in the year 1585, the immortal author of "Gerusalemme Liberata," stood suppliant before the sovereigns of Tuscany.

The ducal houses of Medici and Ferrara had been long at feud, and Tasso had warmly espoused the party of his friend and patron, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, to whom, in terms of grateful affection, he had dedicated his wondrous epic; whose sister he had loved even to madness, and in whose cause he had put forth several writings, in which he had deeply wounded the pride of the Florentine nobility. The aberration of intellect of which he had been occasionally the victim since the discovery of his ill-fated passion, and the imprisonment by which it was followed, had so thoroughly unsettled his tastes and habits, that, pursued by imaginary evils, he had wandered to Turin, to Rome, and thence to Sorrento; but the magnet around which all the deepest feelings of his nature ceaselessly revolved, drew him back once more to Ferrara, where the violence of his passion for the Princess Leonora displayed itself so publicly, that he was carried as a lunatic to the Hospital of St. Anne. The hypochondriacal malady deepened upon him in his compulsory solitude; but conscious that his incarceration, far from

originating in vindictiveness on the part of Alfonso, had been designed by that prince rather as a boon than a punishment, he employed his weary leisure in writing letters to the Italian courts, imploring their interference to terminate a captivity which he believed to be rapidly undermining his reason. His entreaties were at length complied with; and on the occasion of the marriage of Donna Virginia de Medici with Don d'Este, Tasso withdrew to Mantua, and a short time afterwards, when a reconciliation was effected between the houses of Medici and Ferrara, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany having expressed a wish to see the author of the "Gerusalemme," he was invited to Florence by the sovereign, who seldom suffered a request of Bianca to remain unsatisfied; while Tasso, on his side, probably feeling that Ferrara was no longer to him the home which it had once been, and still imbued with the love of wandering which had of late years formed so conspicuous a feature in his character, readily yielded himself to the invitation, and was so courteously received by the beautiful Bianca, that after celebrating her attractions in a score of deathless lyrics, he resolved to offer his services to Francis, and to attach himself to the court of Tuscany.

As the project presented itself, he ascertained that the Della Cruscan Academy, which had constituted itself the supreme court of criticism in Italy—perhaps partly moved by a desire to insure its own popularity among the patriots of Florence, whom he had so deeply offended—had resolved to subject to the ordeal of their shallow and verbal analysis the "Gerusalemme;" and great as was the contempt in which he individually held their decisions, Tasso was nevertheless aware that their verdict might operate unfavourably upon the mass of his countrymen, who were either too indolent or too prejudiced to form their own unbiassed judgment upon a work into which he had woven the brightest portion of his genius. Can it be wondered at that this reflection gave strength to his determination? He hesitated no longer. He at once addressed a letter to Francis, in which he implored his protection against the attacks which he had been taught to expect, and which were to involve both his person and his writings; and in return for this condescension, he volunteered to devote all his energies, both of body and mind, to the interests of Tuscany. But the grand duke had severely felt the affront which Tasso had offered to the Florentine aristocracy; and not even the entreaties of his consort could shake his resolution for revenge upon the unhappy poet. Vanity, ambition, and the love of power, alike urged Bianca to persevere in her endeavour to procure the reception of Tasso as an accredited member of the court. Every endeavour, both on her part and on that of the poet himself, had hitherto failed; and it had been with considerable difficulty that the grand duke had been induced to grant the interview which we are about to describe, and which had commenced by a presentation of the petition which Francis held in his hand, and over which as he received it from the poet, he had glanced his eye listlessly, and with a stolid expression of countenance, which almost rendered words superfluous: "I cannot entertain the prayer with honour to myself," he said, coldly, as he slowly raised his heavy eye-lids, and looked from the paper which he held towards the poet; "for not even your skill, sir, can blind me to the fact, that we of Florence are indebted to the reconciliation which we have just effected with the house of Ferrara, for the proffer of Torquato Tasso's services."

"I came to Florence by your highness's invitation," was the somewhat haughty reply.

"I admit the fact; but it is not the less certain that in the feud which has so long divided the courts of Ferrara and Tuscany, you have little served my interests either by word or pen; and surely you, the friend of princes and the lyrist of royal dames, would not lean your fortunes upon the *nobili artisti* of Florence, or *il gioiello della nuova tirannide della casa Medici*—I believe that I do not err in thus reporting your own words?"

"We must try to balance the intemperance of his language in the brilliancy of his genius," said Bianca, with a gracious smile, intended to blunt the edge of the grand duke's sarcasm; "Suffer the graceful compositions which he has lately addressed to myself, my lord, to counteract, in your mind, the hasty expressions wrung from him by party feeling."

"If report wrong him not," pursued Francis, who evidently entertained a great distaste to the poet, "his homage to the sex does not always confine itself to adulatory sonnets—even where the strong barriers of birth and station might compel him to a more guarded worship; and your highness has rather to thank his necessities than his sincerity for the verbal incense which he has offered at your shrine."

As the grand duke spoke, Tasso advanced a couple of paces towards him: his eye burnt with light, his lofty figure dilated, and he crushed between his hands the velvet cap which he had withdrawn on his entrance into the apartment. Every nerve quivered, and his beauty was almost fearful as he shook back the dark mass of curling hair which fell low along his cheeks, while a smile, that was half bitterness and half defiance, played about his lip. The eyes of Francis were fixed upon him at the moment; for he designed that not only the irony with which he spoke, but also the subject to which he had made allusion, should wound the sensitive spirit of the listener; yet, nevertheless, there was something so overpowering in the wild emotion which his words had conjured up, that he suffered himself to be interrupted almost unconsciously, when the poet vehemently exclaimed:

"You do well to reproach me, my lord duke, and to cast back upon my spirit the load which it has long been striving to shake off! It is true that I have loved—deeply and passionately—as those only can love who look

beyond the earth and earthly things; for fuel to feed the fire which consumes them. I have loved and suffered—the heart does not study place or pedigree when it gives itself away; for where it is warm and honest, it must in every case ennoble the object of its worship. And yet, men who bow down before an ermine-bordered mantle and a glittering star, called it *madness* in Torquato Tasso to love perfection, because it was so robbed. Out on the sycophants! One throb of such passion was worth the lip-service of a century!"

The enthusiast paused for a moment, and the grand duke was about to speak, when the Lady Bianca, whose flashing eye and burning cheek, betrayed how deeply she had been moved by the energy of the poet, made a gesture of silence, as she looked imploringly towards her consort.

"And what though I stand before your highness, proffering fealty to the house of Medici?" pursued Tasso, proudly; "I am no vulgar plebeian, unworthy of the service that I seek! I am the son of Bergamo Tasso, who, not content with the unsullied nobility of his birth, rendered himself honoured by his virtues, and distinguished by his genius—upon whose tomb it was held sufficient to inscribe the words, '*Ossa Bernardi Tassi.*' For myself, my lord, my only crime has been that I have clung too closely to the cause which I espoused; but surely, if your highness hath found it meet to extend the hand of fellowship to the sovereign of Ferrara, it may be also fitly granted to those to whom he has vouchsafed his friendship!"

"Tasso pleads well, my lord," said the grand duchess, "and, I trust, not vainly. As he truly stated, he is no common suppliant: his fame is bruited throughout Italy; and if he be but just to his own powers, he will be an ornament to the court of Tuscany."

"The academy of judges think otherwise," said Francis, drily.

A curl of scorn played about the mouth of the poet.

"And shall a Medici bow down his judgment to such a fiat?" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Shall a Medici consent to test the outpourings of genius by the verdict of a bench of duffards, who suffer the bright spark of thought, emitted by the spirit, to escape them, while they are struggling amid the sea of words upon which it scintillates? Shall a Medici content himself to deal with those emanations of intellect with which the Creator has permitted his creatures, from time to time, to light up the dull materialism of a sensual and a selfish world, as the school-boy cons his daily task? What are love, ambition, fame—save as the spirit robs them with its own brightness, and invests them with its own glory? What is even life itself, save a hideous skeleton, until the glowing draperies of mind have been flung over it, and lent a grandeur and a grace to the crude mass beneath them? Let the Delia Cruscan sages cavil at words—'tis their vocation—and the extent of their intellectual power will reach no further than the world's gibe; but the house of Medici and the author of the '*Gerusalemme*' look for a worthier and prouder immortality!"

"I am content to share mine with the academy," was the cold reply of the grand duke. "We will detain you no longer, sir. Her highness thanks you for the courtly phrases in which you have done her homage; and I add my own acknowledgments for the proffer you have made of your talents and services to the court of Tuscany. While you continue in Florence, all honour shall be paid you as my invited guest, even by the *nobili artisti*, for whom you have expressed so sovereign a contempt; but I cannot interfere with the decisions of the academy."

"I shall not urge you further, my lord duke," said the poet; "nor will I longer intrude upon your hospitality. Futurity will be the judge between me and my critics. Florence has granted a lordly tomb alike to Michael Angelo and to Machiavel, and perchance Rome will not refuse a resting-place to the ashes of Torquato Tasso."

"You speak gloomily, signor!" said Bianca Capella, in her softest and most sympathising tone.

"Not so, madam! although perchance somewhat solemnly; for such a grave as I aspire to will not be ighly won! Fare you well, lady! This was my last appeal, and to-morrow I depart. I leave my gratitude with your highness; it has been nobly earned."

"At least, sir poet, wear this trinket, to recall sometimes to your memory Bianca of Tuscany," said the grand duchess; and while she spoke she withdrew a heavy chain of gold from her neck, which, as Tasso knelt before her, she flung over his head; and then, extending towards him her small and beautiful hand, which he pressed with reverence to his lips, she added, graciously: "Whatever may be the decree of the academy, rest assured that you leave behind you warm friends in Florence, who will rejoice in your prosperity."

"Heaven prosper the grand duchy!" murmured Tasso, in a low, deep voice; and when he had risen from his knees, and made a profound obeisance to Francis de Medici, which was but coldly returned, he quitted the palace.

Early on the morrow Torquato Tasso was on his way to Rome.



[RUINS OF ST. PANCRAS PRIORY.]

PRIORY OF ST. PANCRAS, AT SHOTOVER, LEWES.

THE monastic buildings of the Anglo-Normans have nearly disappeared, even as sinking antiquities. Bereft of their endowments by the reforming spirit of Henry the Eighth, the buildings connected with religious foundations, which that arbitrary prince bestowed on greedy courtiers, as rewards for their acquiescence in his measures, or sold for the gratification of his own avarice, were quickly despoiled of such constituent parts as were necessary to their preservation. Many of these desecrated structures were disjointed for the value of their materials; parts of some few were altered, and converted into dwellings for gentry subservient to the will of the monarch; and others, tenantless and friendless, were left to moulder quietly into dissolution—their materials affording help to the agricultural builder, or to the mender of the roads, as occasion might demand.

In some instances, however, these deserted remains have proved too massive for fortuitous efforts at demolition; or have escaped through accidental forbearance, arising, perhaps, from a lingering feeling of ancient piety at first, and—although rarely—from antiquarian reverence afterwards. Such fragments unite with the crumbling masses of dismantled castles in adorning this country, above all others, with ruinous but impressive memorials of the manners of past ages. Pictorial in the irregular beauty of their decay, they at once elevate the imagination and instruct the understanding. Enriched with these half-extinct works of art, the landscape imparts a lesson of pensive morality; and the buildings raised by superstition teach—in the august spectacle of their progressive dissolution—a sound practical knowledge of the instability of all forms, modes, and institutions which depend on human art or power.

The Priory of St. Pancras was founded by William, first Earl of Warrenne, and his wife, Gundreda; it was dedicated to St. Pancras the martyr, to whose honour a small chapel had existed on the spot previously to the Conquest.

It was probably begun about the year 1072, and completed about 1078; but so few and imperfect are the remains of this once magnificent structure, that it is impossible to form any tolerably correct notion of its original state. The building was probably an irregular one, varying in its form as the increase of its inhabitants demanded additional room. But though irregular, it was certainly a noble edifice, faced with Caen stone, and richly adorned by the chisel of the sculptor.

The monks placed in it were of the Cluniac order, a branch of Benedictines. They were ruled by a prior, who after times had a seat in parliament, as a *mitred* prior.

The endowment, originally very rich, was constantly increased by the benefactions of wealthy nobles who desired the prayers of the monks, and a burial-place within their walls, until their manors, granges, fisheries, meadows, woods, benefices, mills, and nearly every other species of property, almost exceeded estimation. Lanzo, the first prior, was a native of Burgundy, and he was brought over by the founders to initiate the monks in the discipline of those of Cluni. On that monastery this house was made dependent; while, in turn, many other convents in England were subject to the Priory of Lewes, as *Cells*.

According to Dugdale, there are very few of what may be called historical notices of the Priory. "The knight who by mischance shot William Rufus with an arrow in the New Forest, took refuge there and became a monk."

In 1377, at the beginning of Richard the Second's reign, the French, who had made a sudden landing at Rottingdean, carried off the Prior of Lewes as their prisoner, he having risked an opposition to them with too small a force. At the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry the

Eighth, the revenues of Lewes Priory were valued at £1091 9s. 6d., a sum equal to at least £12,000 a year in our own times. Crowham, the last prior, surrendered the establishment into the king's hands, November 16th, 1537; and the work of demolition speedily commenced. John Portinari, a minion of Cromwell, the king's vicar-general, was sent down to dismantle the conventual buildings, and he proved a very ready tool for his rapacious master.

Soon after the dissolution of the priory, a portion of the monastic buildings was fitted as a residence for Gregory Cromwell, son of the vicar-general, who married Elizabeth Seymour, sister of Lady Jane Seymour, third queen of Henry the Eighth. In an unpublished letter in the British Museum, this lady speaks in high terms of the convenience and stateliness of this mansion; and from another letter of the same period, it appears that the "bluff" monarch meditated a visit to Lewes, to see his kinswoman. Her husband, however, advises his majesty not to come, as the *plague* was then raging in the town.

Like most other early monasteries, this priory occupied a low site, contiguous to water. The ruins, though picturesque and pleasing, give no idea whatever of its ancient appearance.

Of the site of the church—a building almost equal in magnitude to a cathedral—the chapter-house, the refectory, and other principal buildings, nothing is positively known, nor is the nature of the uses to which the existing portions were applied at all clear. One or two curious facts, however, may be relied on. The conventual oven was seventeen feet in length. The pigeon-house, which stood to the S.W. of the existing ruins, and was raked down about forty years since, was in the form of a cross, and equalled in magnitude many a parish church; the pigeon-holes were 3228 in number.

On the 28th of October, 1845, the workmen employed in forming a cutting for the Brighton and Lewes Railway, through the ground formerly occupied by the priory, found, covered by slabs of Caen stone, two leaden chests containing the bones of the founders, inscribed with their names. They are not coffins, but *cists* (or chests), and are both of similar forms and dimensions, ornamented externally by a large net-work of interlaced cords moulded in the lead.

The cist of William de Warrenne measures 2 ft. 11 in. long, by 12½ in. broad, and is 8 in. deep; and that of the princess, his wife, is 2 in. shorter and 1 in. deeper. It is obvious, from the length of these receptacles, that their bones have been transferred to them from some previous tombs; and it is not difficult to suppose that the chapter-house not being built at the time of their deaths, which took place in 1085 and 1088, the founders were buried elsewhere until its completion, and that the bodies were then found so decayed that their bones only remained for removal to a more distinguished situation, and were on that occasion placed in these very leaden chests. Of the genuine antiquity of these reliques there cannot be the slightest doubt.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

HASTEN, love! the sun hath set,
And the moon, through twilight gleaming,
On the mosque's white minaret
Now its silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in soft repose,
Silence rests on field and dwelling,
Save where the bulbul to the rose
A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glittering in the sky,
"Blest abodes of light and gladness;"
Oh, my life! that thou and I
Might quit for them this world of sadness.

See the fire-fly and the tope
Brightly through the darkness shining,
As the ray which heavenly hope,
Flashes on the soul's repining.

Then haste, bright treasure of my heart!
Flowers around, and stars above thee,
Alone must see us meet and part—
Alone must witness how I love thee.

SILK.—Silk appears about to have, like gold, its California. The French Academy of Sciences have received from New Orleans two species of silk-worm peculiar to Louisiana, which feed on the leaves of ordinary trees—even the willow and the walnut. The larger species produces annually a quantity of strong silk; the smaller produces a silk less strong, and white in colour, four times a-year. If these worms can be naturalised in France, a complete revolution in the production of silk will be effected. At present nineteen departments cultivate the mulberry tree and produce silk. The total number of those trees is about 39,000,000, and they yield 780,000,000 kilogrammes of leaves.



[THE ASYLUM FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND.]

THE BLIND ASYLUM—ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

THE institutions in the metropolis devoted to the purposes of charity are exceedingly numerous, and probably the finest in the world. In number and breadth of intention it has been stated they are inferior to those of Paris; but as regards the latter city, it should be borne in mind that the situation and dependence for resources of the population of Paris, are more artificial than those of the British metropolis.

Paris is essentially a capital: its trade and commerce, in almost every branch, are subordinate to the wants and necessities which arise from the residence of a court, and the presence of the noblesse, literati, and millionaires of France. Paris, in some respects, may be compared to a huge lodging-house of fashionables, fringed by the abodes of those who labour to produce what the luxurious habits of the tenants require, as well as to administer to those multitudinous wants which always spring up among densely-located masses of people.

Paris, therefore, may be said to be more dependent on the generosity of fortune than London—and consequently more exposed to its exigencies. For that reason it rather looks to heaping up stores for the future than cultivating a spirit of industrial independence. And we must say that this, in the estimation of some persons, wise forethought—we don't say so—our maxim is, that every age should as much as possible provide for itself, so as to be superior to the preceding one, and all that a generation should leave to its posterity should be its architecture and inevitable accumulations,—we remarked that this so-called wise forethought is characteristic of the policy of all despotic countries, and of every nation in which the Church of Rome has acquired an ascendancy.

Wishing to make the reliance of the people on the government and the church as complete as possible, charity has been elevated to an undue importance in the commonwealth. As a national feeling, it has been thrust into the position which a spirited feeling of industrial independence should have occupied.

Excess of charity always promotes indolence; and when we consider that charity in France is not made an important branch of the legislative care, as in England, we shall not be surprised at the extent and variety of the private endowments and of the Philanthropic institutions of France. Nor shall we much wonder, when we seriously reflect on the mediate operation of all these incentives to an indifference to the future, at the terrible disorders which have affected that country ever since it severed the chains of its submission to an hereditary and traditional despotism.

Short-sighted people, overlooking the possibility of immense future evil in a present gain of good, are in the habit of referring, with some regret, to the fact that Paris, with less than half the population, has one-third more hospital accommodation than London; has its *Maisons de Santé*, or hospitals for the better classes, which London has not; its general board for the administration of hospitals and asylums, and a score of other advantages denied to London: quite forgetting that all this organised charity is rather a sign of weakness than strength; that it enervates rather than stimulates, and is in fact a tax levied on

posterity, in the shape of the perpetuation of a condition invented by mistaken benevolence, which ought only to be accepted in periods of national misfortune or decay.

Montesquieu, one of the greatest of French writers, did not accept the abundance of charity in France as a sign of national vigour; but considered that Henry VIII., by destroying the abbeys, hospitals, and houses of refuge in England, laid the foundation of the future prosperity of this country, by calling forth the resources and energies of the poorer classes, who were no longer able to find the ready charity they had been accustomed to.

But if London is behind Paris in the extent and opulence of its aggregated charities, it is immeasurably before it in the non-necessity for such institutions. London is but slightly dependent on the court, rank, fashion, and the legislative and executive powers, for its vast importance. Nine-tenths of its population are connected, in some way or other, with trade and commerce, and the pursuits those glorious institutions call into existence. The Thames is to London what the Mersey is to Liverpool; and the metropolis enjoys precisely the commercial advantages which, within a century, have made the latter the first seaport in the world. The metropolis abounds in manufactures, which are exported to all parts of the world. Its eastern, southern, and northern divisions are separated by broad barriers from its western; and if the latter were wholly cut off from it, and the court, the Parliament, and the great lawyers, were to betake themselves to Oxford, as they did in the time of Charles I., the former would still flourish, and very speedily take possession of the squares and mansions of the deserted fashionable locality. In short, the trading, commercial, and manufacturing interests of the metropolis dwarf its importance as the once legal and fashionable capital of the empire; and as this magnificence was created, and can only be sustained, by the most untiring industry, the highest inventive and adaptive talent, the most unwearied assiduity, and the most honourable independence of feeling, as well as keen ambition to rise far above the level of general society, we have at once presented to us a vivid explanation of the circumstance that London is not so rich in charitable institutions, or so wise in charitable management, as Paris. London needs them less, because London is more industrious—more profitably productive—more spirited—more free. It is in bondage to neither a church nor a despot.

But, notwithstanding this gratifying disparity, the metropolis of the British empire is enormously endowed with charitable institutions. They are to be observed in every quarter; and foreigners have frequently remarked, that when they searched for our public buildings, they found the most numerous were the hospitals and asylums, and the most distinguished the churches. We have no other architecture in London. Miles of perforated brick walls, millions of glaring chimney-pots, a few hundred steeples, some hundred hospitals and asylums, the Houses of Parliament, seven bridges, and the renowned Tower of London, really constitute the *ensemble* of metropolitan architecture. And out of the whole, the hospitals and asylums are certainly the most imposing.

There are twelve general hospitals, thirty special hospitals, thirty-five general dispensaries, and twenty-one hospitals of a miscellaneous character, distributed over this great metropolis, whose united incomes amount to

£264,000—of which £184,000 is derived from interest on property, and £80,000 from voluntary contributions.

These constitute the charitable institutions of London and we believe the number of in and out-door patients annually relieved is upwards of 600,000—or about one-fourth of the whole population.

The next class of institutions are the asylums established for the protection and education of deserving persons—of the deaf and dumb, the blind, the insane—and the lodging and sustenance of indigent children left as orphans. These buildings are in number about 250, with an aggregate income of not less than £200,000 per annum; and if to them we add 110 sets of almshouses—that is, specific foundations of that description—with an income of certainly £50,000 per annum, and take into consideration the unascertained charities, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the extent, wealth, and unexampled variety of the charities of the metropolis.

The aged, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane and the idiotic, are well provided for. This description of charity no person can quarrel with. In our opinion it is the only charity that appeals irresistibly to the national heart; and we have ever thought that it ought not to be left to the casual benevolence of individuals for support, but be adopted by the state as a sacred and primary duty. But the state of no country has ever adopted this view of the matter.

While monasteries and convents have been built and amply endowed for the lazy pious—cathedrals and churches, with the revenues of principalities attached, for the priesthood—palaces for decayed servants of the crown, Lazar-houses for the leper, and refuges innumerable for the destitute, it was not until towards the close of the last century—notwithstanding the frightful affliction had been for generations exaggerated by the ravages of the small-pox—that it was thought expedient to establish an asylum for the blind. For centuries the poor blind man had wandered along the highways of Britain, almost a houseless beggar, with no friend but his dog, no means of living, but the crust of bread and the cup of water given to him by humble charity. Poets and minstrels had lamented his misfortune in undying strains; one immortal man, himself in “darkness visible,” appealed to every sense and every sympathy for suffering, when, with dignified sorrow, he regretted he should never again behold “the human face divine,” or “vernal morn,” or “dewy eve;” but it was not until a few Liverpool merchants—men immersed in all the complications and excitement of commerce—during a period of war, took the matter in hand, that the poor blind found a home and a refuge from the poverty and inclemency of the world.

The Liverpool Blind Asylum was the first of the kind and the example so stimulated the benevolent in the metropolis, that liberal donations were made, subscriptions collected, and an asylum founded in 1799, in St. George's Fields, Lambeth.

We present our readers with an engraved view of this building, as it now stands, near the obelisk, at the foot of Blackfriars Road; but must remark, that since 1799, the original edifice has been considerably enlarged. In “Walks through London,” we find it stated, that “on the site of what was called the Dog and Duck, is the School for the

Indigent Blind, which provides for twenty-one boys and fourteen girls." Owing to the increase in the benefactions and subscriptions, the inmates now number generally 85 males, and 89 females. They are boarded, clothed, lodged, and educated, at a yearly charge of £8000, of which £2000 are derived from investments, and £1300 from the sale of work. The residue is provided by the subscriptions of the benevolent, and the chapel receipts.

The education is partly industrial, several trades being taught—such as basket-making, cord working, &c. But all are taught to read, and to the utmost, as far as the facilities will allow, encouraged to develop their talents for music. Some of the most accomplished organists in London were educated at this asylum.

Taken altogether, the institution is one of the best in the metropolis—because it is partly self-supporting, and aims at making the recipients of its bounty not only useful to themselves, but to others. Although blind, they are not cast on the world helpless.

In addition to this asylum, we should mention that the Indigent Blind Visiting Society distributes to about 200 blind persons Testaments in the raised character. Hetherington's Charity gives annuities of £10 to above 600 blind of the better class; and Mr. Charles Day, the blacking manufacturer, left £100,000, from which annuities ranging from £12 to £20, are given to 271 blind persons. The Painters' Company distribute annuities of £10 to 173 blind, and the Clockmakers and Cordwainers, as also the Jews, likewise relieve the blind. Such

Charity is indeed twice blessed—

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

IS PATIENCE A VIRTUE?

INTRODUCTIONS are awkward things enough; necessary evils sometimes, it is true; but always to be dispensed with, if possible. It would not, perhaps, be civil to thrust a mirror before a gentleman's eyes without a preliminary, "By your leave, sir!" But if we are able to place it so that he can catch a glimpse of himself in passing, and thus afford him an opportunity of reforming some trifling inaccuracy of costume, he will be content to avail himself of the advantage, without adverting to the obscurity which may envelope his benefactor. Did it sort with my humour to grope like a mole through the earth that covers a hundred generations, I could make out an authentic pedigree that would rival any in the sporting calendar; but, besides that this deliberate method is entirely foreign to my nature and habits, I cannot but see that there would be about as much propriety in such a mode of introducing one's self to the reader, as there would be in engraving a genealogical tree upon our visiting cards. I shall therefore forbear to gratify my pride of ancestry by enumerating the various generations of the Hasty family. Mr. Wildrake Hasty, after a headlong quarrel with his guardians concerning the amount of his allowance while he was under age, falling head over heels in love, was married in a month, and became the founder of our family on this side the water. Skipping several of his successors, who were not remarkable for anything that ever I could learn, beyond an unusual facility in getting rid of money, I shall mention only Mr. Solomon Hasty (the only Solomon of the name), who happily achieved an heiress; and thus, in some measure, retrieved the rather drooping fortunes of the race, and enabled my immediate ancestors to transmit to me a goodly inheritance, which was considerably augmented by a long (and oh, how tedious!) minority.

So much by way of introduction. I should have preferred omitting even this short specimen of the art of prosing. I love the stirring, abrupt style, where the narrator bounds on in the middle of a scene, brandishing his wooden sword, shaking his cap and bells, and calling "Presto! Presto!" for a continual change of scene. But this sort of commencement supposes the story, or chit-chat, which follows, to be, if not as sparkling as champagne, at least as brisk as bottled ale. I have no wit, and scarcely a wonder in store; and am far too honest to lure the reader on by a promise of turtle, and then set him down to hasty-pudding! So I prose it at the onset, meaning to be rather better than worse than my promises.

When I had reached the independent age, and my guardians had resigned their control over my person and fortune, they very considerably advised me to marry, and settle in life—thinking, perhaps, that so mercurial a character required a wife by way of ballast. But I had other matters on hand. I could not think of "settling" until I had, by a long flight, prepared myself to relish repose. So I dashed over Europe, feeling *conducteurs* to extra diligence, overturning *ciceroni*, and lauding *valets de place* in the impetuosity of my sight-seeing efforts. Like all the rest of the world, I talked large and felt small at St. Peter's—I leaped over the Leaning Towers—I paced and repaced the gallery of the Louvre, and threaded the intricacies of the Palais Royal—I dived under the Thames, peeped from the top of St. Paul's, and said and did all that was proper in the hallowed atmosphere of Poet's Corner—and then came home as fast as winds and waves could carry me, in a violent hurry to "settle." And here began my difficulties. If men could live like albatrosses, for ever on the wing, I should have settled at once, in imitation of that seizable bird; but being resolved to clip my roving wing, and seek a gentle mate, it became necessary to provide a nest for the keeping of so dear a charge. Fortunately for me, a tract of forest-land, which had been purchased by my grandfather as a sort of land-in-the-moon speculation, afforded just the site I wanted for my dwelling, and I was soon involved in all the delightful bustle of building. Plans crowded upon me; elevations without

limit exalted my imagination. All and each seemed to promise all that need be promised; yet every new projector found a flaw in the ideas of his predecessor. At length, to cut the matter short, I decided by lot; and, dismissing my theorists, set myself seriously at work to realise "a romance in stone and lime."

This proved the first great lesson of my life. To build in the country! Words fail me, and I pass on.

My house was finished—my shrubberies planted—my garden under skilful hands; and now I set about falling in love with all my heart and soul, as I am said to do everything. Nothing could equal the rapidity with which I lost my heart, save the celerity with which I found it again; and after this process had been repeated some two or three times, I began to fear that my friends had been correct in prophesying that I should never be of one mind long enough to be married. But my time had not yet come. Love had his revenge at last, and when I least expected it! I had taken my gun, and was popping away in the grounds of a cynical old bachelor—my very good neighbour—within whose walls I never beheld the shadow of a petticoat, when I came very near shooting a lady, who sat reading in a summer-house. She was pale with fright, and I scarcely thought her pretty; but as I poured forth my apologies, rich blushes rose to her cheek, and enhanced the radiance of her dove-like eyes, till my charmed senses confessed her the perfection of feminine loveliness. The fair Serena was doubtless my destiny; and, after a few faint struggles, I yielded myself her captive, rescue or no rescue.

Of all the wonders Master Cupid ever performed, certainly this feat was the most wonderful! My fair enslaver was in everything my opposite; or at least the prominent parts of our characters were altogether and strikingly dissimilar: and it was the consciousness of this difference that alone induced my attempts at resistance. Serena was lovely, and well connected: what reasonable mortal could ask more? I was not a reasonable mortal! I sighed for perfect similarity of taste and temperament, of habits and opinions; and I expected some evidences of a reciprocal passion, which, though female delicacy and reserve might restrain, they should not, I thought, be wholly able to conceal. I sighed in vain for anything of this kind. She was won, after an age of wooing; and I ought to have felt assured that she would not have accepted me, unless she had preferred me to all the world. I did at first believe so, when, after having once rejected my suit, on the score of her fears for the stability of my attachment, she was induced to revise her sentence after I had endured a year's probation, and at length acknowledged herself satisfied by my perseverance. But doubts once planted, continued to torment me at intervals. Unskilled in the female heart, I expected the most powerful of all sentiments to exhibit itself nearly in the same manner in all characters—at least, in married life; and it was hard for me to learn to read in my wife's mild eyes, and unimpassioned gentleness of manner, the tranquillity of happy love.

A chilling doubt of Serena's affection caused me to quarrel with her unchanging placidity of temper. I fancied that I should be happier if she were angry, or even jealous—since I should then have some proof of my influence over her feelings. No husband ever took half the pains to soothe the angry passions of his tergiversant spouse, that I tried in endeavouring to discover whether my wife had any passions. I sought occasions to thwart her wishes; I pretended, at times, an indifference I never felt, and even affected to flirt with other pretty women: yet never could succeed in ruffling her temper. Perhaps her nicer tact enabled her to read, through the mists in which I strove to envelope it—the almost idolatrous devotion with which I regarded her. At any rate there must have been a preservative power somewhere, since my waywardness did not estrange her from me. I must often have seemed to her cruelly unobservant of her feelings; yet the same unvarying gentleness—the same cloudless smile—was ever ready to welcome me. Her complexion, indeed, would change, and be pale or glowing according to my mood, and her eyes withdraw from any expression of mine which harmonised not with their own natural dewy tenderness; but never, under any provocation, did I detect a harsh tone in her sweet voice, or mark in those eyes a single look that spoke resentment.

Another difference between us gave me some, though far less uneasiness. I had accustomed myself to do everything with great rapidity. Let me read, write, drive, ride, play, or hunt, I was content with nothing short of racing pace. My wife, on the contrary, was habitually deliberate, and there was a delicate finish about her most trivial actions which often put to shame my more slovenly performances. But my impetuosity was not satisfied with perfection. I flattered myself that love—true love—love such as I was conscious of feeling—would have induced Serena to assimilate her habits with mine; forgetting that this very love had never prompted the slightest change on my part. This was one of my cultivated troubles.

If I were not writing behind an *alias*, I should shrink from any detail of the expedients to which I was driven by my worthy resolve of transforming my seraph to a mere mortal. Covered by that friendly screen from the indignant flashing of bright eyes, I shall venture upon a few specimens—leaving the intelligent reader to gather from these a general idea of the life she had the happiness of leading with the man whom she had married for love.

I had been shooting in excessively dirty weather, and had brought home almost as much mud on my boots as game in my pouch—every step making a mark that would have done for Gog or Magog—when, as I was passing the front door to reach a side entrance, of which I was accustomed to avail myself at such times, I saw Serena descending the stairs, dressed for an evening party. On per-

ceiving me she approached the door, to remind me that we had invited company, and also to make her kind queries as to the day's sport. I blush to acknowledge that even while drinking in those gracious tones, and meeting those gentle glances, I was devising an unkind return, which I proceeded forthwith to put in execution.

My bolts had hitherto fallen powerless from her armour of proof; but might I not find some point or crevice pervious to a lesser weapon—one which she would scarce think it worth while to guard against? It is often more difficult to possess one's soul in patience under a small provocation than under a great one. Our philosophy is apt to walk on stilts that raise it above our petty needs. The man who can face a shower of bullets without flinching, will be miserable if he be caught in the rain without his umbrella.

My wife, like most married ladies who have no children, was excessively particular—neat to a fault; making a sacred temple of her house, and worshipping its stocks and stones—at least, so I said—in the absence of those living idols which are so apt to engross the thoughts of those who enjoy the name of mother. On this occasion I had observed her, as she descended the stairs, pass her handkerchief over the balustrade, to ascertain whether the duster had done its duty; and this suggested the idea of my ungracious experiment. Instead of seeking a place of less sanctity to cast my slough in, I mounted the steps between a double row of my wife's geraniums and oleanders; proceeded deliberately along the glossy floor-cloth, and, with one foot on the stair-cloth and one on the floor beside it, had ascended half the first flight before my wife spoke. With scarce a glance at the huge black tracks that marked my progress, she only asked, in her usual calm way:

"Haden't you better change your boots, dear?"

I made a rapid toilet, and descended to the drawing-room, with confession on my lips. There I found Serena engaged with a visitor—not one of the expected, but a neighbour who had dropped in, as the phrase is, "sociably." If, however, her coming was a drop, her conversation was a continued stream; and, to pursue the figure, it seemed to have flowed through caverns sulphurous, or marshy beds of roots and herbs medicinal. Her visit was anything but welcome; but the closest scrutiny could not have detected in my wife's manner any symptom of this truth. She was even more attentive than usual, lest her guest should be pained by a suspicion that her coming was *mal-à-propos*.

I must confess I was far from following the amiable example; and if Mrs. Pyewit did not discover that I wished her at the antipodes, it was only because she had not found time to bestow a glance upon my countenance, and took my statue-like silence as a compliment to her conversational powers.

Serena's polite inquiries after the husband (poor fellow!) and children of this "weariful" woman, unlocked, it would seem, the fountains of her soul. Oh, Esculapius! what a burst was there! Mrs. Pyewit needed no pitch-pipe. Her voice—her practised voice—struck at once upon the key best calculated to implore—nay, to compel commiseration. She described, as having occurred in her own family, diseases enough to have filled every ward of a metropolitan hospital; and enumerated, in the history of their cure, an inventory of drugs that would have set up in trade any village apothecary, and made him the envy of all his contemporaries. Imagine me, O compassionate reader, listening to a detailed account of every pang that had attended the dentition of Malvina; the scarlet fever of Lucius Junius Brutus; and the chincough of Sacharissa Celestina; with their various symptoms, mode of treatment, and progress of cure.

While my wife, with compassionate kindness, murmured, "What a world of fatigue and anxiety you must have suffered!" I, in anything but an amiable mood, listened only for the bell, hoping for the arrival of relief in the form of other guests; but ah! less fortunate than "Sister Ann," I could descry in the moonlight no "cloud of dust," announcing the wished approach, though I leaned out of the window so far as to be in danger of tumbling headlong among the shrubbery below. Our case was harder yet than that of Fatima. Her distress was the punishment of her curiosity; but our Bluebeardess had forced upon us the secrets of the fatal chamber.

Once, and once only, Serena was able adroitly to avail herself of a moment's pause to attempt a diversion in my favour, by inquiring after some gay, agreeable acquaintances of our Ni-be neighbour—but she only stopped one sluice of bitter waters to open the flood-gates of another. Mrs. Pyewit had been unable to see these pleasant people when last they called, because—but I spare you, O fortunate reader! (fortunate in having so considerate a caterer;) I spare you the repetition of that under which I groaned for an endless half hour—a drawing detail of the outrageous doings and misdoings of Mrs. Pyewit's "hired help."

This continued until the expected company had arrived, by which time I was in a towering passion with Serena for not being angry.

Never did I welcome a bevy of guests with half the cordiality that I displayed towards those who now came to my rescue. Men with whom I had never touched palms before, winced at the fervour of my grasp; whilst the ladies, I am certain, would have voted me, *nem. con.*, the most agreeable of men, had the question been called that evening. I think it not unlikely that I owe no small portion of the popularity which resulted in my election to Congress the next year, to the animation which attended the rebound of my spirits on that memorable night. My complacency included even Serena and her provoking patience.

I had brought from the city, not long before, a pair of porcelain vases of exquisite mould, selected with express

reference to my wife's delicate taste. They were not only ornamented with beautiful paintings, but the skill of the artist had been still further displayed in the addition of wreaths of flowers modelled in the China itself, to a degree of transparency and accuracy which I had never seen equalled. They were, indeed, the perfection of elegance, and such pets with Serena, that she took the sole charge of them herself, and permitted not the touch of hands profane. Both the specimen and the species were new to most of our guests, and these gems of the plastic art were much admired. Our chronicler of ague-fits, the lugubrious Mrs. Pyewit, nervous, no doubt, from the freshened recollection of her various woes, in attempting to replace one of these vases upon the mantel-piece, let it fall upon the hearth, where the roses, and violets, and trees, and castles, which she had just been admiring, cut a sorry figure enough, not to mention the oil from a small lamp which had been placed inside to give effect to the transparent painting. Serena's cheeks showed a passing flush, but she treated the accident as a thing of small moment, which was all very right and ladylike; but when we were alone, could any one believe she could be so vexatious as to say:

"Poor Mrs. Pyewit—how I felt for her!"

Not a single word of my vexation, or her own regret at the loss of my beautiful gift. All swallowed up in the consideration that that intolerable woman must have felt doubly embarrassed, because she was an uninvited and rather humble guest. Was it not too much—too much for any man—and especially one of the hasty race?

Even on the subject of dress—that weak point of women—I never yet had been able to throw Serena off her guard. When we were one evening preparing for a grand gala, during a visit to the city—an occasion when I was particularly desirous she should be looking her best—and as the hour for the *fête* approached, I went to Serena's dressing-room, to satisfy myself as to the result of the toilet—and found her arrayed in green velvet, with sleeves of "woven air,"—or, to speak more intelligibly, some perfectly transparent material, under which her white arms lost none of their rounded beauty. A necklace, composed of several strings of pearls, rested its tassels on the emerald bodice, and was clasped midway by a diamond rose. The same brilliant gems supported her abundant tresses; and a single white feather, most tastefully disposed, completed the picture, which I did not hesitate to pronounce perfect. I remember every particular of it, as if I had seen it but yesterday.

My wife smiled at the vehemence of my encomiums; yet smiled in such a sort as showed her not wholly insensible to the advantages which she derived from the simple elegance of her dress. Indeed, her heightened colour and sparkling eyes betrayed a consciousness of beauty altogether unusual in my meek Serena. As I clasped the last bracelet, a cup of coffee was brought, which I must needs present myself; and, being a little pre-occupied with the dress and its wearer, I most awkwardly overset the cup, and sent full half of its contents trickling down the front of the green velvet.

The maid filled the air with her bewailings, and I stood aghast at the mischief I had done.

"Wipe it quickly, Elinor!" said Serena.

I looked at her as the thought struck me that she spoke in a hurried tone. Had I at last found the key-note?

"It will not do," she said; "you cannot make it fit for this evening's wear. But fortunately the injury is confined to a narrow space, and can easily be replaced."

"But not to-night!" I exclaimed, in a tone of vexation—for I was much disappointed.

"No—not to-night, certainly!" she replied; "but I have another dress ready for immediate use—for it was doubtful until a late hour whether this would be sent in time. The other will do just as well!"

"How can you say so," I replied, pettishly, "when you know how much I liked this? Nothing was ever half so becoming to you!"

"How ungallant!" she said, smiling. "Take a book for a quarter of an hour, and see if I do not make you forget the green velvet!"

And the fair Stoic proceeded, with unclouded brow, to substitute paltry blond and white satin frills, flowers, and frillery, for her rich and becoming costume.

While I awaited the re-robing, in no very amiable mood, I must confess—for what man likes to see his wife too sensible?—it occurred to me that the present was an opportunity to try Serena's temper in a way which might not offer itself again. It was too good to be lost; and I quieted some qualms of conscience by resolving, in case this should be as unsuccessful as former ones had been, never to make another. Serena's temper should henceforth be considered a Gibraltar, unassailable either by sap or storm.

When I was summoned again to the toilet, my wife gallily demanded sentence.

"Charming—charming!" I replied; "you know you look well in everything—and if nobody were to see you but myself, I should think nothing could be more beautiful. But two-thirds of the women to-night will be dressed just so; and I confess I would rather stay at home than see you make one of forty or fifty transparencies over white satin, like a row of dolls dressed to order."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so, I assure you!"

"Well, then," she said, drawing off her gloves, "I challenge you to a game of chess; and I shall beat you with all possible pleasure!"

I certainly ought to have been very unhappy, for the next few hours, at least; for I had not only acted like a—(hard name), in depriving my wife of her brilliant evening, but had failed in producing the effect I had intended. But justice yet delayed its stroke, and I do not know when I have spent the hours more happily, thanks

to the sunny temper which I so tyrannically strove to render more like my own.

We had been married about three years, when I was chosen delegate to a convention that was called to meet in a southern city; and as my wife had several friends in that place, she consented to accompany me. Our journey was delayed by a variety of vexatious accidents. It was late in autumn, and bad roads and various hindrances of travel conspired to render it very doubtful whether I should be present at the opening of the convention. I was in a perfect fever at the thought. I fretted, scolded, and, in short, made myself very uncomfortable.

"Why will you distress yourself, Frederick?" said Serena; "your colleague being on the spot, it is not possible that any serious injury to the cause can result from your detention."

Now, was not that a very provoking observation? I will appeal to the whole corps of husbands—ought not a wife to have believed that nobody could accomplish the purpose for which we were sent, so well as her own lord and master? I had a short fit of the sullens at this; but my good resolutions were strong, and the evil hour did not last long. I recalled many proofs of devoted interest in Serena, and on the strength of these recollections, I confided to her my intention to make a speech, for which I had been at some trouble to prepare myself, and my fears that I should find the arena pre-occupied. Her reply was like oil upon the smothered fire of my feelings.

"I have heard you say, love, that no converts were to be expected from the eloquence poured forth on such occasions, all minds being made up beforehand. You will therefore have the less to regret if you should be too late."

This vexation, like all others of the same kind, resolved itself into the old conclusion. Serena could not feel the pride of affection in her husband's talents and reputation, or she could never be thus indifferent to his opportunities of distinguishing himself. Such an impression made me, I fear, anything but an agreeable companion for the rest of the journey; though I must own that my wife tried, by every gentle art, every soothing attention, to calm my ruffled spirits.

Thanks to the rapidity of travel on the latter part of our route, it so happened, after all, that I was just in time—so that nought of my purpose failed: my wife's kind inquiries, however, were very coolly answered. I had made up my mind to show her that my happiness was not dependent on her sympathy; and as our time was filled, even to overflowing, with business and pleasure I had ample opportunities to show off my indifference. Yet, unfrequent as were our *tête à têtes*, compared with our own home life, Serena must, I am certain, have observed the change in my manner; yet she never commented upon it, nor complained of our continual separation. Her manner to me was as usual, except, perhaps, an additional tinge of softness.

"It is plain enough," thought I, "she loves me not. Were she not indifferent to my affection, would she not have murmured at this seeming alienation? If she prized my society, would she not express uneasiness at seeing me so seldom? It is not in human nature (judging by my own), to bear thus calmly the loss of what we value."

Determined to conceal my ill-humour from every eye—and most of all from that of her who caused it—I assumed an appearance of extravagant gaiety—was the life of every party—the roysterer of each convivial meeting, and always the devoted admirer of the prettiest woman present—my wife alone excepted: to her I was only scrupulously polite.

Among the most conspicuous of the gay circle in which we were temporarily moving, was a lady who was known to be living apart from her husband, in consequence of mutual dissatisfaction. This lady, whom I may call Mrs. Beresford, was a beauty and a wit—off-hand and dashing in her manners, free in her conversation, and famous for brilliant sallies and good things that would bear repeating. It is, to be sure, cheap to be witty when we allow ourselves to throw aside the various restraints that curb the wit of others; but Mrs. Beresford's wit was such as often passes current in what is called good society, and she was voted "a privileged person"—in fine, a splendid woman. She was, of course, the centre of attraction to a group of idlers who were ever ready to echo her witticisms, and offer incense to her vanity, in return for the amusement she afforded them, and the advantage of sharing, in some degree, *l'éclat*.

Into this set I was most graciously admitted, and found myself not a little gratified by the distinction with which I was at once treated by Mrs. Beresford. Whether by the power of sympathy, or the magical influence of some mesmeric contact, I know not, but I found myself suddenly transformed into a wit—at least one whose lively nothings were sure to command applause—which in society does as well. Mrs. Beresford found my most trivial observation worthy of attention, and in matters of taste my opinion very soon became her law. If I praised blue, blue was the only wear until I happened to admire pink, when Mrs. Beresford's ribbons and roses began to blush as if under the spell of an enchanter. The fair ungovernable, who treated her beaux with so little ceremony that they sometimes rebelled, spite of wit and beauty, would endure from me even the intimation that some of her extravagances were neither delicate nor feminine: what could lady more?

My attentions to this dashing dame, prompted originally by the amiable desire of exciting my wife's jealousy, were continued for my own amusement, until I began to be alarmed for their effect upon the lady herself, as evinced in her manner towards me. The confidential tone of her conversation when we chanced to be alone, and her reproaches when I failed in my attendance, became extremely embarrassing; and I began revolving in my

altered mind the practicability of retreating with a good grace. Perhaps these reflections would not have come so easily to my aid, if Mrs. Beresford's deportment had been more to my taste. In a neglected wife—one known not to be on good terms with her husband—far greater circumspection would have been more respectable, and some appearance of sensibility, under such unhappy circumstances, far more amiable than the extravagant gaiety she had seen fit to adopt. The retiring delicacy of my wife's manners had especially unfitted me to be long pleased with the society of one who was never known to sacrifice a witicism to decorum, or to suppress a brilliant, piquant thought, because it might wound the feelings of others. My vanity had at first made me overlook or soften these faults, so odious in woman; but when flattery had lost the gloss of novelty, I began to discern the coarse materials of which it was composed, and became sensible that neither wit nor beauty could compensate for the lack of delicacy of feeling and propriety of conduct.

Mrs. Beresford had brought to the matrimonial partnership a moderate fortune, and an immoderate fondness for expense. The first was soon exhausted, the latter seemed to grow by use, and, like the giant in the story, became too mighty to share its habitation with another. This produced reproaches, and reproaches recriminations. Domestic comfort walked out at the door, and love—an old trick of his—flew out of the window. The husband, after submitting to be nearly ruined, cut short the supplies which fed the extravagances of his fair dame; and she, in return, revenged herself for what she called his parsimony, by the most unsparring ridicule of his tastes, habits, and manners: conduct little likely, one would think, to gain admirers, or to retain those whom her charms had attracted. I, for one, began to be heartily tired of my flirtation, and fully aware of the difficulty of retracing my steps; and yet, as it this vexation were not enough, I tormented myself with contrasting Mrs. Beresford's low open partiality with what I called my wife's indifference, and re-olving that the lack of *empressement*—I know of no corresponding English word—in Serena's manner would always remain a chilling bar between us.

One morning, when my cogitations had, I suppose, somewhat affected my appearance, Serena, as she entered the breakfast-room, instead of taking her place at the table, came to me, and, after a moment's pause, said:

"Frederick, you are either ill or unhappy—yet you say nothing to me! How have I forfeited your confidence? You deny me one of my dearest privileges when you are ill or ill at ease, and shut me out from all participation in what affects you. Say—tell me—what is it? Has anything occurred to trouble you?"

Her beautiful eyes, upturned to mine, were almost irresistible—but I called pride to the field.

"Me!—not at all!—nothing whatever! I am perfectly well, I thank you! How do you find yourself this morning? Ready for breakfast, I trust!"

And I sat down and fell upon the toast as if I had eaten nothing for a week. I could not look full at Serena, but as I stole a glance, I thought her eyes were full of tears. They were downcast, however, and when she spoke it was in her usual manner. That morning I found in the Shakespeare she had been reading, a geranium-leaf laid at that pretty speech of Portia's, beginning:

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself.

and a few lines further down, I could discern a very light pencil-mark at these lines:

She is not bred so dull but she may learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

I fixed my eyes upon the passage, and fell into a long and most unpleasant reverie. We had been engaged out that evening, but Serena declined, on plea of indisposition; and I, not sorry for an opportunity to come down a little from my ungracious altitude, offered to stay and read to her. She thanked me with lips and eyes both; and if I could have freed myself from the consciousness of wrong, I should have had a taste of my former happiness as I sat in her dressing-room, reading from that very play in whose touching lines she seemed to have observed something applicable to her own feelings. As she lay back in her chair, with her eyes closed, I could not but observe that she looked paler and thinner than usual; and my awakened conscience, and my softened feelings, alike urged me to seize this moment for acknowledgment and explanation—when the servant announced a lady, and added, that the visitor wished to see me alone. I went down stairs, expecting to discover that my wife was the person inquired for—and, standing before the parlour fire, I found Mrs. Beresford. She turned round as I entered, and, advancing with a somewhat theatrical air, she broke out into a declaration that she had quarrelled irrevocably with her husband, and had come to throw herself upon my protection. My reply or my manner not satisfying her, she burst into a passion of tears and hysterical sobs, so violent that I became alarmed, and rang for a glass of water.

Here she was interrupted by the return of the servant, and the entrance of my wife, who, hearing sounds of distress, had hastened down stairs. Serena supposing, in the innocence of her heart, that this passionate appeal was intended as much for her as for me, hastened to interpose her kind offices, trying, with her gentle tones, to soothe Mrs. Beresford's agitation, and to prevent her from completing her vows of eternal separation from the man to whom she had promised a life-long affection and duty.

The appearance of my wife just at this juncture, had

been at first sufficiently embarrassing, but her simplicity afforded me unlooked-for relief. Echoing her advice, I declared my resolution to avoid all interference which should tend to widen the unhappy differences between Mrs. Beresford and her husband. I begged her to return home at once, before her absence should have been noticed, and put my hand to the bell to order the carriage.

If I had coveted and admired impetuosity of feeling, I had now good reason to be satisfied. A violent fit of hysterics, with all the usual accompaniments of that interesting complaint, was the reply to our urgency. Serena, affrighted, left the room in search of restoratives, and Mrs. Beresford, observing her absence—spite of her hysterics—took the opportunity to overwhelm me with reproaches for having won her affections by the most devoted attention, and then dishonourably failing her when she had cast herself upon my love and generosity. Bitter was the torrent which now pierced my unwilling ears; and, ere I could collect words to reply to the charge—too well deserved, indeed—for though I had never talked of love, I had followed her like her shadow ever since our first acquaintance—I beheld, close at my side, the face of my wife, pale, ghastly, corpse-like; and I had but just time to receive her in my arms to prevent her falling at my feet.

I should in vain attempt any description of my sensations at this moment. Mrs. Beresford's conduct was, perhaps, such as might have been expected from her; but what man ever counts upon utter shamelessness in a woman? That my present distress was no more than I richly deserved, the reader will probably have concluded; but I felt at the time as if the punishment were too heavy for the offence. I never had for a moment contemplated any serious wrong to my wife, and Mrs. Beresford was not a woman whose sensibilities were likely to suffer seriously through the medium of the affections; but how was I to make Serena understand all this? How to tell her that the whole was the result of a deliberate plan of playing upon her affections, and revenging on her unoffending gentleness the wounds which my vanity had received?

I carried Serena to her room, and now it remained to get rid of Mrs. Beresford. And who can tell the humiliation to which a man is reduced who has wilfully put himself in the power of a wicked woman? The very recollection—even at this distant day—makes my cheeks tingle. And I am sure that the reader will believe that my blushes were not all for my own shame, when I confess that it was only upon the promise of a large sum of money, that I persuaded the wretched woman to allow me to hand her to the carriage, and relieve myself of her presence.

To tell Serena all—to implore forgiveness for the wretchedness which I had caused her, and to promise that this last, worst instance should prove the finish of my follies—and then to bear her at once and for ever from the scene of my disgrace,—these were the resolutions which occupied my thoughts, and contributed to moderate the whirl of my brain, as I ascended the stairs to my wife's room. But before I could open the door, I was met by her maid, shrieking and wringing her hands, and calling for help, with the one terrible word prevailing over all:

"She is dead! she is dead!"

I rushed to the bed-side, and, for a moment, thought it was indeed so; but as I raised her frantically in my arms, calling upon the beloved name, and beseeching her to look once more upon me, I perceived that her heart was still beating. Redoubled efforts recalled her to life, but not to consciousness. She opened her eyes, but their wandering gaze recognised no one, and in less than half an hour she was in a raging fever, which the physician declared to proceed from a sudden inflammation of the brain.

What a change now came over my gentle Serena! How did her eyes' fierce glances appal me, and the strained tones of that once silver voice agonise my wretched soul! For ten days and nights did she rave almost without intermission, and her whole theme was misery, disappointment, and despair; while my name mingled incessantly with her incoherent complaints and supplications. Through the whole course of the disease she never once recognised me, though I watched constantly by her side; and when she did show symptoms of returning reason, I was obliged to absent myself, lest the sight of me should recall the distress which had brought her to this condition. I fancy my agony could scarcely have been more intense, if I had been conscious of having taken her life, than it was under the recollection that I had wilfully wounded her mind, and brought her to the verge of the grave, by sheer, deliberate unkindness.

After I had had ample opportunity for self-abasement and repentance, I once more was suffered to present myself before Serena. She received me with her own sweet smile, and held out her trembling hand, but could not speak; and I, obliged to keep down my bursting heart, could only turn away and weep, inwardly renewing, in that moment of mingled joy and anguish, the vows of amendment which I had made during the sad night-watches and long days of almost despairing anxiety.

When at length I ventured to begin the confession which I had been longing to pour out before my injured wife, her generosity could not allow me to proceed.

"It is enough, Frederick!" she said; "I understand it all! We have both been faulty: I, in adhering too closely to the self-command which I had prescribed to myself, on account of the impetuosity of your temper; you, in suffering yourself to doubt the affection of a woman, whose only possible motive in uniting herself to you was—must have been—love, founded on a well-tryed confidence in your worth, and whose only fault (in your eyes, love, I mean), was, that she would keep her temper when you lost yours!"

"You are too good, Serena!"

"No! no! no! Anything but that! I shall take especial care never to be too good again! I will be naughty enough after this—especially if you forget your promise to be reasonable!"

And we were once more happy—spite of repentant recollections on my part—and were preparing to return to our own dear home, when I received a hostile summons from Mr. Beresford. He had only waited to hear of Serena's recovery; and then, with the usual philosophy of men of the world, sought relief for his wounded pride in an attempt at murder—and all for the sake of a woman he detested!

Such a message on the eve of my wedding-day would not have broken in more cruelly upon my dream of bliss. My principles forbade me to lift my hand against the life of another. Must I incur either the guilt of murder or the stain of cowardice? Was this the dread choice? Oh! how my soul loathed the recollection of my criminal folly! I had considered my punishment severe, though just. Here was another consequence—a natural consequence—of my conduct, now hanging over me, with tenfold horror in its aspect, because of its certain effect upon my wife, and my vivid appreciation of our new-found happiness!

I was closeted with a friend, whose counsel I had sought in these unhappy circumstances, when a knock at the door interrupted our conference. I opened it to dismiss the intruder, when Serena—pale and trembling, and supported in the arms of her maid—presented herself before me.

"Why are you here, my love, so far from your own room?" I said, as composedly as I was able—taking her at the same time from the woman, and leading her to the sofa:

"Frederick!" she said, in tones which pierced my heart, "do not seek to deceive me by an assumed calmness! I more than suspected the errand of Colonel Foster this morning; and when I learned that Mr. Hartley was with you, I was convinced that the forebodings which had tormented me were about to be realised. Can it be that you are going to raise your daring hand against life? You! with thanksgivings for my safety yet warm upon your lips! You will not be so inconsistent! You will not make me regret the grave which seemed opening for me a little while since! Oh! my husband, be true to yourself, and do not madly attempt to wipe out one wrong by the commission of another!"

She threw herself, weeping, upon my breast, regardless of the presence of Mr. Hartley, who was much moved by her appearance. I strove to reassure her, but she would accept of nothing short of an absolute promise that I would decline the meeting with Beresford.

"Serena," I exclaimed, "would you see me disgraced before the world—branded as a coward—despised as one who is not afraid to attempt injury, yet dare not face its consequences? I will give you my word that I will not fire at Mr. Beresford, but I dare not promise to avoid the meeting!"

"That would be only changing one sort of guilt for another," she said; "murder for suicide, as well as the yet more dread consequences of adding the sanction of your example to a heaven-daring sin! Oh, Frederick! if if you would wish me ever again to confide in your principles—if you would have me put faith in one of your late resolutions of self-government—make this one sacrifice to your sense of right! Be called a coward, if that must be—but retain the approbation of your own conscience! Fear not man, but God!"

She stopped exhausted, and her head dropped faintly on my shoulder. Mr. Hartley considerably withdrew, giving me a sign that he would return after some little interval. I tried to argue, to persuade, to assure Serena; but she would listen to none of the sophistries prompted by my pride; and I was on the point of yielding to her arguments or her entreaties, when Mr. Hartley returned, and put a paper into my hand.

The note contained two lines from Mr. Beresford, saying that he renounced all claims upon me, and should concern himself no further with Mrs. Beresford's affairs.

Many years have flown by us since this crisis in our destiny. Sons and daughters have grown up around us, and now form the blessing of our declining years; and I cannot but ascribe much of the excellence which is allowed to distinguish them, to the peculiarly placid temper and perfect self-control which I once madly condemned as a fault in their mother.

ESSAYS.

No. CLXXXVIII.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

(Continued.)

IN money-making, the educational acquirements are all-important. "Any fool" cannot make money. A money-maker must have tact, shrewdness, courage, and that kind of inspiration which grasps at certainties which shape themselves as probabilities, without being substantially defined. He must also possess varied accomplishments of a mechanical character. He must be a proficient in technicalities, forms, and precedents. Mere learning, although extremely useful, is insufficient. At best it is only the means conducing to an end—an agent. And not only must his mind and morals be practically cultivated, but his instincts and senses. In short, he must be drilled to business, just as a soldier is drilled to fight, a lawyer to plead, a physician to prescribe, or a chemist to dispense. A knowledge of business must therefore be acquired—it never did and never can come by intuition.

What is called genius is an incumbrance rather than

an advantage in the transaction of matters requiring the exercise of the more methodical mental powers. Genius, whether inventive or belonging to that more spiritualised organisation which finds expression in matchless prose or deathless verse, is too refined, too subtle in its essence, for that proper and rigid attention which the management of the complications and vexations of business demand. Talent is the preferable term, because it can be extended to every display of mental ability or natural sagacity, and is more consistent with the idea inseparably attached to business, whatever be its branch or ramification.

Therefore it is apparent, that to make money requires an education of an eminently practical description—an education which will enable the mind freely to adapt itself to situations, circumstances, and exigencies as they arise. It must also be varied, sound, and vigorous—for, to carry on an extended business successfully, requires powers of thought and capabilities of endurance that few possess. Business is a "death potion" to many; and a more unhappy situation than an incongruity between the business and the capacity can scarcely be imagined.

A suitable education, then, being the primary and paramount early consideration, it becomes necessary to inquire what kind of education that shall be.

Sydney Smith—we mean the Sydney Smith, the Dean of St. Paul's—said:

"The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures—habits that time will ameliorate, but not destroy—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible."

Sir Walter Scott has also contributed a fragment on the subject. He says:

"I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honourable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life is like a game of cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at the first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so—for in the long run, the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game."

This is all very well, and very true, but neither the reverend divine nor the great wizard, nor any other writer, show how parents may give to their children the necessary resources, or the young man, starting in life, may acquire the skill that shall render him superior to the chances of fortune. It is all very well for persons in good circumstances to give their children what is called a liberal education, but that is only putting coal and water into the human engine—it is not showing how the steam should be generated, and, when generated, how it might most beneficially and honourably be applied.

In our estimation, and also in that of the countless numbers who look far beyond the mere superficialities of scholastic attainments, education, both as a principle and a doctrine, is still in its infancy: there is much to learn, and an infinite deal to unlearn on the subject. For the practical purposes of life in the present day, the young man fresh from college, who is intended for the law, and the youth who has just left a charity-school, to enter a machine-maker's shop, are both on a level. Each has to commence acquiring quite new branches of knowledge—each has to fit himself for a position to which he aspires by quite a new course of training, and to be taught, by rough experience, that "everything is bought with a price"—and that the price of education is vigilance and labour. There are no royal roads to knowledge nor patents for learning. Every one whose mind is disciplined to obedience and stocked with knowledge, can call it his own work. All cultivation that is worthy of the name is self-cultivation. Books, teachers, schools, colleges, are only means that render the work less difficult—they surround the student with an intellectual atmosphere that prepares the mind to receive impressions.

Now, as money-making is essentially dependent on this self-cultivation, we would say to all young men—and especially to those whom circumstances as well as duty and self-respect oblige to "buckle fortune on their backs," and face the world with a hopeful, energetic aspect—persevere—but, above all, be resolute. Advance firmly, but coolly, like a veteran soldier amid "the shock of fighting elements."

Resolution is omnipotent; with proper industry, and action, and effort, there is no limit to advancement. It is not well to sit down with folded arms, and point to your past works—"onward" is the word in self-cultivation. Although the last effort was commendable, the next must be better, and the next again better. The arts and sciences, rhetoric and logic, are wide fields for study; but a wider field is man and the business of man. Books, nevertheless, require your attention during the hours of study; but in your hours of pastime, of recreation, and of pleasure, look into the world with a determination to turn every moment to account, to profit by every passing incident, with the old philosopher's motto, "Higher—for ever higher." The observant student must and will attain the highest elevation his intellectual and physical powers are capable of.

The body, however, as well as the intellect, is susceptible of cultivation. Physical exercises are as necessary as mental ones. Firmness of purpose, and a fixed resolution which does not vary, never go hand-in-hand with effeminacy of body. But the leading impression to start with is, that "He who resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the great barriers to it; and he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolu-

tion, burning like fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness."

As the intention of these articles is not to refer to particular trades, or include the professions which require a special training, and, with the majority of young men, an outlay of money totally inconsistent with the parents' means or position, we will at once advert to the requisites we consider essential to success in business—to money-making.

And here we would observe, that as this is a great manufacturing and commercial country—the greatest in the world, and will become greater—there are wide openings to all those young men whose poverty shuts them out from the professions, but whose fervent desire is to rise above the level of the ordinary labourer, by becoming clerks, tradesmen, manufacturers, or merchants—in short, members of that great middle class which in this country holds the balance of power between the hereditary principles of the throne and the aristocracy, and the undisciplined passions and necessities of the majority of the people.

This honourable position in the inexhaustible territory of business—that land richer than California and Australia, if every square foot of their surfaces were one mass of gold—may be earned by zeal, integrity, and talent. But there must be a previous training, a practical education, and a familiarity with habits of business.

The temperament should be first consulted. The perceptive faculties should be large, the imaginative small. Secretiveness should be large, so should firmness; the posterior organs neither large nor small, but equally balanced. But as we believe the brain can be educated either way—for good or evil—probably it would be better to observe, with a late author—"that the best temperament for great affairs is a combination of the desponding and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. *Secretly they rely upon nothing and nobody.* There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself: 'What shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect?' This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution."

These are wise words. He who has an abiding confidence in his good fortune—who is sure that all will end well—that it matters little what he does, the result will be favourable—has the most happy disposition; but it is not a temperament that fits him for great deeds. And a man who wants resolution to try, to try again, will be certain never to do even moderate deeds. A combination of the apprehensive and the resolute is especially necessary in the pursuit of wealth. Fortune is proverbially fickle; business success cannot be guaranteed; and he who suffers his mind to dwell upon his future greatness—who indulges in visions of magnificence and power, and allows the love of money to become closely entwined around his heart—will be tempted to overleap himself, or be lulled into a fatal security, from which he will awake to find his happiness gone for ever, with his dreams. But the true business man thinks not of the end: as there is a "powerful element of failure in all human affairs," he will probably fail; but he is *determined to try*, and will leave no stone unturned that will give probability of success. His thoughts are on the *means*, and not on the *end*; he wishes to hear of the dangers of the road, and the means by which they can be escaped—and not flattering tales of doubtful success. If he fail, as fail he may, he has a reserve at hand which he can fall back upon, without being bankrupt in happiness as well as fortune.

To enable him to direct his energies so as to adopt these means, he must receive a suitable education; and the best is a practical education. This is the cultivation of the senses, or that natural instinct implanted in every human being, and the discipline of the mind by such studies as will be useful in themselves. Every one knows how important a part the senses play in dealing with material objects. They are the instruments by which experiments are to be observed, and discoveries to be made; and in trade, perhaps, not an inconsiderable portion of the superiority is to be ascribed to greater accuracy of taste, smelling, sight, or feeling. Who has not felt it would be an advantage to possess the blind man's acuteness of touch?

"Mankind," says Dr. Hook, "have, by their ingenuity, wonderfully assisted the sense of sight and hearing, and have prolonged to age the advantages of youth; but it remains for them to bring their senses to the highest state of perfection and activity, by judicious cultivation. It is worth remarking, that even common artisans, not distinguished by any superiority of intellect, have, by exercise and patience, brought some of their senses to a degree of perfection truly astonishing. The exercise of the senses is naturally pleasurable to children—and may therefore be easily promoted and improved; and in distinguishing smell, colours, taste, and the touch of various things, the pupil will soon become expert, if he have a sufficient supply of visible and tangible objects on which to exert his attention."

This is a subject, then, which should receive the attention of parents; and in childhood instruction may be combined with amusement.

The discipline of the mind is a work of longer time, and more difficult of attainment; but cultivation will effect it. The mind is naturally like a colt, wild and ungoverned. It must be broken to the bit, and familiar with the rein. The great cardinal powers—attention, abstraction, perception, memory, judgment—are, in a great degree, dependent for their growth and power on culture. This constitutes the great difference between the reason of man and the instinct of brutes. They arrive at a certain point in knowledge, and there stop. The beaver displays no more originality in the construction of his dam in our western

forests now, than he did before Columbus landed on our shores. The swallow builds her nest no more skillfully now than she did before the flood. But the human intellect is susceptible of unlimited improvement, and makes the accumulated knowledge of the past the starting-point of future discoveries.

To effectually discipline the mind, the most useful studies should be pursued. The physical sciences, natural philosophy, mathematics, and chemistry, develop the mental powers, and drill them to habits of attention, method, and right trains of reasoning; and at the same time show how to investigate the powers of nature, the properties of material bodies, their action one upon another, and explain the qualities of those substances which the Creator has intended for the use and happiness of man.

As to mathematical studies, they have not only produced some of the greatest men—Euclid, Archimedes, Newton, *cum multis aliis*—but it has been remarked, that the majority of those who have been distinguished in practical life have also been noted for their love of mathematical studies. Napoleon the Great was an illustrious example. And in England it has been observed, that a large proportion of the most celebrated members of the legal profession has proceeded from the University which cherished Newton—Cambridge—and which is still distinguished by the cultivation of classical studies.

As to chemistry, to the man of business it is the most indispensable of sciences. It ought to be comprised within every practical education. It has not only enlarged our knowledge indefinitely, but opened up to us inexhaustible sources of wealth. As the profits in the old channels of business become gradually reduced, by competition and other causes, we must look to chemistry to discover new mines of wealth; as fertile land becomes scarcer, we must look to chemistry to teach us how to cultivate the field and the garden, so as to secure the utmost produce in quantity and quality. Indeed chemistry enters so familiarly into every department of life, that it is now an economical science of the very highest order.

With respect to languages, a knowledge of the English being a *sine quid non*, we will do no more than say, that correctness of language is essential to correctness of reasoning, and that not only should the rules of grammar be studied, but an endeavour made to acquire a facility of expressing the same ideas in different words. Dr. Watts, in his work on "The Improvement of the Mind," has made some admirable suggestions for the acquisition of this useful talent—and to them we can refer such of our readers who wish to become not only correct but elegant English speakers, as well as writers.

French being the language of intercommunication between civilised states, and being accepted as the polite tongue of all nations, is also indispensable to the man of business. Our lessons, extending from No. 312 to No. 403 of this Journal, contain all the instructions required by the meanest as well as the highest capacity. German, Italian, and Spanish may advantageously be added—indeed any language; for the more the proficiency is in this respect, the better the guarantee for success in business, and the greater the chance of being constantly employed in a responsible, honourable, and highly remunerative subordinate position.

But with all these attainments, the education or the man of business has not been perfected unless he has seen service. The counting-house is the business man's college. It is there that he will learn order, method, obedience, and acquire a knowledge of life and the business of life; it is there that he will learn the value of time and the value of money—two very important things to know. The boy who enters a counting-house finds himself, perhaps, the youngest member of a large establishment; and whatever conceit he may have brought from the village school is soon rubbed out of him. He learns to obey, to submit, and to be patient; to endure reproof without anger, and to bear contradiction with good humour. He is obliged to keep his wits about him, to decide quickly, to have accurate eyes and truthful ears, to learn that there are just sixty minutes in an hour, and just two hundred and forty pence in the pound. He is compelled to bear and to forbear, to resist temptation, to struggle down rebellious impulses, and to put on the armour of a brave silence. The hours of his day come freighted with lessons of self-reliance and self-command, and the grain of his character grows firm under the discipline of life.

But a counting-house education would not be complete without intellectual intercourse with a man—or, if possible, men—of varied and extensive experience. Therefore it is of immense advantage to a young man to have constant and familiar conversation and correspondence with a man who is practised in affairs, and capable of communicating his knowledge. It is a privilege which cannot be too highly valued. The pupils of the Jesuits were noted for greater presence of mind in conversation, a readier recollection of their knowledge, and were more men of the world than youths brought up by any other preceptors: and this acknowledged superiority was ascribed to the fact that each pupil was allowed a certain number of hours' conversation with his superiors. As the Rev. Sydney Smith said: "A book has no eyes, ears, and feelings; the best are apt every now and then to become a little languid; whereas a living book walks about and varies his conversation and manner, and prevents you from going to sleep."

An ability to communicate varied and practical knowledge by conversation is a great gift. It is the lecturer's art.

A man of sound judgment and some experience should be selected; but it is not necessary that he should be distinguished for any particular success in his own affairs—for such men cannot be had; and if they could, they would very probably be incompetent for the office. It is a singular fact, that those who are the most distinguished

for success in their own undertakings, are the poorest of all advisers for others; while many who are keen in the originating of plans, and advising others, seem to lose their power when they come to act for themselves. There are two great classes of men in the world—men of action and men of contemplation. The former can do a thing when they are told how, and the latter know how it should be done, but cannot do it. It is very rarely that these two qualities are united in one person; indeed, we may affirm that, in nine cases out of ten, the idea of those speculations and undertakings for which men have got the most credit came to them at second-hand—they acted while others were debating: hence it is not the most successful whose opinions are always the most valuable. To those who have no special advantages, we say: Cultivate your senses—observe keenly—discipline your mind, especially by mathematical studies—search after and seize hold of every valuable fact—be a constant reader of useful books—and the glory of your triumph will be in proportion to the difficulties you have overcome.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

LAURENT, a small farmer of Uzel, on the property of Monsieur L—, made a hard bargain with the owner of the forest of Lorges, to fell a very large number of trees within a fixed time.

Some particular circumstances—principally the failure of his crops, and the necessity of raising the means to pay his rent from other sources—which were pressing upon this poor man's pecuniary means, rendered the speedy completion of his task a most important matter to him.

Every evening he reckoned how many trees he had felled, and how many still remained to be cut down; and suffered intense anxiety from the apprehension of failing in his engagement.

One morning, arriving at a very early hour at the forest, he was astonished to find that there were more trees cut down than he had counted the preceding evening; but he rejoiced at what he persuaded himself was an unaccountable mistake on his part. The work did not advance as he had hoped during the day; but he laboured hard, invoking every saint he thought likely to assist him.

When the evening came, Laurent marked exactly the number he had cut down, and what remained to be done.

The next day he found a large oak, that would have occupied him the greater part of the morning, cut down remarkably well, and many small trees round it had been prostrated with the same dexterity; but, strange to say, instead of feeling a comfortable assurance that the saints—or possibly the Dryads, or Hamadryads (though, by the way, he knew nothing of these sylvan deities)—had heard his invocation, and aided him, he felt terribly afraid that the agency of the devil was traceable in the work, and was perfectly miserable in consequence.

Two days previously he would have been delighted to have seen the trees laid low by any means whatever; now he was unhappy, because they fell as if by enchantment. In short, Laurent threw away his axe in a perfect bewilderment, consulted his wife, and then went for advice to the *curé*.

The *curé* went to the wood with his breviary under his arm, exorcised the evil spirit and all his adherents, forbade the trees from falling, or even from tottering, or nodding in any degree, by any other agency than that of the axe of Laurent, and left him and his family easy in their minds, and the assembled crowd tranquillised. And lest any mistake or "devilry" should occur, Laurent numbered the trees, both cut down and standing, with the utmost precision.

The following morning, certain that all demons of the wood had been sent about their business, the *curé* and three-fourths of his parishioners were there at an early hour. But amazement! and horror upon horror! more trees had fallen during the past night than during any of the preceding ones!

The case made such a noise that the mayor was obliged to interfere. That dignitary, the *curé*, the churchwardens, and vergers went in procession to the forest. But the mayor did not content himself with another exorcism from the *curé*, nor with counting the trees, but set a watch, and remained with it himself.

Fortunately the night was one of full moonlight, so that any beings, whether flesh and blood or of the spiritual world, provided they assumed even the faintest outlines of form, could be clearly distinguished; nay, even if a troop of merry little goblins, but six inches high, had appeared at work with their elfish axes and saws, they would have been discerned. The mayor and his *posse comitatus*, ecclesiastical and laical, kept their eyes and ears in a state of nervous vigilance and superstitious terror, and their tongues unmoved, until the clock of the neighbouring village sounded the midnight hour, in apprehension lest that solemn sound from the venerable time-keeper should be "a certain sign that fate would frown."

A certain sign! it was not down. At the first stroke they saw—they saw, clothed in white, a goblin figure at a considerable distance, which appeared at first of gigantic stature; but as it approached, they thought it was diminished gradually to the size of a man, with a blood-coloured turban which covered the head even to the nose, so as to suggest the horrible idea that the creature had no eyes.

"Sathane!" cried out the rector and the *curé* together, in breathless agitation.

They looked in vain to see if the mayor and his attendants would advance nearer to the monster-fiend with the crimson head and white body. Hark! there was a sound; another and another. It was that of a mortal axe—the nocturnal workman was cutting away bravely; every stroke told upon a tall tree, which creaked, toppled, and

then fell, and the voice of the woodcutter was heard to exclaim, "Ha!"

The mayor rushed forward; so did his men, and the *curé* did not stay behind. The somnambulist, Laurent—for it was he—was secured, and then the mystery was solved.

The poor fellow had been so nervously intent on finishing his laborious contract, that he regularly dreamt of it; and his imagination became so excited, that he had walked out in his sleep repeatedly, and worked all night without once awaking. Some impulse led him to return to his bed, after he had unconsciously laboured for some time, before daybreak; and no one had missed him from his own house, as he opened and shut his cottage door with as much precision as if he had been broad awake. The strength, activity, and correctness with which he executed his work at night, far exceeded his performance by day: a fact which I do not mean to analyse on principles of physiology. Perhaps some unlearned person may assert, without the aid of metaphysics, that a man who was working all night would not be quite so strong, or disposed to labour, on the succeeding day.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I wandered over deserts wild,
O'er northern fields of snow;
I've left those scenes a happy child
For lands of brighter glow;
Yet there's no palace of the east,
Or region on the earth,
Can to the heart recall the past,
Like the dear land of birth.
I've linger'd 'neath Italian skies,
And its gay vineyards' bloom;
I've wander'd where Arabia sighs,
Fragrant and choice perfume;
I've gazed on Switz stern scenery,
Its snow-clad mountains high;
But happy childhood's home, for thee
I still in anguish sigh.
Farewell then all ye foreign climes,
I'll seek my village home,
Its ivy porch, its merry chimneys,
And ne'er again will roam.
I'll ne'er more seek for happier spots,
In other climes than mine;
For England's dear and happy cots
Are not surpass'd by thine.

STATUE OF MOORE, THE POET.—It appears, from the report of a meeting of the subscribers to the "Moore Testimonial," which has just been held in Dublin, under the presidency of the Earl of Charlemont, that £1315 had been subscribed—out of which £1161 has been paid up and an expenditure of £138 incurred. A communication had been received from London, through Mr. Longman, announcing that the London subscription for the "Moore Testimonial" amounted to £279. The testimonial is to take the shape of a statue on a pedestal; the figure to be of bronze, and executed from the marble portrait taken of the poet by Mr. Charles Moore. An admirable site has been chosen for the work. It is to be placed in an open space fronting what was the Old Parliament House of Ireland, and close to Trinity College, where Moore received his education.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SELF-SUSTENANCE.—A few weeks ago, as a shepherd, named Greaves, belonging to Ripple Farm, near Deal, was employed in a yard on his master's premises, he was surprised to see a hog issue from a large heap of straw which had been thrown off from the threshing machine. The animal was in a very emaciated condition, and seemed to be suffering from great debility. On closer examination it was identified as a pig that had been suddenly missed about five weeks before, and after which a minute but fruitless search had been made. The owner at length arriving at the conclusion that it had been stolen. It is supposed that the pig was nesting in the yard at the time the threshing-machine was in operation, and that it did not think of moving from its comfortable quarters until the layer of straw became so heavy that it was unable to free itself—an indiscretion for which it paid the penalty of a five weeks' confinement, and the laborious task of self-liberation.—*Dover Chronicle.*

ONE HAPPY HEART.—Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envid privilege! How calmly you can seek your pillow—how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed—as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed, and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears, those sighs, are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives, by angry recriminations, estrange and embitter their loving hearts! How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other—making wounds that no human heart can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day—"Strive to make some heart happy," jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would for ever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasures of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord! Try it, ye discontented, for ever grumbling devotees of sorrow, self-caused! It will make that little part of the world in which you move as fair as Eden.

FACETIÆ.

We have seen women not only too weak to bear food, but even too weak to bear contradiction.

THERE are two classes of people that can afford to be modest: those who possess a vast amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

A lady of Malvern, after three months' absence, found in her piano a rat's nest, made of the coverings of the hammers, silk, &c.

THE *Times* says, "France is no longer governed by established laws or institutions, but by the accidents thrown in her way." In other words, France is governed precisely as if it were an English railway.

It is stated by some wiseacre, that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

A dog that will fetch a bone will take one. No allusion to tattlers.

WHEN does a mastiff become a lap-dog? When he is drinking.

THE greatest pleasure connected with wealth consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—Pass a bonnet-shop without stopping—see a baby without kissing it—and admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

A man being asked did he understand German, answered, "No; but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another going into a book-shop, asked if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and received for answer, "No, sir; but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery."

A new steam apparatus for shaving has been invented, which will shave a thousand at once. All they have to do is to turn first the right side of the face, then the left, and lastly the full face to the machine, and thus they are shaved by three strokes of the razor.

A little girl being sent to a shop to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? why, cholera, sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get three pennyworth."

MIRAVAU—was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

COMPLIMENTS MATRIMONIAL.—Says Mr. M. (waxing rather warm) to Mrs. M., "Facts are stubborn things." Says Mrs. M. to Mr. M., "Then what a fact you must be!"

EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.—An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her, until she got too proud to speak to me."

MEN of leisure never find time to do anything. Even our school-books are written by people whose station in life does not raise them above baked potatoes.

LONG MEASURE.—A witty knave coming into a lace shop upon Ludgate Hill, said he had occasion for a small quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the woman of the shop how much she would take for as much as could reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head or under his chin. After some words they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying: "One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol—therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your bargain; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition."

A SCOTTISH BEADLE.—One of the preachers in a populous parish in Ayrshire, who is not less celebrated for his pulpit exertions than for his *bonhomie* and obliging disposition, was lately to officiate for a brother in a neighbouring parish. The circumstance being known, attracted a large attendance, as many were eager to hear an orator so famed. As the popular preacher was ascending the pulpit, the beadle, solicitous that he should not disappoint the anticipations of the people, clapped him encouragingly on the back, and whispered, "Now, sir, do as well as ye can, for the folks here have great expectations of you!"

A modern philosopher says, that ready-made fortunes are a good deal like ready-made clothing—they seldom fit those who get them. Fast young men generally inherit mill sites, while the most likely person to fall heir to a gallery of statuary, would be some old fossil who would much prefer the more producible contents of a stone-cutter's yard. Riches are distributed with very little discrimination. To spend money properly requires as much brains as to acquire it; and yet who ever knew a man of brains to have "a rich uncle," or a young man of genius to become the residuary legatee to a silver mine?

A Hampshire farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society resolved to increase his salary. "I beg of you not to think of any such thing," said the minister; "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it."

It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit: "My good fellow, you made a grasp at time, but you caught eternity!"

THE NEEDLEWORKER'S COMPLAINT.—A "stitch" in the side.

PATENT SHIP-BUILDING.—To such extraordinary perfection has the noble art of ship-building arrived in her Majesty's dockyards, that in many cases they are obliged to haul the vessels up after launching them, in order to cut them in two, by way of completing them!

DANGEROUS FREEDOM OF DOGS.—Now that government propose to relieve dogs from their burthens, by taking off the canine tax, Mr. Gladstone ought to have an eye to the approaching "dog-days." Let us hope that the freedom of these animals in one respect may not entail on the Chancellor the necessity of muzzling them all!

QUERY.—If the judges are to be excluded from Parliament, will there be less judgment in the Assembly than formerly?

NATIONAL AFFECTION.—Louis Napoleon is so thoroughly beloved by his subjects, that one and all dare not open their mouths against him. Thus "silence gives consent."

GOLD ABOVE ITS LEVEL.—The River Thames has recently been overflowing its banks. We should imagine it was *high time* that Lombard Street did a similar thing; for, judging from the recent arrivals from Australia, the banks in that locality must be running over with superfluous golden streams.

A PSALM OF LIFE.—A PARODY.

What the Heart of the Young Woman said to the Old Maid.

BY HENRY W. SHORTELOW.

TELL me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not now what they seem.
Life is real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us nearer marriage day.
Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
Wedding marches all the way.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
But a heroine—a wife!
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living Present!
Heart within and hope ahead!
Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."
Such example, that another
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get!

TALLEYRAND'S CUNNING.—A lady who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arretez, MONSEIGNEUR!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for interior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book—it is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs!

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, a physician who never charged an exorbitant fee—a married man who always went the *straight way* home—a "fast man" who never looked at a girl's heels—an omnibus driver who was never abusive—a merchant who never thought of business on a Sunday—and an editor whose chair was emphatically an "easy" one.

THE "strengiminde d" women are carrying everything before them in America. According to the papers, they hold conventions, make public speeches, deliver public lectures, edit newspapers, practise as doctors, and do numberless other unfeminine things! but this, it appears, is not enough: they have ascended to the pulpit, and now officiate as parsons. They will be in Congress next, and noisy as that body is now, there will then be "confusion worse confounded."

AMUSING PERPLEXITIES.—The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says, "People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo." Upon this the translator makes the following note: "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it is the opossum; but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of natural history!" This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A gentle-

man saw a person poring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" "I don't know," was the reply, "for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this *rascally Lilliput* anywhere!"

CANONICAL.—The Pope of Rome opening a bottle of ginger beer would be a very "pop-ish" act!

A CHANCELLOR'S DREAM.—When Mr. Gladstone dreamt of taking the duty off soap, it was undoubtedly a "so(s)porific" result.

THE MOST BUOYANT OF WATERS.—The harbour of Cork, in Ireland!

HUNGARIAN OPINION.—Kossuth and his followers incline to the belief that a great many unnecessary "crackers" have been told by the press concerning the recent seizure of war rockets.

HOME FOR IRISH SAILORS.—We hear of such an institution as the Dublin Sailors' Home. Now as the Irish are generally "at sea" when at home, this establishment appears somewhat anomalous. We should say, however, that the real Dublin Sailors' Home of the Irish tar is that part of the ocean where he's "doublin the Cape," with a view to a trip to the land of gold.

EXHIBITION EXTRAORDINARY.—On dit that a certain portion of the building for the Dublin Exhibition will be devoted to the display of native Ribbonism!

LEGAL SHARPNESS.—The attempt of the attorneys to rid themselves of their certificate duty, proves them to be capital *solicitors* in their own behalf.

A contemporary imagines that gold will go on increasing until it becomes less valuable than old iron. In less than twenty years he expects to see tennypenny nails take the place of breast-pins, while the only jewellery that a fashionable lady will tolerate, will consist of tin earrings and copper-plated head-bands. Gold, in his opinion, is bound to be a drug, and in a century from now will only be used for coal-scuttles and door-plates.

A WAGER WON.—A man once offered to bet that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was accepted; and, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he asked, "Is not that one side of the river?" "Yes," was the answer, "of course." "Agreed," said the man; "and is not this the other side?" "Certainly," said the other. "Then," said the man, "pay me the wager; for by your own confession I have proved that *this side* of the river is the *other side*." The dumfounded antagonist, overcome by this logic, immediately paid the money.

A WELL-DISCIPLINED SOLDIER.—A laughable circumstance took place a short time since. As a soldier was carrying the dinner belonging to his mess from the baker's, one of his companions coming behind him called "Attention!" when this well-disciplined soldier dropped his hands, and at the same time the dinner of his unfortunate comrades.

A NEW DODGE.—A tradesman residing within one hundred miles circuit of Nottingham Exchange pump, lately bought a dozen of Cochon-China eggs, for which he paid 12s. 6d., and so delighted was he with his purchase that he insisted that he and his fair spouse should taste the delicious but expensive morsels in a couple of breakfast. They were boiled, but, when placed on the table, to his great astonishment and chagrin, the beautiful tint that before rendered them so inviting, had changed to common white! On examining the remaining ten, they were found to be nothing more than small, and not very fresh, Irish eggs, which had been tinted to the requisite "Cochon-China" shade, by being steeped in a solution of raw umber.—*Nottingham Guardian*.

MAN.—A writer says, that the vital difference between man and woman is this—man for ever asks more, while woman is always intent upon making the most of what she has. Man is a perpetual seeker; woman turns whatsoever she finds into a present use and profit. Man's eye is fixed upon the future; woman's upon the present. He sweeps the heavens with his gaze, to see what fairer worlds invite his adventure; she quietly unpacks the trunk of his observation, and appropriates whatever available results it contains to the improvement of his present abode.

THE poultry mania has reached such a height in London, as to become a most pernicious species of gambling—a sort of *chicken hazard*.—*Diogenes*.

TO PENNY-A-LINERS.—When a man receives a blow in his eye from one of the conical pieces of wood knocked about by the boys in the streets, the accident may properly be headed, "A cat-astrophe!"—*Ibid*.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—A tradesman who advertises "alarums," recommends them to members of Parliament and commercial gentlemen. From our intimacy, however, with these two classes, we know they are always too ready to take alarm upon any subject inimical to their interests. The late Round-Robin affair is a pretty good illustration.—*Ibid*.

THE CURRENCY.—In England, of late years, light sovereigns have occasioned considerable inconvenience; while in Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia, bad sovereigns have been an intolerable nuisance.—*Ibid*.

ASTOUNDING.—A hairdresser, whose establishment is situated in one of the narrow alleys of London, has invented a hair-dye of such extraordinary efficacy, that the very atmosphere of his establishment has turned quite dark.—*Ibid*.

"THE POULTRY."—It is remarkable, that in the very height of the Coach-in-China poultry mania, the traffic in our Coach-Cab-and-Omnibus Poultry is entirely suspended.—*Ibid*.

ANOTHER RAP AT THE RAPPERS.—Why are the Spirit Rappers like dishonest publicans?—Because their "spirits" are much below "proof!"—*Ibid*.

CURIOUS RESULT.—A paragraph is going the round of the papers, stating that "a respectable woman, named Wilkinson, who had been totally blind for twenty years, fell down stairs. The shock caused to her system resulted in the complete recovery of her sight." We have heard that the late fall of B. Disraeli has had in his case a somewhat similar effect!—*Ibid*.

THE KING OF THE ISLAND.—In the case of the Maldon Election Petition, it was proved that an agent for the sitting member went down to the borough, and called at the house of a man who was familiarly known as the "King of the Island," and offered him £150 down for his interest; which was supposed to extend to some twenty or twenty-five votes. There was, however, a larger advance made by the opposing party; for the "King" and his subjects all voted for the unsuccessful candidate! Why this man should be called the "King of the Island" we do not exactly see; but as that title has been adopted, and the fellow lives by selling the rights and liberties of his fellow-creatures, he may as well be called the "King of the Cannibal Island" at once!—*Ibid*.

WHAT A VEGETARIAN CANNOT DO.—Say grace before meat.—*Punch*.

ALL SMOKE.—Why is a notorious Professor of pills and ointment like a tobacconist?—Because he thrives by puffing.—*Ibid*.

MARCH OF POLITENESS.—The cabmen in Palace Yard have profited so much by the remarks of their fares, the members of Parliament and reporters, that in abusing one another they now never say, "You must be a precious stupid donkey," but, "You must be the man wot ventilates the House of Commons!"—*Ibid*.

QUADRILLES FOR THE CEILING.—We observe that "A great musical curiosity" is announced, under the title of "The Double, or Upside-down Quadrilles, for the piano-forte, composed so that, by turning them upside down, they become another set." We should like to know whether instruction in dancing these quadrilles could be obtained of the gentleman who was lately walking with his head downwards at Drury Lane.—*Ibid*.

A PHILANTHROPIC PROFESSION.—We never saw the goodwill of a lawyer's practice advertised. Does such a thing exist?—*Ibid*.

FASHIONS BY A "FIRST" HAND.—The fashions in millinery and dress-making present some of the usual features. Fingers are very much worn—nearly to the bone—skirts and accounts are still very long, while bodies, particularly those that think themselves somebodies, are excessively low, with a great deal of stiffness and a quantity of bone about the place where the heart is likely to come, if there happens to be any. In evening dress the petticoat is usually very full and the pocket often very empty. The material of the bosom is frequently *glacé*, and covered with a transparent tissue of imitation stuff, which may be seen through easily. Flowers are not much worn this season in the hair, but the cheeks are got up as usual with artificial roses.—*Ibid*.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE most candid disposition will find it necessary, in its intercourse with the world, on some occasions to conceal what it does feel, and on others to assume what it does not.

AN obstinate temper that can only be swayed by kindness, is like an iron instrument that is rendered ductile by heat.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

My mother, art thou beautiful?

Oh would that I could see!

Thy voice like whisper'd melody
Sounds beautiful to me.

Thy hand feels beautiful in mine,

So soft, so warm, so bright;

Me thinks like velvet it must shine,

Beneath man's glorious sight.

Thy lips feel beautiful—thy kiss

Sweet as unfil'd flower,

Ere yet the bee has sought its breast

To steal its virgin dower.

Thy love for me is beautiful,

So tender and so true;

That in thy eyes I read it not,

Mother, I sorely rue.

In all thou must be beautiful,

If there is beauty here;

For what save God's most perfect work

Could hold a blind boy dear?

MEN of a materially logical cast of mind are not often brilliant; for the best account of brilliancy is, that it is the truth stated in an illogical form.

THE severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.

THOUGHTS habitually elevated, always serene, and sometimes dreamy, impart a pure and true gaiety to the soul.

WE celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love, by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is a fruit offering of good deeds.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

HE that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by egotism, which is suicidal, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

MY friend, hast thou ever thought how pleasant and altogether lovely would be a life of entire sincerity married to perfect love? The wildest stories of magic skill, or fairy power, could not equal the miracles that would be wrought by such a life; for it would change this hollow masquerade of veiled and restless souls into a place of divine communion.

CUNNING.—The greatest of all cunning is, to seem blind to the snares laid for us; men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.

REPUTATION is so tender a flower that it once cropped or blasted, it is out of the power of the most benign sun or genial showers to restore it to its original beauty. How tender, then, should every one be not only of speaking, but even of encouraging the busy tongues and malicious speeches of defamers! for if defamation be a murderess of the reputation, as in other murders every bystander ought to be looked upon as a principal, since the law allows of no accomplices in crimes of that black nature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SNAIL RESTAURANT.—A French paper says that snails have become quite a fashionable article of diet in Paris, as they were in the days of the old Romans. There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables, where snails are accepted as a delicacy by from eight to ten thousand customers. The monthly consumption of this molluscian is estimated at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snails is from 2f. 50c. to 3f. 50c. per hundred; while those from the hedges, woods, and forests, are only from 2f. to 2f. 25c. The proprietor of the "snailery" in the vicinity of Dijon is said to net over 7,000f. annually!

KEW GARDENS.—From the Annual Report of Sir W. J. Hooker, we learn the progress made in the Royal Gardens at Kew, during the year 1852. "Some of the palms," Sir William says, "have grown so rapidly as to reach the highest span of the roof (66 feet), and two of them we have been obliged to let down into sunk compartments underground, thus to retain them a few years longer." Of the accessions of moment, Sir William observes: "It were tedious to enumerate the names of a tithe of the rarities we have received; but in gratitude to the donors, I must take leave to mention two plants which our garden alone possesses in a living state: first, a healthy young plant of the double cocoa-nut (the *coco de mer* of French navigators, the *Lodoicea Sechellarum*), a palm of the highest interest, both botanically and historically, for it inhabits only one spot in the whole world—a single islet in the Seychelles group. This plant was reared and given to the gardens by Professor Bojer, of the Mauritius, and it was conveyed to England free of expense, by the Screw Propelling Steam Company. The second acquisition is one which has been hitherto wholly unknown to [botanical?] science: though it yields a material of very extended use among the Chinese and other nations, and which, ever since our trade began with China, has been sold under the name of rice paper. This material, in all its various stages of preparation, accompanied by a living plant in the highest health, has been sent to the gardens by Dr. Bowring, from Hong Kong."

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—The Duke of Abrantes was extremely kind to his servants; and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance; "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale." "Then why not get rid of him?" "It is of no use," said the duke; "he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services; besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the year, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the duke came to offer customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift. "As to you, sir," addressing the steward, "I will make you a present of everything you have robbed me of during the past year." The steward made a low bow and retired.

THE THOUGHTS OF A DAY.—If the thoughts which pass through the mind of a person in a day, could be gathered together and placed in the order in which they first appeared, what a mountain of ideas would be brought to view!

WORDS sometimes carry an immense influence with them. The noble lines uttered by "Richelieu" will nerve many a young heart to deeds of desperate daring:

Richelieu—"Young man, be blithe! for, note me, from the hour I grasp that packet, think your guardian star rains fortune on you!"

Francois—"If I fail?"

Richelieu—"Fail—fail? In the bright lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as—fail!"

This thought has often been felt before, but never so admirably expressed. No one can listen to its delivery by the old Cardinal, without finding a momentum given to his courage that will keep him in energy for a lifetime. Another fine sentiment is uttered by Richelieu in the succeeding act: "The husband of a woman should be a man, and not a money-chest"—a sentiment that will stand up between Nature and Usury long after the hand that penned it is cold in death.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. J.—The Santissima Trinidad, at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, carried 140 guns. The Royal Albert, building, is intended to carry 120.

HENRY must look out for a better sweetheart. A girl who trifles with a serious affection, and coarsely holds up his avowals to ridicule, does not deserve the love of an honest man. Turn the tables on the saucy baggage, by showing a little spirit and independence.

S. H.—Beware of man-traps. The party you refer to can no more show you how to realise a fortune than he can fly. We wonder any portion of the press receive his monstrous advertisements.

NAPOLEON LE GRAND asks what is the most appropriate present a lover can make to a young lady on her birthday. Anything of a tasteful and ornamental character. Articles of jewellery are preferred—such as armlets, lockets, pearls for the hair—in fact, anything graceful and pretty, consistent with the gentleman's means, and appropriate to the lady's position and tastes. First-class boxes, handsomely bound, are always acceptable.

ALICE GRAY.—We don't like the conduct of your lover. To say the least, it is suspicious. But wait the twelve months out. Although you have known each other ten years, perhaps he wishes to study you in your new character for a whole year. Some men are horribly suspicious.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN.—You are biased by personal considerations. Besides, your law is bad. The Wills' Act expressly declares—"that no form of attestation shall be necessary." But we agree to the necessity for one comprising a mention of all the forms to be observed by the act on executing and attesting wills.

H. K.—You are wrong—the first year began with 0. The second with 1, and as the cumulative days in that year contributed to make up 2, it follows that the whole 2 years were only completed at midnight on the 31st of December of the year 2: consequently we are now in the 58rd year of the century.

J. H. JAMES.—Under the ordinary licence, or before the superintending registrar. The parties intending to be married must have resided in the parish fourteen clear days previous to the solemnisation of the ceremony.

VULCAN.—When two gentlemen meet a party of ladies, among whom there is one who is acquainted with one of the gentlemen only, the best etiquette would be for both parties to walk on, without the lady or gentleman known to each other saluting. Stopping to speak would be out of the question—for that would break up the ladies' party, and cause the other gentleman to walk on by himself.

YORK.—A man is bound to allow his wife a decent maintenance; but when living away from him, he is not liable for anything but the most bare necessities—that is, supposing he has allowed her nothing.

JAMES MERRY.—The young lady is right. To love well and wisely is no laughing matter. Besides, such a display is disrespectful to the object of the professed (?) attachment. Marriage should be approached with the serious demeanour of a right-thinking, warm-blooded man—not the grimaces of a mountebank.

LIZZETTE DE LOHM complains of the conduct of the sisters of her lover: previous to her engagement they showed her the greatest respect, but since they have treated her with studied coldness. Characteristic conduct; but very little. Grown-up sisters are not over partial to their brothers' selections. In the race for the altar, those who are left behind get angry and spiteful. Lizzette must not exhibit any resentment now. When married she may return the "cut" with interest.

ELLEN DE VERE.—The personal property of an intestate who leaves neither wife, children, nor grandchildren, goes first to his father—if none, to his mother, and brothers and sisters, in equal proportions—the mother taking one whole share, and the brothers and sisters one each; and if there be children of a deceased brother or sister, they are included in the division, and an equal portion will have to be divided among each family of children.

BLACKBURN.—If we had the ballot, the motive for bribery and treating would not exist—for all the gold in the coffers of the Bank, and all the beer in the metropolis, could not make a single secret vote a positive certainty. The ballot would make an English election more a matter of conscience and opinion than it is, and prevent disgraceful rioting, drunkenness, and corruption.

CLARISSA.—Having an immediate reversionary interest in the property, you might either sell or mortgage it; but the necessary deed would not be valid until you were of age. Don't anticipate—this practice is the curse of youth, the crime of maturity, and the bitter, unavailing regret of old age.

ROBERT BOYD.—Yeast may be made by mixing two quarts of soft water with wheat flour, to the consistency of thick gruel, then, boiling it gently for half an hour, and when almost cold stirring into it half a pound of sugar, and four spoonfuls of good yeast. This should be placed in an earthen vessel with a narrow neck, and allowed to stand before a moderate fire, so as to ferment. The fermentation will throw up a thin liquor, which must be poured off and thrown away, and the remainder kept for use in a cool place, in a bottle or jug, tied over.

S. T. PAFFORD.—In answer to numerous inquiries respecting the Duke of Wellington screw-line-of-battle ship, we have to state that she is afloat, and all her trial trips have proved eminently satisfactory. She is unquestionably the largest ship in the world, whether propelled by sails, screws, or paddles. She carries 131 guns instead of 140, as originally intended, but the weight of metal is the same. Her engines are of 750-horse power, and were built by the Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow. It will be in the recollection of our readers that we have twice before given a notice of this most magnificent of war-steamer, originally intended to be called the Windsor Castle; but the launch at Pembroke Dockyard occurring on the day the Iron Duke died, her Majesty was pleased to direct that the former name of this leviathan of the deep should be changed to its present one, as a memorial of England's greatest hero, and of the national prowess.

J. G. S.—1. A party may be sued in Australia, under power of attorney. But can the claim be proved at such a distance? 2. A dishonoured bill renewed and received, discharges the indorsers on the original bill from all liability. 3. It will depend on the circumstances of the case whether you can sue the widow of a deceased gentleman for the amount of a debt contracted during the life-time of the husband. If the latter were liable in his lifetime, you may sue his executors, or, if none, the widow, as administratrix.

ABERDEEN.—Eggs may be preserved in several ways. If you rub the shells with butter it will keep them for months. Another mode is to apply with a brush a solution of gum arabic to the shells, or immerse the eggs therein, let them dry, and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal-dust. Steeping them in sweet oil answers the purpose for a year. Boiling for a minute answers for a month.

W. W. is one of those whimsical young men who change just as the weather does on an April day. Talk of woman's inconstancy! Why that of the W. W. tribe of men is ten thousand times worse; it is more hypocritical, more heartless, more cruel. Our correspondent is evidently one of those detestable creatures, a male flirt. He must take care. If he cunningly keeps on the windy side of the law, a horsewhip and a strong arm can reach him anywhere.

S. D. E.—You may obtain a copy of the will at Doctors' Commons, by personal application or through a friend. The usual way is to employ a proctor.

W. B. DARLEY.—Your town agent would not mislead you. Several numbers at present out of print will be re-issued. But we cannot go to the expense of reprinting numbers for parties who may require only one copy, probably two, at the outside.

AN ANXIOUS BROTHER wishes to hear from his sister, who, two years ago, went to Corfu, and in her last letter stated she was in service in the family of a member of the House of Commons.

H. D. B.—"If this should meet the eye of H. W., of Birmingham, who left Manchester in the autumn of 1850, and has not written or been heard of since, he is earnestly requested to write to his disconsolate wife and mother. His silence and protracted as well as unexplained absence, is likely to bring the latter to a premature grave."

CHARLES CRAYEN.—When a love engagement has been broken off, all letters and presents on either side should be returned. It is dishonourable to retain even a single scrap of writing. Besides, not returning letters would particularly lead the other party to suppose that it was desired that the engagement was only interrupted—not broken off—and might be renewed whenever a proper advantage was made.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—Executors under the wills of British subjects dying abroad, are not obliged to advertise for the whereabouts of the parties interested; but, as men of business and honour, they invariably do so. You may ascertain all the particulars as regards the disposition of the property at Doctors' Commons, if the testator died in a British colony; if within the limits of the East India Company's charter, at the East India House.

J. R.—The derivation of the word "Yankee" has not been determined. The following, by the Rev. James Cork Richmond, of Providence, Rhode Island, is not far from the mark:

At Yankees, John, beware a laugh,
Against yourself you joke;
For Yengees, "English," is but half
By Indian natives spoke."

WELLINGTON.—You must fulfil the engagement. Having won the girl's affections, it would be base to desert her. Supposing she is consumptive, it is your duty to soothe and cheer her few remaining years. Selfish considerations should not thwart the holiest of sympathies.

ALBERT asks what is our opinion of a young gentleman (?) who boasts of his money, dashes about, and travels a good deal, but who calls at a certain house once or twice a week to borrow your valuable Journal. He never buys a periodical or newspaper of any description. What do we think of him, indeed! Why that he is very mean, and shabby, and so forth; but why do his friends tolerate his dirty tricks? Only publicans and news-agents lend newspapers—and lending a periodical which only costs a penny is ridiculous. Perhaps the borrower in this case makes the borrowing a pretext for seeing and mutely adoring some divinity in rich brown curls, blue eyes, and coral lips. Some men are funny creatures. They approach a young woman with as much caution as if she were a boa constrictor.

J. M.—From the *ex parte* statement before us, we are inclined to think the Master of the Rolls was correct in deciding that the bequest was for the benefit of the next of kin. You may be able to see your way a little more clearly when we inform you that, under the act to restrain accumulations, 39 & 40 Geo. 3, c. 38, no person can dispose by will of any real or personal estate in such manner that the rents or produce thereof shall be accumulated for any longer period than a life or lives in being at the death of the testator, and twenty-one years afterwards.

SABINA.—Can "the young man" reclaim the wedding-ring from the young lady after the engagement has been broken off? Certainly—if he bought the article, it must, until the marriage, be his property. He can recover its value in the County Court. Why keep his trumpery bit of a gold band?

J. M. L.—The idea of religious principles early instilled into the youthful mind carrying it safely through life, is well worked out in your song of the "Good Life Boat." We give one verse.

When buoyantly launch'd on the changeful tide,
My whirling course to steer;
I saw in my way go side by side,
A smile and a pitiful tear,
Sweet garlands of fame would by me float,
Enrich'd from the world's gay store;
But the loveliest gem was the "Good Life Boat,"
That would carry me safely o'er.

ALBERT EDWARD.—In science and learning the middle ages have been grossly under-rated. Had not an unknown burgher of Middleburgh found out the use of spectacles, the world would probably have never heard of the sublimities of Copernicus and Newton. Then the alchemy of those times is the parent of our chemistry. The eager pursuit of astrology opened a way to our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. It is therefore from the middle ages that we have borrowed the wings on which we have soared into the regions of science, and hung high above the loftiest flights of antiquity. And yet it is the fashion with historians to denounce those ages as dark! What a terrible mistake! Why, in architecture the most passionate admirer of antiquity cannot view the gigantic Gothic specimens which have been preserved, without being forced to confess that they were no ordinary men who conceived and executed these prodigies of art. Literature, though not universally cultivated, was by no means neglected. They who followed learning as a profession, showed no want of eagerness in its pursuit. At no time were the schools so filled with aspirants—at no time did the name of a scholar draw to itself more reverence—at no time was the reputation of learning so sure a passport to dignity and honour. So liberal was the encouragement bestowed on learning, that every monastery was filled with students. Oxford is said to have counted 30,000 within her walls. The children of her rival sister on the banks of the Cam were not less numerous. The foreign schools were still more crowded. The professors of Bologna almost sank under the fatigue of giving lectures to 80,000 scholars. As the gentry, dedicating themselves entirely to arms, left the civil professions open to men of humble birth, these seats of learning were not then mere pretences for idleness—they were not filled with the sons of gentlemen only seeking to while away their time—but with poor men, whose sole chance of preferment was in their diligence. From the lower classes almost exclusively proceeded the priests, the lawyers, the physicians, the merchants. The nobility, though they disdained the learning of the schools, were not insensible to the charms of poetry. Every court was proud of being the resort of the muses. Scarcely a castle but counted a bard among the number of its retainers.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Ivy and Myrtle (For all subsequent correspondence between you, we must refer you both to the daily Times)—Micra (The booksellers have the work on hand) Ignorant (Doctors' Commons offices are on Bennet's Hill, in the City, close to St. Paul's Cathedral. The address from the country is simply, "Doctors' Commons, London")—Albert Lee (The handwriting is good, but must be improved)—A. J. R. (Is thanked for his "acrostic" but we cannot publish praises of ourselves in our own pages)—B. S. (Order the volume from the bookseller)—Hugh Bradshaw (Polygamy is a sin under the Christian dispensa-

tion. In Pagan and Mahomedan countries it is a natural institution, and therefore cannot be a sin in those countries)—G. C. (The government commissioners do not send out juvenile emigrants, unless recommended by peculiar circumstances—such as orphanage or destitution)—Gog (Your being to us a myth, will excuse our doubting the originality of your verses on "Destiny." Besides we dislike the tone. You are a fatalist)—M. V. S. (Declined, with thanks)—May Gertrude (The handwriting is very clear, and lady-like in style)—Troublesome (Address the manager of "The Guarantee Society, London")—Mabel Milden (Auburn is the dictionary title. You are "a fine tan colour—a reddish brown.")—Red hair is auburn in colour. Red and black hair are the strongest; the intermediate shades—all sprung from one or the other of the two—the weakest)—Fair Play (Cannot conceal his identity. He writes too earnestly for a friend. We only publish the portraits of celebrities)—H. Lewis (Consult the Treatise on the letter "H" in "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary")—Henry (Advise your friend to put her novel into the fire, and attend to her husband's comforts, if she has one—if not, to get one as soon as possible)—A. W. W. A. (Can you satisfy us as to the originality of the pieces? Such communications should be authenticated)—T. Bradford ("Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary" is the best Honour to whom honour is due)—A. Hard-fisted Working Man (Writes a sensible and elegant letter. We regret we cannot make use of it)—T. W. J. (Unsuitable)—Abraham Haley (No)—J. S. (Gutta percha may be dissolved in spirits of naphtha)—L. V. (Persons using the word "patent," and the royal arms, without having taken out a patent, are liable to heavy penalties)—Salamander and Alexis (All three specimens made by machinery)—T. C. W. (Purchase our Tenth Volume, containing the "Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage." You will there find all the information you require)—M. A. H. (A cheat, a snare, and a delusion)—W. Richardson (No)—Ada B. (Memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were published in Vol. VII. of this Journal)—Zithia Zae (Should send something original. His "Seamstress" is almost copied from the "Slave of the Needle," published in Vols. X. and XI. of this Journal)—Joshua Ashley (Quite possible. Arkwright made seven millions sterling after he had passed the prime of life; and you, at twenty-four, ought to be able to learn anything, do anything, or go anywhere)—J. Stocks (Apply to the secretary of the Polytechnic Institution)—A Widow (Your son must serve his time out, but for ill-treatment he has his remedy before a magistrate)—T. F. (No)—Joseph Beadle (The stamp duty on deeds is abolished; apprenticeship where no money is paid as premium, is £1)—Don Cleophas (The wills of persons dying in the service of the East India Company are deposited at the East India House, and may be inspected from ten to four o'clock, except on holidays and other specified occasions, free of charge)—A. H. (Blushing is natural. It is only ladies and gentlemen in bronze that never blush)—A. O. (Apply to the nearest superintendent of Excise)—R. Saiker (Declined, with thanks)—Joe Beans (Appointments under the Hudson's Bay Company, are obtained by memorial to the directors. Some private interest is essential)—A Youth (Enter the merchant service, in preference to the Royal Navy. The pay and the treatment is better)—Sun-flower (Casting nativities, means extracting gold and silver from the pockets of the credulous)—E. D. T. (The "Village Maiden" is good prose—nothing more). Cervantes (You cannot leave without giving the usual notice required by the custom of the trade)—A. Dicky Sam (No. Interpretations of the Scriptures are so variable, that we cannot be more explanatory. We dislike all theological controversies)—Unfortunate (We never reply to letters privately, except when they are on business)—Perseverance Overcome (Go if you like, but do not say we sent you)—P. M. K. (Purify your system, by a thorough course of milk of sulphur)—D. C. H. (Your calculation is ingenious, but all such labours are unprofitable)—F. R. R. (There is no such society in the metropolis)—Agnes Everton (The Electro-plate process is open to all the world. It is the property of mankind)—M. J. and A. H. (Being under age, you could not legally emigrate without your parents' consent)—R. E. (Such questions refer to matters of private agreement)—Veritas (Search "Dodd," "Burke," or "Webster")—Green Man (Take the coin to a collector)—A Student (Resides nearer to the Strand than Durham)—A. Barwick (We must refer you to the Post Office returns, published four times a year in the public newspapers)—A. L. S. (Hereford (You have been deluded by a quack. We shall expose the fellow in another publication. May we use your letter?—Charles Bates (All in print. Order them through your bookseller)—A. Griton (When contributions do not appear within a reasonable time, the presumption ought to be that they are declined)—Taxidermist (Order from a publisher in Dundee)—Joseph Potter (Must apply to a shipping agent, or firm, in Liverpool)—Louisa S. (Consult the advertisements in the daily or WEEKLY TIMES)—J. Howard (Declined)—Dubious (The society advertises its principles and terms in the WEEKLY TIMES)—R. R. B. (Apply at Herald's College. The fees are about 8s. 6d.)—Collings (A deed of apprenticeship to which the father has not been made a consenting party, is void)—A Flute Player (Use cold cream or lip-salve)—Thomas Day (Procure the numbers from the bookseller)—J. Gray (Wait until the duty comes off soap)—Vernon (All the systems of short-hand are good. Those of Lewis, Harding, and Gurney, are the most practised)—Father O'Hara (In the merchant service the lowest petty officer is the second, third, or fourth mate, according to the size of the vessel)—H. H. (We never made any such promise)—J. Horsford (The cost of a monthly part of this Journal is sixpence—by post, one shilling)—R. S. (The work never appeared in this Journal)—Juvenis (Purchase one of the "Treatises on Handwriting," advertised in the WEEKLY TIMES)—W. B. (The Messrs. Clowes's is the largest printing establishment in Europe)—J. Berchall (Order from the news-agent)—Friedland (Marshal Grouchy died in 1847)—Specula (Such a book has never been published. There are thousands of "essays" on the subject)—J. B. P. (One trillion, two hundred and seventy billions, twenty millions, &c.)—S. L. (Glass-staining is a difficult and expensive process. You must consult a work on the subject)—Agnes L. (The pension of the widow of a master in the Navy is very trifling. It would depend on the class)—M. S. S. Sheffield—Jenny—Robert—Evening Star—Charles—Sarah L.—Integrity—Adolescents—Letty—Albert—Carnation—H. Y.—Emma—A Swiss—Queen of the Lake—Helicon—Snowdrop—Alice and Edith—L. E. G.—Just—C. V. H.—See Clear—Kate and Ellen—Ardwick—John—Helen—J. B.—Mary Harris—K. M.—Truth—Sarah—Rosa Violet—Isabel—Wanitia—Auricula—Rosamond—Henrietta—Ann—Lily of the Valley—Miss P.—Solitary One—An Englishwoman—Eugene—Foscari—Jennett—R. A. B.—Anna—Maria—S. C. S.—Rosalina—Inez—A Widow—G. H. E.—Beta and Clarence—Louisa Augusta—The Queen of Hearts—Annie Laurie—M. Tait—The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle—Miss Ratcliff—Albert—Lily Spey—Heart's ease—Angusta Anna L.—Edward—H. S. L.—Georgiana—W. P.—James Duke—Mariamne—Altamont—Frederick—Augustus—Lizz—A. C.—B. B. W. C.—E. M. Clure—Bay Leaf—Ade-laide—The Lass of Richmond Hill—Annie, Lizz, and Mary—A Scholar—Charles Constance—Gertrude Von Der Wait—T. H. L.—P. A.—F. Annette—Tacitus—Bessie Burton—Glaucus—P. H.—Brython—C. W. D.—W. Lucas—A. M. S.—W. H. M.—H. Gilmore—H. R. Gibson.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[ELLEN'S PROMISE TO MEET MEERAN AND THE COLONEL IN THE LIBRARY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CIL.

Now by my this day's hope, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the substance of ten thousand foes
Armed all in proof, led on by shallow Richmond.

SHAKESPEARE.

The belfry of Carrow Church was a lofty, square tower, built entirely of stone and flint, in the florid Gothic style, and evidently of a much later date than the rest of the sacred edifice, in which remains of the Saxon and early Norman architecture might still be traced. The belfry was divided into five storeys or chambers, accessible only by a very narrow flight of stairs, forming a part of the masonry of the north side of the tower, which was much thicker than the other three.

The upper chamber contained a small but not unmusical peal of bells; the second division was the clock-room; the third, to which no particular use was assigned, had been selected as the temporary prison of the warrenner. To judge from appearances, it was not the first time it had been employed for such a purpose: the door being of massive oak, studded with iron bosses or nails, and secured by massive bolts on the outside. The window, with the exception of a small aperture to admit the light, was walled up—so that escape or communication with any one from below were equally impossible.

The groining of the arch which ormed the ceiling sprang from four heads, one at each angle of the chamber. They had evidently been intended to represent the same number of saints, or worthies of the church. In the secluded situation in which they were placed, they were alike defended from the corrosive action of the atmosphere, and the fiery zeal of the iconoclasts of the Reformation—or, what is equally destructive, the mischievous propensities of the truant schoolboys of the present day. Their features were harsh, and sharp as when fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. A pallet and stool which had been placed in the room, formed the only furniture of the place.

At the earnest entreaty of the prisoner, who dreaded the long hours of darkness, the sexton had removed a

large iron cresset from the ringers' chamber beneath. It cast a red, lurid glare round the dreary-looking chamber.

Will Sidelier had passed a night of intense anxiety and terror. His feverish snatches of uneasy slumber were broken by dreams, in which the past and present were strangely mingled. Voices whose tones had long been hushed in death, rang in his ears; and menacing eyes were fixed upon him. So strong was the delusion, that when he started from his pallet, he fancied more than once that the four heads in the angles of his chamber were gibing and scowling at him. There was a species of fascination in their gaze, which he could not shake off. His only resource was to hide his head under the clothes, and try to sleep once more.

Again the murderer dreamed. He saw himself wandering on the bank of a turbid stream, whose opposite shore was veiled in misty vapours. By an impulse he could not control, his feet seemed to be impelled towards a crazy old boat, in which a man was sitting. As he reached the spot, the ferryman extended his hand and pulled him in. In an instant the boat shot into the middle of the waters.

Then all was changed. The waters became red like blood—serpents with fiery tongues tried to dart at him from the foaming mists of the waves—the old boat turned to a coffin, and the features of the rower to those of the hangman, Mat Cows.

With a yell the prisoner awoke, and, for the first time for years, the name of his Maker escaped his polluted lips, coupled with a frantic adjuration for mercy.

An owl, whose ancestors from time immemorial had made their nest in the belfry of Carrow Church, answered the word with one of its melancholy hootings. It sounded to the excited imagination of the warrenner like the voice of a fiend mocking the tardy prayer of a too-late repentance.

"I'll sleep no more!" he said, starting from his bed, and pacing the floor of the belfry; "my dream are worse even than my waking thoughts! What do they mean," he added, "by keeping me a prisoner here—here, so near to the vault of the Mowbrays—here, with no sound to break the horrid silence, save the dull ticking of the clock above, whose iron hands measure my sands of life? They wish to drive me mad!" he said, tearing his grey hair; "and once mad, I shall confess! Better that—better that—they can't hang a madman! Tick on—tick on, iron devil!" he continued, apostrophising the

clock; "I shall soon be mad—and then defy the hangman!"

Daybreak afforded to the miserable wretch no intermission from his torments. As the first ray of the glorious sun penetrated the aperture in his solitary chamber, it only served to impress him with the terrible conviction that he was one day nearer to his fate.

"I shouldn't so much mind it," he muttered, "if they would hang me anywhere but in Norwich! I have played, when a child, upon the Castle Hill, and should not like to be strung up there like a dog, with thousands of pale faces staring at me—people who knew me when a child!"

The thought that Mat Cows—whom he believed he had strangled on the night of his escape from Newgate—could not get his grip upon his throat, afforded him some slight consolation. From the instant that he learned his real name and character, he had conceived a terror as well as disgust of that cynical old man.

He forgot that there were other executioners in England besides Mat Cows.

When Joe Beans left the rectory, at the termination of the Khan's operation upon poor old Martin, he took the keys of the belfry with him, with the intention of conveying food to the prisoner. From the age of the sexton, he was afraid to trust him with the office of gaoler—so took it upon himself.

As the honest fellow, who was still very pale from the excitement he had undergone, crossed the narrow footpath through the meadows which led from the village to the church, he was startled by an old, familiar voice, calling out to him from the opposite side of the hedge:

"Holloa, Mister Beans! Beest that thee?"

He looked up, and to his astonishment recognised Red Ralph, the cow boy from Mortlake. The red-headed urchin was dressed in a new smock-frock, leathern inexpressibles, highlows and leggings. He had even been guilty of the rare extravagance of having his hair cut: an operation which he never could see the use of, although he sometimes submitted to it for appearance sake; "for," as he used to observe, "the hair wor shure to grow agin!"

"Ralph!" he exclaimed.
"Ees, it be I, sure enough! But thee beant glad to see I!"

"Indeed but am!" replied Joe; "although I can't possibly imagine what caprice brings you into these parts!"
"It worn't no caprice!" said the boy, scratching his

head; "it wor the waggon! Stop a bit, and I'll tell 'ee all about it!"

So saying, he first threw his bundle and stick over the hedge, and then, taking a flying leap, bounded over it himself.

"The news!—the news!" said his friend, after he had shaken the boy by the hand.

"I'll tell 'ee," said Ralph, with a grin. "All the people in Mortlake wor after I, to tell 'em all about the old house, and what had happened there! First, master—then missus—then the folks at the King's Arms! But I promised thee to say nought about t' old man and the rats—and I didn't!"

"That was right, Ralph!"

"Thee wor kind to me," continued the boy; "and thof I might have swummed in yale, I wor mum!"

"Good!"

"Ay, good enough for missus and master, and the loikes of the folk at the King's Arms! But Squire Coddle's wife sent for I! She be a mortal curious sort of lady, and so fat! Dick, the butcher, says he'll back her to weigh a score more than the parson's sow—and that wor the wonder of the parish!"

"And what did the squire's wife say to you?" demanded Joe, with a smile—for he perfectly recollected the coarse, masculine woman who used to drive about the village, not only to the risk of her own neck, but the terror of every mother who had young children in Mortlake.

"She said I wor a pretty boy!" answered the urchin, with a grin—"but I didn't believe her—and axed I if I should like to get into service, to look arter a pair of ponies."

"Well?"

"I won't a-goin' into her service!" continued Ralph. "The last lad she had, she all but broke his neck! When her blood is up, for the matter o' that, she don't mind who she pitches into! They do say she horsewhips the squire himself when he runs restive to her vagaries! Poor old man! he be awful henpecked, for sartin!"

"But what has this to do with your journey to Norfolk?" demanded his friend, who began to grow somewhat tired of Red Ralph's prolixity.

"I'll tell 'ee: when she found she could get nothing out of I—and she axed a mint of questions—she fied in such a passion! her nose grew as red as her brandy-bottle—she ordered I out of the house, and swore she'd teach I to be impudent to one of the 'stocracy! I never knowed that wor her name afore!"

"Still you do not explain what brought you from Mortlake?"

"I be a coming to it," said the lad; "dang it, Master Joe! do give I time to tell 'ee! it wor all about a rabbit!"

"A rabbit?"

"Ees. I sold it to the tailor's wife, and Squire Shrimpsley's wife made him swear I poached un. I thought w' a good word from you I might get work down in these parts—so I gave constable the slip, and here I be!"

"Well, Ralph," said his friend, shaking him by the hand, "if it was not the bravest, it was perhaps the wisest step you could have taken! There is no fear of getting you work at Carrow."

"Thank 'ee!" said the boy.

"But how did you find me out?"

Ralph gave one of his merry grins.

"Will 'ee be angry if I tell 'ee?"

"Angry? No!"

"Well, then, I got it out of lawyer's boy. The fine chaps in the office refused to tell I—so I watched for un as he took the letters to post office: and sure enough one wor directed for Mr. Joe Beans, Carrow, Norwich, Norfolk."

"I thought, Ralph," observed Joe, struck by his acuteness, "that you could not read?"

"More I can."

"How, then, did you contrive to make out the address?"

"Lawyer's boy could read," replied the urchin, with a knowing wink; "and that wor enough for I. But if so be thee beest ashamed of I," he added, with a serious look, "I won't stay to be a disgrace to 'ee! I have gotten three guineas in gowd in my waistband, and can look further for work!"

His friend assured him that nothing could be further from his feelings than such a weakness, and that he would do anything in his power to prevent his regretting the change from his native village. If you are not tired," he added, "you shall walk with me: you once invited me to see your trap—I will show you mine!"

"What! hast 'ee got un agin?"

Joe nodded.

"I should like to see un hanged!" exclaimed the boy, as his little, deep-set, ferret-like eyes sparkled spitefully at the recollection of his own narrow escape from the warren: "I should like to see un hanged!"

In which very natural wish his companion assured him he was most likely to be gratified.

On mounting to the prison-chamber of the murderer, Joe found him crouched down in one corner of the room. Much as he disliked the man and his crimes, he could not avoid something like a sentiment of pity when he beheld his blood-shot eyes, pale features, and haggard look. It seemed as if the events of the last few days had added ten years to his age: his hair was evidently whiter, and his whole person meagre and wretched.

"I have brought you some food," said Joe, setting down the little basket he carried.

"I don't want food!" replied Will Sidelers, sullenly; "it is drink that I require!"

His visitor observed that there was plenty of water in the cell.

"Water!" exclaimed the ruffian, passionately; "it's brandy I want! Would you give ice to a man with the

ague, fire to the patient with a fever? Besides, I hate water—loathe it!"

"I am sorry I can procure you nothing else."

"Hang you and your sorrow too!" interrupted the old man, who began to recover something of his former tone; "I shall soon be sent back to Newgate, I suppose—I can get what I want there!"

"I don't think, Will Sidelers," said Joe, seriously, "that you will ever see Newgate again."

"Where will they send me to, then?"

"Norwich Castle."

The warren shuddered; his worst suspicions were confirmed: he felt assured that some clue had been discovered to the murder of Sir William Mowbray.

"They dare not keep me here!" he exclaimed, with passionate energy; "I was committed to Newgate for an attempt upon old Elworthy's life! They can't hang me for that: an attempt—only an attempt! I must insist upon being sent back: I shall go mad if they keep me here!"

"Will," said the young man, seriously, "poor old Martin has recovered his senses!"

The intelligence produced an effect similar to that of a powerful electric shock upon the prisoner. For an instant he stood as if suddenly transformed to stone; then trembled violently in every limb, whilst the muscles of his iron visage became painfully agitated.

"My dream!" he said. "I shall swing like a dog, where I played so often as a child! I am struck down at last!"

With frantic violence he threw himself upon the ground, a prey to the combined agonies of remorse and terror.

At this moment the door of the chamber was gently opened, and Red Ralph, who had been listening all the while at the top of the stairs, pushed in his rough, shaggy head.

"Joe's trap be worse than mine!" he said. "Thee hadst better ha' given theeseelf comfortably up to the rats!"

"Let us leave him," said the young man; "a hand stronger than ours is upon him—he cannot escape its gripe!"

"I hope it be the hangman's, then!" growled the boy, as his companion locked the door of the chamber. After which they left the belfry together.

CHAPTER CIII.

Dark gathering clouds herald the coming storm.
HEARDONE.

COLONEL MOWBRAY began to feel heartily tired, though not ashamed, of the part he was acting towards his niece. The death of his brother had placed him in such a position, with respect to his worldly circumstances, that he had no longer the temptation of necessity to excuse his unprincipled conduct. Still he did not retract; two things restrained him: the first was the evil counsels of his wife; the second, the confession of his infamy, which, to avoid exposure, he had signed at the dictation of Meeran Hafaz, and which the young Indian had promised to restore to him the instant the ceremony was completed which made him the husband of Ellen.

Her uncle had long since decided that he would have it before the marriage, or it should never take place with his consent. He was a cool, systematic man of the world, and had reasons for insisting on the point; he had just been considering in his own mind how best to break this resolution to his guest, when the latter, still irritated and vexed from his interview with the ayah, entered the apartment.

"What is the matter?" said the colonel, in his usually quiet tone; "you seem vexed?"

"No!"

"Angry, then?"

"Nor angry," replied the young man; "although I confess I feel surprised—for I have found weakness where I expected only to encounter strength; treachery, where I could have pledged my life I should only meet with fidelity!"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders, and assured him that it was the way of the world.

"Of your world, possibly," observed Meeran; "but not of mine!"

"Ha! I see!" exclaimed his confederate, with a look of surprise; "I see—you allude to the ayah: is it possible, after all, that Lady Mowbray was right? I deemed her suspicions mere caprice or the ebullition of temper; but no matter—here we are secure from interruption: the only man whose presence would be dangerous, is far from England!"

"I trust so!" exclaimed the young Indian, with a bitter smile; "and yet it is strange I have not lately heard from Martingale!"

"He did employ him, then!" thought the colonel; then, speaking aloud, he added: "I have procured the licence, as you desired: to-morrow evening I expect the Reverend Mr. Twintext. He is in full orders, and a person on whom we can rely."

"To-morrow, then," said Meeran, his countenance flushed with joy, "Ellen will be mine!"

"To-morrow!" repeated his friend.

There was a pause: each regarded the other for some moments in silence.

"Why the deuce don't you speak, Mowbray?" demanded his friend—who saw at a glance that something was working in the mind of the colonel; "you forget I am not accustomed to your European diplomacy!"

"It might take a lesson," observed the uncle of Ellen,

"from that of the East! In Europe it is but the undermining of the mole; in India it resembles the gliding of the serpent. But enough of diplomacy—I will speak out, since you wish it. I am naturally frank in my proceedings!"

The speaker's allusion to his frankness put Meeran Hafaz instantly upon his guard: on the same principle that the alarm made by the rattlesnake alarms the hunter.

"Well, then," said the young man, with a scornful smile, "what has your frankness to dictate or propose?"

"I think you will admit," began the colonel, "that I have done everything in my power to advance your success with my niece?"

"I have nothing to complain of."

"In fact, that I have consented to measures which few uncles would agree to?"

"Granted!"

"Lady Mowbray's disinterestedness—"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the young man, interrupting him. "We will discuss one point at a time, if you please! Her ladyship's disinterestedness and your candour are more than my poor logic can grapple with at once! What is it that you require?"

"A certain paper," replied his friend, perfectly unmoved by the covert sneer contained in his speech, "which you may remember you promised should be delivered up."

"Upon my marriage with Ellen!" said Meeran, impatiently; "together with a renunciation of her fortune. Both the papers are ready. You can peruse the last," he added, "and satisfy yourself that it is binding—not a loophole for avarice or chicanery to creep out of. As for the first, I need not remind Colonel Mowbray of its contents, since—if my memory serves me rightly—he wrote every word himself!"

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket-book two papers, one of which he handed to his confederate, who—after perusing it with a business-like air—placed it in a desk, which he carefully locked.

"Is it satisfactory?" demanded the speaker.

"Perfectly!"

"Anything more?"

"Only the second paper."

"When the compact is fulfilled!" exclaimed Meeran, haughtily. "Do you think I am a child, to be gulled out of the only security I hold for the fulfilment of your promise? Never! the instant Ellen is my wife, I pledge myself that the paper shall be yours!"

"It must be mine before!" said the colonel, in a tone of cool determination; "the possession of the second paper alone can render the first of any value to me: whilst you retain it, it enables you to compel me at any time to cancel the renunciation of my niece's fortune."

The young man started to his feet, and gazed upon him with an expression of mingled scorn and surprise.

"Is it possible," he said, "that you think me capable of such baseness?"

"I am a man of the world!" was the reply.

"True! of the civilised world!" retorted the Indian, bitterly; "and your wisdom has been drawn from its worst school!"

"And where yours?" demanded his confederate.

"From nature! from the untamed passions of my soul from my vices, if you will! But, bad as they are, they are virtues compared with yours! Were Ellen steeped to the very lips in poverty—as abject in the world's opinion as she is raised above it—my heart would but be knit the closer to her. I have sinned," he added; "but those who have felt like me alone can judge me! At least, I have had no mercenary motive."

A deep-drawn sigh startled both the speakers. Meeran instantly sprang to the door, which he threw wide open. He could see no one, and yet his eye commanded a view both of the hall and great staircase.

"Strange!" he muttered.

Colonel Mowbray looked very pale.

"Pshaw!" continued the young man; "it must have been our imagination or the wind which deceived us! It whistles through these old walls as through a broken tomb! Colonel!" he continued, seeing that his friend still appeared sullen and dissatisfied, "answer me one question, and the paper this instant shall be yours."

"Willingly!"

"Have you any other motive than the one you have alleged for desiring to obtain possession of it?"

"I swear by my honour, none!"

Although Meeran thought that he might have sworn a more appropriate oath, he made no further observation, but drew it once more from his pocket-book. The eyes of the colonel sparkled with cupidty.

"Once in your hands, you will perform all that you have promised?"

"To the very letter! How else can I secure my niece's fortune?"

"Take it!" said the young man, placing it in his hand.

"I see I have misjudged you: the hold upon your avarice is as binding as the tie upon your honour!"

There was a knock at the library door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the young man, throwing himself upon a sofa.

The next instant Lady Mowbray entered the apartment. She came to announce the arrival of the valet who had been directed to accompany the warren to Marseilles, and see him safely embarked for India. After the capture of his charge, he had nothing to do but take the next packet for England. Knowing the fiery temper of his master, he trembled to appear before him.

"You seem amazed, my love?" observed the colonel, who had just locked the second paper in his desk; "what has occurred?"

"An arrival," answered the lady.

"An arrival?" repeated both the gentlemen, with sur-

prise—for they imagined their visit to Carrow unknown to every one.

"Victor," said her ladyship, "has returned."

At the name of his valet, Meeran Hafaz started from his recumbent position. There was something in the intelligence to alarm him—for he knew the fellow to be not only faithful to him, but unscrupulous—provided, of course, that he were well paid for his villainies—and he had paid him with more than Eastern liberality.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"In the breakfast-room."

Without a word, the impetuous youth sprang past her to seek his baffled agent.

"Positively, my love," said her ladyship, "this Meeran grows insufferable! Thank heaven, once married, we shall be quit of him!"

A loud noise of mingled expostulations and curses was heard in the breakfast-room.

"For heaven's sake go with me!" exclaimed the speaker, "or there will be murder done!"

After once more trying his desk, to satisfy himself that it was secure, he accompanied her from the library.

On entering the breakfast-room, they found Meeran Hafaz pacing the floor like a caged tiger, and the valet crouching in a corner where his master had dashed him.

"It was not my fault!" exclaimed the terrified wretch, as soon as he saw the colonel and Lady Mowbray; "indeed it was not—it was all Mr. Ashton's doing!"

"What has happened?"

"My rival has returned!" exclaimed the young Indian.

"More—he encountered the warren and this idiot, whom I trusted, at Calais, and contrived to get the former on board the packet: that is what has happened!"

"Will Siderer, then, be in England?" observed the colonel, with an uneasy look.

"Ay!"

"And Henry Ashton?"

"With him!" continued Meeran. "Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is! I would not win my bride without a struggle! Ellen once mine, I can laugh at fate, and defy its malice! I lacked excitement," he added, "and this has given it me! The thick, damp air of England has chilled my blood, till it oozed, like stagnant water, through my veins—it comes freely now!"

His confederate did not think it better as it was. The return of our hero seriously alarmed him, and he secretly congratulated himself that he had secured the paper before the messenger of ill fortune had arrived.

"I must see Ellen!" said the young Indian.

"Not now!"

"Now!" he repeated, firmly. "The sight of her will calm my brain and still its throbbings: even in boyhood her voice could control my wayward humours! It must be this night!" he added, "grasping Mowbray by the arm; 'She must be mine to-night!'"

"Impossible!" replied the colonel; "you forget that, although we have the licence, Twine-text will not be at Carrow till to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" uttered Meeran, with a sigh; "I shall never be able to endure this agony of the heart and brain till then!"

Without waiting for a reply, he left the breakfast-room, followed by his confederate: they directed their steps towards the chamber of the prisoner.

CHAPTER CIV.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began. But not to fade,
When all thy sister planets have decayed.
When wrapt in fire the worlds of ether glow,
And heaven's own thunders shake the world below,
Thou, undimay'd, shall o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

CAMPBELL.

WHAT a happy thing it is for humanity that, in youth and age alike, Hope is the last friend to desert us. The shipwrecked mariner clings to it as firmly as to the solitary plank which alone sustains him on the boisterous wave—the lost traveller in the desert believes that the next instant he shall hear its voice in the patient camel's bells—the neglected wife dreams of the return of her estranged husband's love—the anxious mother sees it in the hectic flush upon the cheek of her expiring child, mistaking it for the flush of health. Hope, like a pitying angel, smiles upon our cradle—cheers us through the rugged path of life—and, like a friend whose enduring fidelity no reverse can shake, descends with us to the grave.

From the altered manner of the ayah, Ellen saw the struggle of remorse and affection in her heart; and it brought back to her own heart the long absent hope. She knew the courage and indomitable energy of her nurse, and doubted not that, if she once formed the resolution, she would find the means to save her. Had the contest been with Lady Mowbray, or her unworthy uncle, alone she could have calmly awaited the result. All she doubted was, the counterbalance of Zara's devotion to her foster-son.

The captive girl was pouring forth her soul in prayer when the ayah returned to her chamber. She observed with surprise that her looks were troubled; for the Indian woman was not one who wore her heart upon her face.

Zara carefully drew the night-bolt after she had closed the door. Approaching her foster child, she took her hand, and, fixing her dark eyes upon her pale features, whispered, in her low, musical voice:

"Meeran has arrived."

A chill—a perceptible shudder—ran through the veins of Ellen.

"But fear not!" continued the woman, calmly; "I will save you!"

"Nurse! my own true, kind nurse!" exclaimed the captive, throwing herself into the arms of the ayah, and sobbing like a child upon her bosom; "I know you now! Oh! what a fearful time you have been changed to me! The past appears to me as a hideous dream. Often and often have I told Henry that, despite appearances, despite your love for —"

"Curse him!" interrupted Zara, firmly. "He has passed like an ill-omened shadow between the only beings that I love; but for him we might have all been happy—happy in India! I shall never see it more!" she added, with a sigh.

At the imprecation upon her lover, Ellen shrank from her, and regarded her with a doubtful expression.

"Forgive me!" continued her nurse; "it was but a momentary weakness. I recall the words—and that is something for a temper like mine! If I cannot bless, I ought not to curse the being that preserved your life—the man you love!"

"You will love him, too!" said her foster-child, once more twining her arms around her, and reposing her head upon her breast.

"Never! never!"

The words were checked by the glance of Ellen, and the second "never" died upon the lips of the speaker.

"For my sake, Zara!"

"For your sake," replied the woman, "I will not hate him! Ellen," she said, "can you listen to words which will recall the life-blood to your heart—the light to your dimmed eyes—and yet betray no mark of joy—suffer no sign by which the curious eye of jealousy can guess that you possess the knowledge?"

"What mean you?" gasped, rather than uttered, the persecuted girl.

"Henry Ashton has returned!"

A cry like the broken murmur of a wounded dove broke from the lips of Ellen. The words of the ayah did indeed recall the life-blood to her heart—for it beat like a fluttered bird's against the bars of its prison.

"Is he well?" she faltered.

"Well," repeated Zara; "but you do not ask if he is faithful."

"I never doubted that," replied the orphan; "not even your lips could persuade me that Henry could prove unworthy of my love! But, Meeran," she added, and the joyous expression of her features changed to one of terror; "does Meeran know of his return?"

"He does."

"Then he will murder him!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "murder him, as he did my generous, noble uncle! warn him, guard him," she added, clinging to her nurse, "as you would guard the life of your poor child! the hand of his enemy fails not twice!"

"I will both warn and save him," replied the woman; "but if you would have him find you worthy of his love —"

"He will find me worthy," interrupted Ellen, if he finds me living!"

"You must dissemble!" added the ayah.

"Dissemble?"

"To-morrow night," continued the nurse, "is fixed for your marriage—they have bribed one of their false priests to perform the ceremony. Meeran will soon be here—every instant I expect to hear his step on the stairs. He is mad, Ellen—mad with jealousy, disappointment, and unrequited love: you, who know his passionate nature—the fire which consumes him—can guess from the past of what he is capable!"

"He can only take my life!" said the orphan, firmly; "I can guard my honour!"

"By the sacrifice of life!" answered Zara; "think you I did not miss the weapon from my side, or was too dull to guess the purpose for which it had been taken? Temptation with him, Ellen. When they call upon you to descend to the library, comply—at the very moment of the sacrifice I will redeem you: it is your only hope!"

"My only hope?" repeated Ellen.

"At least," exclaimed the ayah, "it is mine! you would not force me," she added, with increased agitation, "to shed the blood of him whom I nurtured, when a child, at my breast! Drive me not to it, lest at the moment my arm and courage fail me, and you are lost!"

At this moment the voice of Meeran Hafaz was heard in the picture-gallery, asking Colonel Mowbray for the key of the chamber. At the dreaded sound, Ellen clung to the ayah, beseeching her not to leave her.

"Follow my counsel," said Zara, "and you are safe; at all events, you are armed against dishonour."

So saying, she slid from her embrace, and crouched down behind the draperies of the toilette, but not till she had withdrawn the bolt.

"True," resumed the orphan, recalled by the words of her nurse to something like self-possession; "even the malice of Meeran cannot pursue me further than the grave!"

Seating herself as near as possible to the spot where the ayah was concealed, she awaited the visit of her persecutor, who entered the chamber directly afterwards, accompanied by Colonel Mowbray. Much as she loathed the sight of her worldly-minded and ungenerous uncle, his presence appeared a protection at that moment.

The countenance of the young Indian became comparatively calm, and his eye lost its fierce expression, as he gazed upon the features of his victim: he approached her with a subdued and almost gentle air.

"Ellen!" he said, "it is not thus that we should meet!"

"How else," replied the orphan, mournfully, "can the oppressed and the oppressor meet? Did you expect to see me, when my heart is crushed, with smiles upon my

lips? Alas!" she added with a sigh, "it is long, very long, Meeran, since your cruelty banished them!"

The colonel yawned, and took a chair: the conversation had taken rather too slow a turn for him.

"Ellen," said her former playmate, "do not drive me, by this studied, cold contempt, to despair—force me not to become a thing I loathe to contemplate! I love you—love you with the passionate idolatry of my nature! Your image possesses my soul so entirely, that it knows no other dream, no other hope! You loved me once!"

"As a brother, yes," meekly answered the orphan: "it is not my fault that you have changed the feeling to —"

"Hatred?" exclaimed Meeran, wildly; "do not, Ellen, for your own sake, say to hatred, lest you unchain the evil spirit in me! I have borne much—I can bear much from you—but not the avowal of your hate!"

"I pity more than hate you!"

"Bless you!" he continued—"bless you for that word! Would I could induce you to recall the recollection of our youthful days—our childish love and confidence! With you, the impression was a transitory one; not so with me! Like the impress stamped by nature upon the hardened granite, you must destroy my being ere you efface it!"

"Would that my tears could soften it!" observed Ellen, mildly. "Oh, Hafaz! Why seek a love which never can be yours? Why blight the light of my existence? Would your heart feel happier because it had broken mine?"

"Ellen!" said the colonel, "it is time to end this folly! By nature, as well as the laws of England, I am your natural guardian!"

"I know it, uncle!" sighed the orphan.

"This will you do!" he continued, coldly. "I have disposed of your hand to my friend here. The Chancellor sanctions the marriage; I command it! To-morrow night you will be united, in the presence of Lady Mowbray and myself!"

She was about to pronounce a refusal; but there was an expression in the eye of Meeran which froze the words upon her lips.

"He will claim a joyless bride!" she said—"a very joyless one!"

"But still a bride!" exclaimed the young man, sinking upon his knee, and clasping her cold hand in his. "Bless you, Ellen—bless you, even for such cold consent!"

"Consent!" she faltered. "Have I consented?"

"No matter, love, for words! A life of devotion shall woo the truant smile back to your cheek! I will be your slave, Ellen! anticipate each wish—guard you from every care! My mother, too—she whom you love—will welcome you as the preserver of her son!"

"Meeran—Meeran!" interrupted the agitated girl, "I cannot dissemble, or teach my tongue to lie! I cannot break the faith I have plighted to another! I know not what despair or madness may drive me to; but never will my heart pronounce the vow your cruelty would force my lips to utter!"

Terrified at the consequence of the avowal which the horror of deceit had wrung from her, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed convulsively.

Meeran would have given the world to have dried those tears; but felt that the only sacrifice by which he could have done so was beyond his resolution.

"She yields!" whispered the colonel, with a sneer. "I told you how long her heroics would hold out!"

The youth felt as if he could have crushed him.

"Ellen," he continued, "there is not a tear from those sweet eyes which does not fall like a drop of molten lead upon my heart! A life of devotion shall atone them; and you will pardon, in after years, the violence of the passion which consumes me!"

The orphan remained silent.

"Say that you consent!" he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper. "If not in words, a look—a sign will be sufficient! No reply! Ellen, only promise that you will meet me in the library!"

"That I can promise!" said the maiden, rising slowly from her chair. "And now leave me, unless you wish to see me die with terror at your feet! I would be alone," she added; "alone with my own thoughts and heaven, to ask its consolation and pardon for the resolution I have taken!"

Meeran, who little suspected that the resolution the persecuted girl alluded to was self-destruction, rather than a broken vow to her lover or the risk of dishonour, naturally concluded that she alluded to the promise which he fancied he had obtained. He became almost frantic in his expressions of gratitude and delight; and, despite the scarcely repressed shudder of his victim, pressed her hand repeatedly to his burning lips.

"Leave me!" she sobbed, "if you have any pity for the wreck you have made!"

His companion drew him reluctantly from the apartment. So transported was he at the imaginary prospect of calling Ellen his, that his usual judgment deserted him. He had deceived himself; the persecuted girl only permitted him to do so.

"By heavens!" said the colonel, "but you are more like a great boy than the cool, resolute fellow who once baffled me!" He alluded to the affair of the dice. "As impressionable as a love-sick girl!"

The young man silently shook him off. He longed to be alone, to commune with himself; the presence of the worthless instrument he had used was hateful to him.

"All's well that ends well!" continued the speaker, looking after him; "the consent of Ellen spares us both an unpleasant alternative!"

With these words, he directed his steps towards the library, with the intention of destroying the important paper which he had so lately obtained from Meeran. When he entered the apartment, the desk was gone. Overcome with surprise and consternation, he sank into a chair.

CHAPTER CV.

Plain words bespeak plain deeds; truth wears no mask—
It sullies it. CREON.

FARMER ASHTON awaited with considerable impatience or the promised visit of the Khan; for, although he could not doubt that his motives in restoring old Martin—the only witness of the murder of Sir William Mowbray—to reason were good, still he wished to be assured upon the point. Independent of the strong interest which he felt in the happiness of his nephew, he had another motive: he had recognised in the person of the renegade—changed as he was by time and absence—his long-lost brother.

It required no little tact on the part of the worthy farmer to baffle the curiosity of his wife, and explain why he must sit up to a later hour than was usual with him, and his reasons for being alone. Fortunately the good dame had no spark of jealousy in her composition.

As the hour drew near, Matthew left the house, and wandered up the lane which led to the common. He knew that his visitor must pass that way. He had not long to wait: just as he reached the middle of the lane, he heard a heavy, measured step approaching in an opposite direction.

It was the Khan. By a mutual impulse they grasped each other's hand, and pronounced the names, Philip and Matthew.

"You know me, then?" said the renegade.

"From the instant I heard your voice," replied the farmer. "I might have been deceived by your features—for faces change with time, and my eyes are somewhat dim; but my heart leaped at the sound of your voice—that could not deceive me!"

For some time they continued to walk, side by side, in silence.

"Philip," said the farmer, "you have seen your son?"

"I have seen him," replied his long-absent brother, "and cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness to the poor abandoned boy. You have done your duty by him, Matthew; not only generously, but wisely; more wisely, perhaps, than if you had known —"

He suddenly stopped, as if he had uttered more than he intended.

"Known what?"

"Nothing—nothing!" said the Khan; "he is all," he added, with a sigh, "that a father's heart could wish!"

"You may say that, Philip!" answered the old man, proudly; for nothing was more pleasing to his ear than the praise of his adopted son; "though the merit is not altogether mine—Dr. Orme has been his tutor."

"I know—I know!"

"I hope thee dost not intend to take him from us, away to India!" continued his brother. "I have heard that thee beest rich, and may be ashamed of having a simple farmer for thee brother!"

"I am not rich!" coolly answered the Khan.

This was a great relief to the heart of the worthy uncle of our hero: not from a feeling of envy—on the contrary, he would have rejoiced at the prosperity of his brother—but that it lessened the distance between them.

"Thank God!" he muttered.

"That I am poor?"

"No, Philip—not exactly for that; though riches do not make happiness! The farm has prospered with me. I have enough, and more than enough, for all of us; but were it less, I could share it with you!"

His brother silently grasped his hand.

"Do you think Harry has any suspicion," continued the old man, "that he is your son?"

"I am sure he has not," was the reply; "and for the present, for many reasons, do not wish him to be informed of it: that was my reason for appointing to meet you here alone!"

Matthew Ashton was puzzled: he could not understand how a parent possessed of such a son as his idol Harry could restrain the natural yearnings of his heart, and treat him as a stranger. An unpleasant suspicion, which made him tremble for the future happiness of our hero, caused him suddenly to stop short in his walk.

"Philip," he said, "I be not curious—but the love I bear the boy gives me a right to speak. I hope thee acted like an honest man to Harry's mother?"

"Like a coward and a villain to her!" groaned the renegade.

"God forgive thee, Philip—God forgive thee!" uttered the farmer, with a groan. "I have often misdoubted it—for neither dame nor I ever heard of thee being married! So, after all, poor Harry is a —"

"You misunderstand me!" interrupted his brother, impatiently. "Whatever my faults, I have not that sin to answer for: Henry was born in lawful marriage."

Never had the delighted Matthew felt a deeper glow of satisfaction than at this declaration of his brother. Satisfied on this one point, he inquired no further.

"I am glad thee beest come back!" he said, with a frank expression of contentment; "thee knowest the world better than I do: though I have been twice to London, and once as far as York!"

"Humanity," observed the Khan, "is much the same, whether in Europe or Asia, a great city or a village: circumstances modify, but rarely change it; its vices and virtues resemble each other closely."

"Likely—likely!" said the farmer, who did not feel perfectly assured that he understood his brother.

"But why at this particular juncture, Matthew?" inquired the Khan.

"I'll tell you," said the old man; "two or three days since, Chettieborough, the sexton, called upon me at the farm: thee must remember him—he wor a tall, gaunt-looking man, when we wor boys?"

"I recollect him perfectly," answered the renegade.

"He came to tell me that poor Martin, whom the rector had placed under his care, had several nights given him the slip, and, he had every reason to believe, made his way to the abbey."

"I see—I see!"

"But that wor not all: from his excited ravings on his return, he had further reason to suppose that poor Sir William's niece, Miss Ellen De Vere, was a prisoner, brought there for some infernal purpose."

His brother reflected for a moment.

"Matthew," he said, "have you named this to Harry?"

"No."

"Or any one else?"

"Not to a creature. Once I did think of trusting Joe Beans with it—but he is so fond of his young master, that, right or wrong, he would be sure to let the secret escape him."

"Everything depends upon the recovery of Martin," observed Philip Ashton, musingly.

"That may be a long time," said his brother; "and if poor Miss Ellen be really there, something ought to be done at once: Harry would never forgive me if anything should happen to the girl he loves; and I," added the old man, feelingly, "should never forgive myself! What had I better do? tell him, or —"

"Not as you value his life!" interrupted the Khan; "his enemy combines with the strength of the tiger the subtlety of the serpent; he is bound by no law save his evil passions, and regards human life as a straw in his path, so little does he reckon of sacrificing it! Leave him to me!"

"To you, Philip?"

"Yes, I alone possess the means to disarm him. Rest assured of one thing—that I will watch over Ellen's safety, for her own—for Henry's sake!"

"Thee wilt want help, Philip?"

"Nor help nor witness, Matthew!" answered the renegade; "both would defeat my purpose! Like the mole, I must work in darkness, and alone!"

"It be queer work, that!" observed his brother, doubtfully; "I do not quite understand you; for my poor part, I have always thought that work of any kind, especially farming, was best done in the light of heaven; but thee knowest best!"

"Neither doubt my prudence nor my regard for your nephew!" said the renegade.

"Regard, Philip! that be a cold word, when speaking of thine own son! love would have been better!"

"Love be it, then!" replied his brother, impatiently; "by twelve in the morning you must be at the rectory!"

"What for?"

"The magistrates will meet there to receive the declaration of Martin. His lips may name the assassin of his master—for he alone was present."

"But can he?"

"Assuredly!"

"Hast thee really restored the old man to his senses?" demanded the farmer; "Oh, Philip, Philip, thee hast won strange knowledge! When we wor boys together, thee wor as simple and ignorant as I am! How didst 'ee learn it all?"

"By suffering!" replied the Khan. "Farewell! I must to the abbey!"

"The doors are all barred!"

"I do not seek to enter it!"

"Windows closed!" urged the farmer, whose affection for his new-found brother trembled at the thought of his exposing himself to the revenge of the terrible enemy he had named.

"I have lived with the Indian and the savage," answered the renegade; "and can read a sign where others would only see a withered leaf on a broken flower. Trust to my prudence: remember," he added, impressively, "that for three days you have promised to keep from Henry Ashton the tie between us!"

"Three days, did I promise? Well, I suppose I did. It will be a hard task, and still harder to keep it from my dame—but I must even try!"

"And now farewell!" said his brother, shaking him warmly by the hand; "if I live, I will repay your kindness as a brother should do; if I fall, it will be in the performance of an act of duty, and my death will pay a heavier debt than thine!"

"Don't talk of dying, Philip!" exclaimed the farmer; "when thee hast a son like Henry and a brother to welcome thee! And as for debt, only prove a kind father to Harry, and all I have ever done for him and thee will be well repaid!"

Without answering, the Khan once more pressed the honest hand which he retained in his grasp, and set forward on his way to the abbey.

"I cannot understand him!" sighed his brother. "I cannot understand him yet!"

(To be continued in our next.)

A FESTIVAL IN SUMATRA.

ON the following day we reached the *uta*, or village, of Hali Bomar, in whose house I remained till the third day. A buffalo calf was killed to do honour to the stranger, and I was obliged to be present at the slaughtering; which took place, with the accompaniment of music and dancing. The flowing blood having been carefully collected, they cut the carcass in many pieces, and presented me with the liver placed on a plate, as the most delicious part of the animal. Upon this they performed a strange ceremony, very little to my taste, but well intended after all, since it was calculated to propitiate one of their evil spirits. These are the only superior beings whom they worship, because they fear them; while the good ones remained unnoticed, because, they not being bent on doing

mischief, there is no occasion to conciliate them. In this instance the evil spirits were made propitious with water and rice-cakes. Two young men opened the dances; and after they had amused the public for awhile with their antics, the elder one seized a buffalo horn filled with water, and, without ceasing to take part in the dance, raised it several times above his head with a mien as if he were beseeching the heavenly powers to bless the contents. Suddenly he poured a portion of the water out against me, another against the musicians, and the rest against the people. He then did the same with a quantity of rice and some small rice-cakes, of which he presented me one on a plate. Shortly afterwards, they exhibited their skill in a sort of dance, with which they generally celebrate public executions, but on this occasion it was performed in my honour. A "sarang," representing a man, having been tied to a pole, which stood for a tree, they danced round it to the measure of their music. After awhile, one of the performers, leaping from the ring, pierced the figure of the fettered man with his *parang*, or cutlass, and was followed by a second and a third, till the whole set had plunged their swords in the body of the supposed victim. He who deals the first blow enjoys some privileges in eating the dead body. The victim being considered to be dead, they made the pantomime of cutting off his head; then they placed the head of the buffalo-calf on the top of the figure, and continued their wild gyrations round the body. From time to time a performer, leaving the ring, seized the head and sucked the blood which dropped from the severed neck; while others, throwing themselves over a mat on which the head had been lying, greedily licked the gore with which it was covered. There was nothing wild or passionate in their looks, but they appeared to be in excellent humour, as if they amused themselves vastly. Whenever a real criminal or prisoner is put to death in this manner, the Rajah receives the nose, ears, and under-part of the feet, as the most delicious parts; next to which the cheeks, the palm of the hand, and the liver are most esteemed.—*Madame Pfeiffer*.

WORK!

BY CHARLES SWAIN

Attend, oh Man,
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind,
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil on—MAN'S heritage is TIME!
Toil on!

Work on and win!—
Life without work is unenjoyed;
The happiest are the best employed!—
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on!

Work sows the seed;
Even the rock may yield its flower,—
No lot so hard, but human power
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer fate, and capture fame!
Press on!

Press onward still;
In nature's centre lives the fire
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through fathoms deep of mould and clay
It splits the rocks that bar its way!
Press on!

If nature then
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?—
Thus Man, through granite Fate, must find
The path—the upward path—of Mind!
Work on!

Pause not in fear;
Preach no desponding, servile view,—
Whate'er thou wilt thy WILL may do!
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend!
Toil on!

Be firm of heart;
By fusion of unnumber'd years
A Continent its vastness rears!
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear;
Toil on, and nature's conquest share!
Toil on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed;
Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast,—
Things angels love, and God hath blest!
Work on!

Work on and win!
Shall light from nature's depths arise,
And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with fate, and idly rail?
No—onward! Let the Truth prevail!
Work on!

TO YOUNG LADIES.—"I have found," says Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are their favourites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest."



[THE WILMINGTON SQUARE SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.]

THE SCHOOLS OF DESIGN, WILMINGTON SQUARE.

ART in this country has had to struggle with every difficulty; and, as a consequence, all our great artists, like our great mathematicians and astronomers, were self-taught. Their genius had to struggle through all the gloom of poverty, and that still worse gloom—that Stygian darkness—discouragement. Had it not been for the patronage of the noble and wealthy, there would certainly have been no English school of painting. The institutions of the land, down to a recent period, ignored the fine arts. Painting and sculpture did not harmonise with their scope and bearing; and therefore they were left to develop themselves, unsupported by any educational system—unsustained in their pure aims by any national sentiment. Like Topsy, “they grewed,” in despite of every adverse circumstance; and now, after the lapse of a century and a half, with some insignificant as well as tardily-bestowed help from the state, the English schools of painters and sculptors are confessedly the first in Europe.

This non-appreciation of the most humanising of the arts was, to say the least of it, singular, in a country which had risen to greatness solely through its commerce and manufactures, and would only have been a third or fourth-rate power, without the multiplication of the latter by steam power, and their improvement by art.

But so it was. The manufactures of England were rather taxed than promoted by the now happily discarded policy that prevailed in high places. They were snubbed by parvenus, and affectedly contemned by those who mingled in what were called the polite circles. And all this while the increase in our manufactures was doubling the rents of the land; and, by creating a larger social system, enabling the parvenu tribe to spring up like mushrooms—some out of casks of tallow, others out of a coal-pit, or an iron tract.

The manufacturers, however, were too hardy and wealthy a race to be extinguished by the sneers of the high-born or the insolence of the vulgar. They had an empire at their feet, and, knowing that, they found they could best succeed by persisting in a course of sturdy independence. But although they could surmount nearly every difficulty, there was one which they never could entirely overcome—and that was the deficiency in taste and character which marked all their designs. They were far behind their continental neighbours in their application of the fine arts to the articles of utility they produced. Their forms and patterns lacked taste and finish. They were marked by great poverty of invention. Attempts to remedy this serious drawback were made from time to time—but scarcely any of them produced any beneficial results. The self-taught system, by limiting the number of its proficient to a very few, could not meet the demands made upon it by various branches of manufactures that doubled their operations in ten years; and the manufacturers, for the great bulk of their printed goods, were obliged to use the only patterns they could obtain. At length local schools were established—and, better than all, that excellent man and public benefactor, the late Dr. Birkbeck, began lecturing to the working classes on natural philosophy, and its application to the

useful arts. Out of his labours arose the Glasgow Mechanics’ Institution, then the Edinburgh one; the London one followed; and we believe to Liverpool belongs the honour of being the fourth to adopt the principle, and the first to any great extent—for its Mechanics’ Institution is the largest in the kingdom. Others followed in rapid succession, and “the Volskians were fairly fluttered in their nests.” Education of the people thenceforward became the rooted determination of the British people. They were not to be staved off any longer; and, following the sound advice of Dr. Birkbeck, Lord Brougham, and other friends of the good cause, they applied themselves to the pursuit of sound, practical knowledge. Every mechanics’ institution had within its bosom a “school of arts,” and to show how consistently—and we have much pride in adding, persistently—the principle has been carried out during the past thirty years, we quote a description of this important feature, as given in an Edinburgh circular.

“The great object of this institution is, to supply, at such an expense as a working tradesman can afford, instruction in the various branches of science which are of practical application to mechanics in their several trades—so that they may the better comprehend the reason for each individual operation that passes through their hands, and have more certain rules to follow, than the mere imitation of what they had seen done by another. It is not intended to teach the trade of the carpenter, the mason, the dyer, or any other particular business; but there is no trade which does not depend more or less on scientific principles: and to teach what these are, and point out their practical application, will form the business of this establishment. He who unites a sound practical knowledge of the principles of his art with that dexterity which practice, and practice only, can give, will be the most complete, and probably the most successful tradesman.”

This goodly tree very speedily bore goodly fruit. Local schools of art rapidly sprang into existence all through the manufacturing districts; and in the course of a few years the progress made was self-evident—too wonderful to be denied. The government at last was obliged to acknowledge that there was something in the system; and in 1837 they contributed their mite to promote the popular desire for practical instruction, by establishing a school to carry out, in a more perfect manner, the Mechanics’ Institution suggestion of a School of Arts.

This school—the Government School of Design—was opened in Somerset House, Strand, in 1837, under the superintendence of the Committee of her Majesty’s Privy Council for Trade. Its purposes were to offer instruction to all who desired to obtain a knowledge of ornamental art, and to supply a systematic course of education in relation to every kind of decorative work, to such persons as intended, as were, or intended to become, designers for the various manufactures of the country. Drawing, painting, and modelling were to be taught in all the branches which had reference to the requirements of ornamental art, or which might be applicable to objects of manufacture dependent on form or pattern. The fees for instruction were fixed at two shillings a month for the morning school, and two shillings per month for the evening school. An excellent collection of designs and casts was got toge-

ther, a library of armed, competent masters appointed, and the system commenced under the most favourable auspices.

That it succeeded, is amply proved by the circumstance that schools of design, in connection with the original establishment, have been founded in the manufacturing districts, at Spitalfields, and, lastly, in Wilmington Square, the centre of one of the most densely-populated districts in the metropolis. Our engraving exhibits the interior of this school, during a school-hour. It represents a very gratifying spectacle. Here is not to be seen talent making efforts to burst from the shackles of ignorance, by scoring a blind wall over with chalk or charcoal; here is no

“Shepherd boy*
Tracing his idle fancies on the ground;”

but a well-lighted, comfortable room, supplied with fine models, all the appliances of drawing and modelling, attentive and industrious groups of students, and masters admirably qualified, by their previous education, to direct the mind in its pursuit of the true and beautiful—from the hard, straight line, or angle, up to the flowing curve which imparts such loveliness to the cheek of beauty, and such majesty to the brow of a Moses from the hand of a Michael Angelo.

These schools of design rank among the most interesting places in the metropolis; and when we mention that visitors are permitted to view them during the hours of study, by application at the entrance, we are convinced few who have any love for the arts, in connection with the prosperity of this great country, will omit to pay them a visit.

THE FAITHFUL SLAVE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS,

Author of “Sketches by a Travelling Naturalist,” “Lectures to a Normal Class,” “Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry,” &c.

CHAPTER I.

PRELUDE.—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREAT differences of opinion exist relative to the subject of slavery in its various aspects; but, whatever we may think of its justice or injustice, we must still admit that, as an existing institution extending over nearly half the Union, it presents a field of national manners, which, while it is comparatively fresh, should be interesting to those who prize real life sketches in distinction from highly-wrought, improbable romance. As such, we propose to occupy it in the following pages.

We have thrown but a transparent gauze of fiction over a series of facts that occurred about fifteen years since. Most of the persons are yet alive who acted parts in the drama. The places described still retain the features that we have endeavoured to transfer to these pages. A change of locality, with fictitious names and a little twisting of events to bring them together—that is all we have done.

One word of caution, necessary in these days of partiality. The earnest reader, if any such there be, will

* Glotta.

look through this sketch in vain for any expression of our opinion as to slavery itself. The subject, politically and philanthropically considered, is too weighty for our pen. To display its rights and its wrongs, forms, we think, no part of our "mission."

That feature in slave character which most surprises the attentive stranger, is the profound attachment, the spaniel-like devotion which so many of the Southern slaves display towards their masters' interests. This will be found in its highest perfection among the house-servants, and those in general in whom the greatest trusts are reposed by their owners. But it is, on the whole, a feature characteristic of the Southern slave. Many illustrations of it will be given to the traveller, as he sits with his host and hostess, and enjoys his summer evening pipe in the cool area between the two cabins that constitute a Southern dwelling.

Will the reader listen while one of these incidents is rehearsed, in which the author bore a part, and to the general truthfulness of which he hereby offers his personal guarantee.

"Well, go 'long, Uncle Gabe, if you want to. Alf and I will feed the mules to-night, if you want to go. We can do it as well as you can. Go 'long, and kill some squirrels."

These words are addressed by a stout, hearty-looking boy, nine years old, to the plantation ostler, Gabriel. The speaker is John Anson Enloe, eldest son of my old friend, Robert Enloe, Esq., whose cotton plantation it is that stretches out so broadly before us as we walk from the family mansion through the white gate towards the stables.

The lad who has spoken carries but few outward marks of authority—for he is both bare-footed and bare-headed. There is indeed but scanty room for distinction, in the way of raiment, between him, the first-born son of this estate, and the grey-haired slave he is addressing.

But for all that, he wears that indescribable air of command to which they are born who are born masters of their fellow men.

"Go 'long, then, Uncle Gabe, if you want to," is John's kind response to a hint of the old negro that he would like to go down to the "new ground" corn, and kill a mess of squirrels for his supper. "Pa will be glad for you to thin them out a little, for they're mighty bad on the corn. And you can look round the field for the gap where the hogs got in last night."

"And, oh, Uncle Gabe!" is the demand of another hearty-looking fellow, two years younger, who rejoices in the abbreviation of Alf, and a still greater abbreviation of shirt and trousers; "bring me some hazel-nuts, Uncle Gabe: there's a heap of 'em in the hazel-patch below the field, but ma's afraid I'll get snake-bit."

Gabriel smilingly undertakes the various commissions of the lads, and, enjoining upon them sundry precepts of *stable* lore, such as—"Don't shoo down more'n free bundles a piece for de mewels, Marsar Johnny; and mind, put de poles 'tween em, else dey 'll fight like Samson: you'll see it!" he shuffles away, with the peculiar motion of his class, towards the negro "quarters;" thence, after securing his gun, through "the cotton-patch" to "the new ground," as the place where the rich corn harvest has drawn together a perfect grand lodge of squirrels.

The boys mount to the stable-loft in frolicsome spirit, and shoo down de fodder for de mewels," as directed. This being done, it is suggested by the elder, behind whose merry eye there dwells a mint of fun, that they go on and "founder the stranger's horse."

"The stranger"—no other than myself, honoured reader—called an hour back to spend the night with his old friend Enloe. He has consigned his favourite horse, Pompey, to the hands of the experienced ostler, Gabriel; and as he walks down the long lane, past the stables, he little imagines the trick these juveniles are about to play on him, by over-feeding his greedy brute, even to a "founder."

But so it is. The merry chaps have their jest. Pompey, in the gratitude of his heart, eats all that is set before him, though the sum total be sixty ears of corn and a corresponding amount of fodder.

The penalty of this shocking gluttony follows. He is seized with an acute colic, equal in torture to a whole Inquisition. He is up with a "founder" which detains his master, and likens himself in stiffness to the wooden horse of Troy, for the next four days.

"Uncle Gabe," as the veteran slave is familiarly denominated, shuffles along through the cotton-patch, and crosses the heavy tenral fence that separates it from the county road. Pausing awhile to rest himself—for fifty-five years' hard labour have not improved his power of locomotion—his attention is attracted to one of those sights which more than all others awaken tenderest sympathies in the human breast.

It is that of a beautiful girl leaning fondly upon the arm of her lover, and listening intently to his words; so intently, indeed, that the noisy mocking-bird, which shakes the oak-branch above her head, cannot find a note in all his store that will win her ear as she moves slowly on.

Caroline Enloe is only seventeen; but seventeen under the sun of Mississippi is more than equivalent to twenty passed in the less grateful clime of Massachusetts.

In person, graceful and womanly, but not slender; in features, sunny-fair, but all healthful; in speech, plain, but without any of that grossness too often the result of rural associations; in movement, light but firm,—this sweet young lady is an acceptable type of the country belles of her land.

There might possibly be detected a shade of timidity in that manner of timidity which the sparkling creatures of Saratoga or Newport would indignantly repudiate—but there was no clownishness.

Her words may not be marked with an Italian or French

accent; but they are such words as Shakspeare and Sheridan used—such words as her father's old Bible taught her—and the pronunciation is such English as Webster himself would have approved.

She leans—oh, how trustingly, with what a guileless faith, she leans—upon her lover's arm.

At times she glances up into his face—it is the very heaven of her hopes; and ever is the hue on those soft cheeks made deeper as she withdraws her eye and fixes it again, but all abstractedly, upon the ground.

The old ostler, resting upon the fallen tree, his gun lying neglected at his feet, observes the act, and brushes something from his bleared eyes, while he mutters a few words to himself, tenderly and softly.

Her companion has numbered about thirty years of life. Could we examine him with the eyes of Caroline Enloe, we should doubtless see a well-formed figure, fully developed, strongly knit together, and somewhat above the medium size. We should doubtless admire the chestnut hair so exuberantly massed above his forehead, and the small, graceful hand that presses hers, while both are sparkling with the jewelled rings of their betrothal. We should certainly be thrilled with the music of his voice, clear and sweet, almost emulating the middle tones of the flute. Altogether, we should acknowledge that in Oliver Colston are comprised all the manly graces that conspire to win gentlest hearts.

But if we lay aside such partial judgment as hers, we could not avoid noticing that his eye, bent so fondly down upon her, has yet an uneasy cast; we observe it most strikingly when it first falls upon the old negro; then, in its impulse of surprise, it flashes up like a meteor, and in the curl of his lip there seems to us a sensual expression—undefined, yet deeply impressed—and we cannot but feel that his sweet, flute-like voice is artificially tuned.

They come slowly on, this loving pair, basking in the spring-time of life, and the old negro rises to greet them.

Mr. Colston, whose uneasiness of look, if there were any, has quite vanished now, acknowledges his courtesy with a word or two, and urges his companion forward. It is clear that there is no friendship between these two men.

But Caroline resists her lover's hand, until she can ask the old negro a few pleasant questions, not designed to be answered—offer him some merry advice relative to his squirrel-hunt, not designed to be followed—and demand a share in the prospective fruits, not designed to be obeyed. And then, with a laugh at his awkward attempts to answer a dozen thoughts at once, and with a pleasant blow upon her lover's arm, which has been all the time endeavouring to draw her forward, this vision of life and youth moves on.

Is that a tear-drop which rolls down the withered cheek of old Gabriel? Is that a sigh which comes from his labouring breast? Does that cruel expression, "—rascals," which he indulges in, apply to the polished gentleman with the chestnut hair and flute-like voice, who has just left him?

The latter inquiry is unexpectedly propounded to Uncle Gabriel by a queerly-clothed individual, who catches the expletive as he steps into the road from a small school-patch that meets it at the precise point where the negro had sat down to rest.

"What, what, Uncle Gabe!" he observes, in a quick, nervous voice, that reminds one of a frog; "swearing at Mr. Colston, eh? What do you think brother Leever will say to that, at the next class-meeting? Crying, too! Why, old man, what's got into you?"

"Ah, Marsar Blote," sadly responds the veteran, "is dat you? Sorry I said sich a word! Never knew what I was sayin', to be sure! Was holy and soly distracted, to be sure! Didn't mean nuffin disrespectful to Misty Colston. But to think of his—Thar 'tis agin! Can't talk of Miss Carline marryin' that no-count feller, but what it swars, whether or no! Ruther die than have her! You'll see it!"

"O tut, tut, Gabriel, that's all very wrong!" mildly responds the old schoolmaster—for such he is, if ink, pens, and paper are any signs of one; "that's all a notion you've got into your old head! Everything will come right. Mr. Colston loves your young mistress dearly, as you can see, and he will make her a good husband."

But the prophecy so confidently advanced by Mr. Blote is contradicted, as well in the uneasy glance he casts after the happy pair as in the shake of the old negro's head.

"Never 'll come to no good, Marsar Blote! You'll see it! All he's arter is old marsar's money. You'll see it! Dat sort of men's no 'count, nohow. You'll see it!"

With this sad prognostic upon his tongue, and in his face, and in the vibration of his grey head, the negro continued his journey, while Mr. Blote crossed the fence to join the trio, consisting of the overseer, Mr. Allansby, Mr. Enloe, and myself, who are in warm discussion as to the probabilities of the present cotton crop.

A few hundred yards bring him opposite the last clearing, styled, in plantation parlance, "the new ground." This is a tract of thirty acres, cleared and fenced the winter before, and planted in corn. Having its forest moisture and mould still remaining, it is better adapted to that product than the older soil of the cotton-fields. Bring contiguous to the uncleared woods, it affords a favourite resort for bird and beast, of which tribes the partridge (quail), racoon, and squirrel are the most extravagant depredators. At the corner of "the new-ground patch," Gabriel meets another person, who—as we intend to introduce our leading characters in this chapter—must claim the reader's attention.

It is a negro girl, probably fourteen years old; but as no record is kept of a slave's birth, we can only judge of the fact by her general appearance as she comes towards us. She is pure African in blood, with only a portion of that superfluity of nose and lip, however, that is so deforming

in the majority of her race. Her figure is graceful and small, even to slenderness, though a skilful eye may detect evidences of maternal fullness scarcely to be expected in one of her age, did we not know that many of her people become mothers even earlier in life.

She wears no bonnet or head-dress of any kind, though the evening sun is still hot enough to crimp the corn-blades which the noontide rays have curled so tightly up. But as the polished ebony of her countenance gleams like a mirror under her closely-knotted hair, we feel that she needs none. Her only ornament is a string of red coral beads about her neck. She is barefoot. Her dress is a closely-fitting frock of home-made stuff, covering the single garment beneath.

On her head is a large tub, filled to the brim with water, and balanced with a skill surpassing that which travellers attribute to the Egyptian women. It does not deviate in the least from its level, though its bearer walks as rapidly and confidently forward as though she were totally disencumbered. In each hand there is a bucket filled with the same.

The person we are describing is Loogy, only child of Gabriel, the ostler, and like himself, a slave of Mr. Enloe. She is by office a waiting-maid of Caroline's, and a great favourite of the whole family. Her mother died a few months before the commencement of this sketch.

As they meet, she sets down her various burthens, and a conversation commences between them, which is carried on in a low tone of voice.

"Are you sure, gal, that 'twas him you seed?"

"Yes, daddy—right sartin sure. I seed him haughn' round de place all Sunday mornin', when de folks to de house thought he was gwine to meetin'. And arter you'd left yisserday, he come all along here, and looked round for your tracks. What he's arter I don't know—but 'tain't no good, sure."

"I ain't no good that Misty Colston wants, nohow. You'll see it, gal, and Miss Carline 'll see it some day, too. I mus tote de money off 'fore he fines it. To-morrow I'll hunt up a good place. Is old missis done gi'n you dat picayune yet?"

"Here 'tis, daddy. She giv it to me las night, and she ax me how much money you had now. Misty Colston was in de room, and heern her ax it. When I telled old missis how much, I seed him look right keen at me. Oh, he's a no-count somebody!"

"I tell you, gal, he's good for nuffin 't all. You'll see it. But it's time to go 'long to de house. Old missis will be waitin' for de water. And mind, gal, don't you say nerry word 'bout de money to nbody, no matter who ax you. It's dangerous, gal. You'll see it."

With this caution the negroes separated: Loogy resuming her heavy burthens as if they were but empty vases—her father pursuing the errand, whatever it was which had brought him from the house. Our story shall still embrace his personal movements.

At the further corner of "the new-ground patch," Gabriel leaves the road, first carefully looking round him lest he might be watched, and then darts into the hazel-thicket with more activity than his acquaintances in general give him credit for. When fairly concealed amongst the dense bushes, he searches for a small gully, whose channel is entirely arched over with the thicket. This he pursues for a quarter of a mile or more, until, by the accession of many others like itself, it forms a ravine large enough to conceal a full-grown man.

At a certain point in this dark place he pauses, crawls, cautiously out to take another survey, returns to the hollow, and at a place where a large, flat rock protrudes edgewise from the bank, he commences digging with his hands. He does not suffer a crumb of the dirt to fall into the ravine. The earth is so soft that he soon makes a cavity large enough to thrust his arm under the rock, and then he brings to light what appears to be an old woollen cap, filled with some heavy metal. Fumbling in his pocket, he draws out a few dimes, the gifts of the many visitors at his master's house, and drops them into the sack, together with the smaller piece his daughter had handed him. To judge from the coins that compose the upper stratum, the whole amount must have consisted of such mites as these.

Carefully re-tying the precious cap, he lays it down, and takes out three others of like size and appearance. It does not appear that any miserly disposition to gaze upon his hoard prompts this examination. But from the anxious look he wears, while he is weighing the bags in his hands and examining their fastenings, one would suppose that he suspected some unlawful visitor had preceded him there.

Reassured, however, he replaced them one by one in the cavity, and, carefully erasing all marks of his visit, even to the prints of his feet, he strikes down the ravine, which soon enters the bed of a considerable stream, and, returning another way to "the new ground," proceeds to fulfil the request of little Alf, by gathering a pocketful of the hazel-nuts that swing in big clusters through all the thicket. Then, as the feeding-hour of the squirrels has arrived, he commences the work of slaughter. While he is killing his intended half-dozen, we will conclude the chapter by explaining the meaning of this out-of-the-way money deposit.

Old Gabriel had been remarkable from his youth for a burning desire for freedom. When first arrived at manhood he several times ran away, and endeavoured, by every plan that his limited information but large native shrewdness could supply, to reach a non-slaveholding state. Being baffled and retaken in every instance, he finally changed his mind, gave up the effort to escape as impracticable, and then for twelve years applied himself with wonderful assiduity to raise a fund and purchase his freedom.

His master—pleased at so great an improvement in a

slave, whose equal for honesty and ability was nowhere on his plantation—seconded this laudable scheme in various ways, and put a price upon Gabriel considerably lower than the current rate, that he might have good courage in his undertaking.

Gabriel had nearly made up the amount—eight hundred and fifty dollars—when his wife, who was a slave on an adjoining plantation, was, for some trifling fault, removed by her master to a distant state, and sold.

Being attached to the mother of his child by the warmest ties, this cruel divorce drove Gabriel to frenzy. He ceased to care anything more for his freedom. He squandered away all his money. He became dissipated, idle, and quarrelsome, and, upon receiving a whipping for his misconduct, ran away to the cane-brake.

During an entire twelvemonth he remained in the woods, in spite of every effort to capture him. He sent messages to his master from time to time, through his fellow-servants, declaring that unless his wife was brought back to the neighbourhood he would never work again, and if they caught him, he would commit suicide.

At last Mr. Enloe—worn out by his obstinacy, and unwilling to lose so valuable a slave—sent an agent all the way to Texas, bought the woman at a high price, and gave Gabriel word to come home.

Home he came forthwith, and never after that was there occasion for a blow or a harsh word. He again became animated with the desire to buy his freedom; laid up all the money that came to his hand, and at the time our sketch begins has a deposit of more than eight hundred dollars under the flat rock.

With true African cunning he has selected his own hiding-place, and rejected repeated propositions to borrow it, even at an interest of ten per cent. His daughter, Loogy, is the only person who shares the secret of its locality—nor has he permitted her ever to visit the spot since the first day he pointed it out to her.

The history of old Gabriel's attempt to buy himself, is that of many of a similar effort on the part of Southern slaves to become their own purchasers. Where they have kind and liberal masters, it is much easier than it might appear.

There are many situations in which an active negro may earn for himself two hundred dollars per annum, in the intervals of labour due to his owner. There are but few places, especially in a cotton, tobacco, or corn-growing region, where, by burning charcoal, manufacturing baskets, and cultivating "truck patches," seventy or eighty dollars a year cannot be earned: while all that a slave gains in this manner is his own money, without contest.

There is one incident connected with Gabriel's affair which is interesting. Since he has come to a knowledge of his daughter's approaching maternity, he has determined to expend six hundred dollars—the price that Mr. Enloe has set upon her—and to buy her first—so that her child may be born free! It is true that at his age and with his growing infirmities, there is but little hope that he can ever replenish the vault, and liberate himself. This is a painful thought—for he has lived twenty years on the expectation, and he would fain die free.

But his daughter is younger. Her price now is much less than his, and much less than it will be six months hence. So, after consulting with Mr. Blote, he has decided on this course, and next week will propose to his master the purchase.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT ON A PLANTATION.—SERIOUS DISASTER.

PROFOUND darkness has curtains the plantation, and the cold dew of a September night are sprinkled upon the snow-white cotton-fields that lie before my window.

All is still except the foundered horse, unhappy Pompey, whose sepulchral groan occasionally arouses my pity; and a score of those vile fowls, kept for eggs and noise, whose name denotes them to be countrymen to the negroes. These, as they occupy the orchard trees, sustain a stream of melody, so to speak, from dark to daylight. At joyful intervals their chorus subsides into a quartette, or even a trio, and my nervous head experiences a momentary relief.

In the present instance my bed is made in one of the disconnected rooms, about twenty steps from the main house, which is occupied by Mr. Enloe and his family.

The night is overclouded, with a prospect of rain. Here I lie, hour after hour, hoping, longing, praying for sleep. Sound after sound has died away in "the quarters," the mansion, and the gin-house. The overseer, with his loud voice, has ceased to issue his mandates, and taken his late supper, hours after everybody else, and has gone to bed in the adjoining room. I can distinctly hear the voice of his slumber, as if mocking the ghost of mine.

The two lovers, whose seat has been at the parlour window, not so far from me but what I can occasionally hear their voices, have at last yielded to the necessity of sleep, and, with many a tender word, parted to their respective rooms.

All night comes, and with the stroke of its coming, one, two, three, ring successively upon the clock-wire in the parlour, and to my weary ears they sound in the distance like a death-watch ticking out my doom.

Suddenly I am aroused by some strange noise, I know not what. I rise up hastily, glad of any excuse to leave my bed, seat myself by the window, and welcome the cold morning air upon my open bosom and burning head. The fowls become noisier than ever, all hopes of quiet in that quarter being entirely at an end.

The house-dogs too, are aroused, perhaps by the same object that startled me, and they commence barking with all their might.

From the stables poor Pompey sends out his solemn groan, that denotes not a shadow of relief.

The parlour clock signals to me once more. It is four, and another hour is day. As the cheering thought couples itself with the divine promise, "Joy cometh with the morning," and my mind expands under the hope, I am startled by the figure of a person rushing from the direction of the house, and passing under my window almost within my reach, towards the "quarters." I am certain that I recognise it as the girl Loogy, and as she passes me she gives utterance to a deep, convulsive sob.

The dogs continue their noise, now taken up by those belonging to all the plantations around. The Guineas fly from their roost, and awaken the other fowls. One aspiring chanticler trumpets forth his own misfortune, and the rest emulate his spirit.

The overseer, who has been uneasy for several hours lest he should sleep too late, rises, lights the gin-house lantern, and, examining his watch, announces the result by blowing the plantation horn until all rings again.

In an instant everything is aroused. The negro men, who do not ordinarily divest themselves of their garments to sleep, are at once on their way to the stables, to feed the stock. The women light up their fires for breakfast, and so the plantation day begins.

With the cold, frosty air, and the departure of night, my nerves gain more composure. I become gradually oblivious, not interrupted until the breakfast-bell awakens me into life.

At the table I inquire for Loogy, intending to question her as to the occurrence of the night before; but she is absent, her young mistress says, upon some household duty.

The care of the foundered Pompey occupies my thoughts for an hour or two. My host has to make a trip to town to pay into the county treasury a large sum of money he has collected, and will not return till dinner-time. Mr. Blote takes the two little boys, heavy with geography and grammar, to his school room, from whence they will not emerge much before owl-time. The lovers occupy the entire parlour, nor would they have room for me in it were it ten times as big. The good dame, amidst her kitchen and garden cares, cannot brook any interruption.

All these things conspire to throw me upon my own resources for amusement. So, when I am done with the groaning glutton at the stable, I walk through the garden, audibly admiring its arrangements and the abundance of its contents, early or late—thereby advancing myself a grade in the favour of Mrs. E.; take a flying visit to the cotton-gin, where the loud buzz denotes a rapid transfer of the great southern staple to an early market; make a call upon the pickers in the field, who are filling their large baskets; and complete my circuit with Pompey again.

In the midst of the fourth round, I catch sight of Mr. Enloe returning home at full gallop, the dusty lane filling up behind him with clouds.

Is there a slave insurrection? Have the Murrell developments really come to a head?

Knowing the staidness of my friend's character, I am instantly persuaded there is something serious, and return swiftly to the house.

Caroline is standing in the front window, anxiously watching her father's approach, while Mr. Colston leans on a chair a step back. I am struck with his death-like paleness—such a contrast to the usual bloom of his cheeks—and can but remark that, while he grasps the top of the chair in his hands, his knees knock together, as though unable to bear his weight.

Some misunderstanding has doubtless arisen between them. How silly are we to permit such trifles to unman us!

As our host alights at the gate, we observe that he does not stop to fasten his panting horse, which hurries off with dauling rein to the water-trough. He runs rather than walks towards us, and springs up the three steps into the passage with a single leap.

Ordering Caroline to summon her mother from the garden, he goes into his private apartment, where he is joined, a minute after, by the two women. Then the door is closed, and Mr. Colston and myself, who are listening with the greatest anxiety, can hear the sound of their feet hurrying to and fro, then the moving of heavy furniture, and after awhile a smothered scream, and the voices of the two women broken with sobs.

Half an hour passes—it seems to my anxious friendship much longer—when Mr. Enloe calls me, with a faint voice, into his room. He shuts the door carefully behind me, that he may not be overheard; but, seated where I am, I feel confident that Mr. Colston has steadily followed me, and that I see the shadow of his feet in the passage.

Mr. Enloe has become strangely altered. He seems years older than he was at the breakfast-table. His wife is reclining upon the sofa, her face hidden in a handkerchief. Her daughter, pale but not so entirely abandoned to grief, is speaking affectionate words to arouse him. What mystery is in all this?

My friend explains.

"My dear sir, I have met with a dreadful loss. Last night I had twenty thousand dollars in my pocket-book—money belonging to the state—and placed it, securely, as I thought, under my pillow. My business at town this morning was to pay it to the county treasurer, for whom I had collected it; but when I entered his office, there was nothing in the pocket-book but a roll of waste paper! I am ruined!"

As soon as I can get words, under this stunning blow, I inform Mr. Enloe of what I had witnessed the night before, and suggest that one of his servants—probably Loogy—has committed the robbery.

"Impossible!" starts up my sweet young friend, in a warm defence; "utterly impossible! Loogy will not steal. If it was done by any of our negroes, it was not

Loogy. I would as soon think I had robbed pa myself!"

We agree with the innocent-hearted girl, that Loogy would not be likely to take it of her own accord; but then she might have been put up to it by a second person. Such things are frequently done. But no, Loogy is innocent! Loogy would die before she would steal! Has she not raised Loogy under her own eye, and would not the poor creature do anything to exhibit her affection for her? And then she reminds her parents how Loogy saved her life the year before, when attacked by a rabid dog, and ends her passionate defence of the waiting-maid by proposing to bring her in at once, and let her establish her own innocence.

This is agreed to, and, pending her arrival, I return to Mr. Colston, whom I find standing quietly by the chimney, and inform him that a serious accident has befallen the family, which at present cannot be made public, and suggest that, under the present circumstances, he had better retire until evening.

He adopts my plan with unexpected cordiality, and starts off at a quick pace.

As he goes through the gate, he meets Caroline, and in the whispered conference between them, I have no doubt the dear girl tells him the whole.

Loogy is next brought into the passage, where we have now seated ourselves. But Caroline's prediction concerning her is sadly falsified—as her own disappointed look evinces. For instead of the gay, light-hearted manner so natural to the housemaid, she was found crying, so her young mistress admits, and for awhile positively refused to come to the conference. Her fellow-servants testify that she has been in tears ever since daylight, and would not touch a morsel of breakfast. All this has a suspicious look.

She comes before us trembling like a leaf. She sinks down before us, her matronly promise being plainer than before. She clasps Mr. Enloe's feet tightly, and screams:

"Oh, marser! oh, marser! I didn't tetch de money—'twarn't I—'deed 'twarn't!"

This is very bad indeed. No one has said a word to her concerning the loss, yet she is already cognisant of the fact. What now avail all her wild declarations? How can even her young mistress, with all her maidenly faith, believe her denial?

"Oh, Miss Caroline—Miss Caroline—'twarn't I! I didn't tetch it—'deed I didn't! You doesn't b'lieve I'd steal, Miss Caroline, does you?"

How can the weeping girl reply, save by advising her to make a full confession, and tell her master where she has put the money?

On hearing this, the negro rises at once from her abject posture, loses all her fear, and gazes almost angrily upon Caroline. From this, she glances around to each one of us in turn—never did the sublimity of innocence so light up human face before—casts her eyes upwards, as if appealing to that God who knoweth the truth, however it may be hidden from human knowledge, and then falls heavily forward in a fit.

The attack lasts through the whole day. Physician after physician is summoned from the neighbouring settlements; but with all their skill, it is night before Loogy is able to recognise her young mistress, who has hardly once withdrawn that white arm from under her neck all the while.

As soon as she can speak, she begs to be left alone with Miss Caroline; but this cannot be permitted.

Officers have come from town by this time, to inquire why so large an amount of public money, due this day, is delayed. And when the startling intelligence is communicated to them that it cannot be found, they insist that no means shall be left untried to draw the secret from the reputed robber.

The inquisition, during Loogy's swoon, has only brought two facts to light: that the tracks, which are still visible under my window, are undoubtedly hers, and that the string of coral beads which she has worn from childhood has been found hanging upon a limb in the orchard, torn off, beyond a doubt, in her hasty flight from the house.

The grief of old Gabriel when informed of the robbery, and the suspicion that rests on his daughter, although very sincere, is not equal to his confidence in her innocence. That confidence is really heart-touching. It is useless to point out to him the damning circumstances. He knew that Loogy wouldn't steal; and had the money been found in her hand, he could not be made to believe that she took it.

At length his master becomes wearied with his noisy demonstrations of grief, and orders him out of the yard.

It is past midnight before the examination is closed. Every means of intimidating the negro girl, and inducing her to make a confession, has been resorted to, except force. That is reserved for the last.

Loogy is excessively weak; for she has eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Her mind has been shaken by the severity of the attack, and this stormy scene quite takes away her little remaining sense. She cannot weep; she cannot answer the questions so frequently and sternly put to her: she can only say, with a monotonous repetition, but with a voice low and mournful as that of a wind-harp: "Twarn't I, Miss Caroline! I never tetcht it! Oh, Miss Caroline, 'deed 'twarn't I!"

My opinion relative to her guilt has undergone a partial change. At first it seemed certain that Loogy was the thief. But that sublime look—it haunts me yet!—which the unsophisticated African girl cast to heaven, when she discovered that even Caroline believed her guilty, had shaken me. It was truly a great mystery!

As I walk by starlight with the old teacher, Mr. Blote, we revolve together every solution, probable or improbable, that occurs to our minds, and re-consider every aspect in

which this mysterious affair has been turned towards us. That the girl was aware of the robbery before it came to our knowledge, cannot be doubted; but neither of us believe that she was the principal agent in the affair—though the facts, even at that, make against her. She certainly knew who the thief was, and ought to be compelled to confess it.

I have neglected to say that Loogy's husband, Tom—a slave upon the adjoining plantation—was taken up immediately upon discovering the loss of Mr. Enloe's money—it being reasonably supposed that the girl had intrusted him with it.

No information, however, has been gained from him, and he is now confined, until further orders, in one of the apartments of the owner's house.

To my surprise, Mr. Blote, after a brief digression upon the probable distance of the dog-star, advances the idea of somnambulism.

"If it could be ascertained," he says, "that Mr. Enloe or his wife has ever been accustomed to sleep-walking, what is there incredible in the notion of his removing the money to some other place? Many such *memorabilia* are upon record. Were such the case, it would be proper to keep a watch over him for several nights, in hopes that he would return to the place of deposit."

"But how should Loogy have known of it?" I ask, in my perplexity.

However, we get the overseer's advice on this head; and, receiving his approbation—though, it must be admitted, rather coolly, for Mr. Allansby had no idea of anything more effectual than the lash—we set a watch upon my friend's apartment.

I may as well dispose of this topic, by adding here that this guard was maintained, by the assistance of gentlemen from the vicinity, for a week; but no one moved in his sleep further than from one side of the bed to the other—and this notable scheme died without fruit.

I should have said before that Mr. Colston returned to Mr. Enloe's in time for supper. I scarcely know why I watched him so closely, but I was sure there was something weighty on his mind. The uneasy manner of his eye, which I observed before, seemed to have increased. Sometimes a gaiety, as artificial as could be manufactured, would buoy him up for a few minutes; then he relapsed entirely into silence. Could it be that he was mentally calculating the *value* of his betrothed, now that her fortune was gone at a single blow? It was too bad to believe.

He took much interest in the examination of Loogy, and, like the rest of us, asked her many questions. I was standing close to her when he commenced this, and was struck with her peculiar manner of receiving it.

She had been lying on a blanket in the parlour, her eyes closed, and seemingly unconscious of all that was said to her. At intervals, those monotonous words of denial—"O, Miss Caroline! 'deed 'twasnt I, Miss Caroline! I never tetcht it, 'deed I didn't!"—could be heard, but rather as the result of her own thoughts, than in response to our interrogatories.

But when Mr. Colston first spoke to her, she opened her eyes, stared at him a moment, then at her young mistress, who was holding her cold hands, and raised herself up as if about to speak. The rest of us leaned eagerly forward to catch her words. But then, to our disappointment, she changed her intention, whatever it had been, sank back upon the blanket, and only reiterated those listless words.

After midnight we separated, with the understanding that nothing more could be done for the present. Mr. Enloe returned to town with the officers, to take legal advice. The money which had been so mysteriously abstracted from under his pillow was secured to government by responsible indorsers: so that not only was his own fortune involved, so far as it would reach, but much of the property of his friends would be sacrificed to supply the deficiency.

It may appear strange to some that this large plantation, and the gang of slaves that worked it, should not be able to cover a deficit of twenty thousand dollars. But the fact is, few planters in Mississippi, fifteen years ago, were really worth half the property in their hands. The late bank inflations, which had given an unhealthy impetus to all kinds of monetary enterprises, placed much in men's hands only to take it away again, with large interest.

Mr. Enloe had dabbled in various speculations, like the other gentlemen of his standing, and lost much property. That which remained in his possession was largely incumbered, and, sold at the point of law, would not leave him more than twelve thousand dollars to pay this debt of twenty.

This was bad enough, but there was another thing which weighed heavily upon his mind that night.

Mr. Enloe was a stern partisan. None had been more prone to attribute evil motives to his opponents than himself. None had more unscrupulously employed the filthy means too often employed by political hacks. He was even now a candidate for the legislature, and the strife was unprecedented in violence, even in that fervid land. How his enemies would revenge themselves in his present misfortune! How they would gail his sensitive spirit! And when it was charged upon him, as it certainly would be, that instead of being robbed by others, he had in reality defrauded the government out of this large sum to pay his own liabilities, how much worse than a gun-shot would the missiles of slander wound his heart!

CHAPTER III.

MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.—EXAMINATION UNDER THE LASH.

Just let the reader accompany us in fancy to the corner of "the new ground," a little before sunrise, the day after the discovery of the robbery.

The cool air and the night dews have brought relief to the vegetation parched under yesterday's sun, and there is now a deep green upon the dense corn, that reminds us of early spring.

Looking up the lane towards Mr. Enloe's mansion, we see the form of old Gabriel shuffling along, in his heavy, awkward way, towards us. He has got permission from the stern overseer to absent himself to-day from plantation labour.

As the bands of pickers pass him, their baskets lightly poised upon their heads, on their way to the cotton-patch, they can easily see that the old ostler is weeping. His distress at his daughter's situation has moved even the severe heart of Mr. Allansby—hence this unaccustomed favour.

Gabriel walks this morning with a staff. Has the sorrow of a single day thus unnerved him?

Who can lightly speak of the feelings of this degraded race, when we see in them such evidences of holy grief?

As he approaches us we can hear him, in the usual manner of an African slave, talking to himself about his troubles. In the interval of his sobs, he utters such broken words as these:

"Never did it! Sooner 'd b'leeve I did it myself! Loogy 'll die 'fore she'll own it! You 'll see it! Poor gal! De lash will kill her! You 'll see it! Dead already, I reckon!"

In this slow, unhappy way he came down to the spot where he had left the road on a former occasion. But, instead of taking the same precautions to guard against espionage, he appeared utterly careless as to who might see him.

He turned slowly into the thicket, nervously twitched at a vine that had drawn itself before him, then angrily drew out his knife and cut it in two.

In the same way he severed the branches and briars that came in his way, until his path was so marked that a blind man could well nigh trace it up.

The old negro indeed seemed partially deranged. His hat fell off, but he would not stoop to pick it up; yet he hazel-nuts. He lost his knife, but regarded it not. He muttered to himself with closed eyes, and repeated the words which express the burthen of his grief:

"Poor gal! Tort she'd be free next week! De lash will kill 'em both! You'll see it!"

Thus delaying, and sobbing, and muttering, it is a good while before he reaches the place of his deposit. Can he believe his own eyes? Is he dreaming? What new evil is this? *The stone lies flat in the bottom of the ravine, and the money is gone!*

The aged African staggers breathlessly against the bank, and well nigh loses his senses. Recovered a little, he takes a second glimpse, and then such a scream, such an unearthly cry as his lungs give forth, how shall it be conveyed to the reader's knowledge?

Again he reclines against the bank, for he feels as if his heart would never resume its beating. Nor does it, until several minutes elapse, and he has exercised a powerful effort of his will to preserve himself from a swoon. Already weakened by a whole night's emotion, he finds it necessary to leave the fatal spot, and totters down the ravine to the creek. Here he bathes his whole head for a long time in the refreshing waters, shuddering to see himself looking so wild and fierce.

He returns to the cavity more resigned, with better eyesight and recovered strength. Perhaps, after all, some animal has broken down the flat stone—the stock often wander up these gullies in search of salted earth, to which their appetite greatly inclines them—and the money may, after all, be hidden under the loose soil that has fallen to the bottom.

So he goes back with a little hope. But a single glance dashes down the hope, and, rising erect, with something fluttering in his hand, he screams even more wildly than before.

It is a handkerchief, one of the coarse, red bandannas so much fancied by the black women, and the old man recognises it as the one worn by his daughter!

Unhappy Gabriel! what means that gesture—those wild blows upon your throat—those eager glances around you, as though you were seeking for a weapon of death? Fortunately for your soul's peace hereafter, the knife which was in your hand this morning has been dropped in the thicket, and you cannot commit suicide.

No, old man, you cannot die yet. But you can reach the Divine ear with those agonised screams. You can excite the sympathy of invisible watchers by those distracted gestures. You can lie there, groaning on that damp earth, and although no man marks your distress, the eye of God marks it.

All becomes quiet again, at least outwardly—for Gabriel has no room for further surprise. No, although the marks of naked feet in the earth are hers—though the imprint of fingers upon the bank are hers—he can suffer no greater grief now, but seeks his staff, and, hiding the handkerchief in his bosom, drags himself away from the spot—cruel, ungrateful daughter, how have you fixed that spot in his memory!—nor once halts nor looks back until he reaches the quarters.

Let us return to Mr. Enloe's house.

The proprietor, with the county sheriff and a large party of his political friends, has come back from town about nine o'clock, to resume the inquisition into the robbery. There is that in Mr. Enloe's look which speaks of despair. He whispers aside to me, while his companions are fastening their horses to the rack, that he apprehends the worst.

Again Loogy is brought forward for examination, but this time the affair is in sterner hands than Mr. Enloe's. The gentle Caroline, who has attended her anxiously

through the night, and induced her both to eat and sleep, is forbidden now to remain with her.

The negro girl is permitted to sit with us on a chair in the parlour while the examination goes on. Every one speaks kindly to her—such is the plan laid down to us in private by the sheriff—and a glass of sweetened spirits administered before any questions are asked her. The stimulus brings new light to her eyes, while the kindness of the company, so forcibly contrasted with the severity of their language yesterday, gives her much courage.

But a change has taken place in the appearance of the poor girl. Unfortunate creature! The experience of years has passed over her in a single night. The light-hearted girl is suddenly transformed into a suffering woman, with worse than a woman's lot.

When the experienced sheriff observes from her eye that the stimulus has taken effect, he begins the examination by asking her a few unimportant questions relative to her ordinary work—how she likes to weave—how many knots a day she can spin, and the like.

Turning with considerable ingenuity to the subject of the robbery, he goes on to inform her that Mr. Enloe has lost a great deal of money lately, and will have to sell his negroes unless he can find it again.

Loogy sits smiling under the influence of the spirits, and at the end of each sentence nods her head in token of assent.

The officer observes that everybody knows how full of jokes she, Loogy, is, and that they have had a good laugh together to think that she should go into her master's room when he was asleep, and take his money away, just to have some fun with it.

At this the negro grows somewhat nervous, but when the whole company of us burst into a preconcerted laugh, she relaxes her gravity, smiles, and again nods her head.

The sheriff goes a little further, and says that Mr. Enloe is afraid that the money may be lost if she keeps it any longer; and he tells her an amusing story of how a rat once carried off his pocket-book and gnawed it at one end, and to convince her of the fact, he holds it up before her, and shows her that it is really injured, as he says.

No signs of intelligence follow, but there is a slight air of anxiety on her face at the entrance of Mr. Colston, who has just arrived.

"Tell us, then, my good girl," asked the sheriff, coaxingly, "is your master's money put away where the rats can get it?"

But Loogy answers not.

"Tom hasn't got it, has he?" imprudently inquires that individual's master, who is with us.

"Oh, no, no, no!" stammered the girl. "Tom didn't tetch it, sir; 'deed he didn't!"

The sheriff takes a large chew of tobacco, glances at Mr. Enloe with a half smile, as much as to say, we shall come to it presently, if you'll all be patient—and then draws from his saddle-bags a splendid pattern of alpaca. He opens it, so as to show the colours, and, laying it in Loogy's lap, says, in his kindest manner:

"Here is a dress I've bought for you, Loogy. See how pretty the flowers are!"

With a true feminine love for ornament, the negro holds up the piece, gazes delightedly upon the figures, and wraps it around her, as if mentally calculating the quantity and the effect.

"And here," continued the officer, archly smiling, and speaking now in a half whisper, as though he did not wish for us to hear him—"here is something for the baby."

And then he draws out a necklace, made of the large gold beads coveted more than any other ornament by the blacks.

It is really a magnificent present, or it has been bought that morning for the purpose, at the cost of thirty dollars, while the alpaca was valued at more than two dollars a yard: so important does he think it to propitiate the girl's will.

"Something for the baby, Loogy," whispers the sheriff, and lays the glittering necklace upon the splendid cloth. "Your baby will have the finest necklace in all the land."

How touching is the expression of that young face, lit up by the prophetic impulses of a mother's love! She gathers up the gold beads in her hand so as to conceal them, and turns her face away, as though the subject were too tender for speech.

"And now, Loogy," continues the sheriff, "you must go with your master and hand him back his money before the rats gnaw it. Come, Loogy, get up and go. Your master is ready to go with you."

But Loogy sits still—looks earnestly around her—and answers not a word.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of the overseer!" dexterously suggests the sheriff. "He shall never know where you put it at all. And he shall never strike you a single blow for what you have done. You won't whip Loogy, Mr. Allansby, will you?"

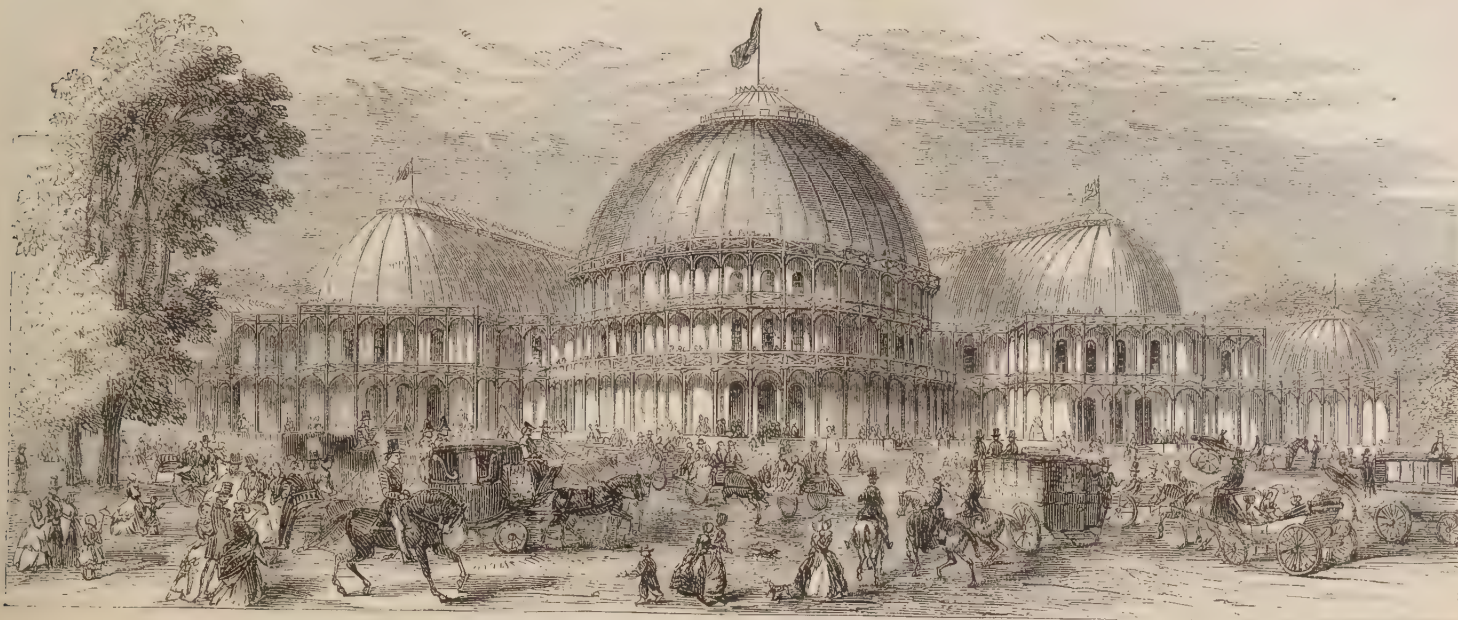
Mr. Allansby declares, with as much amenity as he can throw into his face at short notice, that such a joke as hiding that money is too good for a whipping. He pledges his word to her—confirming the promise by throwing his whip out of the window, and giving her several pieces of money—that he will never strike her a blow on account of it.

The rest of us imitate his example—make her presents of money—laugh uproariously at the excellent joke—praise her costly presents, and promise that we won't follow her.

"Come, now, Loogy; go with your master and get the money."

Mr. Enloe rose, walked to the door, looked smilingly back, and invited her to follow him.

(To be continued.)



[VIEW OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.]

THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN.

THE idea of having expositions of the industry of all nations was borrowed from those immense bazaars and fairs which, from time immemorial, have been held in various countries in the East, particularly India, Arabia, Syria, and Asia Minor. But we are immediately indebted to the benevolent feelings of the charitable for the introduction of the system, on a large scale, into Europe. The French, we believe, were the first to institute bazaars for charitable purposes. An attractive collection was formed of the elegant as well as useful products of industry; and to lend enchantment to its purpose, the fairest and noblest ladies of the land, by their presence as managers and saleswomen, imparted a witchery to the scene, gratifying as it was in its original, unsophisticated intention.

The noble example thus offered to the world by the wealthy and high-born of the polished circles of Paris, was not lost upon England. She instantly adopted it, as an admirable mode of collecting funds to relieve the distressed, and afford consolation to the afflicted. Accordingly, within the past half century, bazaars, in support of the claims of those in need of charity, have been as usual and regular in this country as the annual meeting of Parliament; and people have flocked to them with almost the eagerness with which they would go to a theatre or a concert.

The principle having been thus pleasantly established, that exhibitions, on a large scale, of articles for sale, to raise funds for beneficent purposes, only required good management to be successful, it was reserved for our versatile neighbours to enlarge and extend the idea to an exposition of the useful, beautiful, and instructive in art, science, and manufactures. The first "great" exhibition, therefore, was held in Paris, under the auspices of Louis Philippe. England followed closely behind in this novel attempt to blend amusement with instruction, while appealing to the warmer instincts of our nature in behalf of those least able to help themselves. But in adopting the idea in its new form, we made it more practical. We gave some permanent and productive power to the fruits of its success.

The first English exhibitions of the products of art and industry were held in the manufacturing districts, in connection with Mechanics' and other educational institutions, to whose benefit the proceeds were applied. The first, we believe, was held at Liverpool, in 1842, in the Mechanics' Institution in that town. It was called a polytechnic exhibition, and was eminently successful. A second, held at a rival institution, in 1843, and one at Leeds in the same year, triumphantly demonstrated their utility, and—we must use the phrase—remunerative character. Thousands attended them daily: the number of visitors to the Liverpool exhibition held in the Mechanics' Institution, during the six weeks it was open, was 97,000; besides 20,000 charity children, police, military, and domestic servants, who were admitted gratuitously; and it was acknowledged by even those who have an objection to every species of innovation, that few—very few—could attend them without receiving pleasure of a pure and elevating kind. The trains of thought into which the various objects exhibited naturally led the mind—the healthy curiosity which they excited, and the expansion of thought which such collections of the beautiful and useful in nature and art produced, had a very stimulating and beneficial effect. Their value was at once placed beyond all doubt, and as the idea grew more familiar to the national mind, it came to be eagerly patronised by manufacturers, for the obvious advantages it offered them in a suggestive as well as economical sense—by artists, for the same reason—by promoters of the education of the masses, because it tended to detach them from degrading habits—and by all classes of the people themselves, because they had found in it something which belonged to

themselves—something which showed the dignity of labour, and, while affording exhilarating relaxation, imparted to them instruction, without the drudgery of being taught.

In the course of nine years, this latest suggestion in civilisation expanded into a national sentiment, which developed itself in that crowning feature, "The World's Fair," in Hyde Park, whose glories we, among innumerable others, had the happy privilege to enjoy, and illustrate both by pen and pencil. There were seen the might and majesty of industry, the loveliness of art, and the grandeur of human nature in every mental and moral department, when under the god-like influences which teach the philosophy, that the more man is industrious, peaceful, and cultivated, the nearer he approaches the infinitude and the perfection which tremble like whispers, or linger like echoes, in the solemn temple which every man has within him, whether he be saint or savage. Never was a more glorious attitude assumed—never did man present himself under a loftier aspect—since the world began. He was unique in the display of excellencies which instructed while they amused—pleased while they astounded.

And, as this is the age of sober vaticination, founded on sound calculation, it was confidently predicted that such a brilliant success would be followed by many attempts of the same description. In this generation there never will be another world's fair like that of 1851—that was never expected—but that the leading idea of that wonderful embodiment of the industry and civilisation of all nations could be perpetuated, was always cheerfully admitted. But change of scene was essential, and accordingly, on a much smaller scale, we have almost simultaneously presented to us exhibitions of the world's industry in New York, Paris, and Dublin.

With both the former, the government and the wealthy classes—particularly the manufacturers—have largely connected themselves; gratitude demanded no less; but with the latter, every sympathy and every home tie was enlisted in its favour. It was the industrial heart of Ireland speaking to the industrial heart of England; and we are happy to perceive that the appeal has been met by a noble response. The Irish Industrial Exhibition can scarcely fail to be a triumph. It will be held in the capital of Ireland, which occupies one of the finest sites in Europe. No town in England is so finely situated as Dublin. A beautiful river flows through it, and in its architecture and design it is bolder—is spread over comparatively a larger surface—than the majority of the towns in England. It is the seat of the Irish viceroyalty, is surrounded by a splendid country, and enjoys the advantages of a park in which a review on a much larger scale than any ever got up in England can be seen—which is more than can be said of similar displays in the vicinity of the metropolis. The well-known beauties of Irish scenery—the lakes of Killarney—the sweet valleys spread all over the country—the mountains, as rich in minerals as picturesque in appearance—the ruined castles of the feudal ages, the mysterious round towers, the luxuriant plains—all these will tempt visitors—they have, within the past few years, been tempting thousands both from this country and the continent—and as every tourist will be a visitor to the exhibition, the native support will be incalculably swelled. And when we consider the peculiar claims which the undertaking has on the Irish people, the anxiety of Britain to do everything to help Ireland, the cheapness and rapidity of the travelling communications between the two countries, and glance at the adventitious circumstances inseparable from an affair which brings together contributors from all parts of the empire—from America, from the continent—we cannot but come to the legitimate conclusion, that it will not only be a success, but a triumph—a triumph for Ireland, a triumph for the wide realm of industry and art.

The building in which this grand display of Irish enterprise and the world's industry will be held, has been

erected in Merrion Square, and, as will be seen from our illustration, is bold and striking in outline as well as proportions. The architect has not copied the far-famed Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; he has chosen a more massive looking style of structure, which, in facial outline, almost reminds us of one of those Patan palaces in India—a description of which we gave in a recent number of this Journal. The roof swells upwards into imposing domes—the central one especially so, for it is a hundred feet higher than the two longitudinal ones, and is composed of twelve semicircular ribs of timbers, each weighing upwards of seven tons, and spanning a hall twenty-eight feet wider than the transept of the Crystal Palace of 1851. The other domes—if domes they may be termed—have central skylights, twenty-five feet in breadth, extending the whole length of the halls which they cover. The exterior dimensions of the building are 425 feet in breadth, and 470 feet in depth: so that the basement portion approaches nearly to a square. The total height from the pavement of Merrion Square to the top of the central dome, is nearly three hundred feet. Taken altogether, it is a handsome looking building, and does credit to all who have been concerned in its erection.

The interior arrangements will nearly correspond with those of its great predecessor. The building is divided into halls or courts, and some idea may be formed of the size of some of them, when we mention that the machinery hall is 450 feet in length. The other courts are devoted to raw materials of all kinds—especially the natural productions of Ireland; to sculpture, comprising casts of finely and curiously engraved crosses, which have lain for centuries in grave-yards; and to the fine arts. Among the gems and jewellery exhibited, is an assemblage of those costly relics of remote ages, when the arts of the lapidary and goldsmith flourished in Ireland. The department of manufactures is peculiarly rich. All the large cities of the continent have contributed, and British and Irish skill and taste will once more be contrasted with that of continental Europe. We may mention that the Emperor and Empress of the French have been exceedingly liberal to the exhibition, and that America has not forgotten the land that has supplied her soil with so many stalwart sons and blooming daughters.

The Fine Arts court, or wing, is absolutely crammed with the rarest productions of art; and it shows how genial was the feeling towards the Dublin Exhibition, when the offerings of pictures from the continent were so numerous, that the committee were compelled to limit their acceptances to half the number tendered. All the schools of modern Europe will be represented; and when we mention that the distinguished contributors are headed by the Duke of Devonshire—who sends the "Bolton Abbey," of Landseer, and the "Boy at the Gate," of Collins—we have said sufficient to justify the assertion, that this will be considered the noblest collection of modern pictures ever formed under one roof.

The mediæval ages—the ages of the Black Prince, Cœur de Lion, Saladin, and the Troubadours—are richly represented. As the eye surveys plumed helm, embossed shield, inlaid armour, and some more peaceful vestiges of an extinct era, placed in orderly array, the mind is enabled to wander to those days when the baron kept state in his hall, or, at the head of his vassals, rode out to battle—not for freedom, but for the rights of kings, or to repel an incursion of a rival—make a foray, or grace the train of a conqueror. And then, reverting to these more illustrious and more promising times, and beholding around him, in every conceivable form, the brilliant evidences of civilisation, cultivated to the highest point hitherto attained, he must feel thankful that his lot was cast in such a happy day, that twenty-four gentlemen, assisted by two indefatigable secretaries, are unreservedly trusted with priceless treasures from the four corners of the world; and at their bidding there arose one of those palaces which will contribute more to the dignity and en-

during splendour of the present age than all the embattled towers and stupendous cathedrals did to the stirring periods in which they were reared against the sky. As for Ireland, we sanguinely anticipate the very best results from her metropolitan feast of industry and intellect. It will introduce her people to a knowledge of other countries and other modes of thought; it will show them Ireland as she really is, one of the richest countries on the face of the earth; it will spur on their energies to greater attempts to possess those riches; it will show them that the inexhaustible mine of wealth lying untouched beneath their feet, to be useful, must be diligently and industriously gathered; it will assist in destroying local prejudices, from the number of friendships that must inevitably be formed during the existence of the exhibition; create not only a feeling, but a deep intellectual impression, that peace and industry go hand-in-hand: and this being carried to fire-ides, and village festivals, and town meetings, will not—cannot fail to stir up the warm Irish heart to impulses which will long survive the glowing moment in which they were born.

ESSAYS.

No. CLXXXIX.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

(Continued.)

THE thorough business man has generally a good address. Some men may be awkward in appearance, and not very fascinating in manner; but with a good address, these imperfections may be rendered imperceptible; they may be made wholly invisible to the reflective organs, and not obtrusive to the perceptive.

Now, as every man does not possess an attractive exterior, a winning manner, and a musical voice—the latter may be acquired by cultivation—it is indispensable that those who are not so favoured by nature, if they would succeed in any department of business, should endeavour to draw round, and in, and about themselves those urbane qualities comprised under the general term, “good address.”

Awkwardness and shame-facedness are incompatible with success in any pursuit requiring familiar intercourse with other people. Literary men are proverbially awkward and bashful; and that is precisely the reason why they invariably fail when they embark in business. Men of science, from their habit of lecturing in public—clergymen, from their constant familiarity with the amenities of life—men of fashion, and the swarm of idlers whose most serious thoughts are devoted to spending, instead of making money—do not labour under this disadvantage. They are cool, self-possessed, and engaging. They do not repel—they attract—and the whole secret lies in their manner. They have a “good address;” they are not rustic in their behaviour.

For their peculiarity, they are indebted to their imitative powers. By mixing in good society, they acquire its polished manners and unaffected carriage. They are polite: and as politeness is the very foundation, the very cornerstone of good society, no man can have the good address essential to good society, without he is polite: polite to his superiors, without being servile; to his equals, without being familiar; to his inferiors, without being arrogant.

The majority of mankind, being beyond the pale of this good society, are debarred the opportunities of cultivating a good address by genial intercourse with their more fortunate fellow-creatures: therefore they must seek it at other sources, so as to lift themselves up to a more cultivated condition; and to no better can they apply than their own natural capacities—not their perverted and slanted over capacities, but the natural dispositions implanted in them by their beneficent Maker. Politeness is natural. It is oftener found “in lowly sheds, with smoky rafters, than in tapestried halls and courts of princes.” It indicates a good heart and a wise head. It is not limited in its expression to set forms or ceremonies, nor can it be learned by any system of rules. The wisdom that appreciates its value will direct in the choice of external signs by which to manifest it, and form the manners.

It is a matter of daily observation that the Jews are more successful in money getting than any other people. As rich as a Jew, is a proverb. How to account for this—to what cause to ascribe it—has no doubt been a puzzle with many. If the following statement be correct, there is no difficulty in accounting for it: “The politest people in the world are not the French, the English, the American, the Italian, nor the German—but the Jewish. For the Jews are maltreated, and reviled, and despoiled of their civil privileges and their social rights; yet they are everywhere polite, affable, insinuating, and condescending. They are remarkable for their industry and perseverance—indulge in few or no recriminations—are faithful to old associations—more respectful of the prejudices of others than these are of theirs—not more worldly-minded and money-loving than people generally are—and, everything considered, they surpass all nations in courtesy, affability, and forbearance. Few persons excel in address a bright and polished Jew. There is no rusticity among that people.”

But politeness is not inconsistent with firmness. A marble demeanour is sometimes necessary, and it is only the polite man who dares at all times to refuse doing that which his judgment condemns. “Most men,” says Lord Clarendon, “are slaves, because they cannot pronounce the monosyllable ‘No!’” A polite man may pronounce it whenever he chooses, with little danger of offence. But politeness is not inconsistent with a proper degree of spirit—for when we have to deal with rudeness, resistance is our only alternative.

However, as we have already stated, the choice of the

external signs or manners is a matter for the exercise of individual wisdom. And it should be borne in mind that, in forming the manners, what is borrowed from study or observation must be adapted to the natural character, or, like a badly cut garment, it will not sit well. That which is eminently becoming in one man is the opposite in another. To have the desire of pleasing always uppermost in the mind, is the main thing. He who manifests a desire to please under all circumstances and to all men, has a good address, whatever may be the want of polish in his manners.

But politeness should not be confounded with what, under the *alias* of an “obliging disposition,” is positive weakness. The polite man should never omit to say “No!” when he finds it his duty to say it.

But upon borrowing, lending, and giving, we have already written at some length;* and, presuming we have said sufficient to show the necessity of a good address in business, we now proceed to glance at the graver qualities demanded—and those are business habits.

The difference in men and their success may be attributed, in a measure, to a difference in their business habits; and many a man has made his fortune with no other capital than their superior cultivation. In fact, a large capital and excellent opportunities, without them, will only provoke greater disaster, and a more wide-spread ruin. Perfection in most things is unattainable—yet men have attained to a greater degree of perfection in the cultivation of these qualities than in almost anything else; and, at all events, it is certain that he who “aimeth at the sun, though he may not hit his mark, will shoot higher than he that aimeth at a bush.”

The first, best, noblest, business habit—parent of all the rest, as well as most of the virtues—is industry: the power wielded alike by God and man. Listen to the Corn-law Rhymer:

“How beauteous are the dyes
That grove and hedgerow from their plumage shake
And cannot the loud hammer, which supplies
Food for the blacksmith’s rosy children, make
Sweet music to thy heart?”

It can—its highest notes are as precious as the rich gushings of the songster who warbles as he soars. “The music of the harp may be better spared in a commonwealth than the noise of a hammer,” said old Fuller—and all must agree with the truism; for industry is the energetic engagement of the mind or body in some useful employment. It is the secret of those grand results that fill the mind with wonder—of the folios of the ancients—the pyramids of Egypt—the temples of the Hindoos—and of those stupendous works for internal communication in our own country, which are so grand in their design and execution. “There is no art or science,” says Clarendon, “that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations—it is the philosopher’s stone that turns all metals, and even stone, into gold, and suffers no want to break into dwellings—it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant’s ships as soon to him as he can desire—in a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contributions.”

But it requires auxiliaries—such as method, calculation, prudence, punctuality, and perseverance.

Method makes a small head as useful as a large one, to a man of business; indeed, we might say that a man with plenty of method about him may be said to have an extra hat-full of brains in his keeping,—because method apportions time to duties, and keeps an exact register of its transactions; it has a place for every man—a box or drawer for every tool—a file or pigeon-hole for every paper, and a time for every settlement. A perfectly methodical man leaves his books, accounts, &c., in so complete a shape, that if he were to die during the night, everything could be perfectly understood. Books have been called the tradesman’s repeating clock, to tell him how he goes on. The system of book-keeping by double-entry is perhaps the most beautiful one in the wide domain of literature or science: were it less common, it would be the admiration of the learned world.

Business correspondence should also be methodical—that is, plain, clear, and concise. Fine writing is ridiculous in business. The style should be simple, without being curt or affected. The technical terms used in every trade and calling should also be perfectly understood. Ignorance in this respect frequently occasions ludicrous mistakes.

We will mention one: “A brickmaker, being hired by a London brewer to make some bricks for him at his country-house, wrote to the brewer that he could not go forward unless he had two or three loads of *Spanish*; that otherwise his bricks would cost him much extra coal, and the bricks would not be so good and hard, by a great deal, when they were burnt. The brewer hereupon sends down two drays loaded with about twelve hogheads of molasses, which frightened the brickmaker almost out of his senses. The case was this: The brewers formerly mixed molasses with the beer to sweeten it, and abated the quantity of malt—molasses being at that time much cheaper: and this they called *Spanish*, not being willing their customers should know it. Again, the brickmakers all about London mix coal-ashes with their clay, and by that shift save about eight tons of coal out of eleven, to the burning of 100,000 bricks, in proportion to what other people burn them with—and these ashes they call *Spanish*; but neither the brewer on the one hand, nor the brickmaker on the other, understood any other of it than as it related to his separate business.”

This kind of knowledge, however, rather comes under the category of business education, although belonging to the department of method.

* See essays in previous numbers, on “Clarity,” “Money,” “People who never say ‘No!’” &c.

By method in business, as a preliminary to success, we mean proper arrangement. Everything should be in its right place, so as to be immediately found when wanted. A merchant, a lawyer, and a tradesman should know where to place his hand on every paper of importance in his establishment. As much exact formality is required in business as in the management of a printing-office or a library. If the type was all “pie”—that is, jumbled together in a heap—the compositors would never get on at all. As it is, each letter has its own compartment in a case, out of which an experienced hand can pick it up blindfolded. The same regularity prevails in a publishing-office. The publisher of the LONDON JOURNAL has daily to supply back numbers from the first down to the last number of the publication, extending over a period of eight years and a half. Now, if his stock was not nicely arranged, and he did not know where every number was, he would never be able to dispose of half a dozen copies in a week; whereas sometimes he has to supply hundreds in the course of half an hour. It is only by method that in this respect he is enabled to oblige the public and faithfully serve his employer. Some manifest this habit at an earlier age than others, and apparently exercise it with less difficulty; but any one, with attention and diligence, may acquire it.

Calculation is eminently essential to the proper development of industry—not only as a habit, but as a principle. Calculation is the mind of business. A readiness in calculation gives a man great advantage over his less experienced neighbours; and it should be borne in mind that many a man has failed purely from inability to calculate quickly and accurately. To attain the habit of quick calculation, it has been recommended that the learner should seize on every circumstance which occurs in his realising where reckoning is required, and, if possible, stop at once and compute it. Or if not, let the place be marked, and at the first leisure moment let him turn to it and make the estimates.

Suppose he reads of a shipwreck. The crew is said to consist of thirty men, besides the captain and mate, with three hundred and thirteen passengers, and a company of sixty grenadiers. The captain and mate, and ten of the crew, escaped in the long-boat. The rest were drowned, except twelve of the grenadiers, who clung to a floating fragment of the wreck, till they were taken off by another vessel. Now is there a single person in existence who would read such an account, without being anxious to know how many persons in the whole were lost? Yet nine readers in ten would not know—and why? Simply because they will not stop, and use what little addition and subtraction they possess.

Many—indeed most persons who are familiar with figures, might ascertain the numbers while reading, and without the slightest pause; but it certainly requires some practice. And the most important use of arithmetical studies, except as a discipline to the mind, is to enable us to reckon without slates and pencils. He has but a miserable knowledge of arithmetic, who is no arithmetician without a pen or pencil in his hand. These are but the ladders upon which he should ascend to the science—not the science itself.

Punctuality is also an elementary principle in business. No man can get on well without it. A punctual man respects his word, and has a regard for the convenience of others. An unpunctual man is universally disliked; and very properly, because he is sure to interfere with our plans, consume our time, cause us uneasiness, and, by implication, affront us: because he would lead us to believe that in his estimation we are not of sufficient importance to cause him to be prompt. Punctuality in money engagements is all-important—it is the hinge of business. When a man cannot fulfil his engagements, he ought to give timely notice. It is better to fail a dozen times, than keep creditors in suspense.

But a true business man ought to look upon failure as a remote possibility. He ought to have the habit which Lucan attributes to Cæsar—*prociat virtus stare loco*—first consulting wisely, then resolving firmly, and afterwards executing his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit. Perseverance means the steady pursuit of anything contemplated; the stern execution of whatever plan is determined upon. This quality must be guided by prudence, supported by a conscientious regard for moral right, and controlled by more than a moderate share of sagacity; but consulting the dictates of prudence will be sufficient for every obvious purpose. And as this is one of the most important of qualities, we subjoin the various definitions of prudence which have been given by writers and moralists of almost every grade of talent.

Prudence is wisdom applied to practice. Under it are comprehended the discreet suiting and disposing as well of actions as of words in their due place, time, and manner. It is principally in reference to actions to be done, and due means, order, season, and method of doing or not doing. A man exhibits the highest prudence who places himself in such a position that, whether the principles he acts upon prove true or false, he secures a happy issue to his actions. In a case where the probabilities on the one hand somewhat preponderate over the other, yet if there be no considerable hazard on that side which has the least probability, and a very great apparent danger in a mistake about the other, prudence will oblige a man to do that which may make most for his safety. It is always prudent, in matters of importance, to conceal intentions, or we may be anticipated by others; and it is generally prudent to conceal motives, letting only friends have a key to our hearts, as to our garden. It is prudent to withhold confidence from an entire stranger, and in some disagreeable cases it is prudent to do nothing.

“When a prudent man,” says Chesterfield, “gets into

that predicament that he must ask himself more than once what he shall do, he will answer 'Nothing!' Where reason points out no good way, or at least none less bad than the other, he will stop short and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events; must be doing, and, like a blind horse, fears no danger because he sees none."

"I think a prudent man," says Plutarch, "ought not to permit anything at all to depend on fortune, but to trust some things to his wife, some things to his servants, and some things to his friends, while he is employing his reason about such matters as are most proper for him, and of greatest concernment." Prudence is the result of judgment. Judgment is an original faculty of the mind, which God has given to supply the want of certain knowledge, and by which a man takes a proposition to be true or false, without perceiving demonstrative evidence in the proofs. A total want of judgment cannot be supplied by art; but where the faculty exists, it may be cultivated to an extraordinary degree of accuracy.

Having thus sketched the habits which are not only essential to success in business, but are part of the very discipline of business itself, the next consideration is how to obtain the capital and when to commence. As to the capital, it is impossible to speak definitively. Some commence with thousands, others with nothing beyond the business habits we have recommended, health, a vigorous frame, a clear head, and a stout heart. This is altogether a matter of social position and will—the will is everything; but as a sober, industrious, and saving man, who can calculate that the price of a pot of common beer a day is £6 a year, or more than £60 in ten years, may do anything reasonable, we will only say that, as a rule, it is imprudent in any one to embark in business without that moderate capital ordinarily required in the business. It is also imprudent in a young man to commence with a loan under the security of his friends: because he commences in debt, and with an obligation, the memory of which is never forgotten. We have frequently heard it remarked on the Liverpool Exchange: "Oh, he started with £100 or a £1000, that so and so lent him!" or "So and so put him on his legs!" This should be avoided if possible. In many cases it is not possible, in others justified by circumstances—such as an employer advancing money to a clerk who has materially contributed to his own elevation. But, whatever the pecuniary condition may be, the proper application of the meaning of that little word "try" can accomplish wonders. The secret of each man's success is in himself, and there is true wisdom in looking forward, instead of wasting time in idle despondency. The most opulent of the Liverpool banking houses was started by a man who, when a shoeless boy, began business on the profits of the sale of a solitary goose. He died worth three millions sterling—and yet the nest-egg was only a shilling or eighteenpence.

But supposing that a young man has capital to set up in business. When should he commence? This also is a matter of convenience as well as of opinion. A good deal depends on the previous education and the extent of his knowledge. But a natural shrewdness and adaptiveness for business will carry him safely on—for experience is only one of the many ways of arriving at knowledge. "Wise men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and boasts by nature."

In war, literature, and statesmanship, the greatest exploits of the most renowned men have been performed at an early age. Hannibal crossed the Alps before he was twenty-four. Alexander the Great died at thirty-three. Byron wrote "Childe Harold" at twenty-one. Bonaparte was First Consul before he was thirty.

"Of all the great human actions ever heard or read of," says Montaigne, "of what sort soever, I have observed, both in former ages and our own, more have been performed before than after the age of thirty; and oftentimes in the very lives of the same men. May I not confidently instance those of Hannibal, and his great competitor, Scipio? The better half of their lives they lived upon the glory they had acquired in their youth; great men, it is true, in comparison with others; but by no means in comparison with themselves."

So that age has less to do with talent or business aptitude than is imagined. Napoleon at twenty-one had a wiser head on the top of his little body than all the talking and slaying heroes of the Republic put together; and there are young men in the City of London, and our great commercial and manufacturing marts, who know how "to take time by the forelock" with men double their age. It is the capacity, the position, and the chances that must determine this question; but it is the energetic cultivation of business habits that must improve and consolidate the opportunity.

There are only two remaining points to be noticed, and on these we can pronounce a decided opinion. Never have a partner if you can avoid it. Co-partnerships are more speculations, and have blighted more prospects than either improvidence or deficiency in ability. The only partner a business man requires is a wife who will mind her own business, and never interfere with his—keep his house in order, love him, sing him a good song when necessary, prattle to him—as only a good wife can, when she is in a good humour—and never, oh never, never, under the most irritating circumstances—"nag" at him. There is more venom in the tongue of a "nagging" wife than in the stings of a thousand wasps. Wives have much to learn in this respect; for most husbands would

prefer being dragged at the tail of a mad bull, over ten miles of rough country, to being condemned to sit a whole evening in the company of, and listen, as Shakspeare ought to have written it, to,

The venom clamours of a "nagging" woman—
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

THE MASKED BRIDE.

THE level beams of the sun were sleeping on the bosom of the Rhine, which was blue and unruffled as the summer sky it mirrored, save that here and there a long, scintillating line of light was merged in one of those sparkling expanses, where it seemed as if thousands of winged diamonds were fluttering with a rapid and ever-changing motion. Carlos Gonsalvo, a young Spanish gentleman, who had been refreshing himself at an inn discernible in the distance, stood on the margin of the river—which in that place spread into an area of some magnitude, smooth and level—with his eyes fixed on a castellated tower, which rose from the verge of a bold precipice, and which, although on the same shore, was, by an abrupt turning, brought nearly opposite to him. The tower, which had been built at a remote period, appeared singularly picturesque, as it shot up against the ruddy western sky, and the young traveller felt an unaccountable, yet irrepressible desire to view it more nearly. A skiff, moored at a little distance, afforded him the means of gratifying his inclination, and in a few minutes he was gliding lightly over the water. On arriving at the foot of the rock, he found that it was so high and steep as to be inaccessible. He spent considerable time in trying, if possible, to find some point where he might scale the precipice—but without success. The last vestige of day had now departed, and he was thinking of returning, when a light from the tower cast a bright gleam along the water. On turning to see from what part of the building it proceeded, he found it came from an open lattice window, at which stood a young girl so beautiful, as to at once put to flight all thoughts of returning to the inn. She had the dark, lustrous eyes of the daughters of his own sunny land; but the "cheek of cream," glowing with a slight rose-tint, which gleamed through the rich mass of golden curls, that, secluded as she was in her lonely tower, she suffered to fall as graceful nature willed, must—so imagined the young Spaniard—have ripened beneath some sky less fervent. It was only for a moment that he had an opportunity to gaze at her—for, probably on account of observing his boat, she withdrew from the lattice. He lingered in the vain hope that he should obtain another glimpse of her, for more than half an hour, and then slowly and reluctantly commenced propelling his boat towards the point whence he had started. Often did he look back to her window, from which, much to his chagrin, the light soon vanished. Once he thought that he saw the gleam of a snowy hand and arm, or of a white handkerchief waving at the lattice—but this must have been the illusion of an excited fancy, as no object could be discernible through the gloom that rested so heavily upon that side of the tower.

All the intelligence that Gonsalvo was able to gather from the host of the inn concerning the tower was, that it belonged to a Spanish nobleman, whose name he had forgotten, who inherited it in right of his wife, a German lady.

"But who are the living inhabitants?" said Gonsalvo, impatiently interrupting him, as he commenced relating a ghost-story connected with the old tower—"that is, what ladies—what females inhabit it?"

"Why, there is old Maggy, the —"

"I care nothing about old Maggy. The lovely creature I saw there to-night, who is she?"

"Oh! you must mean Maggy's daughter, I think; but I never thought her anything more than common. And since she has got on the wrong side of forty —"

"The wrong side of forty! Why, the lady I mean must be on the right side of twenty!"

The host shook his head as he replied: "Your eyes must have deceived you, sir! or it must have been the apparition of the young lady who was murdered more than a hundred years ago by a cruel uncle, for the sake of obtaining her fortune!"

Finding that he was unable to obtain the information he desired, his next care was to secure an apartment which commanded a view of the tower; and to his great delight, the lady's lattice was again brilliantly illuminated.

The night was calm and beautiful, and so still, that the "floating whisper"—heard only when all sounds of animated nature and the lightest breeze even are hushed, and which fancy might deem the mingled breathing of the sleeping flowers—filled the air with its mysterious and dreamy melody. A light slumber stole over him, and the lady of the tower seemed hovering near, when a strain of beautiful music

Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume,
And stole upon the air.

Fortunately his apartment was on the first storey—otherwise his limbs might have been endangered; for, feeling convinced that such entrancing music could proceed from no other place than the chamber of the lovely unknown, he sprang from the window, and, with all the speed of which he was capable, ran to the shore of the river. Here, owing to the sudden bend of the stream, and the projection of the precipice on which the tower was situated, he was within a comparatively short distance of it, and could not only distinctly hear a female voice, which was accompanied by a guitar, but could without difficulty

distinguish the words. A few strains closed the song she was then singing; but after a short prelude on the instrument, her voice again came over the waters, singing the subjoined stanzas:

The star of Love looks down,
And sees its own bright beam,
Deeply and softly mirrored
In the bosom of the stream;
And the stream, though bright before
With a fuller radiance glows,
And sends forth glad, sweet music,
As onwards still it flows.

The star of Love has now
Withdrawn his brilliant light,
And its cheering smile no longer
Makes the mournful river bright
And its voice has now a tone
Of sadness in its flow:
Oh, star so softly radiant,
Why didst thou cease to glow?
And there was one most fair,
Who lived in days gone by,
Hov'ring 'tween youth and childhood,
When Love's deceiving eye
Met hers—and flowers sprang up,
And in her young heart bloomed—
Love turned away; the blossoms
To an early death were doomed.

It was well that the fair minstrel grew weary, as otherwise Gonsalvo might have spent the night by the river's brink, at the risk of endangering his health. After remaining a long time uncheered by a single additional note, he slowly returned to the inn.

The next morning before sunrise he was in the boat, directing its course towards the tower: "For certainly," thought he, "she must be an early riser, as nothing but the balmy morning air could have produced that soft, rich bloom upon her cheek." He was not wrong in his conjecture, and the lady, who could not have anticipated seeing any person at so early an hour, soon after he had steered his boat under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, threw open the lattice and seated herself near it. Gonsalvo, who had now a distinct view of her features, found her even more lovely than he had thought her the night preceding. Though so well screened by the deep shadow of the cliff, an inadvertent plash of an oar betrayed his proximity, and she would have instantly withdrawn, had not an earnest and imploring gesture induced her to remain, as she imagined that he must have something of great importance to communicate. He rowed his boat under her window, where, without raising his voice above its natural tone, she could distinguish what he said. He then, urged on by the impetuosity of his passion, which had already taken such deep root in his heart, after informing her of his name and rank, avowed his love, and entreated hers in return. Her varying complexion evinced considerable agitation as she listened to him, which he interpreted as a favourable omen.

"I have already heard of you many times," said she, when he had ceased speaking; "and I have likewise heard of what you appear to have forgotten—that you are betrothed to Theresa, daughter of the Marquis de Nevada."

The face of Gonsalvo became crimson, as he listened to these words; and it was some time before he replied. "I confess," he at length said, "that what you have said is true; but when I consented to become thus entangled, in compliance with the earnest wishes of my father and hers, I knew nothing of love, except its name."

"Have you ever seen the lady?"

"Never! Her mother having died in her infancy, she has always resided at a distance with an aunt, which has given my friends an opportunity to deceive me with respect to her person. Fortunately, about a week since I fell in with a friend, who told me that which made me determine never to fulfil the engagement, even before I beheld you!"

"Is what he told you a secret?" inquired the lady.

"By no means. As good fortune would have it, he happened to obtain a sight of my betrothed, whom he declares to be absolutely frightful. She is not only hunchbacked, but her features are hideous, and her skin yellow and shrivelled, which I suppose must have been occasioned by disease, as my father has often told me she is not twenty."

The lady could not help laughing at this description, but, almost instantly assuming a serious air, she solemnly assured him that she would never consent to be in any way instrumental to his breaking his engagement. "It would be useless to repeat his many passionate appeals to her generosity; for, although she would not deny that, had they met under happier auspices, she might have listened to his suit, she told him that it would now be in vain to attempt seeing her again. She bade him adieu with emotion she could not disguise, and this was the only solace for poor Gonsalvo the subsequent week; during which he became perfectly satisfied, by his repeatedly baffled attempts to obtain another interview, that the resolution of the lady was not to be shaken.

"I might at least," thought he, "have ascertained her name; and then, should I be so fortunate as to get released from this hated engagement, I could write to her!"

At length his impatience became insufferable; and he resolved one morning, even at the hazard of incurring the displeasure of the unknown lady, to ride to the old tower, and make some inquiry of the inhabitants respecting her. He was informed that she had taken her departure that very morning by break of day, in company with a gentleman, handsome and richly dressed—but not a word more could he learn; and he found, to his vexation, that old Maggy, as well as her husband, could keep a secret.

When he returned to the inn, a letter was handed him, which he found to be from his father. It requested him to hasten home, as the Marquis de Nevada had gone for his daughter; and it was thought best by his friends, as

well as hers, that the marriage should be immediately solemnised.

As there was nothing now to attract him to the spot where he was, he commenced his journey without delay, though he felt determined never to fulfil his engagement. His father received him with the greatest joy. "You have," said he, the moment they were alone, "saved yourself from ruin; for the uncle of Theresa, who is a member of the Inquisition, having received a hint that you intended to elude the engagement with her, has already marked you for a victim."

"I am ready to meet his anger," replied the son. "I had rather suffer torture, and even death, than do such violence to my affection as to marry his niece!"

The following letter from Theresa caused him to alter his mind:

"I am aware, Gonsalvo, of the repugnance you feel relative to fulfilling the marriage contract existing between us, entered into several years ago by our parents, from pecuniary motives, and to which at that time we both consented. I, moreover, know the cause of your unwillingness to fulfil it, being intimately acquainted with the lady of the tower, who wishes you to be informed that the sentiments she expressed to you during your interview with her, have undergone a change. By breaking the engagement you cannot secure her. I understand that you have received an account of my personal defects, which I hope, should we meet, you will find was exaggerated. If you can prevail on yourself to comply with the earnest wishes of your friends, that your feelings may not receive too great a shock at the moment of our meeting, I beg that you will consent for me to hide those features beneath a mask, which appeared so hideous to your friend, till after the performance of the marriage ceremony. Immediately after its conclusion, I give you my word, should it be your wish, to retire to a convent, to remain for life. Weigh well what I have written, and resolve not to brave the vengeance of my vindictive uncle."

"THERESA."

Gonsalvo read and re-read this epistle, which was written in a very delicate, lady-like hand. He felt flattered by its tone of submission, which he contrasted with the unbending resolution of the lady of the tower, and he caught himself wondering whether she might not possibly prove a temptress. The threats of the uncle, likewise, had their proper weight in turning the scale. Before he slept, he dispatched a note to Theresa, informing her of his readiness to fulfil the engagement upon the conditions she had named, and that his father had suggested, that as the marriage had already been considerably delayed, the ensuing day, if it met the approbation of her and her friends, would, in his opinion, be a proper time for it to take place. By the messenger who conveyed his note, an answer was returned that the lady and her friends would be in readiness to receive him and his retinue at the proposed time.

Early the following morning, Gonsalvo, attended by a numerous cavalcade, set out for the residence of the Marquis de Nevada, which displayed a style of magnificence suitable to his great wealth. They proceeded immediately to the family chapel. Gonsalvo recognised the bride by her mask, who was attired in a travelling dress, ready to step into the carriage in waiting, which was to convey her from the chapel to the convent, should it be the wish of the bridegroom. He was agreeably surprised by perceiving, contrary to the description given by his friend, that, far from being hunchbacked, her form was uncommonly fine. As his eyes wandered over the assemblage, they were arrested by a little hunchbacked woman, apparently upwards of forty, with a crooked nose, small black eyes, and a yellow, shrivelled skin. So completely did she correspond with the description he had received of his intended bride, that he was resolved to inquire her name; but was prevented by being required to take his station before the altar. He was much agitated himself, but Theresa trembled so excessively as to awaken his compassion, and he mentally determined that unless on removing her mask she disclosed a countenance still more repulsive than the little crooked-nosed, yellow-skinned female, who had kept her small black eyes fixed upon him ever since he had been in the chapel, that he would not mention a word about her going to the convent.

The ceremony was concluded, the mask was removed, and the lovely lady of the tower stood before him. Gonsalvo, who had been fortifying his mind, so as to behold without recoiling a countenance similar to that of the hunchbacked lady, with difficulty suppressed a cry of mingled surprise and joy. When he had recovered himself, he pointed to the little personage who had for the last half hour attracted so much of his attention. He inquired who she was.

"Oh, that," said the bride, with an arch smile, "is Theresa de Nevada, my aunt!"

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

TO MEND IRON POTS.—Mix finely-sifted lime with some white of eggs, till a thin paste is formed, then add some iron-filings. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

DISCOVERY OF NEW SULPHUR AND SALT MINES IN IRELAND.—The *Galway Packet* states, that a sulphur mine, of very superior quality and unusual extent, has been recently discovered at Glan. The lode, even at the surface, is of the extraordinary breadth of eight feet. The miners are at present "working down," by which the extent of the mine will be ascertained. If the deposit of sulphur be of a length proportioned to the breadth already ascertained—which cannot be discovered until a considerable depth has been arrived at—this will be one of the most extensive and valuable sulphur mines in Europe.

NEW COMPOUND OF CAOUTCHOUC.—Mr. Goodyear has just patented a new compound of caoutchouc, which is produced by combining therewith a product of coal-tar and sulphur, alone or in combination with metals and other substances used in manufacturing compounds of caoutchouc. The product referred to is obtained by heating coal-tar in an open boiler, until it acquires a consistency about equal to that of resin, and it is mixed with the caoutchouc in proportions which may vary according to the character of the material to be produced. The sulphur, or compound thereof, is used for the purpose of vulcanising the material, which operation is performed by the application of heat in the ordinary manner.

THE DEGREES OF SLEEP.—Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees, according to M. Cabinia, a French physiologist. "The muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head; and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back; and he illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horse-back, or while they are standing or walking." He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and lastly, that of touch. He maintains, also, that the viscera fall asleep, one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE SUFFOLK COAST AND THE NORTH OF EUROPE.—The Electric Telegraph Company is about to convey electric wires from the Colchester station to Orfordness, in Suffolk; and from thence a submarine cable will be laid down to Scheveningen, on the coast of Holland—thus giving this country another valuable means of communication with the continent. It will, of course, be necessary to break up a line of roads through Ipswich, in order that the wires may be laid down from the Eastern Union station to the Woodbridge Road, &c.; and notice of this intention having been given to the Paving Commissioners, a committee of that body met a few nights since to deliberate on the matter. It is believed that the Electric Telegraph Company have selected Ipswich as the locality for their principal office, which is to be situated on the Cornhill. Active operations for laying down the wires, through the whole route, will be commenced as soon as the Messrs. Ransome are able to supply the requisite pipes. These will be sunk underground, to the depth of about two feet, and will thus furnish, for some time, a large source of employment to the neighbourhood.

IMPROVED CRUSHING AND AMALGAMATING MACHINE.—A circumstance connected with the first gold deposits discovered in the United States, particularly shows the desirability of a thorough amalgamating process. From the workings at Gold Hill, Rowan County, North Carolina, commenced in 1799, a vast amount of halvans, or "tailings," have accumulated, and have long been considered an incumbrance on the land. A Mr. John Williams, a gentleman long engaged in mining, recently visited the state; and having taken fair samples, purchased 300,000 bushels of it at a ridiculously low price, as compared with the results as stated to have taken place by Berdan's machine, which shows that, by the old method of working, only one-sixth part of the gold was extracted, and that it now yields, by Berdan's machine, 28½ dollars per bushel. We are informed that a company has been formed for buying up all the refuse of the gold-workings from the old discoveries in North Carolina and Virginia; and a number of machines have been ordered for those states, as also for Australia and California.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN CRYSTALLOGRAPHY.—We have had the pleasure of seeing some of the results of the wonderful discoveries of that eminent philosopher, Andrew Crosse, Esq., of Taunton, in the science of crystallography. They consisted of beautiful artificial crystals, resembling ruby and native copper, presenting all the phenomena observable in nature. One specimen was the red oxide of copper, in crystals, attached to a copper sheet that had been subjected to long voltaic action. On this the crystals were small but well defined. Another presented a similar appearance to that singular and rare variety of copper termed moss-copper, and was of a beautiful description. The third was a cylinder of porous earthenware, studded with groups of crystals of pure copper, overlaid in places by ruby copper, also in crystals. These extraordinary researches, together with his other discoveries, have earned for their author a world-wide celebrity. Among other curious specimens was a piece of marble, into which a sovereign had been sunk by galvanic influence, leaving a very perfect impression. These unique and valuable specimens were presented by Mr. Crosse to Mr. G. Henwood, of Leeds, on a recent visit to Broomfield Hall, the seat of the celebrated *savant*, who, we hope, will one day favour us with an exposition of his labours at one of our public institutions. Mr. Henwood feels justly proud in showing these curiosities to any one who is desirous to see them.

EFFECTS OF CLOTHING.—Let a person in bed be covered with sufficient blankets to promote perspiration, and let these blankets be covered with an oil or India-rubber cloth, or other impervious fabric—in the morning the blankets will be dry, but the under surface of the India-rubber cloth will be quite wet. The blankets, by their dryness, show that the exhalations of the body pass through them, and would pass through them to the surrounding air, had they not been intercepted by the impervious outer covering. Thus it is inevitable that the habitual use of an impervious covering is injurious. Its effect must be to place the body in a constant vapour-bath, in which the insensible or healthy perspiration is constantly becoming condensed into the form of humidity, and, being prevented from passing off in its elastic and invisible form, the perspiration is thus constantly checked, and skin eruptions must be the result. Nevertheless, it must be less injurious to check perspiration, in some degree, by a water-proof over-coat, than to get soaked with rain. There can be no doubt but water-proof fabrics may be made very light, and so formed as to be worn in wet weather, and yet allow some room for perspiration. But still they are not healthy, and should never be put on but in cases of extreme necessity. Any person who has worn a water-proof outer garment for some time knows, by experience, that it causes weakness and chills. No person should wear a garment but such as allows the vapour or perspiration, which is continually exuding from the skin, to pass off freely. For this reason, a frequent change of entire clothing conduces to health. Clothing should be light and warm, and not too tight. A happy change in the fashions has taken place within a few years: it is the substitution of loose outer garments for the old-fashioned, tight, close, and pinching over-coats. Too few flannels are worn in America, especially along the eastern coasts, where sudden changes are frequent, and where many cold rains fall during the winter season. Children should always have their outer garments for winter made of woollen materials. Although India-rubber over-shoes are excellent for walking in the streets in wet weather, or when there is a thaw, with snow upon the ground, they should never be worn at any other time, and should be taken off as soon as the wearer enters a house. They prevent perspiration in a great measure, and are only useful as a lesser evil than getting completely wet from outside water.

SANITARY DANGERS.—A recent discovery with respect to iodine in water, and its influence on the human organisation, is of too great an interest to be passed over here—the more so, as it may lead our sanitary philosophers to some fresh considerations. The afflictions of goitre and cretinism, painfully familiar to all Alpine travellers, has always been attributed to the water drunk by the inhabitants of those districts which are the homes of these cretins. M. Chatin many years ago announced, as the result of his investigations, that the absence of iodine from the water was the predisposing cause of the disease. He has recently placed this hypothesis beyond a doubt. Fully and Sallion, two villages on the right bank of the Rhone, although almost touching each other, have long been remarkable: one village, Fully, being a notorious cradle of cretinism, the other Sallion, being as notoriously free from goitre or cretinism. Of late years, however, Sallion has in its turn become infected. And the reason, say the inhabitants, is none other than the sanitary measures recently taken to purify the water! Formerly the water of the Salente, before reaching the village, was wont to mingle with the streams of a hot spring, named *source de fer*. To bring purer water into the village they altered its course, and turned it away from the hot spring. Observers declared that the date of the appearance of goitre in Sallion coincides pretty nearly with that of their being blessed with "pure water!" M. Chatin investigated the matter: he analysed the water of the Salente, the water of the hot spring, and the water where the two streams mingle: the results confirmed his previous publications; he found the Salente water free from iodine, and the water of the hot spring and of the two mingled strongly impregnated with it. The conclusion is irresistible: wherever the water in these districts is free from iodine, cretinism and goitre are observed among the inhabitants; wherever it is impregnated with iodine, these diseases are absent. To "purify water" is not always to make it better adapted to our organism; and there may be some physiological instinct in that paradoxical lady's announcement, "I like water with a dead-cat-and-dog flavour in it."

BAD LUCK!

A BALLAD FOR THE RICHER DIGGINGS.

BE it what you will, brother—worse than what you say—
Try to make the best of things, or beat them as you may!
For never have I read in books, or heard, or seen ill luck
That didn't mend apace, when met by hearty English pluck.

I vot you've come a longish way, and watch'd a longish
while,
And long'd in vain, from day to day, for crabbed Fortune's
smile;
But cheerly, man! the longer you have look'd for luck in
vain,

It must be something nearer now—so look for it again!
The blackest cloud that ever was, eclipsing summer
light,
How looks it on its other side? all beautiful and bright!
The darkest providence there is, beheld by Wisdom's
eyes,

Is merciful, and just, and kind, and excellent and wise!

So, friend, though disappointed hopes be bitter in the
mouth,
Hope on! for Nature's very heart is hopeful in the south
Australia, with her tempered clime, and richly teeming
soil,

Will well repay with golden luck for hopefulness and
toil.

Try labour! No more lottery-work in digging pits for
gold,
But honest, well-paid labour, in the field and in the fold.
The luck that lives on nuggets is but poorly off for health
But wheat, and fruits, and wholesome roots, are food as
well as wealth.

—Tupper's Ballads about Australia.



[MABEL'S JEALOUSY.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The simplest means will oft overreach
The deepest cunning.

OLD PLAY.

On the following morning the young tapster descended at the usual hour, his mind evidently pre-occupied by some weighty matter. Even his pretty cousin failed to rouse him from the waking dream in which he was plunged, and more than once he had to endure the reproach of the host and his bustling dame, for permitting the guests to call for liquor without attending to them.

"Reuben!" said the pouting Mabel—perhaps she missed the sly kiss which her lover generally contrived to steal before his uncle and aunt made their appearance—"had you an evil dream last night?"

"I had, indeed!" was the reply.

"Oh, do tell me!"

"It is not suited for thy ears, my pretty coz!" answered the young man; "Mab!" he added—Mab was the pet name by which he generally called her—"I am in a strait!"

"A strait, Reuben?"

"Ay, a cruel one: I want to absent myself for three hours—and how to account for my absence I know not, unless you will assist me."

The daughter of the host of the Fair Rosamond, like most young girls, was a little inclined to be jealous. She remembered, with a pang, that her lover had admired the sparkling eyes and jetty locks of a certain miller's daughter, at Woodstock.

"I assist you!" she answered, pettishly; "you require no assistance or permission from me! I dare say they will not miss you in the house!"

"Do you think so?" said the young man, with an air of abstraction.

"And if they do," continued the girl, the tears starting to her eyes at what she considered the premeditated unkindness of her cousin, "the cause will amply justify you, no doubt!"

Reuben started, and, taking her by the hand, demanded, in an agitated tone, if she knew the cause.

"I can guess it!" answered the maiden, bitterly.

"Then I am sure," he said, "you will assist me! But how came you to know—did you overhear?"

"I am no eavesdropper!" interrupted the girl, proudly.

Reuben was more and more surprised—he could not understand either her words or manner: it was evident there was a game of cross purposes between them.

"You speak unkindly, Mab!" he replied, "and yet I am sure you do not feel so—for your heart is too good not

to feel for one of your own sex, as young and beautiful as yourself!"

"Young and beautiful she is!" exclaimed the girl; "but not good: were she, I should not feel your unkindness! Alice Maythorn, the miller's daughter, may be all you fancy her, but I do not believe it! She flirted with Farmer Ebbs, till all Woodstock cried shame upon her; and they do say, the captain of the guard at the palace spake more freely of her name than befitted an honest girl!"

"Alice Maythorn!" repeated Reuben, a faint glimmering of the delusion under which the pretty Mabel was labouring for the first time dawning upon his mind; "who spoke of Alice?"

"You did: your dream has been of her—your visit doubtless intended for her!"

The young man stole his arm round her waist, and gently drew her towards him: she resisted sufficiently to show her wounded pride, but not to disengage herself from his embrace.

"I see, Mab," he said, "that I must trust you!"

"As you please, Reuben!"

"You know," he continued, "that I have no thought of the miller's daughter—that all my love is centered here—here where you are! What else, think you, has bound me so long to a home which is not mine? You are not jealous, Mabel—you only pretend to be, to draw my secret from me!"

The heart of Mabel fluttered less violently: she was convinced—but, like most maidens, required to be persuaded: it is so sweet to hear the proof of affection iterated from the lips of those we love.

"I am sure, Reuben, I am not curious; and if I do wish to know the object of your journey, it is for your sake more than mine—but you know best!"

"Dissembler!" cried the young man, stopping her words with a kiss; "you know that I have not a thought I would conceal from you!"

His cousin remained silent: woman like, she waited for the proof.

"You noticed the strangers who arrived last night?" he continued.

"The fierce, rude men," exclaimed the girl, "who drank so much wine, and swore so terribly? I did. But what of them? My father knows them: he would not draw his best sack and Bordeaux upon the credit of their swords and swaggering words. They are soldiers, I heard their leader say, recruiting for the service of the queen."

"Now, heaven forbid!" exclaimed the youth, crossing himself—for he was Catholic—"I would rather than a hundred golden nobles that she knew nothing of this matter!"

"What matter?"

Not to keep the poor girl longer in suspense, her lover proceeded to explain to her how, following the advice of

the old trader, he had, during the night, climbed up the old porchway to the window of the chamber in which Basset and two of his companions slept; and that he had overheard sufficient of their conversation to know that the object of their visit was nothing less than to assassinate the Lady Elizabeth—now a prisoner in the old palace of Woodstock.

The countenance of Mabel grew pale as she listened to the tale: young as she was, she had seen sufficient of the troublous times which followed the close of the last reign, not to tremble at the importance of such a secret.

"Alas, Reuben!" she said, "what can we do?"

"Our duty, Mabel," answered the young man, firmly; "and leave the rest to heaven. From what I overheard, Sir Henry Beddingfield is no party to this infamous conspiracy—for the ruffians spoke of him as a precise and formal man, full of vain scruples touching his prisoner's safety."

"He is the friend of the queen?" timidly observed the girl.

"And therefore I will trust him!" answered her lover, with determination. "Mary cannot have consented to the murder of her sister; and if she has, my course would be equally clear. I must see Sir Henry, warn him of the danger, and leave the rest to heaven. I can no more!"

"You are right, dear Reuben—always right! I but conspire against my own happiness when I doubt you!"

The voice of Basset was now heard, calling loudly in the stables for some one to take his horse to Woodstock: the animal had cast a shoe, and the ruffian knew too well the service his steed might render him at a pinch, not to provide against the accident.

"There, Reuben," whispered his cousin, "the opportunity you wished for has arrived! But, for my sake, be cautious; for I would rather see you the husband of Alice, although I feel she is unworthy of you, than any misfortune should befall! It would kill me!"

With an adieu such as lovers whisper, her cousin left the kitchen, where the above conversation had taken place, and made his way to the stable, where the emissary of Gardiner was still calling for some one to take his horse.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" demanded the tapster, civilly, although his blood boiled at the sight of the ruffian.

"My mare has cast her shoe!" exclaimed Basset, with an oath; "these infernal roads would destroy the best steed in her majesty's stable! *Mort de ma vie*, that such an accident should occur in this out-of-the-way place!—where one might as easily expect to find a civil tapster as a skilful smith!"

This last remark was intended for the young man—with whom, our readers may remember, the speaker had exchanged something more than words the preceding night, on his arrival at the inn.

"I trust," said Reuben, "that both may be found!"

"Where?"

"The first at the Fair Rosamond," replied the young man; "and as for the second, you will find one of the most skilful smiths in all the country no further off than Woodstock. The boy can take him for you."

Basset shook his head disapprovingly. He did not like to trust his horse—the only thing in the world, perhaps, for which he felt regard—to the care of the rough-looking urchin who, at the call of the tapster, made his appearance from the kitchen-door; neither could he go himself—for he expected others of his confederate ruffians to join him; added to which, his presence was necessary to maintain anything like order amongst those who were with him.

"No," he said—"no; I cannot consent to trust Jovial with an ill-begotten whelp like that! If you could take him, now?"

It was not the policy of the tapster to appear too anxious upon the matter: he therefore answered warily.

"I should not mind the ride so much as my uncle's anger—who, in my absence, could not wait upon his guests."

"I will make your peace," urged Basset.

The young man shook his head.

"And add a crown piece to drink my health," added the speaker, "to pay you for your trouble, and as a plaster for the hard rap I gave you yesterday!"

Reuben suffered the offer of the coin apparently to influence his resolution; and, after a few more hesitations and difficulties—all of which Basset pledged himself to make smooth with the host—the young man finally consented.

"I suppose you can ride?" said the ruffian.

"Well enough for a tapster. When a boy, I was in the habit of galloping the farmers' colts over the common. Fear not," continued the youth, "I will bring you back Jovial safe and sound, after the smith has shod him; but I had better be off before my uncle comes!"

So impatient was the owner of Jovial to have him once more in a state fit for service, that he actually assisted the speaker to saddle him with his own hands, adding, all the while, numberless cautions for his management, all of which Reuben listened to with the greatest show of respect.

"How soon will you be back?" demanded Basset.

"In about four hours," was the reply.

"Make it five; and hark'ee, contrive to ascertain—but without naming me—at what hour Sir Henry Beddingfield usually hunts in the forest. Bring me sure word, and perhaps I may find a fellow to the crown piece I promised you, in my purse!"

"I can easily ascertain that," said the tapster, as he vaulted into the saddle, "of the first idler in Woodstock. Do you know what the country people say?"

This was asked in a confidential tone, which completely threw the emissary of Gardiner off his guard.

"No! what do they say?"

"That the queen's sister is a prisoner at the palace," said the young man; "but whether true or not, the Lady Elizabeth, I should think, will not be permitted to remain a captive long—so nearly related to her grace!"

"Perhaps not!" muttered Basset, with a sinister smile; "one way or another, her grace, in all probability, will speedily be released. But away with you! I am a soldier, and have nothing to do with politics!"

"Nor I," answered the youth, in a careless tone; "only as you are a stranger in these parts, I thought the rumour might amuse you!"

So saying, he set spurs to the horse, and cantered at a gentle pace in the direction of Woodstock.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I act thus for mine honour and your safety.
Harsh words, like rough shells, oft hide the
Sweetest kernel.

MALONE.

The stern old knight, Sir Henry Beddingfield, was seated in his private apartment in Rosamond's Bower—as the north wing of the palace was called—in the royal domain of Woodstock. His morning meal of manchet bread, and a silver flask filled with wine, stood upon the table beside him. He was busily engaged in looking over some reports which an officer had brought him, and the repast had been suffered—although considerably beyond his usual hour—to remain untasted.

"Mine is no common charge!" he murmured, pressing his hand to his wrinkled brow, and pushing back the straggling grey hairs which fell upon his forehead. "The safety not only of my royal mistress, but of the kingdom, is in my keeping! Would the Lady Elizabeth were fairly wedded, and out of it!" he added. "If aught should happen to her in my ward, I should never forgive myself! My children would never forgive me; for a father's honour is the inheritance of his sons! Would I were quietly at home at my poor house of Kingrave! I am not at ease in courts!"

The meditations of the old man were interrupted by the entrance of a young officer, who was distantly connected with him—Frank Jerningham—a fine, noble-looking fellow—a devoted adherent of the Catholic party and the queen, like himself.

"Well Frank!" exclaimed Sir Henry, shaking his head reprovingly; "what squire's errand have you come upon now? Of late you seem to have had no other employment!"

"You mistake, kinsman!" said the young man, with a slight hesitation. "I cannot refuse to bring the messages her grace may charge me with!"

The old knight gave an inarticulate growl.

"Do you doubt me?" said the officer, in a tone of wounded pride.

"No Frank—no!" answered his relative; "I know you too well for that—yours is not the face that could mask a traitor: it is too eloquent, too truthful; but others may."

"So you acquit me, I am satisfied."

"Frank, Frank!" said the knight, "what I am about to say is not intended either as a caution or reproof—and yet I feel it necessary to say it—so understand a plain man in his plain meaning. The Lady Elizabeth is dangerous both to our royal mistress and the state. Many there are—may the saints confound their policy—who would persuade her majesty to bring her sister to trial and the block; others, still more base, urge a surer method. So you see how I am hampered—I have to guard alike against the escape of my prisoner, and the machinations of her enemies!"

"Surely you do not mean," exclaimed the youth, with a burst of indignation, "that they would dare to—"

"But men dare do all things but be honest!" quietly observed his relation; "knowing how I am engaged in honour, no less than loyalty, you will make no request, I am sure, which my duty to the queen will not permit me to say 'yes' to?"

"Fortunately," observed the officer, "the present one that I am charged with, will not interfere with either. The Lady Elizabeth merely wishes permission to take the air in the private gardens of the palace. Her health," he added, seeing the refusal rising to the lips of her guardian, "I fear, begins to fail her! Her cheek grows pale, and her eye dim as an imprisoned bird's."

"That regards her physician," observed the knight.

"Pardon me, Sir Henry!" replied the petitioner, firmly; "but her highness's health, equally with her safety, regards your honour. What would evil tongues not whisper, should she die under your ward?"

The last consideration evidently moved the old man, and he gave the required permission; at the same time charging his kinsman to take such precautions as would render escape or communication with any emissary of the Protestant party impossible.

As Frank Jerningham was about to leave the room, he suddenly recollected that he had left a young man in the guard-room, who had been anxiously inquiring to see him.

"Send him up to my chamber!" said Sir Henry. "And do not forget my words. So," he continued, as soon as he was alone, "that affair of Frank's being off my mind, like a good Christian I'll even attack my posset!"

The stalwart knight had barely time to finish his manchet and wine, before Reuben was marched into the room, between a file of men.

"So," said the adherent of Queen Mary, throwing himself back in his high, leathern-covered chair, "you have been inquiring for me?"

"Most anxiously!" cried the youth.

"You would speak with me?"

"At your pleasure, Sir Henry. But it must be alone!"

"Alone!" repeated the knight, suspiciously. "And what can a springall like thee have to say to the governor of Woodstock, that his soldiers may not hear?"

"Fear nothing!" exclaimed the young man. "Believe me, my purpose is a friendly one!"

"Fear!" repeated the old soldier, with an expression of mingled scorn and amused surprise. "Ha, ha! Gad's life, but the brat thinks he is talking with some village lout, or raw recruit! Fear, boy!" he added, sternly, "I have looked upon death in many a well-contested field! My hair has blanched with time: but no man living can say that the cheek of Henry Beddingfield ever grew pale with fear!"

Poor Reuben coloured to the temples, and muttered something about his meaning having been misconstrued.

At a sign from their commander, the soldiers left the apartment; and the knight and his visitor were left together.

"Now, boy," said the former; "out with thy speech; but look," he added, "that you do not try to deceive me! I have dungeons at Woodstock, which open at my word; and, if necessary, a gibbet to reward the spy and traitor!"

Unmoved by the threat, and confident in the integrity of his purpose, Reuben proceeded to relate all that he had overheard the preceding night at the window of the Fair Rosamond. Sir Henry Beddingfield listened with deep attention; not a muscle of his iron countenance moved, as he listened to the plan of murdering his charge under his very guard. When the tapster had finished, he asked him the name of the party, and a description of his person.

"His name," said the youth, "as it be his right one, is Basset. In person he has an ill-favoured, swaggering air, something between a half-gentleman and one of those foreign mercenaries engaged in the pay of the Protector, Somerset, during the last reign."

His hearer acknowledged that the description was a correct one.

"Return to your inn," he said, "and suffer not a word to escape you by which these ruffians may suppose you have held communication with me. Inform the knave who sent thee, that I start to-morrow to meet her majesty at Windsor, and that the palace here will be left in charge of my kinsman, Frank Jerningham."

Reuben promised to fulfil his orders to the letter.

"Do so, and thou shalt thrive. I say nothing to thee of reward; for I have discerned a better motive in thee than the mere lust of gold: in three days we will speak together again."

The speaker struck a bell which was upon the table near him, and commanded the orderly, who answered it, to conduct his visitor from Woodstock, and to be careful that he spake not a word with any one within the walls.

"So, so!" said the old knight, musingly; "Gardiner has given me a tangled web to unravel—but I'll disappoint him! A churchman, too! Fie! fie! for what sayeth the canon of our holy church? 'The priest shall be innocent of blood.' If the Lady Elizabeth end her ambitious dreams in the grave, it shall not be whilst she is in my keeping! Our Blessed Lady guard my honour and the queen's dignity!"

With these words, he took up his beaver, and descended to the private garden of the palace.

The royal captive was walking pensively under the shade of a broad avenue of sycamore trees, when her stern old guardian approached; he had assured himself on his way, by personal examination, that his kinsman Frank had taken every precaution against entrance from without; and the conviction annoyed him—for it left the burthen of the ungracious resolution he had taken upon himself.

"It must be done," he said, "even for her safety!"

Elizabeth met him with a gracious countenance, and thanked him for enlarging the bounds of her captivity.

"Which I am sorry," replied the old knight, with an air of embarrassment, "my duty obliges me to restrict again!"

"Sir Henry!"

"Your grace must return," he continued, bowing very low, "to your lodging in the palace—it is my humble duty to attend you!"

The haughty spirit of the future queen was deeply wounded at the apparent caprice to which she was subject, and tears of mortified pride dimmed, for an instant, her flashing eyes.

"This well!" she said; "you are the master; but you may one day repent this insult offered to the sister of your sovereign! I had almost taught myself," she added, "to look upon you as my host—I perceive my error: from henceforth I know you only as my gaoler!"

As the bitter word fell from her lips, the stern old knight drew himself up erect before her: his features, usually so calm and immovable, were flushed almost as deeply as her own.

"Madam," he said, "I pray to God that your grace may never have a worse gaoler! To speak the truth, I have to guard you not only for the queen's pleasure, but against your enemies! The time will come when you will do me justice! I repeat my request—if necessary," he added, "my command! Had you the queen's permission to walk in this garden—nay, to quit Woodstock this very instant—despite her hand and seal, for four-and-twenty hours I would hold you in close ward!"

The clear-headed Elizabeth saw at once that her safety was the speaker's motive.

"Forgive me!" she exclaimed. "God help me! I am sore beset, and scarcely know my friends from my enemies! But I feel assured that Sir Henry Beddingfield is not amongst those who would tamper with his own honour, or a helpless woman's life!"

The old man kissed her extended hand. From that time there was a degree of confidence established between them.

FACETIÆ.

WILL, WIT, AND JUDGMENT.—At twenty years of age the will reigns—at thirty, the wit—and at forty, the judgment.

WHY is water in a ship's hold like a man in prison?—Because it wants to be bailed (bailed) out.

AN American mechanic has invented a machine which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

IF the Doge of Venice were to lose his sight, what useful article would it be converted into?—A Venetian blind.

A genius has just invented a new rat exterminator. It is a sort of snuff, of such power that one smell gives a rat a fit of sneezing that continues till he jerks his head off.

BAD thought's a thief! He acts his part,
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

THERE lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Leman, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why the art of road-making to be sure!"

"NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE."—What a unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile!" There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

IF all the world were conservative, society would be like a long train of cars without an engine. And if everybody were radical, it would be like a train of engines without cars, rushing furiously ahead, bound for progress as long as the track holds out!

A man in the habit of travelling, complaining to his friend that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. "Oh, that would be worse!" replied the hero; "the thieves would rob me of them also!"

LOVERS' MADNESS.—A man who has loved madly will laugh at his madness as soon as he has got cured of it; but a woman never laughs upon such a subject. With her love is a madness of which she never sees the folly.

QUEER.—There is one remarkable feature in the Isle of Wight, not generally known, which is, that any person who visits there may obtain mutton from *Coves*.

BETTING HOUSE NUISANCES.—If the owners of these dens of gambling continue their reckless speculations, it is not improbable that they will be more closely connected with "*Tatters all*" than they anticipate.

"HAIT!"—One Mr. Still has been gazetted to a cornetcy in the 3d Dragoon Guards. Query. How can he be still when on the march?

A HUMAN GOOSE!—A weekly paper speaks of "an extraordinary gosling, hatched by Mr. J. Palmer, of Lockington. It is to be presumed from this that Mr. Palmer was the goose. Flattering!"

A NEW READING.—The Law of Settlement—a *police-man's truncheon!*

DROPPING DOWN IN PRICE.—The Crystal Palace magnates have thought proper to tax each visitor desirous of inspecting the operations, with a fee of five shillings on entry. However, this is coming down in charge—since, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Sydenham, lately, the contractors received a *whole Sovereign* for a peep!

PALMERSTONIAN POLICY.—*On dit*, that since the pretended discovery of the Kossuth gunpowder plot, on the premises of the Messrs. Hale, at Rotherhithe, the Home Secretary has it in contemplation to prohibit livery servants from carrying powder in their hair, for fear some of Kossuth's hot-headed admirers should cause a popular explosion.

NOT TO BE ENDURED.—A number of shopkeepers have been recently fined and exposed for using short weights and measures. *Tant mieux!* these dishonest tradesmen ought to be punished for thus keeping up a constant "counter-irritation" of the poorer classes.

A "STRIKING" SIGNBOARD.—Not many years ago, the following inscription was exposed on a signboard at Oxford, by a watchmaker: "Here are fabricated and renovated, trochilic horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgrations are performed by internal spiral elastic, or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments." Doubtless the watchmaker of classic Oxford was a college man—for decidedly a similar puff would not be met with at the present day in that part of the metropolis called the *Seven Dials!*

NOT LIKE ME.—Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, is said to have once upon a time met a lady in the street in Boston, who asked him with: "Ah! Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stewart, "it was not like me."

A wag a few years since procured some eye-wash of a quack oculist, to be applied to a glass eye which he wore. The oculist, not being very sharp sighted, discovered there was some defect in the eye, but thought it so trifling that he warranted a cure or no pay. The wag took the wash and departed. In a week or so after he returned with the empty phial, and apparently in great distress. "Oh,

doctor! doctor!" said he, "your stuff has wholly destroyed my eye!" at the same time opening the lid of the empty socket with his finger, to the horror of the gasping and staring oculist. "Is it possible? can it be possible?" exclaimed the eye-tinker. "I never knew my medicine to operate so before! Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than return you your money." "But you must do more, sir. What is five shillings to be compared with the loss of an eye?" replied the wag. "If you will give me two hundred, I will sign a pledge never to expose you; but if you do not, I will prosecute you forthwith, and you are a ruined man." The quack handed over a check for the amount.

SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of two distressing complaints with which she was afflicted. "In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you should take air and exercise." "And, doctor, I am quite fidgetty at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"

MILTON was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages; to which he replied: "No, sir, *one tongue* is sufficient for a woman."

HORRIBLE REVENGE.—Dr. Radcliffe, who was fond of the pleasures of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered the room, and begged him to come immediately to his wife, who was dying. "I can't help it, my fine fellow: I can't move till I have finished my bottle." Now it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry him off on his shoulders. He did so; and while he was bearing him along, the doctor, bursting with rage, exclaimed: "You villain, I'll cure your wife!" and he was as good as his word.

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question that was asked, one of the wise men said peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not half the understanding of another man, you ought, at least, to have double the patience."

A WIDE-AWAKE IDEA.—Dr. Layard says: "The Bedouins are acquainted with few medicines. The desert yields some valuable simples, which are, however, rarely used. Dr. Sandwith, hearing from Suttum that the Arabs had no opiates, asked him what they did with one that could not sleep? 'Do!' answered the sheikh, 'why, we make use of him—we set him to watch the camels.'"

The *Vincennes Patriot* relates the following incident in the history of an old well-known citizen (now deceased), for many years engaged in the fur trade of Vincennes: On a certain occasion he sold a gun to a customer, which was to be paid for in fur within a certain time. The time passed by, and nothing was heard from the buyer of the gun. It was ascertained that he had left the country. Several months afterwards the following letter was received from him: "Mr. M. S.—Dear sir; I am out here in Iowa, four hundred miles from Vincennes. If this is not fur enough to pay for that gun, I will go fur-ther. Respectfully, &c., —" Of course that was considered fur enough, and a receipt in full was sent.

A wag sent to a tailor to make him a coat out of a piece of cloth he had purchased. "Can't do it," said snip, after measuring the cloth; "can't do it: there isn't stuff enough!" He then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and he stuck himself into it. His first visit was to the tailor. "Well, sirrah," said he, "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient! You see that there was stuff enough, after all!" "Very likely," said snip, with imperturbable sang froid; "very likely; but the son of the tailor who made it, is not so big as mine!"

INVITATION TO TEA.—"Sally," said Mrs. Hammond to her maid-servant (a rather original character). "Sally, go to Mrs. Gaskill's with my compliments, and I shall be happy to see her and Miss Gaskill at my house to tea this afternoon." "Yes, mem," answered Sally; "but if the ladies can't come, what shall I say?" "Go along, girl!" replied Mrs. H.; "they'll be sure to come." Away went the wench, and delivered her message in due form. "Give my compliments to your mistress," said Mrs. Gaskill, "and I and my daughter will be sure to come." "Ay," quoth Sally, "missus said you would."

An ironmonger, who kept a shop in the High Street of Edinburgh, and sold gunpowder and shot, when asked by any ignorant person in what respect patent shot (at that time a novel article) surpassed the old kind—"Oh, sir," he would answer, "it shoots *deader*!"

A parcel was recently received at the National Bank, Rosera, containing a fine infant, three months old, bearing on its neck a written note, gently intimating that the mysterious stranger might be placed to the credit of Mr. —, a gentleman having an account open with the bank.

CAPRICIOUSNESS OF THE MEMORY.—A young boy was sent to school, and commenced learning the alphabet. He readily mastered the "list of letters," save one—the B was a poser. Do what he could, he was unable to retain its name. His industry and application were strengthened by the frequent mementoes of the rod, but all to no purpose—he could not remember the B. At close of school, one evening, after his body had suffered martyrdom for his mind, he passed along the road tending homeward,

dropping walnut-sized tears the while, when one of his comrades accosted him with, "Bill! what are you crying for?" "Can't remember the B," says Bill. "Well," rejoins his companion, "don't cry; and if you can forget it by to-morrow morning I will give you three fish-hooks." The result was that Bill tried so hard to forget the fatal letter, that he always remembered it from that day to this.

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he; "for I vow you are plump as a partridge." "At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making *game* of me."

EPICURAM ALL THE WAY FROM BELGIUM.—The following epigram is written in the travellers' book at Hans-sur-Lesse, in Belgium:

"Old Euclid may go to the wall,
For we've solved what he never could guess—
How the fish in the river is *small*,
But the river they live in is *Lesse*."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—Though dry measure and long measure are not the same, it is a curious fact that wet measure—in bottles—and short measure are equivalent.—*Punch*.

BOARD AND LODGING FOR MURDERERS.—An unfortunate scamp gave himself up the other day to the police authorities, on the charge—supported by his own confession—of having murdered somebody in Edinburgh. The self-accusation turned out to be a hoax, and upon inquiry it appeared that the pretended murderer had no other object than board and lodging, which he obtained readily enough when he was supposed to have committed a murder, though, to use his own words, he had been "kicked out" when he offered himself up in a state of innocence to the "proper authorities."—*Ibid*.

HARMONIC RAPPING.—If spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappers should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a Broadwood to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *stance*. Weber, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody," the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation.—*Ibid*.

THE ELECTRIC PARLIAMENT.—An Electric Telegraph is now laid down from the House of Commons to the principal railway stations, and the echo of a legislator's wisdom has hardly died upon Mr. Barry's rafters, when the wisdom itself is crying aloud in the news-rooms of York and Edinburgh. Fine-Bar himself is beaten dead by a score of telegraph clerks scattered over the kingdom. It is also announced not only that wires are being arranged all over that vast labyrinth of the New Palace at Westminster, so as to summon the members, in whichever of its thousand cells they may be hidden, when wanted for divisions, but that lines are being laid down from the House to the Carlton, Reform, and other Clubs—so that men may dine in peace, and yet save their country. Is not the orator's trade made easy—"as easy (as Hamlet says) as"—we really forget the simile. But why not carry out the plan a little further? Instead of merely sending electric messages to the members at the clubs, why not make the members send their speeches down to the house by the same medium? The Speaker and a couple of clerks might then do all the work at Westminster. And how oratory would gain by the abbreviation which would ensue on a member's finding he had to pay for every word he sent down. How prating and platitudes would be checked, when a cheque was necessary for their utterance.—*Ibid*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1838, corporal punishment was inflicted, in the English army, eight hundred and seventy-nine times; in 1852, ninety-six times.

"ONE hour in the bath," Napoleon used to say, "refreshes me more than four hours of sleep." A saying worth quoting at this season.

CHINESE ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life.

As ladies are proverbially fond of looking-glasses, they should be made acquainted with a fact but little known or attended to: that the beauty and truth of their reflected images very much depend upon the quality and colour of the glass itself, which are easily detected by merely holding white paper edgewise to the glass; and just so much as the reflected paper varies in colour from the paper applied, in the same proportion are their complexions apparently tinged or blackened by it.

VESTIGES OF CREATION.—"The author of 'Vestiges of Creation' was Frederick Augustus Kentish. Before the work was printed, he proposed sending the manuscript to America; but it was ultimately agreed that Chambers, the printers of Edinburgh, should print it. Thousands of individuals, from different parts of the world, have applied to them for information as to who the author was—but they have kept it a profound secret.

"LADIES BEWARE!"—A lady, well known in the first society of Paris, has just died of an unknown and mysterious malady. On a *post-mortem* examination it was discovered that THREE RIBS were crushed into the liver—the result of *tight lacing*.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.—In the Insolvent Court, some information was lately given of public importance, respecting the comparative expense of the Superior and County Courts. An attorney stated that in cases under £20 judgment could be obtained now in a Superior Court, where no appearance was entered, for £2 16s.; whereas in a County Court it would cost £4. Another attorney said, that in the County Court the fees out of pocket were upwards of £3, and in the Superior Courts only 5s. For a summons to £20 in a County Court, the fee was £1 13s. and the hearing fee upwards of £3, even by consent; whereas in the Superior Court an order could be drawn up for 4s. Mr. Commissioner Phillips was not aware that such a material difference existed, and he had no doubt such information would be quite new to the public.

THE NEEDLE is at this day a worse death-dealing implement than the sword. For while the sword runs in its scabbard throughout nearly all Christendom, and when it is used only cuts off a few men, the needle is actively plied by vast multitudes of women, the present and prospective mothers of our race; and it bows down, weakens, and blights their physical frames, causing them to bear families of puny and short-lived children. And how large a part of the "stitch, stitch, stitching," that produces this deplorable result is for vanity, rather than necessity!

THE SUDDEN RISING OF AN AFRICAN DESERT STREAM.—About four o'clock in the afternoon, there was a cry in the encampment, "The Wady is coming!" Going out to look, I saw a broad white sheet of foam advancing from the south between the trees of the valley. In ten minutes, a river of water came pouring along, and spread all around us, converting the place of our encampment into an isle of the valley. The current in the deepest part was very powerful, capable of carrying away sheep and cattle, and of uprooting trees. This is one of the most interesting phenomena I have witnessed during my present tour in Africa. The scene, indeed, was perfectly African. Rain had been observed falling in the south; black clouds and darkness covered that zone of the heavens, and an hour afterwards came pouring down this river of water into the dry, parched-up valley. This incident of Wady Tintagoda explains the Scriptural phrase, "rivers of waters;" for here, indeed, was a river of water appearing in an instant, and almost without notice.—*Richardson's Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa*.

A GERMAN TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.

"The Rooms," the Temple of Fortune, the ordeal of destiny, Bob, is held here; and the rake of the croupier is the distaff of the fate. Hither come flocking the representatives of every nation of the world, and of almost every class in each. Royalty, princely houses, and nobility with twenty quarters, are jostled in the indiscriminate crowd with houseless adventurers, beggarly spend-thrifts, and ruined debauchees. All who can contribute the clink of their louis-d'ors to the music are welcome to this orchestra! And women, too, fair, delicate, and lovely, the tenderest flowers that ever were nursed within domestic care, mixed up with others, not less handsome, perhaps, but whose syren beauty is almost diabolic by comparison. What a Babel of tongues, and what confusion of characters. The grandee of Spain, the escaped galley slave, the Hungarian magnate, the London 'swell,' the old and hoary gambler with snow-white mustaches, and the unfledged minor, anticipating manhood by ruining himself in his 'teens.' All these are blended and commingled by the influence of play; and, differing as they do in birth, in blood, in lineage, and condition, yet are they members of one guild, associates of one society—the gambling-table. And what a leveller is play! He who whispers in the ear of the crown prince yonder is a branded felon from the Bagnes de Brest; the dark-whiskered man yonder, who leans over the lady's chair, is an escaped forger; the Carlisle noble is asking friendly counsel of a Christiano spy; the London pickpocket offers his jewelled snuff-box to an archduke of Austria. "How goes the game to-day?" cries a Neapolitan prince of the blood, and the question is addressed to a red-bearded Corsican, whose livelihood is a stiletto. "Is that the beautiful Countess of Hapsburg?" asks a fresh-looking Oxford man; and his friend laughingly answers: "Not exactly; it is Mademoiselle Varenne, of the Odeon." That fine-looking man yonder is a Mexican general, who carried off the military chest from "Guano guato," the pompous little fellow beside him is a Luchese count, who stole part of the crown jewels of his sovereign; the long-haired, broad-foreheaded man, with open shirt-collar, so violently denouncing the wrongs of injured Italy, is a Russian spy; and the dark Arab behind him is a Swiss valet, more than suspected of having murdered his master in the Mediterranean. Our English contingent embraces lords of the bed-chamber, members of Parliament, railroad magnates, money-lending attorneys, legs, swells, and swindlers, and a small sprinkling of university men, out to read and be ruined—the fair sex, comprising women of a certain fast set in London, divorced countesses, a long category of the widow class, some with daughters, some without. There is an abundance of good looks, splendid dress, and money without limit! The most striking feature of all, however, is the reckless helter-skelter pace at which every one is going, whether his pursuit be play, love, or mere extravagance. There is no such thing as calculation—no counting the cost of anything.—*The Dodd Family Abroad*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEILA.—When a person bears several baptismal names, one is adopted as the distinguished appellation. The Empress of the French has selected Eugénie in preference to either Maria, Francisca, or any of her other numerous names. The same with our Queen. She is called Victoria, although Alexandrina is her first name.

J. P. D.—No such orders were ever issued by the most despotic government. The Metropolitan Police are under the supreme management of the Commissioners in Scotland Yard. The City Police are under the City Commissioner, D. W. Harvey, Esq.; but both forces are immediately and immediately at the service of the crown.

F. C.—Crochet work was re-introduced into England from France, but it is as old as the art of knitting, itself—indeed it is the most primitive mode of knitting, because only one needle is used. The Jews, the ancient Egyptians—and, to go further back, the Hindoos—were crochet workers. It is not half so respectable, because not so useful an occupation, as making baskets. Doing a bit of "crochet" is too frequently an excuse for not being wholly unemployed.

BUSH.—The Government School of Design, Somerset House, Strand, was opened in 1837, as a national institution to offer instruction to all who desire to obtain a knowledge of ornamental art, and to supply a systematic course of education in relation to every kind of decorative work to such persons as are, or are intended to become, designers for the various manufactures of the country. Drawing, painting, and modelling are taught, in all the branches which have reference to the purposes and requirements of ornamental art, or which may be applicable to objects of manufacture dependent on form or pattern. The fees for instruction are two shillings a month for the morning school, and two shillings a month for the evening school.

JOHN SMITH.—1. The betrothal finger is the same as the wedding-ring one. A lady may wear what ring she pleases besides the "broad gold band" and keeper, without anything being meant except her love of ornament. 2. You are in love, you say, with a woman seven years your senior. The sentiment is not love—it is merely a *penchant*—conquer it. Besides, if you cannot afford to "keep her as a lady," why risk a rejection? The brother gives you good counsel.

DISCRETION, JUN.—We detest your philosophy. A lie is a lie, and all the equivocation in the world cannot make it anything else. The only offence Lord Byron never forgave in a servant was a lie. "What constitutes a gentleman?" asks the *Englishman*. "Not his station, for he may disgrace it—not his power, for he may misuse it—not his graces and endowments, for you may despise them. It is in the nakedness of truth, because he possesses qualities which ennoble him, and shed a lustre over his actions, in their utter separation from those of the common herd by whom he is surrounded. Because you see in that man a depth of feeling and right principle, which you look in vain for in the ordinary run of the men you meet."

CHURCHILL.—You inform us that you have a strong desire to be something more than common—that you are perpetually attempting to do something novel, and, as you imagine, good; and then ask us whether we think you are in a healthy state of mind. We presume your question is, whether you should confine yourself to one particular study? We firmly reply in the negative. Talent should never be fettered. The greater the diversity, the greater the exercise of the powers of reasoning. A general acquaintance with history, political economy, mathematics, and moral philosophy, will fit you for any employment. Never mind the Greek and Latin—they are dead languages, and are of not the slightest use in these days of illimitable developments of every species of knowledge upon which the intellect can fasten itself. Greek and Latin have done good service, and ought to be respected as old and faithful servants; but they ought to be treated as old and faithful servants—that is, decently pensioned off. Persevere in the course into which your good fortune has led you. Remember the example of Lord Bacon, when taunted with your miscellaneous acquisitions. He had Greek and Latin in abundance, but he did not revolutionise the world with his classical attainments—the mere agencies of thought, just as iron, coal, water, and fire are the mere agents in making a locomotive travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, at the bidding of the Watts, Stephenson, and Brunels of the mechanical world. Lord Bacon was a great lawyer, as well as a great philosopher; but he lived by the law, and earned immortality by his philosophy.

ALFRED.—We must maintain our opinion of what are styled the dark ages. They were not dark, for to them we are indebted for the germ of all our modern institutions. Freemen legislating for freemen, first created civil liberty. By abolishing slavery, they first brought the great body of the people within the pale of society. By creating a middle class of men, unknown to all former times, who, neither masters nor slaves, were to fix their own rank in the world, by their industry and activity, they gave new energy to the human mind, and called forth all its latent faculties. By raising women from the degraded state to which antiquity had sunk them, and making them the companions of man's virtues and talents, they imparted to all the social relations that tone of politeness and sentiment which we should in vain look for among the most illustrious Greeks and Romans. They were surely not barbarians who first gave dignity to the intercourse of the sexes, by bestowing on it the delicacy of feeling which constitutes the charm of love? The age of chivalry surely was not a dark one? But the history of at least twelve centuries after the Christian era is such a tangled mass of fable, prejudice, and ignorance, that we shall despair of justice being rendered to the middle ages, until quite a new school of writers shall have sprung into existence—a school which will seek to deliver truth from the insensate category of intolerance and fiction.

F. (Brompton).—The question raised as to the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, ought, we think, to be made auxiliary to the settlement—the final settlement—of not only what is Sunday, but whether it is expedient to have a Sunday at all. At present it would appear there were two Sundays in England—an Act of Parliament Sunday and a voluntary Sunday. Neither of them are binding, except on the conscience; and, as we have a strong opinion on the subject, we publish a portion of your communication—not in the hope that it will still further weaken the moral idea, in the popular mind, of what Sunday should be, but to show what we fear is the most prevalent opinion on the question, and the innumerable difficulties that lie in the way of its satisfactory, its religious adjustment. You say—"There certainly does appear, at first sight, something awkward in taking money at the doors of the People's Palace on a Sunday; but, if carefully scrutinised, it will be found a vast improvement upon many of the now existing government licences. The government grants licences to omnibuses and cabs, and we pay our money at their doors without feeling awkward. Government grants licences to public-houses (or rather magistrates, who, I presume, act from the government), to take money at the counters on Sundays, without scruple; and, further, how often is money taken at the church doors, and even at the altars of churches, on administering the sacrament? I will take it for granted the latter is intended to benefit the soul—where, then, is the terrible sin of benefitting the body? You observe, in a late number,

"the Sunday opening of the People's Palace is a wide question," but it appears to lay in a small compass, if looked at disinterestedly. If it is to be the People's Palace, let the people see the inside of it. Now the majority of the people cannot see it unless it be opened on a Sunday. It is very well for those to rail against its being opened on a Sunday who can conveniently spend three or four days in the week to see it. Let any of such advocates be placed like me, or like thousands who are in the same position as myself, confined in-doors, daily, from seven in the morning until nine at night. Let them answer conscientiously—would they consider they would be committing any sin by entering the palace on a Sunday? If so, I am in ignorance where it lays. It may be argued—it would be as sinful to enter the palace on a Sunday as to enter Cremorne Gardens, the Grecian Saloon, or other places of public resort: if so, would keeping the palace closed deter the people from flocking to them. If there is an evil in attending the People's Palace on a Sunday, surely it is a less one than attending such places as above-named; and if the church and its ministers cannot deter the people from attending such places, entice them by throwing open the People's Palace, and let them see and know the wonders of God and the works of their fellow-men."

M. R.—Your brother, being illegitimate, has no claim whatsoever to the property. It is divisible equally among the three sisters, and you, as the oldest, should administer, so as to be legally authorised to interfere, and take possession of your deceased father's effects.

ELLEN GREY AND OTHERS.—Freckles may be removed by a lotion made of one ounce of rectified acid of pitch, and one pint of distilled water.

FANNY MASON.—There would be no impropriety in your making a present of a small drawing to the clergyman whose ministrations you attend. The etiquette would be to write to him, asking his permission. Clergymen are sensitive mortals.

E. D.—The crested helmet, worn by the soldiers or nearly all nations, is of Roman origin. The Roman soldiers took great pride in their *cresta*, or crest. In the time of Polybius they wore plumes of feathers of various colours, to render them attractive at home, and terrible to their enemies—just as the Turks and our own Horse Guards do in the present day. Virgil describes Mezentius's crest as made of a horse's mane:

Christaque hirsutus equina.

W. H.—In the case of one of the parties absconding—as you state, running out of the church immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony—the marriage is not complete, and it might be annulled by application to an ecclesiastical court.

L. L.—Damp walls should be coated with cement—but where that cannot be done, they should be washed with a strong solution of alum. This converts the deleterious salt into an efflorescent one. Alum added to the plaster in the first instance, will have the same effect.

T. K.—Varnish for coloured drawings: Canada balsam one ounce, oil of turpentine two ounces. Dissolve. Size the drawings first with jelly of isinglass, and when dry apply the varnish, which will make them look like oil-paintings.

ABSENT.—When a legatee is abroad or cannot be found, the act 36 Geo. III. c. 52, s. 32, authorises the executor to pay the legacy into the Bank of England. But no legacy can be sued for after twenty years from the time of its becoming due to any person capable of giving a receipt for it, unless in the meantime some portion of principal or interest shall have been paid, or a written acknowledgment of its being due shall have been given to the legatee, or his representative or agent, by the person from whom the legacy is due, or his representative or agent.

WILLIAM BALFOUR.—*Counting a Billion*—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute—but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200—then an hour will produce 12,000; a day 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of the globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now, supposing we were to allow the poor creature 12 hours daily, for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes.

T. J.—The memory, according to Sydney Smith, may be wonderfully strengthened by referring single facts and observations to one simple principle, and by these means we can either remember the principle by remembering the fact, or the fact by remembering the principle. Thus, if we were to prove that democracy leads to despotism, we may refer to Julius Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. What is of importance to the memory is a philosophical arrangement of facts, so that they may re-appear when wanted, which they will not when promiscuously scattered through the understanding.

J. W. D.—We are obliged by the information, and now give as complete a list as we can of English actresses who married from the stage: The Duchess of Bolton, the Countess of Derby (Miss Farren), Lady Boothby (Mrs. Nisbett), the Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon), the Countess of Craven (Miss Brunton, aunt to the present Mrs. Yates), the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens), the Countess of Harrington (Miss Foote), Lady Wrixon Beecher (Miss O'Neill), Lady Morgan (Miss Owsen), Lady Bishop (better known as *Madame Bishop*), and Lady William Lennox (Miss Paton, since divorced and married to a Mr. Wood, a vocalist).

NEMO.—A person dying some years ago, left a will, in which he bequeathed to his widow the interest of a certain sum of money, the principal, on her death, to be divided amongst a certain number of nephews and nieces, the sum being stated that shall be received by each. Now, prior to the death of the widow, the eldest nephew dies, leaving a widow and children; the second nephew also dies, not having been married, but leaving illegitimate children. As both the nephews survived the testator, their legacies became vested in them, and, unless they made wills, are distributable among their next of kin. The widow and children take one whole share between them.

EBULUS.—We must refer you to our Essays on "How to make Money." But while earnestly protesting against the arbitrary authority of parents in the selection of a business or profession for their children, we must say the following remarks of yours show a rebellious spirit. You say—"This is called a free land, where parents exercise full dominion over the destinies of their children, and have it in their power to place them in any employment their chimeras may lead them to. How much more liberty was there in the law of ancient Spartans upon this subject, among whom it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. Why not a youth himself be allowed to choose that situation in life to which his own peculiar genius and disposition lead him? He would then follow his employment with an energy and willingness of mind unknown to him, if the business were forced upon him." There is some truth in these remarks, but much error. Our correspondent looks at himself from one point, and because his parents will not, or cannot look at his future from the same point, he jumps to the conclusion that he must be right. He is wrong, both in logic and duty. When we say a parent should consult his child's natural disposition and capability for a particular profession we also say

that the child should consult his parents' wishes. The obligations between parent and child are reciprocal. In cases of disagreement, it is better to refer to the judicious arbitration of a clear-headed and disinterested third party. You want to be a sailor, and your father wants you to be a lawyer. It is a nice point, and can only be settled by a fair trial. Suppose you try the experiment, just to please your father. If, at the end of three months, you don't like the desk, tell your father so; but don't be rebellious. Remember the prodigal son!

PHILLIPS AND CO.—Your little book on "The Philosophy of Smoking," which confirms us in our opinion of its injurious effects. You say: "The absorption of the poisons in smoking is an increasing evil, slowly but surely advancing with the indulgence, and the effects will unquestionably, sooner or later, appear in the injured health of the smoker. In our wisdom we condemn the chewer and smoker of opium, as one fatally blind to the deadly effects of the practices he indulges in; yet there is little doubt, from the universal extent of smoking, that the sum of its evil effects far exceeds that of chewing and smoking opium. In Germany, some of the most eminent of the medical profession have estimated that, in the aggregate, it shortens the duration of life ten years. In France, America, our own country, and others as well, the evil effects of the poisons imbibed in smoking are well understood. The worst feature in modern smoking, is that of short pipes; which are unquestionably the most injurious and truly unscientific of all the modern productions invented for smoking; and yet, injurious as they are, they have been extensively used, and have had many advocates, who appear to think they have some extraordinary power of abstracting and secreting an illimitable quantity of the poisons—"oils," as they are commonly termed, which are believed to exude from the tobacco in smoking. The idea that the poisons exude from the tobacco in smoking, appears to have been a prevailing one, amongst those who have hitherto attempted to correct the evil effects of smoking: hence, a soft pipe that coloured well, or a reservoir to receive the supposed exuded 'oils,' was all that was thought necessary to render smoking healthy. This notion of exudation, however, is a fallacy, and the sooner it is exploded, the better it will be for the health of the smokers who believe in it. Let all smokers, then, distinctly understand, that the poisons cannot exude from the tobacco—they must be vapourised to be separated from it: and, consequently, they always form a part of the smoke, and in ordinary smoking enter the mouth of the smoker." You might have added, that smoking also poisons the moral system. It induces indolence both bodily and mental. But your essay is well worth a perusal.

ALICE DE BUGH very delicately hints, that if she could get a good husband she would be a very good wife; she is of the middle height, is small in figure, with dark-brown hair, blue eyes, and small mouth. Her complexion is delicate, and she is generally considered pretty. Her age is twenty-one, and she possesses an income of £180 per annum, derived from freehold property.

ALICE BRAND is twenty-five, and possesses great personal attractions; she has been gently educated, is a good horsewoman, and has property of her own. Having a wish to go abroad, she would be happy to correspond with "A. B. C.," or any other gentleman reader of this Journal.

NIGHTINGALE, a solicitor's daughter, aged twenty-five, would like to exchange her present home for one of her own. She feels she could love most devotedly, if she could meet with a gentleman about twelve years her senior, tall, dark, and thin, with a pensive countenance, and possessing an income of from £200 to £300 a year. She is fond of a domestic, quiet life, and understands both the kitchen and the drawing-room. Nightingale is very cheerful, musical, and no discredit to her name.

THE QUEEN OF OTAREITH is in her nineteenth year, and thinks she would make the "King of the Cannibal Islands" a faithful and loving queen. Her maids of honour tell her that she is a perfect Venus in form. She has dark eyes, long, wavy, brown hair, and cheeks which rival the blush of the rose; is of a cheerful and amiable disposition, and has £600 per annum.

ANNIE LEE, the eldest daughter of wealthy parents, is desirous of meeting with a young gentleman answering the following description: he must have black hair, dark eyes, good figure, and be steady and loving. Annie is about nineteen, with brown hair, dark eyes, and rosy complexion. She is tall, called handsome, knows she is accomplished, thoroughly domesticated, and an heiress.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J. Smith (A subscription was collected for the "Widow Lee." First page of the *Times* of February and March)—Frederick Jackson (Alive, certainly! Quack doctors do not die so easily as the credulous people who swallow their nostrums)—J. L. T. (You must fulfil your engagement)—E. W. (We will inquire. The same query has often struck us)—Slender (Send one shilling and sixpence in postage stamps, with the name of the book, &c.)—A. H. (The first Enlargement of this Journal commenced with No. 368, and the second with No. 420)—Edwin J. Yates (Too lengthy. The reading public dislike dismal odes)—A. A. D. (All appointments under a railway company are made by the board of directors)—Non Placitor (We must refer you to a cookery book)—J. W. D. (By application to a Lord of the Admiralty)—E. L. (See the "London Directory.") We never publish addresses—T. B. (Declined, with thanks)—Isaac Walton (The latest editions of the modern English Dictionaries contain nearly all the words in use up to the date of publication)—A Welsh Girl (An advertisement in the *Times* would be advisable)—M. N. (Unlawful. Consult the list of prohibited degrees in the English Canon Law)—Mountain Heather (Should consult with her parents on the propriety of being allowed to attend the School of Design, in Somerset House. There are classes for females, under the superintendence of parties accomplished in drawing and designing)—S. C. C. (The Duke of Wellington is the largest ship of war ever launched in the United Kingdom—probably in the world; for, although the French and Spaniards constructed monster vessels, carrying 140 guns, the weight of metal carried was considerably less than what is now carried by one of our seventy-fours)—Mrs. Coulter (Declined, with thanks. Some of the extracts have already appeared in this Journal)—A. P. T. (Summons your late master before a magistrate. He cannot legally detain your tools)—John Richardson (We are overburdened with stamps)—Alfred (Pretty, but used up previously by Joanna Baillie and Lord Byron)—E. R. W. (You are too short for the Army. Sow your wild oats, and become a respectable tradesman. Industry and perseverance will place anything reasonable within your reach)—W. Richardson (Depilatories will destroy the hair, but they are dangerous to the health, and we never recommend them)—A Clerk (Peruse the advertising columns of the *WEEKLY TIMES*)—Donald McGregor (Yes, in ancient days there was a clan "Ross")—John Craig (Get your invention patented, and, if worth anything, you will soon be rewarded)—"S." (Some foolish young person has sent us Southey's lackadaisical "Complaints of the Poor," as original)—J. D. P. (Get your uncle to execute a deed of renunciation in your favour)—Dawson (Declined, with thanks)—X. Y. Z. (What does your rhapsody mean?)—J. A.—Walter Hugh McCulley—F. Hubert—Frank—Fanny Faithful—Fidelis—G. W.—John Single—J. M. R.—N. M.—H. S.—Alice—Henrietta—Lady Ellen—Sincere—Rose, Violet, and Snowdrop—J. S. R.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[OLD MARTIN POINTING OUT THE MURDERER OF SIR WILLIAM MOWBRAY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CVI.

There is a judge from whose all-seeing eye
Man cannot hide himself. He needs
Nor witness nor confession—in secret
He prepares the punishment reserved
For crime—bursts on him in a thunder-cloud,
And he is gone.

OLD PLAY.

No sooner had the Khan succeeded in performing the operation which was to restore old Martin to reason, than he left him to the care of the medical men, whose presence had in some degree sanctioned the hazardous experiment: under their care, the patient gradually recovered his memory. At first his recollections were confused and indistinct as some hideous dream which had oppressed his sleeping hours; but the second day they returned with terrible reality. The scene of the murder—the victim and his assassin—all were remembered; and a second time the reason of the faithful and attached domestic all but sank beneath the excitement they produced.

After a consultation with the surgeons, it was decided by Colonel Butler and the rector, that he should be questioned magisterially before them.

A note was accordingly dispatched to General Bouchier and Sir Jasper Pepper—who were both in the commission of the peace for the county—to attend.

The library at the rectory was accordingly arranged for the occasion. A table and seats were placed for the magistrates, and Dr. Orme's large easy chair for the witness.

Colonel Butler, who presided, opened the proceedings, by reminding his brother magistrates of the mysterious death of the late Sir William Mowbray, and added, "that evidence had been unexpectedly obtained, to bring the murderer to justice." The minutes of the coroner's inquest were then read, as well as the verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," returned by the jury.

At this stage of the proceedings Will Siderer was led into the room, in charge of Joe Beans, the sexton, and the

village constable. The countenance of the ruffian was haggard—terror, remorse, and despair had ploughed deep furrows in his iron visage—his glance, usually so bold and fierce, was humble and subdued. He evidently felt like a man over whom tardy but sure-footed justice had visibly suspended her avenging glaive.

No sooner did Henry Ashton, who was standing close to the chair of the rector, behold the man by whose hand the thread of his benefactor's life had been so rudely sundered, than his countenance became suddenly flushed, and his eyes lit with a fire which betrayed the feelings of hate, disgust, and indignation which took possession of his soul; those of the warrenner sank beneath his avenging glance.

"William Siderer," said the presiding magistrate, in a tone which fell like the sound of a death-bell upon the assassin's ear, "you are brought before us to answer the accusation of murder—cruel and deliberate murder—perpetrated upon the person of your late master, Sir William Mowbray. It is my duty to warn you that any statement you may choose to make will be taken down, and used as evidence upon your trial."

"I have nothing to state," answered the prisoner doggedly, "but that I am innocent! This is an idle accusation trumped up against me by a madman and my enemies!"

"Whom do you consider your enemies?" demanded General Bouchier.

"Joe Beans and that young man!" exclaimed the ruffian, pointing at the same time to our hero—who noticed the accusation only by a calm but bitter smile.

"And the madman?" inquired Sir Jasper.

"Martin the groom," replied the warrenner; "from boys we were enemies—we both loved the same girl." It was my quarrel with him which drove me from my service with—

The ruffian hesitated. He could not bring himself to pronounce the name of Sir William Mowbray.

"Your victim!" added Henry Ashton, for the first time breaking silence. "No wonder that his name falters on your tongue; it was his image which haunted you upon the pier at Calais—it will stand beside you at the hour of death, and accuse you at the judgment-seat of heaven!"

The prisoner shuddered so visibly, that a similar feeling ran through the veins of the magistrates. The sensation was like to that which the sight of some loath-

some reptile produces the first time that it meets our sight.

"You are well acquainted with Carrow Abbey?" observed Colonel Butler, resuming the examination.

"Yes."

"Are you aware of any secret passages or entrances to the house or apartments?"

"No."

"How came this gibbern, then," exclaimed Dr. Orme—"which twenty witnesses can prove to have been yours—to be found in a vaulted chamber, at the end of a passage or recess opening from the library, the scene of the murder?"

Every eye was bent upon him; twice the warrenner essayed to speak, but the words died away upon his tongue.

"You cannot answer!" continued the speaker. "The letters it contains, prove how long and foully you have conspired against the honour and happiness of the generous man whose bread you had eaten from childhood!"

"I know not how they came there!" said the accused, endeavouring to assume a firmness which his whole demeanour gave the lie to; "but it is my firm belief my enemies placed them there to blacken me!"

"Whom do you mean by your enemies?"

"Joe Beans and Henry Ashton," was the reply.

No sooner had the ruffian pronounced the name of Joe Beans, than the honest rustic, indignant at the villany of such a charge, burst out in a passionate but unnecessary denial.

"It be a lie!" he exclaimed; "a wicked, infernal lie—and will not serve thee, Will! Till the night I accompanied poor old Martin and the sexton, I wor never at abbey twice in my life—once when a boy and once since! Thee wor always a bad, revengeful man, but I never had concern or quarrel with thee! I would not raise my hand against a dog, unless he deserved it—much less a fellow-creature! Ask Chettleborough, your worship," he added; "he will tell 'ee how we found the bag: it's my belief it wor the finger of God—not our poor wits!"

The deep earnestness with which these few and simple words were uttered, must have convinced his hearers—even if they had previously entertained any doubt upon the subject—that he had spoken nothing but truth.

Henry smiled upon him, and his humble friend received that smile as the proof of his integrity and honour.

It was now agreed that the witness should be called into the room, to make his deposition. On Dr. Orme ringing the bell twice—the signal agreed upon—the door of the library opened, and Martin, supported on either side by the surgeons, made his appearance.

The countenance of the old man was ghastly pale from the sufferings he had undergone, but his eye was clear and intelligent; whilst the compression of his thin, parched lips, denoted alike reason and resolution. An idiot or insane person is rarely, if ever, seen with the lips firmly closed.

"Thank you, Master Harry—thank you!" he faltered, as our hero, with almost a woman's gentleness, assisted him to his seat—which he had no sooner taken, than he fixed his eyes upon the warrener, and never once removed them from his blanched countenance till the end of the examination.

In answer to an inquiry from Colonel Butler, both the medical men assured the magistrates that their patient had perfectly recovered the use of his reason, and was in a fit state to make a deposition.

There was something fearfully distinct in the deliberate and scarcely earthly tone in which the old man related all that had passed on the evening of the murder. His voice never once faltered, nor did his memory fail him. The words issued from his lips as from those of a corpse.

He began by relating the fright which Ellen had received in the picture-gallery, and his own determination to watch in consequence: which he did, night after night, in different parts of the abbey.

"I believe," said Colonel Butler, interrupting him, "that the house at Carrow, like most old family mansions, contains many secret passages and recesses, which few are so well acquainted with as yourself?"

"None," replied Martin, firmly; "except one man!"

"And his name?"

"Will Sideler. His father was an ancient servant of the Mowbrays, and showed him, when a boy, the entrances to most of them. But not all," he added, with a faint smile—"not all! Thank God, not all!"

This was doubtless an allusion to the recesses in which he had assisted his late master to conceal his will, together with the family jewels and title deeds of his large estates.

"Whom do you suspect to have been the person who frightened Miss De Vere in the picture-gallery?" inquired Sir Jasper Pepper.

"Will Sideler!"

"And what did you do in consequence?" added Colonel Butler.

"Watched night after night," replied Martin, "as the old house-dog watches the house of those who feed and shelter him! It was all I could do to prove my fidelity," he added, with a sigh; "for I am old—very old!"

"And what took place on the night of the murder?"

Twice the aged domestic essayed to speak, but his feelings overcame him, and he raised his withered hand to his brow. Henry gently took it in his own, and pressed it kindly. The touch of human sympathy and love nerved the sufferer to proceed.

"I was walking in the picture-gallery," he continued, "from which there is a passage, known only to Will Sideler and myself, which communicates, beneath the great staircase, with the back of the library. The entrance in either apartment is concealed in the carved panelling, and opens with a secret spring."

"At what hour were you in the gallery?"

"It had just struck midnight."

"Were all the family at rest?"

"All but my dear, kind master!"

"Relate to us what followed."

"Whilst walking in the gallery," continued Martin, "I heard the peculiar click made by the sudden closing of the spring. I placed my ear to the panel, and fancied that I caught the echo of a retreating footstep. I waited for a few minutes, reflecting whether I had better follow, or at once alarm the household. Had I done the latter," he added, bitterly, "Sir William might have been living still!"

All felt for the poor fellow's regret—not that he had much to reproach himself with: few men placed in a similar position would have acted with the self-possession he had displayed. The prisoner, more than any one present, wished in his secret heart that the old man had alarmed the family.

"Perhaps," observed the rector, who had noted the deadly pallor which overspread the features of the sufferer and his repeated attempts to raise his trembling hand to his forehead, "we had better adjourn for half an hour."

The rest of the magistrates looked anxiously towards the medical men, as if to ask their opinion; but Martin decided for them.

"No!" he said, with recovered firmness. "I am ready—quite ready! I shall be better when I have done justice to my master's memory, and denounced his murderer!"

Again the warrener shuddered.

"I opened the panel," continued the speaker, "and carefully threaded my way along the passage: when I arrived at the little vaulted chamber, between the gallery and the library, I heard a deep groan. Oh, how my heart echoed it! I rushed forward—the door at the end of the recess was closed—my hand trembled so I could not find the spring! I peeped through the crevices, and saw my master—my good, kind, suffering master—the poor man's friend—whom all who knew him loved and revered—seated in his chair—a man!—here the eyes of the speaker glared like those of an accusing spirit upon the prisoner, who was so fascinated by his gaze that he could not avert his own—" with his ruffian hand twined in his victim's hair—the knife reeking with Sir William's blood still in

his grasp—I—O God! my brain went round and round!"

Overcome by his emotion, the faithful domestic sank, with a faint groan, back upon the pillows. At first all thought that he was dead, and the eyes of Will Sideler flashed with a sudden hope—for as yet the accuser had not named him.

"Monster!" exclaimed Henry, regarding him with an indignant look; "think not to escape—dream not of it—the hand of the Deity has already traced thy punishment! Even if the victim of your brutality expires, heaven will raise a witness—for none may efface the judgment of the living God!"

Joe Beans, who was blubbing like a child, felt so indignant at the sight of his old friend's sufferings, and the triumphant look of the prisoner, that, as he afterwards confessed, he felt monstrously inclined to strangle him with his own hands.

It was some minutes before Martin gave the least sign of returning consciousness. By the use of ammonia and wine, which the surgeons had provided, he gradually recovered; but more than a quarter of an hour elapsed before the examination could be continued. Short as the time was, it seemed an age to all.

"A very interesting case, Sir Jasper!" whispered General Bouchier—to whose mind, palled and blasé with the artificial pleasures of the world, excitement was a novelty.

"Very!" replied the little East India director. "I remember nothing like it since Warren Hastings hung the rajah in India."

Here one of the surgeons observed to the magistrates, that he thought they might venture to proceed in the examination.

"When you first saw the murderer of Sir William," said Colonel Butler, "you say his back was turned towards you?"

"It was."

"Did you afterwards behold his face?"

"As distinctly as I now see yours!" replied the old man, mentally gathering strength for the completion of his narrative.

"And recognised it?"

"I knew him," continued the witness, "before I saw his features; for we had eaten the same master's bread for years together!"

"His name?"

There was a breathless silence in the room. All expected what the answer would be; but still they were anxious to hear it.

With an effort which none supposed him capable of making, Martin rose from his chair without the least assistance; and, deliberately raising his arm, pointed to the prisoner, and pronounced his name—"Will Sideler!"

The features of the murderer were bathed in a cold perspiration, and his coarse, iron-grey, matted locks rose and fell with terror. For some seconds the wretched man felt incapable of speech. The words rose in his throat; but a sensation like that of a hand tightly grasping it impeded their utterance. Every eye in the room was fixed upon him with a cold, glassy, stone-like glance; for the intense feeling of horror in the breasts of all was too profound to admit of expression. Like the head of Medusa, it had paralysed them.

"It is a lie!" roared the warrener, with a desperate effort to break the spell which appeared to rest upon him. "I was not near the abbey!"

"Will Sideler!" repeated Martin, still pointing towards him.

"You are my enemy!" continued the warrener, hoarsely.

"It was through you that I lost my place in Sir William's family, as keeper! Through you that men looked coldly upon me! You have hated and persecuted me for years! My judges will not believe you! You are mad—perjured! You murdered him yourself, perhaps, to cast the blame on me!"

To the last monstrous accusation, old Martin replied only by a contemptuous smile. For the third time he pronounced the name of "Will Sideler," and slowly sank back in his seat.

No one present doubted for an instant that the old man had spoken truth. God had not restored him to reason merely to utter a lie.

"Do you feel sufficiently strong," inquired the rector, "to relate what followed the murder?"

"I forced open the door," replied the witness. "I know not how—but I did force it. Although too late to save my noble master, I hoped at least to avenge him! There was a struggle! I felt his assassin's breath upon my face! I—I can't recollect anything further. I suppose I must have received some hurt!"

"Have you any recollection how long it is since this occurred?"

"No. They tell me it is weeks since," replied the witness.

"I thought it only two or three days."

"Nor where you have been?"

"Here, at the rectory!" answered Martin, with a look of surprise. "Where should I have been?"

It was evident, from these replies, that the interval between the murder and the recovery of his reason had left a perfect blank upon the old man's mind. He was as unconscious of his madness as of his residence with the sexton.

Mrs. Jarmy and the servants, who first discovered the bodies of Sir William and his faithful servitor, were next examined. They deposed to the condition in which they found the latter, as well as their astonishment at discovering no trace of the means by which the assassin had escaped—which first gave rise to the supposition that the death of the baronet was the result of suicide.

After a whispered consultation between the magistrates, Colonel Butler asked the warrener if he had any statement to make. He replied by a sullen negative.

"Prisoner," resumed the colonel, "it is the decision of the bench that you stand fully committed to Norwich Castle for the murder of your late master, Sir William Mowbray."

"I won't go there!" exclaimed the ruffian, furiously; "you have no right to send me there! It is a trumped-up scheme against me, to swear away my life! Send me back to Newgate! I escaped only a few days since! I tell you," he added, frantically, "that I will go back to Newgate!"

It was explained to him that the present charge was so much more serious than the one brought by Lawyer Elworthy against him, that his request could not be complied with.

"Bail me, then!" continued the warrener. "I can find bail! I have friends—rich friends—who will see me righted! I can procure bail for a thousand pounds!"

Sir Jasper Pepper, who hitherto had taken no active part in the proceedings, was about to explain to the prisoner that murder was not a bailable offence, when Dr. Orme, in whose ear Henry Ashton had hastily whispered a few words, interrupted him, by demanding the name of the party whom the accused proposed as his bail for appearing upon his trial.

"He is rich!" eagerly answered the ruffian—catching, as drowning men catch at straws, at the hope—"rich enough to buy you all!"

There was a look of surprise upon every countenance present, except our hero's and the rector's.

"His name?" inquired Colonel Butler, blandly.

"The rich Indian gentleman, Meeran Hafaz!"

A sigh of deep and painful satisfaction broke from the bosom of Henry Ashton: his doubts were confirmed.

"He won't bail thee!" whispered Joe to the prisoner; "he be like the devil, who first leads men into sin, then leaves them in the lurch!"

It was explained to Sideler that this was not a case in which bail—no matter what the amount—could be taken.

"And you are determined to send me to Norwich Castle?" said the accused.

"Of course!"

"Then I won't go alone!" exclaimed the assassin, in a determined tone. "If I must hang, I'll hang in company: there be a greater villain than I am in the job!"

"His name?"

"Meeran Hafaz! I wor poor, and he tempted me with his cursed gold—sent for me to Sir Jasper's, and talked to me about Sir William!"

"You confess, then, that you murdered him," eagerly demanded Henry, "at the instigation of this Meeran?"

"No—no!" replied the wretch—for all his cunning had not quite deserted him—"I won't say that; but this I will say, that the Indian gentleman told me to do so. I refused—of course I refused: so most likely he employed some one else; that old rogue, perhaps," he added, pointing at the same time to Martin, "as likely as any other!"

An incredulous smile was the only notice taken by the magistrates of the preposterous supposition.

When General Bouchier and Sir Jasper Pepper first heard the name of Meeran, they exchanged glances of surprise merely; but when the warrener proceeded to relate how he had tempted him to commit the crime which he stood charged with, each felt the propriety of standing forth as his defender. The general had introduced him into society, and stood pledged, as it were, to his character; the director had received him as his guest. Each felt himself, therefore, unpleasantly compromised.

"This charge, gentlemen," said the former, "is so ridiculous—so evidently the result of malice—that I should apologise for noticing it, were not Meeran Hafaz my friend: that is to say," he added, correcting himself, "recommended to me by friends in whom I can place the most unbounded reliance. In India his rank is princely."

There was a silence. No one echoed the convictions of the speaker.

"His fortune colossal!" added the director.

"Ay, ay!" interrupted Will Sideler, with a sneer; "he be rich enough!"

"A person so respectable!" continued the first speaker.

"So extremely wealthy!" chimed in Sir Jasper.

"What motive?"

"What motive!" exclaimed Joe Beans, unable any longer to control his indignation. "I'll tell 'ee, gentlemen, what motive! He loves Miss Ellen, who doesn't love him. He and Colonel Mowbray carried her off to Cromwell House, and kept her a prisoner. It's my belief he wouldn't stick at murder, or worse—if anything can be worse—to gain his purpose! Would I had shot un!" he muttered in an under-tone to himself; "would I had shot un!"

The general and Sir Jasper Pepper seated themselves with a dissatisfied air: the few simple words of the honest rustic had cast a new light upon the motives of the young Indian.

"Devilish unpleasant!" whispered the soldier to his friend: who replied only by an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

The depositions of Martin and the servants were read over, and signed by them in the presence of the accused, whom Colonel Butler directed to be instantly conveyed, upon a warrant from the bench, to Norwich Castle. No sooner had the order been given, than the door of the library opened, and Mayes and Kemp, two well-known officers of police, who had been all the time in waiting, made their appearance. With a dexterity which long practice alone could insure, they approached the warrener, and, before he could offer the least resistance, or even seemed aware of their intention, clapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

"Come!" said Kemp, placing his hand upon the ruffian's collar, "the gig is at the door!"

"I won't go!" gasped, rather than uttered, the wretched man. "I have confessed nothing—done nothing! I am innocent, I tell you—innocent!"

"We know all that!" coolly replied the officers—who, without further ceremony, dragged him from the room.

The curses and protestations of the murderer were heard by those who remained in the library till the vehicle had driven away—when he suddenly became silent, and sank into a state of sullen despair; the only request he ventured to make to his conductors was, that they would not drive him through the village. He dreaded to meet the curious and reproachful looks of those who had once been his friends and companions.

As soon as Martin had been removed once more to his chamber, Colonel Butler proposed to his brother magistrates that they should issue a second warrant for the apprehension of Meeran Hafaz—a step which the general and Sir Jasper stoutly opposed. The opinions were evenly balanced on either side, when Henry Ashton requested to be heard.

"I believe, young gentleman," observed the East India director, with a sneer, "that you are not yet in the commission of the peace?"

"True, Sir Jasper!" replied our hero; "but I am a witness!"

The little man sat down with a look of disappointment. He had failed to browbeat one whom he had looked upon as a mere *parvenu* in fortune—a defect which, in his judgment, exceeded even the want of birth.

The youth related as briefly as possible his adventures in Italy; suppressing only that portion of them which related to the unhappy Lady Mowbray. His hearers listened with horror to his account of the death of Walter, and the discovery of the villainy of Martingale; but when he produced the confession of the unprincipled agent of his rival, the feeling was changed to indignation—not a word was uttered in opposition to the issuing of the warrant for the apprehension of Meeran.

"Decidedly," said the general to his companion, "this Hafaz has proved himself an infernal fool! What want of tact! Decidedly unpleasant to have a fellow hanged, whom one introduced to society—in fact, made a sort of lion of! Though, perhaps, after all," he added, "the *contretemps* may increase his popularity!"

"Only to think that I should have invited him to Bungalow Hall!" groaned Sir Jasper. "I shall never hear the last of it! If I had my choice, I had ten times rather my acceptance had been protested upon 'Change. But do you think that he is really guilty?"

General Bouchier looked at him with an air of assumed surprise; and, to avoid giving a direct answer, pointed to some distant object from the carriage window. He wondered at his obtuseness.

CHAPTER CVII.

I cannot rest. This fever of the blood
Consumes me. Inaction gnaws my heart-strings.
OLD PLAY.

HENRY ASHTON'S first care, after the departure of the magistrates, was to visit the chamber of poor old Martin. A weight was removed from his mind—the assassin of his revered benefactor at last was in the iron grasp of justice—and the disclosure which the villain had partially made raised an insurmountable barrier between his rival and Ellen. Still he was unhappy. A hundred times he demanded of himself what was her fate.

Mrs. Jarmy met him at the door of the apartment. The good old lady had been severely affected by the shock of Sir William's death, which the scene of the morning recalled with all its horrors.

"You cannot see Martin now," she said, placing her finger upon her lips to impose silence; "he sleeps."

"How has he borne it?"

"Well," she replied; "the surgeons are of opinion that he will rally, for some months at least. Only to think," she added, "that Will Siderer—whose father and grandfather both ate the bread of the Mowbrays—should have—have—" Sobs choked her utterance. She could not bring her lips to utter the fearful word. "I never thought him so bad as that!" she continued, after she had partially recovered her self-possession. "Miss Ellen, too!"

"I will seek her, Jarmy, through the world!" exclaimed the young man. "I have been tied here in consuming inactivity by the strong bonds of duty. Tomorrow I depart for London, to demand an account of his niece at the hands of her—Colonel Mowbray."

He felt that it would have been an insult to the memory of the dead to style the heartless, scheming man of the world by the name which Ellen most revered—"uncle."

Sorrow had lessened many of the worthy housekeeper's prejudices. She no longer looked with distaste upon the possibility of the nephew of Farmer Ashton becoming the husband of her young lady. The man who had avenged the death of Sir William merited everything.

"God speed you!" said she, leading him still further away from the door of the sick man's chamber; "and bring you and Miss Ellen safe to Carrow again! I shall never rest till I see her dear, sweet face again!"

She hesitated—our hero distinctly saw that there was something upon her mind she wished to give utterance to. Taking her hand, he asked her if she doubted him.

"It is not that, Master Henry!" replied the old lady; "it is not that! He that was wiser and better than us all, both trusted and loved you! It is that I do not like to speak a disparaging word of any one who shares the blood of the Mowbrays."

"What mean you?" demanded our hero.

"Do not trust the colonel!" whispered the housekeeper, impressively; "he never loved his brother. He will speak you fairly to your face, whilst he meditates the blackest treachery in his heart. He is a bold, bad man, and has much to answer for. If he speaks you fairly, doubt him; if kindly," she added, "look to your safety! God help the innocent victim so blindly intrusted to his hands!"

It was no slight mark of the old lady's confidence and regard, her speaking thus freely of one whom she considered the head of the house she had so long and faithfully served.

"Trust to me!" exclaimed our hero, after thanking her for the caution she had given him; "the love and gratitude I bear the memory of his son will not blind me to the duplicity of the father; he will find me no easy dupe!"

So saying, he descended to the garden, to inform Dr. Orme of his intended departure. The worthy rector had too lately recovered his adopted son, to contemplate a second separation without uneasiness. He urged him to remain, assuring him that Lawyer Elworthy would be a much more likely person to ferret out his rival, and deliver him into the hands of justice, than he could possibly prove himself.

"Father! friend!" exclaimed his former pupil; "for you have permitted me to call you by those loved, familiar names—do not blame me, but my resolution is taken. There is a gnawing viper at my heart which will not rest; a dream which haunts my troubled sleep! Ellen in the power of Meeran Hafaz! I must seek her! Action may end in disappointment, but if I remain idly here I shall go mad—mad! My heart is almost broken!"

"Seek her, then, my son!" replied the old man; "and heaven direct your search!"

"It has directed it!" exclaimed a deep, calm voice, so near to them, that both the rector and Henry, when they turned and beheld the Khan and Farmer Ashton, wondered how they had approached them unperceived.

"What mean you?" demanded the lover of Ellen.

"That you must remain at Carrow."

"Must!"

"If you wish to find her whom you seek."

"Explain yourself, mysterious man!" exclaimed our hero; "hitherto you have spoken only in obscure phrases, and yet I believe your purpose is a friendly one!"

"At least towards you!" answered the renegade with a sigh. "I have proved it at the cost of many a bitter struggle! But, enough of this: you seek the niece of the late Sir William Mowbray?"

"Yes!"

"And would give much to discover her abode?"

"My life—my life!" eagerly answered the young man.

"It needs not so costly a sacrifice," replied the Khan; "merely that of your purpose and impatience for a few hours! You gaze upon me," he added, "as if you think I could deceive you!"

When Henry remembered how lately he had trusted and been deceived, he wondered at the half-formed inclination which he felt, difficult as the task would be, to repress his impatience, and accede to the request.

"Thee mayst believe him, Harry!" said Farmer Ashton, grasping his nephew's hand; "he will not deceive thee!"

"You know him, then?"

"Yes!"

The suspicion which Henry had formerly entertained that the mysterious stranger was his father, once more returned: and yet he felt no yearning of the heart, none of those strong but unaccountable impulses which draw the parent and the child together.

He looked alternately from the farmer to his companion: there was not the least resemblance, either in voice, form, or feature, to induce him to believe that they were brothers—and he felt relieved by the observation.

"And can you, too," said our hero, appealing to his uncle; "can you torture me by this suspense?"

"It be for thy good, Harry—for thy good! and can only last for a few hours. Be patient!" continued the old man.

"Till when?"

"Till darkness has settled upon the face of nature," replied the renegade, answering for him. "I am tied by circumstances, which at times are as imperative as necessity."

"Be it so!" replied the lover, strongly tempted by the hope of so soon beholding his adored Ellen. "Should you deceive me, God forgive you for your cruelty!"

"He will not deceive thee!" repeated Farmer Ashton. "Think you I would trust your happiness, and my own, which hangs on it, to any but —"

He paused—a glance from the Khan had checked him.

"Whom?" demanded Dr. Orme.

"One whom I feel well assured will not betray the trust!" answered the old man, firmly.

The rector invited the new comers into the house. He felt naturally anxious to fathom, if possible, the motive of the man who certainly had, on more than one occasion, proved the friend of his adopted son. Whatever his opinion of him, he could not doubt the sincerity of the farmer.

"Be it so!" said the renegade; "I had a task to perform, but you can probably arrange it better. You must procure the assistance of ten or a dozen men, upon whose courage, as well as fidelity, every reliance may be placed."

"For what purpose?" inquired Henry Ashton, eagerly.

"That you shall know in time. I have no half-confidence to give—with me it is all or none!"

It was finally arranged that Joe Beans should be sent to the farm and village to collect a party such as the speaker had suggested, and bring them, by seven in the evening, to the rectory.

"A dozen!" exclaimed the faithful Joe; "a hundred, if you want them! I have only to say that Harry Ashton requires their services, and there are not three lads in all Carrow that would lag behind! Be I to bring them direct to parson's?"

"Direct!" replied the Khan, "and in silence!"

Joe assured him that he would break the head of the first man that uttered a word; and, proud of the commission, as he would have been of any office that could serve his friend, started at once upon his errand, whilst the rest of the rector's visitors retired to the house.

Our hero would willingly have accompanied him, but he yielded to the remonstrance of his uncle and Dr. Orme, backed by the strong desire he felt to know more of the character of the Khan and his motives—which, up to the present, appeared to him inexplicable.

Love works a strange metamorphosis in the habits, as well as the heart of man. Till he knew Ellen, Henry Ashton had never been known to abandon either his will or his design.

CHAPTER CVIII.

Then marvelled he much, that a man of pride
Like a book-learned priest should ride. SCOTT.

As Joe Beans passed the lodge at the entrance to the rectory, his reveries and speculations as to the motive of the errand he was dispatched upon, were broken by the voice of Red Ralph—who, seated upon a stile on the opposite side of the road, had evidently been waiting for him.

"Master Beans," said the urchin, "beest that thee?"

"Can't you see it is?"

"I be almost a tired o' stoppin'."

"And what are you stopping for?" demanded the young man, who felt at first anxious to get rid of the boy, although a little consideration induced him to change his purpose—for he recollected that if any enterprise were on foot, he could scarcely have a more efficient ally than Ralph.

"Why, to see and talk to 'ee a bit!" answered the lad, with a grin; "so thee ha' sent t' old man to gaol?"

Joe nodded in the affirmative.

"And will they hang un?"

"Most likely."

"I be mortal glad of that!" observed Ralph, who continued to walk by the side of his patron—for such Joe Beans must be considered. "He wanted to kill I at Mortlake—now," he added, with a grin, "I shall see un dangle like a varmint from the gallows, as I told un: that be better than the rats!"

His companion shuddered, although he scarcely wondered at the resentful feelings of the poor ignorant speaker, who had never known kindlier nurture than the parish house, and whose mind was even more uncultivated than his looks.

Ralph was evidently in high glee. He had seen the warren driven down the lane towards the city by the police-officers; and followed the gig, running by the side, and jeering the prisoner, till a well-directed cut from the driver's whip taught him to keep at a more respectful distance.

"He looked mortal down!" he added, after relating to his companion the above circumstance. "They do say he has committed murder!"

"Who could have told you that?" inquired Joe.

"Oh, it be murder!" said the lad, regarding him with a half-laughing, cunning expression. "I thought it wor!"

His patron felt half inclined to be angry at the ruse by which the urchin had drawn from him the admission; and Ralph, with his usual discretion, kept, for the next ten minutes, beyond the reach of his hand.

"I suppose," he said, musingly, "that farmer will g' I a holiday to go and see the old man hanged! I never did see one! Did thee, Mister Beans?"

"No! And now, Ralph, don't speak of it again. The fellow may deserve his fate; and though I sometimes feel that I could strangle the ruffian with my own hands, or dash his wicked brains out, I should not like to see him turned off like a dog upon a gibbet!"

"Not!" repeated the boy, with surprise. "Well, that be mortal curious! Now, I should!"

By this time they had reached the common; upon whose broken sward the lengthened shadows of here and there a solitary tree indicated that day was drawing to a close.

"What be that?" demanded Red Ralph, pointing to a carriage which had been overturned close to the chalk-pits, where Henry Ashton had formerly preserved the life of Ellen. "There be a mishap o' some sort!"

Both hastened their steps, to see if they could render any assistance. On reaching the spot, the carriage proved to be one of the chaises from the Angel; and the inmate, rather a venerable-looking man, was struggling to extricate himself.

Joe and his companion assisted the driver to turn over the body of the vehicle, and set the gentleman at liberty: who no sooner found himself safe on terra firma, than he commenced a volley of abuse against both road and position; swearing that the first was only fit for a dray to pass over, and the second to drive it.

No sooner did Red Ralph hear the sound of the speaker's voice, than he opened his immense jaws, threw back his head, and indulged in one of his terrific grins, much to the annoyance of his companion, who thought that the urchin's mirth proceeded from his natural love for mischief. But he was mistaken. The lad and the gentleman in the post-chaise were old acquaintances, but not friends. In fact, "Remnant's cow-boy," as he was generally called when at Mortlake, was friendly with very few.

"Are you hurt, sir?" inquired Joe.

"No bones broken, I believe; but infernally shaken. How far is it to Carrow Abbey?"

"To where?" demanded the young man, with surprise.

"To Carrow Abbey."

"About two miles."

"That is fortunate!" remarked the gentleman. "I can walk there!"

"Walk there!" repeated the rustic. "Why it is uninhabited!"

"Ah, yes; I have heard so. No matter! It is rather a curious old place, I believe?"

"Very curious, sir!"

"No objection, I suppose, to a gentleman who is travelling for pleasure seeing it?"

"I never heard of any," replied Joe Beans, who was very far from feeling assured that curiosity was the only motive which had brought the querist, at the close of a dull October day, to inquire about the ancient mansion of the Mowbrays.

The stranger drew forth his purse and proffered a crown to Joe Beans, as a trifling recompense for the service he had rendered him. The young man civilly but firmly declined it.

"I'll take it, parson!" exclaimed Red Ralph, with a broad grin. "I see'd 'ee fast, and beant' above it!"

With a look of surprise and annoyance at the unexpected recognition, the gentleman placed the money in his hand.

"Egad!" continued the boy, looking first at the coin and then at the donor; "thee beest in luck! Few, I reckon, see the colour o' thy brass! It be a good un, beant' it?" he added, thrusting the crown-piece between his teeth, to try if it would bend.

Without condescending to reply, the traveller, with an air of mortification which he could not conceal, walked away, taking the direction towards the abbey. A small carpet-bag which he carried in his hand was the only luggage in the chaise.

The adventure puzzled our honest friend exceedingly: he felt assured that something more than curiosity brought the stranger to Carrow, and he hesitated whether to follow him or not.

"When did the gentleman arrive?" he demanded of the postilion, who was busily occupied in attempting to repair the broken wheels of his chaise.

"By the Telegraph—about an hour ago," was the reply.

"Did any one meet him at the office?"

"No; the moment he got off the coach he ordered a chaise for the abbey," said the lad; "ordered me to take the nearest way, and drive as if the devil or a bailiff were after him."

"That be parson, all over!" observed Ralph. "He can smell a bailiff as readily as old Snap a rat! And so he ought—he had enough of such varmint arter him when he lived at Mortlake!"

Joe bade the postilion good-bye, promising to send him a wheelwright to assist him in putting the chaise in a fit state to be taken back to Norwich. Instead of pursuing his way, as he at first intended, to the village, he retraced his steps, and walked towards the park.

"That beant' the way!" observed his companion; "it be my belief, Mister Beans, thee beest troubling thee head about parson!"

"Is he a parson?" demanded Joe.

Ralph grinned, and shook his shaggy head, as he made answer, that "the folks called un so at Mortlake!"

"And what sort of character did he bear?" added the young man.

"A bad un," replied the boy; "ran away in debt—cheated Farmer Jacks of a power o' money! Skitter, the tailor, says that he has had no luck with his wife, and all because he married un!"

At the word married, Joe became violently agitated—a terrible impression crossed his mind: he might be wrong in entertaining it, but he determined to act as if assured that he was right. He had but little time to decide and act.

"Can you climb, Ralph?" he said, pointing to the park wall, which ran parallel with the narrow footpath they were traversing.

"Climb!" repeated the boy; "egad, I should think so! what does 'ee think I ha' gotten legs for?"

"Over with you, then!" said the young man, pointing to the wall.

In a few moments they both stood on the other side.

"Now Ralph," continued Joe Beans, "follow my directions, and I'll make a man of you for life!"

"Ees!"

"You see that tree?"

He pointed out to the boy a lofty sycamore, which grew at the end of the avenue crossing the park.

"Ees, Mister Beans."

"Creep like a snake along the grass, and climb amongst the branches; watch if any one arrives, and is admitted to the house; but above all, don't stir till I return!"

"I won't, tho' it be all night!"

"Good! I must return!"

The urchin looked towards Joe Beans, and the expression of his ill-shaped countenance became almost human—for his elf-like features were lit with an expression of gratitude and regard such as he had seldom entertained for any human being. Joe, perhaps, was the only person in the world who had ever treated him with real kindness.

"Mister Beans," he said, "be it parson thee beest afraid on?"

"Yes—no!—that is, I can't explain. I have not a moment to lose!"

"He shan't get to the house!" added the boy, resolutely.

"How can you prevent it?" demanded the young man, with a look of astonishment.

"Break his neck, or his leg, if he means any harm to thee! Tho' he has given I a crown, I always thought he

wor nought for a parson; perhaps," added the urchin, drawing the coin from his pocket, "it be a bad un, arter all!"

Ralph once more placed the piece between his teeth; but it stood the test—it was a good one.

"No—no!" exclaimed Joe, after an instant's reflection; "do as I tell you, and all, perhaps, will be well. It would take some time," he mentally calculated, "to prepare the poor young lady, even if they contemplate such a piece of villainy! Watch if he approaches the house; I will soon be back. Away with you at once!"

The last directions of course were spoken aloud.

"I will, Mister Beans!" said the urchin, throwing himself upon the grass, and creeping as stealthily as a pole-cat in the direction towards the tree. His companion did not wait more than a few seconds to note his progress. Catching the branch of a lofty cedar, which grew near, he swung himself over the wall of the park, and directed his steps towards the spot where he had left the postilion and his horses. Without a word he sprang into the saddle, and galloped like a madman towards the village—the astonished lad shouting and calling after him.

"This be a rum go!" said the lad, scratching his head; "first the chase upset and broken, now the brown mare stolen! I do wonder what old master will say! Shan't I catch it when I drive into the Angel Yard!"

(Continued from our last.)

THE FAITHFUL SLAVE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Author of "Sketches by a Travelling Naturalist," "Lectures to a Normal Class," "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry," &c.

(Continued from our last.)

But the act called up to her mind all the realities of her situation. The smile fled from her face and the light from her eye. She dropped the splendid fabric upon the floor; her hands opening, set free the necklace and the money we had given her. She falls on her knees, and, with a loud, terrified voice, repeats the declaration so often made before:

"I didn't tetch it, marser! 'deed I didn't!"

The disappointment is general and severe.

The sheriff breaks out into a fierce oath, even in spite of himself, and the overseer echoes it fervently.

An expression of anger goes around the circle as Mr. Enloe returns to his seat.

After a hurried consultation, carried on in whispers between himself and the officer, he takes the lead in the second scheme that had been proposed to win the grand secret.

He approaches the girl, now weeping and sobbing as though her heart would break, takes her chilly hand in his, and begs her—the master condescending to the humblest supplications before his slave—she begs her, for God's sake, to give him back his money. He tells her, with the most solemn appeals, that the loss of it will utterly ruin him—will force him to sell his plantation, to sell his servants, one and all, who will be sent off to the sugar plantations, and scattered far apart, never to see each other any more—that the money her father has been saving up to buy her freedom will not be half enough now—that his loss will oblige him to take his little boys from school, and put them to the hoe-handle—will oblige her dear young mistress to leave home, and go out to work for a living—will cause him, her master, who has raised her, and always been kind to her, and is now so willing to make her free and happy, to be looked upon in his old age as a thief, and driven out of good society, and die a miserable man.

He promises her everything calculated to win a negro's heart—her freedom, the freedom of her husband, Tom, a handsome cabin, with good furniture, all to herself. Nothing that occurred to his experienced mind, in the way of lure, was forgotten.

It was utterly useless! All this humiliation and profusion of promise were as nothing!

Loogy wept; Loogy sobbed; Loogy fell on her knees, as before, and embraced his feet. But she could not be tempted to make any other response to his earnest entreaties than the words:

"'Deed, marser, I didn't tetch it! 'deed I didn't!"

Then exclaims the sheriff—his ill-favoured face glaring up with the same look that had inflamed it when he joined, the year before, in a death-grapple with one of Murrell's stoutest desperadoes—then says the furious officer:

"Take her to the whipping-post! The money shall come, or she shall die under the lash!"

Will the reader pardon me a short digression here, even though it may appear to be apologetic? I have utterly failed in making myself understood, if I have not cleared up these two points—that the negro girl knows what disposition has been made of this immense booty, even if she is not the real robber, and that the whole fortune and the social standing of Mr. Enloe depend upon its recovery.

Not one in the room—at least it appears so to me—has the shadow of a doubt but what Loogy took the money, and handed it to some second person. No clue has yet been gained as to who that second person is.

The man Tom (a very honest, pious negro, by the way) has been again interrogated since daylight, and his whereabouts during the whole night of the robbery so accurately traced up, that although he is still kept in durance, it is only to hinder him from communicating with his fellow-servants until the examination of Loogy is ended—and not that any one believes him guilty, either before or after the fact.

Now the question with those deeply-interested individuals is, shall this stubborn girl be permitted to remain silent, when so much depends on her testimony? If she did not take the money, who did? If she has not con-

cealed it, who has? To these reasonable inquiries the prisoner has given no reply.

The sheriff himself is a surety upon Mr. Enloe's bonds for several thousand dollars; nearly every other man in the room is peculiarly involved in this affair. Is it a matter of surprise, then, that extreme measures suggest themselves to their minds? Let the reader divest himself of prejudice, and reply.

The whipping-post, which is the smooth trunk of a cherry-tree, selected for the occasion, has received its victim, and the overseer stands with his heavy whip ready to strike.

My heart sinks within me. I would fain fly, but stand still—fascinated, as it were—hoping, yet doubtfully, that the girl will make a confession before the lash should fall.

The sheriff has put on an air of determination that brooks no further gentleness or delay.

The plantation physician has held a consultation with Mr. Enloe. The conclusion which he expresses, as he turns to the gate, unwilling to witness the scene, may be inferred from his words, which barely reach my ears:

"Not more than ten or twelve, Mr. Enloe; and I can't answer for that!"

Poor Loogy! How well for you had you carried your little burthen, yet unborn, to an earlier grave! As she raises her head from its drooping posture, and glances appealingly towards the apartment to which the ladies have retired, there is a shadow on it that agonises my heart to behold. Heaven grant she may yet confess!

"And now, you cursed thief!" hisses the overseer, in his most repulsive manner, "tell me where's the money—quick, or I'll cut your back into slivers! Where is it?"

"I hain't got it, sir—'deed I hain't! Oh, tell Miss Caroline to come to me!"

"You'll never see your Miss Caroline again if you don't tell me where's that money! I'll cut you all to pieces, and then sell you to the nigger-trader! Where's the money?"

"'Deed, sir, I don't know—'deed I don't!"

The blow falls, cutting like a knife-blade through the flimsy chemise, which for decency's sake has been left upon her back.

She screams, until the woods ring again. An answering scream is heard from the ladies.

The negroes in the cotton-patch—we can distinctly see them from where we stand—stop their work, raise themselves up, and look towards us; then the women toss their arms wildly above their heads.

"Where is it?" again demands the overseer. "Tell me, you thief, before I strike again!"

"Do you know who took it?" interrupts the sheriff, observing how earnestly she watches the upraised lash.

"Yes, yes, marser, but I didn't tetch it!" is the reply—extorted, beyond doubt, by the extremity of her pain.

"I didn't tetch it—'deed I didn't!"

Down comes the lash a second time, and again the thin cotton fabric is cut in two and tinged with blood. Her piteous cries are answered as before, and then the door of the ladies' apartment flies violently open, and Caroline, tearing herself from her mother's hands, runs to us.

There has been an earnest strife between them—the one to restrain, the other to escape. The daughter has gained her desire, and is with us in an instant. She answers Loogy's welcoming words. She throws those lovely arms around her neck, and kisses her affectionately, as though she were her own sister. And when the overseer takes her hand to lead her away, she vows that they may strike her, but they shall not again touch poor Loogy. No, no! She promises that to the writhing, bleeding creature—and she will perform it.

The scene has become too affecting. My heart is sick. I cannot bear to remain a spectator any longer, and walk rapidly away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEGRO-CATCHER AND HIS DOGS—SALE OF THE SLAVE—BREAKING UP.

So precarious was the situation of my horse, Pompey, that even though I had not believed my presence very welcome at Mr. Enloe's house at this time of distress, I should have tarried yet another day. His stomach is distressingly thin; he is not able yet to walk to the water-trough without support, and stands all day long a striking and pitiful monument of the sad effects of gormandising. It is to be hoped he will never forget his sufferings, or be guilty of a similar offence.

When I return to the house, after the painful scene described in the last chapter, I am informed that Loogy was released at the prayer of Caroline, and a last effort made (and made under the clear understanding that unless she acknowledges her share of the fatal secret, she should be sold to the negro-trader) to conquer her obstinacy.

But the pleadings of her young mistress were as fruitless as the persuasions of the others. She would do no more than admit that she knew who stole the money, but couldn't say where it was now, and would confess nothing.

The party returned late to town, and if the general expression of their countenances was a fair criterion of their thoughts, they had resigned themselves to the severe necessity of paying the heavy debt.

On the next morning the discovery is made of the escape of Gabriel and Tom, rationally supposed to have run away in each other's company.

This circumstance affords an apparent clue to the tangled skein, for no other motive can be assigned for their departure just at this crisis, except that they have an interest in the concealment of the money.

Old Gabriel had not informed any person except Tom

of his own loss, and it is supposed that he took his deposit with him. So, after an early breakfast, the whole settlement starts out in pursuit.

I have notified to my readers in the last chapter that this pursuit was unsuccessful, but the sketch of a slave-hunt may be interesting; sufficiently so, at least, for an episode.

After the first superficial search, embracing the out-houses and neighbouring woods, to which escaped slaves often direct their steps, a messenger is sent for Obin Sanford, the negro-catcher, and his dogs.

Obin is a lank, unhealthy-looking creature, of the greyhound stock, who lives in a small hut by the cane-brake, and pursues this rather disreputable calling for a support. His domestic life, smothered in a cloud of miasma, and half the time surrounded by the bayou-water, accounts for his sallow hue, while the flavour from his lungs explains the scarlatina of his nose.

Obin is labouring at this moment under a chronic attack of chills and fever—but fortunately it is a tertian, and he has two good days to go upon. His dogs, five in number, really seem to be—what no recorded dogs ever were before—ashamed of good company. They hang their long, bony heads as low as a serpent trails his. They crouch around Obin's feet, nor by any inducement can they be persuaded to eat a morsel on the plantation.

This latter peculiarity Obin explains by saying that he never allows them to touch a bit from any man's hand but his own. Would he add nor from his own either, it would better account for their excessive thinness in the region of the stomach.

This Obin Sanford is the famous "nigger-catcher," who, for five dollars a head, guarantees to find any runaway, if he can have notice within two days of his departure.

Obin's first demand is of course for something alcoholic to drink; his second is for articles of clothing belonging to the deserters.

Those of Tom are easily found, for Loogy has them all safely locked up in her little red chest; but old Gabriel is too experienced a hand to leave a rag behind him. He knows too well with what certainty a negro dog can catch a trail, and he has burnt all his wardrobe to ashes except the articles taken with him, even to his last winter's shoes. However, the hoe that he ordinarily used in the garden will answer the same purpose, after all. It is found and placed before the dogs, and great interest it seems to excite among them.

They sniff at it long and delightedly, as though it were perfumed with the very Cologne of Farina. Then they hold a conference on one side, the old white hound presiding, until they harmonise in sentiment as to the particular flavour represented in it.

This being satisfactorily settled, the bundle from the little red chest is next brought forward, containing Tom's shoes, coat, and other garments—and their opinion requested on that.

A similar conference begins, but does not, however, lead to a similar result.

The dogs appear to be puzzled. They return again and again, sometimes one by himself, sometimes two or three together, but somehow they cannot harmonise. The old white hound made up her opinion at the first sniff, and she stands to it, like one conscientious jurymen among eleven hungry ones. She lies down behind the horse-block, declaring, most positively, that she will not change her views on any consideration whatever.

The bystanders call upon Obin Sanford for an explanation. This gentleman has been redeeming the time by eating some water-melons that the lads had gathered and brought in from the patch, and he really seems to be the only disinterested man in the party.

When informed of the difficulty his canine friends labour under, he draws his long jack-knife of a body straight out, and, looking at the pile of clothes, suggests that possibly somebody's else has got mixed with them.

Sure enough his idea, compounded as it is of whisky and water-melons, is correct. The clothes had been tied up in Loogy's own handkerchief, as old Pink, the white hound, informs us—and upon the removal of that she readily consents, the other dogs concurring, to open the hunt. So, taking a parting sniff at the hoe-handle to freshen their memories, the whole pack follow their master to "the quarters," and begin forthwith upon Gabriel's track.

This leads, as had been anticipated, to the dwelling of the neighbouring planter, Tom's master, and directly under the room in which Tom had been confined. There the dogs recognise Tom's flavour, open a series of gratified howls, and dash off at full speed in pursuit.

Had not the runaways been directed by one familiar with all the tricks of woodcraft, they could not have baffled that pursuit for an hour; for the dogs, with noses breast-high, raced through the cotton-patch and through the hazel-thicket with as much ease and almost as much speed as a locomotive upon its iron path. But Gabriel remembered his experience of younger days, and most severely did he put their canine skill to the test.

At the first creek which the fugitives had crossed, the dogs lost several hours regaining the scent; for the old oster had only gone over so as to touch the opposite bank and confuse the trail, then, returning, had swung by a long vine to the other side, and followed its course for a great distance.

A small lake, dotted here and there with hammocks, that the runaways had used for steps, cost the pursuers another tedious delay. Passing this, the negroes had found a flock of sheep in the woods, and, driving these before them, they were enabled by this means to disguise their scent so effectually, that it was the second day before the dogs got through that difficulty.

By this time the foot-marks were getting very indistinct, even to the instinct of old Pink. She became low-spirited and sullen—as well she might be, for never had

her powers been so mocked before; and that day yielded no discoveries.

Upon the next, Obin took his tertian, slightly aggravated, perhaps, by the two or three water-melons he had indulged in at every house, and then the party who had accompanied him returned home discouraged.

There are so many means in the possession of a runaway, that it is wonderful how they suffer themselves to be so readily taken. Those employed by Gabriel are amongst the simplest on record. I have known an expert negro to "lie out" for a twelvemonth, in sight of his master's plantation, fed daily by his master's slaves, clothed comfortably from his master's stock, and thoroughly hunted at least once a week by the enraged overseer, who well knew that the slave was lurking about, but couldn't find his hiding place. In such a case, there is no secrecy in the world so complete as that of the fellow-servants towards one another. Such a thing as treachery is unprecedented.

Let us return to Mr. Enloe.

Other conferences have been held, both at his house and at the county town. The question as to the legal responsibility has been settled by the highest authority in the state, and it only remains for my friend, like an honourable man as he is, to resign his property into the hands of the civil officers. There is an abundance of sympathy offered him by those who know his stern integrity, and who pity him for his misfortunes; and, to the credit of humanity be it said, not a few offers of aid.

The latter, however, consist principally in indorsements of credit, in case he should think proper to commence a mercantile business; for it was a time of great monetary embarrassments, and few of his friends were able at the time to meet their own current demands.

But sympathy is precious in a season of distress—and so Mr. Enloe felt it. The other proffers he declined, declaring that he had injured his friends sufficiently already, and would henceforth rely solely upon his own efforts.

But a severe blow was in reserve for him. Our worst anticipations relative to the use his political enemies would make of his misfortunes were realised. The newspapers of the opposite party went so far in the excitement of the campaign as to accuse him of dishonesty, and to call him a rogue.

Being at the time a candidate for the state legislature, he was charged upon the stump with an attempt to defraud the government; and although he triumphantly refuted the slander, by proving that he had assigned over every dollar of his property, yet the very charge broke him down. It cost him his election, and took away that elasticity of mind which had buoyed him up thus far.

I grieve to add, that for a little while the strong man lost all hope, and, taking to dissipation, remained for a week stupidly drunk, to the great grief of his family, and the scandal of his friends. This cost him an expulsion from his church.

Ashamed of this, and perhaps won over by the two affectionate women whose hearts were like his heart, he swore, with his hand upon the Book of Books, to do so no more—and he kept his vow.

A faithful friend, formerly his partner in some mercantile transactions, came to his relief at this crisis, and secured for him a land agency, which, besides yielding a liberal salary, afforded him that which most of all he needed, mental and physical employment.

All these occurrences, the reader must understand, were compressed within a month of the time of the robbery.

But we are getting on too fast.

The first act of the drama of breaking up was the sale of Loogy. This, the reader will admit, was but an act of retributive justice. The legal title to the girl was really vested in Caroline—but, upon understanding her father's condition, that excellent young woman unhesitatingly offered up, not only her waiting-maid, but three other slaves that had been presented to her as successive New Year's gifts—and he had accepted them, to save the honour of the family.

The reader must not suppose that any means of persuasion or intimidation, save the lash, had been untried to win the secret from the girl. Caroline had scarcely ceased to importune her night or day—but always with the same want of success. The secret seemed destined to die with her.

I happened to be at Mr. Enloe's house on the morning the trader came to remove Loogy, and as I have not spared the reader any of the melancholy scenes of this history, I will also describe this.

Mr. Derrieks, the "nigger-trader," as his class is technically styled, is quite a different man in outward show to what a person would suppose from his calling. It has been his annual task for twenty years to visit Virginia, purchase a company of twenty or thirty slaves of different sizes and sexes, and conduct them to Mississippi for sale.

It is this man, who so well knows the market value of a negro girl in Loogy's situation, to whom she has been sold, with the special proviso, however, that she is to go to the sugar plantations in Louisiana.

The sugar plantations! That threat pregnant with all that is dreadful to the mind of the slave—that term suggestive of driving labour, scanty food, restricted society, deprivation of Sabbath privileges, and early death! That idea which, to the negro, brings separation from his friends, a long, hard journey under the most cruel of drivers, and a change of occupation under the severest of taskmasters!

Unfortunate negro! what a change to her! But two weeks before she had been rejoicing over the expectation of personal freedom, a home of her own, and a free-born child!

This pampered housemaid—for such she was—was to leave her gentle mistress, her light and easy tasks, her

old companions, her father and husband, and all hopes of freedom, to pine away in the cane-fields of a sugar-plantation.

Nothing definite upon this subject has been said to her, until the very arrival of the trader. It is true that she whole series of threats with which she has been so liberally plied terminated in the phrase *sugar plantations*; but this is so common an expression in an overseer's mouth, that she has not realised it as a fact until this very moment.

She is called out of the house by Mr. Allansby, who still has the charge of the plantation, and ordered in his harshest manner to get her things together and be off to the sugar-plantation; for that yonder is the "nigger-trader" come for her.

Her look of affright is indescribable. I had never seen such a look but once in all my life before. It was on the countenance of a convict, who was waked up one morning in his cell, and told to come out and prepare to die.

This paralysis lasts for an instant, during which she stands as if fixed to the ground; then, as a child to its mother's protection, she flies to Caroline. She clings convulsively to her feet, and declares that the "nigger-trader" shall not take her away. Oh, she will do anything—this is her pathetic appeal—she will do anything not to leave her young mistress. She will wait on her all the day, watch over her all the night, work for her, die for her—but never can she leave her—never—never!

My presence, as I have said, is accidental. I would not have remained a spectator to such a painful scene, except at Mrs. Enloe's urgent request; and it is now at her desire that I endeavour to untwine the girl's arm from Caroline. But it is like tearing off the stout ivy from the grey old oak, nor with all my strength can I effect it.

While the overseer is approaching to assist me in this ungrateful task, a thought occurs to me to advise Caroline to offer the girl her liberty, if she will point out the person who stole the money.

I have become so much excited with the scene, that at this moment I have determined to pay the purchase-money myself, and set her free, if she will show marks of reformation, and give us some clue to trace out the guilty person.

Caroline catches at the hint, which I whisper in her ear, and, addressing herself to Loogy, says:

"My poor girl, there is only one way that I can serve you. Father has sold you to the trader, and he has come to carry you off to the sugar plantations. You can never come back to us as long as you live. But now tell us who stole father's money, and the trader shan't have you."

Loogy rises eagerly up and declares she will. She shudders at the sight of the overseer, who is cracking his whip carelessly in the yard, or at that of the trader, whose light carriage is waiting to bear her away, and begs that her old mistress may be sent for, and she will tell us all about it.

Charmed at the prospect, I hurry in search of Mrs. Enloe, who has retired to avoid seeing Loogy's departure, and bring her in an instant to the spot.

Caroline has seated herself upon the sofa, and placed her attached servant at her side. As we enter, we can see that she has been whispering to Loogy of something that brings the deep scarlet to her own lovely cheeks, and hear her concluding words:

"Soon as I am married, dear Loogy!"

But these words, so suggestive of the tender declaration that has preceded them, seem to work in the mind of the slave an effect the very reverse of what Caroline anticipated.

Up to that moment Loogy had seemed to be determined to make a full confession.

When I left the room, she had asked me to be as quick as possible, so that she might begin, and I had comforted Mrs. Enloe out of her tears by the assurance that now the cloud was about to be cleared up.

There was even a cheerful smile on Loogy's face, so long unmoved by smiles, and she had answered the kind looks of her young mistress with affectionate fervour. But as the "marriage" strikes her ear, she drops her eyes to the floor, relaxes her grasp upon Caroline's arm, and, to our unbounded disappointment and chagrin, repeats the declaration of the last two weeks:

"I didn't tetch it, Miss Caroline—'deed I didn't!"

And therein has she pronounced her own sentence—for who can believe her against such testimony as we have had, or where is the mercy in lavishing tenderness upon one who is so cruel to others?

Loogy is delivered over to the trader, and taken away. Happily for the poor wretch, she is in a state of insensibility, and no sound comes from her lips to interrupt the thoughtless whistle of the negro boy who drives off the vehicle in which we have laid her.

It has been agreed upon between the district attorney and the trustees in whose hands Mr. Enloe lodged his estate, that he shall occupy the houses for the remainder of the year as a residence for his family, and that Mr. Allansby shall manage the plantation until the crop is gathered.

The very day after the removal of Loogy I was appointed general agent to superintend the sale of the stock, land, and crop. This was quite against my own wishes, the reader may be assured, and I was only persuaded to accept the appointment by an earnest expression from Mr. Enloe himself. It is true that it gave me more opportunities to extend such courtesies to the distressed family as lay in my power—but this fact scarcely balanced the unpleasantness of the charge. I saw, day after day, my dear young friend Caroline studying up her plain and ornamental accomplishments, that she might com-

mence teaching a school, already engaged for the next year.

I saw Mrs. Enloe, a lady of delicate constitution, and one who had never known the violence of a storm before, arranging the family wardrobe to a rigid standard of economy, that, to have known it, would have made her wealthy ancestors move in their tomb with surprise.

I saw the stout-hearted little boys, whose playfulness had taught poor Pompey so valuable a lesson, studying day and night this session, that next year they might help pa and ma work, as good boys ought to.

Everything about the family reminded me of a vessel storm-beaten and injured, but in an active way of refitting aloft and aloft for another voyage.

I commenced my work as general agent by disposing of the negroes, one by one, to be delivered and paid for on the next New Year's Day.

Poor creatures! Only one more Christmas week—that bright oasis in the long desert of a twelvemonth—would they ever enjoy together before their separation.

The cotton as fast as picked out was waggoned to the nearest mart, and the proceeds deposited in the public treasury. The land was rented for the coming year, in hopes that that species of property would rise from its present depreciated rates.

Arrangements were made for a public *vendue*, for the disposal of the farming stock and utensils—and so the dispersion of my friend's possessions was complete.

CHAPTER V.

A SITUATION OF DANGER.—THE RELEASE.

MR. COLSTON'S behaviour, since the robbery, has had no influence to remove my prejudice. For the first few days, and especially while the active search was going on for the runaways, he had seemed to have some unaccountable weight upon his mind. Nor am I the only person that observed it. The sheriff, in his suspicious manner, eyed him frequently, and once I observed that he stepped aside and examined some printed notes, as if comparing him with a public description of some sort—but he came to no conclusion; only scrutinised him more closely than before.

After Leogy was sold and transported southward, his spirits had become much lighter, and he made unusual advances to me in the way of conversation. But then—almost instantaneously—there came over him another change; all his former stiffness was resumed, and he even put on an appearance of indifference towards his betrothed Caroline.

No cause for disagreement had yet occurred between them. Indeed, no disagreement *had* occurred—so the young lady declared in confidence to me—but those long conferences in the parlour window were intermitted, and they rarely walked together as formerly.

A painful suspicion crept over me, in spite of myself—for my prejudice against the young man could not have carried me thus far. I coupled his abstractedness of mind on the morning of the robbery with his present coldness, and for the life of me I could not avoid the conclusion (the same to which Mr. Blote and the overseer had already arrived, as I learned afterwards) that her change of circumstances had cooled the ardour of his love, and he would fain sever the engagement.

Caroline observed the change in his manner—how could she avoid it?—and, with the genuine spirit of a woman, she met it with equal coolness. But this was too unlike the sunny warmth of her character. Suddenly she changed her scheme—if scheme it may be called, which was the prompting of a pure, earnest heart, anxious to win back its beloved—and, dropping all hauteur, she redoubled her endearments, and seemed resolved to conquer him with very tenderness.

This succeeded no better than the other. His distance of manner increased day by day; and whereas formerly he was her constant visitor, he now rarely made his appearance at her father's house.

Caroline's parents had not failed to observe what was passing, but left it to their daughter's discretion, believing that she was competent to the charge of her own heart.

It is time that the reader should understand who this coquetish gentleman was.

Oliver Colston had been introduced to Caroline only a few months before, while on a visit to some relatives in a neighbouring state. The family which she was visiting seemed to take an extraordinary interest in him, and exerted themselves to clear his way to her favour. His family connections were said to be as respectable as any in the country, and although he had no settled property of his own, yet he had always passed among them for the owner of considerable wealth. He at least gave no evidences of want, but sported the finest horse, wore the most costly clothing and jewellery, and was the acknowledged leader of the fashion among his acquaintances.

It was not long before an attachment sprang up in Caroline's breast, heretofore unoccupied by love; and in all the parties and social amusements got up in her honour, she accepted Mr. Colston as her favoured attendant. He offered to accompany her upon her return to her father's; but by this time she had discovered the secret of her own heart, and, shrinking from any engagement without her parents' consent, she declined his escort, and set out with no other company than the servants of the family.

That day, however, she was attacked by a ruffian, masked and otherwise disguised, who, after robbing her of her money, made insulting advances, and was putting her in great terror, when Mr. Colston rode up most opportunely, and assumed her championship. The combat was very short—the highwayman being driven from the ground severely wounded by two pistol-balls at point-blank distance.

No further objections could Caroline offer to his company. On the contrary, it was as eagerly accepted as tendered; and the pair, arriving at her father's house, commenced those intimacies so full of danger to her guileless heart.

After a few weeks, Mr. Colston made her an offer of marriage in due form. Mr. Enloe made very strict inquiries respecting him, and received the favourable statements I have already given.

His education at the Virginia University was said to be complete; his property respectable; his course in the law-school thorough; his private character had no apparent stain. Yet, despite of all this, neither of the parents could become attached to the young man. There was somehow a repulsiveness, an undefined manner, that barred his intimacy with any but Caroline.

I need not add, that the more these things were whispered to her the more closely she drew to her lover; and when her parents discovered that the intercourse could not be broken off except at the cost of her peace, they gave a reluctant consent, and the parties were betrothed.

The two little boys disliked Mr. Colston, as they said, "like poison." They openly avowed, in their exaggerated style of talk, "that they'd shoot him dead if he took sister off! leastways, they'd kill him when they grew up!"

Mr. Blote, the overseer, and the negroes, one and all, hated him.

It was really strange, as a matter of personal feeling, that there was not one individual on the plantation who confessed to an ordinary liking for this young man, except Caroline.

And the more those signs of unfriendliness became visible in the family, the more freely did Caroline cast in her lot with her betrothed, and declare herself his for ever.

My reader will now have an opportunity to see the end of this ill-matched engagement.

It is about a month subsequent to the mysterious robbery so often mentioned; Leogy has arrived at her destined home, and Mr. Dericks, who returned this morning, declares that she commenced the hard labour of the sugar plantation with more resignation than he had anticipated. Her only message is to her young mistress; and it amounts to nothing more than this—"that she hopes Miss Caroline will be a happy wife, and find somebody to wait on her who will love her as well as Leogy did."

The eight hundred and forty dollars which she brought to Mr. Dericks' hand, has gone to swell the sum total of his bank account; and that worthy, but rather obtrusive gentleman, in the plenitude of his gratitude, has offered Caroline a twenty-dollar shawl, bought in New Orleans, as part of the sale-money of the slave.

Caroline has refused the gift with horror, and insulted the old gentleman by a passionate declaration that she would die before she would use money thus acquired.

The "nigger-trader" has gone away offended, and is now at the house of Mr. Girard, three plantations down the creek, whose embarrassments require him to sell a boy or two to straighten out his affairs.

Mr. Enloe is out, examining a large tract of land, bought recently by the company for which he is agent, and contriving, by the aid of several surveyors, how best to lay off the city, locate the railroad, designate the mill-site, and sell the lots.

My duty has called me down to the cotton-patch, to consult with Mr. Allansby about the weight of the last ten bales ginned, and I have hitched old Pompey, now quite recovered in wind and limb, to the further corner of the "new-ground" patch.

As I sit here with the rough old overseer upon the tenail fence, I have a bird's-eye view of the whole plantation.

So, as we sit, the cotton-pickers pass us, each with a large basket, crammed with the day's picking, upon his head.

This procession having gone by (there was no person in all the immense train at the obsequies of Alexander the Great, who carried an object more suggestive of national wealth), we are saluted by the two little boys, John and Alfred, who—the snakes being now all in their holes—are permitted by their anxious mamma to range the woods with a light fowling-piece, and "play hunt." These young sprouts of a vigorous tree are a joy to behold. Their tread is that of a hero. The bold swing of their limbs, scarcely restrained by their loose, home-made coats, and the extravagant waste of atmosphere in their loud way of talking, bespeak for the state a couple of worthy citizens for home edifying, or for home defence.

Although the consent of the timid mamma only extends to a fanciful hunt with that light gun, yet there is real powder in that horn, and real hard shot in that pouch, as the fated squirrels shall discover before the sun goes down. Altogether, the twain are as fine specimens of country growth as we shall find anywhere in the whole thirty-one.

In answer to my inquiry why they are not at school to-day, they tell me that Mr. Blote has gone out on a botanical excursion, and given three days' vacation.

The next moving objects within the scope of our vision are not so pleasing to contemplate. Caroline and her lover are treading the grassy path as in their old-time walks; and as they draw near the spot where we are sitting, both of us, with a simultaneous movement, dismount from the fence, and walk through the cotton-patch to the house, leaving Pompey to be brought up by a messenger.

Mr. Colston has to-day conceived some new project. His smile is certainly brighter; his words are softer than they have appeared to Caroline for many a day. Perhaps that ugly, sensual curl on his lip is more distinctly marked; but the affectionate girl would not see it, were it a thousand times plainer. Their old seat in the parlour window has been occupied all the day.

To her exceeding delight, her lover resumes the subject

of marriage, so long unnamed, and presses the blushing maid to set an early day for his happiness. Caroline consents; and in the low, tender communion which follows, that man dares to speak to her of a long life-time of devotion—of home joys—of the smiles and voices of children—of every dear thought which makes a green spot in the long vista of wedded hopes.

Thus the day passes brightly away, the last of that ill-matched betrothal. As evening comes on, they are mutually reminded of the happy walks by the hazel-thicket, in which their engagement commenced.

At a hint from her lover, Caroline runs (did Camilla more lightly skim across the fancy of the classic poet?) to bring her bonnet, and then the pair pass between the tall poplars, and through the white gate, and down the long lane, to their ancient trysting-place.

It is a small area, not larger than the floor of a lady's chamber, surrounded by a dense copse of hazel, through which only one path, a narrow and a winding one, and difficult to find, has been made. There is a small mound in the centre, one of the most diminutive of those which are scattered here and there over the continent, to point out that the nation's dead are yet honoured, though the very name of that nation has passed away.

The biting frosts of the past week have changed the green dye of the grass into a yellowish hue, but the low mound is soft with the dying herbage; and there, passing through that narrow path, the betrothed pair enter and seat themselves.

There is no eye to see them, there is no ear to catch the words that pass between them. Could any behold that eager gaze, which is now all-licentiously fixed upon the unsuspecting girl—could any hear the words so skillfully ordered to shake a maiden's resolution, what fortune to the trusting Caroline! But she is all alone—alone, with her fond heart all his; her endearments lavishly bestowed upon him in reward for his rekindled affection; her soft hand in his; her arm wound around his neck; her cheek pressing upon his bosom. What guardian hand shall snatch the tender bird from the beguiling serpent?

Her healthy frame, weakened by no folly of dress, but braced up with the habits of a country life and the joy of a country air, countervail for a time all the seducer's efforts, even after her astonished heart has been made to understand all his intentions.

Her screams reach us as we walk through the painted gate, and call us back, at the top of our speed, to her aid. Her resistance, so unexpected by the villain, delays the execution of his foul project, and when, with torn dress, and hair all wildly floating around her neck, she is about to swoon, she hears, crashing through the hazels, the footsteps of a friend.

It is but a boy—but oh, what daring dwells on that brow! what resolution is on that tongue, as the brave little fellow springs into the area, and shouts aloud:

"Caroline, don't be afraid! He shan't hurt you! Let go my sister, Mr. Colston!"

It is but a word and a blow; for as the monster turns a step towards him, still clasping the girl firmly to his side, the boy levels his fowling-piece right at his head, and fires.

Wonderful Providence, that has saved her honour in this moment of danger! The small squirrel-shot enters his neck and shoulder, and although the broad flesh-wound will hardly be fatal, yet the pain is excessive; and now the bad man turns coward at the sight of his own blood, drops his prey, as the eagle would release the lamb, and flies, dastard as he is, to the road.

Glancing hastily around, he sees Pompey tied where I left him, at the corner of the "new-ground" patch, and, without an instant's hesitation, springs upon his back and flies.

Beloved Caroline! how tenderly those little brothers sustain her head, as she reclines upon that grassy mound.

The overseer and myself run with the energy of despair. We pass through the dense copse, not knowing the secret of the little path. We are much too late to have done her any service.

We find Alf pouring cold water upon her face, from his hat, while the hero of the fowling-piece is talking bold words, to give her and himself courage.

"He has loaded his gun again," he says; "he has put in a double load this time; maybe 'twill burst the gun; but he doesn't care a bit for that: he means to aim right point blank at Mr. Colston's breast next time; he would have done it then, only sister's arm was there, and he was afraid of hurting her!"

And all the time big tears are running down his own face, as if to mock his assumption of manhood.

Stripling of promise! Is there anything he would not attempt for her whom we all love so well?

And now we group around her, and the mound, beneath which rest the bones of a chieftain, becomes witness to an episode in the white man's life rarely beheld.

The brave boys are perfectly wild with their triumph. The hero, whose steady eye and bold heart have saved his sister from a fate oh, how much worse than death! now proposes to get father's horse—the big, wild one that nobody has dared to ride for a year—and pursue the villain to the ends of the earth! He declares his readiness to go alone, if necessary, and he will never turn back, though it should be a hundred miles!

The overseer, having reached the place a minute before me, claims the post of honour, and it is upon his shoulder that her drooping head is reclining.

Caroline, though pale, is strong. I cannot consent, even to arouse my reader's sympathy, to forego the truth. Broken hearts are sad things. They may form appropriate pictures in the panorama of a romance, but they are too morbid for my truthful sketch.

Caroline's education, under the eye of her mother, has imparted an air of resolution to her character (we have observed it displayed more than once already in this sketch) that more than balances any shock of the heart. The immense, the never-to-be-forgotten insult she has received from Oliver Colston, saved her; when, had he merely deserted her, or had he been suddenly snatched from her by death, the consequences might have been more serious.

Those who would require me, in a spirit of romance, to close such a scene with a lingering life and an early death, have none of my sympathy in their disappointment. Caroline, though pale, though sad, though cruelly shaken, *is yet strong*; and were the vile attack now to be renewed by the ruffian, who is several miles distant, her physical powers would probably be greater than before.

She has, of course, but little to say; but little is needed. We can read the whole *attempt* in her torn dress and hair—we can read its *failure* in her high brow and steady breathing. But when, by the refreshment from little Alfred's hat, and the kind words of the whole group, she declares her ability to walk home, she says to me, but in a whisper, so that the overreer may not hear it:

"Don't pursue him, sir! I would rather he was not pursued, if you please!"

And her wish is gratified.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMP OF RUNAWAY NEGROES.—LOST IN THE CANE-BRAKE.

RETURN we to the two runaways, Gabriel and Tom.

Gabriel and Tom had established themselves in a place well known to the ostler years before, about two days' travel from Mr. Enloe's plantation. The hiding-place selected was an island of an acre or two, in the very heart of the cane-brake.

To reach it, in the warm season, the visitor must wade a hundred yards or more, breast deep, through a bayou occupied by all manner of reptiles common to that latitude. At the high stages of water in the Mississippi, it was entirely inaccessible for weeks, and sometimes months together.

Many such a place have I visited in the more active days of my life, and the jungles of India have nothing more striking.

It is there that "the water-moccasin" takes its noon-tide excursions to and fro, winding over the surface of the shining pool as though it were a quicksilver sea, and displaying its livid hues to the best advantage.

It is there that the moribund "cotton-mouth" lives and breeds its horrid family, and coils itself by day or night on the margin, ready at the slightest sound to swim to the moving object, and attack it; while above it, twining swiftly through the sarsaparilla vines, the tree-serpents seek for the young birds as their prey.

It is there that the large turtle, with frame more powerful in leverage than any machine made by man's hands, stalks over the muddy bottom, and seeks its carrion food, or burrows its nest in the sand.

It is there that the alligator upraises its knobbed back a bank of mud, when the warm weather calls it out from its hybernation to fight its fellows through the long summer days, or build mounds in the cane-brake for the reception of its eggs. And by day or night, summer or winter, there comes up from the pest-hole of corruption such a deadly steam, such a charnel-house vapour, and upon its wings such clouds of insects, that humanity must yield its delicacy of lungs and well-balanced powers of life, ere it be able to exist there.

Yet in such an abode have the runaways established themselves. Running all hazards for the sake of liberty, they had waded the bayou—as Gabriel had done more than once in former days—had found the little island, unvisited since the creation, save by himself, and established themselves in some sort of comfort.

The thoughtfulness of the elder had secured a hatchet, several fish-hooks and lines, blankets, clothing, and various trifles highly useful in their sequestered home.

It was no trouble for them to erect a cabin of poles, to roof it tightly in, with broad strips from the slippery elm, to daub it with the stiff bayou mud, and even to make a sort of door for their protection from the wild beasts that might be disposed to trouble them.

Fish of a large size, the perch and catfish, were abundant on every side of them, and easily caught. A pen, constructed upon the simple model used throughout the South and West, enabled them to add a fat turkey to their larder whenever they chose; and although Gabriel had never made the attempt, yet he had no doubt but what he could contrive to kill a deer, or even a bear, if pressed for provisions. Birds and rabbits were so tame that they would come to the very door. Hazel, pecan, hickory, and black walnuts fell down in showers at every breeze. The nut of the Indian bean (*Nebumba nucifera*) was ripening in the swamp.

What more desirable place for mere animal comforts could be found than that? It was a situation of absolute security.

Their pursuers never could trace them there; for, even if a pack of dogs were to follow their footsteps to the bayou, they dare not swim it at the risk of their lives. Before a hound could get half way to the little island, a dozen alligators would be battling over his remains.

On the morning that Gabriel left his place of deposit, stripped of its contents by his own daughter's hand, his feelings underwent a change. The great purpose of his life being thus a second time frustrated, he had nothing further to live for; and could he have laid hands upon his knife at the instant of the discovery, his bones had bleached at the bottom of the ravine. But existence is too sacred a thing to be thus lightly cast off.

With his returning calmness, a sort of feeling came over him to fly to the woods, to baffle all pursuit, to laugh in scorn at all the white man's efforts to re-capture him, and, establishing himself in some secure place (he knew of many such), to spend the remnant of his days a free man.

He would not upbraid his daughter—poor Loogy, she had enough on her mind now; but he would see her no more.

Over this scheme he brooded all that day, and when night came, made his preparations for a stealthy departure.

He gathered up a pack of necessities, as we have seen, burnt to ashes everything that he could not carry away, and, with his daughter's screams still ringing in his ears, left the "quarters," as he hoped, for ever.

He called upon Tom in the place of his imprisonment, and, by informing him of Loogy's faults, and holding up before him the prospect of a severe flogging on the one hand, and liberty on the other, readily gained his consent to accompany him.

This was a matter of importance to Gabriel—for he dreaded being taken sick and starving to death in his solitude.

He easily released Tom from his durance, by raising up the floor of the room in which he was confined; and the pair fled, as before related.

But after a few quiet weeks had passed, and the runaways had settled themselves down in their new life, Gabriel, reviewing all the circumstances connected with the two robberies, strange to say, came to a conclusion different from any that had occurred to our minds. It was that Mr. Colston was somehow connected with them, if not the actual robber.

It must be admitted, however, that the handkerchief, and the marks of hands and feet in the ravine, will scarcely justify Gabriel's suspicions; but with the obstinacy of his race, and, we may add, the parental devotion which belongs to the African character, he settled his mind firmly upon it, that *Loogy was innocent, and Mr. Colston guilty*. He intimated this change of sentiment to his companion, Tom, and brought him partially round to the same views.

This was about a month after their escape from the plantation. Gabriel did not say that he should leave the island in consequence of it, nor did he offer any plan of communicating it to his late master.

He only said, in his peculiar dialect:

"Wicked rascall, Misty Colsten! Knew de gal nebber got de money! 'Twill all come out, bimeby! You'll see it!"

Mr. Colston, after his unsuccessful attempt upon the honour of Caroline, rode off as though Tarleton's legion were at his heels. Only the day before had he resolved to close his intercourse with her, and, like the villain he was, he deliberately planned to leave this ruin behind him. He had certainly not anticipated so vigorous a resistance—if any—for he made no preparation for flight, and it was only the accidental discovery of Pompey that gave him the means.

In no previous part of his licentious life—whether at the university, or in the law school, or in any part of his extended travels—had he been so baffled. The severe wound upon his neck pained him almost beyond endurance; but it may be doubted whether his mental agony, not at his wicked effort, but his cowardly failure, were not greater pain.

He rode at full speed, passing several plantations, but meeting no person, until he had followed the main road more than five miles; stopping but once, and that only for a moment, to draw out of a hollow tree some small but heavy sacks, that he had previously deposited there.

At a private way he turned off, and until the darkness became too great to travel, ceased not to urge Pompey forward in the same headlong manner. Alighting only when it was impracticable to proceed further, he hobbled his horse's feet in a manner that proved him to be an old campaigner, and turned him out to graze; then, wrapping the saddle-blanket around himself, and heaping a pile of dry leaves for a pillow, he laid down and slept soundly until morning.

Conscience had long finished her work with him, and had fled to a more tractable subject. He had been Divinely given over to hardness of heart.

By this time his wound had become less irritable. The blood, which at first had poured down his breast to his very feet, had ceased to flow, and could he get the small pellets extracted, it would soon heal up.

The seducer then sought the nearest water-course, and washed his body and clothes clear of the stains.

Dressing again, he mounted, sought a neighbouring plantation, readily found, even at a distance, by observing where the removal of the forest trees had opened a thin spot in the landscape, and refreshed himself and horse with food.

Baffling the curiosity of his entertainers, he remounted, pursued his way in the manner of a man who knows every step of it, and drew not his rein again until he approached the edge of the cane-brake.

The place to which he had been directing his course lay exactly beyond the cane, and he had come thus far by means of a dim bridle-path, which, leaving it on the right, wound for a dozen miles around it.

It was not half that distance in a direct course, however, and he seemed disposed to try the nearer way. He paused, compared the sun's height with his watch, calculated the hours of daylight which remained to him, and then, though reluctantly, and as if oppressed with doubt, he entered the brake.

Well might he hesitate long before taking such a step.

To those who have never seen that display of nature's bounty, a canebrake—or, having seen one, perchance, on a rapid journey down the Mississippi, have not penetrated

its depths, the incidents I am about to relate will appear romantic. The reader will be surprised to learn that the oldest hunters, the best woodsmen, doubt their capacity to thread the mazes of an untired cane-brake! He will scarcely credit my assertion, that animal instinct not unfrequently fails here; nevertheless, it is so. If he has not seen one, let him imagine a thicket of cane-stalks, the same that are exported for fishing-poles, standing, in general, so densely that they touch each other, needles in a case, and rising to the height of twenty feet, so as to shut out all the brighter rays, and turn the sunniest day into a gloomy twilight. Consider this land of vegetation as extending over a space two hundred miles in length and from three to thirty miles in breadth. Let it be intersected in various directions with small paths, made by the hogs and wilder animals—if, indeed, there be a wilder animal than the wild hog—these paths running in no particular direction, but interlacing with each other in inextricable confusion. Weave festoons of grape-vines and ivy and the tough green-brier from tree to tree, wherever a thin spot enables the sun to reach them—and such is the great Mississippi cane-brake.

The wildest, the most improbable legends are related of this dreary spot, of which those which seem to the stranger most improbable, are most strictly true. Men have been lost in that wilderness, and they have wandered and hungered and died, within gunshot sound of their own dwellings. Bewildered travellers, catching a glimpse of the blessed sun, after several hours' burial in the thicket, have refused to credit their own eyes as to its direction in the heavens, and have struck back again into the thickets, to wander on and to die. Children, after struggling a few hours in the mazes of this labyrinth, have lost their reason, and, when found, have forgotten their own names and the faces of their friends.

Oliver Colston, strong in the confidence of his skill in woodcraft, or urged forward by some great necessity that justified the risk, entered the cane-brake as the sun came down within two hours of the horizon. At first he moved slowly, and felt every step of his way. When a stray vine presented itself across his breast, as if to forbid his passage, he carefully cut it in two, keeping his horse's head all the time in the original direction. The openings in the cane-brake, and the small paths that would have seemed tempting to an inexperienced traveller, were disregarded by him; but he pushed right onward, with his eye upon the sun. This, for the first half mile, was not so difficult. An occasional glimpse of that luminary could be got, and his course directed accordingly. But as he penetrated deeper and deeper, his solar guide became more and more obscure. It was with much difficulty that he caught it now at all; and as he pushed aside the leafy barrier of a clump, more dense than usual, he lost it altogether, and could not regain it. For a mile or more he continued, by ranging along the few trunks that came in his way, to preserve the direction—for he had not greatly overrated his own skill in forest-craft; but then a large bush struck his face, his horse turned suddenly aside, to avoid a deep gully that was before him, and henceforth it was all random work. Hither and thither he wandered, at first only partly conscious of his error, but as his horse came back again and again to the same gully, and he saw that the bewildered brute, as much at fault as himself, was really travelling in a circle, the full conviction flashed over his mind that he had got himself inextricably lost in the cane-brake.

Oh, how he cursed his folly in leaving the beaten path. With what frantic gestures he beat his forehead! How strangely it sounded, his blasphemy of the great name of God, there in the awful solitude!

Night came swiftly on, an hour sooner than it should have done by the watch, and the traveller was well nigh deranged.

Pompey had now taken control of his own movements, and strove nobly to make headway; now snorting upon the edge of some deep hole—now plunging into a copse so dense that a wounded bear could not have turned round in it—now avoiding a festoon of the sharp green brier—now galloping cheerfully forward, as some thin spot or transient path came under his notice. But still, whether slow or swift, thoughtful or dull, his best efforts and instinct only brought him back again to that enchanted spot.

All that night, then, the seducer, fully shaken now, with his head bare, and his clothes nearly stripped from his limbs, lay crouched down to his saddle-bow, and trusted to the sagacity of the horse. It was such a night of horrors as he had never realised before.

Once he saw a pair of flaming eyes fixed upon him, from the lower limbs of an oak, and heard such a wail as the mother makes over her dead babe. Once a tall, black object rose up before him, and held out his shaggy arms, as if to welcome him to the penetralia of the brake. Large white owls, that seemed to feel safe wherever darkness was, flitted at times near his face—so near that he could have struck them if he had had courage; and when, by very low swoops, they came to understand that the intruder was one of those murderous beings which their travelled comrades had described to them, they flew into the higher trees, and by loud and scornful hoots gave him a forest defiance.

Holy day came at last, bringing release from these annoyances. Panthers, bears, and owls retired to their hiding-places. But neither day, nor the glimpse of the sun which he caught by climbing a tree, nor all his forest skill, could extricate him from the brake.

Still Pompey pushed stoutly forward, and still he but described a larger circle—for, as if by fascination, the unhappy rider was brought back, against his will, against reason, instinct, and knowledge, to the same spot where he had paused an hour, or two hours, or three hours before. And so the day passed by, leaving the noble

horse almost exhausted by his labour, and his rider nigh fainting for water, food, and rest.

Gabriel and Tom sat at the door of their little hut, and ate heartily of their store. The remains of a noble turkey gave token of what their previous meal had been. A large fish was spread before them, and several others hung in the smoke above—and it was not hard to see that the runaways were doing well. Both of them, however, were greatly altered in appearance during the four weeks they had spent upon the island. In the midst of all their advantages, their freedom, and their well-filled larder, they could not but feel at times some loneliness. They talked but little to each other. At first Tom had spent much time in singing the religious hymns common to his class—but now he seemed to have no taste for them. Sleep—that great indulgence to the labouring black—began to pall upon their appetites. Their food was not so sweet as at first—for they needed their accustomed exercise to make it palatable. The wild kind of life they were leading was fast impressing their faces with the peculiar look so difficult to describe, which may be equally observed upon a runaway slave or an uncivilised Indian. It is the shadow of the wild woods! In short, comfortable as they seemed to be, it would have taken a good eye to recognise in these smoke-begrimed, forest-marked negroes, the old ostler and his son-in-law, to whom the reader was introduced a month back.

After eating their fill, they threw themselves carelessly back upon the side of the hut, and seemed lost in thought.

Suddenly Tom, who had quick ears, sprang up, and declared that he heard a man's voice!

It is impossible. It is nothing but a panther. Nobody can get through that bottom, unless he knows the secret of it. But yet, there it is again. It is surely a man's voice, a man lost in the cane-brake!

Gabriel raised himself erect, and listened.

"It is a man's voice," he says. "It is no doubt a lost man, and unless somebody relieves him, he will soon starve."

And with this ominous expression on his lips, the old ostler quietly resumes his seat, and falls off into another doze.

So plain a token of his intention is not lost upon Tom, but he will not take the matter so coolly.

Tom is a member of the church. He has claimed and believed himself for several years to possess an interest in religion. It is true, he ran away, and is determined to remain all his life away from servitude, if he can—but this has nothing to do with his religion.

He will not bear a fellow-creature to perish within hail, when food is so plenty; he declares he will not. He wakes up the old man, and tells him so.

After a vain effort to dissuade him from relieving the wanderer, on the plea that he may be a spy, and, at all events, will put their pursuers on the track to capture them, he consents to accompany him, if only to keep him from betraying their hiding-place.

They walk softly to the edge of the island, and there they can distinctly hear the tramping of a horse on the opposite shore. He has found water, and it seems to be no small relief to him.

Presently the rider gives another call, but feeble, and indicative of great exhaustion.

Gabriel put his hand hastily on Tom's mouth and whispered, while every joint in his body trembled as with an ague:

"It's Misty Colston, sure's there's a God! you'll see it!"

Back they hasten to the fire again, and consult upon what they shall do.

(To be continued.)

ANTHROPOMY OF THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.—It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir David Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be "almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass."

WORKING MEN.—The expression working-class, or working men, must mean either those men who physically work without thinking—in which case it will not be very acceptable to those who arrogate it, and a wind or water-mill, working day and night, would be the beau-ideal of a working man—or it must mean men who work and think. But, if this is meant, who is not a working man, and who is? Is the physician who follows his vocation at any hour of the day, the lawyer who sits up late at night, the scholar who sacrifices his health to his science, a conscientious editor, whose work never rests—are all these, who rise much earlier and go to bed much later than those who call themselves working men, *par excellence*, not working men? Is a Humboldt, who braves, in the pursuit of his noble and chivalrous career, fever, beasts of prey, and insupportable insects, under a thousand privations—is a Champollion, who exposes himself to the burning sun of Egypt, to learn the lesson of the past—is a Parry, who dares the ices of the pole—a Davy, a Herschel, who enjoy no rest so regular, no health so sound, as that of any farmer,—are not all these hard-working men? The division is entirely artificial and untenable; and, therefore, if acted upon, highly mischievous. It is to be regretted, then, that so fictitious a thing is made, not unfrequently, a ground of political division, as though the interests of those who apply their mind to the changing and moulding of materials were separated from those who consume their productions, or assist them essentially in discovering the best way of mastering the material.



[MR. DARGAN.]

MR. DARGAN, THE MUNIFICENT PROMOTER OF THE GREAT DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

THE great men of the present day are undoubtedly the millionaires. And why not? Have we not had an abundance of poets, warriors, and priests for centuries? Have we not been crammed with greatness in every conceivable form, but the one capable of being productive, and of course useful? Those who wisely discriminate, we are certain, will answer affirmatively; therefore, as this is an age which only fools and children would attempt to stigmatise as material, let us accept the heroes who have brought about its development as among the wisest of their generation.

Their successes are almost the only ones that distinguish the past forty years. While law, statesmanship, and even literature, have only progressed slowly, these men have devoted themselves to pursuits which have raised a condition unexampled for vigour, health, variety, and economical prosperity. In short, to the merchants, manufacturers and tradesmen of England, must be attributed the largest share of the work of having made the empire so great and grand in its material aspects. Emphatically, they have made the country what it is.

Mr. Dargan's father was a very respectable, substantial farmer, in the county Carlow. The property on which he was born was recently sold under the Incumbered Estates Court, when he became the purchaser. He received a sound practical education—the fruits of which are observable in his career through life. He is a rapid and accurate calculator; and his business letters reflect the clearness, decision, and practical character of his mind. He was early distinguished for the persevering energy of his disposition, which, combined with a remarkable quickness of comprehension, a utilitarian good sense, and an inflexible integrity, has enabled him to become one of the professional celebrities of the day—the accumulator of a vast fortune, and, at the same time, the benefactor of his country.

Having completed his education, he spent some time in a surveyor's office; and while yet a very young man, became a candidate for a situation under the grand jury of his native county. At that time, among the many friends who interested themselves in his advancement, on his father's account as well as his own, we may mention the late Lord Congleton, then Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Alexander, of Milford. He was, however, disappointed, and immediately afterwards left the country, and obtained employment under the celebrated Telford, who was then constructing the great Holyhead Road. He studied the science of construction under that eminent master, and rapidly rose in his profession. It was while thus engaged,

that he became acquainted with Sir John McNeill, who was then Telford's favourite pupil; and the friendship thus early formed has continued uninterrupted.

On the completion of the Holyhead Road, Mr. Dargan returned to Ireland, and became a contractor on his own account. His first works were some sea embankments on the Shannon, after which he made the branch of the Grand Canal from Phillipstown to Kilbeggan.

The character he had obtained by these works, joined, we believe, with the recommendation of Telford, who had the highest opinion of his ability, procured him the contract for the Howth Road, which was the next work he undertook. How well he justified the good opinion of his eminent master, is evidenced by his works. The Howth Road to this day remains an unrivalled work, and attests, in a superior manner, the consummate skill and capacity of its constructor.

The opening of the railway from Liverpool to Manchester, in September, 1830, and the immense traffic it immediately commanded, excited the attention of certain parties, and the feasibility of a line between Dublin and Kingstown was earnestly discussed in 1831. Mr. Vignolles, the engineer, was consulted, and, after full consideration, the company was formed, and an Act of Parliament obtained. Mr. Peirce Mahony, as the solicitor, and Mr. James Pim, jun., as the managing director, were the parties principally concerned in projecting and maturing the company. In due course the contract was advertised, and several tenders were received; but Mr. Dargan's was the lowest, and was accepted. The high reputation he had already acquired by his works, inspired the directors with perfect confidence in his skill and ability to complete successfully what was at that time a work novel in Ireland, and we may say in England, too. Nor were they disappointed. Mr. Dargan commenced operations in 1833, and in December, 1834, had the line completed, and opened for public traffic.

His next work of moment was the Ulster Canal, an artificial navigation of forty-eight miles in length, by which Lough Neagh is connected with the waters of the Upper Erne. Another work of great utility, which added largely to his reputation as a scientific constructor, was the reservoir on the Upper Bann. It was the first—indeed the only undertaking of the kind in this country, and has proved of incalculable advantage to the linen bleachers and mill-owners along that important river.

At this time Mr. Dargan's character was firmly established, as a most conscientious and successful contractor. Consequently, when railway enterprise began to engage public attention, he naturally became identified with its progress and development, and his name is now associated with almost every railway in Ireland.

But Mr. Dargan has not confined his enterprise to the north. His name will be held even in greater reverence for what he has done to promote agricultural industry in the south of Ireland. When constructing the extension of the Great Southern and Western Railway to Cork, he had many opportunities of witnessing the lamentably backward state of agriculture. He had taken a warm interest in the establishment of the Belfast Flax Society; and, well aware of the highly profitable character of flax as a crop, under judicious management, and how largely it contributed to the prosperity of the farming interest in Ulster, he resolved to do all in his power to extend the cultivation of that crop in the south. Acting on the approved maxim, that teaching by example is much more efficacious than by precept, he became the proprietor of a large farm, containing some 3200 statute acres, at Kildinan, in the county of Cork, and at once commenced a scientific course of farming. It is needless to say what a blessing his presence has proved in the neighbourhood. He has the satisfaction of seeing agricultural improvement extending, slowly to be sure, but still making gratifying progress. He actively encourages the growth of flax, and for that purpose has erected a large flax-mill in the vicinity of Rathcormac. He has also another farm, of some 2000 statute acres, near Moate, in the county Westmeath. In these farms he naturally feels a laudable pride, and, with the energy peculiar to his character, finds time to bestow upon them a vigilant superintendence.

While promoting the Cork Exhibition of last summer, the possibility of holding a successful exhibition in Dublin, to be international in its character, and worthy of Ireland, became impressed upon Mr. Dargan's mind. Once satisfied upon this point, he not only volunteered to find the money, but to construct the building; and his advances, at first limited to £20,000, have at length risen to a sum little short of £80,000. There is every reason to hope that this immense outlay will be covered by the receipts; but the liberality and disinterestedness of Mr. Dargan's conduct are not the less deserving of praise.

He has done for Ireland what not one of her political patriots could ever approach, much less accomplish. He has given her an idea which she has seized hold of with avidity—an idea of peace, an idea inciting to industry, to honourable emulation, and to the cultivation of those qualities in the national mind, which, by their judicious employment, have enabled Mr. Dargan to rise from a humble to a distinguished position in society, and to become to his countrymen one of the best patriots and benefactors they ever had. He is a practical as well as talented Irishman; and when we say that we think, without intending the slightest invidiousness, that we have presented to us the character of a man who, believing that

To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime of wisdom,

is quite prepared and fully able to take the lead in the great work of his country's regeneration.



[GENERAL VIEW OF ROME.]

R O M E.

WE this week present our readers with an engraved view of Rome—Eternal Rome, as it has been styled by those who would set up human grandeur as a deity, and fall down before it in abject worship.

But Rome, stripped of all false pretences, is ineffaceably stamped on the brow of Time, as the mightiest creation of man—mighty in its deeds, mighty in its traditions, mighty in that inventive and adaptive genius, which can grasp the keys of destiny, and not only make an empire, but lay deep the foundations of many empires. Rome, as a great fact, is indeed eternal—eternal in its name, eternal in its renown; for no generation can think of it but as

The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds;
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat;
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.

How grand are the lessons which Rome has taught the world! We are first presented to her as a commonwealth—a republic of fabulous origin—then as a monarchy—a state which one of her own historians has described as “the infancy of Rome—for it is certain that under her kings, she was hardly able to find her own legs, and at the best had but a very feeble motion.” The story of Tarquin and Lucretia fitly ends this imbecile period, and then we are introduced to the Consulate, and interminable wars with the Gauls, the Greeks, and the Carthaginians. Here the reign of Rome as an empire commenced, and we find her rapidly extending her conquests over Europe, Asia, and Africa. Then we have the triumvirate—a tripartite division of the known globe—and the fatal quarrel that led to the murder of Pompey, and the establishment of Caesar as “Father of his country,” and “perpetual dictator.” His assassination paved the way for the empire, and the records of the reigns of the Cæsars read like a brilliant romance. They teem with wonders, and we behold crime in purple, vice lifting up its head, like a forked serpent, far above the high wall that surrounds the Eden which never wholly leaves the earth. Imperial Rome! Imperial Horror! strangled by Odoacer, but, like the grim phantom at the gates of Pandemonium, irate in death. Rome survived, although the Goths watered their horses in the Tiber, and the avalanche of barbarians that descended on the ancient city overwhelmed the palace, the Forum, and the cottage alike.

But the fall of Rome was natural and inevitable. It was one of those revolutions in the world, which its moral diseases from time to time render necessary. It was a thunder-storm that cleared the atmosphere of sultry and pestilential vapours. The continued exactions of property had broken the spring of industry—the absence

of honourable motive had palsied all the exertions of the people: they ceased to struggle when their utmost efforts brought no alleviation to their misery—when wretchedness was the only barrier they could oppose to the never-ceasing claims of their masters. The great and the rich fell from their height, when oppression had undermined the supports of their wealth and power—when a broken-hearted people, relaxing from their exertions, no longer supplied the materials for greatness.

But the fall was only political—the people, the laws, the architecture remained. Some two or three hundred thousand barbarians might destroy a dynasty, but not a people. Rome survived to bring forth a new life—to initiate a new reign on earth. The extinguishment of the Cæsars but heralded the coming of the Pontiffs. The decapitation of that prince of courage, that invincible logician, St. Paul, by the mad Nero, gave Rome a new era—a third life. Emigration had destroyed old Rome; migration brought a heart, and a brain, and a new doctrine—and a Rome was erected on the ruins of the past, to startle and astonish the universe.

The modern Rome was power in its highest embodiment. Through the agency of a bright particular manifestation, it made tributary all the nations of the earth; and when a new world was revealed to the vision of western Europe, modern Rome dared to wave the magician's wand, and declare who should have earthly omnipotence in the lands into which true sons of the church carried the cross of salvation in one hand, and the thirsty sword of destruction in the other. Well might a great living poet say of Pope's “Early and Late:”

Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the neck of kings,
And, through the world subduing, chaining down
The true, immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close interwoven—where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises,
And with the terrors of futurity
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates—
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
And dazzling light and darkness visible,
And architectural pomp, such as none else.
What in his day the Syracusan sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had—and having it, like gods, not men,
Moved this world at their pleasure.

So that Rome has lived thrice, and would live over again; but fate seems to have doomed her for a period to be a huge monument of the past—a great book full of lessons, and mysteries, and solemn warnings. The Pope, that would rule mankind from his palace-chambers, is but a speck in the Roman sky—his voice is drowned in the thunder that rolls from Britain, and comes every now and then with a roar from the great land of the west; but history has imperishably embalmed Rome—it must ever

have a place in the human firmament. The reminiscences of

The Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious,

are imperishable, although

In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as if ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handiwork—not ours—
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. It was once,
And long the centre of their universe—
The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
The very dust we tread stirs as if with life,
And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur.

There is a city and a population, but they that issue forth

Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins—silent, spiritless;
And on the road where once we might have met
Caesar and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

The Campagna is deserted by all, save the tombs and memories of the past. We note the gigantic ruins scattered about, and as the eye falls on the remains of the Coliseum—one of those huge circi in which, on Roman holidays, Romans were seen in one of their lowest aspects—we think of the gladiators—

Spared not to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace and dignity—to sink,
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter, on the falling ear,
As models for the sculptor.

From this amphitheatre—so studded with terrible memories, and which is the most conspicuous object in the foreground of our engraving—the eye turns willingly to the pillars of the Emperors Trajan and Antoninus. The former was erected in the centre of Trajan's Forum, and was composed of twenty-four large pieces of marble, so ingeniously cemented as to appear one entire block. The height was one hundred and forty-four feet, and it is ascended, on the inside, by one hundred and eighty-five winding stairs. There are forty windows for the admission of light. The whole pillar is incrustured with marble, on which was carved a history of all the noble actions of the emperor, together with representations of forts, bridges, shields, helmets, swords, spears, daggers, soldiers, and all the materials and appliances of war. And then we are told that the noblest ornament of this pillar was the statue of Trajan on the top, no less than twenty feet high. He was represented in a coat of armour proper to the general, holding in his left hand a sceptre, in his right a hollow globe of gold, in which his own ashes were deposited after his death.

The column of Antoninus was raised in imitation of this, and was higher—being 176 feet high. On the top was a colossal figure of the emperor. Both these columns are still standing in Rome; but Pope Sixtus the First pulled down the emperors, and set up in their places statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. The former took Trajan's place; the latter Antoninus's. Not a bad transformation: the Roman emperors had little to commend them to the admiration of posterity.

Their boasted patronage of literature and the arts brought no improvement in the condition of their subjects. The arts and sciences owe to their *protégés* no discoveries: they were merely poets and linguists. Science actually slumbered under the Roman rule: scarcely an invention can be traced to the genius of the Imperial City. And little praise is due to her political system; for it always left her a prey to bad government. Hardly a good prince can be named in the long catalogue of her sovereigns. The Antonines might have had a respectable position in an academy; but what was the world the better for their power? Lost in the idle and endless discussions of the followers of Aristotle, neither they nor their subjects gave any heed to the calls of useful knowledge. They busied themselves with words. We cannot believe that they were smitten by a love of philosophy, who listened to long, prosy lectures on metaphysics during a dinner, for which they had prepared themselves by a vomit. This passion for good eating they had, indeed, in common with the other great luminaries of antiquity. The most eminent philosophers of Greece were all diners out by profession. Both nations were prone to excess. Their philosophy and love of literature brought no check to their vices.

The arches—almost all of them entirely of marble—were designed to reward and commemorate noble enterprises; but the antiquities of Rome—especially those that relate to the emperors—are blackened with crimes. And if we direct our attention to modern Rome, what do we behold? A people enslaved—a government tottering to ruin—and a French army vainly attempting to give vitality to a sacerdotal oligarchy that has long served out its appointed time of utility. The condition of Rome, like the strata below the foundations of the city, is volcanic. The unseen fire slumbers, but the day is hastening when, in one grand eruption, the dominion of the successors of St. Peter will be swept away, leaving behind, as monuments of its glory, those twin giants, the Vatican and the cathedral. The latter fills us with awe, and as we gaze at it, we think of the pontiffs as they were—and, in one wide, generous sweep of the imagination, we subscribe to the opinion that the greatness of the great of this extraordinary order of men dwarfs and crushes the vices of the meaner ones; and we cheerfully confess that, if in the days of Hildebrand there was in reality much less of talent and virtue than in our day, they who possessed them were much more certain of obtaining advancement. The Church of Rome, in the full blaze of its power, cherished talent. It only ignored the education of the laity when it became weak, and feared the piercing eye of scrutiny. Knowledge lifted the veil of twelve centuries, and the Roman pontiffs necessarily became intolerant and cruel. The discovery of a new world destroyed the *prestige* of the papal traditions. They were proved to be incomplete, and when once speculation commenced, the authority of the Church was shaken to its centre. St. Peter, on Trajan's column, smiles grimly on his neighbour St. Paul; but the latter being more of a Protestant—being more a representative of progress, even in spiritual matters—may be supposed to hail the change with the satisfaction natural to more enlarged and better cultivated mental powers. But we must accept it as a conclusion, that from the hour in which the unity of the papal power was destroyed, its decline commenced. Having performed its appointed duty in the realm of religion and morals, its decay was natural and inevitable. Change set her seal on Christian forms, and a new dispensation—or rather a modification of the original one—was required by new circumstances, and the accumulated necessities that arose out of them. But change has not touched the Vatican, that magnificent residence of the Popes. There it stands, on the hill from which it derives its name—a hill famous in ancient days for the vaticinations of the pagan prophets, and afterwards long celebrated for the sepulchre of Scipio Africanus.

The term, in its modern sense, refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the gardens of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent III., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome—an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1370—the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books, until it became the richest repository in the world. The library of the Vatican was commenced 1400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles, Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome—with paintings, by old masters—and with curious

medals and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican. The Vatican will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist, and the scholar. Raffaele and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be as durable as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers. Here are held the ecclesiastical councils of the leading spirits of the Papal church.

THE MASKED MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE summer moon looked softly down on the silvery waters of the Arno, whose cool waves washed the marble steps of the noble palaces upon its banks. Rich music pealed from those lighted halls; lovely forms floating in the dance were seen through the open casements, whose curtains were flung back by the cool night wind, which swept in, laden with the perfume of the orange-groves below. Stately knights and fair ladies stood on the balconies, soft words were spoken, tender vows were made; while the quiet stars looked down on many a blushing cheek and downcast eye.

From one of these gay mansions a cavalier emerged, and, hastily descending to the water-side, sprang into a light gondola, which darted away through the starlit waves.

On it went, amid drooping boughs and fragrant flowers slumbering in the soft moonlight, that fell so brightly on the countenance of him who looked so sadly at the quiet evening sky. It was a pale and noble face, with nothing of the Italian in it, save the dark, lustrous eyes, and the raven hair the night wind flung so freely back; while the unadorned and simple dress told that, though brave and true, a humble fortune must be his.

Meantime, the light boat sped along by lighted palaces and moonlit gardens till the high, dark walls of the Convent of St. C— rose before him. The faint, low chant of the evening prayer rose softly on the quiet air, and as the solemn sound of the holy music ceased, the gondola glided into the dark shadow of the walls. A moment more, and it was moored beneath a solitary casement, while, in a low, sweet voice, these words were sung:

The summer wind is sighing
Across the moonlit sea,
And bears my bark, dear lady,
Through whispering waves to thee.
Oh, wake! for the evening star
Casts her soft light o'er me:
Thou art my star, and I the wave,
Reflecting naught but thee.

As the song ceased, the casement opened, and a light female form appeared in the balcony, where the moonlight revealed a young and lovely lady. It was no nun; for the silken robe was clasped with jewels, and no close veil hid the bright locks that fell so softly round the fair, young face, as, bending from the balcony, she said:

"Ah, Ferdinand, why hast thou ventured forth to-night? They will miss thee at the palace, and all may be discovered!"

"Pardon, dearest Alice, but I could not rest till I had told thee what I this day learned. To-morrow thou wilt leave the convent, where, till now, thy life has flowed along beneath a cloudless sky. The gay world thou wilt enter is too full of sin and sorrow for one so pure and gentle as thou art. Oh, Alice! my heart is filled with sad forebodings for thee!"

"Nay, why fear for me, dear Ferdinand? Amid the sins and follies of the world my heart shall be a holy shrine, where all the pure, undying love I bear thee shall be gathered up, and, with all a woman's constancy and faith, be treasured but for thee!"

"That bright dream is over, dearest," replied her lover, and his voice was sad and low. "This is why I could not rest. I would be the first to tell you all our sorrow, and share the grief I bring thy gentle heart. Thy father has betrothed thee to Count Antonio, and by solemn vows hath bound himself to wed thee only unto him, the heir of those rich English lands he so long hath coveted. I knew not of this till it was too late to claim the hand where I had won the heart. I cannot doubt the tidings; our happy visions for the future are no more. Thou must be led a victim to the altar, and I, amid the ruins of my life's fair hopes, will seek for patience to bear this sorrow as I ought!"

He ceased and bowed his head, and the few heavy tears that fell showed how hard a struggle love and honour made within that noble heart.

"How can I free myself from this unholy marriage?" said the gentle girl, while the bright tears fell like summer rain. "I cannot give my hand where my heart can never follow! Ah! save me, Ferdinand, from such a fate!"

"Alice, what a heart's best love can do shall not be wanting now. I'll plead as never lover pleaded before—and if I cannot win my suit, hard as the task may be, we must teach our hearts to share the sorrow nobly, and forget the joy that hath been ours."

"Thou shalt not bear this grief alone; these idle tears shall never dim the light that leads me to my duty. Thy noble words have stilled the deep despair of this poor heart; the happy dream that made my life so bright and beautiful is gone; those hopes and joys have passed away—all but my love and constancy to thee. They may wed me where they list, my heart is ever thine!"

"God bless thee, dearest, and reward thee as thy true heart's tenderness deserves! But hark! the convent bell

is sounding. I must leave thee, but not yet for ever we shall meet again; till thou bear bravely up! And now farewell, dearest; may good angels guard and comfort thee!"

"Farewell!" said the weeping lady. "If we must part, may you find a heart as true and tender as the one now sorrowing for thee, is the prayer of thy poor Alice!"

The boat was gone, the balcony deserted, and the moon's soft light fell only on the bright waves rippling below.

CHAPTER II.

THE Count De Adelon was a proud and high-born Italian, wedded in his youth to a lovely English lady, who had borne him one fair child, and then, like the sweet but short-lived southern flowers that bloomed around her, faded gently away, and was borne to the tomb of the proud De Adelons.

Years went by, and the mother's child found a calm and happy home among the gentle nuns of St. C—, and grew up amid the holy sisterhood lovely as a poet's dream, pure and gentle as the saints she worshipped with such pious love.

A father's tenderness and care she had never known; for he had brought another bride to his stately home, and amid the many joys that rank and wealth can bring, forgot the gentle child who was growing into womanhood and beauty in the dim old convent.

At length poverty stole into his luxurious home; for years of careless splendour had brought the proud Count's fortune low. Then, while wandering through the stately halls where no trace of the coming ruin was yet seen, he remembered that a lovely daughter, yet unknown to the gay world, dwelt within the gloomy convent. She might wed some lord, whose wealth would well repay the honour done him by the noble house of Adelon.

He sought the daughter he had so long neglected, and, with wondrous delight, beheld a form and face that well might grace the proudest home in Italy. Tender memories rose in his cold heart, and with kind and loving words he won his daughter's love, and from time to time had taken her to his splendid home, that others might see the loveliness of his fair child.

"Twice there she had seen and learned to love Ferdinand De Vere. Young, brave, and rich in manly virtues he soon won the heart he longed for, and amid the proud and high-born guests who thronged her father's halls, the English stranger was the only one whose image did not fade like a bright dream, when in the silent convent she forgot the gay scenes that had passed before her. And thus ere long the loving hearts were joined, and the bright waves rippling by St. C— bore on their bosom the happy lover to the little cell where all his earthly happiness was found.

Little dreaming of the tender scenes the moon looked down on through those long summer nights, the Count De Adelon was winning for his child the hand of Count Antonio, an Italian noble, whose unbought wealth would build up the broken fortunes of the bride's father.

And at length the young lord, won by the daughter's beauty and the father's rank, besought the Count's leave to bring her from the convent to his own noble palace, as his wife. That leave was given, and the lovers' happy dream was broken by the summons of the gentle Alice home.

CHAPTER III.

THE setting sun stole with a softened light through the curtains of a humbly-furnished chamber, where sat Ferdinand De Vere, pale and sad, struggling to calm the bitter sorrow of a hopeless love.

A low tap broke the deep silence, and a servant entered, saying:

"Signor, a stranger waits below, entreating you to see her! Shall I admit her?"

"Nay, Bertoni, I can see no stranger now! Yet, if she is poor, or in sorrow, it were cruel to refuse. I will see her, whoever it be!"

A light step sounded on the stair, and a young girl stood before him, wrapped in a dark mantle; but the veil so closely folded ill concealed the bright, dark eyes and clustering hair.

"Signor, I come on a strange errand," she said; "but to me a sad one! My mother lies upon her death-bed, and cannot die in peace till she has revealed to thee a secret which will bring thee wealth and honour. Wilt thou trust me as thy guide, and follow quickly?"

"'Tis a strange summons!" said the young man. "How can I, a stranger here, be known to thy mother? Nay, do not weep, poor child: I will follow thee, if my presence can bring comfort to a suffering spirit!"

And with his unknown guide he passed into the silent streets.

Twilight shadows were deepening, and the soft light had faded away, as the young girl stopped before a ruined gate; then passing in, she led the way through a deserted garden to a low door, which was opened by an old servant, who said:

"The Virgin be praised, you are not too late! Come quickly! she is with the priest."

Up a flight of narrow stairs they went, into a darkened room, where on a low couch lay a woman, in whose pale and haggard face traces of great beauty still were seen. Beside her stood a grey-haired priest, holding a golden crucifix before her fading eyes.

"Mother, he is here!" said the young girl, kneeling beside the couch, while her tears fell thick and fast.

"Ah!" said the dying woman; "lift me higher, Ro-

salie; and do thou, holy father, bear witness to the last words of this sinful heart. Young man, draw nearer. Is thy name Ferdinand De Vere?"

"It is," replied he, wondering at the strange scene before him.

"Then listen, while I unfold to thee the tale of sin I could not carry with me.

"Thy father, years ago, when he was gay and young, wooed and won a simple village maiden's heart. It was her only wealth—and she gave it freely, asking for no return but constancy and truth. She knew not that her humble lover was a rich and noble knight. He vowed to love and wed her, and she believed him. Happy days passed, and then she was left to sigh in lonely sorrow. He was wedded to a noble lady, and forgot the warm heart he had won. I was that poor maiden, and in the bitter hour of agony and grief I vowed a fierce revenge.

"That vow I kept. Years rolled away, and I was wedded to a wild mountain robber, and sought in the stirring scenes of a wandering life to still the voice that whispered of forgiveness; but an evil demon drove me on, and my vow was at length fulfilled. Thy father's life had been a long, bright dream of happiness and love; wealth such as few possess was his, and 'twas all gathered up for thee. Thou wert a fair, unconscious child, and often did I wander to thy home, to look upon thy mother bending over thee, and with all her heart's love blessing thee as mothers only can. Her life seemed all bound up in thine, and I hated her for possessing the joy I could not win.

"At length thy father died. Thou canst not remember thy mother's grief, nor her wonder and alarm, when no will was found—and thus all the wealth so hoarded up for thee passed to thy kinsman, Count Antonio. Thou wert left fatherless and poor.

"My revenge was gained. I had stolen the will that left all to thee, and thou and thy mother were penniless. Death took her hence, and thou hast made thyself loved and honoured for thy nobleness and truth. My cruel work was done, and for years I wandered over the earth, a sinful, sorrowing outcast.

"Think not, young man, I called thee hither to learn this sad and simple story for no purpose. I can give thee now thy father's wealth. My life is well-nigh spent, and I would perform one good deed ere I depart. My child, bring hither the ivory casket; thou knowest the secret hiding-place."

The weeping girl stole out, and a deep silence followed. No words can tell the wonder, joy, and tender grief the dying woman's tale had stirred within the breast of the young listener. Thoughts of Alice, golden dreams of wealth and happiness, and sad memories of the mother who had so deeply suffered for the sins of the wild, revengeful woman who now, long years after lay dying here before him—these came crowding to his mind like a troubled dream, till the silence was broken by the return of Rosalie, bearing the casket in her hand.

"Unclasp it, love," said the dying woman, faintly; "my strength fails, and my work is yet undone. These papers," she continued in broken accents, "will prove thy right to all thy father's wealth. Would it could buy this poor soul its pardon and forgiveness!"

"Now, farewell! I cannot die in peace with a face so like thy father's bending over me. I have told all. This good priest will counsel thee. Now go, and may this last deed repay thee for the great wrong this sinful heart hath done thee!"

"May God forgive thee as freely as I do, and grant thee peace!" whispered the young man; and, with a few words to the old priest, he stole softly out into the silent night.

CHAPTER IV.

DAYS had passed—the dead was buried, and Rosalie in a safe home. Long and anxious were the counsels of the priest and young De Vere. The strange discovery had brought many difficulties: those who had witnessed the will were to be found. After a long and careful search they were at length traced to Rome. Messengers were dispatched to bring them secretly to F—.

Amid all these wearisome duties, one thought still cheered the happy lover on—thought of the hour when he might claim Alice as his own; and this he could not hope to do until his right to all the English wealth was clear.

So he eagerly hurried on the work, and thus the weeks rolled on, when tidings reached him that in three days the nuptials of the Count Antonio would take place. Then in the wildest haste he sought the priest for comfort and advice.

"My son," said the old man, "there is but one way left thee. Go to thy lady's father, and ask her hand. Thou hast virtue, and an honourable name. She loves thee, and if he bear a father's heart within his breast, he will never sell her for the Count Antonio's gold, when her heart is given to thee. Say nothing of the strange tale thou hast lately heard—for if he makes his daughter's happiness by giving up his worldly hopes, then it will be a fit reward when he shall learn that the fortune he so coveted is thine."

He went, and pleaded his love with all his heart's deep devotion—but in vain. The ambitious count had set his worldly heart on the wealth of Lord Antonio, and with haughty coldness answered the young lover's prayers, saying, as he turned to go:

"My daughter is the last of her noble name, and whose wins her hand must possess the wealth and rank befitting such an honour!"

"My lord," replied the young man, while the light shone in his dark eyes, "the name of De Vere is noble as your own! I am not poor, and can give your daughter a happy home, and a heart whose only care shall be to spare

her every sorrow. Count Antonio's wealth may pass away! Where, then, will be the happiness you now seek for your child, in paltry gold and a titled name?"

"Enough, young man!" exclaimed the count. "When you can boast a name and fortune noble as the count's, I will yield my daughter when and where you please to claim her!"

And with a scornful smile he turned away.

"Stay, my lord!" cried Ferdinand. "Did I hear aright and will you give your daughter's hand when I shall bring you wealth like that Antonio now possesses? I take you at your word! Remember, it is pledged! Three days hence I will claim my bride!"

And with a proud, triumphant smile, he passed out.

"Three days, sayest thou!" muttered the count. "Thy bride shall then be another's, and thou wilt claim her then in vain! 'Tis a strange vow I have made! I fear I have said too much! But no—it cannot be! No mortal could in three days gather up such boundless wealth as Count Antonio brings my child! 'Tis a foolish fear! I'll think of it no more!"

And in dreams of grandeur yet to come, the haughty noble thought not of the sorrowing heart that beat so sadly in the bosom of his gentle child.

The three days were nearly spent, and well had the old priest done his work. The witnesses were come, all was proved, and Ferdinand De Vere was lord of the English wealth.

Count Antonio had yielded all his generous rival would accept, and secretly left Italy.

The morning of the third day came, and proudly went the Count De Adelon through his lordly home; for that night would the barter of his fair young daughter bring all the wealth he coveted.

As thus he mused, a paper was placed in his hand: it was in the writing of Count Antonio, and thus it ran:

"My lord,—This night, according to my promise, your daughter shall wed the heir of Lord Devereux's unbounded wealth. Pardon whatever mystery may appear when next we meet. Ask nothing, and all shall be explained when the ceremony is over."

"Some romantic folly!" thought the count; "I care not what! He shall have no cause to chide me, for not a word will I speak till all is over. And now to Alice—she must know of this new whim."

And he passed on to where his daughter sat, pale, and still striving to banish the tender thoughts as they rose in her sorrowing heart.

CHAPTER V.

GONDOLA after gondola swept up to the marble steps, and deposited their light-hearted occupants to swell the brilliant throng that filled the stately halls of the Count De Adelon.

Plumes and gay hearts fluttered, jewels and bright eyes flashed, soft words were spoken, tender glances given, and jests went round. Knights and ladies, elves and pages, kings and flower-girls, all mingled gaily in the dance—sweet voices and rich melody filled the air—and so with mirth and music the masquerade went on.

"Has your highness seen the Lady Alice?" asked a stately knight of the fairy queen who stood beside him. "Lovely she has ever been, but to-night her beauty is beyond aught that I have ever seen!"

"Her dress is well chosen," replied his gay companion; "that bridal robe is but a token of the one she will shortly wear—for Count Antonio claims her hand, and if I do not err, the next time we tread these halls it will be to dance at the sweet lady's bridal. But look! yonder comes the Count Antonio. I know him, in spite of his mask, by the star of the Devereux upon his breast."

"He, too, is attired as for a bridal," said the knight; "but never did I see him bear himself so nobly as to-night. Did you mark that whisper, as he offered Lady Alice upon white rose she seems so proud of?"

"That I did," answered the lady, with a gay laugh. "I wish all knights grew as strangely graceful and gallant when a fair lady smiles on their suit. I must ask Alice for the charm she has used to change the awkward, rude Antonio into your graceful cavalier in the white velvet doublet. The music sounds; do you dance?"

And knight and lady passed away through the flower-decked halls.

Many were the wondering remarks at the bridal dress of Alice and her lover; and ere long it was whispered through the crowd that the proud Count De Adelon had drawn them hither to celebrate the nuptials of his fair daughter with the young lord so many hearts had tried to win: not for his bravery or love, but for the name and fortune he possessed. And when at length the priest appeared, a low murmur passed through the crowd.

Then the Count De Adelon stepped proudly forth, saying:

"My friends, pardon this little plot, but I desired to show all honour to the noble Count who this night weds my child—and where can they more fitly pledge their faith than here, amid festivity and joy, surrounded by happy hearts and loving friends? Father, we wait your services."

A deep stillness fell upon the throng as the bridal party stood before the priest; but a murmur of astonishment was heard when the bridegroom took his place—for the mask he had so carefully worn was not removed. All had wondered at the unbroken silence of the young count. To none but Alice had he spoken—all others he had carefully avoided; and many had noticed the graceful ease of the once untroubled count.

Curiosity and wonder were at their height, but respect restrained all questions till the solemn words were spoken. Then the eager crowd gathered round the

Count De Adelon, and poured forth their unbounded astonishment at the strange scene they had witnessed.

"Gladly will I tell you when I am told myself. My lord," he said, turning to the bridegroom, "patiently have I borne my part in this strange masquerade of yours. The bridal is now over, and I claim your promise of revealing your reason for so mysterious an act."

"It shall be given," replied the bridegroom; and the next moment the mask was off, and the noble face of Ferdinand De Vere appeared, glowing with joy and manly beauty, his stately form drawn proudly up, the brilliant star of an English earl flashing upon his breast, and Alice, radiant with happiness, leaning on his arm.

Not a sound broke the stillness that followed, after the first low murmur of astonishment, till the tones of his musical voice sounded through the long hall, saying:

"My lord, you bid me claim your daughter when I could show as high a name, as boundless wealth as Count Antonio. I can do more; and even your ambitious heart can find nought to wish for, when the son of the Earl of Devereux, with all the English wealth you covet, and his own fair fortune, is the happy husband of the child you would have sold for the worthless gold that cannot buy a noble woman's love. My right is proved, and Count Antonio has left Italy; and now, my lord, no longer as a simple knight, but Ferdinand Earl of Devereux and De Vere, I claim this hand, dearer than aught the earth can give—for with it comes a heart wealth could not buy, nor titles tempt. Kind friends," continued he, turning gayly to those knights who gathered warmly round him, "my best wish is that you may gain as fair a fortune and as true a bride as I have won by this MASKED MARRIAGE!"

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

IMPROVED STEAM AND OTHER GAUGES.—Mr. W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, London, has recently patented an apparatus for indicating the pressure of steam and fluids. It consists of a diaphragm, or corrugated plate of steel, attached securely to a chamber, into which the steam is admitted; and its force lifting up the elastic plate, which is attached to mechanism acting on the index of the dial, instantly shows the amount of pressure. The force being removed, the hands return to zero; the elasticity of the diaphragm enabling it to return to its first position. This looks marvellously like an Aneroid barometer.

SAMUELSON'S PATENT DIGGER.—This promising implement has recently been tried at Adderbury. First of the implement itself. It bears a lively resemblance to the clod-crusher, a large revolving cylinder, about three feet in length, externally bristled with numerous slightly-curved iron spikes; in substance something between harrow teeth and the tines of a pitchfork, and, with easy-moved cranks and levers can be made to turn the earth at any required depth, from four to ten inches. In our specimen trial it was working eight inches deep, a rather light surface, with clay subsoil; and been winter-ploughed, of pretty good tilth, but not over clean; newly in the occupation of Mr. William Cales. It was drawn by four powerful horses, and the draught seemed heavy; but it did its work wonderfully well. A person present said: "Why it both ploughs and harrows at the same time!" and so it did. As to the roots and weeds, they could not live with it a minute; they were kicked and scratched in all directions, and always left on the surface. Possibly, had it been set a few inches shallower, it might have worked easier, and answered all agricultural purposes equally well. Certainly long-buried seeds may now be called into action. Let the coming barley crop speak for itself.

ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION AND HEATING.—A patent has been taken out by Mr. A. M. Dix, of Salford, by which apparatus is so arranged, illuminated, and heated, that the gas, or other combustible, shall be consumed, and the necessary oxygen supplied thereto for the support of combustion, quite irrespective of the atmosphere of the apartment where the apparatus is placed. To this end the light is contained in a close vessel, having tubes for the admission of oxygen, and the conveyance away of the products of combustion—so that the vitiated air does not mingle with or contaminate the surrounding atmosphere. The same contrivance also prevents injury to the steadiness of the light, from the opening and closing of doors, or other disturbances in the atmosphere. It may also be applied to the lighting of mines, or may be used under water, or in any other situation where an exposed light might be impracticable or dangerous, as the light can be sustained independent of the nature of the immediately surrounding medium. In heating apartments, the closed chamber in which the combustion is carried on may be either transparent or not, as preferred, and it may be either plain or ornamental, care being taken that the ingress of fresh air for combustion, and the egress of the foul or exhausted air from the vessel, shall be duly proportioned; and it is to be here remarked, that for heating purposes it is preferable for the fresh air to be conducted directly to the gas, the foul air circulating in the vessel, and allowing the heat to radiate into the apartment, and in cases where a downward draught is required for the consumed air.

DANIELL AND SON'S PATENT STEEL-SHRED STAMPS-HEAD.—The merits of this invention consist not only in the great durability of the material, as compared with cast-iron, which has hitherto been used, or the ease and facility with which the shoe, when worn, may be replaced by a new one—thus rendering the frequent stoppage of the machinery unnecessary—but it also has the very important merit of always presenting a flat surface to the mineral under operation, thereby adding materially to the

effective power of the engine; and, which is of still more importance, it will most effectually prevent the deterioration of the tin, or other metals, by the admixture of metallic iron, derived from the wear and tear, or abrasion of the cast-iron stamps-head now in use, which, being of similar density with the oxide of tin, becomes inseparably mixed therewith, and greatly injures the metal for many practical purposes, as it is frequently found to contain from five to ten per cent. of iron. It has generally been supposed that the presence of this great quantity of iron was owing to iron ore contained in the tin ore; but that is a popular error. The specific gravity of most of the iron ores seldom exceeds 4.0, and they are still further lightened in calcination, to which most tin ores are submitted; and therefore the iron ores are readily separated from the tin ores in the process of dressing. In this respect, Messrs. Daniell and Son's patent stamps-head will effect a most important improvement in the quality of the metals, and of tin especially.

LIME-WATER FOR HENS.—During the last season, Mr. Joseph Wilcox, of Wayne, having occasion to administer lime-water to a sick horse, inadvertently left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some months, serving as a favourite drink for hens. He soon found that the laying of his hens was increased to a considerable extent. Being convinced of the importance of the (to him) new discovery, he has during the present season kept his hens continually supplied with lime-water, placed in troughs within their convenient access, and the result is an increase of eggs of nearly four-fold as compared with previous experience.

W. SYMINGTON, THE ORIGINATOR OF STEAM-VESSLS

THE claim of Mr. William Symington to be the first real originator of steam navigation, or, more properly speaking, the first person who applied steam efficiently as the means of propelling vessels through the water for any practical purpose, has been often brought before the public since the year 1840; and proofs were not wanting to establish the validity of that claim. Mr. Symington was, however, allowed to die in comparative want, or at least dependent upon his children; his claims, which were laid before the government of that day, were not even allowed to be investigated, and his drawings, together with the numerous affidavits that he left at the Treasury to substantiate them, were lost or refused to be given up, and £150 given by his Majesty George IV. from his privy purse, was all he ever received from a government for which his genius had done so much; and it appears very certain that his claims could never have been properly advocated or understood, or a country that gave £50,000 to Compton, for his mule-jenny; £10,000 to Cartwright, for his power-loom; £30,000 to Harrison, for his chronometer; £50,000 to Palmer, for his mail-coach system; and, more recently, £7000 to Messrs. Foudrinier, for their experiments in the manufacture of paper, would never have refused honourable compensation to Symington.

The recent discovery of some manuscripts relative to the just application of steam-power to navigation, by Symington, have, however, so completely set aside the claims of all other inventors, that we may yet hope to see his services recognised in some testimonial offered by the government and the nation to his surviving family, who are, we believe, dependent upon their own exertions for their daily bread, whilst thousands are living in luxury upon the successful results derived from his invention. As our readers may not, however, be cognisant of all the facts connected with the subject, we will extract, for their information, the following account of the inventor and his invention, from the *Glasgow Citizen*, of the 1st of January, 1853:

"There have been many claimants to the honour of the invention of steam navigation; but that the late William Symington was the first person who successfully applied the power of the steam-engine to the propulsion of vessels, we think there can now be no reasonable doubt. Blasco de Garay, in 1543, the Marquis of Worcester, in 1663, and Jonathan Hulls, in 1737, may all have thought of applying steam to navigation, but their ideas led to nothing. In 1786, however, Mr. Symington, then residing at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, conceived the bold idea that the steam-engine might be rendered available for the propulsion of land carriages; as also that vessels might be propelled by the same power. He and his brother George were at that time joint engineers to the Wanlockhead Mining Company, and Mr. John Taylor was manager of the mines—to whom they were much indebted for the facilities afforded them in having the idea soon embodied in a working model, which an old man named John Black, still living there, remembers having seen. It was constructed on four wheels, moved in any direction by the power of a small steam-engine (patented by Mr. S.), and designed so as to carry sixteen cwt., besides coals, water, &c.

"In the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of July 12, 1786, it is described as being 'one of the most capital discoveries of the age.' It was shortly afterwards taken to Edinburgh, and exhibited by Mr. Meason (one of the Mining Company), to the Professors of the University and other gentlemen there, who were all so highly pleased with the invention, that they strongly recommended Mr. M. not to lose sight of so promising a genius as the inventor. Amongst others, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, who had been experimenting a good deal amongst vessels, examined the model, and expressed his high admiration of it. Speaking of the disappointment he had felt in endeavouring to propel vessels by turning paddle-wheels with a capstan by manual power, Mr. Symington suggested the applica-

tion of the steam-engine, and explained how it could be connected with the wheels of the boat—showing its practicability by reference to the model. Mr. Miller accordingly desired Mr. S. to construct a steam-engine similar to his own, and have it fitted into a boat with which he had been experimenting at Dalswinton. Mr. Symington did so, and, as is known to the world, the experiment was crowned with success on Dalswinton Loch, in 1788.

THE PATTERN WIFE.

A creature easily passed by;
Not lovely to the stranger's eye.

WINNIE WINLOVE is not a beauty, but she has a sensible, loveable, kissable face, which is not only good-looking, but looks good; and then her dress is always so neat, her smile so bright, and her voice so sweet, that, though she would attract no attention at theatre or ball, she is the dearest ornament of a husband's home.

She is never "caught," call when you will; for her house, like herself, is the pink of neatness—not that uncomfortable sort which makes us dread to use the polished furniture; but an easy, all-pervading order, which seems so natural one scarcely wonders at it. If in accomplishing this, her servants give her trouble, she does not "fight her battles o'er again," for the entertainment of her husband or visitors. She is not, in the usual sense of the term, accomplished—does not perform brilliant fantasias on the pianoforte, or sing incomprehensible Italian bravuras; but she plays a sensible accompaniment or dance correctly, with taste, and in perfect time; sings an English ballad with feeling and expression; and does either, when requested, without putting on airs or requiring the stimulus of a large audience. She has actually been known to play and sing for more than an hour, with no listeners but her husband and family. She does not dance, but as her husband does and likes to, she willingly attends balls and dancing parties, where her observing mind, keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and genial good humour, find no lack of entertainment. She does not speak "all the modern languages," but her English is well worth listening to.

She is not, strictly speaking, pious—were this a fancy sketch, she would be, but as it is a portrait, the truth must be told—but she has a heartfelt love of the good, the true, and the beautiful, and does the duty which lies nearest her to the best of her ability. Cheerfulness is her chief characteristic; and promoting the happiness of her husband and family the business of her life. In matters of importance, if she and her husband differ in opinion, she states hers calmly, and listens to his reasoning with a mind open to conviction; but in trifles his wish is her will.

Is she ready for visiting or shopping, and he thinks it looks like rain, she lays off her bonnet and stays at home. Is she tired and somewhat indisposed for exertion, and he requests her to go out, she complies. Has she a new dress or cap to which he objects, it disappears.

She never wants to read when he wants to talk, nor to talk when he wants to read; never complains of her nerves; never makes any reply when he hints that breakfast is a little late; never objects to his smoking; never teases him to give her new furniture, dresses, etc., knowing that when he can afford them he will do so without being asked. She never looks glum, or calls him "my dear," in that carefully softened, but portentous tone which strikes terror to the heart of the hen-pecked husband, when he brings an unexpected visitor to dinner; never asks what kept him, when he comes home late; and, climax of wifely amiability, never objects to his kissing all the young ladies who visit them!

Her health never compels her to leave him four or five months every summer to the house-keeping of servants, and the ennui of loneliness; or, worse still, the discomforts of boarding, and the society of his bachelor friends.

Her children—of course she has plenty—are never tormented about keeping clean and taking care of their clothes, nor screamed over and petted when they happen to fall; nor paraded for exhibition when they get new garments, nor scolded or neglected at any time. They are well governed, well bred, active, healthy, and happy.

Her faults—of course she has some—are mostly those that lean to virtue's side, and are, in her husband's estimation, amply counterbalanced by the antithetical virtues of being fond, yet reasonable; clear-sighted, yet confiding; wise, yet womanly.

THE REALITIES OF GOLD-DIGGING.

To most people at a distance there appears some romance in gold-digging: they are excited with the idea that they may kick up a stone, and find twenty pounds of gold under it, and cannot imagine how people can refrain from seizing a pick and breaking every piece of quartz they pass, to see if there is another monster nugget in it. But this is all delusion: gold-digging is a real, downright, matter-of-fact trade—so many hours of common labourer's work, so much gold—so many buckets of earth, so many ounces; and once a man is amongst the diggers, he feels no more inclination to take a pick in his hand for the chance of what he may turn up, than he would to enter upon the labour of English navvies, whose allowance is three cubic yards per day. The labour is always great, and sometimes exceedingly so. A great many fall—and the dirty work, mud, and slush in water—the wretched cooking and uncomfortable beds—if such as the great mass

have can be called beds—the discomfort of sitting about in the open air between sundown and bed-time, and rising cold and damp in the morning—besides the pain of training the body to a severe and incessant labour—are so contrary to the habits of the many, that few can stand the trainings. No one, therefore, should think of attempting such work unless he feels himself equal to any exertion, mentally and bodily, and prepared to rough it in the extreme sense of the term. It is very easy to distinguish those who have been any length of time at work from the new arrivals, by their worn and dirty dress, their beards, and their thin, lank faces; for even the most healthy of them have a haggard appearance. A few were complaining of dysentery, and some of them had bad eyes—the latter occasioned by the flies, which are terribly annoying; and the former generally goes its round among the new comers, though most of the men are remarkably healthy at this time of the year; but the water in many places was very bad, and its ill effects were much felt.—*Mossman's Australia Visited and Revisited*.

HOW MURAT MET HIS FATE.

THE sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord towards the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive death of a part of its horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged; and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile:

"My friends," said he, "do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space naturally compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble—do not strike me in the face—aim at the heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained, in one focus of love, the image of his wife and of his four children, as he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their images in his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon earth! His body, pierced at so short a distance by twelve balls, fell with his arms open and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom which he once possessed, and which he had come to re-conquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.—*Lamartine's History*.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE days gone by,—'tis sad, yet sweet,
To list the strain of parted hours;
To think of those we loved to meet
When children, 'mid a thousand flowers!
The scenes we roved—romantic—lone—
Ere yet our hearts had learned to sigh—
The dreams of glory once our own—
In days gone by—in days gone by!

The days gone by—oh! is there not
A charm—a feeling in those words—
A music ne'er to be forgot—
Struck from the memory's sweetest chords!
With many a tone to wake a tear,
And many a thought we fain would fly;
Oh! still to every heart are dear
The days gone by—the days gone by!

The days gone by—they have a spell
To burst the ceremonies of the grave;
And from oblivion's deepest cell,
The forms we loved and lost—to save!
Time may not fade those looks of light,—
Still beauteous to the mental eye
As the first hour they blest our sight,
In days gone by—in days gone by!

The days gone by—Man's best essay—
One fadeless work to leave behind—
Before their might hath passed away
Like dust upon the desert wind:
The very mountains have grown grey—
And stars have vanished from the sky—
The young—the fair—oh! where are they?
With days gone by—with days gone by!

The days gone by—from shore to shore
Their ever lengthening shadows spread
On—on till Time shall breathe no more—
And Earth itself be with the dead:
Each brief—unnoticed—minute bears
The mandate of its God on high:
And death and silence are the heirs
Of days gone by—of days gone by



[ELIZABETH'S CHAMBER OCCUPIED BY THE GUARD.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

Fiends! foll'd at my own game! Sport Lucifer—
He struck me. COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ON the night following the visit of the tapster to Woodstock, Basset and his company, which had been gradually augmented till it amounted to about fifty men, left the hostel of The Fair Rosamond for the royal borough. The avaricious host rubbed his greasy palms—for the ruffian leader of the hiring band had gratified his soul in that which was dearest to it—gold! He was one of those earthworms whose dreams were of the pale yellow idol—it was the god enshrined in the polluted sanctuary of his heart—he knew and served no other.

Reuben and his pretty cousin saw the departure of their guests with mingled terror and satisfaction—terror at the prospect of their succeeding in the treasonable design against the life of Elizabeth, and satisfaction at the feeling that the house was rid of them.

"I think there be poachers about, hunting the queen's deer," observed the landlord, as he stood on the threshold of the hostel. His nephew only smiled—he knew the game the supposed poachers were tracking.

The observation of the speaker had been caused by the appearance of several lights, resembling the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which appeared in rapid succession in different parts of the forest, or royal chace, which extended in a parallel line with the high road, far beyond the old inn.

"Come, bustle, bustle!" continued the old man; "it is time to close the house!"

"Do you not expect your guests to return?" inquired Reuben.

"What is that to thee, malapert?" answered his uncle, angrily; "a tapster should be content to draw wine and liquor for his master's guests, and neither ask questions nor pry into their goings and comings!"

"But I do not intend to remain a tapster all my life!" observed the young man.

His relative retorted by assuring him that unless he improved his wits and mended his manners, he would never rise to be the host of any well regulated hostel.

The liberal sum which the fellow had just received from the conspirators had made him more than usually bitter against his nephew, whose pretensions to the love of Mabel had been a frequent theme of contention between his wife and himself: the dame, although scarcely less fond of money than her partner, was a mother—and we rarely find a mother's heart capable of entertaining hatred towards the man who honourably loves her child.

We are told that woman was the last to leave Paradise—Adam crossed its threshold first. No wonder that some trace of Eden lingers in her nature yet; although, like the vein of gold in the quartz, we must sometimes crush the rock before we find it. All do not wear their good qualities upon the surface.

Just as they were on the point of closing the hostel, a traveller, whose accoutrements denoted that he was in the royal service, rode up to the porch, and, throwing the rein to Reuben, intimated his intention of taking up his quarters at the Fair Rosamond for the night.

In that age military men were not the most desirable guests that a taverner could receive: true, they called freely for the best wine the house could afford, but they frequently forgot to pay their score; and, as the father of the pretty Mabel used to observe, "it was ill quarrelling with men who rode in steel, and bore the queen's commission." Eyeing the new comer with a dissatisfied air, the host informed him that he could not afford him accommodation.

"Why so, varlet?" exclaimed the stranger; "is thy house full?"

"Not full, worthy sir," replied the Boniface; "but it has been occupied for three days past by worshipful guests, who may return. It is but a short ride to Woodstock: at the Crown, or any of the hostels in the town, you will meet with fitting quarters. The moon is rising—you cannot miss the way."

No sooner was the officer of Sir Henry Beddingfield—for such the stranger was—assured that the party he had been sent to watch had quitted the house, than he raised a bugle, which he wore suspended, hunter fashion, from his side, to his lips, and gave one prolonged note. The terrified host would have closed the door, but the soldier, with a resolute air, pushed it aside, and, laying his rough grasp upon his shoulders, said:

"In the queen's name I arrest you for high treason!"

"High treason!" echoed the host, in a voice of terror. "This must be some mistake! Her majesty has not in the whole shire of Oxford—nay, for the matter of that, in all England—a more loyal subject than myself!"

"That remains to be seen," replied his captor, sternly. "Harboured traitors is as bad as the treason itself."

Whilst the prisoner was meditating the possibility of escape—for he knew by bitter experience that, whatever his chance of proving his innocence, the expense of the process would be ruinous—the signal which the stranger had given was responded to by a party of twelve horsemen, who, issuing from the wood, surrounded the group, who were still debating the point at issue, in front of the porch.

With a deep-drawn sigh, the father of the pretty Mabel saw at once that evasion was useless—so he resigned himself, with a sullen air, to his captors.

"Look well to the house, sirrah!" he said, addressing his nephew, "and see that there be neither waste nor riot, till my return!"

It was intimated to him that Reuben and his wife and daughter were equally prisoners, and must accompany the soldiers to Woodstock. The terrified girl clung to her father and lover alternately. In her grief and agitation, she could not help exclaiming:

"Reuben—Reuben! it was an ill day that took thee to Woodstock!"

The eyes of the innkeeper flashed fire.

"So, rascal!" he said, "after having saved thee from the beggar's dish and wallet—reared and fed thee—this is thy gratitude! thou hast betrayed me! Not that," he added, correcting himself, "there has been anything to betray: if I have erred, it has been unwittingly."

"Uncle!"

"Uncle me no uncles!" continued the old man, passionately; "thou art ambitious, too, and hast lifted thine eyes to thy cousin Mabel! I will tell thee," he added, scornfully, "when she shall be thy wife!"

"When?" demanded the officer, who commanded the party of the guard, and who appeared not a little amused with the scene.

"When I am standing under the gibbet, with the rope around my neck, and word from him will save me!" answered the host of the Fair Rosamond; "and not till then! that is, if Mabel marries with my consent; and if she does not, living or dead, my bitterest curse will cling to her!"

The poor girl vainly tried to stop the words which seemed to raise an insuperable bar between herself and the young tapster, by her caresses; but her father, who loved her as dearly as his coarse and selfish nature would permit him to love anything except himself and his money-bags, was not to be diverted from his resolution.

"Cheer up, lad!" whispered the officer, who knew the part which Reuben had taken in the affair of Basset. "You have a good friend in Sir Henry Beddingfield: he may find the means to shake your uncle's resolution yet!"

After minutely searching the house, and securing the valise which Basset had left in charge of the host, Captain Grant—for such was the name of the officer—started with his prisoners. The host of the Fair Rosamond was the only one whose escape was at all guarded against: he rode between two soldiers, who kept close to his side, with their hands upon the matchlocks of their petronels.

When Basset and his band of hired assassins approached the royal borough of Woodstock, they divided into five separate parties, in order to avoid exciting attention, should any of the citizens or soldiers of the palace guard happen to be on foot at such an hour. The place of rendezvous which he indicated, was a gate opening into the chace and reserved gardens, about half a mile from the outside of the town, where they were to meet an agent of the Chancellor Gardiner—whom, with a view to the murder of Elizabeth, the unprincipled churchman had appointed to the office of keeper. This fellow, whose name was Doubleday, had long acted as a spy for the prelate. More than once Sir Henry Beddingfield had been puzzled to understand the channel through which the Chancellor had been apprised of the minutest details of all that passed in the palace. Once in possession of the intentions of the head of the Catholic movement, he was not long in guessing at his instrument.

The gate alluded to was an old gothic pile, partially screened by a small grove which separated it from the high road. There is little doubt that it formed a portion of the original buildings so recklessly destroyed by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Doubleday had promised to be at his post and conduct the emissaries of his employer to the long-disused banquetting-hall directly under the lodgings of the royal captive; a staircase which led to the music-gallery, communicated also with the apartments of the princess.

One by one the different bands arrived at the place of meeting. As they emerged like shadows from the little wood, they resembled more a troop of shadows than living men.

Their leader counted them over. All were present. Not a ruffian had failed to reach the place.

After waiting some time, the clock of the distant church was heard to strike the hour of one. Before the vibration of the iron bell had died upon the air, a low whistle was heard, to which Basset replied by a similar signal.

A postern was carefully opened, and a man, whom Basset concluded to be Doubleday, appeared.

He and the leader of the expedition exchanged a few hurried words, in an under-tone.

"Where are your horses?" demanded the former.

"Picketed in the wood," was the reply.

"Follow me, then: everything is prepared!"

It was arranged that half their number were to remain concealed within the grounds, whilst the rest penetrated to the apartments of the intended victim. Everything seemed to favour their enterprise, and the unprincipled ruffian whose hand was prepared to shed the blood of the future queen, already grasped in anticipation the large reward promised him by his priestly employer.

"Where is the guard?" he demanded of the man who had admitted him.

"On the south side of the building," answered the fellow; "our entrance is at the north porch: little fear of their hearing us till all is over!"

"Good!" whispered the villain; "we cannot fail!" And, without further parley, he and his men prepared to follow their conductor through the thickly-wooded grounds of the palace.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Thou causest the guilty to be loosed,
From bands wherein are innocents inclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envy can be nothing wrought—
So God send to my foes all they have brought.

LYNES WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH IN PRISON.

In a chamber hung with faded arras and scantily furnished, considering that its occupant was the heiress to the crown, sat the Lady Elizabeth. Her mind was occupied by a reflection which haunted her like an ill-omened shadow. It was evident that her enemies would never rest satisfied till they had removed her from their path: they were both numerous and powerful. First, the leaders of the Catholic party, who directed not only the government but the conscience of the queen; then the Spanish interest, with the emperor at their head, and his unscrupulous minister, Renard, to carry out his views; and, lastly, many of the old nobility of the kingdom, who contemplated with dissatisfaction the prospect of Anne Boleyn's daughter succeeding to the throne. The only real friends of the captive were the burgesses and the people, who at that period possessed far less influence in the state than at the present. Everything considered, her position was a painful one. Gardiner, the most persevering of her enemies, might eventually succeed in persuading his bigoted mistress to remove her from the ward of Sir Henry Beddingfield, when he found that stern old knight too honourable to lend himself to his dark purpose. The only hope and trust of Elizabeth was in the capricious affection of her sister: it was a faint barrier between her and her foes; still it was one.

The royal maiden held in her hand the black-letter edition of the Epistles of St. Paul, the covers of which were worked in cunning devices by her own hand, and which is still shown to the curious, in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. Her eye rested upon the sacred page, but her thoughts were not upon its text. With a sigh she laid it on the table near which she had been sitting, and began to pace the narrow limits of her prison-chamber.

"God help me!" she sighed. "I am sore beset! I could almost have wished that I had accepted the hand of the Prince of Savoy! I should at least have been safe from the machinations of those who seek my blood, although I never wronged them!"

Gradually the countenance of the speaker assumed a more resolute expression. Her eye brightened as the vista of the long-contemplated future rose on her imagination.

"Unworthy weakness!" she pronounced. "Vain regret! Were it to do again, I would reject him! The crown of England must not be balanced for an instant against the danger of traitors—their plots and wicked scheming! The crown!" she repeated, with a shudder; "alack, the tedious path which leads to it is shadowed by the headsman's axe, the poisonous phial, and the assassin's knife!"

At the same instant, as if to confirm her fears, the noise of armed men was distinctly heard in the ante-chamber. Elizabeth turned very pale; but her resolution and self-possession did not fail her.

There was a loud knock at the door of her apartment. There were no means of fastening it on the inside—no means of flight.

Mentally commending herself to God, she pronounced the word, "Enter!" Her gentleman usher and Frank Jerningham entered the room. At the sight of the young officer, her courage revived. She felt assured that if treason were on foot, he had not descended to become its instrument.

"Now, Jerningham," she said, as the young man bent the knee before her, "what means this visit? It is a strange hour, methinks, even for the kinsman of my gaoler to enter the chamber of the sister of his sovereign!"

"Pardon me, gracious madam!" exclaimed the young man; "but there are duties which admit not of idle etiquette! I have already requested that your women may be called!"

"Hath an order arrived for my departure?" inquired the princess, anxiously.

The gentleman informed her that no such order had been received from court; that his presence was merely a precaution taken by Sir Henry Beddingfield, who had directed him to occupy the apartment of her grace with a party of picked men, on whose fidelity and courage he could rely; and that, having explained the cause of his intrusion, he would retire.

"Stay, sir!" said the royal prisoner; "such precautions are not taken without a motive. An attempt has been, or is about to be, made upon our person, and your kinsman—"

"Is honour's self!" interrupted Jerningham; "trust to him, your grace, as you would to an angel's promise!"

"I do trust to him!" said the princess. "God help me, I have no other hope!"

The two or three female attendants whom the speaker had been permitted to retain about her person, came crowding into the apartment. Their looks were terrified—like scared children, they gathered round the chair of their mistress.

"With your highness's permission, I will withdraw," added the officer; "but let me assure your grace, that before treason or danger can approach your royal person, it must pass over my body, and the bodies of my faithful soldiers! Should you hear a clamour in the old banquet-hall below, heed it not—there is nothing to fear!"

So saying, he once more bowed, and left the apartment.

Surrounded by her women, Elizabeth remained in prayer—but the words were frequently arrested upon her lips, by terrors which she could not repress; she listened anxiously for every sound. In less than an hour, a loud shout, in which the voice of her stern old guardian was distinctly heard, broke from the hall beneath. It was instantly followed by the clashing of steel.

The sound in an instant restored Elizabeth to herself. She started to her feet, and, with a calm, resolute air, stood leaning with her hand upon the shoulder of one of her women, with her eyes intently fixed upon the door of the apartment.

Basset and his band followed the footsteps of their conductor, in the deepest silence, through the woods and shrubberies of the royal domain, till they reached that portion of the ancient bower of Woodstock commonly called the Royal Lodging.

"It is infernally dark!" whispered the ruffian to the supposed Doubleday; "the shutters of the banquet-hall are closed!"

This observation was not made till they all stood beneath its quaintly-carved roof.

"It will be lighter soon!" whispered the guide.

At the extreme end of the hall was a gallery of cedar-wood, with large folding-doors in the centre. A straggling ray of light penetrated the gloom which reigned around. Basset pointed it out, and inquired the meaning of it. The same person answered that it was a lamp left burning upon the stairs which led to the apartments of the Lady Elizabeth.

The leader of the band of midnight assassins in a low tone ordered his companions to light the torches which several of them carried with them. At the first stroke of the steel and flint, his guide silently withdrew from his side; the door of the hall by which they had entered at the same time was closed from without.

No sooner was the apartment lighted up, than Basset perceived that he was betrayed. Five-and-twenty of the blue-coats, with Sir Henry Beddingfield at their head, guarded the passage leading to the gallery, whilst an equal number of his men attacked the intruders from behind.

"Traitors!" shouted the knight, as he rushed, sword in hand, upon the villains whom he had so cleverly caught in their own snare; "your accomplice, Doubleday, is in a dungeon! Yield, for your lives!"

Basset's only reply was to discharge the weapon he carried in his hand at the speaker. The ball slightly wounded the old man in the arm.

The contest was a brief one. The murderers, completely taken by surprise, and overpowered by numbers, were either cut down or secured. In less than ten minutes Basset, with his arms bound tightly behind him with a cord, stood face to face with the stern soldier.

"So, sir," said Sir Henry. "you have attempted to surprise a royal palace and the person of its governor—with what intent, or by whom instigated, it needs not to inquire! Doubtless when you undertook this honourable employment, you were aware of the risk and punishment?"

"Punishment!" muttered the baffled prisoner.

"Death!" exclaimed the knight, sternly; "and, by St. Mary, I will hang you like a dog, before the day is an hour older, unless you can show me authority for this night's work, under the hand and seal of our sovereign lady! Have you such token?"

"Send to the Chancellor."

"No!"

"The Queen herself!"

"Liar!" interrupted the old man. "Your warrant?"

"Gardiner," faltered the terrified Basset, "assured me that it was by the express command of her majesty!"

His judge laughed scornfully.

"Gardiner will not save thee!" he said. "Thou hast tasted his liberality, I doubt not; the rest of the meed due for this noble action is from the justice of Sir Henry Beddingfield! Anthony Basset," he continued, "thou hast, without lawful authority, attempted to surprise the royal residence of Woodstock. By virtue of mine office, which empowers me in such cases provided, I condemn thee to the gibbet—that and the priest are ready!"

The terrified wretch would have remonstrated, but the speaker turned coldly upon his heel, and, despite his frantic entreaties for mercy, he was dragged with his companions from the banquet-hall, and hanged, with three of his principal accomplices, at a short distance from the palace. The rest were secured in the prisons of the palace.

Whilst the execution was taking place, Sir Henry kept pacing the floor of the apartment. He felt deeply the dishonour brought upon his faith by the infamous attempt of Gardiner. Although he could not reach the master-spirit of the enterprise, he felt a great satisfaction at having defeated his project, and executed justice upon his instruments. His reveries were broken by the entrance of an officer, who announced to him that all was over.

"And the ruffians in the park?" he said.

"Taken or slain, as you directed!"

Without a word, the stern Catholic soldier directed his steps towards the lodgings of the Princess Elizabeth.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character—and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

FENELON observed to a priest who was complaining to him of the dances of the peasantry: "My friend, neither you nor myself need to dance—we can be happy in our own way; but if dancing makes these poor people happy, who have so few sources of enjoyment, why should they not dance?"

FACÉTIE.

AN ACCIDENT.—"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

"GOODNESS ME!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world does come to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff?"

DOWN SOUTH a newly-appointed gaoler once told the convicts that if they did not behave themselves he would "kick them out of the establishment."

SOME lone bachelor editor is guilty of the following: Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a secretar [sea creature] of great sighs [size].

FISCHER, the celebrated performer on the oboe, was invited by Lord Kelly to sup with him. In the course of the evening his lordship hinted that he hoped he had brought his oboe with him. "My lord," said Fischer, "my oboe never eats supper."

IN Dresden the Master of the Ceremonies prohibits any lady from appearing at court a second time in the same dress; and the poor old nobility have to live on bread-and-cheese that they may be enabled to pay their wives' dressmakers.

A SUGGESTION.—That all the Dutch eels supplied to the new market at Billingsgate should come under the inspection of the worshipful company of *Skimmers*, with a view to the repeal of anything in the shape of a *draw-back*.

MILITARY LAW.—A French paper informs its readers that the *Bulletin des Lois* was founded under the old republic. However, this appears to be open to doubt, for Paris has seen many a "bullet in" of very questionable law, both Republican and imperial.

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.—A salutary punishment for the offence of dockyard bribery, such as that discovered at Chatham, might be found in the process of *tarring and feathering* the guilty parties, and sending them to the *hulks* afterwards. This being within the economical arrangements of a dockyard, might save much trouble and expense in devising other means of branding culprits with disgrace.

IMPOLITIC POLITICS.—If the several parties implicated in the bribery business at the last Chatham election had been less talkative, they might possibly have saved themselves from unpleasant consequences. However, they chose to make it too much of a "chat 'em" affair.

SLOW BIRDS.—An Irishman has been heard to observe that the Chinese fowls recently imported into this country, must of necessity be very slow in their movements, since they don't travel by rail, being only "Co(a)chin" China fowls.

"DON'T rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names.

"FORGOT HER OTHER NAME."—"Tom," said an acquaintance of his, who met him on the Winne House steps, last evening—"Tom, who did you say our friend B. married?" "Well, he married—forty thousand pounds—I forgot her other name."

SOMETHING SERIOUS.—Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale was excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing Sheridan had mentioned to him, he said, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale: a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

WAITING FOR MATURE AGE.—A youth went to a barber's shop the other day to be scraped. The barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped the smooth skin, left him, and went lounging about the door. As soon as the young "gent" saw him sauntering, he impatiently called out: "Well, what are you leaving me all this time for?" "Sar, I am waiting until your beard grows."

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

A COMMON CASE.—"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that: many people continue so all their lives!"

A gentleman was accosted by a poor leaver, who asked for charity. "I will remember you the next time," replied the gentleman. "Please your honour," said the leaver, "I don't credit; I deal on the cash principle."

"MY dear," inquired a gay young wife of her calculating husband, as she reached up her rosy little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen that magnificent set of parlour furniture which the Jenkisses have just bought?" "Them! no, my love, but I have seen the upholsterer's bill for it!"

THE following sign is in a shop-window in the neighbourhood of Great Marlborough Street, London. It runs: "Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully informed that black eyes are effectually concealed on moderate terms."

A local newspaper says: "A marriage lately took place with the following peculiarities: the groom measured six feet four, and the bride four feet six. If this is not the long and short of matrimony, we don't know what is."

THREE CROWNS.—St. James's Park is the property of the sovereign; only certain persons have the privilege of driving through it, and if the sovereign chose to exercise her legitimate power, she might close it up altogether, and prevent even foot-passengers passing through it. It is not probable that her Majesty will exhibit such

freak of despotism; but if she did, we do not think her people would inflict upon her the penalty which Sir Robert Walpole told Caroline, Queen of George II., would follow the visitation of such a deprivation upon the Londoners. She wished to shut up the park, and convert it into a private garden for the palace, and asked Sir Robert what would be the expense. "It would be but a trifle, madam," replied the minister. "But what would it be, as nearly as you can guess?" "Why, I believe, madam, it would cost you three crowns." Her majesty understood his meaning, and replied, good-humouredly: "Then, Sir Robert, I will think no more upon it."

WANTED to know, by a citizen of New Bedford, whether filling a whale-ship is not of fish-ial business?

QUESTIONABLE.—The two children from the Orange River, now exhibiting in London, are called "Earthmen." Seeing that one is a boy, and the other a girl, it is not easy to comprehend how the term "Earth-men" can apply to both.

CONSISTENCY.—Colonel Sibthorp sets his face against foreign opera-singers and dancers. He would have them all heavily taxed. At all events, the gallant Colonel is consistent in his creed: for we never recollect his turning, and making a political *pirouette* in his life!

TROUBLESOME "TIMES."—Mr. Charles Mathews has written to the *Times*, to explain that the furniture and costly effects which were advertised to be sold by the sheriff, are not his, but those of another Charles Mathews. The manager says: "I have no objection to being 'used up' as often as need be. I will even confess to being sometimes 'hard up.' But I have a decided objection to be 'sold up.'"

A GOOD ONE.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch, now?" "And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?" "Troth it is, darlin'!" "What's the price?" "Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me!" "Well here's your tin: now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin!" "Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?" "Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I never depended on it!"

WHO SHOULD JOIN THE MILITIA?—All pickpockets, because they are accustomed to rifle practice; stokers, because they can stand fire; and shopkeepers, because they are practised in counter-marching.—*Diogenes*.

A VULGAR ERROR.—It is erroneous to suppose that gold has only lately been discovered in Australia, considering the thousands of men there who have been getting it from their cradles.—*Ibid.*

GREAT OVERSIGHT.—The police should have broken into Kossuth's nursery. They then would have discovered even his children in arms.—*Ibid.*

GIVE HIM PLENTY OF SOAP, AND HE'LL WASH HIMSELF.—(Old Proverb, slightly altered).—Mr. Gladstone, in introducing his budget, stated that the repeal of the soap tax would tend to do away with the slave trade. We understand the honourable gentleman's calculations were founded upon actual experiment. By applying an abundant quantity of soap and water to the face of an Ethiopian serenader, he found he could transform the wretched negro into a free white man.—*Ibid.*

DE GOOSTEBUS, &c.—A newspaper paragraph speaks of the extraordinary appearance of "a gosling hatched by Mr. Palmer, of Lockington, Nottinghamshire." What a goose Mr. Palmer must be!—*Ibid.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Among the presentations to the Prince at a recent levee, we observed, "Rustonjee Vicoajee Jevanjee Pestonjee." What a nice name! what a mouthful of peculiar words! Who can this be with so many "jees," in such a high position? He must enjoy quite a "jee-up" reputation.—*Ibid.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.

To a young man who asked of Horace Mann counsel to guide him towards success in the legal profession, that extraordinary man replied tersely, promptly, and definitely. He opens with the following very common-sense and important suggestions touching the necessity of health:

"First, you need health. An earnest student is prone to ruin his health. Hope cheats him with the belief that, if he can study now without cessation, he can do so always. Because he does not see the end of his strength, he foolishly concludes there is no end. A spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. I am certain I could have performed twice the labour—both better and with greater ease to myself—had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one, as I do now. In college, I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organisation, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should have come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labour I have been since able to do, I have done it all on credit, instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behaviour,

and during the whole of this period, as a Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folk do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.

"Health has a great deal to do with what the world calls talent. Take a lawyer's life through, and high health is at least equal to fifty per cent. more than brain. Endurance, cheerfulness, wit, eloquence, attain a force and splendour with health, which they never can approach without it. It often happens that the credit awarded to the intellect belongs to the digestion. Though I do not believe that genius and encephaly are convertible terms, yet the former can never rise to its loftiest heights, unaided by the latter.

"Again: a wise man, with a great enterprise before him, first looks round for suitable instruments wherewith to execute it; and he thinks it all-important to command these instruments before he begins his labour. Health is an indispensable instrument for the best qualities, and the highest finish of all work. Think of the immense advantage you would have in a suit in court, if, after a week's or a fortnight's investigation of facts, you could come in for the closing argument on the last day, fresh and elastic, with only so much more of momentum and fervour for the velocity and the glow you had acquired."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A man cannot be generally admired, if his merits are above the general comprehension.

LIFE is most wearisome when it is worst spent.

AIM HIGH.—A writer well remarks, that men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit—and seldom draw to their full extent.

CONTINUAL CHANGE of course is continual loss of momentum.

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.—*Oriental Proverb*.

GENERAL HAPPINESS can have no other basis than the universal law of justice and love.—*Victor Scholchen*.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.—If a man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, what is the effect of man's inhumanity to woman?

WERE the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDUCATION.—A parliamentary paper lately published, contains a copy of minutes, dated April 2, 1853, by the Committee of the Privy Council of Education, respecting grants for the support of schools in agricultural districts, and grants to promote voluntary assessments towards the expenses of school building in rural districts. Such schools may receive grants towards the expenses of the preceding year at the rate of 6s. per scholar in boys' schools, and 5s. in girls' schools, if the number of scholars be under fifty. Above fifty and under a hundred, the grants are 5s. for each boy, and 4s. for each girl; and if the number of scholars be above a hundred, 4s. may be granted towards the expenses of the instruction of each boy, and 3s. for each girl. These rates shall not diminish on account of any increase in the number of scholars, until the increase is such as to make the reduced rate for the higher number balance the unreduced rate for the smaller number. The grants, however, are conditional, and shall only be awarded in case the income of the school from endowments, subscriptions, collections, and school pence, shall have amounted to 14s. per scholar in schools for boys, and 12s. per scholar in schools for girls, exclusive of the annual value of the teacher's house or other school buildings. There are other conditions respecting attendance, the contributions of the scholars, the qualifications of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and the training of pupil teachers. With regard to voluntary assessments towards the expenses of school buildings, the Committee of the Privy Council have resolved that whenever school room is wanting in any parish under 5000 inhabitants, and in case the owners and occupiers of property shall raise a sum equal to one-half of the estimated outlay for the erection of suitable premises, the committee will grant one-half of the same outlay.

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.—Pope has told us how some old people "die and endow a college, or a cat." We have seen, even in our time, some eccentric bequests; but here, in Paris, we have a dying millionaire, who is perplexed with the wildest phantasies that ever were aroused by Death's approaching footsteps. This old man has been sadly annoyed by finding his couch incessantly surrounded by crowds of country cousins—even to the third and fourth generation—who, sniffling, vulture-like, the carrion from afar, have flown hither, to hover over the death bed. In order to scare away the vultures, he has intimated to them that he will select as his heir any of his relations who chooses to bind himself to accompany his body into the vault, and remain there for twelve months. During this period, he engages that a sumptuous repast shall be provided daily in the charnel-house; and at the expiration of the twelve months he will settle 20,000 francs per annum on the sharer of his grave. The relations have recoiled before this strange condition, and it has been accordingly extended to other persons not connected

with the dying man; but the conditions are less favourable. He simply offers 1000 francs per month so long as the person remains in the vault with him. A provincial actor, and a couple of bankrupts, are candidates for this legacy; but the authorities are going to interfere, to prevent the desecration.

TASTE.—There is more uniformity than is generally imagined in the taste of individuals. There is more uniformity in their taste than in their actions—and why? Because they are passive to the operation of principles, while in the act of judging of works of art; but it is not possible for them, on all occasions, to be so while performing the business of life. We never know the better and prefer the worse, in matters of taste. If we err, it is through ignorance. But an ignorant man can never be a man of taste. From nature he may have had a good judgment, he may be able to seize the more obvious distinctions of things—but he will never make a perfect discrimination between what is beautiful and what is showy. The power to do that is taste. Taste is, indeed, nothing more than the result of repeated actions of the mind, of numerous comparisons of most delicate distinctions. It is the habit of applying knowledge to distinguish rapidly between truth and beauty in works of imagination and their mere resemblances. If we sometimes consider taste as something distinct from judgment, it is because the mind that has been trained to judge arrives at its conclusions so rapidly, that it seems to know by intuition. We lose sight of the operations of the mind, on account of their celerity, and thus imagine that those are faculties distinct in nature, which are only degrees of the same thing. The differences in kind which appear in this faculty of judgment arise entirely from the different degrees of imagination which are united with it. The man who has much fancy will be led to exercise his judging faculty upon such terms of beauty and loveliness as art and nature have presented to his imagination.

REMARKABLE CLAIRVOYANT REVELATIONS.—On Christmas Day I visited a professional clairvoyant, who lived near the Revere, Boston. The husband of the lady first presented himself, asking me if I wished to consult her about anything lost or stolen, because she declined answering those questions. I said no—I wished her to go to England, and tell me what my friends there were doing. He then fetched her into the room, made a few passes before her, when her eyes were closed, told me to take her hand, made a few more passes over our united hands, and left the room, telling me I might question her. She described my brothers and sisters very correctly—told me the names of two of them. I then took her into a house of a friend in Liverpool, which she described accurately and minutely, as well as each member of the family, and told me what they were all doing: whether she was right in the latter, I had no means of ascertaining. She was wrong in the occupations she gave to my own family at that time. She told me I should soon see a gentleman from my native place, who would tell me a great deal about my friends—which I did in two days after. I asked when I should return to England, and whether I should travel north or south in my next journey? She replied I should not return to England so soon as I expected, and my next journey would be south. This was the case, though I did not believe it then, for I expected to go to Canada. I suppose I expressed my incredulity in some way, for she said, "I cannot talk to you so well as many—you don't believe what I say; you think I guess, but I don't—I only tell you what I see." At the expiration of twenty minutes—the time allowed for a dollar—her husband returned, and I, not caring to look further into the future, paid my money and departed.—*An Englishwoman's Experience in America*.

THE BELGIAN LAW OF DIVORCE.

SOME few years since, a young Belgian lady, fresh from her convent education, appeared in society, captivated a young fellow-countryman with well-oiled hair and patent leather boots, and after an acquaintance of a few weeks married him. The happy pair sojourned, as is often the custom abroad, with the father and mother of the lady. The young wife was a gay lady, and her husband was quite as gay a lord. At every ball and party in the capital they were present; and, as married ladies are especially selected by continental gentlemen for what they call "adoration," the young wife, although she got no more of it than she liked, was honoured with considerably more than pleased her husband. The latter remonstrated—the lady rebelled—and "my wife's mother," *ut solent matronas*, supported her daughter. The husband settled the matter by putting on his hat and referring to his own paternal mansion. The marital feud was now intense; the conjugal couple were only of the same mind touching one single subject—application to the tribunals for a divorce. This was done; but the Belgian law will allow of no such annulling of marriage contract until the angry parties have renewed their demand for a divorce once every year for three years. Our young couple nourished their wrath during this triennial period of probation—thrice made the demand—and were duly summoned last year to hear consent given that they who had been one should henceforth and for ever remain two. From different sides of the court the married pair witnessed the untying of the knot; and, when they were free, they passed out at the common portal into the public street. Approximation fired friendship, and the gentleman offered his hand to the lady in token that there was no longer malice between them. Friendship had no sooner lit his torch than he illumined the slumbering cinders on the chilled altar of love; and the young couple walked together to their first married home, whence the husband has never since permanently withdrawn.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. F.—When a gentleman and lady, known to each other, happen to meet in the street, the lady should speak or bow first. If she do not, the gentleman must not notice her, for she has given him an intimation that she does not desire it.

DONCASTER.—Break off the engagement at once. The girl is a flirt, and ought to be punished for her levity. To justify yourself, make public the cause of your rupture.

OWEN GLENDALE.—The river Wye has its source near the summit of Plinlimmon Mountain, in Montgomeryshire. It runs between Radnorshire and Brecknockshire, and then flows into Herefordshire.

ANNE P. G. wishes to know why second love is the strongest? Because it is more rational. What is called first love is very often no love at all—so that the second attachment was the only one that ever really existed. First love is a passion, an aberration of the senses, a creature of ungovernable impulses. It rarely leads to marriage. When it does, it is only under the most auspicious circumstances—such as compatibility of temper, equality in position, and moral idiosyncracies—that happiness is the result. Second love borrows strength from the judgment rather than the passions—therefore it promises to be more durable.

J. D. W.—Imprisonment for debt did not exist in the age of Moses, but appeared to prevail about the period of the dawn of Christianity. It was therefore an invention of more modern times. It took its present form in the middle ages, when the owners of the soil adopted every means by which they could screw the utmost farthing out of their dependents, and the tenants resorted to every expedient they could discover, or prevail upon the legislature, whom they bribed, to adopt, by which they could fence themselves round with every possible species of security against losses incurred in their unrighteous traffic in the accumulations of the nation. Feudalism and usury were the parents of the modern infliction of imprisonment for debt; and when trade and commerce arose, it was only natural that those engaged in them should, when the necessity occurred, avail themselves of the law in all its stringency.

H. F. L.—The personal property of an intestate who dies, leaving neither wife nor children, goes to his father—if none living, then it is divisible among his mother and brothers and sisters, and the children of a deceased brother or sister. The division is into so many shares as there are mother and brothers and sisters; the mother taking one, and each family of children the share their deceased parent would have taken if living.

H. E.—The sentiment contained in the lines—

Let the dull wretches dream o'er heaps of wealth,
And in the search for more still waste their health;
To bounteous nature, I my song will tune,
And make my whole life long a honey-moon—

Is applicable to the present time. It is folioitiously expressed, but we cannot name the author. Can any of our readers?

L. T. A.—The wife of a transported felon cannot legally marry again. The law is very exact on this point—perhaps unjustly so—but still such is the fact. A conviction, followed by a lengthened incarceration—say seven years—ought, on the application of the wife or husband, as the case might be, to be a sufficient reason for a complete divorce. Morality would be benefited by such a change in the law.

SNOWDROP.—You quarrelled with a gentleman who formerly paid you attentions, and he became only a friend. Now he makes you a *confidante* of his attachment to your cousin, and you have discovered that you doat upon him. Very likely. When you thought he had no fancy for any one else, you thought you had not much for him, and treated him accordingly. You are only punished for an indiscretion—but probably he is only acting a part. Cousins are convenient, when a rejected lover wishes to recover a lost or abandoned position. You must consult your self-respect, and shun his society.

E. M. M.—In business, a man should use the name or names he received at the baptismal font, or by which he is generally known. If he is rightly plain John Smith, he should not describe himself as John Shakespeare Smith. An alias is awkward. But when a man has many names he should use the first, or the first and second. Too many initials often form a ridiculous word: for instance, Thomas Augustus Granville makes T. A. G.

HENRY MILES.—The husband of Lady Jane Grey was the fourth son of Admiral Viscount Lisle, first created Earl of Warwick, and afterwards Duke of Northumberland. The family name was Dudley, and the unfortunate young man inquired about was christened Guildford Dudley, and called Lord Guildford by courtesy. His martyred wife always styled herself "Jane Dudley."

T. G.—Every treatise on what is termed the intellectual and moral development of the present age, must be read with caution. Few writers understand the present age, although they pretend they do. How can they reason soundly, when the hurricane of life rages around them? Besides, no age understands itself. It is all impulse. It cannot examine its conditions as a geologist would the strata of the earth. It is happily reserved for posterity to accurately measure intentions. While the cauldron of life is bubbling, the brain cannot be trusted—it cannot define itself.

JUVENIS.—In the event of the Prince of Wales ascending the throne, by what title would he be recognised? Would he be Edward VII., or Albert I.? The name would rest with himself. The queen chose her second name, and we think the country would prefer that her successor should be distinguished by the patronymic borne by the most illustrious sovereigns of England. Albert is a German name—Edward purely English.

ROBERT WRIGHT.—The moral crime known as a breach of promise of marriage, is only known to the common and civil law. The municipal law does not recognise such an offence. But the civil law is severe when it can be. A defendant not paying the damages, through inability, or from a worse motive, cannot take the benefit of the insolvent laws immediately. He must undergo a previous lengthened imprisonment.

MARTIN.—The country is not ruled by Downing Street, or parliament or church—but by the circumstances and principles which constitute society in its moral, mental, and industrial aspects, and also come with every fresh development, just as new ideas dawn upon the mind after a combination of previous impressions. The mind and morals of a country are mighty agents in its progress; but in the material condition of that country lies the foundation of every one of its outward manifestations; and knowing this—as every one of average attainments must know it—we think that at no period of our national career was it more imperative that the whole community should trample on the shams called politics, and examine boldly our present position and future prospects as a great country.

CALISTA has for some time past been receiving attentions from a young gentleman who professes to be her friend. He has, by his preference for her society, awakened warmer feelings than those of friendship. She thinks he reciprocates her sentiment—for he always escorts her wherever she goes, and is very jealous; but he never avows his love by look or word. Calista has always conducted herself towards him so that he has not the slightest suspicion of her feeling. A clear case of mutual attachment. The gentleman wishes to make a deep impression on Calista's heart before he declares his passion. Cool-headed men don't contract love engagements without much previous sensible consideration.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.—A marriage in France, between a member of the Roman Church, and a Protestant, is legal, when solemnised by the civil process.

MARY JANE must wait patiently until the gentleman declares his passion. Calling twice in one afternoon is certainly significant, but not proof positive.

DAMIAN DE LACY.—For the last time, we must state that we are in the fifty-third year of the century, and that the period of 1853 years will not be completed until midnight of the last day in the year. Our era commenced at midnight in the beginning of a century. If it had begun with Anno I. the first whole century and the first whole year would be represented by different characters; but it did not, and this is the fifty-third year: on the same principle, we say a person seventeen years and three months old, is in his eighteenth year. Only for notation, the figure representing the year must be used prospectively.

R. N.—We have a fancy that we have seen your "Enigmatical Love Letter" before. It is easy to read as will be perceived.

She	One	He	One
Only	Only	Only	Only
Are	But	Am	But
You	Loves	I	Is
And	That	And	There
He	One	Me	Same,
Only	Only	Unto	The
Are	But	You	For
You	Loves	Say	Me
And	I	And	Requite

CACOTHES SCRIBENDI.—Church courtships are desecrations. The Moslems were wise to keep the women out of sight in their temples, and the Jewish plan of separating the sexes is advisable. We cannot give any advice. As you have made such good use of your eyes, you ought surely to know that you have a tongue in your head also.

W. M.—You ask, "Ought public-houses to be closed on the Sabbath Day?" Yes. But at the same time close every other place of public resort. Shut up the parks, the coffee-houses, and water-side promenades. Do not draw a line anywhere but at Sunday—the whole Sunday, and nothing but Sunday.

RED RALPH.—You say you are in love with a woman twelve years your senior, but suspect she is by no means in love with you. Very likely—nothing more so—for she is not only twelve years ahead of you in age, but twenty-four in knowledge, and forty-eight in sentiment. A cold bath would relieve you.

CLIO (Glasgow).—The young lady you do not know stares at you broadly every time you meet her, and has done so for more than two years. And her eyes are hazel. Have you not stared at her? The Die Vernon race of girls do not like to be beaten. What you had best do is to bring the matter to a termination by boldly accosting her. Our own opinion is not favourable to her. The sooner she leaves off staring at a strange young man the better it will be for her self-respect. The tongues of young men run quite as fast as those of young girls.

EPAMINONDAS.—Love correspondence is a matter of taste. A lover's letter is prose run mad. But the safe rule is to be simple and true. Love itself is exaggeration, but expletives do not strengthen a cause that is in itself a very strong expletive. You may pile the agency too high. Just tell her what you really think—do not sermonise—and if you love truly, you cannot be ridiculous.

T. W. C.—We consider Keats to have been one of the greatest of poets. His large ideas were all beautifully enunciated; his small ones were music itself. Who can forget his—

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees;
And she forgot the dolls where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze?

or that description of himself—for Keats had the sensitive soul of a virgin woman—where he refers to the bird that trills his lay when the "lamps in Jove's high palace shine:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn!

E. H.—When the intended husband is forty-four, and the bride twenty-six, there is no disparity. Such an union promises every felicity. From forty to fifty is the summer of a man's life—from twenty-six to forty-five that of a woman's.

D. C. L.—We like to see both sides of a question fairly put. And as we have not yet expressed an opinion either way, there can be no objection to publish yours. You state, that "It is certain St. Peter did not die after the year 66 or 67, the 13th of the Emperor Nero. Now, in 63 he was, as stated by the Bible, either at Jerusalem, or Caesarea, or Antioch. He had not reached Rome in the year 68, since he is not even mentioned in the salutations of the Epistle to the Romans, written that year by St. Paul. In 62 he was not there either—for we do not find him among the brethren who welcomed St. Paul on his arrival in that city. In 66, also, he could not have been there—since it is not possible to believe that, had he been there, he would have deserted Paul, his brother in the faith, when the latter writes—'I abandoned him in his first defence before the emperor.' 'Supposing,' says Neander, Vol. I., p. 169 (Bohn's translation), 'we admit the tradition that Peter visited Rome, it is impossible to believe that he founded that church, or was ever bishop of it.'"

MONT BLANC.—There are four distinct periods, or ages—if you like the term better—in the life of man. They are his spring, summer, autumn, and winter, corresponding to the four seasons. The first commences at birth and terminates at maturity—which by law is fixed at twenty-one; but as some are fully grown earlier and some later, no definite age, at least not to a couple of years—can be assigned. Some men are not fully developed until they are twenty-five; but it may be accepted almost as a rule, that the second period, or summer, is about double the first, and the third period, or autumn, treble the decline, or winter, is the most indefinite. So that supposing the allotted age to be seventy, if we take the termination of the first period at twenty-one, the second would end at forty-two, and the third at sixty-three, leaving a period corresponding to a third of each, or a ninth of the whole three, for the last scene of all—frosty-headed winter. But as this is far exceeded—the late Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding the hardships he encountered during twenty years of his early life, nearly doubled his maturity—we say far exceeded in innumerable instances, it follows that the duration of our lives, in a great measure, is under our own control. If we go too fast in the two first periods, the third must be darkened and abridged, and the final one be brief indeed. It has been observed that the men who die about fifty did not take care of themselves between the ages of twenty-five and forty. Nursing an enervate body after forty won't do. At thirty, turning over a new leaf may afford a chance of reaching seventy; but it is safer and nobler to begin well at maturity, when all the youthful pulses play merrily, and the pure red blood dances joyously from the heart to the brain, to prepare the system for the bloom of summer and the harvest of health, wealth and happiness to be gathered in the autumn.

LIONEL LINCOLN.—Your cure for drunkenness is not original, but as it seems feasible, we insert it. First ascertain the quantity of spirits or other intoxicants the wife, or other person, partakes of daily, and how many times taken; then, if the party—by way of supposition—swallows a pint of gin in twelve doses, or draughts, three grains of tartar emetic in the gin will, in ordinary cases, suffice; thus the party, without actually being sick, will suffer from a constant nausea—will, in fact, be exceedingly unwell, without knowing the cause—and this will engender the disgust that will effect the cure. The preparation being both tasteless and harmless, the same quarter of a grain doses will do in malt liquors. It dissolves readily in spirits, and from its colour—pure white—does not alter the colour or taste of spirits or malt liquors.

ELLEN SAVILL.—You have, without your parents' consent, engaged yourself to a young man whom they dislike, and who has lately provoked them to dislike him more. What shall you do? Having acted indiscreetly all along, you must break off the connection. Parents have generally sound reasons for their inveterate dislikes. Besides, as the young man has taken no pains to ingratiate himself with your parents, but rather widened the gap between himself and them, he cannot have loved you with the warmth, generosity, delicacy, and depth of feeling essential to the maintenance of a true affection. There is something wrong about his character. A clandestine courtship is unendurable. It is a snare and a deception. It is the villain's opportunity, the fool's apology. Be wise in time.

ST. AGNES, a young lady aged eighteen, would consider herself most happy in being united to such a gentleman as "Catholicus." She has a small income, is handsome in person, and would not object to correspond with him through the *Bristol Mercury*.

CLAUDE ST. JOHN, a young man of independence, and not considered to be bad-looking, of very good family, and with excellent prospects, whose principal object now is to meet with a suitable companion for life, most sincerely wishes to hear something more of "Inez," who seems to be the kind of lady he has anxiously searched for during the last two years.

KITTY MCCOO having arrived at the age of nineteen, begins to think she would not object to a comfortable home, if she could find a husband steady and good-tempered; she does not much mind personal appearance, if he has qualities of the heart and head that are unobjectionable. She is tall, with brown hair and eyes, considered pretty, and has £300 per annum.

FRED. HARDCASTLE would be happy to correspond with "Rosa C." He is a country gentleman, of prepossessing appearance, very warm in his affections, generally considered good-natured, of quite a domestic turn, and only wants such a wife as Rosa to make him thoroughly happy.

CLEOPATRA wants a beau. She describes herself as being of the middle stature, with hazel eyes, dark-brown hair, a clear complexion, and a good set of teeth. She is highly accomplished, and passionately fond of music and flowers. She would prefer a gentleman of high birth to riches. Her views are not mercenary, having a snug little income of £800 a year.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J. S. (Forward the stamps)—E. T. W. (You will have to file in equity, for power to sell the property, or may bring an action at common law to recover the money)—An Anxious Mother (You are entitled to the custody of your children. Apply to a police magistrate)—H. L. Lowland (Health-drinking is still in fashion, but is fast going out)—T. T. T. (Order through an agent in Taunton)—J. L. S. (Your master cannot dismiss you from his service, although you are twenty-one)—A Milliner (Sisters' children should not marry—they are cousins, and such unions are improper. The relationship is too close)—W. H. E. (The cause of volcanoes has not yet been determined. The idea of a central fire seems the most plausible)—W. N. (Purchase the "Eton Grammar," and a "Latin and English Dictionary," and then set to work vigorously)—J. B. Gill (We never undertake to return manuscripts, and only do so when we make a specific promise)—John Hammond (Quite legal. The young lady is no relative)—Byron (Your diffidence will wear away. Mingle in the society of educated ladies)—Red Ralph (Purchase one of the many cheap histories of the steam-engine)—Thomas Griffiths, Jun. (All the property of the deceased, real as well as personal, passed to his daughter—she is sole heiress and legatee)—John S. (You are a true Englishman. Your dolorous lines remind us of Goldsmith's saying, that "the English laugh at funerals and cry at weddings")—Ellen M. (Obtain a letter of introduction to some celebrated professor of music)—An Unhappy One (None are more miserable than those who hug phantoms. Take our advice. Have an explanation forthwith)—J. M. ("Uncle Tom's Cabin" commenced in No. 397 of this Journal)—W. L. (This Journal, in its present enlarged form, commenced with No. 420)—Edac (Children who have the means, are bound to bear the expense of the interment of their deceased indigent parents. After the burial, the vicar cannot recover what are called customary fees)—Numen (Only at the second-hand booksellers' shops)—Rebecca (The plural "chickens"—but all fowls are not chickens)—P. A. S. (Pretty, but penned, we presume, for private perusal)—Nil Desperandum (The "Holder" family are indisputably of Saxon origin)—A. O. D. (A misprint. It should have been New Hampshire)—T. B. S. (Cricket may be destroyed by placing the common dried snuff in their way, or near the holes from which they emerge)—Questioner (Merely to show where the names of the underwriters are to be placed)—J. B. S. (As your son was in bad health at the time he insured his life, he deceived the office, and his representatives have not the shadow of a claim)—Thomas Watson (Do go; you improve, but require a sounder knowledge of the rudiments of composition. Read more and write less)—Rusticus (Had better address the lady herself)—Georgiana Sumpter (We never trouble ourselves to inquire whether actors or actresses are married. Of what importance is the fact to any but themselves?—Marc Anthony (Purchase a book on the "Management of Bees")—E. C. (The balance can be recovered. Your husband's bankruptcy only covered his trade debts)—Mars (Trash)—F. P. (He has no domicile)—A Well Wisher (Allegory run mad)—W. Harrison (Stay at home, and let well alone)—Samuel Haywood (Order what you require from the news-agent)—Patience (You could not do better. You say you read novels. To a certain extent that is unobjectionable—for the taste for reading must be acquired; but you had better vary the dish. History and Biography are quite as attractive as fiction)—Amos Cottle (Declined, with thanks)—J. M. M. (A creditable attempt for a young beginner)—G. (Correct, but the idiom is still English)—Frances Knight (See "Hone's Every-day Book")—E. B. (Good prose—it is not poetry)—Wayland—J. C. G. H. C. (Edward Neville—W. M. W.—Orlando H.—H. S.—Aaron Joseph—Jessy and Rosalind—Lavina—G. R. W.—Truthful—G. N.—M. Y. D.—Horace—S. T.—De Courcy—Edward—Madeline—Kent—Lady Bess—H. P. Z.—Mary Stuart—Adolescence—Rose—Harriet—Stanhope—M. J. L.—E. Neal—Mary Grey—H. O.—B. B. T. (Good)—Cornelius—Augustus—Albert B.—Emma R.—H. J. B.—A. E. N.—Lewis Gompertz—H. M. D. C.—S. R.—Jessie Truthful—H. E.—Mildred Lyke—H. M. E.—M. R. D. J.—The Baroness Ethlin—Inez—P. S. L. B.—Henry Seymour—C. L.—T. T.—Black Hawk—J. W. P.—An Eccler.

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[JOE BEANS, RED RALPH, AND THE VILLAGERS, APPROACHING THE ABBEY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT, "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CIX.

Since fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Dr. Orme, accompanied by our hero, Farmer Ashton, and the Khan, returned to the house, they were met at the door by Mrs. Jarmy, who, with a face full of importance, informed him that Martin had awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen immediately after the examination, and had been anxiously inquiring for him.

"Any change?" inquired the rector, in a tone of alarm.

"Only for the better," replied the old lady. "I heard the surgeon tell the butler that he entertained strong hopes of his recovery. Heaven grant it!" she added. "He has proved himself a good and faithful servant to our late dear master; there are few of us left who served Sir William in his youth, poor gentleman!"

"And did Martin request to see me alone?" said the rector.

"Alone, sir."

"Not Henry?"

"No!"

Feeling that it was a request which he ought to lose no time in complying with, the worthy man directed his steps to the chamber of the sufferer, whom he found propped up in his bed upon pillows. Despite the agitation which he had recently undergone, his manner was calm and collected; the expression of his features was of profound thought. Occasionally he passed his withered hand across his wrinkled brow, as if to smooth the deeply-indented lines which his cogitations knit there.

Once or twice he muttered to himself, "Would I were in the stable: I should think better there—better there! I never could collect my thoughts half so well in any other place!"

Dr. Orme seated himself by the bed-side, and silently took the hand of the speaker. The old man raised his clear, blue eye, and gazed upon him for some moments

in silence. Tears at last began to trickle down his pale and furrowed cheeks. He thought of the words the baronet had spoken to him at midnight, in the library at Carrow, when he discovered to him the secret recess in which to conceal his will.

"Cheer thee, old Fidelity!" said the clergyman, kindly. "I have great hopes of your recovery."

"It is not of myself that I was thinking," murmured Martin, with a sigh: "what was my worthless life to his? I have been thinking of my dear, good master and his sufferings! I wish to see you, sir, to inquire respecting his will."

The rector explained to him the manner in which that important document had been abstracted from the person of the lawyer, and the share which Will Sideler had taken in that mysterious transaction.

During the recital, the brow of the sufferer became yet more deeply wrinkled, and he nodded and smiled significantly.

"But do not fear," continued the narrator; "although you and the rest of Sir William's faithful and attached domestics have been deprived of the reward of their services—a provision for their age, which I am sure my lamented friend had made—I will see that his intentions are not defeated."

Martin waved his hand impatiently.

"You shall never wait!" added the rector.

"It is not that—it is not that!" exclaimed the aged groom; "what matters whether I close my days in the poor-house or die in a ditch, so that those *he* loved are cared for? And no trace, you say, has been discovered of the will?"

"None!"

The speaker was not aware of the aint clue which Elworthy had obtained from the valet of the late Captain Elton.

"It is time I spoke, then," said Martin, with resolution. "I cannot find it myself, but I can direct you where to place your hand upon it."

"The will?"

The old man nodded in the affirmative.

"A few days before the murder of my master," he continued, "Sir William sent for me into the library, and directed me to disclose to him the secret places where, in troublesome times, his ancestors had been accustomed to conceal the heirlooms, jewels, and family plate, together with the title-deeds of the Mowbray estates.

There are a dozen such hiding-places, at least, in the abbey. I pointed out *two* to him. In the first we deposited the treasures and records of his house; in the latter," he added, "the duplicate copy of his last testament."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the rector, deeply agitated by the importance of the discovery, which filled him with hope and confidence; "we shall defeat the machinations of his enemies yet!"

"We shall."

"Where are they?"

"To only two persons in the world," continued the aged domestic, "dare I reveal the secret."

"Two persons!" repeated the rector, with intense anxiety.

"Yes! I have a secret; or each. To my master's friend I may point out the will; but to his son alone dare I disclose the secret of the treasures and the papers: and I shall live to see him," he added, with sudden energy, at the same time grasping the arm of his hearer; "I am sure I shall! God will not permit the bad man to inherit! The rightful heir will be found! I shall see him in his father's place! I could not die till then!"

"Heaven grant it!" said the worthy clergyman. "heaven grant it! But the will, Martin—the will! The happiness of Ellen's life depends upon it!"

"Where is my dear young lady?" inquired Martin.

"With her relative, Colonel Mowbray, whom the Chancellor has appointed guardian of her person and fortune!"

"He her guardian!" exclaimed the old man, passionately. "Heaven help her, then! for she is in the hands of one who never yet respected the ties of blood, the helplessness of woman, or the confidence of man! Listen to me!" he continued. "On the night I met Sir William in the library, he used these words. I treasured them in my memory, as I did every syllable which fell from his honoured lips. 'Martin,' he said, 'I have selected you as the oldest servant of my house, and Dr. Orme—a true and valued friend to whom I intend to confide the secret—to be the guardians of my last will, to be produced only in the event of accident or crime causing the disappearance of the one in the hands of my solicitor.' The second casket, he added, was never to be disclosed but to his son. In pointing out where the first is concealed to you, I feel I but fulfil his wish. He would have told you himself, had not the hand of the midnight murderer cut short his thread of life."

"The will! the will!" exclaimed Dr. Orme, impatiently.

"You know the library, sir?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And the shield in carved oak over the chimney-piece?" asked Martin.

"I have observed it a hundred times," replied the rector; "it has the device of the Mowbray family:

"IN TRAN VAST. (IN FIDELITY FIRM!)"

Seldom that a race has better merited it."

"Press the bleeding hand in the shield upwards," continued the old man, "and it will disclose a small recess, in which you will find the testament. Heaven grant that it prove not too late to defeat the villany of his unnatural brother! who, unless I wrong him, rejoices more at the prospect of succeeding to Sir William's estates than sorrows for his loss."

The speaker was overcome by the effort he had made, which, added to the excitement of the previous examination in the morning, severely taxed his strength. Within a few minutes after the disclosure, he turned upon his side, and slept like a tired child.

Dr. Orme silently left the room.

"The mist—the mist disperses!" he murmured, as he descended to the apartment in which he had left our hero; "and the hideous outline of all the actors in this dreadful tragedy appears more and more distinct! We shall recognise their features soon; for Will Sidelar and the young Indian, I suspect, are not the only authors of this cruel murder!"

Henry's first inquiry, on the return of the rector, was for Martin. He did not ask the subject upon which the poor old man had sent for him; but his looks betrayed the anxiety he endured.

"He is better—much better!" answered the rector; "and has communicated some important information."

The Khan and Farmer Ashton appeared scarcely less interested than our hero.

"Touching the last will of Sir William."

"The will?" eagerly exclaimed his hearers.

"Yes!" continued the rector; "in a few hours it will be in my possession, and then we may defy the usurped authority of Colonel Mowbray!"

He was about to relate all that had passed in the sick man's chamber, when the door of the library opened, and, to the astonishment of all present, the ayah entered the apartment. There was an air of sullen resolution upon her dark countenance, which indicated a struggle between her feelings and her purpose. Henry—conscious that she had ever been the enemy of his suit to Ellen—beheld her with a feeling of vague mistrust.

Without noticing any of the party present, the Indian woman advanced direct towards our hero, and, gazing on him for a few moments, said, with a sigh:

"So you have returned?"

"To the confusion of my enemies, no doubt!" replied the young man; "among whom I have not to learn that Zara is one of the most bitter!"

"I was your enemy!" observed the ayah.

He looked upon her doubtfully, suspecting that her visit concealed some design inimical to his happiness and love.

"But am no more so," continued the woman; "would I could be; but the strong love of the fair girl hath broken my resolution! It is my heart which yields," she added, scornfully; "not my reason!"

"Explain!" said Dr. Orme, impatiently; "what mean you?"

"In two hours," replied the ayah, "Ellen and Meeran Hafaz will stand together at the altar—the priest is ready—and—"

"Never!" exclaimed our hero, interrupting her; "never—never! The thunders of heaven are not idle terrors—they will not sleep, and see the orphan girl who loved Sir William as a child should love its parent, plight her faith to—"

"Any but the man her uncle's love designed for her!" hastily interrupted the Khan: evidently he had some reason for preventing the speaker from finishing the sentence.

Zara looked alternately at both the speakers: she was ready to save her foster-child, but worlds would not have tempted her, had she known it, to utter a word to compromise the safety of Meeran.

"Heaven will not prevent!" she observed, with a scornful smile; "but her own resolution can and will! She is armed—armed against her own life! Meeran may clasp her hand, but it will be that of a corpse!"

The heart of Henry bounded with gratitude, love, terror, and admiration, at the devoted constancy of his betrothed.

"Save her!" he exclaimed, "and I will bless you! Not for myself, but for her sake I ask it! Remember it the child you nurtured at your breast—who loved you with such confiding affection, till you—"

He paused, not wishing to complete the sentence, fearing it should offend her.

"Betrayed her!" said the ayah, fixing her eyes steadily upon his agitated features.

He was silent.

"Had I seen," she continued, "one girlish weakness—detected one irresolute movement of her heart—I had persevered! But I cannot sacrifice the child I have nurtured! On one condition I will save her—bestow on you the choicest treasure earth can yield—the being whose love you have won, who would brave death for you!"

"Name it—oh, name it?" exclaimed the excited youth.

"If gold," added Dr. Orme, "fear not to state your price! I am rich, and, to secure the happiness of my adopted son, will cheerfully satisfy your avarice!"

His speech was cut short by the scornful glance of the Indian woman.

"Gold!" she repeated; "how the sons of Europe judge the rest of mankind by their own sordid nature! Could you count down to me the treasures of India—all my unhappy country has been plundered of by your accursed race—it would not tempt me! Zara is not to be bribed or bought, save through her feelings!"

Both the rector and Henry were struck by the simple dignity of the speaker's manner, as she pronounced the above words. It was impossible to doubt them, for the accent in which they escaped her was that of truth.

"Promise me," she continued, "that you will not raise your hand—seek directly or indirectly—to injure Meeran Hafaz, and I will prevent this marriage; refuse me this, and I remain a passive spectator of all the misery that may follow!"

This was a sore trial to the lover of Ellen, who looked upon avenging the death of his benefactor and the outrage to his niece as a sacred duty—a legacy bequeathed to him by the dead. He could not promise, if that promise involved the immunity of Sir William's assassin. With a pale countenance and quivering lip, he refused the pledge which Zara required.

"I cannot give it," he said; "and I will not deceive you! I will hunt the villain through the world!"

"Farewell!" said the ayah, coldly; at the same moment advancing towards the door of the library.

It was now the Khan's turn to interfere.

"Stay!" he whispered to our hero; "your refusal has been rash and inconsiderate! Have you no firmer reliance on the justice of heaven? Think you its powers are so limited that it can find no other arm, save yours, to execute its purposes? Leave him to that which sooner or later must overtake him!"

Henry hesitated.

"Remember," added Dr. Orme, speaking in the same under-tone, "that human justice is already on his track!"

"Well, then," said the young man, after a momentary struggle with his feelings, "unless in self-defence, or to protect those whose lives are far dearer to me than my own, I solemnly promise never to raise my hand against my rival!"

"And you will keep your pledge?" demanded Zara.

"As I hope to call Ellen mine!"

"This well," she continued. "Ellen is at the abbey! In two hours she is to be forced into a marriage which her soul abhors: it is to take place in the library; her uncle and the false, painted sepulchre—the heartless thing he calls his wife—will both be present! I will place you where you may witness everything which passes; and at the moment when all but heaven and Zara appear to have deserted her, step in and save your bride!"

"The library!" exclaimed the lover, bitterly; "it is indeed the fitting place for such a crime—it is fitting that the scene of the first sacrifice should have been chosen for the second! Come, come," he added, turning to the rector and the Khan; "my heart is consuming with its own impatience—the blood mounts to my brain, like fire from the volcano's troubled bosom! Let us to the abbey!"

"It is not yet the time," observed Zara.

"We must have assistance," added the rector; "wait the return of Joe and his friends."

"It was this I feared," said the renegade, placing his hand upon the arm of our hero. "I was aware of the place where her worthless uncle had sequestered his innocent ward, but would not disclose it till the fitting moment! Be cool," he added; "suffer your impetuous spirit to be guided by those whose judgment passion cannot lead astray!"

"Cool!" repeated the youth, dashing his hand aside; "Cool! when the deadly serpent has already twined a poisonous fold around the innocent dove—when ruffian violence threatens the maid I love—my boyhood's earliest dream—my manhood's crown and hope! Cool!" he repeated, bitterly; "I must change my nature first!"

Without waiting a reply, he rushed from the apartment, and the next instant was seen dashing like a madman over the lawn and through the shrubbery of the rectory garden.

"He will ruin all," said the Khan, "by this impetuosity! It is his destiny—who can avoid his fate?"

The affection of Farmer Ashton and Dr. Orme took a more active form. The latter ordered his carriage to be got ready on the instant, and both prepared to follow.

"Take me with you!" said the ayah.

"Why?"

"To watch that the mad boy fulfils his promise—woe to him if he breaks it!"

"I, too, will accompany you," added the Khan; "I have a debt to pay both to the living and the dead: the moment, perhaps, has arrived."

A few minutes later, the carriage, with the rector, Farmer Ashton, and the speaker, was rolling over the common at a rapid pace, in the direction towards Carrow Abbey.

CHAPTER CX.

Lead forth the victim, trembling, pale—
Her tears are but the bride's sweet sorrow;
Fling over her the silver veil—
Her eyes will sparkle bright to-morrow.

BRIDE OF THE RHINE.

No sooner was Red Ralph safely ensconced among the lofty branches of the sycamore tree at the end of the avenue, than he began to reflect on the best means of preventing the Rev. Mr. Twinetext's arrival at the abbey. Although not over-gifted with intelligence, in the legitimate signification of the word, he was far from being deficient in that which is its general substitute—cunning—a quality which he resolved on the present occasion to

exert to the uttermost, in order to prove his gratitude to Joe Beans, whom he looked upon with the same species of savage affection and reverence with which an Indian might regard the first civilised son of Europe that had crossed his path.

Several times during his cogitations he regretted that the scene of his difficulty was no longer at Cromwell House—it would have been so easy there.

Joe had forbidden him to execute his first intention, of breaking the reverend gentleman's neck or leg: he felt monstrously inclined to disobey him.

"I mun do summat," he muttered, as he swung himself backwards and forwards, with a gentle movement, upon the branch—most probably to assist the laborious process of thinking—"more nor watch—that can't do I or Joe any good! I bean't such a fool as folk do think I!"

Several times he scratched the rugged red mass of hair upon his poll—it would not do. In his embarrassment and desire to distinguish himself, he might have exclaimed, with the poet:

My invention comes from my pate
As bird-lime does from furze: it plucks
Out brains and all.

More than once he came to the conclusion that his first idea was the best one.

"I mun break his neck or his leg," he muttered, "arter all! There be nought else left for it!"

Fortunately for the reverend object of his cogitations, Ralph, after having all but settled the point in his own mind, cast his eyes around to take a survey of the place, and noted that at the end of the avenue there was a broad, deep ditch—in fact, it might almost be termed a moat—which separated the garden-ground round the house from the rest of the park. It had originally been dug to prevent the deer or cattle from destroying the shrubs and flowers. A luminous idea immediately seized him, and his little, deep-set, ferret-like eyes sparkled with joy and mischief. The ditch, which was only partially filled with water, could only be crossed, except at a considerable distance lower down, by a rustic bridge, intended merely for foot passengers—the carriage drive being at the opposite side of the park.

"It 'll do!" he said; "it 'll do!"

Carefully descending from his elevated perch, he glided down the trunk of the tree, and seated himself, just as he saw the Rev. Mr. Twinetext approaching up the avenue, evidently fatigued with the weight of his carpet-bag.

The urchin began to whistle: a sure sign that he meditated mischief.

"Holloa, parson!" he exclaimed, as the gentleman reached the spot where he was seated; "thee best a plaguy time in getting round! I be here afore 'ee!"

"And what do you want with me?" inquired the pedestrian.

"I! nought. That is nought *partikler*!" answered the lad; "only I thought as thee wor kind to I, and g'd I five shillin', thee might speak a good word for I to some of the farmers!"

"Are you out of work?"

"Ees!"

This, we are sorry to say, was not exactly true; but Red Ralph was troubled with few scruples of conscience, as far as regards uttering an untruth, when he had any purpose to gain.

"And how came you to leave Mortlake?" inquired the gentleman, who perfectly recollected him, not only from his unorthodox appearance, but as one of the most troublesome and mischievous lads about the place.

"That bean't fair, parson!" replied the boy, with grin. "I didn't ax thee—it won't a bum-halif tho'!"

The querist coloured slightly, and asked Ralph no more questions. The answers were embarrassing.

"Here!" he said, giving him the bag, the weight of which had tired him; "bring this after me to the house, and I will give you a shilling."

"Beest thee a-going there?"

"Yes."

"But they do say it be haunted!" observed the cunning urchin, with well-affected hesitation.

"Stuff!—nonsense!"

"Thee won't ax I to go in?"

"Go in!" repeated the gentleman; "certainly not!"

"Then I'll take it!" exclaimed Ralph; "thee doesn't mind the ghosts more nor I do Master Remnant's cows—it be thee trade, loike. I allays heard folks say parsons are a match for ghosts!"

"Pooh! pooh!" ejaculated the former curate of Mortlake.

"And the old un, too!" continued the lad; "that is, when they wor good parsons, I suppose!"

Not wishing to prolong a conversation in which he received so many not unintended hits—although they were uttered with great apparent simplicity—the Reverend Mr. Twinetext inquired if the little rustic bridge to which he pointed, was not the nearest approach to the house; and, on being answered in the affirmative, resumed his walk, leaving Ralph to follow with the bag. Just as he reached the centre of the plank—for the bridge consisted only of one, and a single handrail—the lad, with a vigorous effort, hurled him in.

So completely was the unprincipled man taken by surprise, that he could offer no resistance, but continued for several minutes to flounder in the stream, till he had passed under the bridge.

Ralph's delight at his achievement exceeded, if possible, that which he had felt at the capture of the warreners. A parson was so much higher game!

"Rascal! villain! I'll—pooh! I'll break every bone in your skin!" roared the gentleman, at intervals between his splashing and floundering—for the water was unpleasantly deep, and the banks so much elevated that

without assistance it was impossible he could extricate himself.

"When you catch I!" answered the urchin.

"Help me out, I say!"

"Noa, noa," replied Ralph; "I had too much trouble to get thee in!"

"I'll—I'll give you a guinea!"

"Noa!"

"Two, you rascal!—that is, my good boy, I mean!"

"Noa! Thee beest a-lying, I am sure—sartin!"

"Why so?"

"Because thee didst call I a good boy! Now I be an't a good boy—an thee know'st it!" added Red Ralph; "nor I don't think I be quite a bad un! Summut like thee, parson, in t' water—a cross 'twixt a goose and a raven!"

This was the nearest attempt at a witticism which the speaker had ever been known to utter; and either the deed or the novelty so amused him, that he threw back his head and grinned and shouted with mirth—very much to the annoyance of the reverend Mr. Twinetext, who, by alternate menaces and offers of money, tried to induce his tormentor to assist him out of the ditch.

"I can't do that," replied the urchin; "thof I could find in my heart to help 'ee, for the fun thee hast made for I; but I'll tell 'ee what I'll do for 'ee!"

"What?" impatiently demanded his victim.

"Sit on the rail here, till constable comes to take 'ee to prison, and see that thee does not quite drown thee-self."

At the allusion to a constable and a prison, the reverend gentleman secretly felt more alarm than he thought proper to express, and he once more renewed his offers to Ralph—but with no better success. The boy gravely seated himself upon the slender rail, and continued to watch the fate of the parson, and for the arrival of Joe.

A danger which neither the tormentor nor the object of his persecution had foreseen, at last presented itself, in the shape of a solitary swan—one of the pair which Ellen had been accustomed to feed. The keepers, since the abandonment of the abbey, after the death of Sir William, had grown negligent, and some poacher had shot its mate.

As the bird came sailing majestically down the stream, it erected its feathers, and emitted that peculiar half-hiss and half-croaking cry, which indicates anger.

"Ralph—Ralph!" shouted the clergyman, "do you not see?"

"Ees, it won't hurt 'ee!"

"Help me out!" continued the parson, seriously alarmed—for the bird, with no very amicable intentions, was approaching most uncomfortably near to his person. "You will be hanged, you young villain, for this!"

"Not if swan kills 'ee, parson!" roared the boy; "that be an't my fault—I didn't set un on. But I won't bear no malice to 'ee," he added, as the hostile intentions of the bird became more and more apparent; "here be a stick to help 'ee."

So saying, he threw to the discomfited clergyman a strong switch of black-thorn which he carried in his hand, and then settled himself as comfortably as the narrowness of the rail would permit, to watch the issue of the contest: which, as he afterwards described it, "wor a sight more curious nor cat-hunting."

The Rev. Mr. Twinetext contrived to steady himself by grasping the branches of an overhanging willow with his left hand; whilst with his right, which was armed with the stick Red Ralph had thrown him, he prepared to ward off the attacks of his antagonist, who, with stately evolutions, sailed in semicircles round him—gradually approaching nearer than was agreeable to his person. The neck of the bird was thrown gracefully back, as if ready to strike him, and its plumage erected till its body appeared considerably larger than its usual size.

"Mind his wing, parson!" roared his tormentor; "they do hit plaguy hard, I've heerd folk say."

Even Ralph began to feel uneasy at the fury of the contest which ensued. The swan, now thoroughly enraged, rushed, rather than swam towards the man, whose presence in its own peculiar domain had so greatly irritated it, and directed a succession of blows with its powerful wing at the intruder's head, who parried them with a dexterity which might have been more naturally expected in a prize-fighter than one of his sacred calling.

"Bravo—bravo!" shouted the urchin, at the same time clapping his hands with delight.

These exclamations were renewed at intervals, as the bird, whose courage and fury increased at the blows it received upon its pinions and body, renewed the attack. Sometimes it would sail sullenly away to a short distance, with its plumage depressed—then it would suddenly wheel round, erect its feathers and arch its wings, and rush with fresh ardour to the contest.

"Egad, parson," observed Ralph, highly amused at the result of one of these attacks; "but he hit thee then!"

Twinetext began to feel seriously alarmed—for the strength and rage of his antagonist appeared to increase rather than diminish with the contest. He had already received several severe blows from the pinions of the bird, and he roared out hastily for assistance.

"It be no use, I tell 'ee!"

"Help—help!" shouted the parson.

"No one will hear 'ee!"

Ralph was mistaken. The cries of the clergyman and his own wild shouts of laughter were heard in the house. A side door was opened, and two of the servants of Meeran Hafaz appeared—they were both of them well armed.

It would be difficult to say whether or not the confederate of Joe Beans had ever heard the well-known line, that the better part of valour is discretion. Most probably not. But he certainly illustrated it in the present instance; for no sooner did he perceive the man, with their

guns, advancing towards him, than he slid rom the rail, and crept, with the agility of a stoat, or wild cat, into a thick clump of underwood—from which retreat he had the mortification of seeing his old enemy, the parson, dragged from his perilous situation in the ditch. To be sure, he appeared more dead than alive: so that Ralph was not altogether deprived of consolation.

One of the servants returned with the Rev. Mr. Twinetext to the abbey. The other, directed, doubtless, by some information which he had received, began to cross the rustic bridge, carrying his gun upon his shoulder. He stopped to pick up the carpet-bag, which had been dropped there in the struggle.

The boy waited to see whether the man intended to proceed any further than the bridge, before he decided how to act.

"I am off!" he muttered, as the domestic crossed it. "Guns, and such-like bludgeons, be an't no good! Ah, look!" he added, as he noticed that the man began to peer into every clump of shrubs and underwood that he passed; "thee must have sharp eyes to find I!"

With as little noise as possible, Ralph pushed his way through the brambles and cover; nor paused till he had placed a considerable distance between himself and his pursuer.

During the day, both Colonel Mowbray and his precious lady had been considerably puzzled to understand the calm, quiet demeanour of Ellen. The poor girl neither descended to complaint nor entreaties. Both, she knew, would have been unavailing. Once or twice, when her glance encountered that of her unprincipled relative, his eyes sank beneath her gaze. His wife, on the contrary, impudently braved it. Like most little minds, she felt a degraded pleasure in tyrannising over any one who had either mortified her vanity, or otherwise offended her. She would have been delighted to have seen Ellen kneeling at her feet, and imploring her pity or protection; but the petty triumph was denied her. The orphan felt that she must rely upon herself, since all human aid appeared to have deserted her.

One consolation—and it was no trivial one—she possessed in the midst of her sorrow.

Meeran Hafaz scrupulously kept his promise, and had not intruded upon her presence. She knew that she must meet him in the library at the hour appointed; but she had fortified her soul with prayer, and was prepared for the fearful interview.

"I scarcely know what to make of the girl!" observed Lady Mowbray to her husband, as they left the chamber of their persecuted niece. "She is not sullen or resigned!"

"True!" observed the colonel, with a sarcastic smile. "She is like most women who have been defeated!"

"She does not consider herself defeated, I am certain!" answered her ladyship. "There is something which I cannot comprehend—which—"

"You had better not puzzle yourself to find out," said her husband, interrupting her; "since, in a few hours, it will explain itself! Would the night were over!" he added. "I am tired of the presence of this Meeran!"

"And I, too! But of course you will keep faith with him?"

"Of course!" replied the colonel. "How else am I to obtain the fortune of my niece? Once married, and on their voyage to India—which I should recommend the bridegroom to arrange as soon as possible, for many reasons—"

"And I, also!" chimed in her ladyship, significantly.

"My mind will be at rest," added the gentleman, concluding his previous speech.

"And mine, too! When does the Rev. Mr. Twinetext arrive?"

"I expect him hourly!"

"Of course," said the lady, "he can be depended on?"

"Of course!" answered her husband. "I seldom fail in the choice of my instruments!"

To Ellen the departure of her unworthy relatives had been a relief; it enabled her to fortify her mind with prayer. She did not require it to strengthen her resolve: love gave her nerve for that.

Firmly as she had decided upon sacrificing her life rather than be forced to give her hand to the man whom she felt to be in conception, if not in act, the murderer of her uncle, it was not without a struggle that she had taken the dreadful resolution.

"Heaven will pardon me!" she repeatedly murmured to herself; "it is the only choice between perjury and dishonour!"

During the day she had written two long letters: one containing a touching farewell, to Henry; and the second explaining the reasons of her voluntary death.

"It will vindicate my memory to the world!" she said, placing the last epistle under her pillow, "and perhaps avenge it!"

The one to her lover, having been passionately kissed and bedewed with her tears, she concealed in her bosom. She felt that it would one day reach him—his eyes dwell upon every word her trembling hand had traced. It seemed to unite, by some invisible chain, the living with the dead; for such, despite the promise of the ayah to preserve her, she already considered herself.

There was something fearful in the desolation of one so young and innocent—rich in the world's gifts of birth and fortune, as well as nature's more costly one of beauty—which in her case had proved, indeed, a fatal dower—fatal not only to herself but to her friends: since it had caused the madness of Meeran Hafaz—the murder of her uncle—the sufferings of poor old Martin and Henry.

Yet she was scarcely conscious that she possessed it.

"It is hard to die!" she murmured—"die, without one being whom I love to close my eyes, or bid the parting spirit peace—die alone and unlamented! Not un-

lamented!" she added; "one noble heart, at least, will mourn my destiny!—one true arm avenge it!"

The time-piece in the chamber of the prisoner struck the hour of seven. She shuddered, as the sound reminded her that, in two hours more, the crisis of her fate would be decided.

Throwing herself upon her knees, she fixed her eyes upon the portrait of Sir William, which, at her urgent entreaty, Colonel Mowbray had directed to be removed from the picture-gallery to her apartment.

"Spirit of the dead," she exclaimed, "watch over and protect me!"

CHAPTER CXI.

Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
Avenge thou Blanch of Devon's wrong.

SCOTT.

RED RALPH had not retreated more than half a mile through the thick underwood and young plantations, before he distinctly heard the tramping of approaching footsteps in an opposite direction. He paused, scratched his shaggy head—his usual resource when puzzled—and reflected for a few moments what he should do.

"If I go back," he reasoned, "I meet the chap with the gun, who would no more mind shooting I, than I should mind shooting a rabbit! If forwards, I tumble into the hands of the lord knows who!"

The prospect, it must be confessed, was not very inviting, and the boy made the best choice, perhaps, that was left him, when he decided upon continuing his route. He thought it better to fall into the hands of those whom he did not know, and who might prove friends, than into the grasp of one respecting whose hostile intentions there could be very little doubt.

If Ralph could not reason, it must be admitted that he sometimes jumped to very safe conclusions.

Fortunately for his inventive powers, which, as well as his reasoning ones, were exceedingly limited, he had not to draw upon them again; for, listening attentively, he recognised the voice of his friend and patron, Joe Beans—who, with a party of rustics, was on his way to the abbey. With a shout, he sprang from the covert where he had crouched to meet him, exclaiming, in his usual chuckling voice: "that he wor never so glad to meet a friend in all his life."

"Why?"

"'Cause I be folloed!" replied the boy.

"And who follows you?"

In as few words as possible, Ralph explained to him his adventure with the parson and the swan. The anger which the young man at first felt at the lad's having disobeyed his injunction, and quitted the tree, was allayed when he discovered that it had been the means of delaying the arrival of the parson, whose presence, he instinctively felt, boded no good to the happiness either of Ellen or his dear Master Harry. So great had been his anxiety that he had not returned, as he had promised, to the rectory; but proceeded, as soon as he had gathered a party of friends in the village, at once to the abbey.

This party consisted of half a dozen stout young fellows who had been the companions of his and Henry's boyish sports. There was not one of them but would have risked some danger to serve either Joe or his friend.

As the expedition was considered entirely under the command of the last-named personage, he proceeded to point out the manner in which they were to approach the south side of the building.

"But how are we to get in?" demanded one of the young men.

"Doors be all locked!" added Ralph.

Our readers have not forgotten the means by which, on a previous occasion, Joe and the sexton had obtained entrance to the deserted mansion, when they visited it with poor old Martin in their company. He resolved to enter it in the same manner now.

Just as they were about to proceed, they were startled by some one breaking his way through the copsewood near them.

"Here be he!" exclaimed Ralph, thinking it was his pursuer; "but I be an't afraid on un!"

One or two of the young men, who were armed, levelled their guns, not knowing what or whom to expect.

The branches were dashed on one side, and Henry Ashton, his hair wild, his clothes torn with the furze and brambles, stood in the narrow, open sward before them. In order to arrive at the abbey sooner, he had taken the direct route to the house—neither plantation nor lake had stopped him: he had broken his way through the one and swam the other. His heart and brain were on fire—he looked and felt like a madman—in every breeze he fancied he heard the despairing cry of Ellen appealing to him for help. No wonder that it unnerved him.

"Harry—Master Harry!" exclaimed the faithful Joe; "stay—here be true friends to serve thee!"

Our hero, who was about to pursue his headlong career, stopped at the sound of the well-known voice of his humble friend.

"Joe!" he said.

"Ay, Master Harry! ready to die for you, if it be necessary; but I need not tell you—you know it all!"

"I do!"

"That Miss Ellen—"

"Is in the abbey, in the hands of her uncle's murderer—of her enemy and mine!"

"We'll have her out!" exclaimed one of the young farmers, resolutely, "if we pull down the old walls! What! you do not remember me?" he added, seeing that Henry Ashton gazed upon him with an inquiring eye; "true, I have been absent from Carrow these seven years, but I have not forgotten the generous fellow who, when

we were boys together, jumped off the point to save my life, at the risk of his own!"

"I cannot thank you," replied Henry, grasping him by the hand; "but you have well repaid my boyish services by your assistance at this hour!"

Whilst Henry and Joe were arranging their plans, and giving the necessary instructions to their friends, Red Ralph—who, with that terrier-like instinct which constituted his highest claim to intelligence, had thrown himself upon the sword, with his ear close to the ground, to catch the first sound of an approaching footstep—suddenly started from his recumbent position, exclaiming, with a loud voice:

"They be a comin'!"

"Who?" demanded our hero.

"Don't know—but here they be!"

The rustling of the branches announced that the intruders were not far off. Ralph slunk round to the rear of his friends, as a measure of precaution: not that the boy was naturally a coward, only—to use his own words—he had a natural antipathy to guns, pistols, and such-like bludgeons. No sooner had he taken what he considered a secure position, than the Khan and Farmer Ashton made their appearance. They had heard, from some idler on the common, that Henry had been seen to scale the wall of the park; and they had quitted the carriage to follow him—the trampled grass and broken branches of the trees affording them sufficient clue.

"Uncle!" exclaimed our hero.

"Thank God," said the honest farmer, removing his broad-brimmed hat, and wiping the perspiration from his sun-burnt brow, "we have found thee at last! What wouldst thee do?"

"Proceed at once to the abbey!" replied the young man, with flashing eyes and quivering lip; "meet this hated Meeran face to face—rend the trembling dove from the vulture's gripe, and—"

"Kill her!" said the Khan, in a calm, deep tone; "break your promise to the ayah, and provoke a contest which may end fatally to one or both of you! You must be patient!"

"Patient!" repeated the agitated lover, "and know the serpent near the heart of her I love, ready to sting it! Patient, whilst the monster has already twined its hideous coils around her! You speak like a man to whom affection, duty, manhood, are but shadows—not breathing realities!"

"Don't 'ee, Harry!" said his uncle, in a tone of entreaty. "Don't 'ee speak so to him—thoe mayst one day repent it! He—"

A look from the renegade seemed to prohibit his giving utterance to the words which were about to follow.

"Mr. Ashton, I am sure," he said, "will be guided by those who can have no other wish than his happiness and welfare! The rector and Colonel Butler are under the guidance of the ayah."

"I mistrust that woman!" interrupted Henry.

"She will not deceive them now!" continued the speaker; "place yourself under my directions. To me the ins and outs, recesses, and quaint nooks of Carrow, are better known than to any living man, except poor old Martin. I will conduct you where, at the appointed moment, you may step between Ellen and your rival—Meeran and his passions."

The doubting youth regarded him for an instant in silence: it was possible that he might be sincere in his offer; equally possible, too, that the Khan might deceive him.

"And what pledge have I of your fidelity?" he demanded.

"Simply that my life will be in your hands," replied the renegade, "if I betray you! You are armed; the weapon in your hand, resolution in your heart and eye. If I prove false, level, and strike me dead!"

"And I will, too!" muttered Joe; but so inaudibly that the words were only caught by Ralph.

"Don't 'ee talk of such an *unnatural* thing!" exclaimed the farmer, with a look of horror; "better a thousand times that Henry should break my old heart—nay, e'en kill me—than harm a hair of his—"

"Friend's head!" hastily added the Khan, finishing the sentence for him. "You are right: I am indeed his friend—his true and faithful friend—although the headstrong boy will not believe it! Farewell!" he added, turning away; "I would have served you, had your rash humour and headstrong will permitted me!"

"Stay!" exclaimed our hero, taking him by the hand. "I am wilful, but I am not ungrateful! Something whispers to my heart that I am bound to trust you! Did you know," he added, "how that heart has been wrung, its confidence abused, its feelings trampled on, you would wonder that so much faith in my fellow-man remained!"

"Tis well!" said the Khan, withdrawing his hand, with an air of restraint. "You have decided wisely!"

By his direction, the party, instead of proceeding in a direction towards the abbey, made their way to the little ruined pavilion, which jutted over the wall of the park, where the ayah had held her first rendezvous with the renegade.

"Here be stairs!" exclaimed Red Ralph, who had run on before; "but door be locked!"

Several of the young men offered to break it open.

"It needs not," replied their guide; "the entrance is not from the apartment above."

"Where, then?" demanded the impatient Henry, whose heart and mind yielded alternately to the most cruel doubts or hopeful confidence.

"Here!" said the Khan; at the same time pointing to a large stone under the staircase, which rose on the exterior of the building. "This is the entrance to the passage which communicates with the little vaulted chamber in which was discovered the gibbern of the war-

rener, and is connected, by a similar contrivance, with the library."

All present felt that the speaker had thrown an additional light upon the circumstances of Sir William's murder.

"Are you satisfied?" he continued.

Henry could only extend his hand in token that he was—so impatient did he feel to tread the gloomy maze, and reach the scene of action. By a simple contrivance the stone, which turned upon an iron axis, was made to revolve, disclosing an aperture sufficiently large for them to enter one at a time. Joe Beans was about to proceed, when his friend placed his hand upon his arm to restrain him:

"No, Joe!" he said; "not even to you can I resign the post of honour!"

"But it may be one of danger, Master Harry!" observed the faithful fellow.

"The greater reason that it should be mine!"

"But if any harm—"

"Joe," said the young man, "I cannot dispute! My heart and arm are steel! I will!"

His friend at once gave way. Few who knew him, ever contended with our hero, after he had once pronounced those words.

But for once he was mistaken: during the contest between the friends, Red Ralph had quietly glided through the aperture.

"Drat that boy!" exclaimed Joe Beans, when he perceived it; "there will be some mischief yet!"

(To be continued in our next.)

THE LAST LETTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THEY tell me, I am greatly changed,

From that which I have been:

So changed, it would have passed belief,

Had they not known—not seen:

They tell me, my once graceful form

Is waning—pale and thin—

Alas! these blighted looks scarce speak

The deeper blight within!

They tell me, in one little month,

I seem to have lived years;

My ringlets have the shade of age,

My eyes are worn with tears:

They say, the beauteous cheek you praised,

Now wears a deathly hue;

And, oh! I feel within my breast,

My heart is dying too!

I do not wish to send one pang

Of sadness to thy soul;

But there are feelings—deep and strong—

We may not quite control:

I do not—do I love reproach?—

Oh! if—forgive—forgive—

'Tis woe to think of thee—and die!

'Tis worse than woe—to live!

My sleep is wild and dark to me,

My dreams are of the dead;

I wake—and bless the light of day,

Though day brings its own dread:

The visions and the tongues of home,

Haunt all my steps with pain;

Till fire is in my aching sight—

And madness in my brain!

This may not—will not—long endure;

I know death's hour is nigh,—

And, oh! 'tis all on earth I ask,—

To see thee—ere I die!

Is it too much for all my tears,

For all my anguish past,

To grant me this—my parting prayer—

My last—my very last!

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.

It is a rule in Egypt that every villager shall bring his tax to the *depôt* of the sheikh; and every officer his quota to the *depôt* of the next above him. The sheikh sits in great state at his house, and the Fellahs appear before him. The poor people bring their money, but will not part with it if they can help it. They are too much used to excessive exactions to part with it easily. They know too well that the demands, which even now well nigh exceed the utmost limits of their physical powers to procure, would be greatly increased, if the present amount could be wrung from them with comparative ease. They even boast of the number of *nabootings* they have undergone; for they feel that they endure them in a good cause.

Hence, when the day of payment arrives, they go prepared to resist to the utmost. The sheikh makes proclamation of the amount each shall pay; and, appealing to Allah and his Prophet, exhorts, with the most fatherly solicitude, all whom it may concern to think of their latter end. And thus in the coolest manner possible this important business is transacted.

The first is called up, and the tax demanded. He refuses—and is immediately ordered to be *nabooted* (bastinadoed). This he endures with determined constancy. At length, when the suffering overpasses his powers of endurance, the money is slowly produced; and when it is thought no more is to be extracted from him, he is dismissed to make way for another, who will inevitably meet the same fate. He departs without complaining; and rejoicing if he has been able to endure their

severity, without giving up a few coins he had concealed under his tongue as a reserve, in case the punishment became too severe.

At the close of the day's business, the sheikh himself finds cause for secret joy, if he thinks he has been able to extort something over and above what the nazir will demand from him, as a speculation for himself. But woe be to him if he has obtained less. He is treated with the same severity as the poor Fellahs are by him. He may be bastinadoed, or sent to the galleys—i. e. to work in chains in the dockyard of Alexandria or at the forts of Aboutkir. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole train of these marched through the streets of Alexandria. Some have even worked at the galleys for years, and have then regained their office, upon handing over the necessary bonus to the pasha. They are sometimes paraded in public places on donkeys, with their faces turned towards the tail—which is esteemed a great disgrace.

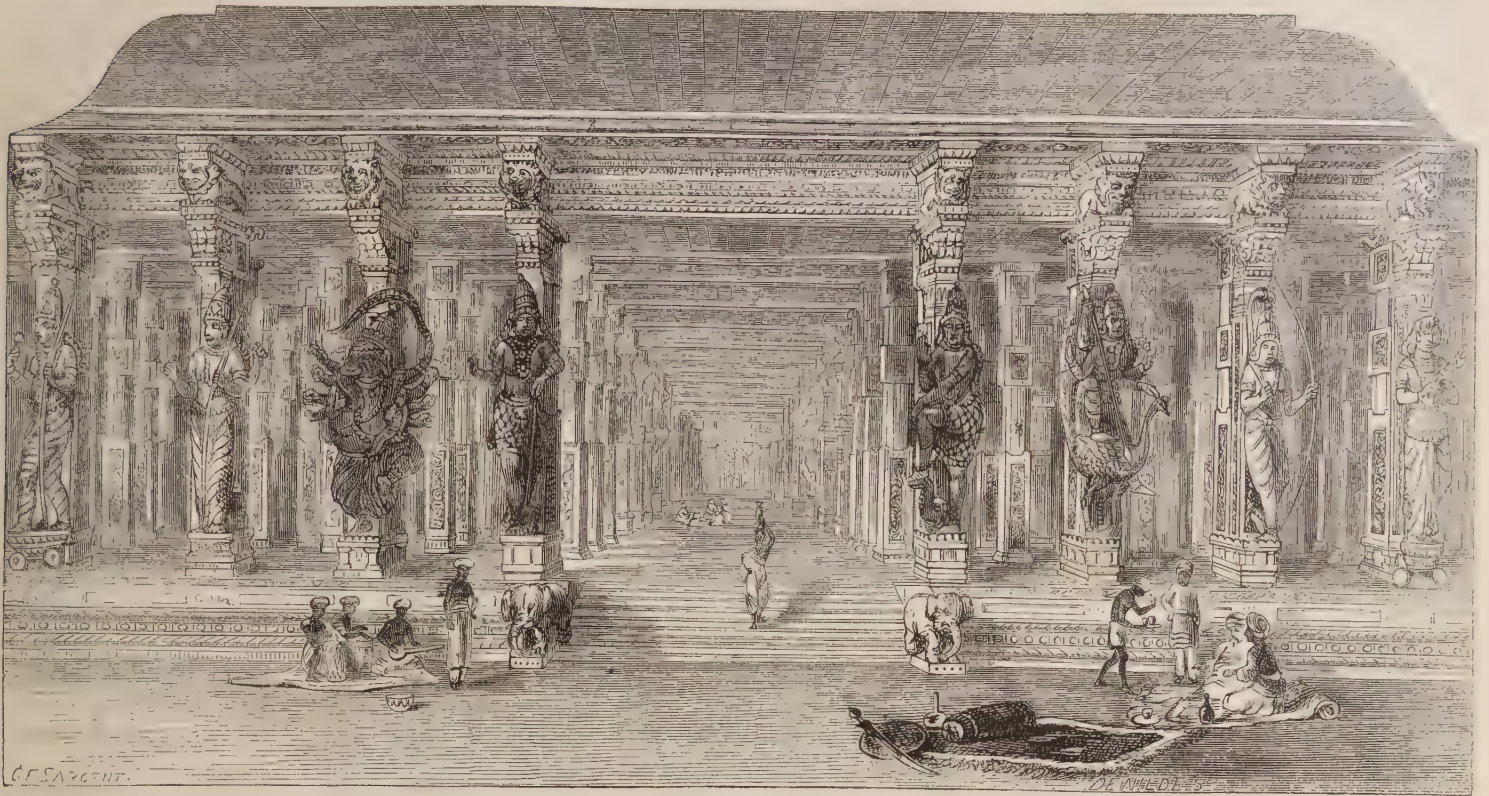
The nazirs are themselves liable to similar treatment at the hands of the officers above them, or of the pasha. A curious story is told of the way in which Ahmet Pasha treated a nazir. The nazir was a respectable old gentleman, who had no reason to think he had given cause of displeasure. One day, however, he received a visit from an amiable, soft-spoken personage from Cairo, armed with full powers to represent his highness. The nazir welcomed his guest with politeness and hospitality—not unmixed, of course, with apprehension; and a splendid supper was provided, to refresh him after his journey. When supper was over and hands were washed, the guest, as he delicately parted his well-trimmed moustache with the amber mouth-piece of his pipe, said: "Now to business. With infinite regret I inform thee that I have come the bearer of orders to give thee 500 blows. It will be better for both parties to dispatch this unpleasant affair as quickly as possible. You will allow me, then, to issue the necessary orders." The astounded nazir roared for mercy, but in vain; and while the visitor coolly sat and smoked his first pipe, the operation was performed.

THE OCEAN.

WE speak of the ocean as a surface; and to the first passing glance it appears like a motionless, calm expanse. But an attentive ear detects the soft murmur of the waves rolling in to the foot of the cliffs, and an observant eye at length discovers that the whole infinite surface rises and sinks, as if with a gentle respiration. The sailors call this a "ground swell."

It is but apparent calm that here deceives us. It is no lifeless, motionless mass, but ever moving, restlessly changing, living water, which, like Oceanus of old, winds its embracing arms around the solid land. It is true, the degree of the movement and its phenomena vary in storm and calm; but no peace is granted to the fluid, unstable element. Not to speak of the weight with which the moving atmosphere presses on the surface of the ocean, and disturbs its equilibrium, there are three regular movements of the water, produced by the invisible and imperceptible, but, for all that, irresistible power of the sun and moon, going on almost silently in their appointed course, and yet infinitely grander and more mighty than the most terrible tumult of the stirred elements in the West Indian tornado, or in the Chinese typhoon.

The sun, which sparkles so pleasantly on the crystal surface, is constantly driving the evaporating water upwards by its heat: this ascends as an invisible gas, to fall to earth again as rain and snow. The heaviest rain-drops scarcely make a visible impression on the softest ground where they fall. The falling water exerts a force scarcely worth naming in the mere act of falling. But it then collects into springs, brooks, and streams; and as it again glides gradually down the inclined plains of the land into its mother's bosom, it carries vessels, drives mills, and performs other services in the artificial contrivances of man. The total amount of flowing water in Europe has a power equal to 300,000,000 horses, according to the ordinary mode of calculating for steam-engines. This does indeed seem a great force; but we readily reconcile the idea to our minds, if we think of the bubbling of springs, the rushing of brooks, the roar of large rivers, and the thunder of falls, like those of the Rhine, or the Trollhatta. The human mind only too easily falls into the error of regarding that as mighty which makes a powerful impression upon the senses, and readily yields itself to the mistake of imagining that to be unimportant which works in stillness—unobserved and noiselessly, but unceasingly. Thus it is here also. The ocean, assumed to have an average depth of 1000 feet, would contain some twenty-nine millions of cubic miles of water; and if it were emptied, it would require all the streams of the earth to pour their waters in for 40,000 years before the empty basin was filled up again. The whole force of the flowing waters of the earth is not so much as 1-800th of the force which raises this water to the clouds in the form of vapour. The heat used in this to evaporate this water amounts to a full third part of all the heat which is imparted by the sun to our earth. This amount of heat, during only one year, would suffice to melt a crust of ice thirty-two feet thick, enveloping the whole earth, while all the fuel consumed in France in one year would not be capable of freeing this planet from a crust of ice one-twelfth of an inch thick. According to the technical reckoning, that amount of heat which annually raises the sea-water in the form of vapour, corresponds to the enormous sum of sixteen billions of horse-power! Consequently, a force of more than thirty horse-power acts upon every acre of land; while in the most active of the manufacturing counties of England—Lancashire—the average power employed is only 1-49th of a horse-power per acre, or 1-1470th part of this force.



[CHOLTRY OF 999 COLUMNS, AT MADURA.]

TALES OF THE BRAHMINS.

High shone the sun, and cloudless was the sky, above the ruins of Madura—a very ancient place at the extremity of Southern India; but all this natural glory was profaned by the rites of fiendish superstition. As the hackery containing our friend, the English traveller, and the Brahmin who had been his guide and interpreter during his Indian peregrinations, drove into the village—for the habitable portion was nothing more—they were informed that a widow, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, would that day offer herself up as a sacrifice on the body of her departed husband.

"Who is she?" asked the Brahmin, as he calmly surveyed the crowd, that seemed to have been gathered from every village, farm, and hut in the neighbourhood of Madura.

"The late partner of Ramoa Sand, the merchant," was the reply.

"Does—can the English government permit of such a monstrous thing?" exclaimed the Englishman, indignantly.

The Brahmin smiled. He knew well that the English power would never have risen to such eminence in India, if the government had interfered, to any great extent, with the religious dogmas and practices of the natives. They were too well aware that the barbarous usages of ages could neither be destroyed by a proclamation of the Governor-General, nor abated by the sermon of a missionary, for them to risk anything by experimental experience. They had tried persuasion, but only with local success. If they had attempted to abolish the suttee by any compulsory means, they would have exasperated all the Brahmins throughout the empire, and so have paved the way for the total annihilation of the *prestige* which surrounded the English name among the bulk of the Indian population. Their authority was too recent, too political, for them to risk its safety by any interference, however philanthropical, with customs which, through the course of centuries of observance, had almost become vital portions of the Brahminical doctrine.

The Brahmin was well aware of this; but, having contracted a warm feeling of friendship for the English traveller, he did not wish to offend him by any remarks derogatory to the English character, and merely said, in reply to his warm remonstrances:

"You English are a very great people; but you are not invincible! You cannot, in a few years, change or improve features which are the growth of three thousand years. These sacrifices are voluntary—purely so; for among the higher castes, it is not infamous for a widow to refuse the suttee. On the contrary, she may do so with impunity; and, in some cases, is even entreated to live. I remember a case of the kind that occurred at Cossimbuzar, not long ago. It was that of a young widow, about eighteen years of age, having, at so early a period, three children. This heroine was eagerly importuned to live, for the sake of the future care of her infants; but, notwithstanding this representation, and though the agonies of death were depicted to her in the strongest terms, she, with a calm and resolved countenance, put her finger into the fire, and held it there until it was nearly half consumed. She then with one hand placed fire in the palm of the other, sprinkled incense on it, and scattered it over the Brahmins! Her friends then interfered, and positively interdicted the sa-

crifice; but she declared that, if she was not allowed to burn herself, she would starve herself to death! After that, no further opposition was offered, and the sacrifice was consummated."

At this moment the crowd began to run to the bank of a rivulet that encircled the village, huzzaing and energetically gesticulating. The Englishman, impelled by a powerful curiosity, followed them, and found the body of the defunct husband on a bier, covered with linen, and laid at the edge of the water. The crowd evinced such cruel joy, that the Englishman would have warmly expostulated with them; but his companion, the Brahmin, earnestly begged him not to do so.

"It will cost you your life, without saving that of the woman's! Don't interfere—the government would not thank you!"

The Englishman, seeing that neither his single voice nor arm could prevent the brutal spectacle, was fain obliged to acknowledge that discretion was the better part of valour, and remained, passively looking on. At about ten o'clock the wife appeared, attended by priests and music, and some few relatives. The procession was a solemn one, and a dead silence prevailed; but the victim walked with a firm and steady step. Her features were pale, but composed; and the Englishman, as he gazed mournfully at her, saw, with surprise, that she was still young and handsome. Her figure was small, but finely formed; and her hands, arms, and feet were models of beauty. She wore a loose robe of white, flowing drapery, that extended to the feet, and really looked more like a bride than a victim. The procession halted near the body of the husband, and the widow addressed those who were near her in terms of endearment and farewell. She held in her left hand a cocoa-nut shell, in which was a red liquid. Into this she dipped the fore-finger of her right hand, and marked those near her on the forehead. Some of the crowd pressed forward to receive this last mark of attention. After some delay, the body of the man was taken up, and the sacrificial procession moved on some hundred yards to the spot where the pile was raised. The widow followed the bier with a composed—almost stern countenance, occasionally praying with the Brahmins by her side, or conversing with her relatives.

The pile was composed of dried branches, leaves, and rushes, with a door on one side, and arched and covered on the top; by the side of the door stood a man with a lighted brand. The dreadful moment drew rapidly near, and the heart of the Englishman beat violently, as he saw the body of the man placed on the pile, and observed the widow standing before the door, speaking to those near her, and bowing to the crowd.

"What astonishing nerve!" he exclaimed, half aloud, "why her eyes are as clear as stars, and her lips as red as they were on her bridal morn! Ah! she has vanished!"

The Englishman turned away, heart-sick, as he saw the widow slowly enter the pile, and close the door after her. As he did so, the crowd around him began to shout and dance like demons, and he felt rather than saw a column of flame shooting and quivering in the air. The sacrifice was over, and he hurried away, disgusted with the whole exhibition, and dangerously inclined to rush into the crowd like a knight of old, and disperse them with a lance, sword, or any weapon he could lay hold of.*

* "In other parts of India—as the Carnatic—this dreadful custom is accompanied, in the execution of it, with still greater horror. It is asserted that they dig a pit, in which is deposited

His object in visiting Madura had been to inspect the remains of Hindoo and Moorish architecture for which the place is celebrated; and, as he ardently desired to be conducted out of hearing of the horrors being enacted outside the village, his guide, the Brahmin, led him to a choultry that stood at a little distance from the high road by which pilgrims travelled, when on their way to the sacred island of Ramisseram.

The choultry had been a magnificent edifice. It was then, even in ruin, a splendid memorial of the benevolence of the ancient Hindoo character. The various emblems and images of Brahma dispersed about sufficiently attested its origin; and further corroboration was afforded by several white bulls, marching about with the freedom of domestic pets. The Englishman and the Brahmin, having secured a separate apartment, partook of some refreshment; and as all the rooms in the choultry opened to the centre of the area within, they could observe what was passing outside, and at the same time indulge in conversation uninterrupted.

The Englishman could not shut out from his mental vision the pale but beautiful face of the widow, as he last saw it at the door of her funeral pile.

After anathematizing the East India government for their connivance at these brutalising scenes, he began, as his friend the Brahmin said, to talk more rationally.

"What was the origin of the suttee?" inquired he "who first invented such a horror?"

The Brahmin gravely replied:

"At the demise of the mortal part of the great Hindoo lawgiver and prophet, Brahma, his wives, inconsolable for his loss, resolved not to survive him, and offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. The wives of the chief rajahs, the first officers of the state, being unwilling to have it thought that they were deficient in fidelity and affection, followed the heroic example set them by the wives of Brahma. The Brahmins, a caste then but lately established by the great legislator, pronounced and declared—as no doubt they were authorised by inspiration—that the souls of those heroines immediately cease from their transmigrations, and had entered the first boboon of purification. It followed that the wives of the Brahmins claimed a right of making a sacrifice of their mortal forms to the divinity and the manes of their deceased husbands. The wives of every Hindoo caught the pious flame, and thus the heroic acts of a few women brought about a general custom."

"Say rather the madness!" interrupted the Englishman; "for if the priesthood had not given the custom the countenance of religion, and instituted the forms and ceremonies that were to accompany the sacrifice, it would never have obtained a permanent hold on the Hindoo mind."

"Very likely," assented the Brahmin; "but you must, at all events, give the early exposition of the law of Brahma the benefit of the admission, that they studiously sought to make it a voluntary act of glory, piety, and fortitude?"

a large quantity of combustible matter, which is set on fire, and, the body being let down, the victim throws herself into the flaming mass. In other places a pile is raised extremely high, and the body, with the wife, is placed upon it, and then the whole is set on fire."—*Hodgson's Travels in India*. So that there are three modes of conducting the sacrifice of the Suttee. 1. The funeral pile—the same in form as that in use among the ancient Romans. 2. The chamber, or hut; and, 3. the pit—the most revolting of all.

The Englishman could not demur to this, but he immediately added:

"Your explanation may be the true historical one, but I cannot think it the actual one."

"Why, O pundit of a great and valiant race?" said the Brahmin, evincing some curiosity.

"Because I think the custom had its origin in the selfishness of the stronger sex. No man cherishes the idea of his wife passing into the possession of another after his death. In his last hours he clings to her in wild agony, and I have no doubt the example of Brahma's wives was eagerly caught at by the men, and an act of devotion to the memory of a man of extraordinary genius in time cultivated into a sentiment, a madness, among the women, which the men encouraged, because it gratified one of the dominant passions of their hearts. Nothing, my friend, is so fierce and selfish as the love between the sexes—it survives beyond the tomb; and you Hindoos gratify the indomitable desire, by coaxing your wives to accompany you into eternity. But you are not singular in that respect. In my own land I have heard a dying husband implore his wife not to marry again. The very idea embitters his expiring moments. One case I remember distinctly. It came under my notice in the character of medical attendant. The man was a rude, untutored labourer, young, and a very giant in strength. He had met with an accident, and could not possibly recover. His wife was a pretty peasant girl, somewhat of a coquette, but quite as illiterate as himself. She sat by his bed-side in all the agony of unaffected grief, and as she hung over him, her hot tears fell on his pallid face.

"Poll!" said he, as his large, brown hand tremblingly played with her curls, "I ain't afeard to die! I've never done nothing to make me, unless it may be giving the blow before the word now and then; but there's one thing on my mind which distresses me."

"What is it, Bill?" sobbed his wife.

"The man, by a desperate effort, raised himself on his elbow, and, fixing a loving and imploring glance on her face, said:

"Promise me you won't marry anybody else when I'm gone, but stick to me like a brick!"

"Oh, Bill, what puts such a thing into your head now?"

"Promise!—promise, Poll! Do, there's a dear! If I thought you were for to go to buckle to with any one else, I—"

"What else trembled on his tongue never was uttered—for he fell back and expired, with an expression on his convulsed features of such intense fear—I might say jealousy—that I shall never forget it. It was selfishness in its most violent, its most passionate and exacting form."

"Is it not better the wife should die on her husband's bier than make a promise she can never keep?" suggested the Brahmin.

"It is. But why ask her to make the promise at all?" replied the Englishman. "Why attempt to continue an engagement broken off by the grave? Should not the wife in that event be as free as the husband?"

"No!" said the Brahmin, with some animation; "for the wife belongs to the husband—not the husband to the wife. She becomes his property, or part of himself."

"And does not the husband equally become a part of the wife, her property, her possession?" retorted the Englishman. "If she is bone of his bone, is not he also bone of her bone? And, above all, does not the spiritual relationship created by marriage subsist entirely on mutuality of interest and affection? You cannot, my friend, make one party to the union different from the other; if you do, there is no union—no marriage!"

"Answer me this question," said the Brahmin, with some warmth. "Can a woman have more than one living husband?"

"No! Both the Divine and human law prohibit such a custom; even among the most barbarous tribes in the world, the practice does not, and never did prevail."

"Very well. Now as a woman can only have one husband, it follows that a wife can only be the property of one man. With the man the case is reversed. He may have many wives, and all of them belong to him as much as the one does."

"Oh no—no!" interrupted the Englishman; "the woman is the equal of the man—his equal in the eye of heaven—in the eye of human policy, expediency, and natural justice."

The Brahmin at this declaration instantly recovered his taciturnity of demeanour, and coldly answered:

"The customs of the east and the west disagree. In the lands where the human race had its beginning, man is lord of the soil, and all that is upon it. Woman is his vassal, and although he elevates her to the dignity of his companion, he does not part with one atom of his authority. What was ordained at the beginning, must endure to the end. Circumstances may modify many conditions, but they cannot change the ordinations of Providence. Woman belongs to man—not man to woman; and while that is the law, the selfishness of man in respect to woman, of which you complained just now, is her safeguard and his birthright. Without it there would be no love, no homes, no cities, no organisations, no society. However, as you are a Nazarene and I am a humble disciple of Brahma, we should never agree, if we were to sit here disputing for a century: so I recommend, as the sun is now at its height, that we sleep—so as to be better able a few hours hence to resume our journey—or talk, just as it will please you."

The Englishman laughingly concurred, and, following the Brahmin's example, stretched himself on the low couch on which he had been sitting, and in a few minutes was as sound asleep as any of the hundred Hindoos and Mussulmen whom the choultry sheltered

from the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. When he awoke it was evening, and he was enveloped in partial darkness. On calling out, the Brahmin promptly answered, and together they strolled into the area in the centre of the choultry. The scene was solemn—almost grand. At the entrance, the atmosphere could be seen illuminated by the soft but brilliant silver light of the eastern moon. Some palm-trees in the distance could be observed gently waving.

The sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise.

Within the choultry a sort of twilight reigned. The massive roof and the innumerable columns, grotesquely wreathed here and there with the enormous head of a carved bull, and on the ground the recumbent figure of a sleeping living representation of the Indian lawgiver, presented a dim, shadowy aspect. The interior looked more like a huge tomb than a hospitable place of shelter; and as the Englishman glanced around, he could not resist subscribing to the opinion, that caverns and grottoes were the original models of all the great masses of architecture in the world, the palaces of the laity, the temples of the various orders of priesthood. In ancient times a good cavern was a superb palace; it is so still, under certain circumstances. And if, as is very probable, the strongest, fiercest, and craftiest—the lions and tigers of the human race—were the first to take violent possession of these natural habitations, and consequently became afterwards objects of superstitious adoration; or if they themselves were the original fountains of systems of superstition, we shall no longer be at a loss to account for the almost universal tradition which characterises rocks and caverns as the haunts and sacred dwellings of the heathen gods, or of the form and gloom of such caverns having been universally imitated in the oldest temples. The ancient architecture of India essentially embodies this idea, and is of itself a convincing proof of the remote antiquity of the remains of the past scattered all over the country, if not of the Hindoo race.

The Englishman, at length, as if wearied with speculation, said to his guide:

"This choultry seems of very ancient date. I should imagine it to be one of the specimens of the earliest style of Hindoo architecture."

"It is older than the Christianity which your English missionaries are so sedulously attempting to introduce into India: tradition assigns its erection to Bickermajit, the eighth and greatest of the solar kings of India."

"I have read a good deal about that celebrated monarch. We are told that in the fifty-sixth year before the Christian era, he, by a series of bold exploits, attained the supreme sovereignty in India. I presume the building has been named after him?"

"No; it is called the '999 Columns Choultry.'"

"How? are there so many? I should not have thought it!"

"Very likely. Frequent spoliation by the Malay pirates, the Cingalese, the Moors, and native robbers, have shorn it of somewhat of its ancient grandeur; but it is still an hotel—if you choose to term it one—larger than any you can boast of in Europe."

"You are about right, there; but in Europe, my friend, in our economical arrangements we prefer comfort to grandeur. However, not to institute comparisons which can scarcely be maintained, can you inform me whether tradition has preserved a memoir of any of the circumstances that attended the erection of this certainly stupendous building?"

The Brahmin answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to detail the following narrative:

The lord of India, the representative of the sun and moon, the emperor of the Universe, now known to posterity by the unepic title of Bickermajit—in one of his progresses through his empire, came to Madura, then the capital of a powerful principality that bordered on the sea, and protected the extremities of Southern India from invasion. The rajah received him with all due honours, and, during his stay, resigned the administration of justice and the laws into his sovereign hands. The emperor was happy. He had just made a satisfactory tour through his vast dominions, and found peace everywhere prevailing; his tributaries loyal, his subjects industrious and prosperous. But, Sir Englishman, before I relate to you the particulars of the tradition, I must tell you that the accounts given by all, concur in stating that this emperor was one of the most magnificent that ever occupied the throne of India. He is recorded to have been unequalled by any former emperor in the science of jurisprudence, in governing, in fortitude, in justice, and in wisdom. Peter the Great, in modern times, must have had his example in his eye—for Bickermajit travelled, in the habit of a mendicant, over the greater part of the East, so as to acquire the arts, learning, and policy of foreign nations, and transplant them into his own. He was even thought to have taken up arms by the divine command, as Rama did of old, to purge the empire of vice and tyranny. Most certain it is that he exalted aloft, in the centre of the land, the standard of equity and the banners of religion. Both poets and historians are uniform in their praise of this great and just man. The former, to impress us with an idea of his inflexible justice, affirm that the magnet, without his permission, dared not exert its power upon iron, nor amber upon the chaff of the field; and the latter add, such was his temperance and contempt of grandeur, that he slept upon a mat, and reduced the furniture of his apartment to an earthenware pot, filled with water from the spring. He was also a munificent patron of learning, and the poet and philosopher, Calidas, who flourished in his reign, was particularly protected by him. The latter was considered the chief of fourteen learned Brahmins, whom the

emperor had invited to his court from different parts of Hindostan, and who were denominated the fourteen jewels of his crown. To animate the religious zeal of the inferior classes, he set up the great image of Mahi Cali, or Time, in the city of Oojein, which he built while he himself worshipped only the infinite and invisible God.

Such, O Englishman! was Bickermajit, when, towards the end of his long and brilliant reign, he visited Madura, and, seated on a throne radiant in diamonds and precious stones, he could lay his hand on his heart, and say, "I have done my duty." Some few days before his departure, he gave public audience to all the great men in the principality, and as he showered favours around him with a prodigal hand, he was continually entreating to be informed what better return he could make for the splendid hospitality he had received at the court of the rajah. All present, save one—a churlish old man who had lived apart from his fellow-creatures, and was in great repute for wisdom and sanctity—loudly declared that his munificence was unbounded, and more than they had deserved.

"Nay," interposed the monarch, "you must allow me to be the best judge of what is due from myself in return for favours received! Kings should be generous as well as just. They should be beneficent for many generations—not one; therefore, if you will give me leave, I will tell you what I have resolved. Having considered that your honoured and valiant city of Madura, on account of its holiness, and contiguity to the holy places where the great works of Brahma, as well as other illustrious avatars of the deity, were studied and perfected, is much frequented by pilgrims from all nations—by the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind—I have bethought me that I should best express my gratitude to you and posterity, by erecting a resting-place in which the poor will find bread, the afflicted consolation, and the pious shelter."

This announcement was received with deafening applause, in the midst of which Calidas, the great poet and philosopher, rose, and, after obtaining silence, said:

"O emperor! I should wish that this lasting memorial of your magnificence should also be a lasting monument of your goodness! And would wish that the columns that shall support its mighty roof should be in number the same as that of the good deeds by which you have covered your name and reign with eternal glory!"

Several of the nobles and Brahmins exclaimed against the impracticability of the proposition. "Count the stars, or the shells of the shore!" cried some, while others boldly asserted that it would be impossible to enumerate the good deeds of his majesty. The emperor alone was silent, although inwardly pleased with such homage. The discussion was conducted in a very lively tone for some time, and the Rajah of Madura was on the point of rising to declare emphatically that he could not think of having his humble territory made the cause of putting his majesty to such enormous expense, when the churlish old man before-mentioned hastily averred that he could himself build such a choultry as that suggested by the learned Calidas.

Amazement seized upon the brilliant throng, and, in the midst of a profound silence, Phoon, the ascetic, repeated his assertion.

"Old, feeble, and poor as I am," he said, "I will myself undertake to build a temple of charity, supported by as many pillars as the emperor's good deeds will number!"

"The man is mad!" chorused the fourteen Brahmins—the jewels of the imperial crown.

The rajah was indignant, and was about to expel the daring ascetic from the presence-chamber, when the emperor interposed, and desired Phoon to speak freely.

"I will, O king!" answered the seer—for in his day Phoon had vaticinated among the sacred piles at Mavalipuram. "I am no flatterer. I have breathed the free air of heaven too long, to feed even monarchs with the poisoned honey of false praise! Give me but until to-morrow, and I will make good my word!"

The emperor cheerfully assented, and the court broke up in considerable agitation. On the morrow Phoon appeared at the foot of the throne with a long roll of parchment in his hands. The emperor was in a gracious mood, and smilingly commanded him to redeem his promise. Phoon obeyed the royal order, by presenting to the emperor the roll of parchment. As the latter perused its contents his brow darkened, and, after a long and oppressive pause, he exclaimed:

"What, all this straw, and not one grain of rice! Calidas, this holy man has read us a lesson—a bitter one; and not the less bitter for being true! Read, so that the world may know the true character of him who has been styled the greatest of the illustrious—Surya-Varsha!"

The court philosopher, as he ran his eye down the Sanscrit characters, hesitated, and, it is reported, turned saffron in visage; but the emperor was peremptory, and he tremblingly read aloud the contents of this remarkable document, than which a stranger or more audacious one had never been presented to an insignificant, much less a powerful sovereign. It contained an analytical summary of the most distinguished incidents in the life of the reigning monarch; described all his great battles, his patronage of literature and science, his temperate habits, his wisdom and benevolence, his self-denial, his zeal—everything that is generally imagined to elevate the character of a great potentate, and concluded with these remarkable words: "I find that his Majesty the Light of the World has performed 999 great deeds; but among them all, I cannot discover a good one. He has laboured for himself—not for mankind. His people are as wretched as when he ascended the throne—the tyranny of princes as insolent—the bigotry of priests as furious—the advent of the truth as remote. His grandeur is his own grandeur—his greatness his own greatness—his glory his own glory. He has failed in everything, but in gaining the applauses of all

time. He is a great king; his memory will survive through untold ages; but, as his labours have only gathered splendours round himself and throne, he has not performed one of the good deeds that heaven expects from a king; and therefore do I say, that with these aged hands will I erect every pillar in the contemplated house of charity."

Shouts of laughter and derision hailed this singular denunciation of one of the most popular monarchs that ever sat on the throne of India; and the cynic would have been sacrificed on the spot, had not the emperor mercifully extended to him his protection, and dismissed him, with a safe escort. The princes and nobles present then unanimously resolved that, in refutation of the slander, they, at their own cost, would erect a choultry, supported by 999 columns, in commemoration of the manifold virtues of their beloved emperor, and as a solid memorial of the appreciation and unchanging affection of the millions who had lived and flourished under his beneficent rule.

The tradition at this point becomes obscure. It refers to an interview which the emperor had with the cynic, wherein they elaborately discussed the 999 points of excellence in his majesty's character; and concludes with the following passages.

"Is not my adoration of the infinite and invisible God a work of goodness?" demanded the emperor.

"No!" was the emphatic reply; "it is a mark of selfishness. You erect idols for your subjects—while you fall down before the truth for your individual advantage. Besides, O king, you have not worshipped the Invisible for His glory, but for your own safety. You have wished God to care everything for you, while all the while you have done nothing to show that you cared about Him! Where is the Church to Him on earth? O king, you are wise and great, but you are not good! Self is the only God before whom you have sincerely prostrated yourself!"

"Such, Sir Englishman!" concluded the Brahmin, "is the legend connected with this imposing Hindoo edifice; and I have only to add, from historical records, that the great Bickermajit, towards the close of his reign, made some serious endeavours to be regarded as a good as well as great emperor. He attempted to ameliorate the condition of the lower castes, to put a curb on the wantonly exercised authority of his rajahs, to reform the church—but he failed in them all; and was slain, in his old age, about the commencement of the Christian era, in a battle against a confederacy of the princes of the Deccan. From which melancholy termination to a life of brilliancy, I derive this reflection—that kings should never attempt to be good if they would be great, and continue to be great. Goodness consists as much in negative as active qualities. Therefore, kings who wish to be celebrated for their achievements, must only aim at greatness. When they do more, they inevitably topple down from their high places, and, coming to the ordinary level of their subjects, are either sacrificed to their rage, or consigned to an inglorious desuetude by their contempt. J. P. H.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

NOVEL MODE OF HATCHING CHICKENS.—The *Stamford Mercury* mentions that a novel mode of hatching chickens has been put into operation in Lincoln, on the premises of a fellmonger. The eggs are placed in water, which is kept up to the requisite warmth by means of a solar lamp, and many fine chickens thus hatched are running about the premises.

HOROLOGICAL CRADLE.—An American has obtained a patent for a new cradle, which moves between two upright columns placed upon a moveable base, upon the principle of the pendulum of a clock. It runs by means of a weight in one of the columns, and when wound up will run 24 hours, or as much shorter time as the nurse may desire.

TRIANGULAR WATER MILLS.—This invention, patented by Mr. G. F. Goble, is admirably adapted to shallow running streams, trifling falls of water, or in tidal actions. For tidal power it is very applicable, as it matters not what rise or fall of water; the machinery can always remain a permanent fixture where the bottom will admit of such stability. For deep gullies, or ravines, it is also admirably adapted, as the mill-house can be erected on the top, however high, or at the sides, as a few rods' distance creates no material objection to its working. Respecting the greatest power with the least supply of water, we question if Mr. Goble's invention does not obtain such, by reversing the order of his water lever-ages, &c.

MR. CYRUS BALDWIN, of Manchester, N.H., the inventor of the bag-loom now used in the Stark Mills, manufacturer, has invented two looms of wonderful construction, which get greater speed with less power. They have entirely a new shuttle motion, so that the shuttle can be stopped without stopping the loom. They do away with the use of cams, levers, treadles, pickers, and race-rods—thereby saving 75 per cent. of oil used about the looms. What is not less important, they can be used for weaving all kinds of fancy goods, with from one to twenty harnesses.

TEA AT HOME.—It will surprise many to know that we need no longer rely on China for tea, but drink our home-grown English, and so be independent of the foreigner—if such independence is worth caring about. Mr. Alexander Forsyth has addressed a communication to the Horticultural Society, in which he says that, having considered that the tea of Paraguay is a species of holly, he tried our common holly, and finds the tea, when washed, equal to ordinary five shilling tea.

THE REFRACTION OF SOUND.—For some years C. Sondhauss has entertained the belief that sonorous waves expanding in the air must undergo a change, similar to that suffered by rays of light on passing into another medium, and be deflected in a manner similar to the light-rays. To determine the truth of his idea, this observer constructed a lens-shaped vessel, capable of absorbing the motion produced by the sound-waves, and of concentrating them by refraction in a point where the sound might be plainly heard, as in the focus of a concave mirror. Such a vessel was first made of a balloon of goldbeater's skin, the medium with which it was filled being carbonic acid gas; this was suspended in the air, and a weak-ticking watch fixed at the distance of about a foot from it: when, on listening at the opposite side of the balloon, in the direction of its axis, the listener seemed to hear the ticking in that direction more distinctly than at an equal or even less distance in any other than this axial one; but, however convincing this result to his own mind, it was scarcely definite enough to furnish conclusive proof of the refraction of sound. The discovery of collodion placed a material at M. Sondhauss's command, with which he was enabled to procure a lenticular-shaped membranous apparatus of considerable size. This was filled, like the former one, with carbonic acid gas, and a watch placed on a level with the centre of one side of this lens—so that the waves of sound produced by the watch, were transmitted through the heavy medium, carbonic acid gas, to the air on the other side. The unanimous testimony of several qualified observers who tested these experiments is, that the ticking of the watch was distinctly audible at a given point in the axis of the lens, whilst out of the axis, at an equal or even less distance, the sound was either weaker or inaudible. A screen held before the watch interrupted the waves, and prevented the ticking being heard; on its removal, the ticking was again perceived. Various experiments with the voice, a small organ-pipe, &c., in lieu of the watch, were made, and all tended to the same conclusion—viz., that the sound was the greatest in the axial line of the collodion lens, by which the sonorous waves are refracted and made to converge to a focus, just as the waves of light are caused to converge by a glass lens.

ON DRYING GOODS IN WARM ROOMS.

ALTHOUGH water possesses a specific gravity eight hundred and fifteen times greater than that of air, yet it can rise into the air as into a vacuum, and mingle amongst it by the same law that gases diffuse through each other. It is this property of water which enables us to have clean and dry linen; for if it were otherwise—if water was the same as oil—our wet clothes would have to be converted into fuel, and burned in the fire before we could expel the moisture from them. Were it not for this property of water, the calico-printers and woollen-dyers could never dry their pieces in shade, sunshine, or stove-room. When wet goods of any kind are submitted to heat in a room, they soon become dry, because the air receives the moisture, and retains it in its soft embrace—thus enabling us to obtain dry goods and dry clothing by the property of evaporation which belongs to water, and the law of gaseous absorption which reigns among the gases. A curious property of the evaporation of water, discovered by Dr. Dalton, is, that the quantity which will rise in a confined space is the same, whether that space be a vacuum or be already filled with air: hence it is only necessary to know what quantity of vapour rises into a vacuum at any particular temperature, to know what quantity will rise into the air. Thus the vapour of water which rises into a vacuum at the temperature of eighty degrees, depresses the mercurial column one inch; its tension is one-thirtieth of the usual tension of air. If water at eighty degrees be admitted into dry air, it will increase the tension of that air one-thirtieth if the air is confined, or increase its bulk one-thirtieth if the air is allowed to expand. A certain fixed quantity of the vapour of water, therefore, can only rise into a certain fixed quantity of air; hence the air of rooms employed for drying goods may become so saturated with moisture, that the fuel may be expended foolishly, in trying to expel the moisture from the goods when it is impossible for the air to take it up—and hence the evaporation of water is greatly facilitated by a current of air. This is the philosophic principle of evaporation embraced by Bessemer, and that mentioned under the head of Recent Foreign Inventions for evaporating sugar syrups.

In evaporating by means of hot air—as in drying goods in the stove-rooms of calico print and bleaching-works—when the rooms are heated by flues running along the floors, it should not be forgotten, by those who have charge of such drying establishments, that a certain time must elapse after the goods are placed in the rooms, before the air is saturated with humidity: due discretion must therefore be exercised, not to let any of the hot air escape until it is saturated with moisture.

It has been proposed, more than once, to employ hot air in raising steam, under the mistaken idea that more steam could be generated with less fuel by the passing of such a rarefied hot body through the water. But in evaporating water by heated air—the way wet goods are dried—the vapour itself carries off exactly the same quantity of heat as if it were produced by boiling the water at 212 degrees; while the air associated with it requires also to have its temperature raised—thus requiring more fuel: hence water can never be evaporated in a drying-room, with so small an expenditure of fuel, as steam can be generated in a close boiler. These facts are well worthy of attention, inasmuch as they relate to different branches of business, in which very many of our people are interested.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAVITIES AND THEIR CONTENTS IN DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS.

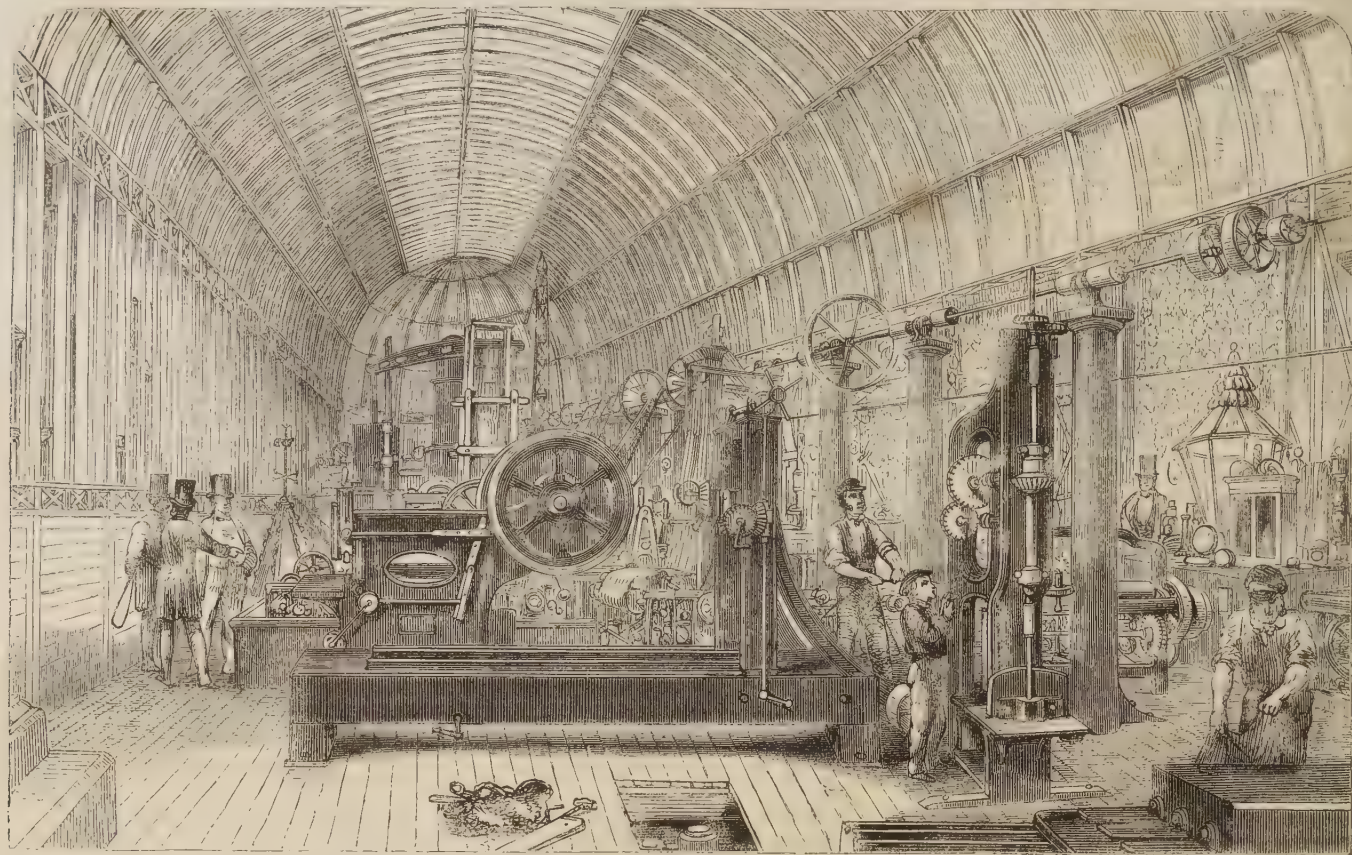
SIR DAVID BREWSTER has had his attention re-directed to this subject, from the examination of the Koh-i-noor diamond, made by the order of Prince Albert, before it was submitted to the somewhat hazardous operation of re-cutting and rendering it an ornamental gem, previously to which operation it was far inferior in play of colour to its glass model. Whilst in its former state, it was submitted to polarised light, when, instead of exerting no influence on this kind of light, which would have been the case had it been perfectly homogeneous in structure, it exhibited coloured streaks of light generally parallel to one another—these tinted streaks being precisely similar to those observed in many other diamonds described many years since. By microscopic examination, the Koh-i-noor, as well as the two smaller accompanying stones, exhibited several minute and irregular cavities, surrounded with sectors of polarised light, only producible by the expansive action of a compressed gas or liquid, which had existed in the cavities of the diamond before it had finally hardened. In an external cavity there appeared to exist a yellow solid substance—an observation which led to an examination of several specimens of diamond, in order, if possible, to elucidate the source and nature of this yellow solid. A tabular, colourless specimen was found in the British Museum, on which lay a small yellow crystalline diamond, which Sir David believes, from careful examination, to have emerged in a liquid state from a cavity observable in the colourless table, with which one extremity of the yellow crystal is connected, and which crystallised instantly on its emersion.

To add weight to this opinion, this physicist alludes to some of his previous observations on the liquid contents of some cavities in quartz, one portion of which crystallised on the surface, another portion being dissipated in the gaseous state; and also to some analogous phenomena observable in topazes containing cavities. These cavities are far more frequent in diamonds than has heretofore been suspected, and in one or two cases they are so numerous as to render the stones actually black. Tavernier has described a black diamond which for a long time was unsaleable, until a Dutchman speculated in it and cut it in two—by which he obtained two very fine stones, having divided a large cavity, containing eight or nine carats of what this author terms "black vegetable mud." Dr. Clarke rendered an amber-coloured diamond colourless and transparent by heating it before the blow-pipe. New sources of this gem will probably soon be opened up, since diamonds have been reported to exist among the other mineral treasures of California, and are certainly to be met with in Australia—Sir Thomas Mitchell having brought a beautiful crystallised specimen home with him, which he has placed in the Museum of Practical Geology. When neglect, clamour, and irresolution at home, no longer paralyse the exertions of Sir J. Brooke in his attempt to introduce civilisation into the richest island in the world, the diamond fields of Borneo may well be anticipated to become far more productive than they have been hitherto. This island is generally believed to have yielded the largest diamond on record: it is described as being of an egg shape, indented at one end, of the finest water, and to weigh 367 carats. It appears still to be in the possession of one of the Malay rajahs. Before quitting the subject of the diamond, it may interest the reader to know that the cutting of the Koh-i-noor has been most successfully completed—a success which will, I trust, transplant the art of diamond cutting to this country; and that this gem now forms the centre of a diadem to be worn by her Majesty. Mr. Sebastian Garrard—to whose firm the perilous honour of cutting this trophy was intrusted—regards this stone as being a portion of a large cube, and in no way connected with the famous Mogul diamond described by Tavernier.

Like the diamond, its congener amber—for they are both of organic origin—is very liable to inclose similar cavities containing both gases and liquids; and these have again attracted the attention of Brewster. The cavities in amber are for the most part perfectly spherical, and the surrounding polarising structure is extremely perfect and beautiful; minute microscopic cavities, resembling those of the diamond in their irregular forms, are also frequent. The larger and spherical cavities often contain a liquid. One of these, in a specimen of amber including no less than eight of these cavities, was opened; the liquid exuded was of a dark yellow-brown tint, sooty smell, and of the consistence of white of egg: on exposure to air it gradually dried, leaving a transparent substance resembling amber, turning orange-red under the blow-pipe, then black, and disappeared, but without igniting, as true amber would have done.

The liquid contained in another specimen was very viscid at low temperatures, became more mobile by warmth, and, although not very expansible by heat, readily assumed the vapour state.

Sir David has also described a very singular cavity in a specimen of topaz, containing a viscid and slightly opalescent liquid, of low refractive power, in which some dark flocculi are disseminated; several perfectly formed transparent and brilliant crystals, all loose and moveable in the liquid by inverting the specimen of topaz, occur in the cavity: circumstances which distinguish this from other specimens hitherto noticed—these cavities being of frequent occurrence in topaz, and indeed in many other crystallised minerals, although rock-crystal, the diamond, amber, and the topaz present the most frequent instances of these cavities.



[THE MACHINERY HALL, IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION
IN DUBLIN.

In despite of the ungenerous—we should be justified in terming it the shabby conduct of the City of London Corporation, who refused to attend the opening of the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin, the undertaking has so far proved eminently successful. It has prospered, although the votaries of turtle did not deign to smile on its inauguration.

This is extremely gratifying, and we hail it as a heart-offering cheerfully indicative of the future of Ireland. We are convinced, after the unequivocal success of this magnificent display of the products of art and industry, that the eyes of the Irish nation will be opened to the material grandeur of material industry, to the glory of labour, and that, agreeing better among themselves, they will turn their earnest attention to the undeveloped resources of their native land.

Already, we are assured, this wholesome sentiment has taken a firm hold of the national mind, and a conviction has become general, that the regeneration of Ireland depends on a mere diffused and skilful cultivation of the soil, the development of her vast mineral wealth, the promotion of trade and commerce, and the establishment of manufactures. Irishmen of all creeds thus having met on neutral ground, have also become deeply impressed with the value and splendour of education, and the consequent folly of indulging in acrimonious feelings on mere differences of opinion. Ireland, in fact, has shaken hands with and bade farewell to the past, and there is every prospect that in their future they will rather cultivate self-reliance, resolution, tenacity, and genuine independence of character, than those chimeras of the imagination which for centuries have bewitched and maddened her naturally warm-hearted people. Her Great Exhibition has progressed under the happiest auspices. The fine building in Merrion Square has daily been visited by thousands; and now that we are more familiarised with its appearance and rich contents, we have more opportunity and leisure to describe them, and more circumstantially comment on the most prominent features.

The building, as we have before stated, is on an entirely different construction from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The open area of the interior, supported on columns, is one point of resemblance, and there are others that might be pointed out; but the whole body of light is admitted from above—there being none obtained from the sides—and it is only a portion of the actual roof that is glazed. Thus, the peculiar fairy-like effect of a transparent building is lost; while, on the other hand, and as a counterpoise, there is abundance of light well toned down, and admitted so as to display objects to great advantage. Again—instead of rectangular outlines, broken by an arched transept, Mr. Benson's design, following the light, Oriental style, is distributed in a series of long, parallel halls, with semicircular roofs, and of oval form; the central one being the loftiest, and having an exceedingly striking and novel effect. It is 425 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 105 feet high; but to those who cannot realise these proportions, some conception of them may be given by stating, that it is about twice the size of Westminster Hall. Here, of

course, are collected the ornamental attractions of the exhibition—statues, fountains, and trophies of manufacturing skill; while, crowning immense tiers of benches, raised at either end, stand two large and powerful organs, for which the shape and character of the hall seem well adapted. The other halls have their special attractions; for in these, and the galleries adjoining them, the various collections of manufactured articles are arranged in classified order.

THE MACHINERY HALL,

however, must claim precedence over all the others. If not to the eye the gem, it is at all events the most massive portion of the exhibition. Its proportions and meaning are Titanic. It comprises all the great features in the wide realm of art, science, and industry. It shows what makes man the ruler of insensate matter, and what renders nations pre-eminent—not the exercise of the tyrant force of demoralising warfare, but the power of increased intelligence and enterprise, and that agency which, in proportion to its extension amongst us, will not only increase our natural wealth and capital, but will also bring moral blessings in its train more desirable than “much fine gold.” He who contemplates, even superficially, the progress of man, must see that every step is supported by the aid of machinery. When Tubal Cain first worked in metals, he must have had recourse to simple machines to fashion his cunning workmanship. The Homeric age used machinery, and the war-chariot of Hector and the shield of Achilles required machinery to fashion them. In the loom of Penelope was contained an element as purely mechanical as that of Jacquard, the principle being gradually developed with advancing knowledge. The spade and the plough, the first implements of the warfare of man against stubborn nature, were as essentially machines, as the winnowing, threshing, or reaping machines of our own day; and we might as well expect to return to the times when men fought for acorns, or dug roots with their hands from the earth, as to expect that machines should not be contrived, not alone to supplant, but to aid and further human labour.

We may freely admit that temporary evils have followed the use of machinery; but how small the evil, compared with the amount of good. Doubtless the first introduction of power-looms, threshing-machines, stocking-frames, winnowing-machines, by substituting machine-power for human agency, effected a temporary loss upon a small class; but when we consider the enormously productive powers at small cost, the diminution of human toil, the certainty of effect, the comfort and happiness distributed, we must feel strongly the blessings conferred upon mankind by these applications of human knowledge; and when we consider what machinery has done—and which could not be done without it—the working of mines, the propulsion of ships against wind and tide—the powers of locomotion it affords us on land—the methods of measuring time, and many other things which machinery alone can effect,—we feel that if the curse of labour was an infliction on man as a punishment, the accompanying blessing was the intellectual power which enabled him to invent machinery to mitigate the infliction.

In considering the subject of machinery, there are different points of view in which it may be regarded.

We may consider a machine as anything which alters the direction of a force: as when we alter a direct motion, or force, such as that of gravity, the wind, or steam, into a circular one; or which apparently increases a power, by making it act through a longer time or space. No machine actually increases or creates power. The force of the wind on the sails of a wind-mill, or of steam urging the piston of an engine, cannot be increased by any mechanical contrivance. It must be diminished; but the intervention of machinery, by altering the *direction* of the force, and converting a direct into a circular motion, applies the force, as we require it, to grind our corn or twist our thread—and in this way proves serviceable; or by the intervention of levers, by making a small power act through a great space, we produce effects otherwise unattainable.

The Machinery Hall in this great Dublin Exhibition, grandly illustrates all these laws; and, from the immense variety of machines exhibited, also affords a clear and intelligent idea of every known application of natural, and what, through development, may be termed created power. It contains, what is really the bone, sinew, and muscle of this great empire. Man gives the blood, the nerves, and the brain; but here are collected the agencies by which he works out his greatest purposes, and diffuses through the world the divinest philosophy.

Therefore our selections from this second great exposition of the industry of all nations, most appropriately commences with this magnificent hall. We present our readers with a view of the hall as seen on entering.

Our engraving shows in front machines for planing metal, forming cornices, and drilling—a description of which we must postpone. The hall itself on this occasion demands our undivided attention. The spectator, entering from Merrion Square, finds this hall on his right, and, after but a cursory inspection, plainly perceives that the display of machinery in motion is really splendid. A new feature is introduced—the motive power which works all the machinery is given from a spindle or bar running the entire length of the hall, and surmounting a series of pillars. There is economy of room as well as power in this arrangement, and the contrivance is not only an interesting point in itself, but has a pleasing appearance.

And now, as on the present occasion we cannot dwell on details, let it be imagined that a tour of the hall has been made, and the visitor, in a philosophic vein, stands amid these wonders of human industry and genius. What does he behold? Why, industry in its very highest aspect—industry ennobled and sanctified by the highest invention—the purest purposes. Here he beholds the means and instruments of the national greatness, and the tributaries to the civilisation of the world. Here are the tools by which, to quote the nervous language of Sir Humphry Davy, man assumes the highest state of civilisation—“creates out of the dust of the earth instruments of use and ornament—extracts metals from the rude ore, and gives to them a hundred different shapes, for a thousand different purposes—makes the winds carry him on every part of the immense ocean, and compels the elements of air, water, and fire, as it were, to labour for him—concentrates in small space materials which act as the thunderbolt—blasts the rock—removes the mountain—carries water from the valley to the hill, and perpetuates thought

in imperishable words—rendering immortal the exertions of genius, and presenting them as common property to the world." This hall does, indeed, present a noble spectacle to the contemplative mind. It is not a cathedral, rendered solemn by a "dim, religious light"—but a temple in which the powers created by human heads and hands have been assembled to vindicate, as well as do homage to, the might and majesty of industry. It shows us how grand and colossal are the efforts of human energy, when rightly directed—how rich both Britain and Ireland is in real wealth—and, what is overlooked in these days of an unnecessary exodus, how truthfully we might exclaim of either land:

Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
And softer climes excel thee in the hue
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds—
Thou in the soul of man—thy better wealth—
Art richest; Nature's noblest produce, thou
Bearest with an opulence prodigal: this thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil.

A survey of this hall ought to convince the most sceptical of the prodigious power machinery has conferred on the civilised world. By indefinitely multiplying the means of production, it has afforded mankind an additional guarantee against a return to barbarism; by opening up new sources of enterprise, it has not only promoted peace, but lifted the pursuits which flourish under peace to the elevation formerly occupied by the atrocities of war; and, above all, by increasing the facilities for the creation and circulation of thought, has largely contributed to the formation of that public opinion which rules this empire, and in time will rule the world. Look at that printing machine. See with what precision and speed it throws off sheet after sheet of paper teeming with information. Its history is a marvel of talent, industry, and enterprise. Previous to the year 1814, newspapers were printed at the common hand-press, at the rate of about three hundred sheets per hour. In that year, König, having had the benefit of the suggestions made by previous mechanists, constructed a machine which produced eighteen hundred impressions per hour. In 1816, Cowper made a machine to print from curved stereotype plates; and in 1818, one to print books and newspapers from ordinary type. These machines are now in general use, and throw off from two thousand to two thousand four hundred impressions per hour. In 1827, Cowper and Applegath conjointly invented the four-cylinder machine, which gave from four thousand to five thousand impressions per hour. In 1848, Mr. Applegath crowned all his previous efforts by inventing and constructing a vertical machine, which throws off the enormous number of ten thousand impressions per hour. All these accumulations of science and mechanical improvements are the produce of less than forty years; and when we know that still greater progress has been made in those departments of machinery which belong to the national manufactures, it must be acknowledged that the realms of science, art, and industry have been more enriched during that period, than in hundreds of the others which have not unworthily distinguished the various phases of civilisation.

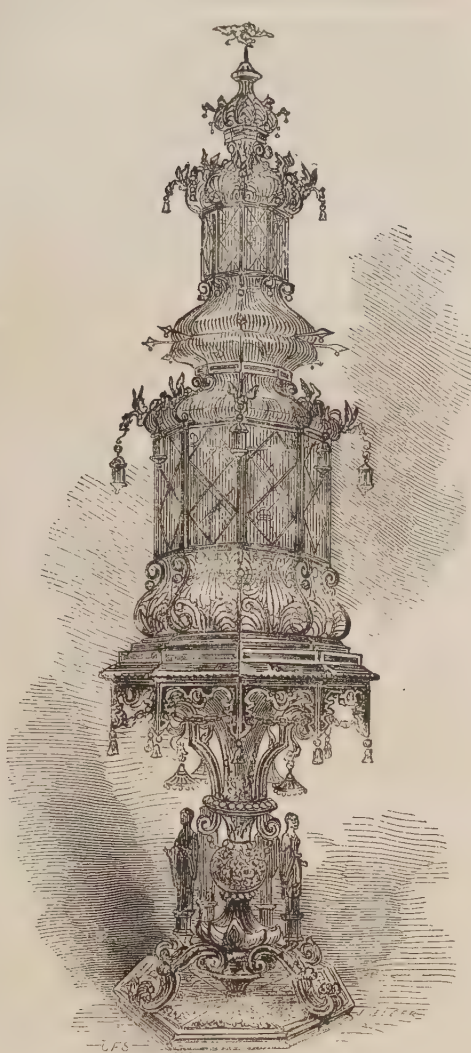
But here we must pause for the present. The subject, however rich and attractive, must not carry us away on the wings of enthusiasm. There are other departments which demand not an inconsiderable share of our admiration. Among them it will be our duty to notice articles of beauty and utility in the halls and galleries devoted to the fine arts, native and foreign manufactures, and those productions of British, Irish, and foreign artists which are comprised under the general head of articles of taste and adornment. And here we should mention that the geographical division has not been followed; for though there is a very fine and interesting display from abroad, it is not so extensive as to require that it should be thus distributed. Our artist, during his inspection of this department, observed a

PAPIER MACHE BIRD-CAGE AND TABLE STAND,

Of which we give an engraved representation. It is a contribution of L. E. and A. Misson, of Brussels, whose names were honourably mentioned in connection with the great display in Hyde Park. The design and execution are very beautiful, and show how very tastefully inventive talent may be employed. The cage and stand are coloured, and ornamented in the Chinese style. On the top, with outstretched wings, is the dragon—the favourite Chinese emblem of majesty and power. This fabulous animal is several times repeated; sometimes holding lanterns—at others, bells. There are four Chinese figures in the claws of the table. Altogether, it is a very pretty production, and strikingly serves to convince us how illimitable are the resources of art, and how valuable, substances apparently worthless, become under skilful manipulation.

As most of our readers are probably aware, *papier maché* is made of the cuttings of white or brown paper—the refuse and waste of paper mills—indeed, we think anything of which paper can be made, can be converted into *papier maché*; for the Chinese, to whom the world is indebted for the invention of paper, manufacture it out of the bark of a tree (*morus papyrifera*), hemp, nettles, straw, the cocoons of the silk-worm, cotton, rags, and the fibres of the bamboo. The inner bark of the bamboo, after maceration in water, is reduced to a paste by boiling and bruising in a mortar; precisely the operation in making *papier maché*—for the cuttings are boiled in water, and then beaten in a mortar till they are reduced to a kind of paste. They are afterwards boiled in a solution of gum arabic, or of size, to give consistency to the paste, which is afterwards formed into the shapes required by pressing it into oiled moulds. The colouring and varnishing are subsequent processes.

This manufacture, only within the past few years ex-



[PAPIER MACHE BIRD-CAGE AND STAND.]

tensively introduced into Europe, may still be said to be in its infancy in this country; for although the directory informs us that there are fourteen *papier maché* factories in the British metropolis—and we know that there are several in Ireland, also in other parts of England and Scotland—when we come to consider the numberless useful purposes to which it might be, but is not applied, we must adopt the conclusion that it has not assumed the position it ought to occupy. It is not sufficiently appreciated or developed, when it is only to a trifling extent made subservient to the purposes of decoration. It should comprise articles of utility as well as ornament; and the material, owing to the varnish, so favourable to cleanliness, ought to be cheapened so as to be extensively employed in the adornment of the interiors of the cottages of the United Kingdom. Happy homes make a happy people; and, as the more attractive a home is made, the more promise is there of its being a happy one, we are sure our suggestion, to popularise the use of *papier maché*, will not fail to be appreciated by all who are aware to what numerous and useful, as well as elegant purposes it may be applied. But it is useless to expect this while there is an excise duty on paper. That old man of the mountain must first be shaken off. The moment that burthen is removed, *papier maché* will become a very important manufacture, both in Britain and Ireland. Our illustration exhibits what may be done in it, in the way of design and tasteful application.

THE FAITHFUL SLAVE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS,

Author of "Sketches by a Travelling Naturalist," "Lectures to a Normal Class," "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry," &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

WHATEVER the errand that has brought this man to the very heart of the cane-brake, Gabriel feels that he is now in their power. How shall they exercise that power? Shall they rush upon him, examine his person for Gabriel's money, and, if found, throw him, without mercy, into the bayou? Or shall they let him wander about, following him at a short distance, until he starves to death?

The former plan, approved by Tom, is adopted. Deliberately as they would go to work to butcher an ox, they agree to overpower him, and, if guilty, drown him, like any other villain.

They go down to the ford, where the water is shallow, both well armed, one with the hatchet, the other with a strong cudgel, in case of serious defence from the traveller, or offence from the reptiles. They cross over to the opposite site, a short distance from the spot where the horse is yet standing, too weary to move away. He

whinnies to them with a voice almost human, and comes forward, as rapidly as his great fatigue will permit, to meet them.

They see that it is Pompey, but with little of that elasticity or fire for which he has been noted all his days.

His rider, who lies in the sand where he has flung himself, after taking a deep draught of the slimy bayou water, is Mr. Colston.

The negroes have brought a coal of fire from the island, and it is but short work for them to light up a torch, made upon the spot, from the loose strips of hickory bark.

They approach the traveller cautiously—for his stillness and silence may be only a blind to betray them into his power; but their torch-light gleams upon no metal. They start back, but it is only with surprise.

Mr. Colston has scarcely a rag of clothing upon him—for the briars and the sharp cane-leaves and rough hickory-trunks have uncovered him piece by piece. They have not only uncovered him, but have carried away so many patches of his skin that he is both naked and flayed. And, more horrible still, the mosquitoes—those pests of the cane-brake—have so poisoned him with their darts, that his shape is scarcely human. Oh, it is horrible!

For even now, as he lies there in that solemn glare of the torch-light, looked upon by men and brute, his fine chestnut hair almost buried in the soft sand, the insects cover him with a black cloud, and pierce his flesh, and fill themselves with his blood, though it be so thin withal as scarcely to satisfy their ravening.

What a contrast between this loathsome object, helpless before the runaways, and the fashionable young man who had so long led the social circle of his county!

After the first silence, broken only by the anxious whinneying of the poor, bewildered horse, Gabriel muttered to himself a few words expressive of the opinion to which Tom had already arrived:

"'Tis a judgment of old marser in heaven! you'll see it!"

Pity springs up in their hearts. The man whom they came prepared to put to death, they are now anxious to save. Strange contradiction of human nature!

They unite their strength to lift him upon the horse, though he is altogether unconscious of their kindness, and, walking through the bayou, one upon each side of him, they soon get him upon the island and before the fire.

They lay him tenderly down upon a pallet made of their clothing, where the green wood smoke drives away the mosquitoes. They bathe him in the cool water which they bring in turtle-shells from the bayou. Then they rub his whole body with grease. A kind of stew, or thick soup, made of the remains of the turkey, is speedily prepared, and by the time he is sufficiently revived to sit up, it is placed before him. He eats it ravenously, as may well be supposed, and, again falling back, goes into a sound sleep, from which he does not awake until after noon on the next day.

Pompey has been divested of his saddle, and turned loose to satisfy his appetite upon the cane-leaves, still untroubled in that dense forest. Having done this, he approaches the fire and stands half smothered in the smoke, for the relief he can get from the mosquitoes.

This is the scene that meets Mr. Colston's eyes upon awaking.

A short explanation suffices to convey it all to his mind from the moment of his dismounting.

Gabriel, satisfied that he cannot recognise him, boldly avows that they are runaways, and he expresses his hope that the gentleman will not betray them.

The traveller, grateful for the preservation of his life, pledges his honour not to reveal the place of their concealment, or even the fact of his having met them—then promises them a reward if they will lend him a suit of their clothes, and escort him through the cane-brake. He tells them of a certain cabin in a deserted clearing, at the edge of the bottom, at which cabin he must positively be before midnight.

Gabriel recognises the place by his description, and gives it the name of *Dead Man's House*.

After consulting with Tom, he agrees to escort the gentleman into the little path which he had left two days before, and which leads directly past that place.

By a liberal division from the wardrobe of the runaways, a full suit of clothing is made out for him; and before three o'clock, the party had crossed the ford and set out.

The easy means which Gabriel had discovered to pass in and out from the island, were, to follow the edge of the bayou, leaving it on the right hand, until it headed in a deep quagmire of "cypress-knees." There a small stream of water entered, which, being pursued to its head spring, brought the party into the bridge-path they were seeking. And here ended the escort of the negroes.

CHAPTER VII.

DEAD MAN'S HOUSE.—THE MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS.

COLSTON and the two runaways we left in the bridge-path, at the spring. After a most refreshing draught from its pure waters, he bade adieu to his escort, first promising them a bundle of tobacco, the only thing they greatly desired, to be shortly delivered and placed in a certain hollow tree, designated for that purpose.

With many a thankful acknowledgment for life saved and hospitality rendered—why should we not believe them to have been honestly meant?—he grasped their hands and departed, leaving them still seated at the spring.

As he rode off, old Gabriel looked doubtfully after him, shook his head, and muttered, in his indistinct way:

"Wicked rascal! He'll bring the dogs here, sure's shootin'! You'll see it!"

Tom looked uneasy, but said nothing.

The conclusion to which the old ostler had come some time before, respecting Mr. Colston, had not been in the least shaken. It is true, that the bags of money which Gabriel had looked for could not be found upon his person, but there was the same uneasy expression in his swollen face which has been so often adverted to. And there was something in the few dreamy words of his slumber which spoke of a great crime committed, of what character Gabriel could only surmise.

Upon the whole, Gabriel could only shake his grey head, and repeat, in his characteristic way—"You'll see it!" Which implied that the speaker himself was in the profoundest caves of obscurity.

But fortune, tired of persecuting the old man, sent him an adviser just at the time when he so greatly needed one.

Mr. Blote, who had completed his examination of the plant with the unpronounceable name, and sketched it, root, stem, branches, leaves, and fruit (it was a *Lemnosia-gautha epiborallingerii*), who had also collected a stack or two of other plants, besides stones and shells for ballast, was returning, in his slow way, across the hills, one eye fixed on his pocket compass, the other searching for curiosities, and came into the bridge-path at the very point where sat the puzzled negroes.

Great was his astonishment to see a couple of wild-looking men, grasping hatchet and cudgel, seemingly on the look-out for booty. He did not recognise them, but commenced fumbling in his pocket, as if there might, by some mistake, be a dime there. But they shouted his name simultaneously, and quite pulled him off his horse—a slow one—in the joy of their recognition. It is but right to add that the joy was mutual.

Mr. Blote has greatly regretted the absence of Gabriel ever since his departure. There is more than an ordinary friendship existing between the two old men, different as they are in pursuits and mental condition; and the former has frequently hinted to such of the negroes as would be likely to communicate with the runaways, that if Gabriel would return, all should be forgiven, he himself acting as mediator for that purpose.

Now that such an unexpected meeting has occurred, he begins forthwith to speak of their return.

But that subject is soon forgotten when the negro, interrupting him without ceremony, informs him of the events of last night; and how Colston had been wounded in the neck with a charge of shot; and how he is riding the horse Pompey; and how anxious he is to reach Dead Man's House before midnight.

Mr. Blote agrees with him that the subject demands explanation.

Then Gabriel tells him how much reason he has to suspect Colston of stealing his hard-earned money from the ravine, because Loogy had seen him hanging round the place for days before. The mysterious visit to Dead Man's House may explain this.

Then the negro goes further, and broaches the astounding idea that Colston is the real robber of the twenty thousand dollars, and that his daughter, poor Loogy, who, the schoolmaster informs him, is far away on the sugar plantation, is innocent.

It startles Mr. Blote to think of it. But if true, how could Loogy have known that the money was stolen, and why would she suffer so much rather than confess it?

Gabriel admits that, with his present light, this circumstance is inexplicable, but suggests that this midnight visit to Dead Man's House may clear it up.

So every other thought becomes merged into this meeting at Dead Man's House.

At a hint from the sharp-eared Tom, who imagines that he hears some person approaching, the party left the spring and went a little way into the thicket.

It was well they did; for they had scarcely concealed themselves there when a couple of horsemen rode up the path in the direction of the solitary cabin, aiming, no doubt, at the same rendezvous.

This was strong confirmation of their suspicions, and they set themselves to making preparations to follow the horsemen, regardless of other matters.

While these portentous preparations are on the tapis, night comes on, and offers them that shelter for which they have tarried.

They promptly enter the little path, and move forward towards Dead Man's House.

Presently a hasty step is heard behind them, at which they again withdraw into the thicket.

Then comes along a white horse, bearing a large, savage-looking person, with immense whiskers. The horse snorts, in recognition of their proximity, whereat the rider, with a cocked pistol in each hand—they can hear the click of the locks as they are drawn back—stops, looks around, and seems anxious to shoot something. But he makes no discovery, and passes on.

The party follow him at a safe distance, keeping their attention awake to front and rear, and presently come in sight of the old cabin.

It is that of a family who had moved in from one of the Carolinas, and made a clearing, five years before, with the intention of settling. While camped out, under their waggon-shelter, they had built this cabin and covered it in, and got it nearly ready for use, when the whole family, parents, children, and three slaves, were taken down by that mysterious disease, "Milk-sickness." Having no neighbours for several miles, their situation did not become known until every member of the household, except the infant, was dead.

This circumstance had given the place such a character that no one would occupy it, although the heaviest labour of a new settlement was accomplished. It therefore grew up with the thick underbrush which always springs up upon the girdling of the forest trees, and received the familiar title of Dead Man's House.

There is a good deal of superstition on the frontiers, and somehow the story got into circulation, especially amongst the negroes, that the place was haunted, and that whoever passed by there in the night would see ghosts.

As a reasonable consequence, these charges were ruinous to the character of the place, even though the danger of that awful and mysterious affliction, "Milk-sickness," were not in the way.

Here, then, is the rendezvous of the party whose character and profession are shortly to be exposed. Now we shall be able to trace out some of the mystery which has kept our minds upon the rack so long. It is odds yet if I do not prove the title of my sketch a just one.

From the moment the party set out, Mr. Blote has taken the lead. How true it is, that whenever the head-work is proposed, the lighter-hued of the two races instinctively go forward!

He directs Gabriel to watch, lest any other persons approach; orders Tom to stand by his back, cudgel in hand, to defend him if attacked; and all the preliminaries being thus laid, he boldly approaches that side of the house originally intended for the window. I say originally, basing my judgment upon the appearance of an opening, two feet square, cut out of the logs for the admission of light.

To this opening Mr. Blote directs himself, feeling confident that the deep gloom surrounding the cabin, contrasted with the bright light inside, will prevent him from being discovered.

The sight of the party that so strangely occupies Dead Man's House, in spite of its unpromising reputation, is a curious one.

A pile of saddles is heaped up in the middle of the room, and a blanket spread over the top, forming something like a table; at least, it is used for a table, and, as such, contains several bottles of spirits of different colours, a quantity of cold provisions, and a pack of cards. A rousing fire is blazing up in the wooden chimney, and around that—for the night-wind is raw and frosty—four men are sitting upon blocks of wood.

Leaning against the chimney-corner, on the side next the door, sits Mr. Colston.

The raw flesh-wound, opened by the insects, and now festering and feverish, seems like a large blood-stain upon his neck. It occupies the most of his attention, and forms the subject of many an anathema at everything which passes through his mind.

With all his experience of humanity, Mr. Blote is astounded at the facility with which a fashionable gentleman may be transformed into a blasphemous clown.

On the opposite side of the fire is the large man who was riding on the white horse. His ferocious appearance, however, has been laid aside, with the mountain of artificial whiskers, which he has placed on the table, and we see that he is nothing but a stupid, half-witted fellow, after all, who might possibly pick the pockets of an unresisting traveller, but would hardly venture upon such an experiment without foreknowledge.

The other two have all the appearance of desperate men. They show scars in various places—many more than would suffice to make them heroes, had they been gained in honourable strife. Their forms are muscular, and if they can strike with the same determination they speak, they will be ugly customers to meet on the highway of a lonely place.

There are a couple of candles burning upon the table, and various pieces of meat, skewered on sticks, frying over the blaze of the fire.

The conversation, as Mr. Blote approached the window, is too guarded for him to follow its thread. There is much rejoicing to see Colston, whom they call by the slang name of *Simpson*, and a great many questions are asked him as to the cause of his absence for the two previous nights.

These questions and their rejoicings are frequently interrupted by attacks upon the provisions, which prove the party to be hard riders, and upon the bottles, which give evidence of their intemperate habits.

As Colston is in great pain, much sympathy is tendered him, regardless of his rude manner of receiving it; and while he takes a short nap before the fire, one of the party bathes his wounds with warm brandy, while the other two take a game of cards.

The meeting seems to be a council of some sort, the result of a previous appointment; and its object, so far as the listener can discover, is to lay out plans for the future.

What profession is to be honoured by the operation of these plans, is perhaps as well explained by the large display of arms offensive, as in any other way.

Business advances slowly at Dead Man's House. The condition of Colston—*Simpson*, as they style him—throws them out of their ordinary line of thought.

More than once the different members of the conference leave the house to procure wood, and were it not for the intense darkness of the surrounding thicket, which renders it difficult to distinguish a man from a stump, at three paces, the spies would be discovered, to their own imminent hazard and the failure of their plans.

Several hours and a quarter of a cord of wood were all consumed in this unsatisfactory manner; but now, towards midnight, the free use of stimulants seems to arouse the party. They begin to draw their boots, and some of them throw off their upper garments.

Seeing this, Mr. Blote judges it safe to bring up Gabriel from his post, and then all three gather under the window, to see and to hear.

Colston awakes, the better of his pains, and joins the revelry, like one who needs that relief which nothing but the bottle can give.

His gloomy look, his blasphemous expressions of anger, are cast aside, and he takes a position so as to bear back against the pile of saddles. This brings the

top of his head in front of the little window, not more than six feet from where Mr. Blote is standing.

Delighted at the change in his manner—for he begins to talk and jest, and lay plans with the liveliest of the party—his comrades shake hands with him cheerfully, and demand his whole history from the time of their last conference in Dead Man's House.

Colston, taking a large draught of brandy, replies:

"When we parted, three months back, comrades, I told you that I had a love affair on hand, which promised some pleasure to myself, and profit to this honourable company of free-traders. When I became clearly satisfied that none of the Murrell developments had involved me, and that none of the printed descriptions had me down, I came forward and laid siege regularly to my pretty mistress—she was a pretty creature, such another you won't find in the country—and I conquered her in good time!"

Here Mr. Blote breathes hard with anxiety, while a general roar of approbation goes round the circle.

The free-traders understand his remark in a very different sense, however, from what he intended. One of them—the big, sensual ruffian in the corner—delightfully suggests:

"Simpson can conquer the pretty girls, bless my organs if he can't!"

Colston acknowledges this homage with a grin, but puts in a disclaimer:

"No, no, boys—not half so far as that! 'Twas all chips and whetstones as far as that went! She wasn't of that sort. No—no—far enough from that! All I could get for my labour was kisses, and a scanty pattern at that! No, no; but my plan was, so soon as I married her—"

The evil-hearted man here held up the ring of betrothal, still upon his finger—why did not its sparkling light strike him dumb with remorse?—while the circle broke into a second, uncontrollable roar. The idea of his marrying—of his wearing a ring of engagement!

"Yes, just as I said. So soon as the marriage was over—for I was determined to do that or worse—I felt certain that I should be able to handle some of the old gentleman's loose cash, and then I intended to go to head-quarters and take a new start. To tell the truth, my own county is getting too hot for me. That pedlar affair is the topic of the whole population, and came very near compromising me before the coroner. Well, I didn't consummate the marriage—fool that I was for my haste—but I did what you'll all think is better—I fingered the cash."

And here the ruffian—for I cannot now appropriate a milder name to him—threw upon the table a roll of bills, which, on being counted aloud, is found to contain twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Blote feels as though he was dreaming. Can this be the man to whom his favourite pupil—his darling Caroline—had been so nearly married? This licentious, dishonest, murdering villain, who speaks of his own depravity in such an airy strain?

He looks around upon his companions, but behind the sable mask they wear he can distinguish no expression.

A tremendous cheer breaks from the group as the completion of the count showed them what an immense booty was before them—a cheer that startles the horses grouped under the trees before the door, and makes the solitary cabin ring again.

Colston goes on.

"There were a few hundred dollars more, that an old negro had buried under a rock, and I should have had that here with the rest, but that I got lost, endeavouring to come through the cane-brake, two days ago. I lost the money, and came miserably near forfeiting my life with it!"

The hand of old Gabriel presses down upon Mr. Blote's shoulder with crushing force, as he hears this confirmation of his suspicions. He leans forward, as though he would speak, but the schoolmaster restrains him.

Colston pursues his history:

"It was important for my plans with my mistress, to make the impression upon the old negro's mind that his daughter had stolen this money. So I got a handkerchief, belonging to the black wench, and dropped it near the spot where the money was hid. And I made some moulds, as near to the size of her foot and hand as I could guess, and marked the place in such a way as would be certain to fasten suspicion in that quarter!"

Again that crushing weight upon Mr. Blote's shoulder—and now it requires all the strength of his two companions to restrain old Gabriel. His countenance works as in an epilepsy. His mouth foams, his sunken eyes flash with rage. All the ill-treatment he has received is brought forward by this man in such a mocking strain, that while the party within is convulsed with laughter, the injured black is wild for vengeance. Woe to the seducer if he touch upon that subject again!

"But you haven't told us where you got that ugly gash in your neck, Simpson?"

"While I was with the young lady in the wood, her brother, a bold little pup, not a dozen years old, broke in upon us, and shot me at ten paces, as coolly as you'd drop a squirrel!"

This announcement is received in the same spirit of badinage with which it is made.

The uproar having subsided, that individual, who by this time is more than half drunk, takes the roll of money in his hand, and continues:

"But I haven't told you where this money came from. You see my good daddy-in-law that was to be is a political man, and had been intrusted by government to collect a large sum of money, and hand it over to the county treasurer the next day. I helped him collect it, and then

saved him the rest of the trouble. For I got it out of his wallet while he was asleep, by that sleight of hand you have all praised so frequently, and put a roll of blank paper in its place. I left him so little cause for suspicion that he went clear to town, next morning, before he discovered the trick. The joke alone was worth twenty thousand dollars to any man, and I intend he shall be informed yet how nicely I took him in. But there's something better yet. I contrived to have the whole blame thrown upon one of the horse girls. Ha! ha! ha! The young trollope got a good lashing, and was sent off to the sugar plantation and sold. Ha! ha! ha!"

This monstrous speech is the last that Oliver Colston ever utters. For now the heart-injured and defrauded father, dashing Mr. Blote and Tom from his side as though they were stubble, and uttering one sound, such as peals from the very thickest of an Indian battle, poises his heavy hatchet over his head, and throws it right into the villain's brain! The blade strikes flush on the exposed portion of his head, and sinks itself, quivering half its breadth into the mark. The unfortunate man, without a prayer, without a word, without a groan, falls heavily upon one side, and rolls upon the floor, dead.

The uproar that follows is tremendous. In the first wild rush for shelter the candles are upset, leaving the party with no other light than the wood-fire, now burning low. A general snatching of pistols follows, and their ominous click is heard by the party outside.

Mr. Blote, horror-struck as he is by Gabriel's rash act, recovers his coolness at once—for he sees the necessity of taking immediate steps for his own safety. An aggressive act now is real prudence. He therefore sends Gabriel with orders to remove all the horses a considerable distance into the cane-brake, and, if he should give a signal, to turn them loose. Then he raises his voice in a tone of command, and gives loud orders as to a party of twenty. Some are to guard the door, and suffer none to pass alive; some to stand by the window, and shoot all who resist; some are to set fire to the cabin, and burn up the Murrell gang, if they do not surrender.

All this has its effect within. The tumult immediately ceases. The three robbers crouch in the dark, behind and under the saddles, and wait with levelled pistols for the attack. Not one of them will risk the hand of justice: they are determined to fight it out like tigers.

Mr. Blote had originated his hasty plan merely with a view to gain time. He wished to terrify the ruffians and confine them to the cabin for awhile, until himself and companions could mount and escape. But now accident comes to his aid, and throws the victory into his hands.

One of the robbers—the large one of the white horse—whose hiding-place is directly in front of the chimney, opens his flask of powder to take out a load. In reply to an inquiry as to the amount on hand, the half-drunken fellow takes a brand of fire from the chimney to exhibit its contents. A coal falls into the inflammable substance, and at once the whole defence is at an end. Two of the robbers are killed instantaneously; the third, blown heavily against the side of the cabin, is so severely stunned by the shock, that by the time the besieging party reach him, he is too weak to offer resistance.

Thus the midnight rendezvous is broken up.

The hands of Oliver Colston still grasp the roll of money, his finger still sparkles with Caroline's ring: both are secured, to be returned to their owners. The three corpses are next laid decently out upon the floor, and left to the solitude of the woods. The prisoner is tied firmly to a tree, and then the party, whose good fortune has been equal to the justice of their cause, mount the horses and seek the nearest dwelling.

Guided by the old ostler, they are not long in reaching it, and, procuring assistance, they return before sunrise.

The bodies are still there, to add a deeper shade to the superstitious cloud that overshadows Dead Man's House—but the prisoner has escaped. His cords have been cut, and a knife which lay close by, being one that Gabriel has long owned, explains clearly, to Mr. Blote's mind, the mystery of his release.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUGAR PLANTATION.—DENOUEMENT.

In this wise had the mystery of the robbery been mainly cleared up, and the money recovered.

Mr. Blote found no further difficulty in persuading the two runaways to return home.

The reader has seen that there had been a growing inclination in the minds of both to abandon the woods, evidence of which was visible in Gabriel's willingness to escort Mr. Colston through the thicket, even at the danger of exposing the secret entrance to his hiding-place. That inclination was now merged into a burning desire to restore his poor injured daughter to her home and friends; and upon the pledge offered by the schoolmaster, that neither of them should be punished for their desertion, they returned with him to their masters.

The coming of the party created an excitement throughout the country unequalled by anything that had occurred since the Murrell developments.

Company came in from all quarters, and upon every possible errand.

The sheriff, and the other securities, together with the district attorney, received the intelligence by a messenger from Mr. Blote; and although it was late at night, and the night was stormy, they immediately mounted their horses, one and all, and rode at full speed to Mr. Enloe's dwelling.

The scene, as I witnessed it that night, was full of life and incident.

The parlour was crowded with the negro women of the

plantation, wild with joy that they were not to be sold and sent away. All discipline for the time seemed to be abandoned.

The overseer, Mr. Allansby, who had somehow forgotten where he laid his whip, and, what is more remarkable, had dropped all his sternness somewhere, had timidly attempted to keep a little order at first—but the influence of such happiness is contagious: he fell headlong into the current, and when old Mammy Betty, an octogenarian, very ugly and offensive, threw her withered arms around his neck and convulsively kissed him, Mr. Allansby submitted to the salute with as good a grace as though it had been Caroline herself. That young lady was well-nigh smothered in the tumult.

I could get an occasional glimpse of her as the centre of a *mêlée* to which the battle of Ivry was child's play. At one instant a stout wench would embrace her as though she were compressing a cotton-bale; at the next, a group of the same would toss her violently towards the ceiling, as the sweet girl had often done with her doll, twelve years before; and then, for variety's sake, they would permit her to sit awhile, that they might kiss her, and chat over the good news.

Mr. Enloe himself was in a woful predicament. If he approached the window, ten stalwart arms were waving there, like the long feelers of the polypi, to engulf him. To go out into the passage was to be waylaid and devoured; and Mammy Betty followed him about like a shadow, with eager eyes and mouth.

Thus pursued and besieged, he could only feign a headache to give himself an excuse to lie down until the sheriff came; though, sooth to say, his own happiness was not less than that of the others.

But, though more seriousness came in with the town party, there was not less real happiness; and when the sheriff, taking a salute from each of our dear Caroline's cheeks, whispered in her ear:

"A narrow escape, my precious girl! Thank God, he discovered his real character in due season!"

When I say the rough old boy touched upon this sensitive topic, and I watched, lest an allusion to it might mar the general happiness, I was delighted to see that no additional paleness came over her countenance, and to hear her hastily respond:

"Amen!"

Stout heart! The loss of such a lover is a gain. The wound shall yet heal. That pure breast shall yet find one worthy of its pilloving. Months may roll away, and years, before the admiring deity aims his arrows at that bright target again; but you shall not be overlooked in his future work—depend on that.

Daylight broke in upon us before the excitement subsided sufficiently to enable us to snatch an hour's sleep.

Then we met again, and the district attorney opened his portfolio of papers, and ventured to promise us that all the assignments and sales made on behalf of this great treasury debt should be nullified, and that Mr. Enloe's property should be restored to him, as nearly as possible in its original state.

I will add here that the higher authorities, and afterwards the Legislature, ratified his conditional engagement, and so my old friend stood erect as before.

My appointment as general agent came to an ignominious end. Its emoluments went into the general release, without discount to Mr. Enloe. I only trust that, when called upon by the great Creditor of humanity to resign this body to the grave, I shall as cheerfully accede as in the case I have mentioned.

Before night all the visitors had departed, save a few of us, who felt domesticated by the last month's afflictions; and the more delicate portions of the history were then brought forward.

Caroline's ring was returned to her, with many a sigh from the whole circle, that one so capable of usefulness and honour had pressed the early grave of his own vices.

That was the last time I ever heard his name mentioned in the family.

It was decided before our separation, that on the second day such of us as would volunteer for that purpose should commence our journey to Louisiana, to re-purchase poor Loogy; for it had been resolved upon, without a dissenting voice, that there should be no stint in our offered prices, "even to the half of the kingdom."

The morning found three of us—to wit, Mr. Blote, Mr. Enloe, and myself—prepared to start.

There is yet one grand point in the mysterious robbery to be solved, and our anxiety, relieved upon every other topic, has concentrated upon this—we have not yet learned from what source Loogy derived her knowledge of the robbery.

Before night, we find ourselves upon one of the monstrous steamers of the Mississippi, downward bound, forming part of a great family that counts by hundreds. A local habitation and a name are given us amongst the rest, and we retire, wearied, to our berths.

The night before we arrived at the end of our journey, one of the stewards brought a message from a sick gentleman, who requested that Mr. Blote would call upon him in his state-room.

He did so, and afterwards imparted the result of the communication to us.

The invalid was no other than the identical man whom the old schoolmaster had tied to the tree, to be released by the knife of Gabriel. His sickness was but feigned: his confinement to the room being merely to avoid recognition from some chance passenger.

How the robber discovered the fact, I cannot say; but he and Mr. Blote belonged to the same secret society, and he was not afraid to trust him.

From him we learned that Colston, alias Simpson, had been an active leader in the Murrell affair, and was intrusted by the heads of the band with some of the most

confidential business. That, upon the developments which led to the disorganisation of that company, Colston, whose name, real or assumed, had not come out in the printed expositions, had engaged to close off the affairs of the company in his own section, with the determination, after that event, of removing to a considerable distance. That he could have no other motive for his engagement with Caroline save her dishonour. That the attack upon her, in which he came forward as a rescuer, was all a pretence, arranged through one of his comrades. That a spy had been put upon Mr. Enloe's steps from the hour he received the government money, and even had Mr. Colston failed in extracting it from his pocket-book, Mr. Enloe would have been waylaid and robbed, the next morning, on his way to town.

The small village at which we landed could not furnish us with a conveyance to the plantation of Loogy's new master, and, impatient as we were, we determined to walk.

We got directions along the road as we could, and arrived a little before night at the plantation.

It was the property of an enterprising gentleman, who, having spent twenty years in the business of sugar-making, as overseer, had been enabled to purchase the greater part of the property of his employer—a fact that, as clearly as any other, illustrates the distinction between an *active* and a *passive* verb—and was now carrying on the business, on his own account.

He was at the mill, where we joined him. Informing him of our errand, he looked at us with as much surprise as the law serjeant evinced when Mr. Pickwick insisted on calling on him, and laughed heartily at the idea of our coming all the way, for humanity's sake, to restore an ill-treated negro. He candidly acknowledged that he owned such a slave, and admitted that he would sell her to us at the market price, under the circumstances; but he was not at all sure that she would live a week, for the "nigger" had been "no account" to him since a short time after he purchased her, and he rather thought she was past curing.

Startled at this intelligence, we asked permission to go to her immediately: and Mr. Beemus, the sugar planter, politely offered his escort, but still with a droll sort of look at the idea.

There were more than three hundred slaves on the estate, and "the quarters" necessarily covered a considerable space of ground.

Getting directions from an old woman, who was attending to more than a score of infants, Mr. Beemus led us through the maze of huts, and, still calling upon those he saw for guidance, took us at last to one pointed out as the habitation of Loogy.

It was like the rest, a low pen made of small logs, without a chimney or door, and surrounded by a company of naked, noisy children.

We looked in, and saw an object stretched upon a dirty blanket at the further side of the room. It was Loogy, but so emaciated that I should not have known her. She was asleep as we entered, and did not awake, although we stood over her, and conversed aloud concerning her pitiful appearance.

There was no need to apologise to one another for the weakness, for all three of us wept. The gentlemanly planter turned aside, too gentlemanly to smile at such weakness, and we felt relieved when we heard him walking off.

Yes, there was the poor girl, still alive, but very sick; how sick, that sallow hue, so unfavourable in the diagnosis of a negro patient, and the hasty manner of her breathing, indicated but too plainly.

Her loose coat was not the neat, homespun dress worn under the eye of her former mistress, but coarse and unshapely.

Still we stood and gazed upon her. On the floor by her side was a small rag of calico—it was but a rag, doled out by some hard charity, which she had partly sewed up in the form of a baby's dress, the needle and thread being still in it. She had gone to sleep, it appeared, even while labouring at it. There was something red protruding from one of her hands—and as Mr. Enloe stooped to examine it, how were we touched to discover the same string of coral beads which had formed such a link in the fatal chain of evidence against her.

It seems that Caroline, with some parting tokens of affection, had returned this to her, and in that feverish slumber she was clasping it tightly to her bosom.

Mr. Blote kneeled by her side, and whispered Caroline's name in her ear.

She opened her eyes, looked at us delightedly, as we look at the objects of a dream, and smiled.

He again addressed her with words of home, of her father, of her husband, of Caroline.

It was but a vision—she saw that plainly enough; it was only a dream, from which she would presently awake to the solitude of that low hut, or the discord of those howling youths; but, determined to enjoy it as long as she could, she resolutely fixed her attention upon us, and whispered:

"Oh, Miss Caroline, 'deed I love you! I wouldn't take your husband from you—'deed I wouldn't, Miss Caroline!"

And we could only convince her of the reality of our presence by endeavouring to draw the necklace from her hand—at which she arose, and recognised us.

The shock which our sudden appearance made upon her mind was not so great as we had feared. There was, indeed, but little mind remaining. Her resolution, after the first few days' experience of the cheerless plantation labour, had given way, and she had become sick-sullen, as her gentlemanly owner called it; home-sick, heart-sick, as I should say. Then her loneliness had turned her head, and by the time we discovered her she was nearly deranged.

mixed with a fondness for the comic, had her brought to the house, while we waited upon her, and placed in the house servants' apartments, under the care of the physician. It was rather too good a thing, he admitted, and he shouldn't like for the other planters to hear of it—but he frequently went with us to see her, and his wife, a clever lady, fond of a joke like himself, presented her with a suit of clothes.

Loogy remained here for several weeks before we felt it safe to remove her.

By this time Mr. Beemus had become so much attached to Mr. Blote—that secret society again, I presume—that he insisted on accompanying us up the river. Such a joke as his going so far with a sick negro! and his wife went with him.

When Loogy had sufficiently recovered, we asked her for a full explanation of her mysterious conduct, and as we assured her that Mr. Colston was really dead, and his engagement with her young mistress broken off, she consented to give it.

The night of the robbery, Caroline, who was sitting up late with her lover in the parlour, had retired to rest with her chamber windows opened. Loogy, ever anxious on her account, had discovered this, and as the morning air blew cold, she left her cabin at "the quarters," and crept softly to the house to close them.

Here she became a witness to Mr. Colston's movements: how he walked from his bed-room, spoke gently to the dogs, and fed them with some morsels of meat that he had reserved for that purpose; how he went into Mr. Enloe's apartment, and drew his pocket-book from under his head; and how he returned stealthily to his own room; while Loogy flew, horror-stricken, and wild with emotion, back through the orchard to her cabin. There she had wept until daylight, and until summoned to appear before the family, and answer to the charges made against her. How could she expose Mr. Colston, and break her young mistress's heart?

Here was the clue to the whole after-conduct of the faithful slave: she could not deprive "Miss Carline" of one whom she loved so well! She could bear to be whipped; she could bear to be sold; she could bear to be sent away; but she could not break up the future happiness of one whom she loved so well!

Hear it, O ye to whom affection is but a name, and love has never opened his dearest mysteries!

And now I will wind up the drama. Yet let the audience remain seated for a moment, while I dispose of the principals and some of the subordinates.

My friend Mr. Enloe until the day of his death had no further strife with fortune. By rigid economy he contrived to close the large breaches that speculation had made in his affairs, and within six years was free of debt. In due season he was restored to church-membership, and at the very next political caucus he was unanimously proposed for the office of governor. But, to the surprise of his party and the joy of his opponents, he declined the nomination.

As a neighbour, a Christian, and a gentleman of charity and sympathy, his name stood high—and it stood upon a rock. Few who pass his monument, near the road-side, in the grave-yard at C—, and read the eulogistic inscription written by Mr. Blote, but will admit its truth.

The hero of the following-piece is now a man of twenty-four. Few in the sunny south better deserve the name. Few have a happier home than he, or a worthier wife, or lovelier babes. The promise of his youth is verified by his virtue, his charity, his sympathy with distress, his regard for truth. The little shot-gun which effected so much at that trying moment, is still suspended over the mantel-piece in his best apartment.

His little brother Alf has not followed him up into manhood. Worn out with the race of life, the child retired early from the scene, and went to sleep, to commence a higher, holier career in the spirit-land.

Uncle Gabriel took his first holidays to search for his money. By the aid of some good dogs, he traced Colston's path through the cane-brake, until he found all the bags except one, and that one was made up by his master. Though the amount was slightly deficient, Mr. Enloe consented to receive it (yet with pretended reluctance—for nothing would have insulted the old ostler so much as to rank him with "the five-hundred-dollar niggers"), with the understanding, however, that the remainder was to be paid over as fast as possible.

And so, about every other day, for six months, Mr. Enloe was compelled to write a receipt for some additional dime or picayune that had been gathered up somehow towards the debt.

As for Loogy, she utterly refused to leave "Miss Carline" on any terms: so she is a slave yet, and her small people (there are ten or fifteen of them) are in a like condition.

Mr. Blote is still teaching school and still collecting specimens.

So falls the curtain over this true tale of southern life. As it slowly sinks, and scene after scene fades away from the beholders' eyes, let me hastily add—'tis my last opportunity—that although there are some things in it I might, perhaps, have concealed, there are none that I could have altered without a disregard of truth.

[END OF "THE FAITHFUL SLAVE"]

THE NEGLECTED DAUGHTER.

I WAS sitting alone, one winter evening, in my little room, the temperature of which was rendered genial by the glowing anthracite that filled the grate, and imparted a bright, cheery aspect to all around. I had taken a book from the table, but I did not open it. Thoughts of the past came thronging to the "heart's silent chambers." Companions of my early days rose up before me, like the shadowy forms seen in the waning twilight, and glided quickly back into oblivion, to give place to others. At last there was one whom I knew well formerly, who came back to my mind so vividly as to exclude all others. We had not met for many years, during which time the condition of both had been much changed. She had long been married to a gentleman of wealth and respectability; while I was still single, in the enjoyment of an "elegant sufficiency," such as is described by the poet of "The Seasons."

My parents were both dead, and although I had uncles, aunts, and cousins, they all lived in the "Far West." I had certainly arrived at what might be called years of discretion—for I was full thirty-five; yet, although in my youthful days I had been termed good-looking, and by some even handsome, I had never had a single offer. It had, however, never caused me any serious uneasiness. This might be owing, in part, to an easy and rather sunny temper, though probably more to my having never met with a gentleman who had inspired me with any more lively sentiments than those of friendship and esteem.

Why Jane Bascom—now Mrs. Alford—should, for the time being, banish all others from my memory, I could not tell. Among those who had been the associates of my early days, she had never been a favourite. There had even existed between us a degree of antagonism, which, on certain occasions, as far as she was concerned, was too demonstrative to be consistent with the rules of good breeding; yet which, owing to a way I had of passing lightly over things of that kind, never caused any serious disruption of those ties that bound us together in a kind of lukewarm friendship.

It had been a nine-days' wonder, with those who were acquainted with Philip Alford, why he should have discovered anything attractive in Jane Bascom, as her features were plain, and the expression of her countenance such as to indicate, even at that early period, that there was no slight tincture of verjuice in her disposition. Had she been an heiress, he would doubtless have been accused of mercenary motives in selecting her for a wife; but as her father was only in comfortable circumstances, and she was one of eleven children, he escaped the imputation.

I had never seen Mr. Alford, as, a few months previous to his becoming acquainted with Jane Bascom, I had removed to the pleasant house, some thirty or forty miles distant, which I had received as a bequest from a rich bachelor uncle. A few letters had at first passed between us—but for the last six years all epistolary correspondence had ceased; and I only knew by indirect intelligence, occasionally received, that she and her husband still lived, and that one of their two children, both of whom were daughters, was thought to be intellectually deficient.

All the more important incidents connected with our early acquaintance had passed in review before me, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of sleigh-bells, which rang so loud a peal through the frosty air, that I knew the stage-coach was passing. The post-office was only a quarter of a mile distant, and though I could think of no one from whom I was likely to receive a letter, I could not get rid of the impression that there would be one for me. I therefore summoned Simon Martin—who had, many years before my uncle's decease, managed the farm for him—while his wife superintended the affairs of the household. He had, since my uncle's death, performed the same service for me. I asked him if he was too tired to walk as far as the post-office.

"I should be sorry if I was," said he; "for the days are so short, I hardly have time to turn round before it is night!"

He therefore—as soon as he had time to defend himself against the cold, by putting on his great coat and a pair of mittens, ingeniously knitted by his wife, of various coloured worsteds—started on his errand.

I made allowance for his being gone some time, knowing that he would be likely to meet with some of his old acquaintances; and as he was a great politician, he would be likely to stay and chat with them a little on his favourite topic. My fit of musing being over, I opened the book, which I had continued to hold in my hand, and soon became absorbed in its pages. I had scarcely thought of Simon Martin—though, when he opened the door, I found, by glancing at the time-piece on the mantel, that he had been gone more than an hour.

"Here is a letter for you!" said he; "and I've got my newspaper, too, though I didn't expect it till the next mail."

I looked at the superscription of my letter, but did not recognise the writing. The chirography was like that of one not accustomed to using a pen, and the post-mark was so indistinct that I could not decipher it: so the only way to settle the question as to whom it was from, was to open the letter, which I found was signed "Jane Alford." The contents were brief. After making some slight allusion to our early friendship, she proceeded to invite me to come and spend a few weeks with the family.

The gentlemanly planter, in a spirit of hospitality

There was not much warmth or affection in her manner of giving the invitation, yet I could see that she was in earnest. After considerable hesitation, I made up my mind to go; and as I had little preparation to make, the next day but one I was ready to start.

It was near evening when I arrived at the mansion of Mr. Alford. He and his wife, and Alicia, their youngest child, were in the parlour. Mrs. Alford, as is sometimes the case when the youthful face is rather coarse, did not make a better looking matron than she did a girl. Traces of her hard, unbending will, combined with a singularly eager, prying look, had gradually wrought themselves into the lineaments of her countenance in a manner which by no means improved its beauty; while her voice, never remarkably sweet or well modulated, had become, in some of its tones, decidedly harsh. She gave me a civil welcome, and introduced me to her husband.

I was much struck with his appearance, and I thought to myself that it was no marvel that it was a nine days' wonder when he married Jane Bascom. He was one of the finest-looking men I had ever seen, yet he by no means possessed one of those delicately-handsome faces which would, even in his more youthful days, cause him, Narcissus-like, to fall in love with his own shadow. His was that higher style of beauty which derives its greatest charm from the illumination of the mind. A short time sufficed to show me that there was little community of feeling between himself and wife. Without attempting an analysis of the mind of either, it will be enough to say that his tastes were eminently intellectual; while she was one of those women belonging to the class denominated first-rate managers. The spirit of thrift pervaded every corner and cranny of the domestic establishment. No danger of rust there: all the machinery was kept bright, every wheel and crank being in active motion from early dawn till late at night—she herself being the mainspring that kept up the circumvolution. She was indeed so constantly on the alert, that one might have imagined that her feet and her hands were in danger of being worn to points equally tenuous as—owing to his constant blowing—was the phiz of the indefatigable flute-player, made immortal in the annals of facetious biography by a pen that is inimitable. Her features, however, rather than her extremities, had become sharpened by this unceasing vigilance; and I one day heard the housemaid muttering to herself, that "if Mrs. Alford's favourite child was dying, she would come on tiptoe peeping into the dairy to see, when she strained the milk, if the last drop was drained from the pails."

Alicia, the younger and favourite child of Mrs. Alford, though she was called a beauty, did not strike me agreeably. It appeared to me that the delicately-moulded features bore the stamp of the mother's disposition.

It was not till near night, the day succeeding my arrival, that I saw Bertha, the elder daughter, who, as I afterwards found, had been shamefully neglected by her mother, on account of either her real or supposed stupidity. She was six years of age—being two years older than Alicia—and to me she appeared melancholy rather than stupid. There was, in a particular manner, in her large and dark, though not brilliant eyes, a look of inexpressible sadness; while lines such as sorrow traces round the mouth, as it seemed to me, were already perceptible. This might have been fancy, but I could not persuade myself that it was, any more than I could make myself believe that she was intellectually deficient.

My first attempts at making her acquaintance were received with a kind of passive sullenness, which did not give the promise of much success. Mrs. Alford was greatly exasperated with her, and threatened to send her to the dark closet for the rest of the day—a threat which, to a careless observer, might have appeared to make no impression on its object, but which, I could see, made the poor child's lips quiver, though it brought no moisture to her eyes.

Bertha, from some reason, evidently regarded me as an enemy—a truth which I was not long in ascertaining. I then better knew what ground to take.

Though the days were at the shortest, she was sent to bed before it was fairly dark—yet Alicia was allowed to sit up till seven or eight o'clock. After she was gone, Mrs. Alford said to me:

"You see, Eleanor, what a trial I have with that child—Bertha, I mean!"

"Do you think that she is really so dull that she cannot be taught anything?" said Mr. Alford, addressing me with great earnestness.

"I have had little opportunity to judge, as yet," I returned; "but I certainly don't think that her countenance lacks intelligence."

"For those words of encouragement I thank you from my heart," said he. "The child has been neglected, and I take shame to myself for it. I was told that she was an imbecile, and I never attempted to disprove it, till within a few weeks, when I undertook to teach her the alphabet—and she is now perfectly familiar with the easy reading lessons."

"A parrot can be taught to repeat words by rote!" said Mrs. Alford. "No longer ago than yesterday morning, I told her to read one of the easy lessons you speak of, and she didn't know a word of it."

"I am afraid that it was the want of will, not ability," said Mr. Alford, "which prevented her from reading it."

"So much the worse, then," replied Mrs. Alford.

"It may be," I ventured to remark, "that she is one of those who can be persuaded better than driven."

"I have too much to attend to," said Mrs. Alford, "to be able to waste my time in trying to coax an obstinate, stupid child like her. When I order her to do a thing, it is her part to obey."

"I have been thinking of late," said Mr. Alford, "that if you had always had as much patience with Bertha as

with Alicia, she would have been very different from what she is now."

"And I think," said Mrs. Alford, "that it is the mother's province to manage girls. If Bertha had been a boy, you might have done with her as you choose."

"What if I should undertake the management of her or a few days?" said I. "I don't know how it is, but children, as well as dumb animals, generally speaking, soon learn to have confidence in me."

"It will be different with Bertha, you will find," remarked Mrs. Alford. "She never yet liked anything, except a little white kitten—a species of animal I always hated—and that she would have been glad to have in her arms from morning till night. But I soon put a stop to it—for I had the kitten killed. However, if you will take the trouble of trying to beat something into her stupid head, I shall certainly make no objection."

"And I shall be under the greatest obligations to you," said Mr. Alford.

I subsequently found that although Mrs. Alford appeared so indifferent about the matter, her sole object in sending for me was to see if I could be induced to take the child under my charge for a few weeks, by way of trial: when, if I succeeded in winning her affection, she thought, judging from what she recollected of my character and disposition, I should be unwilling to give her up. In this, I am sorry to say, she was influenced less for the child's good, than to relieve herself of what she considered a burthen.

The only condition I made with her mother, was to have her given up entirely to my own management. I was to be the judge whether she needed reproof or punishment. I made up my mind for a difficult, not to say onerous task; but I understood my own strength and resources. I was sensible that I had the requisite patience, energy, and perseverance—and my pity was already enlisted in the child's behalf.

I took her in charge the following day. She refused to read to me—the same as she had refused reading to her mother—and had evidently made up her mind for the infliction of the usual penalty of disobedience—a blow on the head; for though, when she uttered the refusal, she did not move from the spot where she stood, she covered a little, and half closed her eyes. Finding that the blow did not come, she looked me keenly and wonderingly in the face. She then said:

"Ma says she hates me—don't you?"

"No, indeed," I answered; "nor would your mother, if you were good and obedient."

"She loves Alicia, and she isn't good!" she replied.

Instead of appearing to notice this remark, I tried to divert her thoughts to a different and more pleasant subject. I could hardly have believed it possible that there could have been so sudden a transition from suspicion to confidence. After she had gone through with her lessons, she came to me, and, taking one of my hands in both of hers, she said, while there was a beautiful lighting up of her countenance:

"I had something last summer that loved me!"

"What was it?" I asked.

"A little brown bird. I used to throw crumbs to it, and at last it grew so tame that it would eat out of my hand. It went away when the snow came, but I guess it will come back again next summer, and see me—don't you?"

"Perhaps it will," I replied.

"I didn't let ma know anything about it," said she, "because I was afraid she would have it killed if I had, as she did my kitten."

I did all I could to soften Bertha's feelings towards her mother and sister—an effort which, as might be supposed, was not remarkably successful. With her father, in some measure, it was different. She had, before I came, begun to trust in him; but it was a timid, wavering trust, which the many calls on his time gave him now, as formerly, little leisure to strengthen and confirm.

In young minds, intuition has been said to supply the place of reason. Bertha, however, young as she was, and dull as she was said to be, had, in a certain degree, acquired the art of arriving at logical conclusions; and, as far, at least, as her parents and sister were concerned, she was unwilling to take anything entirely upon trust. She, therefore, for some time, though she had unbounded confidence in my own good-will and affection for her, was inclined to weigh more carefully than was altogether pleasing to me, every demonstration of regard or love on the part of her father. She had been taught to believe that he, in common with every one else, disliked her—and the belief was hard to conquer. But it was conquered at last, and her faith in him was to them a well-spring of peace and joy. The long-repressed affections of her heart began more fully to warm and expand themselves, and I believe that she would have loved her mother and sister, if they had not turned coldly away from her.

It is surprising what a sparkling freshness and beauty happiness will impart to the youthful countenance. It is indeed one of the best cosmetics for any face, whether young or old. Bertha now, at least to me, was far more lovely than Alicia.

When spring came, she often watched by the window or the return of the little brown bird, and when it was pleasant, she would steal out to the old apple-tree, beneath whose spreading boughs she used to feed it. I had little faith in its return, but she would often say, "I am sure it will come again."

And it did. One sunny day, in April, it flew down close to her feet. She threw it some crumbs—she always carried some with her when she went to watch for it beneath the apple-tree—and then she saw that it had found a mate. It was shy at first, but it soon grew fearless as the other, and in a short time they would both eat from her hand.

I think that both Bertha and myself were a trouble to Mrs. Alford, and I had for some time wished to go home and take the child with me though I had, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Alford, consented to remain till the first of October.

Bertha was henceforth to be my own. I was to educate her as I pleased. Very different from what I had at first imagined, I found that her temperament was highly poetic. From time to time many beautiful traits of character developed themselves.

At first there was an earnest yearning to have everything love her. I remember that soon after I took her to my own home, one warm, summer-like evening, she stood at a window where the moonbeams, broken by the quivering foliage of a birch, threw over her a shower of silvery light. For some minutes she gazed up wistfully through the branches of the tree to the fair orb that was so tranquilly pursuing its blue pathway in the heavens. A smile, just perceptible, parted her lips. After awhile she spoke.

"Do you not think," she asked, "that the moon loves me?"

"If it is like me, it does, I have no doubt," I answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"I am certain it does," she said, "or it would not look down upon me so softly!"

Mr. Alford often came to see his daughter, but his wife always had so much to do that it was impossible for her to leave home. Had she expressed the slightest wish to that effect, I would have taken the child to see her. She never did, and it was many years before the mother and daughter met. I rather liked Mrs. Alford for not pretending to an interest in Bertha which she did not feel. It at least showed that she was not hypocritical.

Her father soon began to grow proud of her—and with good reason. I was proud of her, too—not because that her progress in her studies was uncommonly rapid—I had seen children that went before her in that respect—it was more on account of a thoughtfulness and a consistency that exhibited themselves in a manner much more marked than is usually seen in one so young.

I occasionally heard from Alicia, through some person besides her father, and was not surprised at being told that she was peevish, petulant, and self-willed. It was what was to be expected from the example and training of her mother.

Many little incidents might be related, did space permit, illustrative of the gradual unfolding of Bertha's character. They did not show her to be faultless, by any means. A perverseness of temper, which, but for her mother's injudicious, or rather cruel treatment, might have remained latent, occasionally gave me some trouble, and cost her many tears, and many earnest and vigorous efforts to subdue.

At the age of seventeen, Alicia Alford had the reputation of being a beauty. She had many admirers and several others—one of which she accepted. The one thus distinguished was a gentleman of wealth, and well known in the fashionable circles of the city where he resided.

The idea of being mistress of a splendid establishment, had chiefly influenced her in her choice.

Bertha, at the time her sister was married, though two years older, had never had an offer. This, as I heard from several sources, was a matter of triumph on the part of Mrs. Alford and Alicia. As for Bertha, I am certain that she never thought of such a thing as being beloved by any one, except her father, myself, Simon Martin and his wife, and her pet birds; for though her spirits were light and buoyant as I could desire, the idea of her personal ugliness, which, in early childhood, had been deeply impressed upon her mind, never left her. Aside from the exceptions named, she did not deem herself attractive enough to excite emotions more ardent than friendship and esteem in the breast of any one. As, instead of detracting from her enjoyment, it only made her more intent on the improvement of her mind, it was an illusion I made no attempt to dispel.

But the time was near at hand when a change was to "come o'er the spirit of her dream." A young gentleman, by the name of James Arlington, about the time of her sister's marriage, opened a lawyer's office about half a mile distant from our place of residence. I used to see him at church, and was pleased with his appearance.

What Bertha thought of him I had no means of knowing, unless her total silence on the subject could be considered an indication that she, too, liked his appearance; and so well, that, actuated by a reserve natural in such cases, she abstained from making any allusion to him. After this idea occurred to me, without appearing to do so, I observed her narrowly: the result of which surmise as regarded her entertaining a favourable opinion of him, was exchanged for certainty.

I was careful not to let her suspect that I had detected her secret, and it was not long before I was convinced that she had excited in him a more than common interest. They had as yet never met, except at church; but I noticed that, invariably before the commencement of the religious services, his eyes wandered in the direction of our pew, much more frequently than it was natural to suppose they would have done, had there been no particular attraction.

It was three or four months before he and Bertha chanced to meet elsewhere than at church. This was at a small social party given by our nearest neighbour. I found him to be modest, unassuming, and very intelligent. He paid no more attention to Bertha than to any other lady present; but what little he did pay her was marked by a peculiar delicacy, such as could not fail to be gratifying to one so modest and sensitive as herself.

I saw no reason for discouraging this mutual preference; for I had taken pains to satisfy myself that his

moral character was irreproachable, while he already gave the promise of attaining to a high rank in his profession. He was poor, however—if any person with youth, first-rate talent, energy, and perseverance, can be so considered. In my mind they constituted a heritage more to be desired than silver or gold; and Bertha's father, as I was well assured, would be of the same mind.

Mrs. Alford would, without doubt, think differently. With her everything would sink into insignificance, compared with wealth. But as she had, with her own hand, sundered the ties which bound her and her daughter together, it seemed to me that she had also forfeited the right to be consulted on the present occasion. Even to Mr. Alford there was no necessity of mentioning the subject at present. It was possible I had been mistaken—had been indulging in a dream of romance. Single ladies, who have ceased to indulge in them on their own account, may still do so as respects those younger and more beautiful than themselves.

After the party alluded to, I had no doubt but that Arlington would call in a few days. I think Bertha also entertained a similar expectation. If she did, she, as well as myself, was doomed to be disappointed; and in my own mind I reproached him not a little. I even, in the heat of my displeasure, called him dishonourable—forgetting that, on the evening of the party, he paid no more attention to Bertha than to me. No matter—it was of a different kind: of that he himself must have been sensible. There were times when I imagined Bertha less cheerful than formerly, and then I was more bitter against him than ever.

Things were in this state when Mrs. Wetmore, a lady of our acquaintance, came to spend with us a social afternoon, and take tea. I soon made some allusion to Arlington, as I was desirous to hear what she would say about him. After having spoken warmly in his praise, she said:

"I suppose you have heard that he is soon to be married?"

"No, I have not," I returned; and I rather think my colour changed a little.

As I spoke, I glanced my eyes towards Bertha, who sat by a window, sewing; but I could not see her face, as that very moment she turned to look at something out of doors which had caught her attention.

"Do you think it is anything more than an idle rumour?" I asked, as soon as I had a little recovered from the shock occasioned to my feelings by what Mrs. Wetmore had said.

"Most certainly I do. Ever since he came here, he has corresponded regularly with a lady by the name of Mary Lewisham."

"The lady may be his aunt?" I suggested. "It appears to me that I have heard that he had an aunt by the name you mention."

"That is what I told Rachel Beers, when she told me that he was going to be married. Rachel, you know, is a niece to Mrs. Lee, where Arlington boards. She is often there a week or more at a time, and one day she offered to sweep Mr. Arlington's chamber. Well, lying on the table there was an open letter—and she concluded, of course, that there was no privacy in it, or it would not have been left in that manner; so she took the liberty to read it, or rather a part of it—as she could do nothing more than run over it quickly; for, happening to cast her eye out of the window, she saw Arlington coming towards the house. She, however, found out that there was a marriage on the tapis; also enough to satisfy herself that James Arlington and Mary Lewisham, the writer of the letter, were the couple who were going to be married."

"Was the day mentioned?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, the fifth of next month—which will be just three weeks from to-day. All I wish is, that Miss Lewisham may be worthy of him—for he is one of the finest and most talented young men I ever met with."

As I did not feel in a mood for praising him just then, I remained silent. I could not divest myself of the idea that Arlington had, by his looks, if not by his words, showed quite too lively an interest in Bertha for one who was already as good as married.

After what Mrs. Wetmore had told us, I was not a little surprised when Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, the next morning, while I was attending to some favourite flowers in the garden, sent to let me know that Squire Arlington had called.

I meant to appear very cold and distant; but somehow, when he shook hands with me, and mentioned how desirous he had long been to cultivate our acquaintance (meaning Bertha and me), my reserve all vanished.

Bertha, who happened to be in the parlour at the time of his arrival, looked better than I had ever seen her in my life. A call from him was entirely unexpected, and the excitement which it occasioned had deepened the colour of her cheeks, and caused her eyes to beam with uncommon brilliancy.

After awhile, he remarked that he expected to leave the place soon—probably in a week or ten days.

"I have so understood," I replied.

He looked surprised, I thought; and in a minute he said that he was not aware he had informed any one of his intention.

"I hope your journey will prove a pleasant one," said I.

"Thank you!" he replied; "and I have not much doubt but it will, as the event which is to be celebrated when I arrive at my place of destination promises to be productive of much happiness to the parties concerned!"

Up to this time I had cherished a faint hope that Mrs. Wetmore's informant, by the hasty manner in which she perused the letter, might have misapprehended its true import; but now that Arlington had himself made allusion to the anticipated marriage, all doubt on the subject was terminated.

When Arlington rose to take leave, he remarked, that when he returned he hoped to be able to call on us often. I said something complimentary in reply, and added, that when he did come back, I supposed it would not be alone.

"I don't expect any one to accompany me," he answered.

"Why, I imagined that you would bring your wife with you!" I said.

"Wife!" he repeated. "I supposed that you knew I was a bachelor."

"Certainly. But I inferred from what you said that you expected to be married while absent."

"I was not aware that I expressed myself so obscurely. The object of my journey is to be present at the wedding of Mary Lewisham, who, though only a cousin, has ever been dear to me as a sister."

I felt somewhat embarrassed; but this unpleasant state of feeling was more than counterbalanced by the joy I felt at beholding the brightened countenance of Bertha.

Arlington at the appointed time departed on his journey, and returned at the time he had intended. Soon afterwards, he made formal proposals for the hand of Bertha, and was accepted.

As I had anticipated, her father avowed Arlington's suit; and as soon as a lucrative practice of his profession rendered it expedient, the young couple were married.

In ten or twelve years Arlington had accumulated a handsome fortune: it being precisely the same time which it had taken the husband of Alicia to spend a much larger one.

FACETIÆ.

A Western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him, when news was scarce, to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be new to him.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-storey house. "Not in the least, honey! 'Twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me!"

"Would you be willing to undertake the management of my business, for your victuals and clothes?" said a wealthy merchant to a gentleman who was congratulating him on his vast property. "No," was the reply. "Well, that's all I get!" said the millionaire.

WISDOM.—If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

CIVILISATION.—Cortez, in a letter to Charles V., in illustration of the advanced state of society among the Indians of Mexico, says, that "they begged in the streets like civilised people."

A GOOD JOKE.—A person once sent a note to a waggish friend for the loan of his *noosepaper*, and received in return his marriage certificate!

REVERSING A PROVERB.—"Figgers won't lie, will they?" muttered a seedy gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post. "Vell, perhaps they won't; but I sees a figger as won't stand, anyhow."

THE man in gaol who looked out of the window of his cell, and exclaimed: "This is a *grate* country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken *within bounds*.

SEEING THE ECLIPSE.—"You didn't go to Cork to-day, Paddy?" "Och, no!" said Paddy; "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon *here* to-night, and I staid to see it."

SEVERE.—"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsey," said a despairing lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for it was an amazing *small piece* you had, any way."

AN Irish story, by Burke, is as follows: "A squire, with hardly any means, used to entertain the militia and others in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, 'You're right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the lemons?'"

A medicine case and contents, valued at three or four pounds, was recently stolen from Dr. Pillsbury, of Finchley, and the doctor says if the thief will return the case, he may take the *medicine*, and have "advice gratis." Very generous, considering that he would probably be beyond the reach of advice after taking the medicine.

"How very seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find gardeners who are *bred* to their business." "Very well," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is *bred* to the gardeners?"

In one of our courts, the other day, the Attorney-General proposed to call a witness named *Lemon*, who, he thought, would tell a plainer story than had a previous witness. "Well," said the judge, "call up *Lemon*, and let us try to *squeeze* some information out of him."

A POOL'S DECISION.—A poor beggar in Paris, being very hungry, staved so long in a cook's shop that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric, covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and it was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be a most notorious idiot. He determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt empty dishes, and the cook be recompensed by its jingling, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.—*Fuller*

ONE of Richter's proverbs says, a full purse breeds vanity. We opine there are a good many who would risk the experiment, and not grumble at the consequences.

A SMALL EATER.—Nurse: What's the matter with little Willie? Is my darling sick? "Little Dear (*speaking rapidly and without stop*): O! 'ah! hoo-ooo! Nurse, I only ate seven apples and a tart and two pies and those cakes ma left in the cupboard and a plateful of pickles, and I'm so bad—Ooo-ooo! Nurse, I'm so bad!"

"BILL," said one apprentice to another, "my master is a better man to work for than your old man. My master ain't always round his shop interfering with his own business!"

A lady, given to tattle, says she never tells anything only to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

THE OBSTRE BOY.—"I say, boy, stop that ox!" "I haven't got no stopper, sir." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence, turn him!" "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you!" "Good morning, Mr. Ox!"

MARRIED.—At Salem, Mr. Joseph Tremble to Miss Anne Jane Watson.

How symptoms oft their opposites resemble!

Not fear, but joy, could so have made her Tremble.

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.—"We were rusticated a few days since at a farm-house," says a Western editor, "and invited a young lady to favour us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gen. of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned, and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied, that it was the 'lay of the last minstrel,' and that the composer was singing in honour of her production in the fowl-house."

Upon coming into the office, the other day, we asked an ancient "P.D." his rule of punctuation. Said he—"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period." We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

SMILES.—Oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—for it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of bate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws.*

SOME youth who had stolen a kiss, was seized with sudden penitence. His is a very touching confession:

I feel my fault—denial now were vain;

I do "repent me of my foul design!"

The kiss I stole I'll give thee back again,

If you'll give back the kiss you've got of mine.

VERY CURIOUS LADIES.—A tradesman at Luton, Bedfordshire, has the following notice stuck up in his window: *Good ladies*, 1s.; lasting ditto, 1s. 6d. per pair.

FONTENELLE, when describing the difference in the mental constitution of the sexes, says—woman has a *cell* less in the brain, but a *fibre* more in the heart than man.

MATIMONY AND FRIENDSHIP.—The nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman—for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal—for he can leave her to home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoyin' of himself to parties. A man that aint any music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same things, to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter—and so on. Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts.—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws.*

A SHARP THIEF OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The following audacious robbery was committed at an apothecary's in Princes Street: A fellow went in at the private door, which happened to be open, walked up stairs, packed up the bed, mattress, and all the bedding and furniture of the bed, and came softly down stairs with it; by some accident his foot slipped in the passage, as he was going out, and the load fell from his head. The noise brought out the apothecary: "Heyday, friend!" says he, "what are you doing there?" "Sir," replied the man, without the least hesitation, "I have brought home the bed and bedding you purchased to-day at the auction." "I purchased a bed at an auction!" was the answer: "I was at no auction, nor have I bought a bed." "I am sure," returned the fellow, "my master told me it was an apothecary's—or perhaps he might say it was near an apothecary's—I am sorry for the mistake, sir, and I beg you will be so good as to help me up again with my load, that I may carry it to the right place." The apothecary very civilly did as he was desired, and the man marched off with his prize. But lo! when the apothecary and his wife withdrew to bed at night, all that presented itself to their view was a naked four-post bedstead, and the person robbed discovered that he had literally assisted in the robbing of himself.

A CROWS' COURT-MARTIAL.—Well, I have heard the crows talk to each other, and seen them plant sentries out when they seed me a watchin' of them, and once I actilly saw them hold a court-martial. The old veterans came from all the ports about here, and from all the islands, and bluffs, and shores, up and down; and the culprit hung his head down, and looked foolish enough, you may depend. What he had done I don't know. Whether he had run off with another crow's wife, or stole a piece of meat, or went to sleep when he was on guard, or what, I don't know; but arter consultin' together, they turned to and fell on him, and killed him, and then adjourned the court and dispersed: that's a natural fact.—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws.*

SOLD AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "Selling at half price!" Shortly after, a lady, who had dealt with him before, entered his establishment, and, having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price. "Two shillings each," replied the shopkeeper. "Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen." The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper twelve shillings. "Beg pardon, madam; but I—ah—told you they were two shillings each—that is twenty-four shillings a dozen." "To be sure!" replied the lady, archly; "I understand as much arithmetic as that. Twenty-four shillings is the price; half of twenty-four is surely twelve; that is *half price*. I think them very cheap. Good morning, sir!" The lady shut the door. The shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; then, biting his lips, and colouring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods as "selling at half price."

A HIGH PRICE FOR A KISS.—A very good story is told of an acquaintance of ours—a commercial traveller, who was passing through the county Monaghan some short time since. He took up his quarters, it seems, at a certain hotel; and having comforted his inner man with a good dinner, a steaming "full-flowing bowl," and some of those other good things a hotel can always afford, he was becoming right merry; and a young lady connected with the establishment happening to come into the room in which he was, nothing would satisfy our gentleman but a kiss. As he was rather a well-faced young fellow, and respectable, the fair one was not very loth; modesty, however, would not permit her to give it without a slight struggle. In this struggle a drawer, containing a number of china articles, was pulled out to the floor, and the contents shattered to fragments. The accident elicited an "Oh, dear! see what I've done!" from the gallant, and a response of "No harm done," from the lady; and so the matter dropped at that time. We cannot state positively that he received the kiss; however, judging of others by oneself, and considering there was no serious disinclination on her part, we may take it for granted that he did obtain it. On glancing his eyes along the several items of the bill presented next morning, how must he have stared on discovering—"For china broken—five pounds!" He demurred; but in the end paid. Just at that instant, the mischievous fair one thrust in her head, and asked him if he would have a kiss? Bowing low and politely, he declined it at the price.

A PARLIAMENTARY MOVE.—Sibthorp is vastly indignant at the fuss that is being made about "moving the table," which, he says, any broker's man can do; but what is it, he asks, compared to the fact of his being able, any night he chooses, to "move the entire House?"—*Punch.*

A FINANCIAL ACHIEVEMENT.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a right to expect that his repeal of the duty on eggs will be illustrated in his hatchment.—*Ibid.*

FINE ARTS.—They are busy embellishing Buckingham Palace again. We wonder what architectural enormity it will be like when it is completely beautified?—*Ibid.*

MOTTO OF THE NORTH-EAST WIND.—"Cut, and come again!"—*Ibid.*

A DEFINITION TO A HAIR.—The greatest failure of the crops—having one's hair very wretchedly cut.—*Ibid.*

A SUM FOR SOMEBODY.—If wheat is 44 shillings a quarter, how much is it a year, and what will be a fair average price for chaff?—*Ibid.*

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

A curious instance occurred in London, not long ago, in which a rascal was outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draughtsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments, with gout in both feet. He could not move, but was wheeled in his chair in and out of his sitting-room. A well-known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till his servant was sent upon a message. The area door communicated with the kitchen, through which the vagabond entered, and walked up stairs, where, as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless.

"I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is out!" The gentleman started.

"It is excessively careless to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals of the table, and putting them in my own pocket; and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose."

"Pray help yourself," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent it.

The rogue did so, accordingly. He found the plate in the sideboard, and many other things that suited him;

and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow, and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle: he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with the pencil; and, on the servant's returning soon after, he dispatched him immediately to the police-station, with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, and the property on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botany Bay.

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

JUDGE CHARLTON, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, thus sketches the marriage scene:

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just pledged her faith—to whom she has just given herself up for ever! Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth!

"See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger! She has launched her frail barque upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly—for love whispers to her, that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall the raven flap,
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it.—
Never! oh, never!

"We have all read the story of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her fate to his: 'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go—return to your friends, and to your happiness!' And will you give me back that which I brought to you? asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied; 'all your wealth shall go with you! I covet it not.' 'Alas!' she answered; 'I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted love! Can you give this back to me?' 'No!' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet. 'No, I cannot restore this! But I will do more. I will keep it unsullied and untainted! I will cherish it through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear!

"Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love winning back from its harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man! Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought! how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

It should always be the study of a young man to avoid idleness and intemperance, for they are the forerunners of recklessness and vice.

ENGLISH BEAUTY.—Talk of its fading! it never fades. It is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied! The peasant-girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty, and the courtly maiden, set, as her birthright, in a golden circle—the intellectual face beaming intelligence—and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels. Nor is the perfection of English beauty confined to any class. In summer-time you meet it everywhere: by the hedge-rows, in the streets, in the markets, in the parks, at watering-places; at home and abroad. At every turn, one meets some fair specimen of living beauty.

AN INGENUOUS REBUKE.—A general officer, who was in early life much addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation from the memorable check he received from a Scotch clergyman. When he was a lieutenant, and settled at Newcastle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest class in the public street, and the altercation was carried on by both parties with abundance of impious language. The clergyman passed by, shocked with the profanity, and, stepping into the crowd with his cane uplifted, addressed one of the leaders of the rabble: "Oh, John, John, what is this I hear? You, only a poor collier boy, and swearing like any lord in the land? Oh, John, have you no fear what will become of you? It may do very well for the gallant gentleman (pointing to the lieutenant), to bang and swear as he pleases; but you—you John—it is not for you, or the like of you, to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being!" Then turning to the lieutenant: "You'll excuse the poor man, sir, for he is an ignorant body, and knows nae better! The young officer shrank away in confusion, unable to make any reply. Next day he waited upon the minister, and thanked him sincerely for his well-timed reproof, and was ever afterwards an example of correctness of language.

AN ITALIAN PHILOSOPHER.—A communication was lately made to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, of a collection of valuable papers which had been discovered in the mattress of an old Italian who had died in the Hotel Dien, and who had been a servant to a celebrated Italian philosopher, named Segato. During the life-time of the late Pope, Segato, who was a native of Bologna, went to Rome, for the purpose of pursuing certain scientific experiments. While thus engaged he formed the acquaintanceship of an English gentleman, and the greatest friendship sprang up between them. The discoveries of the Italian so delighted the Englishman, that for a long time he assisted in their prosecution at his own expense. It was the theory of the blood that the Italian had studied, and the results at which he had arrived are described as being most wonderful. Among other things he had accomplished the petrification of the human blood to such a degree as to resemble the richest porphyry for hardness and variety of shade and colour. A table, formed of squares of blood, human and animal, is still to be seen in the museum at Bologna, having been presented to the institution by the learned *savant* himself. Cardinal Bergami used to take great pride in exhibiting a walking-stick, having at the top the yolk of an egg, hard and transparent, and resembling a piece of cornelian of fabulous size. He had received the gem from Segato, and used to plague and puzzle the scientific of all nations who came to Rome with this wonderful egg. Segato was imprisoned by the Papal government for no other cause than that his retirement excited the suspicion of the ruling authorities.

THE NILE is a remarkable river. Nor is the land through which it flows, or the people who dwell upon its banks, less worthy of remark than itself. In length the river may justly be ranked amongst the mightiest of earth. In importance it is second to none. For 1500 miles—or half its length—its current rolls along in solitary majesty, without receiving a single tributary stream deserving of notice. It flows through a district that would be a wilderness but for its fertilising waters—a district that is thus rescued from the edge of a desert of more than 3000 miles across. The valley of the Nile, and therefore the land of Egypt, has an average breadth of only 15 miles. Towards the mouth of the river, the fertile land extends to a much greater breadth: because the stream, dividing into two branches, incloses an extensive tract of country. This portion is called the Delta; and upon it nearly half the population of Egypt dwell. From time immemorial this river has annually overflowed its banks, and converted the dry and parched country into one vast lake. Just as regularly has the water subsided, and left the land covered with a stratum of rich, soft mud, which has caused this otherwise arid desert—without the aid of manure and without the rains of heaven—to become the most fertile spot on the face of the earth. Hence the Egyptians have ever been an agricultural people, and the culture of their land has always been effected with comparatively little trouble to themselves. They have been, as it were, the favourites of heaven; and, as a natural consequence, have failed to learn that reliance on themselves which the inhabitants of less highly-favoured lands acquire.

ANECDOTES FROM MOORE'S "DIARY," &c.—John Lamb (brother of Charles) once knocked down Hazlitt, and on those present interfering, and asking the latter to forgive his assailant, H. said: "Well, I don't care if I do: I am a metaphysician, and don't mind a blow; nothing but ideas hurt me." Mr. Fielding tells him a story of a person who, meeting a friend running through the rain with an umbrella over him, said: "Where are you running to in such a hurry, like a mad mushroom?" Here is an entry about Canning: "17th, Met —, walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed I observed the party stop, and the gentleman make signs to — as if to call me back, which — accordingly did, saying: 'Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you.' It was no other than the right honourable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter is a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up) that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now clinched this determination."

AUTHORSHIP OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The writer of this article spent a few days, some years ago, with a highly respectable lady, who was an intimate friend and a member of the church of a Scottish clergyman near the border. She informed him that she had been repeatedly assured by this clergyman—a man of the highest character and of indisputable veracity—that all the earlier works known as the 'Waverley Novels,' were written under his roof. A certain degree of mystery attached to his personage, owing to the known residence there of a gentleman who never appeared abroad. This gentleman, whose name has been already mentioned, owing to certain grave suspicions against him, was compelled to a life of the strictest seclusion, and took refuge in the house of the said clergyman, from which he was twice driven away in female attire, in consequence of suspicions entertained by his host that the place of his retreat had become known. His *incognito* was, however, preserved to the last. One of the conditions with the clergyman was, that his private room should never be entered; and for a long time this was strictly observed. At length an accidental circumstance obliged his host to violate his privacy. He found him with a considerable quantity of manuscripts before him, and this opportunity was taken

by the recluse to disclose the fact that he was occupying himself with a series of historical romances, one of which was already complete. This was 'Waverley.' The author read it to his entertainer, and from this time admitted him to his confidence. A method of publication was agreed upon, and the manuscript was taken by the clergyman to Sir Walter Scott, under the seal of the most sacred secrecy. Others followed in rapid succession, and were similarly and personally delivered to Sir Walter. The author died at the house of his host about the time of the publication of 'Quentin Durward,' leaving behind him a quantity of manuscripts more or less complete, as material for future works of a similar description—which, at his request, were placed in Sir Walter's hands. We offer this singular narrative to the public for what it is worth. We commit ourselves to no opinion on the subject, except only to the respectability of the party from whom we received the statement.—*Eclectic Review*.

READY-MADE SHIRTS.—"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Dnida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt-trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to serve for the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and manos of cotton which are so common in New Granada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of the Marina, 'In the forests of Oronoko, garments are found ready made upon the trees.'"

TIME.—As in money, so in time, we are to look chiefly to the smallest portions. Take care of the minutes and the hours, and years will take care of themselves. Gold is not found in California for the most part in great masses, but in little grains. It is sifted out of the sand in minute particles, which, melted together, produce the rich ingots that excite the world's cupidity. So the spare pieces of time, the shreds, the odds and ends of time put together, may form a great and beautiful work. Hale wrote his contemplations when on his circuits. Dr. Mason Good translated "Lucretius" in his carriage, while, as a physician, he rode from door to door. One of the chancellors of France penned a bulky volume in the successive intervals of daily waiting for dinner. Doddridge wrote his "Expositor" chiefly before breakfast. Kirke White studied Greek, went over the nouns and verbs, as he was going to and from a lawyer's office. Burney learned French and Italian while riding on horseback. Franklin laid the foundations of his wonderful stock of knowledge in his dinner hours and evenings, while working as a printer's boy. In the Palace of Industry there were several curious specimens of art, wrought by humble individuals, out of such fragments of time as they could secure from their regular occupations. Oh, the preciousness of moments! No gold nor gems can be compared to them.—*Rev. J. Stoughton*.

COMPOSITION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE average composition of our atmosphere has long since been determined; and its uniformity, excepting as to accidental gases and vapours, under every zone and at every attainable elevation, is another fact we are accustomed to regard as constant and unvarying. When any discrepancy has been observed, this aberration was usually traceable to some foreign and accidental influence. There are two questions, however, connected with this subject hitherto undetermined, and to which M. Regnault has addressed himself. These are: Is the composition of the atmosphere uniform and unvarying during the change of seasons, and throughout the year? And is this composition uniform all over the world? These questions require so much delicacy in the requisite experiments, that it is fortunate they have excited the interest of a chemist well qualified to undertake this investigation. M. Regnault has contrived an apparatus for analysing atmospheric air, which admits of the determination of its constituents with greater exactness than former edimeters. He has also dispersed over sea and land, by captains of ships, scientific friends, and government officials, large glass tubes terminating in two points, which admit of being hermetically sealed with the flame of a spirit-lamp, when the air of the wished-for locality has been made to pass slowly through it for a few minutes by means of bellows, the meteorological data at the time and place being noted and accompanying its tube—the dates chosen being the 1st and 15th of each month, at noon—as a means for collecting specimens of air from various spots on the earth's surface. Several analyses of these specimens have been made, and compared with air taken at Paris at the times above noticed, as the standard; and these results averaged with some late analyses of Lewy and of Bunsen of atmospheric air in different localities. From these data, M. Regnault concludes that the composition of the atmosphere does vary sensibly, though slightly—the per-centage of oxygen oscillating between 20.90 and 21; but that, under certain circumstances, which occur more frequently within the tropics than in the other zones, the amount of oxygen falls to 20.30 per cent. In Paris, during 1848, the average of oxygen was 20.96 per cent. From this we gather, that not only is the quantity of air respired in hot countries less than in cold from atmospheric expansion, the number of respirations remaining the same; but that even this diminished quantity is of inferior quality—containing a smaller amount of what our fathers aptly denominated "vital air," than exists in the atmosphere of temperate and cold countries.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Sea-water may be softened for washing. The following method has been practised with success. Take a strong solution of soda or potash, with an equal quantity of Chinaclay: mix them into a thick paste, one pound of which is sufficient to soften four gallons of sea-water.

UNAPPRECIATED has fallen in love with a gentleman who must be an extraordinary being if the description she gives be correct. He is an Apollo in the shape of a fast young man, driving four-in-hand. But our correspondent is decidedly deranged. Such passion is not natural. It is improper, indelicate, and dangerous.

ROMEO.—The pictorial Shakespeare is as good as any. But if you do not require the notes, any other popular edition will be found to contain all his authenticated dramas. You ask us to criticise these immortal works. You might as well ask us to praise the sun.

W. N.—Invest your £200 in the purchase of houses, so that the rents may accumulate. Suppose you were to purchase property worth £600, producing a rental of £50. On that you borrow £400 at five per cent.—£20 per annum, leaving £30 per annum, minus repairs, &c.; at all events, yielding you eight per cent. on the £200.

G. B. Y.—The dome of St. Pauls, with the lantern, crowned by a gilt copper ball and cross, rise altogether to thrice the height of the roofs—or 365 feet from the ground—356 from the floor of the church, and 375 from that of the crypts.

HORTSPUR.—Gratitude is a more heavenly feeling than love—because it is at once not only the one solitary, unsophisticated exposition of human nature, but the highest manifestation of human sentiment. It comprises all the others, because it is superior to all the others. As Milton says, "a grateful mind never pays—it is always owing." A kindness received has fastened itself in the memory, just as an island is fastened amid the ocean; and although the waves and winds of fortune beat and war against it, the firm-set earth itself is not firmer. Love requires sustenance. It must be returned, or like a fire unsupplied with fuel, it burns itself out. Gratitude never dies—if it ever did, there would be little celestial light in the universe. But it is not every person who can be grateful. It is only the finest organisations that are susceptible of the feeling. The chord is too delicate for the sordid soul of the sordid man or woman. It is the last flower of Eden left on earth, and it only blooms in the sunny atmosphere of kindly desires, pure emotions, and generous aspirations. Giving everything and taking nothing but the sweet thrill of satisfaction at having done right, it turns all it touches to gold—the gold of the everlasting life.

M. Y.—There is a turning point in the life every human being. We do not mean there is a tidal current which must ebb and flow, and flow and ebb; but something less definite—something more dependent on circumstances. Man is less a creature of destiny than is generally imagined. Destiny is something inevitable, like the tides; but as every sentient being has the power to make his or her destiny, neither he nor she can be considered as any other than a free agent, as regards the complexion of his or her future. It is the care taken at the turning point that determines the destiny—especially whether for good or evil. When this turning point can be recognised constitutes the whole of the difficulty. When it does come, the character of the future is fixed. It is only allowed to beings with the souls of giants, to sail in the wind's eye. Therefore the critical period in every man's and woman's spiritual life should be closely watched. Generally in man it occurs within five or six years after attaining manhood—in woman it is always earlier. Eighteen would be a reasonable limit for all female temperaments. But whenever it does occur, it is invariably preceded by bodily lassitude, mental lassitude, and a longing for something not present to the imagination, and to which, of course, a name cannot be given. This fact has not hitherto been considered by moral physiologists.

MARY.—Jealousy is the soul of love. The passion without jealousy would be a coarse materiality. Love is selfish—fiercely selfish. And if it were not covetous, guarded, and watchful, it would soon expire. Therefore it is that jealousy is to love what daily bread is to the body—it keeps the lamp burning. But this conservative feeling is liable to be perverted—to become coarse and vulgar. Suspicion is jealousy in its lowest sense. It is the fiend that torments the married imagination. Pure jealousy is akin to the sentiment by which lovers are animated. It is a faithful sentinel, doing its duty, and no more. And the difference may be perceived, when we know that a lover will fight for his mistress—risk body and soul in her behalf; a husband is not so chivalric. When he gets into a passion, it is not to defend or avenge the honour of his wife, but his own. He is the injured party. That is jealousy degraded to the lowest form of selfishness. Pure jealousy is a guardian, a protector, a friend, a champion. In the man it manifests itself in a generous watchfulness—no doubt enters into its composition; in the woman it is unlimited devotion.

D. W. B. complains that some acquaintances are inordinately proud. Like Diomed, they seem to spurn the earth they tread. Our correspondent must learn to discriminate between pride and vanity. Pride in man or woman is an ennobling, a saving quality. It is the basis of virtue—it is the spur which, when applied to the sides of a good intention, enables the noble steed to go safely and swiftly over broken ground. Vanity rather debases than elevates the character—for it is essentially a sordid feeling. It places SELF above every other consideration. Pride scorns meanness—vanity hugs it. We never had much confidence in a vain person, whether man or woman. And we would observe, that the disposition to be vain is as common in men as women. The latter, in some respects, are privileged; but when their vanity becomes too apparent, they are sure to create a dislike of themselves in others, and so are severely punished. Vanity in a man, however, is insufferable. When so afflicted, he is a kind of cross between an ape and a peacock. You may always tell a proud person from a vain one. A really proud man is never ashamed of a poor friend or acquaintance; a vain one "cuts" him with affected superciliousness. But reserve is not pride. If you see a diffident person—one who cannot chatter like a parrot—do not jump to the conclusion that he or she is proud. Pride has a deeper and more solid foundation.

ROBERT HALLIDAY.—We have patriotism enough to be indignant when our country is abused by strangers. Foreigners do not understand us. And when they tell us that England is the abode of every vice—of every form of suffering incident to the lowest conditions of humanity—we reply, that they exaggerate; but as we have provoked such strictures, by the "Uncle Tom's furore," we have no right to complain. Retaliation is as natural as love. But the accusations brought against England are over-coloured. The vice prevailing is very shocking, but it is transcended in horror by the vices that reign unchecked in the American sea-board cities. Lands of freedom are too often lands of licence. And as regards English poverty, it is awfully lamentable, we must admit—but it has decreased, and is daily decreasing; and the sentimentalists in England and America have not assumed an impregnable position on this question; for they have omitted to explain, that all this vice and poverty is due to bad institutions, to poor-laws, to false charity, to ignorance, and every species of agent that weakens the self-reliance and independence of the masses,

BROMPTON.—Having from an honourable motive delayed attempting to obtain the young lady's affection until she had engaged herself to another gentleman, you are not precluded from now declaring your attachment. Love, like war, is a game at which the most cunning as well as the strongest win. But the same circumstances continuing, it would be for your own conscience to justify attempting to break off a match, when you had not an equivalent position to offer the lady.

E. P. J.—We are perfectly aware that the success or failure of the Crystal Palace scheme depends on its being opened or closed on Sunday. If opened on a Sunday, it must be a failure; and we are only astonished that the directors are so short-sighted. But that is not the question which we entertained. What we contended for was a proper definition of Sunday. At present there are two Sundays in this country, and yet no Sunday at all. There is a church Sunday and an Act of Parliament Sunday—and five-sixths of the population snap their fingers at both. So that the mass of the people entirely ignore Sunday, except as a holiday, to which they have been accustomed by habit. What, then, is Sunday? Have we really a Sunday in this country? or is the definition we should accept, to be a Sunday for those who like to attend to religious ordinances, and a Sunday for those who ramble in the fields, doze and sit at home, or seek relaxation in the pestiferous atmosphere of a tavern? This question must be settled one way or the other before the Crystal Palace can be consistently opened on the Sunday. The legislature must either tell us what Sunday is, or order us to observe something which we shall regard as Sunday. The church, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, has failed to convince the majority that they ought to observe the Sunday.

THE H. S.—The question of the Holy Shrines, *per se*, is only interesting to the Roman and Greek churches—but it may be made the pretext for the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. In a political point of view, the possession of Jerusalem is of no moment to any people; but the rival churches would rather see the Holy City in the lake of brimstone than in the exclusive possession of either of them. On the festival days the most scandalous scenes occur. The year that Dr. Richardson was at Jerusalem, he witnessed the mummery of finding the cross in the chapel of St. Helena, by the Latins, on the 3rd of May, which happened to be the same day on which the Greeks go through the same ridiculous ceremony. There was quite a battle royal between the ecclesiastical combatants, who, with brick-bats and clubs, teeth and nails, fought for their chapel, like kites and crows for their nests. The Romans were routed. "The devil aids the Greeks!" exclaimed the superior of the Latin convent, panting from the effects of a blow; "they are schismatics, and you Englishmen who live in our convent see us beaten and do not assist us!" "How can you expect it," was the rejoinder, "when, if we fell in your cause you would not allow us Christian burial?" The Greeks spent the night in firing pistols and rejoicing, and were fined by the cadí next morning for disturbing his repose. But investigation has proved that all the monuments and remains are apocryphal, dating no further back than the sixteenth century. The marble sarcophagus, shown as the sepulchre, is unquestionably a deception—for the evangelists inform us distinctly that the body was laid in a chamber hewn out of the rock—which is not marble, but compact limestone.

HORATIUS.—Your "Address to the Women of England," on behalf of the neglected at home, is telling and truthful. We give a quotation:

Sisters—a supplicating band
Stretch forth for help the feeble hand,
And plead, by all the links that run
Through all the race, and bind as one,
All men who suffer 'neath the sun.

They plead—"that born like you to bear
All human woes—their slender share
Of this world's rill of bliss lies dry—
That no green halting-places lie
In deserts where they toil and die."

They plead—"the virtues that adorn
The nobly as the lowliest born
In them have place—but cannot throw
One branch above or root below,
In hearts made hard by selfish woe.

"That they are savages—as wild
And rude as Africa's rudest child.
But placed by that barbarian's side,
Even he would lift his head with pride,
And boast his gifts to them denied."

They plead—"alas! I weakly plead
Lost sons of God! One plea ye need,
That England's Christians ne'er sent back.
Ye dwell amongst us, and ye lack
A foreign tongue, and visage black.

ALICE.—Your friend views death lightly, does she? Do not believe her. In her heart she fears it terribly, but assumes a flippancy to hide her terrors. The feeling is a morbid one, and should be discouraged. Death in any form is appalling. It is a complete severance of every tie—the annihilation of the fondest and most thrilling associations. It is the black cloud that swathes up the heart and brain for ever. Views it lightly, does she? Poor girl! Does she think it no loss—no calamity—to be shut out from the glorious sunlight—to see the sweet stars and moon no more—to never again drink in pure draughts of affection from the eyes of love, or feel the hand of kindness, or hear the human voice divine? No loss, no calamity, these she imagines! She will not think so always, if she does now—which we scarcely believe. The period of indifference is always a brief one.

PATTY.—Zoroaster was a great teacher of religion and morals. He lived about five centuries before the commencement of the present era. Like Mahomet, his origin was humble. His doctrines may be briefly enumerated. "God," he said, "had existed from all eternity, and was the infinity of time and space." There were, he averred, two principles in the universe—good and evil: the one was termed Hormudy—which denotes the presiding agent of all that is good; and the other Ahriman, the lord of evil. Each of these had the power of creation, but that power was exercised with opposite designs; and it was from their coaction that an admixture of good and evil was found in every created thing. The angels of Hormudy, or the good principle, sought to preserve the elements, the seasons, and the human race—which the infernal agents of Ahriman desired to destroy; but the source of good, the great Hormudy, was alone eternal, and must, therefore, ultimately prevail. Light was the type of the good—darkness of the evil spirit. Hence, the disciple of that prophet, when he performs his devotions in a temple, turns towards the sacred fire that burns upon its altar; and, when in the open air, towards the sun, as the noblest of all lights, and that by which God sheds his Divine influence over the whole earth, and perpetuates the works of his creation. Zoroaster was not a fire-worshipper—he only adopted it as an emblem of the Divinity; and we may state, that the general maxims taught in his great work, the "Zend-A-Vesta," were moral and excellent, and well calculated to promote industry and virtue.

A SOLICITOR.—Imprisonment for debt, when the judgment has been obtained by default, is highly objectionable. The execution, whether right or wrong, offers no alternative. The debtor is at the mercy of his creditor. He is a prisoner on an *ex parte* statement. No evidence has been taken as to the lawfulness of his arrest. Now, in the case of a felon, or misdemeanant, the prisoner has not been many hours in custody before he is placed before a magistrate, who promptly inquires into the cause of his arrest: if there is nothing against him, he is forthwith discharged; if the alleged charge is supported by valid testimony, he is committed for trial. The debtor has no such privilege allowed him. He must either pay or go to gaol, without any previous examination to justify his detention—without any question as to the justice or legality of the proceedings. In the eye of the English law, he is below the felon in caste—for there is prompt protection afforded him to guard against mistakes, harshness, or cruelty. There is only the shelter of a prison. Surely such a law as this requires amendment, and our strictures were no stronger than the circumstance demands.

BLANDFORD.—To reduce the duties on tea is to improve a multitude of interests—not the least of them being temperance; for the more tea there is consumed, the less quantity of ales and spirits will be drunk. A reduction of the duty would also benefit trade and commerce. The money expended for tea in the United Kingdom is about £12,000,000 per annum; reduce the price one half, and the public are either gainers of £6,000,000 sterling—the amount of the property and income tax—or, what answers the same purpose, they can purchase a better article and more of it. The magnitude of the traffic in this simple shrub will be understood, when we mention, that it now gives employment to upwards of 60,000 tons of British shipping, and about £10,000,000 sterling of English capital, and produces a revenue to this country of £5,000,000 sterling. We may add, that tea is not exclusively imported from China—for there is scarcely any country in the world in which a dietetic beverage like tea is not prepared, and in general use, from some exotic or indigenous shrub. The two chief plants, however, laid under contribution, are the Chinese tea-plant, and a species of holly peculiar to South America, producing the Paraguay tea (*Astoria theiformis*), is used at Santa Fé as tea. The leaves of *Ceanothus Americanus*, an astringent herb, have been used as a substitute, under the name of New Jersey tea.

B. S.—What are called the Celtic races of mankind have been the most illustrious that ever flourished. Three thousand years ago they were the nobility of the earth. The Phenicians were Celts, so were the ancient Irish, with whom they carried on a valuable commerce. Both worshipped the Phenician Hercules, or the sun—the form of deity invoked by the Hyperboreans in their circular temples—of which Stonehenge is so remarkable an example. The Cyclops were Celts: they were the architects of the age in which they lived, and bound together by a species of freemasonry, they travelled from country to country in search of employment. This accounts for the Cyclopean labours presenting, as it were, a series of family resemblances, equally conspicuous in the caverns of Elephanta, the ruins of Persepolis, the sepulchres of Syria and Asia Minor, the remains of the most ancient cities in Greece and Italy, and the more northern monuments of the Celts—as in the temples called Druidical. Many of these architects, no doubt, came from Ireland, and there can scarcely be a question that, in ancient times, Ireland had attained to a very high degree of civilisation. We incline to the opinion, that the Gammadim, who, with the men of Arvad, are mentioned in Ezekiel xxxii, v. 11, as fortifying the towers of Tyre, were Irish.

BLUE BELL, being in her twenty-second year, thinks it time she thought of procuring a partner to travel through this world with. He must be good-looking, with an income sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. She is highly connected, thoroughly domesticated, genteel and lady-like in manners and appearance.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—T. R. (Writing upon, or in any way marking newspapers sent by post, not only subjects them to postage, but entails on the senders a heavy penalty)—Charles Norton (Should have authenticated his communication. State the object)—Judith Maitland (Study Lavater's treatise—(Naeman (We must refer you to Dr. Erasmus Wilson's "Treatise on the Skin and Skin Diseases")—J. L. A. (Net a bad attempt at prose)—Alethophilus (We thank you for the suggestion, but such a work would only be appreciated by the lovers of classic literature)—F. A. N. (You may try, but we think you had better stay at home)—G. E. (If you wish to correspond with "E. M.," why don't you do so without troubling us? What do you think your tongue was given you for? If you cannot speak, write)—John Hunt (Declined)—Incubator (Mr. Cantelo's patent for his Hydro-Incubator is still in force)—Vici (There are three Lord Mayors in the United Kingdom: the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of York, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin)—J. B. L. (Order through the agent)—N. A. (Change of scene would do you good. Do not consult quacks)—Timothy (Order the book from a first-class bookseller)—Eustace W. Jacob (The lines are unsuitable)—Plato (A question for a lawyer to decide—but if you can keep out of his reach, do so)—J. F. (Is thanked for his inclosure)—W. H. S. (A good style of handwriting. A banker's clerk should be a proficient in arithmetic, and have an intimate knowledge of accounts and book-keeping)—Bona Fide (Read the original announcement correctly, and you will be satisfied)—J. O. S. (Declined)—Horatio (Consult a first-class publisher)—J. Brown (Consult the book advertisements in the newspapers)—B. B. (Do nothing without the concurrence of your father. Your handwriting needs improvement)—Anxious (Appointments connected with railways are in the gift of the directors)—Randolph (Moles on the skin cannot be removed without leaving a mark more disfiguring than the original excrescence)—Geo. Smith (The sister will be entitled to all the personal property. The real property would descend to the heir-at-law)—R. L. and D. R. (Purchase a magic lantern and slides. The cost is trifling)—W. Atkinson (We cannot give you a definite answer at present)—De Brogue (In the event of your dying intestate, the property, after your daughter's decease, would descend to your nephew, as heir-at-law)—A Currier (A question to be determined solely by yourself. We never advise people to emigrate)—One of the Family (The personal property will be divided among the widow and all the children, and will be charged with the debts. The real property will go to the eldest son)—W. M. G. M. (Declined, with thanks)—William Burns (Considering the name, your ideas are singular. You foolishly assert that to win a smile from a certain peerless young lady, "You'd sit on the tompost towering height of an iceberg, and sing the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' all night long." Neither your love nor your limbs would be very warm in the morning. Cultivate some sober sense)—Salopian (We would not risk a farthing in such a speculation. It is illegal)—Caroline E. (The marriage would be perfectly legal)—E. L. H. (Declined)—J. O. H. (The man is crazy. The "Uncle Tom's" mania has destroyed the fragment of sense he possessed)—B.—Orlando—J. L.—Frederick—Annette—T. Hayter—Hapsburgh—Apollo—Ann—Hebe and Flora—John Jones—Susan—A. Z.—Peter Peppercorn—Abellino—J. F. Goodey—H. Jones—Harry Ryland—Eliza Georgina—Annie S. L.—H. E. F.—J. M.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[DEATH OF MEERAN HAFAZ, IN THE BELFRY CHAMBER OF CARROW CHURCH.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXII.

For not in vain the helpless maid,
In sorrow's hour—misfortune's need—
To heaven and every saint hath pray'd,
To mar their most unholy deed.

OLD BORDER BALLAD.

THE library at Carrow Abbey had been hastily arranged for the ceremony of Ellen's marriage with Meeran Hafaz. The large oaken table—a relic from the ruined chapter-house—covered with books and papers, had been moved from its usual position in the centre of the room, and a smaller one placed in its stead.

To give it something of an altar-like appearance, Colonel Mowbray had directed it to be covered with a rich drapery of Utrecht velvet and a fine Holland cloth. Two massive silver candelsticks with tapers had been added, and the old black-letter Book of Common Prayer, with its rich binding and curiously wrought clasps—which, since the days of James I., had been used in the family chapel—was lying open at the marriage ceremony, upon a cushion between them.

The apartment had a gloomy, cheerless air. The portraits of the former possessors of Carrow—many of them from the matchless pencil of Vandyke—seemed to frown disapprovingly from the walls upon the preparations for the sacrifice of their beautiful and innocent descendant.

Even the reckless spirit of Meeran felt the chilling influence of that sombre room; an ill-boding presentiment sat like a spell upon him—he tried in vain to shake it off. The silence was oppressive—he could not detect the sound of his own footfall, as he paced, with impatient strides, the richly carpeted floor. More than once he fancied that the portrait of Sir William, which hung at the end of the library, facing the temporary altar, regarded him with an angry, mocking expression.

"This is folly!" he murmured; "bred of sick fancies and unhealthy dreams! In a few moments my triumph over my detested rival will be assured, and Ellen mine—won by a thousand sufferings and crimes! Crimes!" he slowly repeated, as he fixed his eyes upon the likeness of

the murdered baronet. "Pshaw! there are no such things as crimes! I have mixed with the pale sons of Europe, till I share their superstitions! We are the creatures of destiny—atoms which fall into their allotted space—endure their appointed pains—move and act but at its sovereign will: the iron law which governs us must answer for its instruments!"

As the proud fatalist uttered his unholy creed, there was a something at his heart—a still, small voice—which gave the lie to the sophistry of his brain—told him that when the Deity bestowed on man the noble gift of reason, it rendered him responsible here and hereafter for his acts.

"By heavens, Meeran!" exclaimed Colonel Mowbray, who had entered the library during the reverie of the young Indian, "but you have a sorry air for a bridegroom! I have seen a mute at a funeral with a more joyous countenance! Marriage, after all, is not such a very serious affair: it is something like a cold bath—one plunge and it is over!"

The young man turned towards him with a faint smile—for at that moment even his presence was a relief to him.

"Ellen," added her unworthy relative, "will soon be here."

"And the priest?"

"Has arrived—so make yourself easy on that point!" answered the colonel. "By-the-bye, he seems to have met with rough treatment in the park, from some mischievous urchin who pushed him into the moat!"

"An agent of our enemies?" observed Meeran.

"I do not think so," continued his confederate; "from all I can gather from him, it was some ancient grudge between them. But it matters little either way," he continued; "Ellen once wedded, we may throw wide the gates of Carrow to all comers: you will know how to defend your rights."

"Against the world!" exclaimed the young Indian, passionately; "against heaven itself!"

The Rev. Mr. Twintext now joined the party. Colonel Mowbray had supplied him with a change of dress. He was arrayed in his surplice and scarf, the insignia of the sacred profession which his conduct and character polluted. Although the purpose to which he was about to prostitute his ministry was an unlawful one, he entered the library with the set, smirking smile deemed the correct thing for such occasions.

"The bridegroom?" he said, bowing to Meeran, who

could not restrain an involuntary expression of disgust it was the first time he had seen him—the arrangements and terms having been made by the uncle of the victim. "Permit me to offer my congratulations," added the unworthy clergyman.

"When you have performed your office, reverend sir," observed the colonel, "they will be doubly welcome!"

There was no further attempt at conversation till the appearance of the unwilling bride, whom Lady Mowbray had gone to summon from her chamber.

The young Indian was too deeply abstracted in the contemplation of his approaching happiness, to observe the courtesies of life towards one whom he despised. He had agreed to pay the wretch the price of his services—and that, he considered, was sufficient.

To conceal his embarrassment, the Rev. Mr. Twintext began to examine the curious black-letter volume upon the temporary altar, turning it over, leaf after leaf, with the air of a bibliomast. Whilst he was thus occupied, the two gentlemen from time to time cast impatient glances towards the door of the apartment.

It opened at last, and Ellen, followed by Lady Mowbray, made her appearance. The persecuted girl was arrayed in deepest mourning; the only addition to her toilette being a thick black veil of Venetian lace, which hung like a sable cloud over her neck and features. The contrast was most striking: the victim resembled a marble statue of new-born day, emerging from the dusky arms of morning.

Although the countenance of the orphan was pale, it was not with terror, but resolution and strong purpose. There was neither timidity nor embarrassment in her air and manner; on the contrary, both her uncle and Meeran observed that they had never seen her more calm and self-possessed. She reminded them of one of those Christian virgins condemned for their faith to the arena, armed with a constancy which death could not appal—sophistry or persuasion shake.

"Ellen—dear Ellen!" exclaimed the young man, advancing to clasp her hand; "a life of love, devotion, and happiness shall repay you for the fulfilment of your promise!"

The poor girl shrank from his touch as from that of a basilisk.

He looked both mortified and surprised.

"Meeran," she answered, in a low, firm tone, "I have kept my promise! I never broke one yet, made

copy in a recess known only to himself and his faithful servant Martin, who had instructions under what circumstances he was to produce it.

There was silence in the library. Even Meeran listened anxiously for the contents of the last will of the man he had so ruthlessly caused to be murdered.

After assigning his estates in trust, the deceased proceeded to make a provision for his adopted son Henry Ashton, to whose marriage with his niece, Ellen De Vere, he gave his formal assent and blessing; and further bequeathed the guardianship of the orphan heiress to his long-tried and valued friend, the rector of Carrow.

A moderate sum was to be paid annually to Colonel Mowbray—who was prohibited from all interference with the management of the property—and a still larger income to his son Walter.

During the reading of the will, both the colonel and his lady with the utmost difficulty suppressed their rage and mortification: the former had yielded to a marriage which the artful woman had forced upon him as the only means of suppressing the original document in her possession; and she had linked her destiny with his from the anticipation of sharing in his ill-acquired fortune. Both were baffled in their calculations—both were disappointed.

"The will," exclaimed the gentleman, "is an impudent forgery! I shall dispute it!"

"You can do so!" answered the rector, mildly; "but in the meantime I assert my rights as guardian! Miss De Vere will remain with me, unless," he added, with a smile, "she prefers the home of her affectionate uncle!"

Ellen clung yet closer to his arm, and, with the grateful affection of a child, kissed his aged cheek.

It was finally arranged that Meeran Hafaz should remain a prisoner for the night in the strong chamber of the belfry, where his accomplice had been previously confined, and in the morning be carried to Norwich Castle, to await his trial. Joe Beans and the constable, who were to sit up with him, were strictly charged by the magistrates not to lose sight of him for an instant.

"Never fear!" said the honest rustic; "I and Ralph will keep an eye upon him!"

As Ellen, leaning on the arm of her lover and the rector, left the library, the young Indian cast a look of such intense agony and despair upon her, that, despite her wrongs and sufferings, her heart was moved.

"Meeran," she said, "may heaven touch your stubborn nature till it turns in penitence, and forgive you as I forgive you!"

As her sylph-like form vanished through the doorway, the wretched man felt that the light had departed from his soul. He had been spurred, trampled on, bound like a felon before her—yet he bore sternly up, despite the agony which his proud soul endured; but when the dark conviction pressed upon him that he should see her no more—that her love would bless another—his fortitude gave way, and he cursed his destiny and his rival's happier star.

Colonel Mowbray and his lady left the room without exchanging a word with him: they were too much occupied with their own affairs to feel any deep interest in his. The young man smiled bitterly—but not with disappointment: it was long since he had learned to judge their mercenary natures rightly.

In a few moments it was announced to him that the carriage which was to convey him to his temporary prison was in readiness. As he crossed the hall, he encountered the ayah, who, with passionate grief, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Curse me—kill me!" she exclaimed; "it is I who have destroyed you!"

With a bitter smile her foster-son passed on, surrounded by those who had the charge of him; and Zara, overwhelmed by her feelings, veiled her eyes to avoid witnessing his humiliation and disgrace.

It was arranged that Mr. Elworthy should remain in possession of the abbey, in the name of the executor, Dr. Orme, who, with our hero and Colonel Butler, shortly after returned to the rectory.

Joe Beans, the sexton, and the constable remained to guard the captive Meeran, at the belfry chamber, until morning.

The return of the triumphant party to the rectory with the rescued Ellen was welcomed by Susan, Mrs. Jarmy, and all the household, with joy. Fatigued and suffering as she was, the poor girl insisted upon visiting Martin in his chamber. Her heart overflowed with gratitude, first to heaven for its interference in her behalf, and next to the old groom, as its instrument.

The dim eyes of the aged domestic sparkled with something of their former brightness, as the niece of his beloved master pressed her still pale lips to his withered hand, and thanked and blessed him for having been the means of releasing her from the guardianship of her worthless uncle, by discovering the will.

"Well have you proved your gratitude," she added, "to the living, and your fidelity to the dead!"

"Not yet!" muttered the old man, with a meaning smile. "I have done something, but not all. What, Master Harry," he added, addressing our hero, who had accompanied Ellen on her visit, and stood beside her at the foot of his bed—"what did you once tell me was the name of that curious thorny plant which lives to a hundred years before it blooms—then dies?"

"The aloe, Martin."

"I told you," continued the faithful domestic, "that I was like that plant."

"You did."

"I have only put forth a bud yet—not a flower; but I soon shall. I feel it—I know it. I shall live to see my

master's son sit in his father's seat. Old Martin then will give up his trust; and, like the withered aloe, die in peace."

"What trust?" demanded both his visitors.

"When the hour and the heir arrive I will speak. Till then the grave is not more mute than Martin," was the reply.

Nothing more could be extracted from him; he turned upon his side, and addressed himself to sleep—for, as he said, the time and the occasion would soon arrive when he would require all his strength and memory.

How sweet that night were the slumbers of Ellen. Her dreams were of quiet, deep content. Susan watched by her side, and quitted her not till morning.

"I tell thee what it be, Philip!" said the worthy Farmer Ashton to his brother, as, after bidding our hero and the rector good night, or rather good morning, they directed their steps towards the farm; "I cannot understand 'ee!"

The Khan smiled.

"Thee hast no natural love in thee!" continued the worthy man. "When I saw how nobly Harry behaved, I could have hugged him to my old heart; whilst thee—thee, who beest his father—stood as cold and unmoved as a stone! I am sure the boy suspects something. He will be down at farm to-morrow. He will question me, and I can't—I won't tell him a lie!"

"I can only repeat what I have already told you—that it is for his good—nay, more, his safety—that he should not be known for my son!"

"But he is known, Philip, for thee son!"

"By whom?" demanded the renegade.

The farmer looked embarrassed and foolish.

"By your wife, I suppose?" continued the speaker, who guessed where the farmer had proved weakest.

"What could I do? Dame wor uneasy, like. There had always been confidence between us, and so—I—"

"Told her that I was your brother?"

"Yes!"

"In that case," replied the Khan, "I must see Henry Ashton in the morning. Matthew! your indiscretion has provoked an explanation which may prove fatal to us both!"

CHAPTER CXIV.

And life is now a dreary waste,
A blighted tree which ne'er can bloom;
My heart has not one resting-place,
Or ark of refuge, save the tomb.

THE EXILE.

As in nature there is no calm more profound than the silence which succeeds the storm, so in humanity the wearying strife of passion—the tempests which rend the heart—the mad desires which take the reason prisoner—the struggles, which, from their intensity, exhaust its energies—are generally, if not invariably, followed by repose and self-possession—a repose so deep and still, that it would seem as if the soul, worn and tired with the contest, retired within itself, to gather fresh strength in solitude and contemplation.

The look of anguish and despair which Meeran Hafaz cast upon Ellen, as they removed him from the library, was the last indication which the young Indian permitted to escape him till he found himself alone in his prison.

"Thus ends my dream of life!" he murmured; "love ambition! the career of usefulness and honour—all that men prize—wrecked—for ever wrecked—on the mad sea of passion! Do I regret the past? No! Let fools, or cowards who fear to grapple with their destiny, regret: it is the most useless feeling of the heart; with me it shall be the last! I am of iron nerve and mould! I will meet the phantom death face to face—nor shrink at its ghastly terrors! Meet it! but not as my enemies expect! No!" he added, proudly; "the ruffian hand of the executioner shall never pollute my person with his touch! My hated rival shall not see me on the scaffold! Meeran Hafaz shall have an execution no less illustrious than himself!"

Full of his purpose of self-destruction, he cast his eyes around to contemplate the means: he had neither knife nor weapon upon his person—those who had taken him having carefully removed every instrument by which he could commit suicide. Nothing remained to him but his pocket-book, filled with bank-notes to an enormous amount, and the matchless gem—his mother the Begum's parting gift—an heirloom of her race—upon his finger.

He contemplated them for some moments in silence. He would have given them all—notes and gem—for a weapon—a blade to reach the secret seat of life—to enable him to master the bitter destiny which overshadowed him.

Whilst the young Indian was indulging in these melancholy fancies, Joe Beans, the sexton, Red Ralph, and the constable, were keeping watch in the chamber of the belfry below.

"Hark," said Joe Beans, after listening to the step of the prisoner above, "how impatiently he measures the old planks! How his proud spirit must feel like a caged tiger's, to be thus caged up! I'd rather be simple Joe Beans, with a clear conscience, than the rich Meeran Hafaz!"

"True," said the sexton; "especially with the prospect which he has before him—prison—trial—death!"

"Do 'ee think they'll hang him?" demanded the boy.

"Little doubt of that," observed the constable; "I heard Colonel Butler and Lawyer Elworthy say it would go hard with him."

"But he be mortal rich!" added Ralph.

"What of that?"

"What o' that, master constable!" repeated the lad; "thee beest a cute chap, but I lean't a fool—be I, Joe?"

"Certainly not," answered the young man, in whose opinion the intelligence of the uncouth speaker had risen fifty per cent. since his adventure with the Rev. Mr. Twine-text in the park.

"Well, then," continued Ralph, "I never knowed a man hanged who had a power of gold. Rich men can do anything with justice, I be thinking! They be like the traps I used to set in Remnant's fields at Mortlake: the wrens, linnets, and poor little sparrows; but the big birds, a'most allays contrived to get out. Chap up stairs," added the boy, with a cunning look, "be a big bird, I reckon!"

His hearers could not avoid smiling at the observation of the lad, which was not without a certain amount of shrewdness. The "big birds"—as he quaintly termed the rich criminals—somehow or another—with all our boasted equality and love of justice in England—frequently contrive to escape.

A loud knocking was heard at the door of the belfry. Joe Beans directed Red Ralph to ascertain who it was, but by no means to admit any one.

"It be all right!" said the boy, proud of the confidence reposed in him; "if they want to come in, they mun get through the keyhole for I!"

The next moment his heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs which communicated with the lower part of the tower.

"It be a woman," observed the constable, listening to the voice of the speaker.

"Then there be mischief afoot," said the sexton, who was a confirmed old bachelor: an opinion in which Joe could not bring himself to coincide. Perhaps he thought of Susan.

"Well, Ralph," said the young man, as the messenger re-appeared, with a broad grin upon his countenance, "who is it?"

"Black 'oman," replied the lad; "she be sitting and crying like a good un! The rain be pelting on her. She'll be like a drowned rat afore mornin'!"

"Before morning?"

"Ees," said the urchin; "she swears she won't stir till she has seen the Indian chap up stairs."

The night was indeed a wild one—for the heavens had become suddenly charged with clouds dark as the fate of Zara's foster-son. Not a star was to be seen, and the watery deluge descended in large drops, whose heavy, monotonous splashes were only interrupted by occasional gusts of wind, which broke with a wailing sound against the buttresses of the old church tower, at whose base the ayah had seated herself in sullen, fixed despair. She heeded it not—felt it not; every thought and feeling was absorbed in the danger of her idol Meeran.

"Poor thing!" said Joe, as from the window of the belfry he gazed upon her; "she be faithful to the last!"

"And we must be faithful, too!" drily observed the sexton.

Without seeming to notice the observation, the young man descended: his heart was touched by her fidelity and sorrow.

"I'll see her!" he thought; "she is a helpless woman, in a foreign land, and a kind word may cheer her; she be a poor ignorant heathen, and should not be judged like one of us! What would you?" he said, as he unbarr'd the door of the belfry. "Return home, Zara, or to Miss Ellen, at the rectory: she has a kind, good heart, and—"

"Home!" repeated the ayah, interrupting him; "my home is here—here, with my foster-son! I could have abandoned him in prosperity and happiness—but never in misfortune! I know," she added, passionately, "that my feelings, thoughts, and language appear strange to you—my skin, too, is not of your colour; but my heart is human as your own! Let me see him! I have betrayed him—delivered him to his enemies—to shame and death, perhaps; but I must see him—I cannot die without his forgiveness!"

"Die!" said Joe, who began to feel his resolution giving way at her passionate burst of sorrow. "There be no fear of that: Miss Ellen will take care of thee!"

"I shall soon be beyond her care!" exclaimed the Indian woman. "All I ask is, let me behold my foster-son!"

"Impossible!" said Joe, trying to look resolute; "it is forbidden!"

"There is nothing impossible to a love like mine!" observed the suppliant.

"But I am trusted!"

"And was I not trusted?" exclaimed the ayah, passionately; "but I yielded to the voice of my heart—the promptings of its pity! To save Ellen, I betrayed the noble boy I nurtured at my breast; who loved me—meant and worthless as I am—who loved me like a son! Man!" she added, casting herself at his feet, "as you were born of woman, have pity on a woman's sufferings! You cannot tell the undying devotion of the Indian nurse for those she has reared! I saved Ellen—saved her for him you call your friend! All I ask in return is to see, to speak for a few moments with him whose trust I have betrayed—whose heart I have broken!"

"See him!" repeated Joe, in a tone which showed that he was deliberating with himself. "Alone, I suppose?"

"Alone, or in presence of others, imports but little, replied Zara, "so that I see him!"

"And thee shalt see him!" said the young man, firmly "in spite of what constable and sexton may say!"

The eyes of the suppliant flashed for an instant with intense brilliancy; the next they were calm and subdued. Her countenance reminded Joe of a thunder-cloud suddenly illumined by the summer lightning's flash, and then dark again.

"Follow me," he said; "I will bring you to the presence of Meeran Hafaz!"

Despite the remonstrance of his two companions, he

kept his word. As a matter of precaution, however, they insisted not only on accompanying her and being present at the interview, but that she should be searched. Zara submitted to the humiliating conditions with an air of scorn and indifference. Not a weapon, drug, or instrument of any kind could be found upon her. To all appearance she was unarmed. Even Ralph, who stood watching every movement, detected nothing to excite his suspicion.

"I hope you are satisfied?" said Joe Beans, addressing the constable and sexton.

"I don't know that I am!" replied the latter, shaking his grey head, with a foreboding air; "there be always a woman concerned when mischief is afloat!"

With this ungallant observation, all further opposition ceased, and the party mounted the stairs which led to the chamber above. No sooner had the constable unlocked the door, than Zara precipitated herself into the apartment, and, sinking on her knees, with her hands crossed upon her bosom, remained motionless as a statue at the feet of her foster-son.

The object of the men in accompanying her was to prevent the conveying of any instrument of self-destruction, or attempt to escape: they had no wish to overhear any conversation which might pass between them. They contented themselves, therefore, by withdrawing to one side of the room, and watching them in silence.

"Zara," said the prisoner, "whence this grief? I should have thought to see your face all smiles! Success does not generally deck itself in tears!"

"Success!" repeated the ayah.

"Ay!" continued the young Indian, calmly; "when the serpent glides towards the couch of the sleeper—who like a fool has cherished it—and stings the confiding fool to death, some may call it *treachery*—but the world is wiser, Zara—the world names it *success*! Come, you," he added, bitterly, "to witness my degradation?—to report to Ellen and the rival to whom you sold me, the despair and impotent regrets of Meeran Hafaz?"

The nurse rose slowly from her knees. There was an air of dignity in her manner which no acting could assume.

"Shall I tell you," she said, "what brought me here? Meeran, I came to die with you!"

"Die with me!" exclaimed her foster-son; "with me! Zara, repeat those words; for they imply the death of both!—the throwing off this coil of flesh—disappointing the scaffold of its prey—my enemies of their triumph!"

"And didst thou think," said the Indian woman, in a reproachful tone, "that I could desert thee! They searched me, Meeran, when, by my prayers, tears, and abject supplication, I prevailed upon these accursed gaolers to admit me to your sight; but they found neither steel nor drug upon my person; and yet I am armed—armed with a means of death as certain as the serpent's fang! The fools saw it, but knew it not!"

As she spoke, the ayah raised her hand so that the light from the lamp suspended from the centre of the vaulted roof fell directly upon it. The eyes of the captive sparkled, as he detected upon the thumb-nail of his nurse a dark and almost purple stain.

It was the ourari poison—the most subtle known: so deadly are its effects, that the Indians who prepare it scarcely ever employ any other weapon than a reed dipped in the deadly juice. It is a well-known fact, that they frequently destroy their enemies by inflicting a slight scratch with the thumb-nail, which they have previously stained with it. The wound causes almost instant death.

"The ourari?" he said.

"E'en so!"

"Zara," exclaimed the young man, "I forgive thee all, for this one triumph over my rival, the scoffing world, and Ellen's hate! The noblest blood of India," he added, proudly, "must not be shed like a common felon's!"

"Never!" muttered the ayah; "never!"

"In this land I have none to regret me," he added, "save one!"

"You forget, Meeran," said Zara, reproachfully, "that she dies with you!"

This conversation having taken place in Hindostanee, as a matter of course, was perfectly unintelligible to Joe Beans and his companions, who were far from suspecting its purport. When the nurse raised her arm to expose the poison, Red Ralph asked of Joe, in a whisper, if black woman was *a-goin'* to conjure.

"Silence!" said the young man; "bad as they have been, let us not insult them!"

"I don't want to *sult* 'em," replied the boy, sullenly.

"I only want to see un hanged!"

"Farewell world!" said the young Indian, with a sigh; "my spirit longs for freedom! I have struggled with destiny, but the iron ruler of the world has proved too strong for me! I have lost the battle, but I will not lament it! Now, Zara," he added, "thine must be the office of the sacrificing priest of old! The altar is ready and the victim willing!"

"I cannot, Meeran," said his nurse, with a passionate burst of grief—"I cannot bring sorrow to your widowed mother's heart, which pines for your return, and day by day will count the hours with anxious hope! I cannot destroy the child I reared, loved, honoured, and betrayed!"

"Would you rather see me upon the scaffold?" calmly demanded her foster-son.

Zara shuddered.

"In the hands of the hangman?"

"Have pity!" she sobbed.

"The cord—the vile, degrading cord," he added, "round my neck—the gaze of the yelling mob—my rival looking on the while?"

"Never!" exclaimed the Indian woman, starting like a roused lioness from the crouching posture into which

she had fallen. "Tis past—the weakness has passed, and my resolution is of steel—steel!"

"We must be brief," said Meeran; "those who watch me begin to cast suspicious glances on our interview! Zara," he added, "in thy arms my infant years first slumbered—in thy arms I will sink to my last sleep—what shouldst thou fear!"

"For myself, nothing!"

"It will soon be daylight!" said Joe Beans, who began to feel a vague uneasiness at the length of the interview, although he did not understand a word of what was uttered. "It is time to depart!"

Zara regarded him with a look so vindictive, that the honest fellow gave an involuntary shudder. She looked around as if she anticipated that some means would be found to avoid the dreadful extremity for which she came prepared.

"Is this your courage?" said Meeran, calmly.

"Farewell!" she cried; at the same moment opening her arms to receive him; "but not for ever! My spirit will take its flight with thine!"

One instant—and only one—the devoted woman strained him to her breast; then inflicted with her nail a slight scratch upon his neck, directly beneath the ear.

"They are a long time a-huggin'!" observed Red Ralph.

"You must leave!" said the constable.

"I am ready," replied the ayah; "but your prisoner has escaped you!"

"Escaped?"

"Ay! he is dead!"

She opened her arms, and the body of Meeran Hafaz slid gently to her feet.

"What be this?" demanded the horror-stricken Joe.

"I told 'ee she wor a-goin' to conjure!" whispered Red Ralph, pulling him by the skirt of the coat.

"It means," exclaimed Zara, in a tone of mingled despair and triumph, "that your victim has escaped you—that the proud spirit and warm heart are both at rest! Advance not," she added, passionately; "no hand but mine must touch his sad remains!"

"A surgeon—run for a surgeon!" said the constable.

"For Colonel Butler!" added the sexton.

"Fools!" replied the ayah; "as well try to unite the severed flower unto its parent stem! He has escaped your laws—escaped your justice! The malice of his enemies will not be gratified by witnessing the degradation and the shame of the descendant of a line of princes! He is sold—cold as my heart!"

Overwhelmed with sorrow, the Indian woman seated herself upon the floor of the prison; and, with a mother's tenderness, began to arrange the limbs of her foster-son. There was a proud smile upon the half-opened lips of Meeran, as if his last thought—his last feeling—had been of triumph, rather than defeat.

"Let us leave her!" said Joe Beans, mournfully; "she cannot escape. Bad as he was, he has one to sorrow for him!"

His companions had been too much puzzled by the manner of their prisoner's death, to venture to lay hands upon the ayah, whom they regarded with a mysterious dread. To their superstitious imagination, she seemed invested with supernatural powers. They carefully closed the door upon her, and descended to the chamber below, leaving Zara alone with the dead.

"I told 'ee," said Red Ralph, as soon as they were seated, "that black 'ooman wor a-goin' to conjure! There 'll be only t' old un," he added, in a tone of disappointment, "to hang, arter all!"

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS.

Rough diamonds, fit for cutting, are sold at £1 13s. 4d. to £2 the carat. A carat is rather more than three grains, and 156 carats equal to one ounce troy. But if the stones are above one carat, the square of the weight is multiplied by the price of a single carat; so that, for example, a rough stone of three carats costs 3x3x £2, or £18. It is similar with cut diamonds, and at present (1850) the purest brilliants of one carat fetch more than £8, a brilliant of two carats 2x2x £8, or £32. When stones are over eight or ten carats, however, this is altered—so that they are often valued still more highly. Diamonds of a quarter of an ounce weight are extraordinarily costly, but still larger are met with; and one of the largest known is that of the Rajah of Mattun, in Borneo, which weighs nearly two ounces and a half; that of the Sultan of Turkey weighs two ounces; one in the Russian sceptre more than an ounce and a quarter. The greatest diameter of the last is one inch, the thickness ten lines. The Empress Catherine II. purchased it in the year 1772, from Amsterdam, and for it was paid £75,000 and an annuity of £650.

Diamonds weighing an ounce exist also in the French and Austrian regalia. One of the most perfect is the French, known as the Pitt or Regent diamond. It was bought for Louis XV., from an Englishman named Pitt, for the sum of £130,000 sterling, but has been valued at half a million. One of the stones most renowned in the East is the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, now in possession of the Queen of England. It came from Golconda to Persia, and while uncut weighed more than five ounces; but now, polished, only about two ounces. It is valued at more than £2,000,000 sterling. If we look only to the common mode of estimating the value, a perfect brilliant weighing half a pound would be worth £20,000,000. Some have stated that such a diamond exists among the royal treasures of Portugal, as large as a hen's egg; according to others, this is only a topaz.

W A R.

(Suggested by Landseer's Admirable Picture so entitled.)

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE war-banner floats—there are spears on the coasts—
And the valley resounds with the landing of hosts!
The ships in the offing like Bacchanals reel,
And the bayonets flash forth like a river of steel!
The villagers flee from the coming of War,
And their flocks speed alarmed to the mountains afar
Mead, vintage, and garden, that toil had made sweet,
Lie trodden and tossed 'neath the tempest of feet.
And the church where each Sabbath their homage was

given,
Seems lifting its spire as appealing to heaven!
But vain supplication! the war-blast is there,
And the red breath of slaughter is loading the air!
The carnage rolls onward, nor ebbs in its flow,
'Mid the storm-blaze of havoc, and ravage, and woe.
See! the ranks have been routed, the centre hath broke,
And like lightning the sword through the sulphurous smoke

Flashes doom on the flying! Resistance is gone;
Whilst the madness of passion yields mercy to none!
The steed, whose proud neck in war's tempest was tost,
Now leaps from the strife, but its rider is lost!
The columns are shattered—the banners o'erthrown,
And the lips are now stiff that the trumpet have blown.
All struggling and wounded, the steed pants for breath,
Or lifts its wild head in the grandeur of death!
The limbs that shook earth 'neath the fire of their speed,
Now quiver, and quail, and grow weak as a reed.
The eyes that, like star-beams, glanced light o'er the plain,

Glare, bloodshot and filmed, in convulsion and pain;
Slow straining each nerve, one last effort to make,
While his nostrils distended with agony shake!
He springs—and, with forelock extended in air,
Is dead—with the effort that mocked his despair!

Alas! for the leaves and the flowers of the spring,
The lark has just left them with blood on her wing.
The hive of the bee, so untainted before,
Lies plashed by the feet that have waded through gore
And the cot, with its roses—where beauty and love
Seemed linked to the angels and Eden above;
Now ruined—in embers—its sweetness forgot,
Sinks shattered in heaps 'neath the flame-hissing shot
And the CHURCH—with a sin that humanity loathes,
Is turned to a stable, and ringing with oaths!
For ruin, and rapine, and murder, and wrath,
Still follow, like demons, War's desolate path.

P E A C E.

(Suggested by Landseer's Admirable Picture so entitled.)

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

COME, let us mount the cliff, the crested height,
Where Dover rears her fortress to the sight!
Like beings of the deep the vessels glide,
Proud of their own reflection in the tide;
Proud of their mission, which is war no more;
But Commerce, Christian love, from shore to shore!
The cannon—sentenced ne'er again to float,
Stilled the red thunder in its murderous throat—
Lies, by the majesty of Truth o'erthrown,
Rusted, dismounted, weed and moss o'ergrown.
The cautious lamb hath dared to make its way
Unto the very mouth which spoke—*to slay!*
While e'en the butterfly within it dips,
And grass and flowers spring from its iron lips

Oh, might of Peace, that in the throat of death
Can scatter bloom with thine immortal breath,
And bid the timid lamb no longer heed
The cannon's mouth, but there in safety feed!
Crop the wild flowers that live within its breast,
And taste the sweets of nature and of rest!
When will men learn, who still to battle haste,
That Peace is *property*, and War is *waste*?
That Education makes a nation great,
And Knowledge is the safeguard of the State?

False is the triumph of the Battle-hour;
The noblest triumph is in Moral power.
Time laughs at battles, and the fruits they earn;
The conquering sword lies conquered in its turn.
But there's a power which even time can bind;
E'en Time itself is vanquished by the Mind!
It grasps beyond the victor's blood-won name,
And marshals cent'ries on the path of fame.

Then welcome Peace! May Nations build thy shrine,
Profess thy creed, and own thy breath divine.
May Science, Literature, and Genius spring,
Like rays of glory, from thine angel wing!
Strike down deception—let no wrong endure;
Take to thy heart the interests of the poor;
And prove, O! Peace, that War usurps thy right—
Not his, but *thine*—the victory and the might!
Strength with simplicity, with grandeur, rest!
And majesty, with meekness, guard thy breast,
Till War, and misery, and crime be gone,
And all the people of the earth ARE ONE!

It would truly be a fine thing if men suffered themselves to be guided by reason, that they should acquiesce in the true remonstrances addressed to them by the writings of the learned and the advice of friends. But the greater part are so disposed that the words which enter by one ear do incontinently go out of the other, and begin again by following the custom. The best teacher one can have is necessity.



CHURCH OF IVAN THE CRUEL, MOSCOW.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRELATE.

A TRADITION OF MOSCOW.

RUSSIA is richly endowed with churches and monasteries. At one period they actually were so numerous, that in Moscow, previous to the invasion of Napoleon, there was one church for nearly every hundred of the inhabitants, including women and children. This overabundance the Emperor Alexander deemed a nuisance; and had those that stood in need of repairs pulled down, to the great scandal of the priesthood, who did not hesitate to ascribe the calamities of 1812 to this act of impiety. As if wisely razing some forty crazy structures, that threatened every day to tumble down of their own accord, could possibly invoke the vengeance of heaven! But priests of all ages, and all creeds, retain the ground they have obtained with scrupulous tenacity. Knowing that to retrograde, even slightly, is dangerous, they retain a vice-like hold of everything that superstition, fraud, speculation, and violent aggrandisement have placed in their possession. It is only such monster-kings as our own Henry VIII. that can put the bridle on insolent and corrupt priesthoods. And here we may observe, as a strange fact in history, that all the sacerdotal oligarchies that ever flourished have invariably been punished by men whom the world has stigmatised as tyrants: as if it had been reserved for men of this class to brave the lightning and pierce the dun clouds that religious monopolies ever gather in and around the material structures by which they awe the multitude into obedience.

But, as if in despite of the prudence of Alexander—who in religious matters was inclined to be exceedingly tolerant—and the great fire, the church in Moscow is a mighty establishment—very rich, both in property and saints—very haughty, very ignorant, and plunged in superstitions that are more heathen in their character and observances than some of the practices of the Buddhists—a sect more numerous than all the Christians in both hemispheres, and, as our intelligent readers are aware, who have forms and ceremonies which look almost like

exact copies of those in use in the Greek and Roman churches.

The church, however, in Moscow, is the last relic of its ancient grandeur. The archbishop clings to the doomed city with paternal fondness. No doubt he looks forward to the time when the seat of the empire will be removed to Constantinople, and he, as Greek patriarch, be afforded the glorious opportunity of astonishing the Latin Church by celebrating the mysteries of his faith within the venerable walls of the Cathedral of Sophia. This is the belief of the emperor, and of every member of the Greek Church both in and out of Russia; and we must express the opinion that it is inevitable. Turkey must fall. Her horrible massacres of Christians must be avenged. And who can avenge them but Russia, who first received her Christianity from the capital of the East, and in the course of ages has grown into the Colossus—the Hercules of the North—whose mission seems to be to wrestle with and overpower the Arabian lion who has ravaged the East for twelve dreary centuries?

But, whatever may be the destiny of the Greek Church—an eastern Luther and an eastern Henry VIII. will both come at their appointed time—in Moscow its architectural institutions rank among the most striking of the embellishments of the city.

The finest and most sacred edifice in the empire is the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. It was built, in the reign of either Ivan III. or Ivan IV., on the site of the original edifice, and exhibits a splendid specimen of the Greco-Italian architecture of the fifteenth century. It is loaded with ornaments to an extravagant degree. Like the Greek worship, it is profuse in exterior adornments. On the walls are painted 249 full images, and 2066 half-lengths and heads, many larger than nature. The quantity of gold leaf employed in embellishing it is said to have amounted to 210,000 leaves. Images gaudily adorned, splendidly gilt and ornamented holy books, massy gold crosses of beautiful workmanship, rich episcopal vestments—in short, every article that can impress the observer with a striking idea of the material

magnificence of the Greek service, are here to be seen in the greatest profusion. In the middle of the church is suspended a crown of massive silver, accompanied with forty-eight chandeliers, all of a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 lbs. There are also numerous candlesticks, "almost as high as a man," some of silver, others of copper silvered, holding candles "thick as a man's leg."

The Cathedral of St. Michael ranks next to this in splendour and dignity. It is venerated by the Russians as the place where their sovereigns were formerly interred; while the Cathedral of the Assumption is honoured by being the place where they are crowned.

The next church of importance is that of St. Philip, which is distinguished as containing the patriarchal treasury, the riches of which consist of manuscripts and books, mitres and sacerdotal dresses and ornaments, vessels for the preparation of the holy oil, and the reception of relics of saints. The most valuable manuscripts are those of the Slavonic New Testament, which date as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Dr. Lyall was shown "a small parchment volume, a good deal sullied, said to be the Gospel of St. Luke in his own handwriting." In what language and character he does not state: perhaps the Slavonic also! There is a copy of the Evangelists, in Slavonian, written by Tatiana Michailovna, daughter of the Czar Michail Pheodorovitch. The sacred vessels are very numerous. Those for the preparation of the holy oil consist of two large silver kettles or boilers, gilt inside, two feet and a half in diameter, which, together with silver stirrers and ladles, were presented to the holy synod by the Empress Catherine II. Between these boilers stands a large silver receiver, on the cover of which is a representation of "Samuel anointing Saul." They weigh altogether upwards of 700 lbs. From the receiver the oil is emptied into sixteen elegant silver vases, presented to the synod by the Emperor Paul. The "holy oil" is only made once a year, with great ceremonies. All these churches are within the Kremlin.

Our illustration is the Cathedral of the Assumption, popularly called the Church of Ivan the Cruel. This must have been an invention of the priests—for both the great Ivans were very distinguished men.

Ivan III. ascended the throne in 1462. He was surnamed the Proud. This great Duke*—being a Norman by descent, he clung to the title held in most veneration by his Scandinavian ancestors—was the first prince whose talents and good fortune imparted union, consistency, and independence to the Russian states. He united under his government the different principalities or appanages, and subdued Novogorod, which, during the internal troubles and the Tartar invasion and conquest of Russia, had achieved and preserved its independence. He also freed himself and country entirely from the yoke of the Tartars, and imposed a tribute on the kingdom of Cazan. He invited and encouraged foreigners of talent and information to settle in his territories. By one of them—Aristotle of Bologna—the money was re-coined, and gunpowder and the art of casting cannon were introduced.

He was assassinated A.D. 1505, after a reign of forty-three years. Few of the Russian monarchs ever died in their beds.

The next sovereign by whom the territories of Russia were enlarged, was Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. He began his reign in 1533. He first taught his soldiers the use of fire-arms, and by means of these conquered the kingdoms of Cazan and Astrakan. Siberia was also annexed to Russia during his reign. He was not, however, merely a warlike prince: to him the Russians are indebted for the first code of laws, and the introduction of printing. He invited foreign artists to Moscow, encouraged commerce, and permitted the English to establish factories in his dominions. Before his time—as the Russians had no ports except Archangel, which, from its situation, was of no use for foreign commerce—their trade had altogether been in the hands of the Livonians; but by the conquest of Astrakan, the commerce of the Caspian Sea was opened to them; and by the temporary conquest of Narva, in 1558, they were first introduced to our experience of the advantages they might derive from the possession of ports in the Baltic. Ivan also encouraged religious toleration. He was an innovator as well as sovereign ruler. Now, as it is well ascertained that the church which has been assigned to an "Ivan" of "cruel" memory, was erected under the auspices of either Ivan the Proud or Ivan the Terrible, we may gather some clue to the origin of the more ignoble surname, from the following legend of

THE PRINCE AND THE PRELATE.

About the twentieth year of the reign of Ivan IV., it was high Easter in Moscow, and the prince, to the great joy of the prelate, was absent on a distant expedition. The day before, all the markets and shops had been filled with flesh-meat, butter, eggs, poultry, pigs, and every kind of food. Every foot-passenger had his hands, and even his arms, filled with provisions. Indeed, every gastronomic preparation seemed to have been made for holding the solemn feast of the Resurrection, and making ample amends for the severity of the Lenten fast. At midnight, the great bell of the cathedral tolled—its vibrations seemed to be the rolling of distant thunder; and they were instantly accompanied by the noise of all the bells in Moscow. Every inhabitant was stirring, and the uproar in the streets was greater than at noon-day. The whole city was in a blaze: lights were seen in all the win-

* The title Czar was borne by only two sovereigns of Russia. The word is a Slavonic translation of the Tartar Khan, or King. In their translation of the Old Testament, it constantly occurs in this sense; the Czar Solomon, or the Czar David, being the ordinary terms in use.

his innocent daughter! By St. Andrew, my lord, we will have no such tricks of youth in our dominions! And mark me, Alexis—thou knowest the crime and thou knowest the penalty—the young man shuddered—the latter was death,—“therefore, if thou dost not marry the girl, the law shall do its justice on thee within the hour!”

The nobles burst into angry execrations, but the levelled arquebuses of the guards soon restored order. In that age fire-arms were regarded with tremendous awe.

Alexis, whom a detachment of guards had completely separated from his friends, being somewhat of a craven, yielded; and my lord archbishop performed the nuptial ceremony at the foot of the throne. From that union sprang emperors of Russia. The daughter of a Moscow tailor lived to see her eldest son heir-apparent to a crown! So much for the justice of Ivan—surnamed the Cruel.

After the ceremony had been performed, and the young couple sent away under a strong escort, the duke retired. In a few minutes afterwards a person in the dress of an Armenian sat upon the throne. Cold drops of sweat trickled down the archbishop's brow. Many of the nobles present uttered exclamations of alarm.

“My lord archbishop,” said the duke, as he threw off his high Persian cap and false beard [the Grand Dukes of Moscow, being of Norman descent, shaved].

“Entreats a private audience of your grace!” faltered the prelate.

“It is granted!” was the reply. “But, as your welfare concerns all our subjects, we think it right to tell you that, in your absence, we have driven the Evil One from your holy convent. Certain dancing-girls we have married to some of our most deserving petty officers. And touching our late conversation with you—”

“I submit to your highness's consideration and clemency,” said the prelate, hurriedly, and completely humiliated.

And with that the council broke up. The duke obtained half the treasures of his metropolitan before he parted with his sacred person. The next day there was a revolution in Moscow; but the duke had taken such wise precautions that the rebels were defeated, with immense slaughter. In the *mêlée* several churches were set on fire. These the duke carefully restored; and tradition says, that it was from these and other incidents that the ecclesiastics maliciously caused his memory to be branded as “cruel.”

His reign was long and prosperous, and his country flourished. But the revenge of the nobles and priests only slumbered. In the reign of his successor, Theodore, it burst forth furiously; and with the death of that monarch ended the dynasty of Rurik the Norman, after it had endured above seven centuries. A murderous civil war then ensued, and was only quelled by Michael, of the house of Romanoff, being elected the first Czar of Russia, in a general assembly of the nobles, burghers, merchants, and persons of property and distinction: so that the throne of Russia, like that of England, was in its origin elective.

J. P. H.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

THE Philippine Islands, a group which forms one boundary of the Chinese Sea, have seldom been visited by travellers. Recently, however, a Frenchman, M. de la Gironière, has published his adventures in those islands, during a residence of many years, and which contain a vast amount of entirely new information respecting the islands and their inhabitants. We extract a passage of great interest:

“One morning,” writes M. de la Gironière, “as we were silently pursuing our way, we heard before us a chorus of shrill voices, more resembling those of birds than of men. Presently we perceived at a short distance about forty savages, of both sexes, and all ages, and having completely the appearance of animals. They were gathered round a large fire, hard by a stream. We took a few steps forward, presenting our guns at them. On perceiving us they blatted, and were about to fly; but I showed them a packet of cigars, and made signs that we wished to present these to them. When they understood this, they drew up in a line, like soldiers on parade: it was the signal that we might approach. We did so, cigars in hand; and, commencing at one extremity of the line, I distributed my gift. It was very important to make friends of them, and, according to their usages, to give to each an equal part. The distribution over, our alliance was complete; the savages had nothing more to fear from us, nor we from them. They all began smoking. A deer was hanging from a tree: the chief took a bamboo knife, and cut off three large pieces of venison, threw them into the glowing embers, and, a minute afterwards, withdrew them, and presented a piece to each of us. The outside of this savage carabao was rather burnt and ashy, the inside quite raw and bloody. It would not do to show repugnance; my entertainers would have been scandalised, and I wished to live with them for a few days in harmony—so I ate my bit of deer, which, upon the whole, was not so very bad; my Indians followed my example, and thenceforward treachery was out of the question.”

M. de la Gironière found it very difficult to make himself understood, but the next day he fell in with a woman who spoke the Tagal tongue. She acted as his interpreter; and from her he obtained such information as he desired concerning the Ajetas. These people appeared to him to be far more like monkeys than human beings; even their voices resembling the cries and jabbering of the animal, whilst their gestures were monkey all over. Their superiority consists in knowing how to make a fire, and to use bows and lances. Their colour is the ebony black of the African negro; their utmost stature hardly

attains five feet English; their hair is woolly; and, as they know not how to get rid of it, it forms a strange sort of crown or halo round their heads. Their features resemble those of the African blacks, but the lips are less prominent. Their sole dress is a girdle, eight or ten inches broad, made of the bark of trees. They feed on roots, fruit, and the produce of the chase. A bamboo lance, a palm-wood bow, and poisoned arrows, are their weapons. They eat their meat nearly raw, and live in groups or tribes, composed of fifty or sixty persons. During the day, the old people, the invalids, and children sit around the fire, whilst the others go hunting: when they have enough food to last for some days, they all remain round the fire, and at night they sleep promiscuously in the ashes. It is extremely curious to see thus assembled some fifty of these brutes, of all ages, and all more or less deformed. The old women are especially hideous—their decrepit limbs, their pot-bellies, and their extraordinary hair, giving them the appearance of furies or witches. Nothing human can possibly be more degraded than these Ajetas. They have no religion; they neither worship sun nor stars, nor bow before permanent idols—but adore, for the day, any rock or tree-trunk in which they trace a resemblance to an animal. Their language has very few words; their children take for sole name that of the place where they are born. They have great respect for old age, and for the dead. For years after the decease of one of them, they place tobacco and betel-nut upon his grave, above which his bow and arrows are suspended. Every night—so they believe—he quits his grave to go a-hunting. They have no funeral ceremony. They lay the corpse at full length in the grave, and cover it with earth. But when an Ajeta is ill of a malady deemed incurable, or has been slightly wounded with a poisoned arrow, his friends place him in a large hole, his arms crossed upon his breast, and bury him alive.

All the weapons of the Ajetas are poisoned; but a wound from one of their arrows would not suffice to check the career of so strong an animal as the stag. But the least scratch of the poisoned dart produces an unquenchable thirst, and as soon as the animal drinks, he dies. The hunters then cut away the flesh from around the wound—for otherwise the whole carcass would quickly acquire so intensely bitter a flavour, that even the Ajetas (not very dainty feeders) could not eat it. When in Sumatra, M. de la Gironière had investigated the nature of the poison used by the Malays for their arms, and had found it to be simply a strong solution of arsenic in lemon-juice. He was curious to know what the Ajetas used. They took him to a large tree, tore off a bit of the bark, and told him that was what served them for poison. He chewed some in their presence: it was insupportably bitter, but otherwise harmless, in its natural state. To render it fatal the Ajetas prepare it in a particular way, but they would not communicate their secret. It forms a paste, of which they spread a thin coat upon their arms. M. de la Gironière had painful experience of its powerful and pernicious effect. On quitting the Ajetas, who had treated him hospitably, and to the best of their ability, he took it into his head to carry away with him one of their skeletons, which he thought would be an acceptable present to the Jardin des Plantes, or Anatomical Museum at Paris. It was rather a dangerous undertaking, owing to the savages' veneration for their dead; and he had little quarter to expect if caught body-snatching. Undeterred by this risk, he had got but to a quarter of a league from the camp, when he commenced opening some old graves. The first skeletons he got to were mouldered, but towards evening he met with that of a woman, who, from her attitude, had evidently been buried alive. Her bones were still covered with the skin; she was a sort of mummy, and exactly what Dr. Pablo wanted. So he took her out of the grave, and put her in a sack, but had scarcely done so when shrill cries were heard. The Ajetas were on the trail of the three resurrectionists, who ran for their lives, but without relinquishing their booty. The savages climbed trees (which they do just like monkeys—using their hands, and setting the soles of their feet against the trunk), and peppered them with arrows. Darkness facilitated the escape of the fugitives; but, on getting out of the wood, M. de la Gironière noticed a scratch on one of his fingers. He attributed it to a branch or briar, and thought no more about it.

Seated upon the sea-beach with the skeleton, the three wanderers took counsel together. Alila was downcast, and anticipated evil. His chief did not much admire the aspect of affairs, but nevertheless kept a stout heart and a bold visage, and cheered his followers. A fire was lighted, and the two Indians went to seek shell-fish. On their return, they announced the discovery of a pirogue, which the waves had cast upon the strand. It was half buried in the sand, and needed caulking and repairs; but with the help of gum and bamboo-fibre, they managed to make it water-tight, and put to sea. A bamboo formed the mast, the skeleton's sack was converted into a sail. The waves ran high, but the voyagers were accustomed to handle those fragile boats, and feared nothing. Unluckily, the Indians, more used to the lake than the ocean, fell sea-sick, and M. de la Gironière had to sail and steer the skiff totally unassisted. “When I reflect,” he says, “upon the position in which I found myself, afloat on the Pacific Ocean in a frail pirogue, having for auxiliaries two helpless persons (the Indians lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat), two skulls, and the skeleton of an Ajeta, I can imagine my readers suspecting that I am fabricating a story.”

After four-and-twenty hours' anxious navigation, the pirogue put into land, near a Tagalog village, and another day and night took the adventurers to Jalajala. Thence M. de la Gironière went to Manila. On the first night of his arrival there, he experienced such acute pain in the

finger which had received a scratch during his flight from the Ajetas, that he twice fainted away. The pain became so violent that he no longer doubted the trifling hurt to have proceeded from a poisoned arrow. An operation, performed by a brother surgeon, rather increased than diminished the pain and irritation. The inflammation spread to the arm, then to the chest. After some weeks' illness, agony, and sleeplessness, the doctor made way for the priest, who administered the last sacrament. Nevertheless, M. de la Gironière recovered; but his convalescence was long, and for more than a year afterwards he suffered from acute pains in the chest. But, with characteristic tenacity, he had stuck to his skeleton, both by sea and by land, and it is now in the Museum of Anatomy.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

COSTLY FOOD.—Diamonds are sometimes found in the crops of chickens, in the diamond districts of Brazil.

STATISTICAL.—It is estimated that the aggregate incomes of Great Britain amount to the sum of £340,000,000 per annum.

RATS.—A plant which grows in abundance in every field, the dog's tongue (the *Cynolobos officinale* of Linnaeus), if gathered at the period when the sap is in its full vigour, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, granary, or any other place frequented by rats and mice, causes these destructive animals immediately to shift their quarters.

LUNATICS.—The House of Lords has ordered a return, which has just been printed, of the number of lunatics under an inquisition, who are resident in asylums, and the amounts of their respective incomes and allowances for maintenance. There are 238 persons confined in asylums, including licensed houses. In many of the cases the whole income is applied for maintenance. The largest income in one case is £5000 a-year, of which £700 is for the support of the lunatic, and £2500 for keeping up Hazlewood Castle.

SEALING-WAX.—The most careful persons will occasionally drop melting sealing-wax on their fingers. The first impulse of every one is to pull it off, which is followed by a blister. The proper course is to let the wax cool on the finger; the pain is much less, and there is no blister.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PREPARING OILS FOR LUBRICATING AND BURNING.—The object of this process is to impart additional fluidity to lard or tallow oil, and viscid oils generally, by combining them with oleic ether, and thus giving the oils more of the character possessed by sperm oil, and rendered better adapted for burning and lubricating. For this purpose one part of oleic ether is mixed with two parts of neutral tallow oil. To obtain oleic ether, the patentee proposes to adopt the well-known continuous process of making sulphuric ether, substituting, of course, oleic acid for sulphuric. The oleic ether is washed with an alkaline solution previous to use. Wood spirit may be employed in the manufacture of oleic ether, instead of spirit of wine.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF TIN.—In this process, the ores of tin, which have previously been passed through the stamping mill and washed, are mixed with common salt, and the mixture exposed to the temperature of 163 degs. of Daniell's pyrometer, in a reverberatory furnace. The result of this heating is, that the chlorine of the salt combines with the other metals present, so as to render them soluble in water. The purified tin ore, thus obtained, is then washed and smelted in the usual way. A previous analysis of the rough tin ore is necessary, in order to fix the proportion of common salt to be employed; care is also required to be used in the regulation of the temperature of the furnace, so as not to decompose the oxide of tin.

COLOURING COLLOIDION PICTURES.—A patent has just been taken out (dated September 23, 1852) for this purpose, by Mons. J. L. Tardien, of Paris. He terms his process *radiochromy*. It consists in applying oil or other colours at the back of the pictures, so as to give the requisite tints to the several parts of the photograph, without at all interfering with its extreme delicacy. It may even, in some cases, be used to remedy defects in the photographic pictures. The claim is essentially for the application of colours at the back, instead of on the surface of photographs, whatever kind of colours may be used. It is therefore, of course, applicable only to photographs taken on paper, glass, or some transparent material.

THE RHUBARB PLANT.—Rhubarb, like steaks, has worked its way, and upon its own merits. It is not only used and esteemed for tarts, puddings, and pies, but is the very king of preserves: with about a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit-stalk, and well boiled—the boiling is absolutely necessary, on account of the watery nature of the stalks—with the addition of a little ginger and lemon, or any of the three marmalades, it makes one of the finest of all preserves, next excepting the greengage plum. The first of this preserve I ever saw was made by Mrs. Knudall, a market-gardener's wife, the preserve being made from the sort bearing her name; and in my opinion the rhubarb is as far before all the others as a Ribston pippin is before a Hawthornden apple. Rhubarb also makes a capital wine, with about three pounds of sugar to a gallon of liquor. The fruit-stalks are first well bruised, then a little water added along with the sugar; it is then strained off, and put into the casks. It ferments briskly for a fortnight or so. Rhubarb for wine purposes must not be gathered before August: the root by that time has come

growing; the stem then gets all the benefit of the condensed and elaborated sap, being much more strong in acidity, and containing much less water. This wine is much more wholesome than gooseberry wine; it effervesces like the best champagne. The colour of the wine, like the preserve, can be made according to fancy—for instance, a little brandy would colour it, and improve its quality. Mr. Oldacre, gardener to the late Sir Joseph Banks, was the first to introduce the then best variety, which he brought home from St. Petersburg, having been gardener to the Emperor of Russia for some years.

DANGER OF TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED.—It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but a great distance to the west; in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail, does not fall at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern. To this it was answered that a stone, being a part of the earth, obeys the same laws, and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some, but opposed by others; and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus that, the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast, does fall at the foot of it.

PURIFICATION OF OLEIC ACID, AND APPLICATION TO MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.—(Wilson's Patent.)—In the manufacture of Price's stearic candles, from palm oil or tallow, a large quantity of oleic acid results, which has not hitherto come into much demand, on account of its unpleasant odour. The removal of this objectionable smell, which arises from the presence of a volatile matter in the oleic acid, is effected, in Mr. Wilson's process, by submitting the acid to the action of steam, heated to 400 degrees of Fahrenheit, for about two hours, and then gradually introducing cold water to cool it down. The oleic acid thus purified, is now fit for use in place of oil. The application of this purified oleic acid to manufacturing purposes, consists in combining it with a solution of soda-ash, rendered caustic by means of quicklime, in the proportion of one pound of soda-ash to a gallon of water, and adding thereto a pint of oleic acid, well stirring the mixture, to effect a complete combination of the ingredients. This saponaceous compound may be employed in milling and fulling woollen cloth, and in washing wool.

NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF FOOD.—The great importance of an attentive consideration of the kinds of food taken under different circumstances becomes evident, when it is known that one class of substances supplies the fuel that maintains the heat of the body, and other substances supply the materials that form the flesh and the bones. The lungs act as a furnace, in which the process of slow combustion is always going on, by the absorption of oxygen from the air into the blood, and the exhalation of a portion of it, in combination with the carbon of that fluid, in the form of carbonic acid. It was stated by Dr. Playfair, that the weight of oxygen absorbed by a man in this manner in a year, averages 700 lbs., and that the consumption of carbon during the process is so rapid, that in the course of three days all the carbon in the blood would be exhausted, if it were not renewed by a supply of proper food. As the temperature of the body is always the same under every climate, the inhabitants of the colder regions of the earth require a larger amount of food containing carbon than those who live further south, to maintain the heat at its requisite standard.

AN OLD STORY.

SAYS Tom to Jem, as forth they went

To walk one evening fine:

"I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine!"

"And I," says Jem, "wish yonder stars,
That there so idly shine,
Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine!"

"Where would your herd of cattle graze?"

"Why, in your pasture fair."

"They should not, that's a fact!" said Tom;
"They should not, I declare!"

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,
And fiercely stood at bay;
And for a foolish fancy cast
Their old regard away.

And many a war, on broader scale,
Hath stained the earth with gore,
For castles in the air, that fell
Before the strife was o'er!

GRAVITATION has, amid all her immensity, wrought no such lovely work as when she rounded a tear.

WHAT A BRIDE IN SIBERIA MUST DO.—It is a received custom that every young bride, on her arriving at her husband's house, must invite guests to a dinner prepared by her own hands, and the repast is considered a test of the education she has received at her parents' house. Shame and disgrace are the consequence, should she be found deficient on such an occasion; and shame also to the parents who did not attend to that essential branch of her education. Whereas her success in gratifying her guests is taken as a proof not only of the woman's own excellence, but also as no small recommendation of her own family, among whom she must have had so good an example, and received such excellent instruction.



[HERCULES AND THE CRETAN BULL.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN.

HERCULES AND THE CRETAN BULL.

FOREIGN governments have been magnanimous contributors to this brilliant undertaking. The Emperor of the French is a very large contributor. So are the King of Holland, the King of the Belgians, and the King of Prussia: and the examples of these sovereigns have been liberally followed by their respective subjects.

Our pictorial illustration this week is taken from a colossal bronze group, presented, for this interesting occasion, by that munificent patron of the arts and sciences, the King of Prussia. The subject is one familiar to us all. It is Hercules taming the Cretan bull. The figures are vigorously executed, and replete with animation. The artist has adhered to the fable with marvellous fidelity. The figure of the Grecian hero is an embodiment of the majesty of rude strength, coupled with indomitable nerve and a resolution founded on something nobler than a confidence in the power of gigantic bone and muscle. You can perceive that Hercules is cool and collected—that he wishes to subdue, not slay. His action is that of Hercules—not Alcides. He is the brute-tamer—the heroic king of the barbarous and mystic ages of Greece; ages upon which the civilising light of Egypt had not yet fallen. The bull is a savage denizen of the plain and forest—not the monarch of the mead. His short, strong, and straight horns are intended for battle. The model, no doubt, was one of those intractable animals still to be found in the wilds of Andalusia.

But while we unreservedly bestow a just share of admiration on these exquisite works of art, we must quarrel with the taste that leads genius to fritter away itself on old forms. Why not invent new modes of developing the illimitable resources of art? This age invents to an almost incalculable, most certainly a glorious extent, in science. Let the visitor go to the machinery hall, and he will find himself in the midst of the most stupendous inventions—in fact, the revelations of the genius of modern times. With art it appears that invention is still in its infancy. This "Hercules and the Cretan Bull" is rendered just as a Greek artist would have done in the days when the literati of Greece believed in the Delphian oracle. The fable is faithfully and energetically interpreted; but what artist has hitherto attempted to give us an idea of the historical Hercules—of the great warrior, the wise statesman, the deliverer of his country? Every nation and every people has had its Hercules. Bala Rama is the Hercules of the Hindoos, Belus of the Babylonians, Wodin of the Scandinavians—and, to come to later times, King Arthur of the Britons. The exploits of all these heroes, owing to the absence of the means of perpetuating them, have been shrouded in allegory. But surely the imagination of genius could clothe them in higher attributes than those of athletes. The twelve labours of Hercules are symbolical of actual events that influenced the destinies of man-

kind—and yet art has never yet gone beyond the idea of the fable itself. In this inventive age such a fact must be accepted as evidence of the materiality of art—of its poverty in spiritual development—and, we must add, its inability to discard old forms, and stride boldly into the wide field of originality.

CANDELABRUM OF BOG-OAK AND IRISH DIAMONDS.

This is exhibited by the Messrs. Grogan, and as a portion of the remarks we have elsewhere applied to their inkstand will equally apply to this really splendid production of industrial art, we must content ourselves with congratulating the exhibitors on the success they have achieved in the manufacture of articles of ornament and utility from wood that, until very lately, was only valued as fuel, or as affording room for the speculations of the antiquary and the geologist. This candelabrum is very beautiful; and should the public only support these efforts to render art subservient to the purposes of domestic convenience and decoration, we do not doubt but that, in a short time, in design and ornament, our native manufacturers will successfully compete with the most celebrated artists of the continent.

But before this can be accomplished, they must study—and study hard, too—study with a view to improvement, to development—not copying. Emendation is the bane of art. It takes the lead where it should only follow. The higher principles of art—in order to work out a general change in British artistic idiosyncracies—must be more consulted in designs for articles of utility as well as of ornament. Manufacturers must learn to appreciate the doctrine that art is not confined to painting and sculpture merely. The embodiment of the ideal must not be reserved for the private recesses of luxury and wealth, nor its enjoyment limited to the highly-educated minority. The germ of that ideal still lives within the rudest human form; and if art be the language of the Universal, and be designed to convey a spiritual message to all, art, still following in the footsteps of nature, must instinctively seek to find some expression in every object made by or for the use of man. And it is in the pursuit of this its instinct that, ever since the first dawn of civilization in man, not only the temples, palaces, and tombs, but also the common habitations—and even the most ordinary furniture, utensils, and appliances of every-day life—began to clothe themselves in such graceful forms and ornamental decorations as growing taste led men to feel might contribute to the satisfaction of that earliest craving of human nature for the spiritual, represented as it is by the beautiful and the graceful. The success with which manufactures were made to subserve the purposes of artistic teaching and suggestion, while retaining their fitness and convenience for domestic use, has been among all nations in proportion to their real civilisation—taking the word in its highest sense. Such an Exhibition, then, as this, will afford a test of that civilisation; and offering, as it will, examples from almost all Europe, and many specimens of

the highest class produced by each nation, it will also supply an opportunity of comparing the advance of each country with that of its neighbours; and to Ireland it may point out the path to perhaps more complete success.

The adaptation of graceful, pure, and appropriate forms to all the various objects which surround man in his daily life, does insensibly tend to refine and elevate his mind; while on the other hand, to be for ever accustomed to see only coarse and clumsy forms, degrade it, by making it habitually content with what is in its nature earthy and unideal.

And while such are the comparative effects of graceful and coarse designs in the manufacture not only of the ornamental parts of our dwellings, but the utensils of ordinary use, how important must it not be to prevent as much as possible the manufacture of those most coarse forms with which, in every variety of pretensions and unmeaning vulgarity, we, here in our generation hitherto, have been so unfortunately beset. For as long as such things are generally made they will be circulated, and become—some of them at least—"fashionable;" and in the general dullness of sound and pure taste, even those of better instinct are apt to submit to this poor, empty word "fashionable." Again, it so happens that hitherto those of poor or but moderate means are forced to content themselves with forms of entire ugliness around them, because those manufactured articles which aspired to elegance were made of such costly materials, or in such a costly manner, as to be entirely beyond the reach of their little means.

The only preventative in future for this state of things, is a more generally diffused power of appreciating what is tasteful or graceful, and so much artistic education of the mechanic and manufacturing classes as will enable them to accommodate the forms of all their works—even those in the cheapest materials and for the commonest purposes—to the principles of art: so that each should, through the simplicity and purity of its design, through its appropriateness, and through the lightness or massiveness, softness or strength, of its outlines, satisfy refined taste by its completeness, and insensibly infuse into the mind



[INKSTAND OF BOG OAK.]

namely, of originality. For they are never mere copyists of what had been done before them: they studied previous works but to find their key, their secret, the guiding principle that led to their success. And having found it—as patient and loving study will ever find, but patient and loving study alone—they applied it to new forms and new things, to the realisation of their own ideas, still different and higher, or struggling to be higher, than those that had preceded them.

BOG-OAK INKSTAND.

No article in general use can excel the inkstand in value. Its tiny bottle or reservoir holds the fluid that is as much an agent in governing the world as coal and water are instrumental in giving motive power to the steam-engine. Ink to human intelligence is what the blood is to the system or the dew to the flowers. Thought is powerless without it. To the press it is daily bread—to genius and civilisation life, everything—for without the means of perpetuation, mind would once more "fall into the blind cave of eternal night." Yet until within the past few years no article of essential utility was more scurvily treated than ink. The first ink-holders were bottles made of clay, then porcelain came into fashion, afterwards pewter, and latterly glass, the best material hitherto adopted; but as regards the form of the vessel, we cannot perceive any improvement on that villainous bottle which the unwelcome exciseman used to carry in his button-hole, and now the equally obnoxious tax-gatherer has peeping out of his waistcoat-pocket, like a little imp shedding tears of joy over the exorbitancy of the numerous demands made on the resources and tempers of her Majesty's subjects. The inkstand fared still worse: it was positively ugly—either a flat wooden trencher or an unsightly trough. Of late there has been more taste displayed in the manufacture of these stands—the eye has been more consulted; but still they have rarely departed from the platter or trough form. We are glad, however, to perceive that there is promise of immense improvement in this respect. Our illustration presents us with an inkstand that deserves the name. It is really pleasing and ornamental, as well as useful. It is made of Irish bog-oak, and mounted in gold and silver. It is the contribution of Messrs. Groggan, Dublin; and, independent of the interest attaching to it as being of Irish manufacture, combines associations that take it right out of the category of dullness. A man can look at this inkstand, and never be at a loss for an idea. Bog-oak! Why he is looking at, touching, and using a piece of timber that grew thousands of years ago—long before the advent of Christianity, long anterior to the foundation of Rome, the wars of Alexander, or the foundation of the Temple of Jerusalem. Probably it flourished "a hale green tree" when Ireland traded with Tyre, and sent forth her contribution of artists, the Cyclops, to astonish ages by their gigantic architectural performances. And then the round tower to the right—a mysterious vestige of the dead, buried, and forgotten past. Who erected these ivy-crowned, circular edifices—what was the object for which they were intended? Were they observatories for the study of the heavens, or towers for the worship of the sun? Did Sabism ever prevail in the Green Isle? Can the Irishman who lights a fire on the hill-top, on St. John's Day, exclaim in his heart, when gazing on these hoary vestiges of an extinct era—

Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where slow, but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds;
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst like Zelem's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round.

It is an article of such apparent simplicity—an article in such frequent use—can suggest thought, or refer the mind to its stores of previous reading, like this one has done with us, we must say that the exhibitors of this inkstand have made the first deserving of the name.

HENRY BIBB.

HENRY BIBB was born in the month of May, 1815, in Shelby County, Kentucky. His mother was a slave, the property of David White, Esq., who reckoned the infant as he would a sheep added to his flock, or an acre to his farm. He "flogged him up," and with the earliest taste of life, this son of the bondwoman, the eldest of seven brothers, felt that gall which breeds bitterness in the hearts of a whole race against the teachers of Christianity. Who his father was he knows not—for the ties of life are not binding to the slave; and if he had known, there would have been no better lot for him. Even from the one parent he knew, he was, as a young child, dragged away to labour; and for eight or ten years the wages of his drudgery, first under one master, then under another, went to pay for the education of his owner's daughter! She, in the polished society of the Southern States, sang, no doubt, and tinkled a guitar, and breathed out beautiful sentiments and utterances of affection; not a shade the less charmingly because every note was learned, every grace acquired, from the gains of a wretched boy, toiling under the lash—for the experience of misery began with him early. Barely allowed a rag of clothes, he worked all day hungry and tearful, lying down at night on a floor of hard earth, or a bench; sometimes treading with bare feet the frozen ground in December, and staining it with foot-prints of blood.

Aspirations he had, indeed, to burst these sordid chains,—but the vault of Chillon was not more dark than the world in which this fettered child was compelled to move. Reading and writing were forbidden to the slave, and all that was left to his mind was liberty to plot in secret an escape—as Henry did, though with many their very souls corroded in the absence of all hope. But he soon began to meditate flight. At ten years of age he was living with a Mr. Vines, in Newcastle town; and the wife of this man was an example of the corrupting influence of the slave system upon human nature. The little boy whom an Englishwoman would rather have fondled in her bosom, was to her a victim whose miseries might absorb some of her savage feelings. She struck him, flogged him, reproached him for every act; and when he ran away, lacerated his flesh with a cruelty almost more than human. Several times was this repeated, until in despair of taming this negro child's spirit, his master sent him back to Mr. White, whose property he was. That person had married a second wife, and this new tyranny was worse than the former. Half the time that Henry Bibb lived here, he was away in the woods seeking to escape that blood-dripping thong which surely awaited him on his return. His mistress was not only a task-master, but a torturer by predilection. She forced him all day to rub the furniture, to wash clothes, to scrub the floor; rock her chair, tickle her feet, and scratch or comb her hair, and then to reward him, scourged his limbs till they quivered under her hands. Several times he tried to escape, and once or twice, by taking a bridle with him, and pretending he was on the look-out for a runaway horse, strangers suffered him to pass; but in the end he was always captured, and condemned to a whipping.

From that time burned in his heart an unquenchable longing—and more than a longing, an unchangeable resolve—to be free. When he was eighteen years old, the



[BOG-OAK CANDELABRUM.]

of even the rudest, something of that undefinable feeling of pleasure, which even the least educated man receives in regarding the smallest objects of healthy external nature.

But if Irish students wish to really produce anything important by its originality, beauty, and appropriateness of design, they should eagerly take advantage of the Great Exhibition, to study the works of other nations, and each particularly in his own department. The flexibility of the French mind, the variety of resources of French genius, their warm feeling for beauty and grace in every form, their remarkable talent for drawing, should recommend their works to the peculiar attention of the Irish people; and a higher lesson still is to be learned from them—that,

light of religion dawned over his mind—for in spite of every hostile law, knowledge sometimes came, like manna in the desert, to the slave. A young white girl tried to set up a school for teaching the negroes; but police were sent to break up its second meeting, and the attempt was declared an incendiary crime. Far pleasanter was it to the proprietors to see their bond-people degraded by debauch, and sinking into an oblivious apathy, which threatened no revolt against a despotism the most monstrous ever conceived by human nature. In consequence of this, every Sunday was an occasion of riot, fighting, gambling, and profanity, encouraged by the masters: and thus the black population was scientifically debased, in order that every human thought might be deadened, and every yearning for liberty buried in obscenity and vice. The slaves with whom Henry Bibb associated were, like the savages of their original country, superstitious to the last degree, and he himself relates how several times he went to quacks for amulets and charms, in whose efficacy he was taught to believe, in order to save himself from hard work and flogging.

Still there was a star above these clouds. Liberty was more than a name to him—it had penetrated to his heart. He heard that Canada lay somewhere in the north—a country of freedom, whither the slave might fly. Beyond Egypt there was even for him a promised land; but the hosts of Pharaoh were less inevitable than hunters of men, who invariably seized him before he could cross the broad, bright Ohio. Often, from the cliff-like banks of that noble river, he stood alone, looking, as he tells us, at the blue northern sky, thinking of the happy people there, asking his hope when he might be among them, and wistfully gazing on the thousand splendid steam-boats, arriving and departing with men, women, and children, who, made like him, feeling as he did, born in the same nature, and nurtured in the same desires, yet belonged, it seemed, to another creation—for they were all free, and he was a miserable slave. There were birds flying over those waves, that perpetually ran by to the ocean; but they and the brutes enjoyed what he was robbed of by those of his own kind, in a state proclaiming itself the moral glory of the world.

From these reflections he was for some time diverted by the society of many young women, in associating with whom he found no little delight. He relates some curious incidents to illustrate the sordid ignorance and superstition in which the negroes are bred. Desiring to secure the affections of one, he asked some quack conjuror for a charm. The fellow told him to get the bone of a bull-frog, and if he could rasp with it the naked skin of the girl he liked, she would reciprocate his affection. He selected one whom he knew to be already as affianced as slaves are ever allowed to be, and, as he humorously relates: "I happened to meet her in the company of her lover one Sunday evening, walking about: so when I got a chance, I fetched her a tremendous rasp across her neck with this bone, which made her jump. But in place of making her love me, it only made her angry with me." The poor fellow did not then know that he himself possessed the mightiest amulet with which man can subdue women to his heart—a faithful and loving disposition, that could express itself in the genuine language that needs no interpretation. He soon afterwards met a mulatto slave-girl, named Malinda, who lived in Oldham County, Kentucky, about four miles from the residence of his owner. She possessed a beautiful form; her skin was soft and smooth; her cheeks had a dark bloom upon them, and her eyes were as bright as those of the New Orleans quadroon. She associated with slaves of the first rank—for there are castes and grades even among these wretched people; and for the sweetness of her voice, was admired by many of the free population.

Henry Bibb visited Malinda two or three times, without thinking of more than an acquaintance. But even the code of those southern states cannot change the nature of man. There was soon an union of feeling between them; every visit deepened the impression, and it was speedily apparent that the girl loved him, too—for her eyes sparkled when he came, her hand lingered in his, and she asked him to come, when her mother wished him to stay away. She allowed him to pass through every phase and sentiment, until he became attached to her by all that can bind the heart. Solemnly, however, does he declare, that had he then fully known to what miseries and humiliations the child of the slave is born, he would not have taken a wife, and propagated inheritors to such a curse.

One Saturday evening, however, which he remembers to have been lit by a bright moon, he met Malinda at her mother's door. As he approached, she flew to him and took his hand; he told her then what was the chief emotion of his mind: that he desired her as his wife, and would for ever love her as such; but only on certain conditions would ask her to make the pledge. He was religious, he said, and she also yearned through an untaught faith, to heaven. He was determined to be free, and if she would consent to be his partner in the troubles and dangers he saw in view, then the nuptials of their hearts were complete. She required a week to make her decision; and when he met her again, it was agreed that if they still remembered this promise at the end of a year, they should be married—that they should lead a pious life, and never forget that the promised land they desired was beyond the Niagara Falls, under the sacred flag of England. Legal wedlock they could not enter into. What is immorality to the white, is forced upon the American slave. They are forbidden to seal their union before the altar, and they may be torn asunder whenever their remorseless owners may require. But there was not for these less faith in the mutual pledge now sworn between these young lovers. They clasped each other by the hand—they pledged their sacred honour they would be true—

they called on heaven to witness and bless these nuptials: and in this manner they stood bound by the only ties by which they could ratify their promises of love.

Many difficulties arose in the way of this marriage. Henry's mother opposed it, because she thought he was too young; Malinda's mother because she desired to match her daughter to the favourite slave of a wealthy man. His own master objected, because he thought he would steal for his wife's sake; but hers consented willingly, and at last a festival took place to celebrate the occasion.

For some time Henry could only visit his wife on Saturday night, returning punctually to his master's estate on Monday, under pain of a flogging. The oppression he suffered was so great that his owner feared his running away, and sold him to William Gatewood, the proprietor of his wife. Then the unmitigated bitterness of slavery plunged the iron deeper into his heart. He was forced to stand by while Malinda was tortured, insulted, and abused; to see her staggering at her toil, to see her whipped by coarse and cruel men.

A few months after this, a daughter was born to these affectionate but unhappy slaves. Scarcely had she grown to be able to walk, when her mother saw her the victim of the same inhumanity that was practised on herself. She saw Mrs. Gatewood whipping her, bruising her face with her heavy hand, and reiterating her savage blows at every heavy sob extorted by pain from the feeble creature. She was named Frances, and was a quick, playful, vivacious, and interesting little girl, with a keen black eye, and in her face a reflection of her mother's beauty. But with such a wife and such a child to love, Henry Bibb was wretched—for separation, tying up, flogging, insults, hard tasks, and a denial of every soothing influence of life, rankled every day more deeply in his soul.

In the fall of the winter of 1837, the climax of this tyranny had come. There was, perhaps, little worse to endure—but there was more already than the most abject could bear. Henry Bibb resolved to attempt to escape. It was a perilous trial. Two dollars and fifty cents, with a suit of clothes he had never worn before, were all he possessed. Had he told his wife this intention, it is improbable that he could have succeeded; but he desired work, and liberty for her as well as for himself. Gaining permission from his master to work for himself at Christmas, he went, on the 25th of December, down to the Ohio, pretending to seek for employment. Instead of this, however, he managed to cross in a ferry-boat, and found himself in a free state, though not in one whither he could not be pursued. Steam-boats were landing passengers here every night—so Henry concealed himself until the sound of one coming up the stream came like the welcome of freedom to his ears. In a few moments he was on her deck, bound for Cincinnati, but bewildered by fear and excitement—for he was liable at any moment to be seized, fettered hand and foot, and sent back to his master. One advantage he had—in his complexion, which was not black, but somewhat fair—since there was some *slave-holding blood* in his veins. Every time, nevertheless, that the mate came with a lantern to the steamer, he trembled in anticipation of a discovery; but contrived at last to hire a hammock, in which he lay, muffling the clothes about his face, till morning. No questions were asked, and about nine o'clock next day the vessel moored off the quay of Cincinnati. The fugitive stepped on shore, walked as calmly and gracefully as he could up the main street, and escaped observation. But Canada was his destination. How should he find the way? An inquiry might cause suspicion. In this exigency he had faith in the honesty of his race. He would ask some one kindred to him by blood, and sure he was that none of that race would betray him. Nor was he disappointed. A poor wood-chopper gave him directions, told him of the abolitionists, feasted him hospitably, and gave him God's speed on his way. Then striking out at the high road, the escaped slave walked rapidly along, and as the night approached, his eyes sought in the depths of heaven for that North Star which hung like a lamp of hope over the unreachd haven of his desire. For forty-eight hours he struggled on without food or rest, and then, half frozen with cold, barefooted and hungry, he knocked at a door, and asked leave to warm himself at the fire. They were Latter-day Christians, indeed, who were within—for they refused him this little dole of charity; and at the next house the same inhospitable answer met him. In the morning, however, he saw a low-roofed cottage, and through a window the breakfast-table spread with all its bounties. A woman sat near it, and, stepping up to her with his hat off, Henry asked for sixpence worth of bread and meat. She gave it, and when he offered payment, burst into tears, bade him take it as a gift, and go in peace on his journey. Mungo Park fed with milk under a tree by the poor African woman, was not more gladdened by her cheer, than the fugitive who now, it might be said, was receiving similar kindness at the hands of one of that traveller's race. In this way Henry Bibb got through the state of Ohio, faring at public-houses on the road, and at length earning a meal by assisting the cook at an hotel. She wanted to hire him for the winter; but he went in fear of being pursued, though at Perysburg he was persuaded to remain, gaining a livelihood as a wood-chopper, until the next spring.

On the 1st of May, 1838, he hastened on his return to Kentucky, through a dangerous expedition. He could not live without his wife; and, having saved fifteen dollars, resisted the advice of his friends, and determined to risk the perils of the enterprise. He laid out his cash in pedlar's ware, bought a pair of false whiskers for disguise, and set off in search of his little family.

The journey was comparatively easy. When he reached Cincinnati, he had sold all his goods at a profit. He then took passage in a steamer, and in due time landed about

six miles from Bedford, where his mother resided, near the estate of his former master. It was glowing moonlight, and he walked rapidly through the plantation, until he reached her house. He knew she slept in the kitchen, and that her bed lay near the window. He tapped on the glass. A woman put her head out, and inquired who was there. With his false whiskers she did not know even her son; but when he took off this disguise, and claimed her as his mother, her affection recognised its own at once, and she bounded out through the door to embrace him.

Happily, Malinda and little Frances happened to be staying a night with her, so that the meetings all took place at once. There was weeping and laughing for joy, delight, and fear; hope flickering through the gloom of doubt and dread, so fearful that they were only not despair. Henry Bibb, however, was not easily depressed. He gave his wife money to pay her passage to Cincinnati, and arranged to meet her there on the next Sunday. He would not long remain in the neighbourhood. On the Wednesday following, therefore, he once more said farewell—promising himself, however, that this was only a prelude to her welcome in the sweet land of liberty. Ferrying himself across the Ohio, he again made his way to Cincinnati; but there all his resources were exhausted, and some friends were obliged to subscribe for his support. Among others, two white men knew his secret, and each gave him fifty cents. They wormed the story from him, cajoled him into telling his master's name, and left the room, bidding him a treacherous God speed. These sneaking spies, who in public would probably act, if they could, as the General Monks of America, took passage on board the steam-boat down the river, found the owners of Henry Bibb, got a promise of three hundred dollars for betraying him, and, returning to Cincinnati, engaged a pack of ruffians to aid them in capturing the poor slave, who had committed the crime of breaking from unnatural chains.

Henry Bibb had engaged to excavate a cellar for the good woman with whom he was stopping. While he was digging under the house, he heard a man enter above; another came to the door. He attempted to pass out, but this fellow drew a pistol, and declared he would shoot him if he moved. Then all the hopes he had cherished melted like aerial delusions before his eyes. His dear wife's coming would be to a desolate place; his child's escape would be into a land where no father awaited her; and he whose wife and whose child were looked for there, was going back in fetters to the toil of a galley-slave.

He was dragged to a "justice office," claimed by Mr. Gatewood, delivered over to him, and locked up in a goal. The gaoler's wife, with another woman, pointed out a way of escape; but for their sake he would not attempt it, and waited until all was ready for his embarkation a third time on the rolling Ohio. On his way, an offer was made to him by some professional slave-catchers, that if he would enter into their employment they would set him free, and soon pay him money enough to purchase his wife and child out of their bonds. But with manly indignation he refused these wages of a bloodhound, and they immediately took him to Louisville, where he was offered for sale. Three of them remained in his room all night, to prevent the possibility of escape; and next morning one stayed, with bowie-knife and pistols, to guard him, while the others went in search of a purchaser.

The man that remained was Dan Lane—a Jonathan Wild of America—a sort of human mastiff, hired to rob a slave mother of her children—to kidnap the young girl by her parent's side—to drag the wife from her husband—to do all the vilest and basest work of the vilest and basest trade. Drunkard, gambler, scoundrel as he was, no fitter agent could be found for the nefarious slave system of America. Dan, while the others were away, was compelled to go to the stables, situated in one of the most public streets in Louisville. Henry Bibb of course accompanied him, marshalled by the arm. When arrived, he was ordered to stand by until his guardian was ready to come out; but the door was open. A glimpse of liberty beckoned him away. He made two or three cautious steps in that direction, and then, with a sudden impulse of courage, rushed through, and shot like an arrow along the street. Dan was not ready to follow. He was only half-dressed; and a moment or two must elapse before he could come out of the stall. With this advantage, therefore, Bibb turned a corner before he was perceived; and by doubling at every point, jumping a number of fences, and diving through arroyos, succeeded in eluding his pursuer. At last he sprang over a high wooden palisade, and came down on a fence-post, with such a clatter of arms barking about him, that he almost gave himself up for lost. There was, however, close by, a huge pile of boards and scantling, where he found a hiding place, and remained ten or twelve hours, enduring the worst agonies of fear.

There was a workshop on either side, and men were at work within eight or ten feet of him. Night came on, however, without his being discovered, and about nine o'clock, groping about, he found his way through a low brick tunnel out into the street. There, as once before, he trusted his secret to a man of his own race's colour, and was not betrayed. It was an old man who gave him something to eat, and told him that he was about forty miles from the residence of William Gatewood, whose wife, whom he still hoped to rescue, was living. There was a good road, but he preferred making his way over the rocky hills, woods, and plantations, back to Bedford. So he started off, content that night by the stars, and in the morning by the larks that sang merrily in the fields all around him. A slave, working in a meadow, gave him a piece of bread, in return for which Bibb taught him the idea of escape, which he pledged himself to do within six months from that day. Soon after, he met an old friend, who managed to procure him an interview with Malinda. They met with tears and dependent

looks, for the avenues of hope seemed closing, and life was passing away, while Canada was yet a vision of the soul—a land half fable, too happy for the slave. The fugitive remained several days in concealment, attended by his wife, who brought or sent him food; but not daring to move, for Dan Lane actually went to the house in which he was hidden—near enough to have been reached by his hands, and he heard that there was a large reward offered for his capture.

Evidently no safety was there. He must once again go his way alone, and in the middle of the night he bade a sorrowful adieu to Malinda and his child, and started off in the darkness. "Oh, that was almost like tearing the limbs off my body!" Should he ever see them again? It was not sure. They both cried bitterly at parting; and might they not have been forgiven if a silent curse went out from their hearts upon those sordid tyrants who thus made the life which heaven had given them for happiness, a life of affliction and despair? Henry Bibb then left, and through his knowledge of the way, succeeded early in reaching Perrysburg, in Ohio. There he waited eight or nine months, without hearing of his family. It was clear that Malinda could not escape. Of what use, therefore, was liberty to him? He could make a new effort for her rescue, and if need be, he would sacrifice himself in the attempt—for this unhappy, toil-worn man had not forgotten the sweet hours of his youth, when he pledged himself to that young girl by moonlight, near her mother's door.

Again was Henry Bibb on the scene of his early life's suffering—the place where he had been tortured while a child by stripes, when a man by the humiliation of his wife, and where ever since his fancy had been with those who were dear to it, and who now seemed drifting into oblivion. As one risen from the dead he appeared before his mother. No one was in her room when he entered, except a little female slave, fast asleep. The woman shrieked with joy at beholding her son, and that cry of rapture woke the slumbering girl. This creature nurtured in chains had been abused by them, for the teachings of servitude had rotted her heart, and corrupted it with the darkest vices of human nature. She kept perfectly still, she gave no sign of being awake, she plotted—the pigmy spy—to overhear all, and report it to her mistress. She continued skulking, with closed lids, while the fugitive spoke of his wife, of his child, of his plans, of all he hoped and desired to do. He then went away, promising to come back next night, about seven o'clock. At that hour he was punctually approaching the house, when he was alarmed by seeing several men, with dogs, moving to and fro. He hid among the bushes until midnight was past, and then, tapping at his mother's window, heard from her that the little girl had betrayed him; though, she said, if he kept quiet for a few days, people would believe that the young informer had lied.

Bibb accordingly went to a friendly slave, who concealed him, and generously located him. Happy we are to say, that that man is now enjoying the liberty he helped to secure for another. He carried messages between the husband and wife, and confiding in him alone Henry might have succeeded; but he trusted his secret to another professed friend, who betrayed him for twenty shillings. All was arranged for the start to Canada. It was to take place on the next Saturday night. The heroic adventurer lay waiting the hour under a heap of flax in a barn. Suddenly a tumult awoke him. Loud and savage, but familiar voices grated like curses on his ear. "Shoot him down! Shoot him down!" "If he comes to run or resist, kill him!" Such were the greetings of the dawn to him; and a mob of slaveholders, their faces glowing with diabolical self-gratulation, stood around him, brandishing cutlasses and guns, and threatening death upon the slightest attempt at flight. Farewell, then, to the long-cherished hope of liberty for Malinda and her child; farewell to his own free breathing of the air of heaven; the whole of his labour was in vain. He once more found himself bound with a cord, added of his watch and money, with other things which he prized far more, and led away a helpless and all but hopeless slave. To a blacksmith's shop they go, that he may be heavily manacled with fetters, that the ox never wears, and then to a moist, cold dungeon in Bedford gaol. There he was visited by numerous "gentlemen" of the neighbouring plantations, who came to taunt him—to tell him he ought to be hung, and to chill in his mind a lingering hope of some future success. They brought Malinda, too, and made her look at her husband from without the door; and as he sat there, his bosom swelling for an embrace, he could only see her weep, and hear her broken sobs; for they would not allow her to approach.

In the dead of the next night, when he was alone, two of his fellow-slaves came to the grating, and asked him to tell them about Canada. He gave them directions, and afterwards learned that within a week they were on the road, and successfully reached that country. For himself, however, there was a longer tribulation to come. On the third day he was brought out of prison, heavily ironed, fastened with cords on a horse's back, and guarded by two grinning men, to be marched to Louisville for sale. Following him, and bound on a nag, was his wife and child. Many who had known them shed tears as they went away; but the mother moaned bitterly wept—for she was now growing old, and her son and her adopted daughter were going from her for ever. In a miserable posture, and subject to the jeers of every wretch who passed in possession of liberty, the captives entered Louisville, and were carried to the common gaol. There Henry Bibb was visited by a physician, who prescribed for him: not for his own sake, but to increase his value in the market. Nevertheless, the den he was confined in stunk and swarmed with vermin. Thrice he was transferred to the workhouse, where a ponderous log-chain was rivetted

about his leg, and he was set to labour at sawing stone. The fare of this hell on earth was coarse corn-bread, beef full of worms, and nauseous pot liquor; and even of this a very scanty allowance. At night the prisoners were confined, two together, in a damp stone cell, with scarcely a rag of bedding, and bugs and mosquitoes infesting every corner.

Murderers and swindlers were here placed on a level with this man, whose crime was claiming liberty, while Malinda was thrust amid crowds of female pickpockets, forgers, and the most shameless and abandoned of her sex. Yet, though their rascality and ferocity were shocking, they sympathised with the re-captured slave, and endeavoured to aid him in escape; but the plan failed, and despair began to blacken over his mind, when one morning the door of his cell opened, and Garrison, the slave-dealer, with brutal oaths and abuse, thrust in Malinda. She fell upon her husband's neck, moaning and sobbing, and bursting forth into a piteous wail: "Oh, my child—my child! my child is gone! What shall I do? my child is gone!" He could not then learn how, but that evening she told him the story. The child had disappeared, and now she was allowed only two days of companionship with him who was her only friend in that place of desolation.

Little Frances, however, had not been sold. At the expiration of three months, the slaves, handcuffed, and guarded by a savage dog, were marched to a boat at the Ohio, and floated down to New Orleans. The horrors of the voyage were like those of the middle passage—chains, crowding, cramping, and scarcely any air to breathe. At Vicksburg they were examined by a city officer, to ascertain their bodily and mental capacities; and at New Orleans were taken at once to a trader's yard prison, at the corner of St. Joseph Street. There men and women, young and old, were exposed, trimly combed and washed, for sale. They were compelled to stand in rows, to be questioned by the spectators; and if they failed to answer promptly, suffered the punishment by the paddle.

The paddle, says Henry Bibb, is made of a piece of hickory timber, about an inch thick, three in width, and eighteen in length. The part which is applied to the flesh is full of holes, through which the blood gushes at every blow. At length Henry Bibb was relieved from the Orleans prison. He was purchased, with his Malinda and her child, by Deacon Whitfield, of the Baptist Church, who lived on his plantation, at Clartom, almost fifty miles up the Red River. With a saintly tone of voice, an affection of humanity, and professions of kindly feeling, he was among the most cruel of a cruel race—the slaveholders of America. His negroes were a dull, feeble, half-starved, and over-laboured herd. The first impressions that Bibb received were by no means encouraging. First, he saw a man compelled to strip his own wife and flog her; then he saw the deacon give a young girl two hundred stripes on her bare flesh, and was himself compelled to wash her back with strong brine, under which the tears fell like burning drops from her eyes. Appointed to the office of overseer, he was forced daily to witness and participate in horrors which few hearts can conceive, or the pen of man describe. Every morning, long before sunrise, each slave was ordered to light a pine-torch, and go into the fields—so that a number of brilliant stars seemed to be glimmering, low down among the cotton trees. But, at the same time, the pitiable, overworked, poor wretches, under the lash, converted that which might have seemed a paradise, with all its flowers, into the semblance of a hell. Labour the most tedious was apportioned among the females as well as males; cotton planting and picking, grinding corn, and tillage. If a slave was sick, the deacon, a Christian minister, swore it was hypocrisy, and dosed him with a powerful and dangerous medicine. There was no care for the ailing. Malinda was afflicted, and she might have perished, for all that her mistress would have done to aid her; her second child died, and the father was compelled to bury it, coffinless, in a hole.

Shortly after, for attending a prayer-meeting, Henry Bibb was condemned to five hundred lashes, on his naked back. Under fear of this he attempted to escape, with his wife and remaining child. They took their way through the green wilderness, on the borders of the Red River, wandering for eight or ten days, and eating parched corn, grapes, and wild fruits, that hung bountifully on the wild trees. By means of a crooked tree they crossed the stream, and entered on the swamps of Louisiana, where snakes and alligators abounded, and where bloodhounds would probably be employed to hunt them down. Still all this was preferred to the deacon's chains. They were attacked by a troop of wolves, though by yelling and striking at them with a bowie-knife, Henry contrived to keep them at bay. Wolves, however, were not so ferocious as men; for, escaping them, these fugitives saw themselves pursued one day by horsemen and dogs: so that, again bound with cords, cursed and maltreated, Bibb, with Malinda and little Frances, were taken back to their melancholy bondage.

His clothing was stripped off; he was compelled to lie with his face on the ground; his hands and feet were tied to stakes, and he was scored from head to foot with the whip. When the regular number had been given, the deacon took the blood-stained thong in his hands, and, saying there was a spot left where the flesh was not ripped open, laid on a few heavier strokes than any. Eight or ten blows with the paddle were next applied, and after this salt water was poured into the wounds. A weighty iron collar was rivetted round his neck, with prongs reaching above the head, to which a small bell was attached, which he could not reach with his hand. But by the man determined not to be a slave, the bond of slavery may be broken. Henry Bibb had been captured and tortured, but his soul was not subdued, and he was

once more in the woods, with an old negro named Jack, who consented to be the companion of his flight. They started for the city of Little Rock, in Arkansas, travelling only by night, under the guidance of the North Star, and concealing themselves all day. At length their provisions were exhausted, and coming in sight of a large plantation, where people of colour were at work, Jack said that after dark he would ask them for some food. They both hid until sunset, but when a female cook was asked, for charity's sake, to give bread to the poor wayfarers, she, to curry favour with her master, gave the alarm, and they had to fly for life. Nevertheless, they managed to get some little sucking pigs and a turkey, which, when in the depth of a forest, they cooked, and satisfied their hunger. That night, however, about ten o'clock, when emerging through the skirts of the woody country, five men sprang upon them with fire-arms, threatening them with instant death if they stirred. There had been a reward offered of fifty dollars for Henry Bibb, whether dead or alive. We, therefore, for a third time find him on the deacon's farm, manacled, flogged, tortured with unendurable toil, and offered for sale to any slave-owner who would buy him.

In December, 1840, he was sold to a party of sportsmen, who treated him with humanity, and, from sympathy with his misfortunes, endeavoured to buy his wife and child; but the deacon would not consent, and swore he would punish her if she attempted to cling to her husband. She did cling to him, and the scoundrel, with a brutality that made even slave-dealers, who were standing by, cry "Shame!" laid the murderous lash, on her back, and answered every appeal for mercy by an oath and a blow. Henry, consequently, was parted from Malinda; but the humane men with whom he was now in company, promised to sell him to some person travelling, and give him part of the money, to aid him in escaping to Canada. They advised him to feign stupidity, but to be alert on every opportunity, and they employed him to drive their waggon, black their boots, and curry their horses. They passed from state to state, giving him more indulgence than ever he had enjoyed as a servitor before, and led a curious life, racing and gambling at every populous place they reached. At last they entered the territory of the Cherokees, where a wealthy half-Indian saw Bibb, and took a fancy to him, as a sort of body-servant, for his personal attendance. He offered nine hundred dollars to the sporting dealers, and they struck a bargain; but they gave Henry full directions as to the Canadian route, by which he determined to profit on the first occasion. His new master, however, prevented him, not by cruelty, but by confidence—for he allowed him to ride a beautiful horse, and to carry a large money-bag, full of gold and silver. The temptation was strong, and the opportunity good; but there was a feeling of honour to check such a desire—and Henry settled for awhile on his master's plantation.

The Indian was a humane and reasonable man, employing many negroes in cultivating grain on a considerable plantation. He gave them good food to eat, and decent clothes to wear, employed no overseers to flog them, and only occasionally chastised them himself, which is generally done by all Indian masters. They sometimes make a rule never to scourge their negroes, but only attack them when they are free to defend themselves, and occasionally put the aggressor to flight! With these people the slave led a comparatively happy life, mingling in their dances and festivals; but this did not last long: the old chief was in a declining state, and shortly died, tended with every care by the man whom he had won by kindness. Henry Bibb watched over him night and day, until the last breath exhaled his soul into eternity, and even prepared his body for the tomb; though then, still longing to reach Canada—that Eden of hope—he plunged into the woods, and commenced anew the adventures of a fugitive. Wet, weary, hungry, he trod on his way, never daring to enter the Indian huts for a long while, when, desperate with want, he feigned drunkenness, and staggered to a cottage door. The inmates gave him a blanket, and fed him, refusing the payment he offered for, among those half-savage natives of that continent, where slavery brands the beautiful face of liberty with a deforming scar—among those heathen dwellers in the forest, with their tomahawks, their bows and arrows, and guns, and hunting knives, with their faces painted red, and grotesque ornaments disfiguring the natural dignity of their faces—Henry Bibb, the outcast slave, wandering and persecuted, was more safe from treachery and wrong, than among the polished and peaceful citizens who crowded the churches, and prayed to the God of all Christians in the stateliest cities of the land.

He felt this; he felt his danger multiplied a hundred-fold when he left the Indian country, and struck out on a prairie, where men of the imperial white race might be seen again; but finding a number of horses running loose in a plantation, he manufactured a bridle from a plant grape-vine, mounted one of them, fled, like Mazeppa over the Tartar plains, and found himself next morning far away, and out of reach of that community. Then he let the animal go, and blessing it for the service it had rendered him, wished it a safe journey back. For himself, he never paused until he crossed the frontiers of Ohio, and entered that State. There he put up at the best hotels, talked of buying land and stock, passed as an admiring traveller, and met a pleasant companion on the road, who lent him a spare horse. Thus, as in a kind of solitary triumph, he rode on, borne up by the exulting joy of his heart, until he reached Jefferson city. There he heard that a steamboat was that day expected down the river, for St. Louis. He knew that the captain would not take a coloured person on board, without ascertaining that he was legally free; but he adopted an ingenious stratagem to overcome this obstacle. He bought a large trunk,

placed it on his shoulders, as though it were full packed, and followed a party of white people, as though he had been their slave. Thus he got safely between decks. There he met a number of Irish persons, whom he treated to whisky, and when deep in their good graces, asked one of them to get his ticket for him. In this way escaping observation, he came to Portsmouth, on the Ohio. His money was now exhausted; he had to hire himself to an hotel-keeper, for twelve dollars a month—and this, with the little gratuities he received, enabled him to save. Here he encountered one of the sportsmen who had formerly sold him—but no discovery took place.

Indeed, the end of his wanderings had come. In Detroit he went to school, and learned the rudiments of reading and writing—one of the first available exercises of which was the perusal of a letter from his old master, William Gatewood. There was no chance now of recovering him, so that individual thought proper to be polite. The emancipated slave condescended to reply to his former master: he told him that should he ever travel that way, "I will see you better than you did me, while I was your slave." He forgave him, he said; he begged to be lovingly remembered to his mother, and he advised him in future to treat his negroes more humanely. For, he added, many a fugitive slave would never have thought of escaping from a kind master; but to see his wife stripped and scourged, and his child bruised, until its skin was purple, was more than even the most abject of humanity could suffer.

From that day, Henry Bibb devoted himself to the cause of the slave. He travelled from state to state, manumitted by law, and preached against the iniquities of that traffic, abhorred by the nature of man. Sometimes he was still insulted by the white-skinned puppies, on board a steam-boat, or at an hotel; but the gall of slavery was gone—he was free, and but one wish remained unfulfilled.

That wish was the recovery of his wife—the restoration of his child. In 1845 he went to his native county—at some peril to himself—and inquired for Malinda. Then he tasted the last bitter ingredients of the curse of slavery. Malinda was not with Deacon Whitfield. With her child she was living with another.

When he heard of this, Henry Bibb cast her image out from his heart, and married another wife at Boston, in June, 1848. She was a kind, good person, full of affection for him, and of enthusiasm for his cause. May he long enjoy his remnant of happiness, and see some fruits of his pious labours in behalf of the poor slave population of America!

And what is the knowledge gained from this narrative, incontestably true, of slave life in the United States? It is that the deepest coloured pictures that imagination can employ—the warmest tints of fiction—the amplification of the most fertile and rhetorical pen—cannot exaggerate the infamy and cruelty of the slave-system there. We may decry the agitators for liberty, as the fanners of a dangerous flame; we may reject the delineations of romance, and the declamation of earnest oratory; but the story of Henry Bibb, the authenticated history of his sufferings, and the damning evidence he has given against the oppressors of his race, place beyond contradiction the facts now circulating through the world. If there be in the heart of universal humanity that conscience which knows good from evil; if there be in our common nature that warmth and charity, elevating while they soften; if our hearts are not dead to the eloquent appeal of the wronged—the basely and bitterly wronged negroes of America—then all the service our pity and sympathy can bestow, will be given to them; our voice will be raised for their deliverance from chains, which we could not, would not wear an hour; and if the echo of that voice does not come back to us over the Atlantic in blessings, for the blessing we bestow, sure we may be, that in the deep, and tremulous, and silent joy that will beat in the pulse and burn in the hearts of those dusky millions, will be found a gratitude worthy of all the prayers that liberty can raise for their redemption, in the happiest country of the world.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

What, ho! knave! speak! What ransom for your life?

The gibbet's raised—the cord and hangman ready.

Now is the time to speak. Your ransom—quick!

Beaumont and Fletcher.

WHEN Sir Henry Beddingfield entered the chamber of his prisoner, he found the Lady Elizabeth calm and collected; the only sign of her having been conscious of the danger she had run, was in the occasional flashing of her dark, keen eye—not a muscle of her countenance quivered. No sooner did she behold the stern old knight, than she gracefully advanced towards him; at the same time extending her hand, which, even to an advanced period of her life, was admired for its beauty.

"Before we thank you, Sir Henry, for your true and loyal conduct, we must ask your pardon for the injustice we so lately did you, in our poor judgment. Alack, that evil times and evil men should have led us to doubt the faith of such a gentleman!"

The governor of Woodstock knelt and kissed the taper fingers of the royal maiden.

"True," she continued, "we are a prisoner now; but our sister's mind may change, or the false knaves who have blown this coal of discord 'twixt us, be detected in

their wicked practices. The times, too," she added, with a glance of dignity and pride, "may change, when Sir Henry Beddingfield shall find that Elizabeth forgets nor friends nor foes! The latter, be it understood, to pray for and forgive them!"

Frank Jerningham, who was standing near, could not repress a smile at the last trait of the speaker's character; who never, in the course of her long life and reign, appears to have bestowed, even on the most favoured of her lovers, or devoted adherents, an entire and perfect confidence.

"Madam," replied the knight, "in having had the happiness to serve you, I am well repaid; and doubly so, since that service accords with my duty to our sovereign lady the queen—who will learn with indignation, I feel well assured, this infamous attempt against your royal life."

Elizabeth smiled incredulously; and yet she had no reason to doubt the intentions of her sister. Many blame Mary for her harsh treatment of the daughter of Anne Boleyn—few give her credit for resisting the temptation which the imprudent conduct of Elizabeth, in tampering in more than one conspiracy, gave her. Disguise it as we will, Mary's firmness in resisting the entreaties of her husband, whom she idolised, and the advice of her most intimate councillors, alone preserved the princess from the block.

"We have never doubted our sister's love, Sir Henry," observed his prisoner, in a tone of hypocrisy; "but our bitterest enemies are nearest in her councils; it is the curse of princes that they seldom hear the truth."

The knight remained silent, whilst Elizabeth continued to pour forth professions of loyalty, mingled with thanks to her *kind* gaoler, as she now playfully termed him.

"Your grace owes me but scant thanks," observed the blunt old man; "for all our ward would have been useless, had it not been for an honest lad who overheard the devilish plot."

"A young man?" repeated her highness.

"Ay, madam—the nephew of a rascally vintner, who keeps the hostel known by the sign of the 'Fair Rosamond,' hard by. I had hanged the mercenary rogue with the rest, had I not learnt that his life might be the means of rewarding the lad—who, it seems, is a suitor for his pretty daughter."

The speaker explained to his illustrious prisoner the oath which the innkeeper had taken; and how he had reflected that the pardon of the father might be made the price of his assent to the marriage of the young people.

"With your permission, Master Beddingfield," said Elizabeth, "I will see these people in the morning. I owe the youth my thanks. Alack! in my present state they are all I have to offer him!"

The knight acceded to her request, and shortly afterwards, accompanied by his kinsman, Frank Jerningham, withdrew to his own apartments in the palace; leaving a strong guard at the lodge, for the protection of his charge.

"God help me!" sighed the royal maiden, as soon as she was alone; "my poor wits are almost baffled in this contention with my enemies; but they shall neither drive me to rebellion, nor a marriage which would banish me from England! No,—no!" she added, musingly, "a simple ring of gold is not to be balanced against the crown of England!"

With this reflection, the future queen retired to her chamber to repose.

On the following morning, directly after the mass—which, at this period of her life, Elizabeth from policy regularly attended—Sir Henry Beddingfield conducted her grace to the old banquet-hall, at one extremity of which a gibbet had been erected. The host of the Fair Rosamond, closely pinioned, the pretty Mabel, his wife, and Reuben, the tapster, were assembled there. From time to time the old man glanced uneasily at the preparations for execution. His whispered instructions to his dame were frequently broken by invectives directed against his nephew, whom he branded as a spy and an unnatural boy.

"This comes of harbouring poor relations," he said; "warm a serpent at your hearth and it is sure to sting you!"

Several times the young man was about to answer him; but the imploring looks of his cousin sealed his lips: the poor girl was half distracted between terror for her father's safety and doubts of her lover's conduct. Repeatedly the thought suggested itself that he must have betrayed him.

The doors at the lower end of the hall opened, and the Lady Elizabeth, attended by Sir Henry, her gentleman usher, and ladies, entered the gloomy old apartment where the second Henry so frequently had held his revel with the beauteous daughter of Lord Clifford. The buff-coats stood to their arms, as the officer who commanded them pronounced, in a loud tone:

"Her grace the princess!"

Elizabeth advanced with a rapid step towards the spot where the group of prisoners was standing. Her keen, dark eye fell for an instant, with no very encouraging look, upon the countenance of the vintner, whose wife and daughter sank upon their knees as she approached. From the old man it glanced upon Reuben: this time it wore a more favourable expression.

"Are these the men?" she said, addressing the knight.

"The same," answered Sir Henry. "The young one merits your grace's favour—inasmuch as to his intelligence and loyalty we owe the discovery of the villain Basset's foul design against your royal person. The old man is under doom."

"We will not interfere with your justice, Sir Henry," replied the princess, sharply; "to which, with all our heart, we do commend him. To you, young man," she added, in a more gracious tone, "we offer our thanks. For your fidelity and discretion, this purse is but a poor expression of our gratitude—but it is a pledge for favour."

As she spoke these encouraging words, she extended

towards the tapster a small velvet satchel or bag, embroidered by her own hands with her cypher and coronet. It held about fifty crowns in gold—no inconsiderable sum in those days.

Instead of taking it, Reuben sank upon his knee and implored her highness to intercede with the governor of Woodstock for the life of the vintner.

"True, he is avaricious," he exclaimed, "but incapable of conspiring against your grace's safety. He received Basset and his villainous crew as he would any other travellers who paid well. He neither knew nor desired to know their purpose. If I have been so fortunate as to serve your grace, the only favour I solicit in return is a word to spare him from the gibbet!"

Sir Henry and the princess exchanged a few words in a low tone of voice.

"Were I to grant thy request, young man," answered the royal maiden, "peradventure I should do thee aught but kindness."

"Oh, save him!" exclaimed Mabel, falling upon her knees, and catching the robe of Elizabeth. "He is my father! Whatever his ways to others, he is kind to me! A word will make us happy—change our tears to smiles—and day and night grateful lips shall pray for you—grateful hearts shall bless you!"

"Hark 'ee, fellow!" said Sir Henry Beddingfield, extending his staff of office towards the prisoner; "thou hast a villainous nature, and fortune has dealt better by thee, in giving thee this pretty wench for a daughter and this good lad for a nephew, than thou deservedst. What security canst thou give for thy future conduct?"

The host of the Fair Rosamond, who fancied that the knight was about to put him to ransom, began to protest vehemently that he was a beggar.

"Peace, knave!" exclaimed his judge; "it is not thy trash I mean! Thy name?"

"Miles Max."

"Well, then, Miles Max—I, Henry Beddingfield, governor of Woodstock, tell thee that thy life is forfeit, for having harboured men who treasonably and falsely endeavoured to surprise the royal palace, and attempt the life of the Lady Elizabeth, sister to our gracious sovereign the queen. The security for thy future conduct is this: thou shalt execute me a bond, under the penalty of a thousand crowns, to resign thy hostel of the Fair Rosamond to thy daughter Mabel, and bestow her hand in marriage upon her cousin here."

"The fellow has not a maravedi!" exclaimed mine host.

"The better match, since thou, too, art poor!"

"She does not love him," added the avaricious old man, fixing at the same time a menacing glance upon his child.

"The greater will be thy gratitude for the sacrifice she makes to save thee!" answered the knight.

"I will hang first!" exclaimed Miles Max, bitterly.

"Hang thou shalt, then!" coolly replied Sir Henry. "Heaven forbid that, as a Christian gentleman, I should not leave thee thy choice! May it please your grace to retire," he added, bowing respectfully to Elizabeth. "It were not becoming that the hangman should do his office in such presence."

Again Reuben, with a generosity which said more for his heart than his head, would have interfered to save his worthless relative; but the princess waved him back with a gentle motion of her hand, feeling well assured that at the last moment Miles Max would think better of it. In fact, the whole affair had been previously arranged between her and Beddingfield, as a means of rewarding her preserver.

"I can do no more!" she said, and left the banquet-hall.

"Miles!" whispered his wife.

"Well?" was the sullen reply.

"Thee wilt never be such a fool as to hang, when giving up the old house can save thee?"

"It isn't the house!"

"What then?"

"Reuben—I hate him!" exclaimed Miles, bitterly.

"But for his folly I should have made a thousand crowns, at least, out of Basset's affair!"

Like most military men, Sir Henry Beddingfield was one of those who permitted but brief space between the conception of a purpose and its fulfilment. At a sign from him, the executioner seized the vintner in his grip, turned down the collar of his doublet, and, drawing a cord from a coil of ropes which he carried in his belt, slipped it over his neck.

Poor Mabel and the dame began to shriek and sob most piteously; and Miles, finding that the knight was in earnest, called out that he consented.

"Tis well!" said the old man; "release him!"

No sooner was the vintner free from the gripe of the executioner, than he added, that the marriage should be celebrated in a few days.

"A few days!" repeated Sir Henry, scornfully. "Dost think to palter with me, knave? This very hour the priest of Woodstock shall tie the knot! An' it be not done," he added, pointing to the clock, which wanted but three-quarters of an hour of noon, "before the dial strikes, by every saint, thou shalt swing high as ever Haman did!"

Miles Max now became as earnest in his entreaties to Mabel and Reuben to join their hands, as he had previously been opposed to their marriage. The chaplain was sent for, and the knot tied, a few minutes before the time expired.

The deed of gift which secured the Fair Rosamond to the bride and bridegroom, was afterwards signed, and given into their possession. Thus did the stern old knight reward the loyalty and good conduct of Reuben, whilst he punished the treasonable designs of the innkeeper.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Let bonfires shine in every place;
Sing and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her grace.
POEM WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

IN the month of June following the events narrated in the preceding chapter, Elizabeth was taken so seriously ill that her life was for some time despaired of. On her recovery, Mary not only sent her a ring in token of her amity, but permitted her to retire to her mansion at Hatfield, under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, who, being a good scholar, soon ingratiated himself with his royal charge.

In November she was sent for to court, at the instigation of Philip of Spain, the queen's husband, who left no means short of violence untried to remove her from the kingdom. The pretensions of Philibert of Savoy to her hand were renewed, and she found herself exposed to the solicitations not only of the imperial party, but her sister. With her usual prudence, she contrived to avoid the snare, by positively declaring her fixed determination to lead a single life; after which she was permitted to return to her retreat at Hatfield.

During the rest of Mary's reign, the difficulties and persecutions of Elizabeth were from the different suitors for her hand, which Mary was continually pressing upon her. Amongst others, Prince Eric, the son of the great Gustavus Vasa, and the heir to the Danish throne, were equally rejected. Young as she was, the future queen did not permit her judgment to be dazzled by the prospect of the crown matrimonial of either country, whilst the diadem of England appeared like a glorious certainty beaming in the future.

The moment at last approached when the life of Mary was drawing to a close. The events which preceded her death belong more to the reign of that princess, than the subject of our present memoir. Not long before that event took place, the queen sent two lords of her council—Arundel and Paget—to visit her at Hatfield.

The interview was a curious one.

By command of Mary, they made three proposals to her successor. The first was, that she would not change her privy council; the second, that she should bind herself to make no alteration in the established religion of the realm; the third, that Elizabeth should pay her just debts.

Upon which conditions the queen promised to leave her the crown.

"As for the crown," answered the daughter of Anne Boleyn, "I have no reason to thank her for it—since it is my peculiar and hereditary right, my lords—which none but traitors would gainsay!"

"Touching the religion of the realm, I will not change it—provided only that it can be proved such by the word of God."

"That I should pay the just debts of the queen, my sister, is both equitable and fitting; and I promise to do so as far as may lay in my power."

With this reply she dismissed them, and they returned to London little satisfied with the equivocal nature of her answer.

Shortly after, the crown jewels were sent to her by her sister.

It had been previously arranged, that on the demise of Queen Mary, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton should be the bearer of the intelligence to Hatfield, where the Lady Elizabeth still resided with all becoming privacy; but coming events will cast their shadows before them, and the crowd of courtiers—those true worshippers of the rising sun—which began to arrive, indicated that the crown was about to descend upon the brow of another.

Elizabeth was seated in her closet, in conversation with Cecil and her ladies, when it was announced to her that a gentleman, covered with dust, whose horse had fallen from exhaustion at the entrance of the park, had arrived at Hatfield, and humbly craved audience of her grace. The countenance of the future sovereign flushed, and then turned deadly pale—every eye was fixed upon her.

"Your highness will see him?" observed Cecil.

"Alone!" answered the princess.

"Alone?" repeated the secretary, in a tone of disappointment.

"You can remain—let all else retire."

It was not till the apartment was cleared, that she permitted the entrance of the messenger, who came to announce her succession to the long-coveted crown of her sister—the object of her ambition, struggles, and hopes.

No sooner had Sir Nicholas entered the apartment, than he carefully closed the door; then, bending the knee, pronounced in a low tone, in which exultation, however, was distinctly manifested:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Cecil, at the same time bending the knee, and kissing the hand extended towards him.

"Our sister Mary?" said Elizabeth, fixing her keen glance upon him.

"Is dead, so please your majesty."

"Art sure?"

"I had it from one of the gentlemen of the Earl of Arundel!" replied the messenger.

"Sir Nicholas," said the princess, gravely, "it is not upon such uncertain intelligence that we can accept the title you have saluted us with. I must have more certain proof."

"Public rumour, madam."

"May be circulated by mine enemies. It were a childish game to play into their hands by an act of treason, no matter how innocently committed, at such a moment! You must ride back with all speed to London."

The messenger bowed.

"And see the lady of the bedchamber o th queen."

"Mean you your majesty's?"

"Not that title," interrupted Elizabeth; "perhaps it is not yet mine. I doubt not your fidelity, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, but experience has made me careful of the wiles of Philip and his friends. You will see the party I have named, and if the event be true—if, indeed, I am Queen of England—demand from her, in my name, the black enamelled ring which our sister wore day and night upon her left hand. I shall then know what to believe or fear."

As soon as Sir Nicholas had bowed himself out of the closet of the speaker, her grace turned towards Cecil, and demanded if she had not acted wisely.

"Admirably, madam!" was the reply; "and this prudence argues well for your future reign. I nothing doubt but that the intelligence is correct; for three days since I knew that it was the opinion of the late queen's physicians that her majesty could not last more than eight-and-forty hours."

"'Tis possible they may have been deceived!" replied his royal mistress; "and experience warns us not to trifle in matters of such moment."

The ladies, who had been dismissed during the preceding interview, were summoned back to the royal closet—curiosity and expectation were in the countenances of all. Elizabeth received them as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

"She is queen!" whispered one; "see how her cheek and brow are flushed!"

"Her eye is troubled!" observed a second; "perhaps her sister has recovered!" A supposition which was anything but welcome to those present.

That same evening the princess retired to rest, after supping, at her usual hour.

Early the following day a deputation from the privy council arrived at Hatfield, to offer their homage to her as their rightful sovereign. There was no longer room for doubt or mistrust. The long-persecuted daughter of Anne Boleyn fell upon her knees, and, whilst the hall resounded with shouts of

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

Her lips murmured in reply:

"O Domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!"

"It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"

For several days the new sovereign remained in retirement at Hatfield House, although, from the hour her accession was officially announced to her, she entered at once upon the duties of her queenly office.

ESSAYS.

No. CXC.—POPULAR SONGS.

IN our verdant and halcyon youth, when passing through a secluded street in a provincial town, we often paused in a perfect stupor of amazement before a sturdy figure in tattered naval habiliments and with a wooden leg. Such a volume of sound could only come from the lips of a tar. It was the sea-lion out of his element, growling and roaring in dismal cadence. As we listened to the portentous utterances, we sometimes gathered some obscure references to a battle or a storm, and a consequent shipwreck; but generally the uproar was meant in honour of the exploits of one "Bill Jones," "Off the coast of Guinea land." A cat with claws was alluded to, and then came the exhortation that in those days used to stir more hearts than young ones. It was:

Up, up, all hands, and die like men.
Command or death! Shout, shout hurrah!

This adjuration was invariably responded to by a shower of pence, for which the maimed tar would always say: "Bless your honours, may you never be on a lee shore, like poor Jack!"

Then there was a little romance in the entertainment which rendered it exciting—for who could refuse to pity the sorrows of a sailor who had fought and bled for his country; but after time had brushed the dew from many an early impression, we soon discovered that the tattered clothes, the wooden leg, and the man were all cheats—the eulogist of the mutinous Bill Jones had never been, as a modern song has it,

On the waves of the white-crested main;

but had rather been thrown on the shores of credulity by waves black as midnight, and teeming with every impurity. But we also made another and more gratifying discovery: the English people had a collection of popular songs which they prized highly, and considered the perfection of sentiment clothed in music. And as this light broke more brightly on our imagination, we unhesitatingly subscribed to the opinion of that shrewd Scotchman, when he declared that if he wished to rule a people body and soul, all he would require would be to be appointed sole maker of their songs. Within our own experience we have found this opinion amply sustained. The Chartist songs convulsed the empire, and the Corn-Law Rhymers created the *furor* that sustained the Anti-Corn-Law League in its operations. In the present day our song-writers are the greatest revolutionists that ever appeared in the country. Their emigration songs are absolutely undermining the foundations of British society. So that, as the mood suits, and the subject affords room for some good-natured criticism, we will, with our readers' permission, glance at a few of the characteristics of our popular songs. When the grim "Bill Jones" flourished in the jaws of a sea sailor, and gaping crowds were invited "to drain a bowl and shout hurrah!" to his manes, the style of the songs that were popular differed very widely from the majority of those now in circulation.

We are referring to a period of fifteen years ago, and may as well explain that when we use the phrase "popular songs," we mean those songs that the people universally accepted—not to the classic music of the concert or opera. Well, fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, Dibdin had not been forgotten. All the men, from thirty upwards, exulted over the gallant deeds of our immortal naval heroes. Braham had made the "Death of Nelson" a household word; and almost every aspirant to musical honours attempted the "Bay of Biscay." The praises of "Harry Bluff" thrilled through the strong British heart:

In peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same;
So true to his love and in battle so brave!

There was no maudlin sentiment there; it was sterling homage to the thorough English seaman, and consistent with the character of the hero who, when the foe thought he had struck—

'Tried out avast!
And he did like a true British sailor!

Then there were "Wapping Old Stairs," and a score of others of the same class, but all breathing a sentiment of devotion, duty, or love. These naval songs are part of the history of England; and it would be folly on our part to say anything eulogistic of them, beyond indulging in the avowal that they always did, and we are certain always will, command our unbounded admiration.

The next class of compositions was not so numerous. The army had done mighty things, but the appreciation of them had not expanded into the enthusiasm which rewarded the deeds of Howe, Jervis, and Nelson. A nation can only have one love. With England that was the navy, and it sufficiently accounts for the paucity of the musical honours paid to the army. But the army has been unfortunate—it never had a ballad writer. The compositions that obtained any popularity were not of English growth. The modern song, "The Standard Bearer," is frightfully lackadaisical. It is the song of a love-sick minstrel—not a warrior. Yet its extensive popularity shows that if the British army had been blessed with a Dibdin, we should in this day have had a collection of military songs unrivalled for breadth, spirit-stirring energy, and pathos. Nevertheless, at the time to which we have referred, the "British Grenadiers" always obtained applause, and that celebrated monody on the death of Sir John Moore, which commences so beautifully—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried—

when well recited, was sure to draw tears from other eyes than those of beauty. "The Soldier's Tear" was also very popular; it is so still with ladies in whom early associations have not all been drowned in the cares of wedded life. The "Dashing White Sergeant" was also an immense favourite.

If I had a bean for a soldier would go,
Do you think I'd say no? Oh, no, not I!

The archness and vivacity of this composition are still appreciated; but to be well sung, the lady should be young, pretty, spirited, piquant, and—dare we say it—should never have sung—

When I heard he was married!
When I heard he was married!

The love songs of sterling merit that in that day ngered in the public esteem, were nearly all Irish, Scotch, and Welch; but "Sally in our Alley" had not yet been banished, although "Meet me by moonlight" had, for sentimental lovers, rendered the orb of night more popular than that of day. It is a sure sign of mental decay, when poets place the grand passion under the cold rays of the moon, instead of the bright ones of the glorious, life-giving sun. Commend us to the taste of Burns, in his

Oh, my love is like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June—

not to his moonlight rambles. The moon is not half so just to either party as the sun.

Among the graver songs were, "The Mistletoe Bough," "The Brave Old Oak," "The Old House at Home," &c. Glee were also in fashion, and we have frequently heard the compositions of Purcell, Calcott, Arnold, and Handel excellently sung by working men in the large towns in Lancashire. As to the comic songs, we never admired them; for we never could see in what respect they were entitled to be called comic. Their humour consisted, and still consists, in coarse allusions; but they were not so degrading then as they are now. That vile parody on Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," which concludes with an unmeaning, ridiculous chorus of

Hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,
All to fill up the farcical scene, oh!

was about an average specimen of the kind of comedy in song tolerated by the fast young men and women of fifteen years ago. And when we mention that the melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were at that time all in high repute, we think we have given a pretty clear description of the popular taste of the fathers, mothers, and old bachelors of the present generation.

Fifteen years is not a very great gap in Time; but it is wide enough to be the grave of smooth foreheads, peachy cheeks, bright eyes, and young hopes; and we sincerely regret that it has been so capacious as to have swallowed up the last vestige of the manly tone, the delicacy, sincerity, and purity of the ballads of England. The songs of fifteen years ago had the merit of being vigorous and unaffected. They were loyal to the best emotions of the heart. If they did sometimes pander to the worst passions, they did it so offensively that they disgusted even the vicious; and it should be observed, as a palliating circumstance, that they always apologised for their wickedness. This is not the case in the present day. Vice stalks forth unblushingly.

But not to anticipate. Ballad-writing has degenerated within the last fifteen years. When the English opera was banished from the stage, a mountebank Yankee usurped the vacant throne. Instead of "Love in a Village," we obtained "Jim Crow!" The antics of a nigger obtained the applauses which had previously been showered on a Stephens, a Paton, and a Braham. Other novelties succeeded—novelties!—heaven preserve society, when the effusions of emasculation are welcomed as inventions—we say other novelties succeeded; and among them, that execrable drama, "Jack Sheppard," with its invitation to thieve—"Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!" This translation of a Spanish gipsy song very soon became, as theatrical managers express themselves, "quite the rage." The negro melodies multiplied—the comic trash grew more profane—the sentimental nonsense more dismal and puling—and, as the sound, manly and womanly-hearted English drama and opera declined, the present class of popular songs crept into public favour.

Let us see what they are. The task is not very difficult. We dived into a dark shop the other day, and for sixpence obtained some two or three hundred "Songs of the Million," and after wasting upon them a precious hour, were enabled to ascertain that they ranged themselves under no less than six distinct heads—viz: The Sentimental Song, the Comic Song, the Emigration Song, the Public-house Song, the Street Song, and the Song of the Drunkard and the Profligate.

The latter class of songs is so abominable, that a bare recapitulation of them would sully our pages. The most licentious ages of Greece and Rome never produced such shocking abominations—such devilish perversions of modesty—such blasphemous outrages on human nature, law, order, and morality. And yet they are openly sung by bacchanals to bacchanals in concert-rooms licensed by magistrates, and in taverns kept open all night—where youth and age meet to "drain the flowing bowl" of maddening liquor, strengthened by copious draughts of festering depravity. We dare not proceed further, but must express our surprise at the young men of this day—the young men who have grown up under the most beneficent dispensation ever accorded to mankind—we say, we are surprised, astonished, and grieved, that young men, so well educated, so clever, and so energetic, should lend their countenance to these disgusting haunts of infamy. Cannot they exhaust their exuberant spirits in clearer places, or on meritorious objects! Why the prize-ring is a respectable place compared to the filthy concert-rooms. A manly set-to with the gloves braces the nerves and hardens the muscles. Three hours in a stifling concert-room, drinking British brandy, and giggling at the obscenities of a greasy-faced satyr in a white neckcloth, is as good as ten nails in a man's coffin. Thank Providence the young women do not, in any number, frequent these hells. Some proprietors, out of sheer shame do not admit human beings in petticoats and bonnets. We cannot call those of the sex who do go women—but others do, and the consequences to these unfortunates and society may be imagined.

But this will not bear examination, and we gladly pass on to the Street Song. Alas—alas! how quick this world of ours turns round! Everything keeps moving on until it goes quite out of sight.

The sham sailor and "Bill Jones" are no more. The wooden leg that in days of yore moved many a heart, has been chopped up for firewood. Even the sham weavers have been extinguished. We never now see a man in shirt sleeves and a white apron, with a tidy woman and three ravenous-looking children—castaways in this happy land; gipsy brats, like the deceased Bill Jones's commander, "fearing not heaven nor the other place"—we say, we never now hear this band of impoverished peripatetics warbling:

We're all the way from Manchester,
And we have got no work to do.
No work to do!

No—"they are gone from our gaze!" The new police—an excellent body—have made them move on, as honest people do, without being requested. But the vagabond fraternity survives. They haunt poor neighbourhoods, and in the dusky eve one of them may be detected in a suit of rusty black, and a pale, gin-soddened face, thrilling the hearts of sensitive servant-girls with that chivalrous modern ballad—

I'll not beguile thee from thy home,
For me thou shalt not friends resign:
[This line is given with magnanimous energy.]
Or exiled from thy kindred room,
In poverty and grief to pine.

Oh, no, no, no!

Too dearly do I love thee!

[Immense pathos, and the cook in tears.]

Three sixpences are rained from as many top windows, and the interesting rascal, after paying a casual visit to an adjoining temple of "blue ruin," glides, thief-like, into another back street, and the same farce is repeated. But the Street Song—the veritable appeal to "kind Christian friends"—has been ignored. The police have voted it a nuisance, and the performance is only casual, and conducted in bye-places, which the police have no instructions to remonstrate.

Not so with the Public-house Song. It flourishes amazingly. We do not mean the song of the salaried singer in a concert-room—but the harmony of friends, who cordially agree with a modern song-writer, that

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe is good in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we are all good fellows together!

In these pipe-and-glass coteries, "The Bay of Biscay" and "The Death of Nelson" are still patronised—but only by the "heavies"—the "steady flics"—the men who clear

off the week's score as punctually as the brewer's agent calls for cash for divers barrels of "heavy." Heavy, indeed! for it weighs down whole families, and whole streets of families. The strong man sinks under it; the weak woman wallows in its inky streams; the neglected, unwashed children, having nothing better to do, live on it, shrieking for bread. Bah! This is not the age of sentiment. That went out long ago. No doubt the new police ordered it to "move on!"

But the public-house song is generally convivial. Only hear a dozen rough voices, under the inspiration of "heavy," chorusing

Oh, vive l'amour, cigars and cognac,
Hurra—hurra—hurra—burrah!
With these we'll bivaouac!
Hurra, hurra—with these we'll bivaouac!
Hurra, hurra—with these we'll bivaouac!

and then fancy, if you can, that this is the age of mechanics' institutions, free libraries, cheap literature, railways, steam navigation, and electric telegraphs!

The shrewd Scotchman was right when he said he could lead a people by their songs; but he omitted to add which way. Now we think the songs in vogue at present are leading the people the wrong way; and we invite the attention of every discriminating mind to the character of the selections from our investment of sixpence, culled *con amore*; and as anybody can do the same by taking the same trouble, we shall not be charged with any prejudice in the matter. Read the comic songs of the day. What trash! You must find the fun—the point, as it is called—just as Sancho Panza attempted to find a pea in his pea-soup! *Par exemple*. The scene of the following is supposed to be a London eating-house; and thus, to the tune of "The Miseries of a Lord Mayor," the ballad-monger doles forth his jokes:

Let travellers boast of, and try to make most of
Far countries, their dishes, their exquisite feed;
For good accommodation—oh, England's the nation,
Where *rhino* can buy everything that you need.
This city of wonder, boasts trades out of number,
No matter the line, altogether they souze;
So just give attention, and quickly I'll mention
The humorous calls of a slap eating house!

SPOKEN: Waiter! waiter! Coming, sir, coming. What is your bill of fare to-day, eh? Beef, roast and boiled, pork, veal, mutton, ham, greens, spinach, and potatoes. Oh, is that all—well, bring me a penny worth of pudding. I say, Bill, that's a strong order—I suppose he is living on his means. I means to say, sir, you are an insulting puppy! Order, order—lay down. Waiter, where is the mutton I ordered? You have eat it, sir. Eat it—nonsense. Fact, sir—I saw you devouring it. Eh—it's all owing to my absence of mind. Waiter, let's have a pint of heavy. Yes, sir, but I hope you will think light of it if I ask you for the tip first. What do you mean, sirrah? Why, sir, it is a rule to pay the money first for liquor. Oh, then, as there is no rule without an exception, I shall resist that early demand. Hello! he! you haven't paid your score. Why the fact is, I just found I was low in the exchequer, and was running home for the cash. That is very fine, but it don't do here, cos I'm low in my prices, so tip. Then, poetically speaking, I must leave

My pocket bandanna,
For I'm minus a tanner.

Well, I have no objection to a crown's worth of silk for a sixpenny plate. Waiter, a go of wool here. Yes, sir—but you must not reveal such language here—recollect you are not at Cann's. What do you mean, old Licklish—do you want to injure my feelings? No, by no means whatsoever howsumdever. I say, Portkake, what d'ye ax for that 'ere plate of trimmings? Three-pence to you. You don't ax enough—won't you take fourpence? So all the day long, sirs, things right and things wrong, sirs, You must always expect in a grubbery house.

And this vulgar balderdash is called comic, and the author's name is duly paraded—and fools grin at it, stamp their feet, and cry "Bravo!" Then there are the senseless "nigger" melodies—the unmistakable productions of the school which introduced "Jim Crow," and enabled long-legged T. D. Rice to make a fortune by cutting capers for half an hour before the footlights. First, we have "Who's dat knocking at de door?"—a lame and impotent description of a negro hall. Then there is "Uncle Ned." Uncle Tom must have been his nephew—for we are told he died on a cold frosty morning, in the odour of sanctity, and forthwith everybody is earnestly requested to

Hand up the shovel and the hoe—
Lay down the fiddle and the bow:
There's no more work for poor old Ned—
He's gone where the good niggers go.

Where is the pathos here? A nigger is a nigger, and a white man is a white man—and no more can be made of either; and why all this bald sentiment over the decease of a black, who, in intelligence, was not far removed from an ape. As well might an old lady go into hysterics at the death of the nasty cur she had so tenderly nursed. Blacks are pets just now. There was a time when every lady of fashion had her black footman. Are we to have it again? But the mania must die out—and the sooner the better; for snivelling will never break the chain that holds the black race in bondage to the white man. When the black man at home, in the plains and valleys of Africa, acquires a knowledge and appreciation of freedom and the usages of civilisation—then, and not till then, will the black man abroad—whatever may be his condition—be placed upon an equality with the white man.

After the negro songs, both serious and comic, we come to our sentimental songs. And what in the name of common sense are they? Chiefly about love: they show love to be the most treacherous, the most unforgiving and unnatural of passions. The "Write to me," and "Yes, I will write to thee!" are painfully lackadaisical. Contrast the promise in the latter with what Burns wrote on the subject:

But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my dear,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile;

and then say whether song-writing has not degenerated. Again we have "Will you love me then as now?"—the

flimsiest of flimsy—and the "Beautiful maid of my soul," in which the despairing lover exclaims that he has often met her "On the waves of the white-crested main." Rather insecure footing, even for a pair of desperate lovers. But all modern love songs are of the same stamp. The lover in these songs, instead of following up the pursuit, sits down in a corner and cries, "Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream," or raves about "Seeing her dancing in the hall, and heeding him not." That certainly is snivelling run to seed. Again—if we come to those of a more pretentious class, we are presented to "My Beautiful Rhine," which ends with a "dori-o dori-o"—a sort of wild Indian whoop, or something between an Irish howl and a maniac's shriek. The "Shells of the Ocean" and "Let us be happy together," breathe a better tone, but they want vigour and breadth of purpose. They fail to make a deep impression on the heart. Being superficial, they only provoke temporary emotions. And the same may be said of all the modern English ballads. Slight in texture, they are only intended, like a cheap garment, to last for a season. The songs of Henry Russell may be an exception; but when he has gone, nobody will interpose, and entreat even *his* tree to be spared. The emigration songs have a more practical character. "I'm Sitting on the stile, Mary," is pathetic, and "Cheer boys, cheer," has some vigour in it—but its popularity will not endure. Written to stimulate emigration, when the emigration mania is over it will be laid on the shelf, and speedily be forgotten. Indeed, the same fate awaits all the modern songs; and in drawing attention to their lightness, their gossamer, thread-like texture, we must avow the conviction that productions so ephemeral in their character must operate mischievously. They popularise opinions that had better be suffered to die in quietness—padding to morbid idiosyncrasies—and, as in the instance of the emigration songs, unsettle the habits of our industrial population—and so materially disturb the harmony of our social structure. The melancholy by which the gravest are tinged is atheistical. It destroys confidence in the future, and, by thus blighting hope—the soul of all human energy—ill prepares those who lamely submit to adverse circumstances—those who whine when they should work—either for the exigencies of the future in this world, or a proper frame of mind for concluding the last scene of all with dignity and composure.

J. P. H.

SCENE IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CHINA.

At midnight I was awoken by the deep booming of the large drum, like subterranean thunder; and knowing there was a midnight mass, I put on my slippers and followed the sound, which proceeded from the lower temple. Entering by one of the side-doors, I took my place in the back-ground, where, unseen, I could perceive the ceremonial by the dim light of the altar, which just allowed one or two of the nearest idols to be visible, and cast pencils of light into the broad shadow of the temple, most parts of which were buried in gloom. The deep, hollow, but not loud roll of the huge drum, was answered by a gong from a distant part of the temple; the strange clanging serving at the same time to awaken the attention of the gods and to call together the worshippers.

There was the very essence of melodrama in the tone of the instruments, the gloom of the building, and the imperfectly seen monsters who lowered over the scene. Silently as spectres, from the dark aisles the yellow-robed priests glided in, some prostrating themselves, others standing with statue-like immobility, with clasped hands, and eyes bent to the ground. There was a silvery tinkle from a bell, and a chant ascended from all parts of the building, two or three hundred priests at the same time approaching the altar, and standing in an attitude of reverence. The chant swelled and subsided as the drum and gong monotonously tolled, and two hollow-sounding wooden instruments, shaped like the human cranium, were struck with sticks, to mark time. The chant ceased or varied at intervals, the priests rising and prostrating themselves, advancing to the altar in parallel lines, or in procession, till the service was completed. A more awe-inspiring scene I have seldom witnessed; and I should scarcely at the time have been surprised to hear the god answer in thunders, like an ancient oracle, to the fervent but fantastic appeal of his adorers.

It is a great misfortune that we have so little information regarding the motives of the priests and worshippers, their habits and mode of thought, the meaning of their peculiar ceremonies, and the attributes of their numerous deities. I have vainly endeavoured to obtain information: most of the Europeans I have met with seemed to be as ignorant on the subject as myself.

The Chinese themselves are incapable, generally, from their ignorance, and most of the priests know as little as the laymen—reciting prayers mechanically in Pali—a dialect of the Sanscrit—a language of which they do not understand one word; going through ceremonies with a punctilious devotion, without comprehending their object, and spending a whole life in mortification and penance, for they know not what. Great magical powers are ascribed to the adepts in Buddhism by the vulgar; and many of the priests have a reputation for necromancy—for the knowledge that could compel the services of invisible spirits—and for the power of ubiquity. This, however, is pretty much confined to the vulgar; the priests having no power in the state, and but little moral influence of any kind. Their religion, in fact, appears to be only used for superstitious purposes, and for worldly objects. No Chinaman addresses a god for any purpose but the good of his body—to propitiate any mischievous intention regarding his property—to avert sickness—and to protect him from magic, and all unknown or unseen dangers.—*Power's Recollections of China.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

UNCLE TOM'S COMPANIONS, A SUPPLEMENT TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By J. Passmore Edwards. E. Farrington, 2 Bath Street, Newgate Street.

This book takes rank with Mrs. Stowe's latest production, 'The Key' to her remarkable revelations of the horrors of negro slavery. Its contents not only prove that—

Woolly locks and dark complexion
Cannot alter nature's claim;
Skine may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same—

but tend to stimulate the Christian sentiment against the unnatural ostracism to which so vast a number of our poor black fellow-creatures are degraded. It is a volume of facts, well digested, well written, and cannot fail to do good service to the sacred cause of liberty and civilisation, for the dark as well as the fair man.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. R.—The amount of the rent has nothing to do with the character of the tenantry. Having taken the house under a verbal agreement, and paying the rent quarterly, makes you a yearly tenant.

W. R. Y.—A yeomanry regiment may be compelled to do duty in any part of the United Kingdom. That is one of the conditions under which the yeomanry cavalry are allowed to assemble in military array.

ST. CLAIR.—There is no history of Russia. There are many works extant purporting to be histories of that country, but they are entitled to as much credit as the 'Lives of the Saints,' or 'Robinson Crusoe.' Up to the commencement of the seventeenth century Russia, had no literature, no science, no civilisation. She was in a lower condition than England was under the Heptarchy.

TROUBLESOME.—The Chinese Junk was brought to this country as a speculation. It was exhibited at New York before it arrived in the Thames.

WILL SIDELER.—Calling a man a swindler is a libel—but in an action to recover damages to carry costs, special injury must be proved. As all such vulgarities tend to a breach of the peace, the utterer may be summoned before a magistrate and bound over, &c.

JO.—The frock coat is a part of the undress costume. Gentlemen who go to balls should be in full or evening dress—namely: black body coat, white vest and cravat, and black trousers. Light boots are allowed.

MARK WILD.—We stated the law correctly. We said that "Cousins, according to the law of England, being strangers in affinity, a legacy from one to the other is chargeable with a duty of ten per cent." Your quotation from the Stamp Laws—viz.: "To brothers and sisters of the father or mother of the deceased, and their descendants, five per cent." refers to legacies to a brother, a sister, or a cousin—not from a cousin to a cousin.

A LADY.—The patronage of her Majesty can only be obtained by transmitting full particulars of the book or proposal to the Lord Chamberlain. For a concert, the names of all the parties engaged in it, both as promoters and performers, the place of meeting, the prices of admission, &c., should be sent.

A. Z.—To dry straw and chip bonnets black: Boil them in strong logwood liquor three or four hours, occasionally adding copperas, and taking the bonnets out to cool in the air—and this must be continued for some hours. Let the bonnets remain in the liquor all night, and the next morning take them out, dry them in the air, and brush them with a soft brush. Lastly, rub them inside and out with a sponge moistened with oil, and then send them to be blocked.

ADAM GORDON.—We dislike what are called politics. Real politics is not yet a science. What are called politics are purely ephemeral—"They come like shadows, and so depart." The fall and rise of administrations are events of limited importance, and have very little practical influence on the present and future condition of the country. Yet it is these politics—or, in other words, squabbles and contentions for power in the state—that mostly engage the pens and support a vast army of writers, who, in a moral sense, are no better than mercenaries—for editors, like barristers, advocate the cause for which they were first retained. We being without the pale of politics, have nothing to do with this literary profligacy. Writing for and to the people, whenever we have had the opportunity, we have always elected to refer to vital questions rather than to abstract ones—to facts, not to fictions, or the dogmas of the economists; in a word, to the politics that arise out of the present and create the future condition of the country.

SAMUEL JONES asks us whether we think emigration weakens the love we ought to feel for our native land. We reply, that it totally destroys it. Respect is not love. And what feeling can a man have for the land of his birth, when he leaves it under the conviction that that country is his home in which he can procure a living? We ought not to quarrel with such a sentiment, if suggested by stern necessity; but as emigration under present influences is more a mania than a necessity, we must indulge in the regret that the foundation of all patriotism is being undermined by mercenary desires to get rich in a hurry. Love of country is the preliminary of all the other affections. It is the first step taken towards civilisation, because it is an indication of a settled industrious population. Gipsies love no land in particular, and what are they? The vagabond Arabs of Europe. And as it takes many generations to create and solidify the affection which, under a national aspect, includes love for 'The Old House at Home,' the roof-tree of ancestors, and the cosy fire-side round which the blessed domestic virtues are gathered, those who endeavour to weaken the hallowed parting incur a fearful responsibility. It is easier to destroy than build.

J. MARTIN.—Gold is only a medium. It is not wealth, *per se*; and we must say we incline to the doctrine of Hume, "that an influx of the precious metals gives great encouragement to industry during the interval which elapses before the prices of commodities are adjusted to the increased quantity of specie." This is a wise remark, for it is in the nature of money—whether as gold, silver, or any other medium—to be drawn into contracted channels. The result of the recent discoveries in California and Australia will be that England will become enormously rich, but the mass of the people will not be largely benefited. Indeed, we think the more gold there comes, the more will the rich become richer, while the poor, with swelled ranks, will remain poor, and the adjustment of the conflicting claims of labour and wealth, so earnestly desired by every profound statesman and practical philanthropist, be adjourned *sine die*. The *laissez-faire* principle will of course achieve another triumph, but it will be at the expense of the emancipation of the national sentiment as regards industry and the plodding pursuits that lead to wealth. It is the duty of a country to get wealth, but gold alone is not wealth. The products of industry are wealth, and gold is an excellent medium for their diffusion. At present this is lost sight of, and all prudential considerations are drowned in an insatiable, fevered avarice.

M. H.—You do not comprehend the true meaning of the terms speculators and speculation. The men of steady business habits lay deep and securely the foundations of success; but it is the men of suggestion and enterprise that improve upon and extend that success. Speculators, as they are termed, are the men who enlarge and create markets for industry. Knowing best how to employ time, capital, and ability, they seek out and explore new fields of industry. They study well the value of money. They know that £1000 turned over every four months, at 10 per cent. profit, will amount, in six years, to £5559 18s. 4d. And knowing this, they embark in speculations which look wild to the dull and uninitiated, but which really are based on sound calculations, and are to the wide realm of industry what a lively circulation of the blood is to the system. They serve to brace the nerves of the empire, as well as point out to its people new spheres of action, new enterprises, new engagements: and so prevent the whole mass from becoming torpid, or falling into that unequivocal symptom of decline, a state of indolence, the result, too, of safety, or too implicit a reliance on the *laissez-faire* principle. To this class the country has been indebted for those extensions of the national commerce which have occurred during the past forty years—for the adoption of those improvements and inventions in the arts and sciences, which, within the same period, have been turned to profitable purposes—and, above all, for railways, and ocean steam navigation.

LOUIS.—The last war with France was not altogether caused by political differences. The jealousies and exigencies which arise out of commerce had a great deal to do in provoking it. Commerce instinctively dreads physical force. France at that period was not a commercial country, because it did not respect commerce; and, disdaining a commercial friendship with England, and detesting and thwarting England whenever it could—in the American war, for instance—made England one of its bitterest enemies. Old grudges exasperated the mutual dislike; and, consequently, when France took Europe by storm, it was only natural that England—quite as much in defence of its commerce as for the maintenance of the balance of power as determined by treaties—should take arms and use its utmost efforts to drive back and confine France within its ancient boundaries. With such an animus on both sides, the contest that ensued was inevitable. It came. English gold and English valour fought France to retreat upon herself; and with the concluding battle at Waterloo, France received a signal chastisement, and a glorious opportunity of developing its industrial and mechanical energy. The principles of peace were vindicated, and a new era in the condition of society inaugurated. Europe, weary of the din of arms, and half-blinded by the smoke of battle, paused awhile to recruit its exhausted strength; and when quite refreshed, prepared itself for the reception of a new order of things, new modes of action, new thoughts, new impulses, and new and more practical tendencies.

LUKE.—The conversion of the Chinese to Christianity would be no small matter. The Nestorians, in the fifth century, penetrated into those remote regions, and established a church in Northern China, which endured through eight centuries; and it is supposed only fell at last through the machinations of the Jesuits. Buddhism, in its external forms, bears an extraordinary resemblance to Christianity. And we may mention, that its introduction into China is not so ancient as is generally imagined. It was in the first century of our era that this revolution occurred. In one form or another it is the religion of all the East. The principal idol in Thibet is Muha-Mooney, or the Great Philosopher; in Burmah it is Guadma; in Japan, Amida Buti; in China, Fohe—all representatives of the same personage. But Buddhism, like every other religion that has existed, has been corrupted by gross idolatries. The original Buddha was no doubt a religious reformer, like Manes, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Luther, &c. He began to preach about 2700. After his death he was deified, just as the Pope, years ago, manufactured saints. The principal tenet of the religion is the substitution of an incarnation of the divine energy, in some deified hero or sage, for the Creator of all things. The Buddhists believe that there is one God, but so completely abstract in his essence, that he is not the object either of worship, or hope, or fear—that he is even destitute of intelligence, and remains in a state of profound repose, except at times when, united to energy, he becomes possessed of volition, and creates worlds. Here is good solid ground to work upon—for, as the Chinese accept the doctrine of incarnations, the idea of the principle of Christianity would not be repugnant to their capacities or religious tendencies. Indeed, there is every prospect of China being Christianised, and its gates thrown open to the world. The leaders of the rebellion now raging in the heart of that vast and obscure empire, have proclaimed Jesus Christ as their chief apostle—or, as Buddhists phrase it, the incarnation of the Deity.

A CREDITOR.—Imprisonment for debt was an invention of the Romans. Among the Jews, in case the debt was not paid, the creditor might first seize the hereditary land of the debtor, and enjoy its produce until the debt was discharged, or at least until the year of jubilee; secondly, his houses, and thirdly, in case the houses and land were not sufficient to cancel the debt, or if it so happened that the debtor had no property of the kind, the person of the debtor might be sold, together with his wife and children, if he had any. His cattle and furniture were also, of course, liable for his debts; but in no instance do we ever find that it was allowed to incarcerate a debtor within four stone walls—and so have utterly denied him the slightest chance of redemption. No; he was told that he might purchase his liberty by his industry and economy. His labour was recognised as property, and although every form of slavery is repugnant to modern sense of right, it must be conceded that, in their treatment of poor debtors, the "eye for an eye and the tooth for a tooth" doctrine was more humane than that adopted in subsequent ages. They did not utterly crush the debtor, or shut out from him every prospect of relief; but allowed every insolvent to serve for a period, the duration of which was under his control, either to repair his misfortunes or amend his errors.

FIDELMENT writes a curious letter. She informs us that her "papa does his duty towards God and man, but she feels sad—very sad—in being truthfully compelled to say, he believes in witchcraft, fortune-telling, &c.; and, were one of the family to be ill without any apparent cause, he would at once attribute it to an 'evil wish' of some wicked person, and fly to a planet-ruler, for advice and direction. She often tells her father that all this is both sinful and untrue; but he maintains that the Evil One has agents on earth, and that we must apply to astrologers to counteract such agency." Of course his daughter is too shrewd to believe in such nonsense, but her father's credulity annoys and distresses her. No wonder—for not only is he the dupe of his own imagination, but of the greatest vagabonds and impostors to be met with. His pocket may suffer now, but the mischief may arise after his death. Supposing his will were to be disputed on the ground of insanity. Why, his whole estate might be frittered away in litigation, and his children left beggars. Our correspondent must reason with her father, and tell him that his conduct savours strongly of infidelity. Providence does not work out its ends by means of cheats and deceptions. But she must do her spitting gently, for such pagan superstitions are generally deeply rooted. Her first plan would be to place a few of the popular *exposés* of witchcraft and magic in his hands.

DEAD HEART.—Who can minister to a mind diseased? You are labouring under a morbid affection. Your grief for the loss of your mother is natural—but may it not be excessive? It must be, when you talk about retiring to a nunnery. Such weakness is flying in the face of Providence. Turning nun is about as bad as being a suicide. Houses of detention are for criminals and lunatics—not for people in the full consciousness and habit of rectitude and the enjoyment of health. Time will soften your sorrow. As the months glide away, the angel face of your mother will become to your imagination more spiritualised, and you will begin to think of her as one not here, but gone where you will begin to go when the hour comes, and the grimy phantom wills it. We should advise you to occupy your mind with some study, go frequently into society, and, if possible, spend the summer among friends at a distance or by the sea-side.

H. B.—In denouncing one corporation, you have made the mistake of including the reformed in your sweeping category. Your appreciative power is defective, and we must inform you that the corporations of England rank among the earliest and best of our national institutions. They are entitled to a large measure of credit, for their share in the gradual formation of the national character. In every age they were the great assertors of the independence of the subject, the founders of cities and boroughs, where industry and the useful arts found shelter and encouragement, and the people gently weaned from the savage pursuits of war. From the twelfth to the close of the seventeenth century, they may be said to have been the cradles of political freedom. Since that period, up to so late as 1835, they had degenerated from their primitive character, and become nests of speculation and corruption. The Municipal Reform Act, except in one flagrant instance, remedied all that, by placing all corporate affairs more directly under the supervision of the constituencies in our cities and boroughs. The single exception was that of the city of London, the mismanagement of whose affairs is so notorious, that, as at present constituted, it is a scandal and disgrace to the whole country.

H. S. M.—Government does not voluntarily establish Schools of Design. The plan on which the "governmental department of practical art" proceeds, is not the initiatory, but the co-operative. There must first be shown a desire, and a need felt for a school of drawing in a locality. Then there must be a committee of gentlemen, able to direct and control, and willing to devote their time and attention—to see to the proper and effective carrying out of the undertaking—to be responsible for the providing of suitable premises, with all the necessary fittings, gas, benches, &c., and other conveniences—or a private individual, fulfilling these same conditions. Then the government provide a master, and guarantee his salary, conditionally that the half receipts of pupils go towards the re-payment of that salary—the other half towards the expenses of the establishment. Costs and examples to students from abroad are also supplied at half their cost—thus meeting the matter half way—so guaranteeing an interest in the proper maintenance of the schools. On this principle, the institution in Wilmingdon Square, of which we have given an engraved illustration, was established. So that the government only contribute towards, instead of bearing all the expense of these schools.

BARTON.—Every inhabitant of a country, not being a criminal or pauper, has an interest at stake in that country; and of necessity should contribute towards its maintenance and security. The difficulty is, how and in what proportion that contribution shall be exacted. Shall the many, whose means are humble, pay the most—or the few, whose means are ample? Indirect taxation, being essentially on articles of general commerce and consumption, must necessarily be borne by the many; but direct taxation, which would seize on permanent and steadier sources, would fall on the vested interests and accumulations—consequently would have to be borne by the few. Now, it has always been the opinion of sound economists, that taxes should be levied on property—and as labour is property, of course it would have to be equitably assessed. But the most obvious property would of necessity be the first to be rated—and properly so: for in reality it is merely the representative of the labour, and the accumulations of the whole community. Land being the most permanent, and, from the labour bestowed on it, the most valuable property of the nation, should be the first to be taxed: therefore it has been held, that as a land-tax is the most ancient, so it is the most just of all taxes. By the same rule, a house-tax would be just; so would a tax on domestic animals, on carriages, on joint-stock companies—even a poll-tax would be justifiable. But so long as the principle of taxation remains unsettled, and revenue is collected indiscriminately from every conceivable source, the true theory of direct taxation cannot be established. It must always clash with, contradict, and render indirect taxation more inconsistent and odious.

A. G. (Coventry).—The heart of this empire is not sound. In the church, the law, and politics, there are fierce and bitter dissensions, and their consequent resentments. Our materiality is also chronically affected. Ireland is being rapidly deserted—the last days of its Celtic population are close at hand, unless its landlords borrow an idea from the Chinese, and ask the legislature to prohibit emigration, except under stringent conditions. And England, notwithstanding its amazing prosperity, has still its two millions of paupers, its half a million of vagrants, its bands of thieves, its countless masses of uneducated men, women, and children, its bigotry, its sectarian broils, its senseless political animosities, its endless conflicting claims, its rampant selfishness: These are heavy set-offs against the gold-fever and the glories of free-trade, and ought to convince us that, as a nation, we are only in the beginning. The end is in the dark, threatening future; but if the beginning is only permanently to advantage the few, it will not require any extraordinary powers of vaticination to perceive some glimpses of the end.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Cromwell (The standing army of the United States of America is under 11,000 men)—Mrs. Clara Parry (Is the author's friend; but her enthusiasm carries away her judgment. Poets are only mortals, and some of them are not very good mortals, either)—Y. Z. (We are not acquainted with the insurance office you have mentioned. Everything rests with directors)—Henry (Consult an enterprising attorney)—J. Arundel (Consult the advertising pages in the daily press)—Panurge (In the neighbourhood of Belfast)—B. Allen (A Mechanical Institution)—R. C. (After the lapse of twenty years—or, if the limitations extended so far, sixty years—the recovery of the property, however good the claim, would be exceedingly doubtful)—Myra (The London University)—James Bennett (Break stones on the highway, wheel a barrow, or delve as Adam did, in preference to taking to the stage)—Anna Matthias (Purchase a grammar and dictionary of the Swedish language, from a foreign bookseller)—Perplexity (In case of the intestacy of either your grandfather or grandmother, you could take all the real estate, and a full share, with the other sons and daughters and the children of those deceased, of the personal property)—T. J. M. (Your father, as your natural guardian, must bring the action)—T. W. G. N. (Very good noble attempts. Persevere!)

A. B.—Kate—A. Z.—Verax—J. S.—A. W. W. and S. R.—J. A. S.—Calliope—Fitz-Horace—J. H. P.—A. N. H.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[HENRY ASHTON AND ELLEN IN THE RECTORY GARDEN.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXV.

And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven more worshipped than my own.
MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

THOSE who have loved—and dull indeed has their existence been who have never experienced the absorbing, elevating passion—will imagine far better than we can describe the joy of Henry Ashton, at once more pouring forth his gushing feelings, the melodies of the young heart, into the willing ear of Ellen. The past—the cruel past—which had so severely tried them, appeared like some hideous dream—a cloud which for a moment had obscured the horizon of their happiness, then left it bright again. What brilliant prospects of the future did he not draw, as, with his arm encircling her yielding waist, they wandered once more, side by side, in the rectory garden.

As the tender flower whose delicate leaves have been weighed down by the dank dews of night, expands again at the first kiss of morning, so did the soul of the long-persecuted girl shake off the icy feeling—the dark forebodings and hopeless agony—which had oppressed it. So perfect did her present joy appear by the contrast, that more than once she mentally asked herself if it were real, and raised her timid glances till they encountered the ardent gaze of her lover, fixed upon her with manly pride and affection—a gaze which covered her still pale cheek with roseate blushes, or recalled to her lips

A smile as pure as e'er was given
By a soul redeemed, just winged for heaven.

If Ellen's heart tasted this deep, calm happiness—a happiness which virtue only knows—what were the transports of our hero? He felt like some captive who had passed hopeless years in a dark, solitary dungeon, restored to light and sunshine; or the shipwrecked mariner, who finds himself cast upon his native shore, in sight of home, wife, children, friends, instead of the bleak and unknown coast his terrors painted to him.

This feeling of happiness was not confined to the lovers alone. From the windows of the library, which overlooked

the garden, the worthy rector saw and blessed them. Several times he rose from his great easy chair to assure himself the scene was real: it was the only recompense he required for his fatigues, and the interest he had taken in their welfare—his heart would not deny him that.

"She is speaking of her uncle," he said, as he observed his adopted son kiss a tear from the eye-lid of his ward. "If it is permitted to the dead to watch over those they love on the earth, how must his good and noble spirit rejoice at witnessing the happiness he has created!"

So saying, he took up a volume of divinity, and began to read. But it would not do: his thoughts insensibly wandered to the garden, and his eyes from the page of the erudite writer to the window from which the graceful forms of the lovers were visible. The sight of them was like a gleam of sunshine to his old heart.

Henry and Ellen had much to communicate to each other. They wept tears of tender admiration and regret at the death of the noble, devoted Walter Mowbray, whom our hero persisted in regarding as the lost heir of his benefactor: a conviction which was strengthened when they reflected on the coldness, the utter want of heart, which had existed between the gallant youth and the scheming, hollow man who styled himself his father. The supposition was not an unnatural or improbable one; for who, from such a stem, would look for such a flower.

"How proud his father would have been of him!" observed Henry, with a deep-drawn sigh. "He had the qualities to win the love of all who knew him. There is one fair girl," he added, "fair and good almost as yourself, to whom life is now a blank!"

He alluded to Therese Colonna.

"I shall never meet with such a friend again!" he continued, with a sigh.

"Not as gifted, perhaps—not blessed with a mind like his, which, pure and tranquil as the lake embosomed in some verdant dell, reflected back the image, the thoughts and feelings, the noble dreams and aspirations of your own nature, Henry!" answered the fair girl; "but one as true, as faithful, you at least possess!"

Her lover regarded her for an instant with an inquiring glance.

"Joe Beans—poor faithful Joe!" she added.

"True!" replied our hero. "I was ungrateful to forget him. He was the companion of my childhood, Ellen; the depository of my boyhood's thoughts and feelings. He is true as the impulse is to nature—but not like Wal-

ter. There was a refinement in his soul which polished all who came in contact with it!"

Whilst they were thus conversing, the honest rustic had been slowly approaching the house. His heart failed him at the sight of our hero, whom he began to look up to with a vague sentiment of respect and dread. The poor fellow felt that something, he knew not what, had drawn a yet stronger line of demarcation between them. He had lost his confidence in himself—their minds were no longer equal.

To do Henry Ashton justice, he did not perceive it.

As Joe approached the spot where the lovers were standing, they were both struck by the subdued and humble air of the poor fellow. It was like that of a faithful hound at fault, expecting to be chidden.

By a simultaneous movement they both extended their hands towards him, but the heart of Joe was too full to take them.

"I want to speak with thee, Master Harry, a bit," he said, at the same time doffing his cap, with rustic gallantry, to the young lady.

"In good time, Joe! we were just speaking of you and your fidelity!"

"Of me?" repeated his friend; and his eyes sparkled with delight at the thought of being remembered by them at such a moment—but instantly became clouded again, as he reflected that he was the bearer of what might possibly prove disagreeable intelligence.

"But I bea'n't faithful," he said; "I have broken trust!"

"Broken trust!" repeated our hero; "surely you have not suffered yourself to be prevailed on to release—no, no—I wrong you in entertaining such a supposition even for an instant! Your prisoner is —"

"Still in the belfry tower," interrupted the young man, at the same time giving him a look which in former days used to be a signal between them when planning some boyish frolic in presence of the worthy farmer and his dame. Henry understood it in an instant, and, after leading Ellen to a seat, he returned to the spot where the speaker was standing.

"Now, Joe," he said, "what has occurred?"

"Your rival, Master Harry, is dead!"

"Dead?"

"It wor all my fault—indeed it wor!" exclaimed the rustic. "Constable, sexton, Ralph and I watched him all night in the old tower—the night wor a rough one!"

"But the prisoner—the prisoner?" impatiently demanded our hero.

"The Indian woman came, and made such a piteous moaning, and looked so miserable, like—entreated in such humble words to be permitted to see her foster-son, I think she called him—that somehow I could not refuse her. The fault was all mine," he added; "every bit on it mine—so you must only blame me, Master Harry!"

"I do not blame you," replied his hearer, gravely; "though perhaps I ought to have expected more caution from you!"

"I was cautious," continued his friend; "before I let her into the tower, we searched her: not a knife, or cord, or any means of mischief could we discover; besides, we were present all the time they were together!"

"And yet you say he is dead?"

"Can't understand it," said Joe; "I neither saw blow nor weapon, and yet he is dead! The only mark is a small scratch upon his neck, which must have been made by the black devil's nail; for I can take my oath she had no instrument to do it with—not even a bodkin!"

Our hero suddenly recollected that the Otomac Indians often poison the thumb-nail with the juice of the ourari, the slightest scratch of which causes death. Raleigh, who mentions it, calls it ourari: from the experiments of Verehan and Munter, it would appear that it does not kill by mere external application, but only when absorbed by living animal substance, the continuity of which has been severed; neither does it belong to the class of tetanic poisons: its action destroys the muscular power, and so causes death, although the involuntary function of the heart still continues.

Like most women of the East, he knew the ayah to be well skilled in poisons, and doubted not but he had rightly guessed the means she had employed to save her foster-son from an ignominious death.

"Heaven forbid, Joe," he said, extending his hand, "that I should blame you for listening to the pleadings of humanity—the voice of your own heart! No precautions could have prevented—no knowledge, such as you possess, could have forewarned you: he is dead, the memory of his evil deeds dies with him!"

"And you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive—human resentment ceases at the grave!"

These few words restored Joe Beans to his self-respect, and removed a weight from off his heart: never in his life had his intelligence been so completely at fault as in the death of Meeran Hafaz. In his simplicity he was inclined to attribute it to magic.

"And does thee understand it, Master Harry?"

"I comprehend it," was the reply.

"Egad, I believe thee knowest everything! Greek, after all, must be a rare thing!"

Like the good farmer and his dame, the honest fellow attributed the mental superiority, and whatever else he could not understand in the conduct of our hero, to his having studied Greek with the worthy rector.

"You had better see Dr. Orme," continued Henry Ashton; "you will find him in the library; in a few moments I will join you!"

Joe had learned from his own love passages a certain amount of tact, and felt that his presence was no longer desirable. He therefore left his young master to break the intelligence to Ellen, and, with a lighter heart than he brought with him, directed his way towards the house.

As the young man advanced to the spot where he had left the orphan, he saw from her anxious look that she half-divined the intelligence. Taking her hand in his, he gazed fondly upon her features, and whispered in her ear:

"When you pray, Ellen, there is one who will have need of intercession at the throne of mercy: and whose lips so likely to be heard as yours, whom his mad passions have bereaved of a revered parent."

"Meeran," she faltered, "dying?"

Her lover remained silent.

"Dead?"

He gently kissed away the tear that accompanied the word. Had the generous spirit of her murdered uncle beheld it, it would have smiled upon the pearly drop—pure as that which angels are supposed to shed, when they witness the errors and sufferings of poor humanity.

"Heaven pardon him!" she said; "he has sorely tried my heart!"

Her lover struggled for a moment with his feelings, but the nobler impulse of his nature prevailed; and he pronounced "Amen" to the prayer, as he led her towards the rectory.

Although much shocked, Dr. Orme was not surprised at the intelligence of the savage fidelity of the Indian nurse, and the death of Meeran Hafaz. In his long life of retirement, books had not been the only objects of his study—he had learned to analyse and peruse that more mysterious page, the human heart.

A note was immediately dispatched to inform Colonel Butler of what had occurred, and requesting that active magistrate to take the necessary steps.

That same day a letter arrived from the Duchess of Devonshire, informing our hero that Lady Mowbray and herself arrived two days previously in London. It added, that the unhappy victim of so much treachery and deceit here up-against the shock of her husband's death with more firmness than could have been expected from her bruised and tortured spirit; one hope alone sustained it—that of again embracing her son.

How strong, how beautiful is the feeling of maternity in the breast of woman! Age cannot wither it—it dwains in the heart of the young mother with the first smile of her infant, and expires only with the life of her which it spreads a charm.

On the return to the rectory, Dr. Orme referred to the letter of the duchess. He had weighed the affair in his

mind, and decided that Lady Mowbray ought at once to take up her abode at the abbey—and by such a step challenge the opinion and inquiry of the world.

"Right, sir!" said his adopted son; "you are always right!"

"I am glad you think so!" said the rector, with a smile; "since my next advice may interfere with your wishes; I am certain that it will with your feelings."

"With mine, sir?"

"Yes; you must start at once for London: duty, affection to the living and the dead, demand the sacrifice—which, painful as it is, I am certain you will make. I will give orders to place Carrow in a fit state to receive her."

Henry looked towards Ellen, as if to read in her eyes the answer he should give.

"Go!" she whispered; and the tremulous sound of her voice and slight quiver of her lip showed how deeply she felt the sacrifice. "Not even the shadow of a reproach must rest upon our hearts! Go, Henry—I will pray for your return!"

Honour, gratitude, duty, all impelled him; yet it was not till after a severe struggle that he decided upon obeying the united wishes of the rector and the orphan. After such an absence—so many sufferings—it seemed hard to part. True, the image of Meeran no longer rose like an ill-omened shadow between him and his affianced bride; but love is the most ingenious of tormentors: it conjures a thousand ills and dangers when separated from the object of its choice.

"I will go!" he said, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but never till this hour did the path of duty appear so rugged and so strewn with thorns."

It was arranged that the speaker should start the following morning, and accompany Lady Mowbray and the duchess back to Carrow.

When the faithful housekeeper heard of the intended visit of the wife of her late master to the abbey, she declared that, let who would receive her, she would not set a foot within the walls while she remained. It was not till after a long explanation from Dr. Orme that she consented to change her resolution. Like the rest of the world, she deemed Lady Mowbray the guilty, not the deceived and outraged wife of her late venerated master.

There was one person—and one alone—to whom the absence of Henry Ashton was a source of relief—the Khan: it postponed the meeting and the explanation he had so many causes to dread.

When our hero arrived in London, he found that Colonel Mowbray had made application to the Chancellor to recover the guardianship of Ellen, and had instructed his solicitor to commence proceedings touching the estates of his late brother. The will was to be disputed upon the grounds of insanity and undue influence. Under these circumstances, he wrote, by the advice of the duchess, to request the presence of the rector and Ellen.

The trials of the lovers were not over yet.

When Joe Beans returned to the prison-chamber in the belfry tower of Carrow Church, he found the ayah, who had carefully arranged the body of Meeran Hafaz, crouching like a thing of sorrow at the head of the corpse. Her tears—and it was no slight anguish which could draw them from her iron nature—fell fast upon the features of her foster-son, which even in death retained their characteristic expression of pride and resolution.

The heart of the poor fellow smote him, as he saw the desolation of the Indian woman in a strange land. He was touched, too, by her fidelity, and began to offer well-meant expressions of consolation and pity.

"Pity!" replied Zara, with fearful calmness; "think you I live for pity?"

"For repentance, I hope!" replied the sexton, who, with the constable and Red Ralph, had remained during the absence of Joe, to watch.

"Could repentance wash out the past—recall the life-blood to his cheeks—the hope to his young heart—I would repent—endure through all eternity the fakir's living death, and bless my bed of torture—but that cannot be! He is dead!" she added, wildly; "the pride of his mother's heart—the light of these sad eyes—with none to weep for him—none to mourn, or honour his remains, except the Indian nurse!"

"What did 'ee kill un for?" demanded Ralph.

The ayah disdained reply—for she felt that her reasons were past their comprehension. But she cast a glance upon the forward boy, which caused him involuntarily to retreat behind his companions—it resembled that of a roused tigress.

"Where is the man," she asked, addressing herself to Joe Beans, "who called himself the friend of my poor boy—who shared his wealth—the subtle plotter—the prudent devil who contrived this mischief?"

"Mean you Colonel Mowbray?" said the rustic.

"Are there two such men?" replied the ayah, bitterly.

"He has started for London."

"No matter!" she answered; "he cannot escape his doom! Why should I think of him, when the ashes of the last descendant of India's princes require my care? I must forth," she said, starting to her feet with sudden determination, "to prepare the balm and spices!"

"You cannot leave!" exclaimed the constable, barring the passage between her and the door.

Zara smiled contemptuously, and extended her hand.

"You are my prisoner—at least till the inquest is over, and the surgeons have examined the body! In my mind, Master Chettleborough," he added, addressing the sexton, "it bea'n't a natural death! There be something like witchcraft in it!"

At the allusion to what she considered the profanation of the body of her foster-son, Zara forgot her revengeful purpose, which, after all, would have fallen on a poor, simple fellow who was but performing his duty.

"Never," she murmured to herself—"never shall the hand of the scorned touch it! Zara will balk their impotent malice!"

As the resolution formed in her brain, she cast her eyes around the chamber to consider the means of accomplishing her purpose. It was taken in an instant.

"When will this thing take place?" she demanded.

"Most likely to-morrow, before the crowner's quest," replied the sexton.

This was enough: she had the night before her—sufficient time to mature her plans.

"And now," she said, addressing Joe Beans, "I have a favour to request—the last I shall ever ask!"

The young man looked doubtfully. He remembered how she had baffled his vigilance the preceding night.

"It will not cost you much," she continued, "to grant it. I sue because I have no wish to command it."

"Command it?"

"Ay, command it!" she repeated. "I am armed with that your coward natures shrink from—death! Leave me with the dead. I would watch the remains of him I nurtured at my breast—perform the last rites due to his memory and his race! The first step which for six hours shall cross this threshold, shall never re-cross it living! Fools!" she added, seeing that they were still undecided whether to refuse or grant her wish; "have you so soon forgotten the fate of him you were set on to guard?"

"She bea'n't no human thing!" observed the sexton, with a shudder. "I have been familiar with the grave all my life, but this woman is more terrible than the grave!"

The constable was of the same opinion, and both declared that they would keep watch in the chamber below; but that no inducement should prevail on them to remain in the same place with the corpse of the young Indian and its terrible guardian.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Joe, "then I must remain alone!"

"Doan't 'ee, Mr. Beans! doan't 'ee!" said Red Ralph, pulling him by the skirt of his shooting coat. "I told 'ee when I fust see'd her at Cromwell House, that the black 'ooman wor no good!"

The deliberations of the speakers were broken in upon by a loud knocking at the lower door of the belfry. All four descended to ascertain the cause, leaving the ayah alone with the body of Meeran. No sooner was the Indian woman disembarassed of their presence, than she raised the remains in her arms as tenderly as a mother would have lifted the corpse of her first-born child, and, with a strength few would have imagined her capable of exercising, carried it up the ladder which communicated with the bell-chamber above. As soon as she had accomplished this she drew the heavy ladder after her, and let down the trap-door—a precaution by which all communication was sundered between the upper and lower parts of the belfry tower.

The bell-chamber, like most similar places in country churches in England, had for years been used as a receptacle for the various odds and ends—such as worn-out grave-planks, broken pew-panels, and old hassocks—which accumulate with time. With these Zara hastily constructed a species of pyre between the massive oaken beams which supported the great bell of Carrow. When, after considerable labour, she had accomplished her purpose, she placed the inanimate remains of her foster-son upon the pile, and, loosening the veil which hung at the back of her head, prepared to spread it as a covering over him.

"Not yet!" she sobbed; "not yet! One moment to human love—to human weakness! So," she said, apostrophising the corpse, "they would profane thy remains—like the ravenous jackal, insult the dead! Never! never! Farewell," she added, "if there be a land in which the spirits, freed from the trammels of the flesh, meet and commune, thy nurse shall soon rejoin thee! Thy funeral pile shall have a living victim! If Zara betrayed, she at least will perish with thee!"

With these words she leant over the dead, and imprinted a kiss on the pale but still haughty brow of Meeran Hafaz. Then, taking up two pieces of wood, which she had purposely selected, she began rapidly to rub them together, in the Indian fashion, in order to procure fire wherewith to consummate the sacrifice. Although the process was a tedious one, her strength never flagged. The dry wood began slowly at last to smoke and emit faint sparks—which the ayah no sooner perceived than she commenced the death-song, which she continued to sing till they burst into a bright blaze.

"At last!" she exclaimed, with a smile of triumph; "at last!"

Without a moment's hesitation, or betrayal of weakness, she firmly mounted the pile she had so laboriously reared, and, taking the head of Meeran in her lap, applied the torch. The wood being for the most part rotten and extremely dry, it was soon in a blaze.

"Burn!" she said, as she continued to fan it with her hands, "till of the living and the dead no vestige shall remain save their mingled ashes! Pride of my soul! light of my eyes!" she continued, addressing the body; "thy nurse has not strewed thy pile with the precious spices and the balm of India; but it shall yield a more costly perfume than rajah's pyre ever gave—the incense of a devoted, faithful heart!"

Voices were heard below, entreating her to descend—to let down the ladder. They were those of Colonel Butler, Joe Beans, and the sexton, who from the churchyard had witnessed the smoke and flames issuing through the boarded windows of the bell-chamber. Zara heeded them not, but with a calm air, unmoved by the scorching flames which had already enveloped her person, continued her lament over the remains of her foster-son, till her voice became choked. Even then her eyes continued to gaze

upon him. The last look which fell upon the features of Meeran Hafaz was one of love, devotion, and agony.

Long ere the villagers could arrive with assistance, the desperate act was accomplished: both were ashes.

CHAPTER CXVI.

Revenge—the attribute of gods. They stamped it
With their great image on our natures.

VENICE PRESERVED.

LIKE many desperate gamblers, who have lost and are bankrupts alike in character and fortune, Colonel Mowbray, by the advice of his better half—alas! that a bad, evil-minded woman should be termed the better half of man—resolved to risk everything upon a last stake. Although the guardianship of Ellen was indisputably vested in Dr. Orme, his mode of exercising it had violated a standing order of the Chancellor's, who was one of the greatest formalists that ever sat upon the woolsack, and was likely to decree that the orphan should be restored to the care of the guardian he had appointed, before he would consent to hear any petition upon the subject. The precious pair both calculated that if they could obtain possession of the person of their victim only for a day, they might make what terms they pleased with the rector and her friends; added to which there were the law's delays, and the chapter of accidents that might arise.

The return of Lady Mowbray to England promised to be a source of greater embarrassment to her unworthy brother-in-law than even the will of Sir William or the guardianship of his niece.

Whilst proceedings were pending, the time approached for the trial of Will Sidelar—and Henry and the rector were compelled to leave for Norwich, as their evidence would be required on the occasion; but this time our hero left the object of his affection with a less saddened spirit: he left her an inmate of Devonshire House, under the protection of the generous duchess, and the affectionate care of the widowed Lady Mowbray, around whose heart the orphan had already twined herself.

For awhile we must leave them, and pursue the current of our narrative.

We feel assured that our readers have not forgotten Mat Cows, the hangman, whom we left slowly recovering from the effects of the very severe injuries he had received on the night of the warren's escape from Newgate. Although neither a very amiable nor interesting personage, Mat stands out in relief, like a streak of red light in one of Martin's strangely fascinating pictures—the very terror which he inspires, invests him with a dark and dreamy interest.

"Well, Mat," said one of the keepers—the same who had been so cleverly imposed upon by the liberality and pretended piety of old Davids—"have you heard the news?"

"Is he taken?" demanded the vindictive little wretch, raising himself with difficulty upon one arm from the bed in the infirmary where he was lying.

The turnkey nodded in the affirmative.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mat, with a chuckling laugh, which sounded something between the hiss of a serpent and the whine of the hyena. "I was sure he would be—for I have dreamed of it every night; and my dreams generally come true! When will he be back?"

"Not at all!"

"Not at all!" repeated the executioner, with a look of disappointment; "what do you mean? They can never intend to let such a villain escape: he has half murdered me, robbed me, compelled me to pay a substitute to perform my duty! Well, well," he added; "I tell you that the crown itself won't be safe, if they don't protect the hangman!"

"I believe you," said the gaoler, who was not singular in his opinion—since most of the judges of the land shared it with him.

"Do speak out!" continued Mat, with impatience, which was displayed more particularly in the clenching and opening of his hands than by word or look. "I can't bear suspense—it's worse than certainty! Ask any of my subjects," he added, "if they don't find their minds much more comfortable after they are condemned than whilst they are kept in doubt."

"Well, then," continued his visitor, "I will tell you. Notice has come to the governor, from the Home Office, that Will Sidelar, the prisoner who lately escaped from Newgate, has been re-taken, and committed to Norwich Castle by the magistrates, to take his trial for the murder of a Sir William Mowbray. So, you see, as he was only here upon a charge of attempted murder, and they have got him upon one for a murder actually committed, they have a right to keep him!"

"Then he won't be brought back to Newgate?"

"No!"

"Then I will go to him!" exclaimed Mat, with a look of dogged determination. "I once officiated for Lane—the name of his brother executioner at Norwich. 'One good turn deserves another!' He must return the compliment."

"What do you mean?" demanded his visitor.

"That I should not rest in my bed," replied Mat Cows, savagely, "if any one else were to hang him!"

"But you are ill!"

"I shall soon be better!" growled the ruffian. "I feel I shall: the news you have brought me has done me more good than all the doctors' stuff I have taken!"

"Don't be foolish, Mat!" said his visitor; "revenge is a luxury which poor men can't afford!"

"Can't they?" chuckled the hangman, with a cynical smile; and he thought upon his wife and her paramour; "somehow they do contrive it! When does the trial take place?"

"In ten days!"

"And who tries him?"

"Lord Chief Justice Shark."

"Then he is sure to hang!" exclaimed Mat, with savage joy. "I would not give a rope's end for his chance of escape! I have often watched the old man in court—noticed the working of his brows, and the twinkle of his cold, grey eyes—as he has seen the prisoner entangled deeper and deeper in the meshes of the law. It's my belief," he added, "that if he had not been made a judge, he would have put up for hangman!"

The official laughed heartily at the graphic description of the distinguished personage of whom they were speaking, who was known amongst his brethren of the *coif* by the *soubriquet* of the "Hanging Judge!"

Mat Cows kept his word. Five days before the opening of the assizes, he started by wagon for Norwich. Little did his fellow-travellers dream that the decrepid, quiet little man, who whiled away the tedious hours of the journey by merry tales and jests, was the dreaded finisher of the law—the being to whom outraged society delegates the awful privilege of taking the forfeit life of his fellow-creatures!

Although the court-house, as may be supposed from the interest created throughout the county by the murder of Sir William Mowbray, was densely crowded, the executioner contrived to find a seat in one of the galleries, in a direct line with the felons' dock. He had come with the evident intention of enjoying himself; for in the little basket beside him were a paper of sandwiches, and a bottle of his favourite beverage—gin-and-water. Could he have added a pipe, his felicity would have been complete.

Johnson, the gaoler, and his assistants, brought the prisoners into the dock several minutes before the judge had taken his seat upon the bench, with the very proper feeling of gratifying the public curiosity by the sight of them.

Sidelar—upon whom every eye was fixed the instant he made his appearance—looked round the court with a bold, hardened stare. The confidence of his lawyer had given him hope: the man of law did not think it probable that a jury would be found to condemn him on no other evidence than that of poor old Martin, whose mind at times was still apt to wander, and whom he had instructed counsel to treat as a madman. The only awkward circumstance was the prisoner's confession; but as that extended no further than acknowledging that Meeran Hafaz had tempted him to commit the crime, he fancied it might be got over.

The character of the judge he considered as the principal danger: he seldom summed up in favour of an acquittal.

The moment the warren made his appearance in the felons' dock, Mat Cows fixed his eyes upon him with a look of intense hatred. There was something at once fearful and mocking in their expression—they seemed to say: "I shall have you yet!" No sooner did the prisoner catch his snake-like glance, than the bold, confident look was exchanged for one of hopeless fear. Cold drops of perspiration started on his brow. Almost every one present noticed his agony and terror; but none suspected the cause. His tormentor nodded and smiled, and enjoyed his confusion highly.

"Here—here!" said Sidelar, beckoning his lawyer to him.

The gentleman left the table, where he was busily occupied in giving instructions to the counsel.

"What is it?" he whispered, impatiently—for he did not feel over-pleased at being brought thus publicly in such familiar contact with a person in the equivocal position of his client.

"You see that man?" said Sidelar between his teeth, at the same time pointing to his quondam acquaintance.

"Yes."

"He must be removed!"

"Removed!" repeated the astonished lawyer. "Upon what pretence? Is he a witness?"

"No."

"Then, my dear sir, it will be impossible to remove him, unless, indeed, he misconducts himself—when of course it will be at the discretion of the judge or sheriff. Really this is not the time to trouble yourself or me about such fancies!"

"I tell you he must be removed!" continued the prisoner, with yet greater earnestness. "I can't be tried if he is here—I won't! The very sight of him drives me mad!"

"But why he in particular?"

"It is the hangman!"

Exhausted by the agitation the sight of that respectable functionary had caused him, the speaker covered his face with his hands.

The man of law raised his glance, and regarded Mat Cows attentively. The little man returned his gaze with steady, imperturbable gravity: he had a great respect for members of his profession: they were the best friends he had, he used to boast.

"Hem! ah! indeed! rather singular!"

"Horrible—horrible!" murmured the murderer.

"My dear sir, I must confess that the circumstance is a little unusual," replied the lawyer; "but do not let it affect you. In the hands of a clever counsel, like my learned friend Sergeant Gork, whom I have engaged to conduct the defence, it may be made available. I see—touching appeal to the jury—thrill of horror in the box—sympathy of a crowded court! Unlucky, though," he mentally added, "that the crown side have the right of a reply!"

It was unlucky, as the sequel proved.

During the trial, the warren steadily averted his gaze from his enemy: it was only when some important point—favourable or otherwise—was cited in evidence, that his glances occasionally met, and then only for an in-

stant—for the countenance of the hangman wore its invariable sarcastic expression.

The indictment having been duly read, and the prisoner called upon to plead, he answered:

"Not guilty!"

"Hem—hem!"

"How will you be tried?"

Sidelar replied, with the usual formulary:

"By God and my country."

"God send you a good deliverance!" answered the clerk of the arraigns, in his usual matter-of-fact tone, as he handed the indictment and sundry other papers to the judge.

This time, instead of the "hem," a faint chuckle was heard in the crowded court; none knew, save the warren, whom it proceeded from: he felt that it was from his enemy, Mat Cows.

The servants having duly deposed to the finding of the body of Sir William, Martin, the groom, was at last called. In consideration of his age and sufferings, the judge ordered him a seat. The old man entered the court leaning on the arm of Joe Beans.

Dr. Orme, Colonel Butler, and our hero, who were seated on the bench, fancied that they detected a wandering expression in the eye of the witness, and doubted whether the crowded court and the novelty of the scene might not confuse his scarcely recovered recollection. They were mistaken: never was his intellect more clear—his memory more perfect. At his own request, Joe—previous to starting for the city—had taken Martin, at an early hour, to visit his favourite place of meditation in the stables, as the old man used to say he could reflect and think better there.

Deliberately and distinctly he gave his evidence, and clearly identified Will Sidelar as the murderer of his master. The countenance of the learned Sergeant Gork looked blank as he heard him; whilst that of the hangman, on the contrary, became hideously redolent of smiles.

The evidence being concluded, the learned sergeant commenced his cross-examination for the defence.

"How long have you known the prisoner at the bar? Look at him, sir, and recollect you are upon your oath!"

"Man and boy nearly fifty years, I should say!" replied Martin.

"You were formerly fellow-servants?"

"Yes."

"And rivals?"

"Yes."

"Rivals!" repeated the sergeant, with an air of considerable satisfaction at having elicited that important admission. "You hear, gentlemen of the jury, the witness admits that they were formerly rivals! I thought I should arrive at the truth at last!"

Although there had been neither hesitation nor wish to conceal it, the man of law chose to make a point of the admission, as if it had been wrung from Martin by his tact.

"Now, sir," continued the sergeant—"and again I must remind you that you are upon your oath—and painful as it is, I feel it to be necessary—but where the life of a fellow-creature is at stake, I shall never shrink from my duty. What was the cause of the prisoner's dismissal from the service of the late Sir William Mowbray?"

"Perhaps," said the witness, with reluctance, "you had better inquire that of the steward!"

Here Sidelar whispered a few words in the ear of his lawyer, who was standing close by the dock. The worthy gentleman instantly made his way to the table, and endeavoured to attract the attention of the sergeant by pulling the sleeve of his gown. But Gork, fancying that he had obtained a point, paid little attention to the intimation. It was his forte to browbeat a witness, and he fancied that he had found an occasion to display his peculiar powers.

"I shall do no such thing, sir!" he said. "Pretty idea, indeed—that a witness is to dictate to counsel what questions they are to put, and to whom! The gentlemen of the jury," he added, turning and addressing the box in one of his most insinuating tones, "will doubtless know how to appreciate your answer! I repeat it—why was the prisoner dismissed from the service of the late Sir William Mowbray?"

"For drawing a knife upon me in a quarrel," said the witness, mildly, "and wounding me!"

The reply produced a most unfavourable impression against the prisoner throughout the court, and excited a sympathy with poor old Martin, who evidently had not wished to bring his own injuries to press upon a fallen man. A faint chuckle was once more heard. The sheriff commanded silence. Again the eyes of the hangman and Will Sidelar met: the latter already felt that he was a doomed man.

"Ha! hem!" uttered the man of law. "Very generous, no doubt! We all have heard of affected generosity! Have you any witnesses of this most extraordinary fact?"

"Yes."

"Name them?"

"Mrs. Jarny, the housekeeper at Carrow, and Nicholls, the butler," said the groom; "besides the evidence of the surgeon who dressed my wounds. I see the gentleman in court," he added. He pointed, as he spoke, to Dr. Martineau, who was seated upon the bench.

"I think, brother Gork," said the learned judge, leaning over his desk, "that it would be better for you to abandon that line of defence!"

The sergeant coloured deeply: he felt that he had involuntarily prejudiced the case of his client.

Again there was a chuckle.

"Silence!" said the sheriff, looking angrily around.

All that ingenuity could suggest to shake the evidence of Martin, or confuse his recollection, was in vain essayed by the man of law; but the old man stood the test. Only

or twice, indeed, he raised his hand to his brow, as if suffering from extreme pain, and paused before he answered; but when the answer came, it was firm and clear. Nothing could move him.

"You admit," said Gork, making a last effort, "that you have a vindictive feeling against the prisoner at the bar?"

"None!"

"Not for his having rivalled you?"

"No! The girl we both loved is dead! Her body was found in the river below Carrow Point!"

"Nor for the wounds which you say he gave you?"

"Still less," replied the old man; "on my own account, I can forgive him the injuries he has done me! My lord," he added, feeling for the arm of Joe to assist him to rise, "from childhood I was the servant of the noble family of the Mowbrays. I ate their bread—I hope with a grateful heart! I was trusted, respected, and, if a poor fellow may presume to say so, almost loved by them! I would have died to prove my gratitude! It has been the will of heaven that I should live to serve them! Will your lordship permit me to ask one question?"

"Certainly!" said the judge, not a little struck by the speaker's venerable appearance and untaught eloquence.

"Has your lordship perceived, in the manner in which I have given my evidence, any desire to tamper with the truth?"

"Not in the least!"

"Go on, sir!" said the witness, addressing Gork. "I am ready—quite ready, now—to answer any question you may propose."

"Excellent!" whispered one or two of the counsellors, who highly enjoyed the discomfiture of their learned brother.

"My lord," said the sergeant, bowing respectfully towards the bench, "although the question and answer are somewhat unusual, I rejoice that this little episode has taken place, since it gives me the opportunity of setting the animus of the prosecution in its true light."

"You forget, brother, that the prosecutor in this case is the crown!" observed his lordship, gravely; "which, in a case of murder, cannot be supposed to entertain any animus favourable or otherwise to the prisoner."

"You, my lord, have doubtless observed, as well as myself and every other member of the bar, that the grave proceedings of this day have been several times interrupted—grossly interrupted, I may say—by an unseemly mirth, which has doubtless surprised your lordship as it has me. But that surprise will be changed into indignation, my lord, when I inform you that the interruption has proceeded from no less a person than the hangman, who has been brought down—purposely brought down—to confuse, terrify, and annoy my unfortunate client, whilst on a trial for his life!"

"That's a lie, my lord!" exclaimed Mat Cows, starting from his seat. "I ain't been brought down; I came of my own accord!"

After the confusion had a little subsided, the speaker was taken into custody by one of the officers of the court.

Every glance was directed towards him—but he bore it unshrinkingly.

"What is the meaning of this indecent interruption?" demanded his lordship.

"I ain't made no indecent interruption!" replied Mat; "none whatsoever! I knows better, my lord!"

"What brought you here?"

"Friendship, my lord!" said the hangman; "prisoner and I were very intimate in Newgate—weren't we, Will?"

The prisoner shuddered.

"I think, my lord," observed the counsel for the crown, "that I can throw some light upon the subject. The unfortunate man at the bar lately escaped from Newgate, where he was confined upon a charge of attempting to commit a murder upon the person of a respectable gentleman, the lawyer of the late Sir William Mowbray."

"Another murder?"

"Yes, my lord," continued the learned barrister; "in the event of an acquittal upon the present charge, an officer is in waiting to take him into custody upon the previous one."

Mat Cows smiled and chuckled.

"Sit down, sir!" said the judge, with a half-amused, half-angry air; and no more interruption!"

"Certainly, my lord!" said Mat; "we know how to behave on these occasions!"

Lord Shark looked for an instant intently at the speaker, as if to discover whether the we, which caused a titter amongst the members of the bar, had been intended as a piece of peculiar impertinence or not; but Mat's countenance remained unmoved.

The trial was continued.

Despite the very eloquent pleading of Sergeant Gork, the evidence was too strong: the jury, after a brief hesitation, brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Once more, and for the last time, the chuckle of the hangman was heard; but before the order "which the sheriff gave to take him into custody could be acted on, Mat Cows had left the court.

In passing sentence, the judge held out no hope of mercy. The prisoner, stupefied and overwhelmed with terror, was led from the dock by the gaolers.

That same evening our hero, Dr. Orme, and Lawyer Elworthy returned to London.

The news of the warrener's condemnation was speedily known at Carrow. Many rejoiced—none pitied him. When Red Ralph heard the news, he danced and grinned for joy: he had long promised himself the pleasure of seeing the execution of his enemy.

Joe Beans, who witnessed his unseemly mirth, shuddered and reproved him: his nature was too manly to rejoice at the sufferings even of a wretch like Will Siderer,

In the good old hanging days of George III., but four-and-twenty hours were by law allowed between the sentence and the execution of a murderer; although the humanity of the judge, or the contrivance of the sheriff, by arranging that the trial should take place upon a Friday—as in the present instance—gave the condemned wretch the respite of one day—Sunday. To the warrener the boon was an additional torture—not an act of mercy: he had so many hours longer to endure the load of life.

On his return to his cell, he stormed and cursed; his despair and execrations were fearful; even the turnkeys who watched him, accustomed as they were to scenes of misery and despair, were unnerved by his fearful blasphemies, which drove the respectable chaplain, who visited him soon after his condemnation, from the cell, in terror and disgust.

"Such a case, I fear, is hopeless!" said the venerable man, to Mr. Johnson, the governor, who had accompanied him.

"Not so," replied the experienced official; "return to-morrow, reverend sir: such passions generally exhaust themselves. To-morrow you will find him as eager to receive your consolations as to-day he is reckless and insolent. It is your cold and sullen criminals that die the hardest."

The event proved that the speaker was right.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

AWAY to the Alps!

For the hunters are there,

To rouse the chamois,

In his rock-vaulted lair.

From valley to mountain,

See!—swiftly they go—

As the ball from the rifle—

The shaft from the bow.

Nor chasms, nor glaciers,

Their firmness dismay;

Undaunted, they leap

Like young leopards at play

And the dash of the torrent

Sounds welcome and dear,

As the voice of the friend

To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music

Of hound or of horn—

The neigh of the courser—

The gladness of morn.

The blasts of the tempest

Their dark sinews brace;

And the wilder the danger,

The sweeter the chase.

With spirits as strong

As their footsteps are light,

On—onward they speed,

In the joy of their might:

Till eve gathers round them,

And silent and deep—

The bleak snow their pillow—

The wild hunters sleep.

DRESS THE INDEX OF CHARACTER.

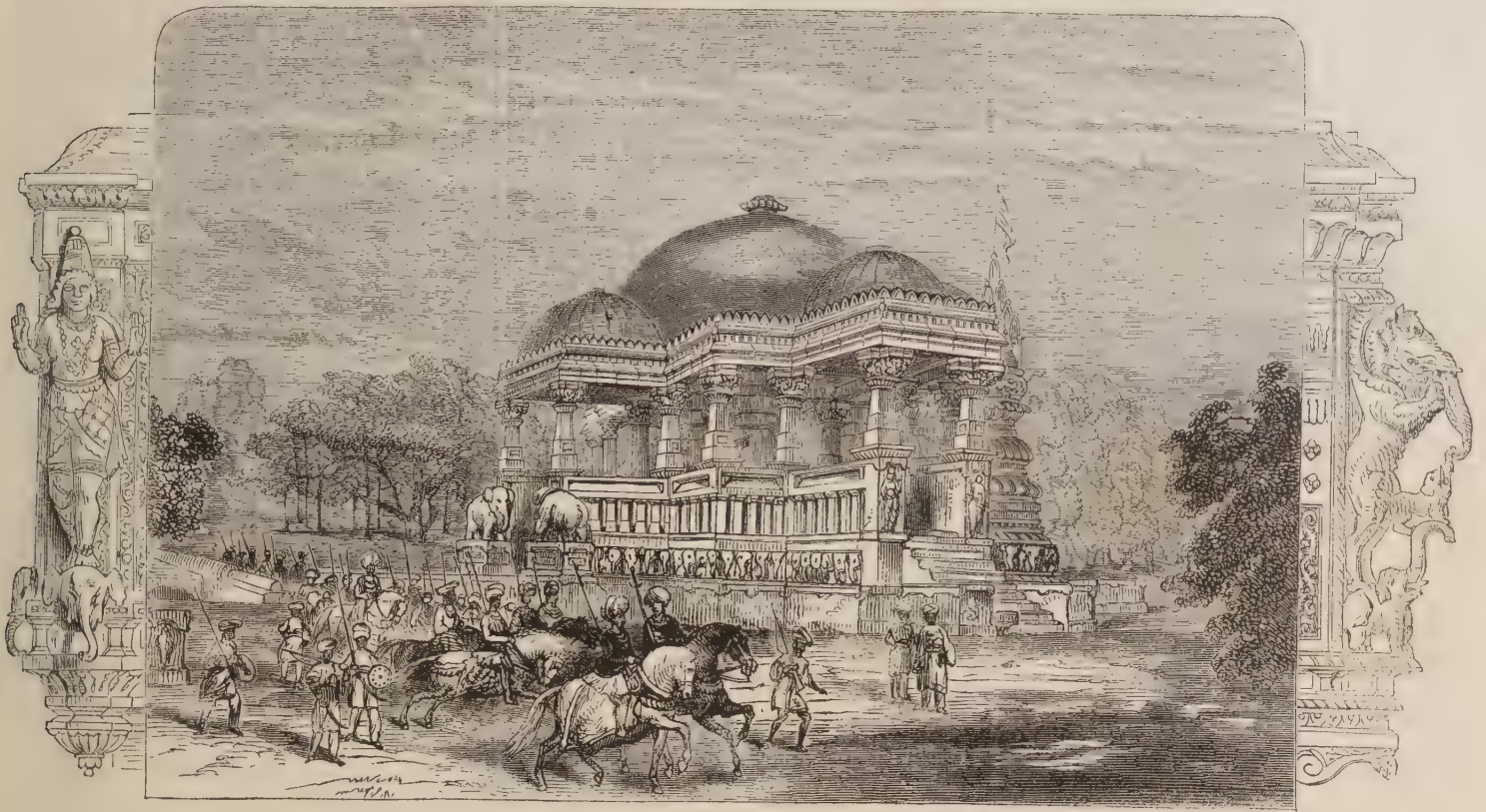
BEING comfortably seated in my easy chair (I hope you know the delight of a pet chair, destined to receive you after the business of the day, reader), having vigorously poked the fire, and felt the influence of its bright, cheerful flame, I feel disposed to be confidential. Dear reader, I have a weakness: an irresistible habit of tracing peculiarities of character in peculiarities of dress, and of weaving little prophetic webs, touching the victims of my observation. One of our greatest historians says, "Dress is characteristic of manners, and manners are the mirror of ideas." Aided and abetted by this wholesale view of dress, I am surely justified in applying it individually; and may therefore confess, without fear, that, as I lately found myself in the somewhat mixed society of a railway station platform, I caught myself passing sentence upon sundry personages—great and small, handsome and ordinary, interesting and common-place—after the mature observation contained in about one second of time.

Among those who more particularly arrested my attention was a young man, with very thin-soled cashmere boots, tipped at the toes with leather an inch and a half high; with very tight-fitting French kid gloves, of the most delicate primrose—one of which, by-the-bye, was merely held in a hand, on which figured two immense rings; with a watch-chain which might have bound Hercules, without a shadow of a doubt about keeping him in safe custody; with coat-sleeves which would have enabled him to kidnap and conceal two babies with the utmost facility (had such been his wish); and with a neck-tie—reader, I acknowledge my descriptive powers fail in the sublime task of giving the faintest idea of it. Judging from its length of ends, and magnificence of fringe, it must have belonged to his maternal grand-parent, in whose days scarfs were worn (by ladies), possessing extremities of a very wonderful combination of colours. The great problem contained in this article of dress was, by what means the prodigious length of end could stand out so straight and stiff; and my suggestive powers alternately gave to paste, glue, and wire the credit of the marvel; but to this hour there remains a consciousness of sad ignorance touching this interesting article. Every moment was the eye of its wearer glancing at his own apparel, and at intervals of about two minutes he sauntered past a window in which was a reflection of

himself, and, at every glimpse, there was a little arrangement of his neck-tie, hat, or coat-collar. Nobody likes to expose his evil passions; and, for this reason, I shall skim slightly over my immediate antipathy to this dandy, and how anxiously I watched parties laden with luggage, in hope of seeing some particularly heavy one step on the tips of those exquisite cashmeres. My estimate of his character was soon made, and as I again glanced at him to verify my opinion, a touch of sadness came over me, and dispersed my indignation to the winds. For what can be so mournful as to see man—glorious, strong-minded, brave-hearted man—sunk down to a mere caricature; his high capabilities and resistless energy lying dormant, and no stronger desire in existence than to make his outward man look like a fop? Plainly, as if given by a pen of iron, I saw the story of guilty nothingness, of a space in the chain of intellect, of an aimless, powerless mass of matter, wherein should have shown forth the image of his Maker. I saw, in what should have been the bright flame of laudable ambition, an eager desire merely to have his apparel admired. Where should have been that Godlike virtue, an interest in every fellow-man, there was the mean and idiot worship of self, and self only. Where should have been sympathy and love and self-denial, there was a dark cavern, where the spirit of self-gratification swayed its consuming sceptre. The rays of futurity seemed to approach me, and I felt he would charm the eye of a parent-neglected, ill-educated, silly woman, who would see in foppish elegance, who would imagine his weak, lisping voice to be indicative of tenderness, and be tempted to unite her destiny with his; little dreaming his attraction was *her fortune*; his idol *himself*. I saw the holiest ties profaned—the most solemn promises violated—the most ardent professions forgotten—and the dandy sauntering in the parks in the extreme of fashion, while at home was his heart-broken wife hastening to her last long home.

Another who attracted my notice formed as great a contrast as it is possible to conceive. His coat was not only of the roughest material, but minus a button, and displaying proofs of not having recently come in contact with a brush. As he paraded the platform with a careless, almost contemptuous step, a nearly new but unbrushed hat was occasionally lifted from his head, and a well-shaped hand thrust through a luxuriant, but rough crop of dark hair. A somewhat faded woollen scarf was twisted so untidily round his throat, as to suggest the probability of its being flung on. His buttoned leather boots (pointed at the top, as if in defiance of fashion) did not shine so brilliantly as they might have shone. In all this, I read the most supreme contempt of the opinions of others, and a prodigious amount of self-confidence—I had almost said conceit; an idea that everybody around him was an "owl" or a "goose," and a determination to show, to the utmost of his power, how little he valued the remarks or opinion of the world. I perceived that he congratulated himself upon his total freedom from pride: when the real state of the case was, that he had about ten times as much as my poor would-be Adonis; for while the latter knew he required something besides the inner man to procure notice and admiration, the former had a towering consciousness of possessing such a degree of excellence as to be able to spare even the usual attraction of neatness; perhaps even deeming he required some little countercharm to the fascinations his virtues would form. Although there was the lofty brow and the lighted eye of intelligence, the silent hints of his apparel told me that there was a canker-worm at the root of *inner knowledge*—that valuable acquaintance with self, without which man runs daily into error. This canker-worm was *pride*, the demon which cast angels of brightness from the city of pearly gates and jasper walls, into the regions of darkness and despair. I thought of the future. I thought I saw him in sickness and sorrow, but with no kind friend to smooth his pillow, no gentle hand to press the fevered brow, no sympathising eyes awaiting anxiously the answers to their inquiries. And why? Because careless indifference, or sovereign contempt, had marked the previous manner of the sick man, and a high wall of division had thus been built by his own hands between himself and friendship; and he who bestows insolence in the day of health, must expect to receive neglect in the day of disease; for there are few so noble as to obliterate from memory a life of impertinence, and extend the golden sceptre of mercy to the offender in his first moment of need.

With firm step, but gentle manner, another passed me; in whose attire was such a perfect combination of manliness and neatness; such a happy medium between roughness and smoothness; such an exquisite distance both from the tragedian and comedian; such a happy compromise between every colour of the rainbow, and the mere unrelieved sombre black; such a middle way between ostentatious plainness and flourishing dandyism; such an absence both of disorder and of bandboxism, that I nearly caught myself exclaiming aloud: "There's a well balanced mind!" No towering pride, no cringing servility, no mercenary ambition, no pretended contempt of comforts, no delight in the society of the riotous bacchanalian, no sympathy with the long-faced recluse. I saw that he did not look upon himself as too good for intercourse with his fellow-men; but at the same time felt that he was made for nobler purposes, and possessed qualities capable of acting for himself, and of aiding those who needed advice, guidance, protection, and help. I felt that his mind did not merely grovel amid the phantoms of human happiness and perfection, but soared up far higher than the wings of the dandy or the self-conceited were capable of carrying them—and by thus looking upon brighter and more glorious objects, could form a due estimate of himself, both as a frail, fallen creature, and as a being destined to future and eternal greatness, through the perfection of another. ANSON DENWAIKE.



[HINDOO TEMPLE AT HALWAD.]

HINDOO TEMPLE, HALWAD.

OUR illustration this week, of ancient Indian architecture, is that of a Hindoo temple, situated at Halwad, a city in the province of Gujerat, now a heap of ruins. It stands on a bed of granite, watered by numerous streams, clear as crystal, which nourish a luxuriant vegetation. But the hand of time has fallen heavily upon it. The walls of the town, like its palaces, are mouldering to decay. Along the banks of the moat are the tombs of many a Moslem warrior. But the palace, the walls of which once resounded with the voices of ambitious courtiers, is tenantless, and the durbar, supported by massy pillars, is as silent as the grave. Many of the mausoleums in the cemetery are costly temples, composed of hewn stone, with statues of gods and heroes in battle.

Halwad, however, although formerly a place of great importance, both in Hindoo and Mahomedan history, is now a heap of mouldering ruins, a refuge for bats and owls, and the haunt of the wild beasts of the desert. Its aspect strikingly corresponds to the prophetic denunciation respecting Babylon. "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs (apes) shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their houses, and dragons (alligators) in their pleasant places."

The ancient Hindoo temple is by far the most picturesque and interesting object in the place. Our artist has depicted it as a proud monument in the centre of a deserted city, and from the figures in the foreground would carry the mind back to the period when the processions, the Moorish squadrons, with their crowded spears and glittering sabres, matchlock-men in groups over the gateways and on the city walls, and a turbaned throng covering the space below, appeared on the scene, and shewed what Halwad was in the sixteenth century. All this rude grandeur has now vanished, but a temple of very ancient but uncertain date remains, as if in scorn of all the revolutions and changes of which it has been the dumb witness.

The temple dedicated to Mahadeo forms a square, and a succession of domes of different dimensions, supported by pillars, compose a grand colonnade round the interior area. Its appearance is grand and massive, but evidently a copy of one of the temples in the celebrated caves of Salsette and Elephanta. Its cavern-like aspect is indisputable.

From the frequency of the emblem of Buddha—a human figure with uplifted hands—and the artistic display of Elephant heads—importing that the temple, following out the Hindoo idea of the world, is supported on the backs of those monarchs of the jungle—we should incline to the opinion that it was founded by the Hindoo sect called Jains. Most certainly they abound more in the province of Gujerat than in any other part of India—and that gives a colour to our suggestion.

The Jain theology is unquestionably a remnant of Buddhism, the ancient religion of India, grafted on the Hindoo mythology. It is a pure theism, strangely blended with Hindooism; and of all the religions in the world, in its practices and discipline presents the nearest approach to some of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. The idols are intended to represent saints and

martyrs. The system, no doubt, originally was pure enough—if a mixture of truth and error can ever be said to be pure—but now it is disgraced by scandalous idolatries. Their altar-pieces are generally bas-reliefs in marble, containing sometimes twenty-five figures, all of men sitting cross-legged. Sometimes there is one considerably larger than the rest, and represented as a negro. This the priests look upon as an emblem of the divinity, and consider the rest as the different bodies he had assumed at different epochs, when he had become incarnate to instruct mankind. But on the Jain altars in Gujerat are four statues of sitting men. They are of white marble, with eyes of silver, which gleam in a very dismal and ghostly manner, in the light of the solitary lamp which burns before them, aided by the yet dimmer ray which penetrates through narrow apertures in the vaulting. The worshippers, chiefly women, fall down before these idols, and offer them flowers or sugar-candy. But in India, the different worshipers of the sun (Surya), of Buddha, of Krishnu and Bala Rama, the Hercules of the Greeks, form a medley more discordant, and classes of beliefs in the aggregate more obnoxious to moral and mental improvement, than is presented by any other countries, whether ancient or modern.

And now, having in the course of these articles afforded our readers some graphic pictorial descriptions of the architecture of those mysterious races of beings—the aborigines of India, the Hindoos, and of their conquerors, the Arabs and the Moguls—we will, with the reader's permission, take our stand beneath the eastern portico of the temple at Halwad, and, directing our gaze across the Gulf of Cambay, fix it upon Surat, which we all well know was the place where the first mercantile establishment of the English East India Company was founded. That was in 1615, when the Great Mogul "sat high on a throne of royal state;" and as the charter of that same company is this year being violently discussed in the British Parliament, we think we cannot more appropriately bring these descriptions of India to a conclusion than by rapidly sketching

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BRITISH INDIA.

William of Malmesbury relates, that our own sagacious Alfred the Great sent a mission to St. Thomas's, on the coast of Coromandel, about the year 883; and in the Saxon Chronicles we are further told that the English monarch, having heard that the Christian missionaries in India were in great distress, dispatched Sighelmus, one of his favourite priests, to convey his alms to the monks of St. Thomas's.* Having executed his commission, he returned to England, after an absence of several years, bringing with him a considerable number of precious stones, which he deposited in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, of which see he was created bishop, as a reward for his services. In consequence of the splendid account given by Sighelmus of the trade, opulence, and luxuries of the East, we are, moreover, assured that Alfred caused several ships to be built and equipped for the especial object of embarking in the Indian trade; and that, having lent these ships to a few adventurous merchants, they performed some successful voyages to the ports of Syria and Egypt, whence they returned richly laden with Indian produce. This commercial

intercourse so happily begun, appears to have terminated after the death of Alfred.

Subsequent monarchs cared more for war than commerce; for, from the death of the only really great prince that ever swayed the destinies of the Saxon race to the time of Henry VIII., England was supplied with the commodities of the East by the Venetians and Florentines. But when the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope threw the Indian trade into the hands of the Portuguese, and Lisbon became the great emporium for the productions of the East, the merchants of London imported them from that city on their own account, and conveyed them to the Thames in their own ships.

At this period the English mind began to awaken to that speculative spirit, which is the living principle of all commercial pursuits. The nation was seized with an avidity to participate in the Indian trade; and accordingly, in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and Edward VI., the search for a north-east passage, and subsequently a north-west passage, which should supersede the Cape of Good Hope route, commenced; and, as regards the latter, was continued down to 1835, when poor Sir John Franklin, and the brave men under him, sailed on their disastrous voyage.

Sir Francis Drake was the first practical English navigator; and after he had demonstrated the practicability of crossing the Pacific Ocean in almost any direction, he was followed by many other navigators, who all of them, concurring in the facility of trading with the natives of Hindostan, created a powerful inducement among the London merchants to engage in the eastern commerce. They began to speculate on the great advantages to be derived from it; but as they had not capital enough to carry it on by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, on a scale sufficiently large to afford them a chance of successfully competing with the Portuguese, they resolved to adopt a more prudent line of conduct, and to endeavour to revive the trade with Syria and Egypt. A memorial was accordingly presented to Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1594, signed by a number of the most influential merchants—in which the national benefits likely to arise from an eastern trade are exhibited in the most favourable light; and in which, therefore, her majesty is earnestly supplicated to make overtures to the Turkish government for entering into a treaty of commerce, whereby her majesty's subjects should obtain such privileges as would enable them to open a trade with the merchants of Syria and Egypt, on the solid grounds of reciprocal advantages and entire confidence.

The doctrine of free trade, it appears, was appreciated in that day. The Queen cordially responded to this proposal; and after some negotiations with the Turkish emperor, the merchants of England obtained the privileges they sought. The trade thus opened with Syria and Egypt continued to be conducted, with unabated spirit, for many years after the establishment of the East India Company.

But this branch of commerce proved insufficient for the newly-developed energies of the English merchants. They wished to compete with the Dutch and Portuguese in India itself; and in carrying this laudable suggestion into effect, they were assisted by George Earl of Cumberland, and a number of gentlemen of fortune. A company was formed, and on the 31st of December, 1600, Queen Elizabeth put her finger on the seal on the charter of the "East India Company." This charter was granted

* The spot marked by tradition where the apostle St. Thomas was martyred, is about ten miles from Madras. A Roman Catholic convent, perhaps the oldest in the world, occupies the site,

to George Earl of Cumberland, and two hundred and fifteen knights, aldermen, and merchants, constituting them a body corporate and politic. The original capital was £72,000, divided into shares of £50; and the first fleet sailed from Torbay on the 2nd of May, 1601.

The speculation proved fortunate, as did also all the subsequent ones—with one solitary exception—undertaken during the ten years following. In 1611 an English fleet defeated a Portuguese armament off the coast near Surat; and this victory made such an impression on the Great Mogul, that although he had previously refused, he no longer hesitated to allow the English to establish factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambaya, and Yoga. The firman authorising this first establishment of the English on the continent of India, was received on the 11th of August, 1612. In 1614 James I. sent Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador to the Great Mogul, and he having obtained a confirmation of previous grants, it may be received as the fact, that at this period were laid the first foundations of the present colossal power of England in India.

In 1640 the permission of the Hindoo sovereign* of the territory to erect a fort at Madras was obtained.

But the most important settlement was effected a short time before this. Accident led to the formation of that settlement in Bengal which has since proved the source of all the English power in India. It appears that a physician, whose name was Boughton, had proceeded from Surat to Agra, where he had the good fortune to cure the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan of a severe illness. For this, among other rewards, he received the privilege of carrying on a free trade. He went to Bengal, and there his abilities obtained him equal favour from the nabob of that country, who extended the privilege given to him personally to all his nation. On the payment of 3000 rupees, a licence was given for an unlimited trade without payment of customs, and a factory was established at Hooghly, by the company's servants at Surat.

The civil wars in England now intervened, and the existence of the East India Company as a corporation appears to have been annihilated. But the charter was renewed by Cromwell, in 1657, and by Charles II., in 1661. The island of Bombay had been conceded to this king on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal, as part of her dowry; but the gay monarch, finding it an incumbrance, ceded it to the company, who in 1687 made it the supreme seat of government. In 1667 appears the first order of the company for the importation of tea. After some differences with the Great Mogul, provoked by the misconduct of some of the company's servants, during which the French formed an establishment at Pondicherry, the company became ambitious, and laid it down as a determinate rule that dominion was to be acquired. Trading on sufferance they had found hazardous, and therefore they determined to acquire territory. Accordingly, in 1698, after making the most abject submission to the ruling powers, they obtained a grant of Calcutta, and constructed a fort called Fort William. In 1707 this was constituted a third presidency. In 1707 the company were threatened with an innovation. A new company was brought before the British legislature, and three petitions for a free trade to India were presented from the merchants of London, Bristol, and Liverpool. It was urged that at this time foreigners possessed at least a third of the stock of the company. The result, however, was a fresh triumph on the part of the directors, who from that time had their exclusive privileges renewed until 1832, when the trade was thrown open.

In 1744 war broke out between England and France, and as the hostilities extended to the colonies, India became one of the theatres of the struggle. The pursuits of commerce now yielded to the occupation of arms; and the strange spectacle was presented of two European nations combating with each other on the shores of India, aided by different native princes of the country. These chiefs, impelled by a short-sighted policy, thus sacrificed their permanent, for the attainment of momentary objects of hatred or ambition. For it was early in this contest very obvious that, whether the troops of England or France prevailed, the native allies must become dependent on the conqueror.

In this war the English would inevitably have been worsted and expelled from India, but for the genius and daring courage of one man—Robert Clive: who, as our readers are well aware, was sent out to India by his parents as a punishment. His brilliant capture of Arcot proclaimed him a soldier; and in all the subsequent operations in the Carnatic he so distinguished himself, that he speedily attained the rank of colonel.

After a hollow truce had been formed with the French and their allies, some events which had taken place in Bengal led to reprisals, which thenceforward made that country the principal scene of the English adventures in India. Every one is familiar with the tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Clive and Admiral Watson were at Madras when they heard of it, and vengeance was resolved upon. On the 2nd of January, 1757, the troops of the infamous Suraja Jowla were driven from Calcutta; and on the 23rd of June, in the same year, the Battle of Plassey was fought, and the prestige of the British arms thenceforward confirmed on the continent.

In the Carnatic, on the 5th of April, 1761, the French had not a single military post, nor one fort or territory left in all India. The genius of Clive had rendered the company supreme. In diplomacy he excelled as much as he did in war. Combining the subtlety of the Hindoo with the sagacity of the *élite* of the European races, he

was perfect in the arts of finesse and stratagem. Many of his acts on moral grounds were indefensible; but as conquerors must inevitably consult either expediency or ambition more than rigid principles, it must be conceded that Clive was one of the greatest men England ever produced. His government of India was brilliant, and the native population were better cared for, than they had been for centuries. He not only enlarged, but consolidated the British empire in India; and as such a brilliant memory as his requires no panegyric, we would here direct attention to the circumstance that, when he left India for the third time, our hold upon that vast territory was vice-like. The great British Indian empire was then dawning. On all sides from the ocean we were advancing to the Himalaya Mountains on the north, and the rugged passes of Cabul on the west.

India, geographically, is wedge-like in form. Imagine, then, on the left and about the centre of this wedge, Bombay; on the right, but lower down, Madras; and higher up on the same side, in the very thickest part, Calcutta; and that from all these points the British were advancing to the centre and top of the wedge—and you have an idea of India when Clive left it for the third and last time.

Warren Hastings was the next governor whose administration was worthy to succeed that of Clive. He advanced across the top of the wedge, while, with consummate daring, he waged war with Hyder Ali in the Carnatic, at the bottom. He aimed at Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul, then inextricably involved with the Maharrattas—a nation of soldiers of fortune—Dugald Dalgetty to a man. The Nabob of Oude fell before his keen-cutting scythe, and the Great Mogul himself became a tributary of the British. Lord Wellesley followed up the policy of Clive and Warren, and, after the fall of Tipood Saib, the whole of the peninsula of India fell under the British sway. Generals Wellesley and Lake routed the Maharratta forces in several pitched battles, and by the advance of the latter on Agra and Delhi, the doom of the Mogul empire might be said to have been sealed. Under subsequent governor-generals the British power gradually extended itself to the north and north-west, until at last it stretched from the Ganges to the Indus, and from Cape Comorin in the south, to the kingdom of Nepal in the north.

The year 1818 witnessed this extraordinary consummation; for in that year Lord Hastings issued his celebrated proclamation of the supremacy of the British government over the whole of India. The wedge protruding into the Indian Ocean had changed hands. Mussulman and Hindoo had fallen alike before the armies and diplomatists of a joint-stock company, whose heads were in London. Since, the British have crossed the Indus, and annexed the Punjab, invaded Cabul, and on the east dismembered Burmah. Such a prodigious revolution has been accomplished in little more than two centuries. The control over the sovereignty and destinies of India by the British is the greatest marvel of modern times. There is nothing equal to it in the whole range of history. After eight centuries of uninterrupted war and anarchy, the inhabitants of a distant island have restored to this devoted country the blessings of external security and internal repose. So mighty and rapid a change in the condition of an eighth of the human race has no parallel, whether we consider the comparative numbers of the conquerors, or the means by which it has been achieved. Never, since conquest began to desolate the earth, was an empire of such magnitude acquired with so small an effusion of blood. The acquisition of India by Great Britain cost fewer lives than were destroyed by the Spaniards in South America in a single year. In rapidity, as well as extent, the conquest is unexampled. After many centuries had elapsed, the Mogul power was imperfectly established throughout the territories nominally subject to the Emperor of Delhi, which did not include the whole of the peninsula. Nor will the first conquests of Mahomedanism bear a comparison with the British conquests in India. In the course of a century the caliphs had extended the faith of Islam over Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt; but those countries scarcely contained fifty millions of inhabitants, and it is a remarkable fact that, in the present day, the nations subject to Mahomedan rulers do not form an aggregate population equal to that which now acknowledges the British sceptre.

But, above all, the conquest of India by Britain is distinguished by its unquestionably beneficent character. To the nations themselves the destruction of the Mussulman power—a foreign and despotic yoke—was a national emancipation from the most degrading yoke. And notwithstanding all the crimes committed by the British in the first stages of their great mercantile adventure, the acquisition of Bengal cost fewer lives than were lost in a single expedition of the Mogul princes. But, above all, it must be acknowledged by the sentimentalists, that in the destruction of a predatory system, which was converting the finest provinces into wildernesses, and the forced maintenance of peace among belligerent chieftains, the British government has performed a splendid act of justice, policy, and humanity, which has fairly earned for it the high character of a conservative and beneficent power, whose supremacy has been a blessing to the great mass of the people. Much, however, remains to be done. The machinery of the government requires improvements as well as repairs. The supreme earthly direction of upwards of a hundred millions of human beings is a solemn responsibility. The bare idea fills the mind with awe! And now that the British legislature has been called upon to determine what the future of India shall be, we must confess to an apprehension which we fervently trust will be found to have been wholly groundless.

But whether the company be continued, or the executive of the empire be intrusted with a larger share of au-

thority, the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of the people of India ought not to be lost sight of in the excitement of discussing political forms, or that indifference which betrays itself in the absence of active sympathy for the wants and distresses of even the unfortunate of the home subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

DO HUMAN HEARTS BREAK?

It is strange that such a question, at this age of the world, should be still an open one. And yet such is the fact. Fiction writers and philosophers, physiologists and metaphysicians—each as it answers their whim or turn—assume an affirmative or a negative,—and still the problem remains to be solved.

For my own part, I would not seek unnecessarily to upset the opinion of any. I have, of course, my own notion on the subject; and until something occurs within my own experience calculated to shake it, I intend to hold it. That experience is now somewhat extensive for I am an old woman, and have had my share of pleasures and of sorrows. During my past life, indeed, the great human river which has swept past me has left but few traces on my memory compared with its extent, but these again are marked there in a way which will not admit of their being readily obliterated. It may be that the re-production of a few of the scenes in which I have taken part, and of the actors in them, may at least amuse the reader, if they do not aid him in solving the problem with which I have started.

It is now a long time since I was wont to feel the day pass over me heavily, if I heard not the well-known tap of Harriet Elphinstone at the door of my dwelling. Even in that tap one could detect something of poor Harriet's disposition. The latter was of the most gentle kind, and to the few with whom she stood on terms of intimacy, it was well known that gentleness did not constitute her only virtue. With no one was she, through her short career, so gentle or so loving as myself; and now, though, as I have already stated, many summers have come and gone since we last mingled our thoughts, I have her as vividly before me as she was when I—but I am anticipating.

We were school-girls together—fellow-romps never for Harriet's shyness, and a tacit respect which her demeanour never failed to inspire on the part of others, prevented that. To having been light-hearted in my girlish days, even to the extent of challenging the frequent remonstrances of our joint guardians, I candidly plead guilty; but, notwithstanding the dissimilarity, we were the most inseparable companions in the establishment, where, nearly about the same time, both were placed for instruction. I was the younger by about two years; and this fact, coupled with her sedateness, led me to regard her as a sort of mother, and to take a gentle chiding at her hands—a freedom which I would by no means allow to another. Nor did the feeling so originating, terminate with our school-days; and much anxiety, if not misery, has been spared me, by a counsel as sweet as it was sincere. They were happy times, those school-days; and, despite all that has been written by the wise and learned, there are often formed during those days friendships lasting and innocent, untinted by any of the bitterness which is sure to mingle, more or less, with after attachments. While I remained at school, the intimacy between Harriet and myself continued undiminished; and although some time passed away before we again met one another after our first separation, our meeting then demonstrated that it had been no evanescent sentiment on the part of either.

Her father belonged to that class of traders with which the metropolis has at all times abounded—who, while others around them rise rapidly into wealth, or, by over-grasping speculation, pull down ruin upon their families, pursue the even tenour of their vocations, and look forward to the day when, by perseverance and economising their slowly-hoarded profits, they may be in a position to provide respectably for all those whose interests are dear to them. Mr. Elphinstone, even in his weaknesses, was no exception to his class; and, like the rest, the term "respectable" included for him all that was good and desirable on this side of the grave. He had the misfortune to lose his wife soon after she had given birth to her second child—a son—and while Harriet was still in her third year. Of course, the isolated man of business, when—as was his delightful duty for years—he inculcated upon the minds of his children those lessons which his never-failing kindness and their respect for him led them heartily to imbib, never once overlooked the value of "respectability"—in reality as well as in appearance. To do, or say, or even appear otherwise than in such a light, was regarded by them as a crime of the highest magnitude; and often have I been tempted to feel half amused at my friend's consternation, when some trifling circumstance would lead her to imagine for a moment that she gave rise to an opinion at variance with that cherished notion. Even those sentiments which supply in the social relations the place of virtue in moral economy, may sometimes be carried to excess; and such, I often fancied, was the case with her. However that may be, the feeling referred to rendered her incapable of any of those little acts of meanness which are regarded by too many of our sex in a half-amiable light, until the world has taught them the bitter lesson, that "all is vanity." Charles Elphinstone I never saw; but while at school I have frequently perused his letters to his sister—and, from their tone, couched as they were in the loving, open terms of a boy-brother's affection, I have no doubt that his mind was of the same stamp with Harriet's,

* By this term it must not be understood that at this time there was in the peninsula of India an independent Hindoo sovereign. He was merely a tributary of the Great Mogul—a rajah—in that day a term in meaning equivalent to the Turkish pacha.

dashed with a boldness and a taste for the romantic to which hers was an utter stranger.

About six months previous to the date of my leaving the place in which I had spent so many happy hours, in the company of my charming friend—whose person even then bore promise of exceeding beauty—Harriet was summoned to town, for the purpose of taking leave of her brother, who had procured an appointment in India, in the first place, and then to take upon herself the duties of superintending her father's household. The first was a painful ordeal, in the outset of life, for one so affectionate in nature; the last was a position of some trial for a creature so young. However, the first pang of one had subsided, and she had fairly entered upon the other—she was, as she modestly put it, “endeavouring to learn how to act”—when I received her last letter in England. I was myself about to proceed, in company with some relations, on a lengthened continental tour, and I had the assurance of leaving my only companion—whose fate in life had, since our parting, become deeply interesting to me—as happy as could be expected. To none of my immediate friends were she or her family known, save by the prattle about school affairs in which I used to indulge during holiday-time; and during three years I received but two letters from her—the last, indeed, a sad one: and I shall never forget the circumstances under which it reached my hands.

Three years sometimes embrace within them the principal period of a human life. With myself, I know a briefer space of time has comprehended events of such personal magnitude as to make all the other incidents of life sink into insignificance. With my friend such was the case, too; and the letter to which I have alluded first gave me an idea that one may live an age in less than a life-time.

It was a delightful evening at the close of June, and I had just returned, after enjoying a walk with one whose presence had awakened feelings in my breast that even then bid fair to throw all my childish attachments into abeyance. You will smile, perhaps, gentle reader, at an old woman's “confession”; but even so—the fact is just as I have stated it. My spirits were more than usually buoyant, and I was at peace with the world. Of all I had read or imagined of human misery theretofore, no cloud remained to fling its shadow over my existence, when my friend's melancholy epistle was handed to me. It was brief, indeed, but it contained a volume. A few weeks before its date her father, already drooping from the effects of toil incurred in his endeavours to prop up a failing business, had received intelligence of the sudden death from fever of his only and idolised son, in a foreign land, far from any who might soothe his latest moments. Unable to bear up against this new and unexpected visitation, the old gentleman had resigned his breath; and my poor Harriet was left alone in the world, under the protection, as she put it beautifully herself, of “Our Father in heaven!”

Few persons, not afflicted with extreme sensibility, will be able to form an accurate conception of how completely my view of worldly accidents was affected by the recital. Where but a moment before all was sunshine, now all was gloom; and when I called to mind the goodness and the gentleness which were the characteristics of my friend's disposition, I could not help feeling that 'tis not the unworthy alone who suffer—and I wondered. I had not then learned the beauty of the consolation involved in the passage, “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,” and I fear I was still too worldly to revert to it in a tribulation which, however nearly it approached myself, left so many of my day-dreams unexploded. That I sympathised deeply with the stricken one is true; and this sentiment I endeavoured to portray to her in language as consoling as I could command; but I had a sense, while shaping out the terms in which I should address her, of the barrenness of the comfort which this world can supply.

I have already said that, at the period of our first parting, Harriet gave promise of great beauty of person; and from what I afterwards saw of her, I am enabled to judge of what she must have looked and been when, full of energy, hope, and happiness, she presided at her father's table. That such a being, placed in such a position, should create a sensation within her own circle, was the most natural thing in the world; that an impression should be made in some quarter was, too, most probable. More than one of those who enjoyed the hospitality of the father, sought it that they might share the society of the gifted but retiring daughter, and the selection lay in her own hands; for they were all equally eligible—as the world is pleased to apply the term. That selection she did make; and as, from her own silence solely, I was unable to watch her career for a considerable period, the results of that choice were not communicated to me till I had them from her own lips, when chance once more flung us together.

In a small village about thirty miles distant from the metropolis, the lot of him with whom my fate in life was mingled led me, thirty years since, to take up my residence. That spot I never have quitted, save thrice; and my absence on all these occasions has been brief. I was not long in becoming acquainted with all the villagers. My duties led me to visit them in their dwellings, and the rector's lady was soon spoken of among them as one would be who had lived all her days among them. There was one exception to the circle which claimed my acquaintance there; and at this circumstance I felt in some degree annoyed. The extreme house on one side of the only street which constitutes the village, was at that time a cottage, with considerable pretensions to beauty; and the care which had been taken in arranging and trimming the woodbine with which the porch was overhung, bespoke a taste superior to that which could be expected from any rustic. Into this house I had not ventured to intrude. The tenant was described to me as “the lady”; none

knew her name. It was then midsummer; and in the previous May, as I was informed, the nameless stranger had taken up her abode there, having rented it for the season. She was described to me as a tall, worn-featured, and genteel person; respectable in attire, and graceful in her movements; about middle life, and unsocial in her habits. To such an extent did she carry the latter quality, according to the version of my informants, that I should be certain to offend her if I presumed to leave a message at her door. She was attended by a little girl, who was as uncommunicative as her mistress; and out of whom the grocer's wife—the greatest gossip for miles round—had been only able to draw the information that she herself had been a neglected child, picked up by her mistress in the streets of London, and that the latter was a “wery hangel!”

“My dear Frederick,” said I, during the evening on which this description was conveyed to me, “what do you think of trying to introduce me to this lady?”

“Ridiculous, my dear! The lady may not even belong to the church; and then, how should I undertake to bring it about?”

“True. But something tells me that this lady has need of such consolation as the intercourse with society above the rank of those around would afford her; and I long to see her.”

“Be patient,” replied Frederick, “till to-morrow; and if the lady attends service, I shall certainly attempt some method to have you brought together.”

This was Saturday, and on the next morning I was standing at the gate of the small churchyard, even as I am wont—but with feelings oh, how changed!—to stand there new on like occasions, when I observed the peasants, who were approaching, make way respectfully for a tall figure, wrapped around in a mantle of black silk, with a bonnet of the same material, and leading by the hand a little girl of some ten years old. It struck me in a moment that this was “the lady;” and although I felt pleased at the promised satisfaction to my curiosity, I could little anticipate the many happy moments to which that interview has led. Even at the distance which I was placed from her, when I at first observed her advance, I could perceive that there was in her carriage that air which attested the correctness of the title bestowed upon her by the villagers; and as she drew nearer, something within me whispered that she was not altogether unknown to me. When she came close to where I stood, notwithstanding the period which had elapsed since I last gazed upon those features, and clasped that hand, I could be no longer in doubt that I stood in the presence of my old friend Harriet Elphinstone! The agitation and the recognition were mutual, and in another moment we were locked in an affectionate embrace.

Sitting by my own quiet fire-side, or strolling through the walks in the garden of the rectory, with the arm of one thrown around the waist of the other—even as of old, in girlhood's happy hours—I learned from the lips of my beloved friend the story of her after sorrows.

If ever there was a creature born to be loved and to love in return, it was Harriet. Among those who aspired to her hand, however, was a young man, an assistant to her father at his business—and to him had she yielded her whole heart's affections. The affair had been kept secret from the old gentleman during his life-time; but the state of his affairs at the period of his decease, rendered it necessary that some one thoroughly acquainted with them should be intrusted with their superintendence. Of course it was a double source of gratification to the orphan-girl, to find that the person of her own choice should be steward, as it were, of her fortune, and she felt double confidence in the issue. He proved, however, unworthy of all. Too late it was discovered that, under the cloak of a sedate exterior, he carried the heart of a gambler and libertine; and finally he decamped, leaving the over-trusting girl deceived and penniless. With the wreck of her father's effects she had managed to purchase a small annuity—very small indeed—and retiring with little Sarah—the child who had given such an accurate account of herself to the grocer's wife—she had resolved to seek a quiet spot, in order that she “might die in peace.”

Whatever of comfort it was in my power to bestow was cheerfully afforded. Our sympathy was the most valuable item, and this she had from our very hearts. Nevertheless, did she rapidly droop, and we could not help observing that some cause beyond the reach of the doctor's skill, slowly but surely was taking from us one in whose fate our interest had now become all-absorbing. At length she was unable to return even a single visit; and soon afterwards I took up my abode at her cottage, where I remained for three weeks her attendant, and then had the melancholy satisfaction of receiving and attending to her last trifling requests.

There is a small green mound, marked by no stone, almost beside the little pathway which I traverse as often as I enter the village church. There are other spots in that same graveyard, which to me are sadly dear to look upon; but as often as I gaze upon that one, and have dropped a tear to the memory of my early friend, I cannot help wondering that the question should still be doubtfully asked—“DO HUMAN HEARTS BREAK?”

A FESTIVAL AMONG THE NEGRO ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

ABOUT mid-day Chik came, in great excitement, to tell me that Nangoro was on his way to me: so I smartened things and made ready for him. There was a body of men walking towards us, and in the middle of them a very fat old fellow laboured along: he was very short of breath, and had hardly anything on his person. This was the king himself. He waddled up, looking very severe,

and stood in the middle of his men staring at us, and leaning on a thin stick very neatly shaped, that he seemed to carry about as a sceptre. I hardly knew what to do or what to say, for he took no notice of an elegant bow that I made to him, so I sat down and continued writing my journal till the royal mind was satisfied. After five or six minutes Nangoro walked up, gave a grunt of approbation, and poked his sceptre into my ribs in a friendly sort of manner, and then sat down. He could, I believe, understand Damara well enough, but he persisted in making Chik interpret for me into Ovampo. Nangoro had quite a miniature court about him; three particularly insinuating and well-dressed Ovampo were his attendants in waiting; they were always at his elbow, and laughed immoderately whenever he said anything funny, and looked grave and respectful whenever he uttered anything wise, all in the easiest and most natural manner. I gave Nangoro the things that I had brought as a present for him, regretting excessively that I could spare him nothing better. In fact, all my gilt finery was but little cared for by these people. It would look as *outré* for an Ovampo to wear any peculiar ornament as it would for an Englishman to do so. The sway of fashion is quite as strong among the negroes as among the whites; and my position was that of a traveller in Europe, who had nothing to pay his hotel bill with but a box full of cowries and Damara sandals. I would have given anything for ten pounds' worth of the right sort of beads; half of that value would have made a really good present to Nangoro, and franked me into the good graces of all his people. As it was, he was rather sulky, for it is considered a kind of insult to an African chief to visit him, and make use of his country, without commencing acquaintance by sending a tribute. He insisted upon my giving him a cow which I, or rather John Allen, had with me, besides the ox I had presented him with; and as there was no help for it, the cow went. We then had a short conversation; he looked at our guns and made us shoot with them, chatted a little, and then left us, saying that we were free to buy and sell with his people as much as we liked. Immediately crowds of the Ovampo, who had been gathering during the interview, poured down upon us, laughing and talking, but taking the greatest care not to annoy us in any way. They were a merry set, and all of them dressed, or rather ornamented, very tidily. They wore a great quantity of beads and rings, but scarcely anything else, except a kind of cartouche-box, in which they kept a tuft of hair for painting and powdering themselves. The ladies were buxom lasses, having all the appearance of being good drudges. Their hair was worn short in front, but spread out behind into a broad fan. They were decidedly nice-looking; their faces were open and merry, but they had rather coarse features, and shone all over with butter and red pigment. They seemed to be of amazingly affectionate dispositions, for they always stood in groups with their arms round each other's necks, like Canova's graces. They hummed sentimental airs all day long, swaying themselves about to the tune, and completely ruined the peace of mind of my too susceptible attendants. I began to buy corn and beans from them; the women brought small baskets full, often only a handful each, and were paid in beads. I had brought a bar of iron, half an inch thick, and four feet long; that procured me 100 pounds of corn at once. Timboo was the most successful bargainer: he sat in the middle among the beads, and twenty or thirty corn-selling damsels crowded about him. He was in his glory, chaffing and chattering in a most original patois all the day long.

Every night Nangoro gives a ball, to which the *élite* of Ovampo-land have a free *entrée*. He kindly sent me an invitation by Tippoo, that one of his three courtiers under whose protection we had been especially placed. As soon as night sets in, the guests throng together from all sides, and as the country is full of palms, one member of each party generally picks up a dried, broken-off branch, and lights it as a torch. It gives a brilliant flame, and the effect of the many lights on every side is particularly pretty. I went, about eight o'clock, down the sanded walk, between quickest hedge-rows, that leads to Nangoro's palisading. When we had entered it, we turned to the right, into the dancing-court, which was already filled with people, who talked and flirted just as though they were in an English ball-room.

There was a man with a feeble guitar, or banjo, in one corner, and a powerful performer on the tom-tom in front of him. The first dance was remarkable as a display of dexterity, though I hardly think of elegance; it was undertaken by twelve or fourteen gentlemen, all the others looking on. The dancers were ranked in double files, and *dos-a-dos*; they then “*passéed*” from side to side with a tripping, operative step, but a wary and cautious eye. Every now and then one of the performers spun suddenly round, and gave a most terrific kick right at the seat of honour of the gentleman whom he then found in front of him. This was the dance; there was a great deal of dexterity shown both in delivering and avoiding the kick, which, when successfully planted, hit with the force of a donkey's hoof. I observed that the three courtiers danced very well and very successfully—indeed I would not have found myself *dos-a-dos* with Tippoo for any consideration. The ladies applauded the dance most vociferously. After this came a promenade: we were all jammed together into a compact mass, and then stepped round and round the court, to the sound of the tom-tom, tapping the ground with our feet in regular time. Dance number three was for the bushmen, a large kral of whom lay close by Nangoro's palisading; they are his body-guard. This dance was entirely mimicry, either of animal steps or anything else they liked, and then a grand promenade closed the evening. I saw only thirty or forty of Nangoro's wives there. I suppose that the others, being old, did not dance. They wear a copper armband as a sign of distinction.—*Galton's Explorations in Tropical South Africa.*



SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION
IN DUBLIN.

SEVRES PORCELAIN VASES, CONTRIBUTED BY THE
EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

THE manufacture of porcelain is now one of the most important, both in England and on the continent. During the Exhibition of 1851, the articles exhibited were singularly elegant, rivalling in taste the classic productions of Greece and Rome, and in quality considered as approaching the far-famed productions of the Chinese. The Dublin Exhibition shows that this department of blended art and science has been amply sustained in its brilliant reputation. And following out the plan of familiar instruction intended to be embraced by these illustrations, we may remark that, as in all the great porcelain manufactories of Europe, the particular process in use is kept a secret, we may mention that it is to China the world was originally indebted for a knowledge of this beautiful article of luxury and utility. The peculiar excellence of the Chinese porcelain made it long an import of considerable value, and gave its name to the finer kinds of pottery in use among ourselves. In the present age the porcelain of the Chinese is not much in demand, owing to the poverty, the dull sameness of their forms. Their designs are wretched, and we believe we are correct in stating that the productions of Sevres, Dresden, and other places, have completely ignored their popularity. But as the Chinese mode of manufacturing porcelain is the basis of all the modes practised in Europe, we cannot do better than describe it, which we shall do very briefly.

The two sorts of earth which are most used in the formation of their porcelain, are called *kao ling* and *pé-tin-tsé*; the first, a kind of soap-stone mixed with a small proportion of mica; the other a granite in which quartz greatly predominates. The whitest pieces of each are always preferred. The *pé-tin-tsé* is reduced to powder, thrown into a vessel full of water, well stirred up, and then left to settle. A thick cream rises, which is skimmed off, and poured into another vessel filled with water. This process is repeated till the cream ceases to rise; and that thrown into the second vessel is allowed to remain untouched till a crust is deposited below, and the water above is quite clear. The paste thus formed is dried in moulds, and, before it is completely hardened, is cut into cakes, having nearly the shape and size of a brick, which are sold in the market for so much per hundred. The *kao ling* receives its name from a hill near King-teh-chin, where it is found in large masses, under a stratum of red earth. It is subjected to the process just described, and is formed into cakes like those of the *pé-tin-tsé*. For the purpose of making porcelain, these earths are mixed together in different proportions, according to the degree of fineness required: for the best sort in equal quantities; for the second best, four parts of *kao ling* are added to six of *pé-tin-tsé*; and for the worst, one of the former to three of the latter. A greasy kind of chalk, called *Hwashe*, is sometimes substituted for *kao ling*, after having been prepared in a similar manner: the porcelain thus made is whiter and more transparent, but more brittle and expensive than the other. *Shé-kao*, a kind of gypsum, is likewise sometimes used; but it is not so hard and tenacious as *kao ling*.

The mixture, when properly worked up, is thrown into a pit, well paved and plastered with a hard cement; it is

then trodden down till it has acquired a sufficient consistency. From this mass, portions are taken and spread upon large slates, on which they are rolled and kneaded till every vacuity and rough substance has been completely removed. The vessel is then formed—if spherical or cylindrical—by a wheel, and is delivered to a second workman, who adds the rims, feet, and other ornaments; a third shapes it on a mould; a fourth pares its edges; and after passing through twelve or more hands, it is at length fit for the furnace. Figures in relief, spouts, handles, &c., are not formed at the same time as the vessel, but cemented on when nearly dry; the seams being so nicely pared and smoothed as not to appear at all. When sufficiently hardened, the vessel is given to the painters, each of whom has his peculiar province: one to trace circles round the edges, another to draw the landscape, a third to sketch the figures, and so on, till the last applies the colours. Each piece is then put into a separate case, at the bottom of which there is strewed a bed of fine sand, covered with a layer of powdered *kao ling*. These cases are next placed in the furnace, resting on a floor of coarse sand, and piled one upon the other: first, those containing the coarser wares, then the finer, and, lastly, the finest in grain and colouring, which are nearest to the mouth of the oven. Just room enough is left between the piles to allow a passage for the flame; but, as they have no means of regulating the heat, it often happens that the whole is spoiled and converted into a shapeless mass. The cases are put into the furnace, and removed when necessary, by means of a kind of iron ladle, with a long wooden handle.

Blue and white are the ordinary colours; red is one of the most esteemed and expensive; and gilt figures on a black ground are in great request. The gilding is formed by mixing gold-dust, water, and sugar well together; and it is laid on by a hair pencil, first dipped in clear gum-water, and afterwards into this mixture. When the vessel has been taken out of the furnace, the gilding is polished with fine-grained, moistened sand.

The colouring processes adopted in the great European manufactories are various, and peculiar to the locality. At the imperial factory of Sevres, in France, this art seems to have attained its highest point. The colouring of the three vases of which we give illustrations is really magnificent. The first is in the style of the Renaissance, and is remarkably elaborate. It is distinguished for the well-balanced proportions of the neck and the foot, and for the novel manner in which the body is ornamented. The large vase is *Raffaellesque*, exhibiting light and graceful scroll-work, festoons of flowers, and other graceful ornaments peculiar to this style. That which follows is much



more massive in its general features, and more minute in the details of its decoration. As works of art, they cannot be too highly appreciated. They are not servile copies of the Greek and Roman models. And when we say this, it is only praise justly due to the artistic talent of our versatile neighbours. Dull people ask, Of what use are beautiful vases? Of what use? Why, they please the eye, and gratify the mind. They do more: they, *inter alia*, show us that there is no article but which, in its manufacture, may be treated artistically, even in the smaller utensils of



life—such as china-ware, delt, glass, and other similar vessels. Even the invention and exquisite taste of the Etruscan people of old, has not really abridged the power of art to find new forms of beauty. Viewing this fact through a practical medium, only let each one think how the same principles of taste which designed these costly splendours, may be applied in the adornment of his own home—in all, even its smallest accompaniments; and let the softer sex, whose peculiar province it is to shed gracefulness and purity of taste over the world's society, particularly remember, that true taste, grace, and beauty do not require costly materials; but depend for their effect upon the idea, and the clearness with which that idea is expressed. Let those who ask what use art is to manufactures, put these and kindred questions to their own common sense, and they will readily acknowledge that art lends beauty, enchantment, and civilisation to the human race.

As in 1851, the foreign exhibitors of articles in which the designs show cultivation and fine mental and moral taste, have still a very great advantage over our native artists. But considering what little the British government has done for art, and how recently that little has been doled out, this is not to be wondered at, when we know how assiduously and affectionately art is cherished on the continent.

In many of the German states, institutions for industrial instruction are in a highly efficient state. The pupils reared in them are in constant demand, and are esteemed above all others. In the Trade Schools and Polytechnic Institutions of Germany, it is estimated that 13,000 men annually receive a technical and scientific training; and in schools attended by the working classes during their leisure hours, upwards of 20,000 operatives are systematically studying the elements of science and art. In the capitals of the German states there are central institutions of the nature of industrial universities, the object of which is to teach the principles of science and art applicable to production, preparatory to their being afterwards practically followed out in the operations of the factory and the workshop. The importance of these technical colleges is recognised by even the smallest of the German states, which support them at considerable expense. In the institution of Carlsruhe (Baden), with its museums, laboratories, and workshops, there are 330 pupils, whose training is superintended by 21 professors and teachers. The Central School of Arts and Manufactures in Paris annually educates 300 pupils in applied science and art, and exhibitions in connection with it exist in 29 departments, for the instruction of poor but meritorious artisans in the provinces. The pupils of this school readily find employment on leaving it, and 500 of them are known to be holding posts of importance in various parts of the world.

CAST-IRON VASE FROM COLEBROOK DALE FOUNDRY.

The iron and coals of Britain have been appropriately termed "vast magazines of power warehoused and ready for use." And undoubtedly they are; for without them we should never have risen to the first rank among nations. To iron the obligations of the nation are immense. It supplies us with the weapons of warfare, builds our steam-engines, fits up our workshops, makes our tools, enters largely into the construction of our dwellings and public buildings; and in its latest adaptation to useful purposes, facilitates ocean steam navigation. Iron is unquestionably the most useful of the metals which man, by his industry, obtains out of the

bowels of the earth. It is the chief agent employed in the development of civilisation; and, as our selections from the Great Exhibition suggest to us that we should be as communicative as possible on every subject, we think we cannot do better than inform our young readers that iron as used is not a simple metal like gold, but a manufactured article employing large capital, much skill, and a great amount of labour. It is procured from ironstone, which prevails chiefly in South Wales, Scotland, and the midland counties of England. The process may briefly be described; but owing to the manufacturers continually adopting improvements, it varies with the district. But generally the *modus operandi* is as follows: The ironstone first undergoes a process called calcining, which is performed in kilns similar to those used for burning lime, or in order that the sulphur and other foreign matters combined with the ore may be discharged. The coal used is coked. The limestone is generally used in the state in which it comes from the rock. When this operation has been performed, the furnace is brought into requisition. This is a circular building, tapering like a cone, usually from forty to sixty feet high. After the furnace has been thoroughly heated and dried, it is filled with coke and set on fire at the bottom. When the fire has made its way through this body of coke, a quantity of calcined ironstone, with limestone, is placed on the coke—a small quantity of coke is then taken from the bottom of the furnace, which causes it to sink at the top, and the space is filled up with fresh coke, with the addition of calcined mine and limestone. This process is continued till such time as the furnace becomes one continued stratum of coke, ironstone, and limestone. When this is the case, the bottom part is shut up, leaving a hole for the introduction of the blowpipe, and another for the cinders to flow off. The blast is now applied, and continues blowing from eighteen to twenty hours, by which time a quantity of iron collects in the hearth, and when full is let off into moulds, the furnace being kept filled with materials, as before. This is the first stage of iron making, and the article thus produced is called pig-iron. This is taken to a place called "the finery," where a strong blast is used. Here the pig is smelted with coke, in a low fire, and when brought into a very fluid state, is let off into moulds. After this the

These bars go to the foundry, either to make cannon, cylinders, pistons, boiler plates, rivets, screws, or castings—heavy and light. Our illustration shows that iron may be made to contribute liberally to the manufacture of articles of taste as well as utility. This cast-iron vase is a contribution to the Exhibition by the celebrated Colebrook Dale Foundry. The stand is very neat, and the vase, with its bold stag's heads, elaborate in design as well as ornamental in appearance. It will certainly support the fame which the Colebrook Dale Foundry has long since acquired for the production of decorative subjects in iron; and we believe that this particular one may vie with any of the pretty vases they exhibited in Hyde Park, in 1851.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Welcome, O queen! as much as heart can think;
Welcome again as much as tongue can tell;
Welcome to hearts and tongues that will not shrink!
God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!
CITY WELCOME TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE death of Queen Mary placed the Catholics of England in an embarrassing position. Not only was the strength of the kingdom in their hands, but every place of confidence and importance was filled by members of the ancient faith. Some foresaw the downfall of the church, and the re-establishment of the reformed religion; others predicted civil war; and not a few desired that the young Queen of Scots should be proclaimed queen—founding her right to the crown on the supposed illegitimacy of Elizabeth. Fortunately, however, for all parties, these attempts were prevented, and the peace of England preserved, by the good sense and loyalty of Dr. Heath, the Catholic Archbishop of York, and Lord High Chancellor of England. That distinguished prelate proposed an assembly of both Houses of Parliament, that they should at once proceed to the palace, and there and then proclaim Elizabeth as queen—a proceeding which at once rendered her title indisputable.

Rapin, with that dishonest spirit which characterises his history, has foully belied this patriotic conduct of the Catholic Chancellor; but the journals of the House of Lords still exist to prove the falsehood of his assertions. Holinshed and Heyward have equally preserved the speech he made on the occasion.

The proclamation was first made, in presence of both Houses of Parliament, at the doors of Westminster Hall. The new sovereign was proclaimed "Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith;" but not supreme head of the church.

The ceremony was afterwards repeated in the City, by the Duke of Norfolk and the Lord Mayor and aldermen.

Whilst these rejoicings were taking place in the metropolis, Cardinal Pole, the Catholic primate, expired of a malignant fever, which carried off no less than thirteen bishops in a few months—a mortality which considerably lessened the influence of the Catholics in the Upper House of Parliament, and rendered the changes which were shortly afterwards introduced in the religion of the realm much more easy of accomplishment.

After having held her first council at Hatfield, in which she appointed her long-trying friend and counsellor Secretary of State, Elizabeth, attended by a noble retinue of lords and gentlemen, set forth for the metropolis. Her journey was one continued ovation: the population of the towns and villages came forth to welcome her.

As the royal train approached Highgate, many of the bishops, attended by their clergy and office-bearers, who had been awaiting her arrival, knelt by the road side.

"What would these men?" she demanded of Cecil, who rode a little behind his mistress, on her left hand.

"Gracious queen," replied the new minister, bowing to the bow of the saddle; "they are a deputation of the prelates and clergy of the realm, come to proffer their allegiance to your majesty."

"Which we are pleased to accept," said Elizabeth, with a cheerful smile; "rise, my lords," she added; "we thank you for your love and loyalty with all our hearts!"

In further token of her favour, she ungloved her right hand, which was of marvellous whiteness, and extended it to the bishops to kiss.

Bonner, the worthless Bishop of London, was the last to approach. The queen fixed her eyes sternly upon him, and deliberately drew on her glove, thereby intimating that he alone of the prelates was excluded from that honour. Considering the position of the new sovereign, it was boldly and royally done, to mark her abhorrence of the foul persecutions and cruelties he had been guilty of. Abashed by the silent but humiliating rebuke, which was doubly mortifying from having been given in the presence of the principal nobility of the realm, Bonner withdrew to his mansion near Farringdon Street—part of which still remains—the locality in which it is situated being known by the name of Bonner Lane.

A little further on the road towards London, the Lord Mayor and aldermen met the procession, and conducted the new sovereign, amid the acclamations of the people, to the Charter House, where she remained, holding councils and receiving addresses, for several days.

On the 28th of November the queen took possession of the royal apartments, or lodgings, as they were quaintly called, in the Tower. Elizabeth rode on horseback, dressed in purple velvet, having Lord Robert Dudley, as

Master of the Horse, on her right hand. On reaching the Tower, her majesty, it is recorded, fell upon her knees, and returned thanks to Almighty God for deliverance: in her prayer she compared herself, not over modestly, perhaps, to Daniel in the lions' den.

It was duly debated in council whether or not the oath of supremacy should be exacted. But Elizabeth and her advisers were far too cautious to proceed at once to abolish the ancient faith. At the funeral of her sister, mass was said, the queen being present. After the ceremony, the Bishop of Winchester—an intemperate prelate, but a man of irreproachable morals—ascended the pulpit to preach the funeral sermon.

He commenced by a review of the life of Mary, and her death. He next alluded to her successor as a lady of great worth, whom all true Englishmen were bound to obey; but added the following disparaging and most uncourtier-like phrase:

"MELIOR EST CANIS VIVUS LEONE MORTUO."

(A live dog is better than a dead lion.)

The rest of the sermon was equally disparaging to the queen.

No sooner did Elizabeth hear herself compared to a living dog than the temper of her father, Henry, rose within her—for although the discourse was in Latin, she perfectly understood it. Her temples became flushed—for she keenly felt the insult to her, both as a woman and a sovereign. Turning towards Lord Robert Dudley, who was standing behind her chair of state, she whispered a few words in his ear—they were brief and decisive.

"Send Norfolk to me!"

Her favourite—for the Master of the Horse, it is shrewdly suspected, even at that time, was her lover—ventured to remonstrate. He foresaw her design, but the dark cloud upon the brow of the lion queen—as she has not unaptly been styled—warned him that he was treading upon dangerous ground.

"God's death, Dudley!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "art thou, too, turned fool or traitor? Must we speak, even to thee, our pleasure twice? Send the Earl Marshal to me!"

In a few moments the duke, who at that period was a very young man, stood respectfully before her, holding the staff of office in his hands.

"You heard that mitred traitor?" said the queen.

"Would I had not, gracious madam!" replied the youthful noble; "his zeal has outrun his discretion!"

"Say rather his loyalty!" interrupted Elizabeth, bitterly; "but priest though he is, he shall find my sceptre is not a staff! If I cannot wield my father's sword, my enemies at least shall find that I know how to support the dignity and prerogative of his crown! As he descends from his preaching, arrest the knave!"

Cecil, who guessed what was taking place, cast an imploring glance towards his royal mistress—who met the mute appeal by a decided frown. The new secretary did not care to risk her favour by further interference. The duke, having received the order, withdrew.

The Catholic party saw, with surprise and dissatisfaction a party of the buff-coats drawn up round the pulpit. They more than guessed the purport.

As the bishop descended, the Earl Marshal extended his staff towards him; and, bowing low, declared that he was his prisoner.

"Prisoner!" repeated the prelate, scornfully; "upon what charge, my lord duke?"

"Treason!"

"And by whose order?"

"Mine—priest!" answered Elizabeth, in a clear, resolute voice, from her chair of state. "God's death! dost think we are of that patient, yielding stuff, that every knave may trifle with our dignity! If the living dog," she added, bitterly, alluding to his sermon, "be better than the dead lion, it is that it can use its fangs!"

"Madam!" said the bishop, firmly, "I am a prelate of the holy Catholic Church, which, thank heaven, is still by law the established religion of the realm!"

"We know it!" answered Elizabeth, with contemptuous indifference. "We also know that the same authority which made it so, can unmake it! Away with him to the Tower!"

"Bishops have their privileges!" continued the prelate.

"But none to insult their sovereign!" replied the queen, with ready wit; "since the Divine founder of the Christian faith expressly says:

Rebder unto Caesar the things which are Caesars.

Honour, obedience, and respect are due to princes," she added; "thou hast forgotten them! My lord duke, look to your prisoner!"

"Beware!" exclaimed Dr. White; "the arm of the church is strong!"

"Stronger than the sceptre?"

"Yes!" replied the prelate; "the sceptre's sway extends but o'er the body—that of the crossier over the souls of men! Let but a hand be laid upon my person, and here, proud woman—here in the face of all thy court, and in thy dead sister's presence—I cancel thy share in the inheritance of heaven, release thy subjects from all allegiance to thee, and pronounce upon thy head the awful curse of Rome!"

"Our royal father braved it, bishop," answered Elizabeth, with a satirical smile; "and he died King of England. We fear neither Rome nor Rome's curse a rush, when conscious of the integrity of our own heart and purpose! See if curses will break thy bonds, or release thee from the Tower, where, as I am a queen, thou shalt sleep this night, after thy most traitorous discourse levelled against allegiance and good government!"

Several of the Catholic nobles began to intercede for the Bishop of Winchester, assuring her Majesty that, despite his indiscretion, he was both a learned and a pious



CAST-IRON VASE.

metal, which is very brittle, is broken into small pieces and thrown into an air furnace by the workmen, called the puddling furnace. Here it is exposed to a violent heat until it melts. The men now keep stirring it about, and expose it to a current of air, by which means it loses its brittleness and becomes malleable. When sufficiently worked, the mass is divided into separate pieces, and subsequently passed through rollers worked by steam power, which give them the shape required—generally that of bars, technically called "merchants' bars."

man, and well-affected to her person; but the queen repeated her commands, in a tone of voice and gesture which reminded her hearers so much of her imperious father, that they felt there would be danger in disobeying her.

"Be it so!" said the prisoner; "I am ready to seal my faith to Rome with the blood of its servant!"

"No!" exclaimed the queen, tartly; "we may punish an insolent traitor, but we make no martyrs: mercy is the sign of the true church, which abhors bloodshed and cruelty! We raise not an intemperate fool, or mischief-seeking knave, to the dignity of the crown of martyrdom; such cruelty we leave to Rome and its ministers!"

Despite the murmurs of many present, the prisoner was immediately removed from the church, and the queen retired to the palace.

Shortly afterwards the oath of supremacy was exacted. Many who refused to take it, were deprived of their offices and places at the council board. Amongst others, the Archbishop of York, from whose custody the great seal was removed to that of Nicholas Bacon, who at first bore only the modest title of my Lord Keeper.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A crown, the bright reward of ever daring minds.
SHAKESPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the decided step which Elizabeth had taken in resenting the insulting conduct of Dr. White, the Bishop of Winchester, it was resolved in council to proceed cautiously towards the secret aim of the new sovereign—the restoring of the reformed religion: to bring about which, the queen displayed consummate tact and ability. Her first open secession from the Catholic church took place on the morning of Christmas Day. She went to the Royal Chapel in great state, accompanied by the great officers of her household and ladies of honour, but withdrew at the conclusion of the gospel.

This was prudently, as well as cleverly done—for if it had been received with marked disapprobation by the people, it could have been easily explained away by saying that her majesty had been suddenly taken ill. As it was, her conduct was hailed with approbation: the horrors perpetrated by the Catholic party during the reign of her sister, had set the nation generally against their church. The seeds of persecution generally bring forth sweet and bitter fruit: sweet to those who suffer for conscience sake; bitter to those who illustrate their faith by deeds of cruelty, instead of mercy.

Her next step was to issue a proclamation, commanding that, from the first day of the ensuing year, both the Litany and Gospel should be said or sung—not only in the Royal Chapel, but in the churches throughout the kingdom—in English: an ordinance which gave great satisfaction to some, and was highly disapproved of by others.

It is uncertain how far in her zeal the new queen might not have been induced to proceed, had not one important consideration restrained her—her coronation. The Cardinal Pole, primate and Archbishop of Canterbury, was dead. Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, positively refused to place the crown upon her head, as supreme head of the English church. The remaining prelates—and there were not more than half a dozen who had survived the pestilential fever which had thinned the ranks of the hierarchy—not only declined to perform the ceremony, but refused to consecrate any new bishops, unless they were persons examined and selected by themselves.

It is singular to mark the superstition of the age. Elizabeth, who rejected the dogmas of Rome, could not divest herself of her belief in astrology and alchemy. Before she fixed the day for her coronation, she consulted the famous impostor, Dr. Dee. During the greater part of her life, that impudent charlatan exercised the most unbounded influence over her—the source of which was his having, by a happy guess, predicted the short life and reign of her sister Mary.

An arrangement having been brought about at last with Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, to consecrate her, Sunday, the fifteenth of January, was at last fixed upon for that important ceremony; the day preceding being the recognition day.

The new queen left the Tower in her robes of state, seated in a chariot hung with crimson velvet draperies and cloth of gold, having a canopy borne over her head by six knights. Never did the maiden monarch display more tact than upon this occasion. In her progress she had a kind word for most—a smile for all. Flowers were scattered on her path, and pageants enacted at every step. One of these, in Gracechurch Street, was the most remarkable. A huge rose tree was erected at the sign of the Eagle. In an immense white rose was seated Elizabeth's paternal grandmother, Elizabeth of York; next to her her husband, King Henry VII., stuck in a huge red rose.

Proceeding from the stem upon which were these two personages, were two more roses—Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—from whom proceeded a third branch, in which Elizabeth herself was seated, crowned and robed, in regal state. The entire pageant was decorated with white and red roses—emblems of the once regal houses of York and Lancaster.

A Scriptural pageant, performed by children, next met the gaze of the queen. Some verses were recited, of which the following specimen may suffice to show the taste and style of the poets of the period:

Thou hast been eight times blest, O queen of worthy fame!
By meekness of thy spirit when care did thee beset—
By mourning in thy grief—by mildness in thy blame—
By hunger and by thirst, when right thou couldst not get.

By mercy showed, not proved—by pureness in thine heart—
By seeking peace alway—by persecution wrong;
Therefore trust thou in God, since he hath helped thy smart;
That as His promise is, so He will make thee strong.

In another pageant Truth presented her Majesty with a Bible, which she graciously received and kissed.

At Temple Bar were Gog and Magog and a troop of children, who, in the words of the chronicler, sang to their sovereign a sweet song, the last words of which were not without a peculiar signification of the wishes of the citizens, and an encouragement to proceed in the work of the reformation.

Farewell, O worthy queen, and as our hope is sure,
That into error's place thou wilt now truth restore,
So trust we that thou wilt our sovereign queen endure,
And loving lady stand from henceforth evermore.

That night Elizabeth slept at Whitehall, from which place she proceeded, at an early hour the following morning, in her barge, to Westminster, where she robed herself in a mantle of crimson velvet, faced with ermine, with a train and surcoat of the same rich material.

On approaching the church, she was met by one solitary bishop—Oglethorpe—who wore the mitre and vestments of a Catholic prelate; indeed, it is said they were borrowed from the persecuting Bonner for the occasion.

After being presented by two noblemen to the prelate, who gave her the patten and chalice to kiss, she returned to her chair of state, where the coronation oath was administered to her, in which she swore to maintain the Holy Catholic Church.

The Protestants explain the charge of perjury which the Catholics have brought against this queen, by alleging that, at the time Elizabeth took the oath, she considered the church she was about to found, or had already partially established, as entitled to the appellation of Catholic. The Church of England retains it to the present day.

After the bishop had anointed her majesty, she retired with her ladies of honour to change her dress; on which occasion, she petulantly observed: "that, say what they would, the oil was only common grease, and had an ill-favoured and distasteful smell."

On her return, the prelate placed the crown upon her head, girded a sword upon her loins, and the abbey rang with the shouts of "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

At the sacrament, her majesty received the eucharist, but did not communicate, as Protestants do, from the cup. Only one Catholic sovereign in the world is permitted to communicate under both kinds—and that is the King of France on the day of his coronation—an honour conceded to him as the eldest son of the church.

Sir Edward Dymock, as champion of England, made the usual challenge to all who disputed the title of the new sovereign to the crown: who, in the proclamation made by Garter King-at-arms during the banquet in Westminster Hall, styled her majesty:

"The most high and mighty princess our dread sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, Ireland, defender of the true ancient and Catholic faith, most worthy Empress of the Ossade Isles, to the mountains Pyreneë."

At the very time the new sovereign assumed thus publicly the style and title of defender of the ancient Catholic faith, and swore by oath to maintain it, she had written not only to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, but to the principal Protestant princes of Germany, to assure them of her adherence to the reformation, and propose an alliance offensive and defensive between them.

In her astute policy, she directed Carne, her ambassador at the court of Rome, to announce her accession to the reigning pontiff, Paul IV., at the same time charging her minister to assure him that it was not her intention to offer violence to the conscience of any of her subjects.

Never did the court of Rome commit a more signal error than in the present instance. The Pope, a proud and despotic prince, instead of conciliating the new sovereign, who was firmly seated upon her throne, informed the ambassador that he could not comprehend the right of the illegitimate daughter of the late king to reign—that he considered the young Queen of Scots, the descendant of Henry VII., as the true heiress of the crown—but that if his mistress would renounce her pretensions, and submit her claims to his judgment, she should be treated with mercy and indulgence.

This reply broke the last ties which had induced the Protestant queen to tamper with her convictions. She instantly recalled her minister; but Carne, having been threatened with excommunication by the pontiff, if he ventured to obey her orders, chose to remain, and lived and died a dependent upon the bounty of the papal court.

It had long been a custom for the English sovereigns, on the event of their coronation, to release certain prisoners. One of the Protestant nobles, the morning after her coronation, as her majesty was proceeding to chapel, knelt and presented a petition to Elizabeth.

"What is this?" she demanded.

"The humble petition, gracious madam," replied the noble, "of four most notable and praiseworthy men, who for years have been most unjustly held in captivity by their enemies."

"Without our royal warrant?"

"Even so, madam!"

"God's death!"—her usual oath—exclaimed the queen, "how name you the gentlemen? We will have no such injustice in our realm! Their names, my lord? their names?"

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," replied the petitioner; "hitherto imprisoned in the Latin tongue!"

Elizabeth smiled at the conceit, and answered that, before she decided, she would inquire whether the worthy persons themselves desired to be released: a reply which was thought favourable to the Protestants.

ESSAYS.

NO. CXCI.—THE LAST WATERLOO BANQUET.

IN the evening of the 18th of June, 1852, the Duke of Wellington held his last Waterloo Banquet. Although a festival, it was an occasion to be remembered. The warrior himself presided. His fourscore and three years announced themselves in his snowy head and withered features; but the old fire shone in his eyes, and his calm smile was as pleasant and confident as ever. In the joy of the hour he heard not the rustle of the ebon wings of the executor of Providence at his side. None present saw the awful shadel! Every pulse beat well—and every soldier felt some of the gaiety that in days of yore had made the tedious march endurable, and the midnight bivouac chatty and agreeable. The rich wine flashed and danced in the blaze of light that fell on costly plate and bronzed visages, as the aged veteran—with a fatherly look to the Prince Consort on his right—proposed the health of "her Majesty the Queen." On fourteen eighteenth of June had the same toast been proposed by the same lips—and this was the fifteenth and last time. He was never again to hear the loyal response of his ancient comrades—never again to lead off the chorus with his hearty old English "hip—hip—hurrah!" And then—"The memory of the brave who fell at Waterloo," drunk in solemn silence, must have been singularly affecting; for, as time had crept on, that memory had waxed dimmer and dimmer. Thirty-seven years make a great gap in a century. It is the aggregate generation among all nations. But in that aged throng, hearts still throbbed at the recollection of the stirring deeds of 1815, and their owners could, with melancholy earnestness, think tenderly of the men who had fallen by their sides in the cause of valour, honour, and country.

Alas! in 1853, another memory has to be added to the throng of the departed great. The memory of him who directed the splendid valour which hurled

"The greatest nor the worst of men"

into the irretrievable ruin his mad ambition had provoked, has to be placed on the muster-roll of the dead! Although he does not sleep among those who lie where

"Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's drops,"

his memory is the greatest of all those who contributed to the glory of that startling 18th of June—startling, because it was more than a day of victory—it was a day on which mighty interests and mighty destinies, pending at noon, were fated to be settled and adjusted ere the last streak of sweet sunlight was to vanish from the field whereon the embattled hosts of France and England were struggling in the mad fury—the indomitable savageness—of life-devouring, insatiate war!

So in our festive hours, as we honoured "the Duke" when alive, let us remember him when dead. "The memory of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington" carries with it a national as well as mournful sentiment; and in recurring to that last banquet which the illustrious deceased gave in commemoration of his most dreadful battle, we may be allowed to bring him before the mental eye as he sat surrounded by his companions in arms, giving and receiving honours. The memory of those who fell in the strife has been drunk by them: we can fancy the host proceeding to pay tribute to individual merit. How curt and soldierlike are his eulogies. Duty was the string in the harp of his praises. The acknowledgments are delivered in the same spirit, and, as temperance was the habit of the Great Duke, as the clock struck ten, behold him on his threshold, grasping hands and smiling good nights to those he was soon to bid good-night to for ever. The last guest has vanished, and as he pauses on the landing, he gazes on the placid face of him whom Canova has chiselled with such marvellous fidelity. The marble and the man. The dead and the living. What is there about the statue to arrest his attention? He has seen it thousands of times before, but now he looks upon it with melancholy interest. Conquered and dead, dead and conquered, but the upset throne has righted again; and, behold, a descendant, on that same 18th of June, 1852, swayed the destinies of France. Probably the old man asked himself of what use was Waterloo. Was it a battle fought in vain—a mere spilling of blood, to enrich the plains of Belgium? Was the prostration of one Napoleon but the preliminary to the elevation of another? Busied with speculations like these, and his mind full of reminiscences of the brightest day in his warrior life, he has entered the Waterloo Gallery, and there, amid the trophies of the past, he gazes around him in silent abstraction. The shield that records his achievements arrests his attention, and his eye glides round from Assaye to Waterloo—he sinks into a seat, and, like a tired soldier, dreams of the past.

Once more he is in the field with harness on his back and brave hearts at his command. The hip, hip, hurrah is that of battle. The wine is rich red blood, and no stint of it. War is a liberal host. Death presides at this banquet. Hark! The roar of a hundred guns. What, does he think to wake us up? Steady, boys—steady—they come! The sulphurous canopy overhead darkens, the thunder belched by sacrilegious rage bellows over the once peaceful plain, and the serried hosts of France advance to the charge. In vain. The island heroes, like their cliffs, spurn back the tumultuous eries. Again they come—and it is man to man, horse to horse, to the music of death-whistling balls, and hoarse shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Britons strike home!" They do strike home. All through the long, weary hours of that 18th of June, they are doing nothing else but striking home. On one side it is, "Charge, generals, charge!" on the other, "Steady, boys—steady!" "The good time coming" was

then in the dim, dim distance; and the pounding goes on from rainy morn to dewy eve—and still that inflexible man cries out, "Steady boys—steady!" At length help comes. Ney leads—the bravest of the brave. "Up guards, and at them!" The foe staggers—the avalanche of red coats hurled upon them crushes them to the earth; and then, as a maddening "hip, hip, hurrah!" rings over the plain, the Duke waves his hat; and now it is "Charge, boys—charge! advance the whole line!" and the battle is won.

Yes! Waterloo is won; and that old man, trembling on the verge of eternity, asks himself, "Why won? why fought?" Why won? Because that indomitable man—that modern Hercules—had fouled the stable he had once cleansed; made fortune his footstool, instead of his pillow. Why won? Because the might and majesty of France had perished in the snows of Russia, and the whitened carcasses of hundreds of thousands of brave men were an offence in the sight of Providence. Why won? Because Tamerlane had gone out of fashion, and the world was glad to be rid of a man who had plunged his greatness in the Stygian darkness of an ambition that had degenerated into vulgar avarice. Why won? Because Napoleon, playing tricks with destiny, had exhausted the *prestige* of his power, and warred with fate, just as that vain-glorious Ajax shook his fist at the lightnings, as if they would not flash in despite of all the demi-gods that ever looked earthly-majestical beneath the high arch of heaven. Why fought? Because England was in the thrall of a mania. Bound 'prentice to the continental sovereigns, she could not run from her indentures; and so, like a faithful servant, she served out her time, and on the 18th June, 1815, tossed her cap to the sky, amid a hurricane of musket-balls, grape-shot, nine-pounders, and hissing, fizzing rockets. But the battle's won, and the route is Paris. There the great Duke holds his festival. He is the greatest in the great throng collected within its walls, and the assassin marks him for his own. But fate had willed that he should not fall by a mortal hand! A fourteenth of September smiled grimly on the frantic attempt. A king arrives in Paris—fit representative of an extinct era—and the mission of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, is accomplished. He never more will mingle in the battle; for him henceforth armies are but pageants. As he sits brooding in that magnificent dining-hall of Apsley House, he thinks he hears again his invincible troops cry, "Home, sweet home!" and the bands take up the strain; and once more he treads the soil of England, never to leave it again as a warrior. As the shouts of the multitude ring in his ears, and the sovereign and the senate shower honours on his head, the memory of Waterloo comes upon his brain, like a hot thrill after a long calm. He thinks that Britons need not blush for Waterloo; and that exultation over that brilliant success was but natural. Had he been beaten, no efforts would have been made to have softened his disappointment, or mitigated his humiliation. It was a victory—an overwhelming victory! for it marked the extinction of one political era, and the commencement of another. It was the starting-point in all subsequent advantages; it removed a barrier to the national progress, and prostrated a Colossus who regarded men but as machines to work out his gigantic purposes. It opened the door to freedom, and to the full, strong hope of the complete emancipation of the continent from the despotisms that swathed up every kingdom and state in dense black clouds of political bondage, and material depression. This has not yet been realised; but the future promises well. The soil of tyranny is always volcanic. Let but the earth heave, and thrones topple down like piles of cards. But Wellington thought little of this. He was more a soldier than a patriot. He fought for his country—for the land of the brave and the free. Hip—hip—hurrah, for Old England! "Charge, boys—charge!" The exhortation was not needed. Famed Waterloo—

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay has cover'd, heaped and pent
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

But the charge has been against another, *oe*, and the battle has been on other ground. England has exclaimed, in accents louder than the roar of battle—

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avails in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

And, so exclaiming, charged right gallantly into the very heart of a territory in which riches were heaped in splendid profusion.

The years 1815 and 1852! The difference between them now flashes over the mind of the aged soldier, as he contemplates the past; and to his still piercing eye, there is revealed an abundance of glory worth a thousand Waterloos. He sees his country striding into the luxuriant realms of art, industry, and commerce. Behold her shaking from her feet the dust of centuries, and purging her moral atmosphere of the mists that had gathered there, during a war of twenty long years! First commerce reared its head; and, like an unleashed hound, sped away with the game in view. The seas were guarded by the genius of peace; and over them, like birds released from a dreary imprisonment, flew the stately ships of merry England. Commerce in the East was extended—the west again opened its arms affectionately to the mother country—and Europe, mild and sad, at the close of a sanguinary struggle, hailed the meteor flag of England in her ports as the sure sign of her deliverance. At home the manufactures were amazingly multiplied. Stately buildings, affording employment to thousands of the population, arose all over the land; and to stimulate industry, the resources of art and science were called into requisition. The age of inventions commenced, and machinery enabled the inhab-

bitants of a little island at one extremity of the world, to not only successfully compete with nations more powerful in numbers than itself, but to establish its authority over oceans and continents, and extend its empire among the largest, the most barbarous, and the most savage of nations. Commerce and Manufactures, like twin sisters, thus having gone on hand-in-hand, their ally and best friend, Knowledge, also kept their company. Education became a national sentiment, and where the state was at fault, the people themselves supplied the deficiency. Self-improvement became an universal maxim—and how it has been adopted, let 1852 itself speak.

Then and now, thought the Duke, 1815 and 1852. Why, in 1815 the people had no *locus standi*—they were ignored by the ruling institutions. A few decayed and corrupt boroughs supplied the House of Commons with members, venality flourished in high quarters, and the great mass of the people were steeped to the lips in ignorance. In the year when Waterloo was fought and won, in England there were only schools for the rich; the poor were left to prey and be preyed upon by ignorance. Crime stalked through the land unblushingly. The habits of the people were coarse and brutal. The brutalities of the prize-ring filled up the measure of their holidays. As a consequence of all this, they were discontented, and, the government said, disorderly. They held meetings, at which they vociferously applauded the violent declamations of agitators; and when—as in Manchester—they were interfered with by a brutal yeomanry, and denied the privilege of assembling to confer upon the means of redress, the midnight torch was brandished all over the country, and the incendiary wantonly and wickedly revenged the wrongs of his class on property. The gallows then was a fixture in every assize town; and the gibbet yet lingered to scare the traveller with its ghostly remains of some poor wretch. Indeed, England then, and for some years afterwards, was anything but a pattern nation. The rich were too rich, and the poor too poor. The middle classes were only beginning to assert their supremacy. They had not yet, as a body, acquired the franchise. How different was it on the 18th June, 1852. The population of Great Britain had been increased by a third, a constantly abiding mass of seven millions had been added to the population. Every corner in the land had been brought into rapid and constant communication by means of railways; the electric telegraph had been invented to outstep Time; the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans had been bridged by steam; our commerce had been doubled, and our mechanical power of production multiplied indefinitely. In short, in its aggregate aspect, the nation, like the Great Duke's Peninsula army, was in a position "to do anything or go anywhere." Internally it was as healthy as in appearance. Incendiarism had disappeared. No political agitators disturbed the country; there were no Peterloo riots, or unlawful interferences by the magistracy, to inflame the resentment of the uneducated. Crime was less frequent, and much mitigated in character. The gallows only presented its hideous front at fitful intervals, and then only to bring the sons and daughters of Cain to condign punishment. Murder is now the only crime punished by strangulation. And if to all this be added the qualifying—the god-like circumstances, that poverty was more contracted, industry more diffused, intelligence more active and more widely circulated, and the people nervously anxious for mental and moral development—the contrast between then and now was presented to the mind of the Duke in bold and eloquent characters. Waterloo was not fought in vain, nor did that old soldier gather four-score and three years in vain. As

"The ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail,"

hovered round thy venerable form on that 18th June, 1852, thou, perchance, might have had a presentiment that thou hadst held thy last Waterloo banquet. But as those on the brink of eternity have a far-seeing vision, we do believe that as thou cast a parting look on thy bossy shield, and gave an inner glance to the world as it was, thou felt thankful that thy span of years had been extended over one of the most brilliant periods in the history of mankind.

J. P. H.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

TO REMOVE SULPHURIC ACID STAINS.—The red spots caused by sulphuric acid upon black cloth may be removed, if perceived in time, by applying carbonate of ammonia, which neutralises the acid. Nitric acid stains cannot be removed, as it not only decomposes the dye, but imparts a peculiar yellow tinge to the fibre of the wool.

A NEW POISON.—We have been informed by several pharmacists in Manchester, that red chromate of potassa is, in all probability, extensively resorted to for secret poisoning since the sale of arsenic was placed under legal restrictions. Externally, it has been long known to cause ulceration of the hands, as may often be witnessed at print works. Its internal action has not been investigated; but it is thought to cause mortification of the extremities. It is not improbable that the chromic acid may be reduced in the system.

RAPID FILTER.—A patent has just been sealed for the invention, by Mr. Bardwell, of a rapid filter, for large bodies of water and sewage, through which filter liquids, it is stated, will pass nearly as quickly as they run in. The patentee proposes to place such filters at or near the mouths of the great sewers, connecting the smaller sewers therewith, and thus he expects to see the Thames completely free from pollution, and as pure and silvery as in the days of Sir Philip Sydney.

IMPORTATION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.—During the last three years, gold-dust from California, and silver bullion from the south-western coast of America—to the value of 50,000,000 of dollars—have passed over the Isthmus of Panama, to be conveyed to England by the Royal West India mail-packets.

RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds: thus fourteen direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741,823; and all in co-operation produce the number we have named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

SCREW v. PADDLE.—The Bengal screw steamer, which brought home the late Indian mail, performed the distance between Malta and Alexandria (820 miles) in two days twenty hours—which is the shortest time the voyage was ever performed in, and she must have averaged twelve miles an hour to have done it in the time. There is no doubt that this steamer, the largest at present in the world, can run, under very favourable circumstances, nineteen miles an hour. She has fully answered the most sanguine expectations concerning her, and has proved the Yankee notion, that length of itself gives speed, because steamers of such enormous length as the Bengal, which is nearly 320 feet long, have not to breast every wave. All persons interested in the screw, and who have watched the performance of the Bengal, have pronounced that the days of paddle-box steamers are numbered, and that they will be supplanted by screw steamers as effectually as the mail coach has been supplanted by the railroad.

MILK AS A MANUFACTURING INGREDIENT.—Milk now possesses other offices besides the production of butter and cheese, and the flavouring of tea. It has made its way into the textile factories, and has become a valuable adjunct in the hands of the calico-printer and the woollen manufacturer. In the class of pigment-printing work, which is indeed a species of painting, the colours are laid on the face of the goods in an insoluble condition, so as to present a full, brilliant face. As a vehicle for effecting this process of decoration, the insoluble albumen obtained from eggs was always used, until Mr. Pattison, of Glasgow, found a more economical substitute in milk. For this purpose, buttermilk is now bought up, in large quantities, from the farmers; and the required insoluble matter is obtained from it at a price far below that of the egg albumen. This matter the patentee has called "lactarine." Another application of this article—milk—has just been developed, by causes arising out of the recent high price of olive oil. Oil having risen from £40 to £70 a ton, the woollen manufacturers are now using the high-priced article, mixed with milk. This mixture is said to answer much better than oil alone, the animal fat contained in the globules of the milk apparently furnishing an element of more powerful effect upon the woollen fibres, than the pure vegetable oil alone.

NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL FOR FORMING VARIOUS OBJECTS.—(By Professor Purkinje.)—Five parts of mixed whiting are mixed with a solution of one part of glue. When the whiting is worked up into a paste with the glue, a proportionate quantity of Venetian turpentine is added to it, by which the brittleness of the paste is destroyed. In order to prevent its clinging to the hands whilst the Venetian turpentine is being worked into the paste, a small quantity of linseed oil is added from time to time. The mass may also be coloured by kneading in any colour that may be desired. It may be pressed into shapes, and used for the production of *bas-reliefs* and other figures, such as animals, &c. It may also be worked by hand into models, during which operation the hands must be rubbed with linseed oil; the mass must also be kept warm during the process. When it cools and dries, which takes place in a few hours, it becomes as hard as stone, and may then be employed for the multiplication of these forms.

RHUBARB WINE.—In connection with the article in a preceding number, upon the vinous properties of the rhubarb plant, we now give the following receipt for making rhubarb wine, which will no doubt be acceptable to our readers: Bruise 6 lbs. of rhubarb stalks, add 1 gallon of cold spring-water, let it lay five or six days, stirring it up three or four times a day, strain it off through a sieve, then add 4 lbs. of moist sugar, one lemon sliced; let this be well mixed, care must be taken not to stir it afterwards; let it stand in this state for about ten days. It is again strained through fine muslin or a fine sieve; then put it into the barrel for good. A small quantity of isinglass dissolved in the liquid must be added. An ounce of isinglass would be sufficient for a 9-gallon cask; but as the wine ferments for several weeks, we think that the isinglass ought not to be put into it until fermentation ceases. The wine then is either bunged down or bottled off, and will be in prime condition for next summer's use. If a clear champagne is wanted, loaf sugar can be used.

IRONSTONE BRICKS AND POTTERY.—Although the "slag," or refuse cinder of the iron manufacture, accumulates at the rate of some three tons for every ton of iron that is made, and although the ironmaster is involved in serious expenses for the removal and permanent deposit of the useless material, hardly anything has yet been done to turn it to profitable account. It is true, that limited uses have been found for it in Dr. Thomson's application of it for copper-smelting, and as the nucleus of Mr. Cuninghame's agricultural and fettle materials; but neither of these employments has yet in any way affected the case. Now, however, a third and more extensive vent has been found by Mr. W. G. Elliott, of Blisworth, who uses the troublesome material for the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and pipes. In pursuing this manufacture, the patentee satisfactorily argues that iron may be profitably made, even on a small scale, by using the "slag," as it runs from the

furnace, instead of throwing it away, and covering up good ground with it. The coals and materials involved in the manufacture of the iron are obviously chargeable to that account; and it is assumed that the labour and general costs of the removal of the "slag," as at present, will nearly pay for the moulding it into bricks. The turns at the blast furnaces are twelve hours each; and in a furnace doing full work, there are four men and sometimes two horses, with boys, constantly employed in the removal of the "slag," which comes to 300 tons a week. Mr. Elliott is at present engaged in the establishment of his system for working the Northamptonshire ironstone. There does not appear to be any valid reason why the plan should not be most successful. The bricks are of excellent quality; their manufacture introduces a double course of economy, and the raw material is cheap and inexhaustible. As regards the last question, the best evidence is, that 8,000,000 tons of "slag" were produced and thrown away in 1851.

ASTLEY'S LIFE BOAT.—Hitherto the great points aimed at in life-boats have been merely displacement of water, and the qualification of righting when accidentally turned over. But in my air-chamber, or cone-boat, the case is very different, for it possesses many other peculiar properties. It would be next to impossible to turn over my boat by any power which will overturn ordinary boats. My opinion is, that the great importance laid upon the righting qualities of boats, has caused other more important particulars to be quite overlooked. Many persons find fault with my boat as being deficient in speed: others—and good authorities, too—say, "We never mind speed in a life-boat, provided we get safety." It has also been suggested, that if the cone were to get injured, the boat would cease to be safe. For this casualty I have provided two remedies: one is, the placing an inflated India rubber cushion inside the upper part of the cone. This cushion would be about 10 feet long, and it would follow the shape of the cone, being capable of being inflated from the inside of the boat at pleasure. My other means of safety consists in making the cone double—that is, with an intermediate space—one cone being, in fact, inverted over the other. One cone might thus be stove in without hurting the boat in the least.—P. H. ASTLEY.

THE ENGLISH AND BELGIAN SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—Great Britain is now additionally linked to the European continent. At twenty minutes before 1 p.m., on the 6th of May, 1853, a practical announcement was made that Dover and Middlekerke were united by an invisible telegraphic line, and that the European and American Submarine Telegraph Company had thereby furnished a means of instantaneous communication between England and Belgium. The actual line which has been laid down, was made by Messrs. Newall, of Gateshead. It consists of six copper wires, insulated by the Gutta Percha Company, with a double covering of the very remarkable material which the Wharf Road Works have so successfully and so universally introduced. The gutta percha, laid into a rope, is served with spun yarn, and then covered over with twelve iron wires. This gives a cable of greater strength than that of a first-rate man-of-war, being capable of standing a strain of 50 tons. When coiled in the hold of the William Hutt screw steamer, which took it across channel, the mass was 51 feet in external diameter, 28 feet inside the coil, and 4 feet 6 inches high. Its length is 70 miles; weight, 500 tons; and cost, £33,000. With the aid of some experienced naval men from the government, the laying down was most successfully accomplished on the day we have mentioned—the proceedings being conducted after a fashion apparently so matter-of-fact, that the work might almost be looked upon as a common and well-practised affair. The only peculiar precaution of the occasion, was the carrying the compass on board a separate tug, which vessel also kept the cable steamer steady on her course, by obviating the difficulties of steering the larger vessel. At our end, the line is laid into a case in the cliff at St. Margaret's, South Foreland. At Middlekerke, on the Belgian shore, it is passed into a coast-guard hut. Thus London and Belgium are now within speaking distance.

THE BRITISH CENSUS OF 1851.

The census of 1851 has taken upwards of two years to collate, correctly compute, and, out of the wonderful information afforded by it, to develop those important facts which, by accumulating in this manner, tend to elucidate the law of population.

The labours of March, 1851, have been only correctly reported in the summer of 1853, in the shape of two monster volumes published by the authority of Parliament. As these invaluable returns, with the skillful manipulations of them by the commissioners to whom the important task was delegated, will unfortunately, from their vast size and cost, be placed beyond the reach of the reading public, we think we could not better occupy a portion of our pages than by laying before our readers the leading results which have just been obtained, or rather arranged in intelligible order, from this remarkable decennial transaction.

The total population, then, of Great Britain and the islands in the British seas, in 1851, was 21,121,967, and not 20,936,463, as was incorrectly announced during the same year. Of this number, 10,366,048 were males, and 10,755,919 females: showing an excess of females over the males of 349,871. Good news this for the bachelor community! We hope, now that fact has been satisfactorily determined, that we shall not be tormented with their lugubrious complaints. Should they persist in the annoyance, we shall emphatically point to the figures 349,871.

This, considering the higher rate of mortality among men than among women, cannot be considered as a very alarming feature. It seems to be a law of nature that the females should preponderate; and no doubt the discovery of this fact by barbarous nations and tribes originally led to that horrible crime, female infanticide. We are not quite so cruel. Our philanthropists only wish to export this lovely surplus to distant climes, just as they would send a bale of cotton goods, correctly labelled, to New York or Botany Bay.

The object of these two volumes is not only to exhibit these and other facts, but to show how they were arrived at. In the first place, there was a judicious subdivision of labour to be effected; and then the construction of adequate machinery.

For these purposes, it was necessary to obtain from those who alone could furnish it—viz., heads of families or institutions—an authentic account of the numbers under their respective roofs. For this purpose, the whole country was divided by imaginary lines into registration districts, the registration districts into sub-districts, and the sub-districts into enumeration districts. The two former divisions already existed under the civil registration, but the latter was carried for the purpose of the census. Of the enumeration districts there were 30,610—each being assigned to one enumerator, who was to complete his enumeration in one day. Each householder of the district accounted to the enumerator for the inmates of his house; but there were some persons who were inmates of no houses at all: for instance—miners, travellers, and policemen had to be computed by a distinct machinery; and, besides these classes, there were the persons who might be sleeping on boats or barges, in barns, in tents, or in the open air.

The latter was a matter of some difficulty, and only an approximation under any circumstances could have been expected. Indeed, when we consider the number of tramps in this country, the number of English and *bond fide* gipsies, the enormous amount of the vagabond class—in the metropolis alone being no less than 100,000—together with the feverish dread entertained by young men of being drawn for the militia, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the census, admirably as it was managed, considerably underrates the actual population of the British isles. In one instance, a whole tribe of gipsies struck their tents to escape the enumerator. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks present us with some interesting as well as painful features. It appears that on the particular night of the census, 12,924 people are believed to have been sleeping in barges, 9972 in barns, and 8277 in the open air or under tents. It is rather curious that in 1841 the number of the houseless class was larger—viz., 22,303; but this is explained by the fact that the census was then taken at a season (June 7) when many Irish and other labourers were engaged in the hay harvest. Had the reckoning fallen upon the present summer, this class of the returns might have been increased by the whole garrison of Chobham Camp.

But the statistics of a census do not stop at mere numerals. There is an attempt made—and successfully, we think—to discriminate and classify the population. And to do this it was necessary to arrive at a proper definition of the terms "a family," "a house," and "a town."

According to the precedents of former censuses, even a single lodger, not boarding in the house of which he was the inmate, constituted a "family;" but on the present occasion the difficulty has been partly evaded by substituting the word "occupier" in place of the "family" of former returns. As to the word "house," the question is, whether a mansion or tenement inhabited by many individuals or families on different floors—as in Scotland—or in different chambers—as in our Inns of Court—constitutes one house or many. On former occasions the decision of this point was actually considered impossible, but at present it seems to have been ruled that houses are "isolated dwellings, or dwellings separated by party walls"—a definition which would bring the attic tenanted by a single young man lodger in the same category with the lodge of a turnpike-gate. In Great Britain the number of families has risen from 2,260,802, in 1801, to 4,312,388 in 1851. The last half century has seen 1,815,567 "new lines of families" established in England; while in Scotland the number has increased from 364,079 to 609,098, notwithstanding the migratory propensities imputed to its inhabitants. The number of "inhabited houses" in Great Britain was returned at 3,648,347, against 3,446,797 in the last census, and 1,870,476 in 1801. Omitting decimals, we might state that there was 1 family to a house, 5 persons to a house, and 4 persons to a family.

After this the commissioners deal with the question of "towns;" and they very properly accept the term as including all aggregations of dwellings above the small groups called villages or hamlets. Having thus discriminated, we are informed that of the class comprised under the terms villages or hamlets—that is to say, of "places having defined boundaries, and separately returned in population tables," there are 17,150; while of genuine towns there are in England and Wales, 580; in Scotland, 225; and the Channel Islands, 10. Besides these points there are those of relative population, of relative territorial area, and of the proximity of the towns to each other—all which are carefully discussed. "Conceive," says the report, "an area of 58,320 square miles, divided into 583 squares, each containing 25 square figures of 4 square miles; a market town in the central square containing 15,501 inhabitants, and the 24 similar squares arranged symmetrically around it in villages, containing churches and chapels and houses, holding in the aggregate 16,000 inhabitants. Now, imagine the figures to be of every variety of form as well as size, and a clear idea is obtained of the way that the ground of the island has been taken up and is occupied by the population."

There is one omission in the report which we regret—that is, the number and character of the new towns. Railways have surely done something in this way. However, as the labours of the commissioners were arduous enough in all conscience, we pass on to "the territorial" subdivisions of the kingdom: and the report lucidly recapitulates the ancient divisions of Britain from the earliest times, including the divisions made by the Romans and Saxons successively—the state of the country under the Heptarchy—and the arrangement by shires, hundreds, and tithings, which we owe to Alfred the Great. Then that wide phrase "British population" is accurately determined. In the report, "the British population"—that is to say, we Englishmen, Welchmen, and Scotchmen—are described as being distributed "over a great multitude of islands rising between the Atlantic and the North Sea," of which Great Britain is the largest. Probably no one ever understood the term "British isles" in so very precise a sense, which seems more applicable to Venetian than British territory. Yet the expression is perfectly correct. The "British isles" are actually *five hundred* in number, though only 175 were found to be inhabited on the morning of March 31, 1851. Of these islands we have a list, with their names and population. Great Britain had over 20 millions of inhabitants, and Ireland over 6 millions; Anglesea, Jersey, the Isle of Man, and the Isle of Wight had each more than 50,000; and Guernsey, Lewis, Skye, and Shetland over 20,000. From these, however, we descend very rapidly to classes with 10,000, 1000, 500, 400, 100, 40, 30, 20, and 10 inhabitants each, till we finally get to a man with an island all to himself. The name of this British Selkirk is not given, but his abode is called Inchcolm, and is "apparently a territorial appanage of Fife."

In conclusion, the commissioners draw our attention to the circumstance that, since 1801, the population in the British isles has doubled, and that though the general rate of increase has varied, owing to the action of epidemics and emigration, the sexes have preserved their proportions—viz., about 90 males to 31 females. This, looked at attentively, is an enormous increase. It is ten millions in half a century—equal to the increase during every preceding age. It would be hazardous to speculate upon such a gratifying state of the population in 1861; but probably when the commissioners have published their elaborations on the Irish census, we shall be better enabled—perhaps authoritatively entitled—to advance an opinion on this, the most momentous subject that can concern a nation.

A LESSON TO MATCH-MAKERS.

BY A. B. NEAL.

"AND these are your drawings, Josephine! dear me, how very clever you are!"

"Oh, that portfolio—these are mere trifles I painted in oils all last term. There's my music, after all! I could not think where Minny had put it."

"Did Minny do all your packing?"

"Every bit: she's the most amiable creature you ever saw. Madame Lausaut wanted to change, and give me Ellen Lyons for a room-mate—but I wasn't going to hear that. She was so idle she could scarcely take care of herself—much more put the room in order. I never touched a thing. You've no idea how I've improved in music—do you play?"

"Only a little music that I like, those waltzes mother used to play years ago, and some songs."

"But don't you sing exercises, scales, and all that? I was in hopes you did, for I learned some charming duets with mademoiselle, and they'll be quite lost if you don't. I depended on it, Julia."

"I'm very sorry," began Julia deprecatingly, as she saw a shade cross the young beauty's face; but Josephine had already forgotten it in humming a favourite air, with an astonishing display of "extras," as she turned over her music.

"This is so lovely—from 'Sonnambula'—la la la la—ah ah ah ah ah—oh, how difficult that accompaniment is! I meant to have you accompany me—it's so tiresome to have to keep up instrumental practice. I was so disappointed to see that stupid old piano in the parlour still. I've set my heart on a new one."

"But I wouldn't change for a great deal: I love that old piano—it has given me so many happy hours—and I'm sure it's very sweet-toned yet."

"Yes; but such thin legs; and there ought to be another octave and a half—a great deal of my music is written so. Who comes here now? Do put up these muslins, there's a good girl, and just hang up these dresses—take care, that's my best bonnet—till to-morrow. I did all my shopping in New York, thank goodness! Who comes in, did you say? Mr. Mitchell, of course, stupid as ever; talks law cases to papa, and brings mother a box of prunes New Year's Day; old Mr. Williams, and that inquisitive young Locke. How stupid everybody will seem after Albany!"

"Mr. Lawrence is not stupid."

"What Mr. Lawrence?" inquired Miss Josephine, sharply, knocking down a pile of school-books—lexicons and the like—in reaching for an apple.

"Father's partner."

"O dear, yes, I forgot! From Boston, isn't he? Why didn't you write me all about him?"

"You were coming home so soon—but he'll be here to tea, and you can see for yourself."

"To-night! It's well you told me—I was going down in this old wrapper, for I'm tired to death! You needn't hang up that blue muslin—here, these bows go so, just

catch them on, won't you? How shall I wear my hair? Is he tall?"

As the looker-on could easily conclude, from the positions and dialogue of the Misses Wood, one was a beauty and a belle—the other, plain, quiet, and unobtrusive. They were engaged at unpacking, in a large, pleasant chamber: that is, Josephine dragged dresses, books, collars, portfolios and under-clothes, from the various trunks and boxes, strewn them round the carpet in almost hopeless confusion; while Julia in vain tried to fulfil her constantly conflicting demands, and bring something like order out of the chaos. It was well enough for Julia to sleep with the children, but now that Josephine was coming home "for good," from the Albany Female Seminary, one of the two best bed-rooms was prepared for her, which Julia was allowed to share. Josephine was her mother's favourite—her father's, too, for that matter; while only the children clung to Julia—and they were often permitted to tyrannise, as children will. But the bright, cheerful Josephine had all the spirit and brilliancy denied to her elder sister—and here was the secret of her popularity. Like most belles, she was careless and selfish—though good-naturedly so—and her sister was one of the readiest of the whole household to submit to her whims and caprices.

Julia had been educated at home, with the indifferent aid of Factoryville schools, and was indebted to quiet perseverance and an extended range of reading for the cultivation she possessed. The children were troublesome on the days she should have been sent from home; but on the pet of the family no pains or expense had been spared. She had a good voice, and a taste for the more showy accomplishments. She was allowed music and drawing, and even dancing lessons, to her heart's content. Mr. Wood had been troubled with conscientious scruples about dancing before this. So, with every talent for popularity, Josephine won it wherever she was. The servants flattered her, teachers praised her, school-mates looked up to her, and copied and quoted her. No wonder she was a little spoiled, and that she took precedence of her plain elder sister at home, as a matter of course.

Julia was not so exceedingly plain, nor so old, after all—in reality only nineteen, though so grave and quiet—and then her eyes, and teeth, and hair were good. But her hair did not curl, nor her teeth dazzle when she smiled, nor her eyes sparkle; but they had a deep, tender, quiet light and expression all their own, when she looked at you long enough for you to notice it. She was staid—almost grave in her ways—with quite a motherly care over the children; and, every one agreed, "cut out for an old maid." We wonder how it chanced that neat drawers, orderly closets, careful habits, and a patient, much-enduring disposition, should come to be considered as certain signs of a disposition towards single-blessedness—when any one knows they are the qualities most needed in domestic life; and by the same rule of contraries, a gay, thoughtless, careless creature, bent on self-indulgence and the whim of the moment, is considered a fair candidate for matrimony.

As her toilet had commenced, Josephine could not be expected to attend to the affairs of unpacking any longer; and while she brushed, and rolled, and curled, and braided her dark, abundant hair, Julia—still on her knees by the trunks—grew weary and flushed with stooping or lifting, or contriving places for the numberless articles in this heterogeneous collection; the belle condescending now and then to make a suggestion—very much in the tone of a command—and which was sure to give a great deal of trouble, to no purpose.

Her sister remembered that the next day was Saturday, with its own burdensome share of domestic duties, and she would not have a moment to finish the task; besides, it was to her a matter of physical impossibility to sleep in a room so littered. So the tea-bell rang while she was pinning Josephine's collar, and searching at the same time among a pile of rumpled muslins for a certain pair of under-sleeves. With her hair and dress in confusion, she was obliged to excuse herself; knowing, at the same time, there would be no one to wait on the younger children, and keep them quiet. But Julia was accustomed to these little disappointments—dignified by modern story-writers as sacrifices—and gave a most sincere glance of admiration at the light and graceful figure, as her sister left the room—so airy, yet so elegant, in the simple blue lawn dress and lace edgings.

"How Mr. Lawrence will admire her!" she thought, turning, with something like a sigh of weariness, to the pile of books she was transferring to shelves at the other end of the room. It was more than an hour before anything was arranged to her satisfaction, and then she was summoned to see the children to bed; so that the evening was half gone before, work-basket in hand, she entered the parlour. She had heard Josephine at the piano, and expected to find Mr. Lawrence beside her; but no! only the family circle—Mr. Wood, as usual, with his back to the centre table, examining accounts at the old-fashioned "secretary"—as he invariably pronounced it; Mrs. Wood sat by the globe-lamp, stitching away in industrious silence; and Josephine, with a not very amiable expression of countenance, made the poor old piano tremble with the heavy chords and octaves of a variation. She rose and came to the table as her sister entered, and commenced, rather sharply:

"I thought you told me there would be company to tea?"

"There generally is on Friday night, Josephine!"

"Well, you might have known, certainly, before you gave me the trouble of dressing! It's so provoking to take all the trouble for nothing!"

Julia's linen collar and cambric under-sleeves would have been just the same under any circumstances. She could

not imagine the annoyance of looking one's very best, with nobody to see it.

"I'm sure your father was very much pleased to see how nice you looked!" Mrs. Wood said, emphatically, as if father's admiration ought to be quite a sufficient reward for any pains.

"Father! why, I don't believe he knows whether I have on a calico or a flannel dress!" and the red lips curled a little more than they should have done, as she glanced towards the stiff, square figure of the manufacturer, whose eyes were fastened—silver-rimmed spectacles and all—on the ledger before him.

Julia was sorry for her sister: she knew, from long and lonely experience, that their evenings at home were by no means gay and social. Her father was always absorbed in a review of the business of the day, or reading the latest date newspaper; and as Mrs. Wood was one of those who "cannot work and talk too," they generally had a quiet sewing duet until half-past nine, when prayers came as the close of the evening, and then to bed—to commence the next morning with the same unvaried, monotonous routine. How many families there are, in which the cheerful evening hours are thus made but a lengthening out of a day of toil and busy care. How much better for the health of mind and body, to "work while the day lasts," and devote this time to relaxation, reading, conversation, lighter employments that do not interfere with these: so that not only home is made happy to its inmates, who have something to look forward to at the close of business hours, but becomes attractive to a pleasant circle of friends from without, who will add variety to the chat or the incident.

Josephine had no work: she borrowed her mother's scissors, and commenced snipping the darning cotton with which Julia was repairing a very large, family-looking basket of stockings, and yawned, and wished somebody would come in. A faint tinkle of the door-bell, a stamp of somebody's feet on the door-step, heard distinctly through the open window, seemed a response to the aspiration. Julia neither looked up nor down, but commenced running a very large "thin place," as composedly as before; but her sister smoothed her curls, and shook out her dress, with kindling eyes fixed on the parlour door, which opened slowly to usher in—Mr. Mitchell.

"Of all people!" thought the mortified beauty. "The same tiresome, prosy, stupid old bachelor!"

She was quite disgusted by the alacrity of her father's salutation, and prepared herself for the very same remark he had used on all vacation visits, and which he evidently intended as a joke. It came accordingly.

"Dear me, Miss Josephine, how you have grown! Almost a young lady, I declare! Well, are you finished yet?"

She wondered how Julia could listen so patiently to his ponderous civilities, delivered in the same measured manner, and half-smothered, droning voice, she could remember ever since her earliest recollection—for Mr. Mitchell had been her father's friend and groomsmen, and had made it a point to visit the family once a week ever since. "Julia might talk to him for all she cared!" and with sudden interest she became deeply absorbed in the fashion article of a two-months' old "Lady's Book," not so entirely, however, that a second ring did not call an eager flush of expectation to her face.

It was a much lighter step, and a much more agreeable tone of voice, that sounded in the passage. Josephine was convinced, before the visitor entered, that Mr. Lawrence had come at last; though now she did not condescend to notice his entrance, until her father said, with quite an unusual bustle of introduction for him:

"My second daughter, Josephine, Mr. Lawrence."

"My daughter Josephine" condescended to give a very rapid but scrutinising glance, as she acknowledged the acquaintance: the result of which was, that Mr. Lawrence was neither tall nor short, handsome nor plain—but rather stylish in comparison to the Factoryville beaux generally. He had whiskers, and wore gloves. His hand was certainly in contrast to the broad, uncovered knuckles Mr. Mitchell was exhibiting on the work-table. He did not say much to Julia, beyond inquiring for her health, and asking how she liked the last book he had loaned her. He seemed more particularly interested in the children, inquiring of Mrs. Wood if Johnny had recovered from his fall, and how Sam got home from the woods the night before, and whether Mary had summoned courage to have her tooth out yet. He was a great favourite with Mrs. Wood, that was plain; and as Mr. Mitchell continued devoted to Julia and the darning cotton, the belle gradually found herself putting forth all her powers of fascination for the benefit of the new comer. Mr. Lawrence spoke of the last "Art Journal." "Did he draw?"

"A little—he sketched from nature; and Miss Wood?"

Her mother answered that question with a prompt "Oh, of course! Josephine, my dear, why don't you get your drawings, and show them to Mr. Lawrence? He would like very much to see them."

Miss Wood was sure she could not think or trouble him with such childish affairs, and the end of it was that Mr. Lawrence devoted the whole evening to the fair artist, over the portfolio and pianoforte—for he was also very fond of music.

As for Josephine, her listlessness had all vanished. She smiled, she chatted, she sang and played her very best, and talked herself to sleep after the visit was over, admiring Mr. Lawrence, and pronouncing Julia very stupid not to do so.

Poor Julia! How did the sleeping beauty know that? She did admire Mr. Lawrence more than any man she had ever met. She never knew how much until this evening, when he had scarcely spoken to her, and she had found time, between Mr. Mitchell's studied remarks, to listen to his clever repartee, or watch his animated face,

as he listened to Josephine's songs. She had expected him to admire her sister, and had thought what a relief it would be to the city-bred young lady to find so agreeable a person almost domesticated with them. But he need not have been quite so much engrossed, she thought, as to forget to ask if she would like the second part of "Hazlitt's Table Talk"—which she did want very much. However, it was only natural, perhaps: she was so plain and quiet, Josephine so full of life and animation. She was so beautiful, too—and gentlemen always cared for beauty above everything else; yes, she was very beautiful—for Julia turned and looked at that fair face nestling in the pillow near her—the lips so red and full, the cheek dimpling with some pleasant dream, and the dark lashes shading it so softly. No wonder every one admired and loved her; and with a feeling of almost motherly fondness, Julia bent over and kissed her fair young sister very softly, blessing her in her heart.

Mr. Lawrence sat in the family pew at church, and walked home by the young ladies, very naturally, after service. Josephine looked more charming than ever in the simple but elegant white crape hat, with a few blue harebells near the face. And the floating, wavy flounces of her *barège* dress were so becoming to her figure. Julia felt almost cloudy in the Dunstable straw, with its plain satin ribbons, and the white dress, now in its second season. She saw the many admiring glances Josephine received, and gradually fell back, taking little Mary's hand, and leaving them to walk on alone. They certainly did look very well together, and Mrs. Wood thought so, too: from that moment it became "a match" in her mind.

Everything favoured the growing intimacy of the young people. For once the course of true love seemed to run as smooth as heart could wish. They practised together, and Mr. Lawrence looked over and corrected Josephine's drawings. Mr. Wood always made his young and influential partner welcome, and he as steadily resisted all the efforts of his senior to entice him into talking business after business hours. Perhaps this was one reason why Mrs. Wood liked him so well. There were various parties given during the fall and winter, in honour of Miss Josephine's return; and Mr. Lawrence was their escort, as a matter of course, Julia seeming more in the light of a chaperone, than needing one.

Of course all the Factoryville belles grew very jealous of the new comer.

"She put on so many airs, as if nobody had ever been at boarding-school before!"

"She dressed so much more than poor Julia!" said another.

"And is determined to monopolise Mr. Lawrence!" added an amiable trio. But none of these things moved the young lady herself: she was tasting the intoxicating draught of general admiration, and she had no time to bestow on distanced competitors.

Spring came on again, and the family gathered more in the sitting-room, leaving the parlour, by tacit consent, to the lovers, as they were generally supposed to be. Mr. Wood had talked it over with his wife, and concluded it would be an excellent arrangement, as far as business was concerned.

"A son-in-law would feel so much more interest than a stranger."

And Mrs. Wood thought she might as well give Julia a hint about leaving the parlour occasionally, or being engaged sometimes when a walk was proposed.

Poor Julia! she took it meekly, as she did all her mother's instructions. She confined herself more than ever to the family mending, while Josephine trifled with cambric ruffles and a gold thimble. It was quite right in her eyes that when but one of them could have a new shawl, Josephine should be that one; or when Mr. Lawrence invited the young ladies to ride, mother should wish her particularly to oversee the baking. She began to think she should like to have the wedding over soon, and that she would be an old maid, as every one predicted, after all. Indeed, she told Mr. Mitchell so, when, to her utter astonishment, he proposed to bestow on her the honour of his hand and name. Mr. Mitchell received it very calmly; said that perhaps it was the most sensible way of living, after all; and he hoped she would not think of mentioning their little conversation. He need not have uttered the last piece of advice; but by the time she reached home alone, she had begun to wonder whether she had not dreamed the whole interview, so improbable did it appear.

Her mother stopped her on the stairs, to say she was very late—the dressmaker must have kept her a great while; they were through tea, and Mr. Lawrence had asked "father" if he could see him alone a few moments that evening. "So you see if it isn't just as I said!" Mrs. Wood added triumphantly; "and I only wish Josy was at home: she's at your aunt's, and won't be here before night."

Julia was glad to hear it—all of it; she did not wish for any tea, and she wanted to be alone in her room. She was glad she knew Mr. Lawrence was going to propose—she could think it all over.

Poor Julia, once again. She did not seem very happy, after all, as she untied her bonnet, and sat down on a low sewing-chair by the open window. She was not jealous of her sister's happiness, but she envied her the power of winning love and sympathy. Her own lot seemed so lonely and unvaried. The round of household duties—the constant and almost imperceptible tax upon her time, and strength, and energies, as the elder sister of a large household—the want of cheerful companionship, especially when Josephine should be in a home of her own,—it was this that had made the visits of Mr. Lawrence so pleasant at first; he had given her an interest out of herself, de-

scribed what she herself had felt in speaking of their favourite authors, which neither her father nor mother even knew by name. Before Josephine came he had almost seemed to like her. Only a month ago, he came and stood by her one evening, and asked her how it was he saw so little of her now; and he offered her his hand so kindly. Sometimes she was sure she had seen him look towards her from the piano, as if he was sorry she was so dull and lonely—but then he was so kind to every one. How happy Josephine would be with such constant love and watchful care. How could she speak so lightly of it? No longer ago than yesterday she said in that very room, with a toss of the head: "Mr. Lawrence need not think himself so very sure of her, after all—he was not the only man in the world!"

She heard him in the hall below inquiring for her father, and started as she thought how soon she would be called upon to welcome him as a brother. She was "very nervous," she said to herself—her walk had been too long. She must have been—for when she tried to think only how very beautiful the trees looked in the garden below, silvered by the moonlight, which seemed to call out the faint breath of the just opening lilacs, a mist of unbidden tears hid it from her view, and, laying her head on the window-seat, she sobbed like a tired child.

Her father's voice, calling, "Julia—Julia!" from the sitting-room door, recalled her to herself, after a miserable hour. She had been so absorbed that she had not even heard Mr. Lawrence go out; but of course he would bring Josephine home from her aunt's, and she must prepare to meet and congratulate them. It was very foolish in her to feel so—she ought to be very thankful she was going to have Mr. Lawrence for a brother. She descended the stairs slowly, nevertheless, that her eyes might have all the time she could gain, to recover their usual hue—so slowly that her father came to the door again, as if to send up another impatient summons.

Mr. Wood made few prefaces. Perhaps it was just as well.

"I suppose you knew Mr. Lawrence came to see me to-night?" he began, abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"And not on business, either—that is, not concerning the factory. I must confess I was surprised."

"I was not, sir," said Julia, looking up, and trying to speak cheerfully.

"Not surprised? He assured me he had never mentioned the matter to you!"

"He never has, sir—but it was very easy to see it!"

"Bless my heart!" broke in Mr. Wood, abruptly, "your mother and I always thought his attentions were directed to Josephine!"

"Yes, sir, to Josephine."

"And wanting you all the while! Well, I must say I never courted your aunt Jane, when I wanted to marry your mother!"

"Oh, indeed you are mistaken—it is Josephine! he never speaks to me."

"He says he can never get a chance, and that's why he came to ask me if we had any objection to his addressing you."

"Oh no, sir—indeed it was Josephine! I always left—"

"Indeed it was not, little sceptic!" and before the poor child could think of an escape, or what it all could mean, she was for the first time in her life alone with Mr. Lawrence—Mr. Wood considerably leaving the argument in his hands. He seemed to have brought forth most convincing proof that he knew his own mind—for in an incredibly short space of time Julia had changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion that she would not like to have him for "a brother" at all.

"But you always walked with Josephine?"

"Because you always left us."

"And you sang with her?"

"You never would touch the piano after she came. You know I always liked your ballads better than opera songs, that were never written for the parlour."

"But she is so pretty!"

"And you are so good, and so unselfish, and so dear!" he said, clasping the hand that he held more closely.

"What shall I do or say to convince you that it is you, and not Josephine, I want for my wife?"

It is due to the discomfited beauty to state that she bore the turn affairs had taken with wondrous equanimity, and exerted all her taste and skill in the arrangement of the trousseau. Nay, she even flirted violently at the wedding (which was the grandest affair, thanks to her, Factoryville had ever seen), with a cousin of Mr. Lawrence, who had come down to be groomsmen; though her rivals insisted "that was all put on to conceal her mortification, anybody could tell." Mr. Mitchell did not venture his usual stereotyped wedding joke about the happy pair, but retired into a corner with Mr. Wood, who was glad to refresh himself in so unusual an atmosphere, by a little sensible talk on the tariff.

After all, Josephine became Mrs. Lawrence, by marrying the Boston cousin—who, being passionately fond of gay society and the polka, was much more to her fancy than Julia's husband. It was hard to say which was happier—each in her own way—Julia devoted to her husband and her household, where Mr. Mitchell, after a time became a regular weekly visitor—or Josephine in her round of city engagements; but certainly neither one of them ever repented the choice their father's partner had made.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what means he acquired so much knowledge, he answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

FACETIÆ.

WHIS-KEY.—The key that opens the door of death and destruction.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a dunce who stood by a donkey.

An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance, when in the act of taking you in.

VERY GOOD.—A contemporary, mis-spelling the word Kissagen, says: "Lord and Lady Normanby are going to Kissagen!"

WHAT A JEWEL!—An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door."

PLEASANT AFFLICTION.—There is a young man in Toledo who has grown round-shouldered through bending over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighbourhood.

In a country news-room in Yorkshire, the following notice is written over the chimney: "Gentlemen learning to spell, are requested to use yesterday's paper."

"'Tis false!" as the girl said, when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

"I shall die like a hero," said the coal, when it was being consumed; "for I shall mix with the ashes of the grate."

A FALSE ALARM.—A superstitious Irishman—an implicit believer in ghosts—fell into a state of great excitement the other day, upon hearing that several contributions were to be sent to the Dublin Exhibition from the Gobelins of Paris.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

VERY TRUE.—Miss Dubois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

The latest report of Paris fashions says: "Bonnets are very small, and are more worn about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied round the ankles before long.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

JUST CAUSE AND IMPEDIMENT.—A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow of Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them?" said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a cheque for ample means. When they met again the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have got another wife!"

THERE is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

TOM MOORE said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant *arrah* coming out of it."

JUDGE a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an Englishman by his rotundity—a Scotchman by his shrug—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

"Mr son," said Mr. Spriggins to his little son, who was devouring an egg—it was Mr. Spriggins's desire to instruct his boy—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they, father?" said the young hopeful; "I thought the reverse." The elder Spriggins drew back from the table, sadly, and gazed on his son, then put on his hat and went out.

WANTED.—To find the jeweller, who made the welkin ring.

HARD TO INTERPRET.—The post-office men, who are obliged to read and construe the superscriptions on the various letters, have a task which must exercise all their ingenuity. One day lately, a Convocation of the Philadelphia post-office clerks was held over an irregularly-shaped billet, the direction on which was precisely as follows: "Mysterec A Jay Burd, Lung at combing knew gursy you knighted staid." After two hours and a half of hard study, one of the young gentlemen solved the riddle, and this was the interpretation thereof: "Mr. E. A. J. Bird, Long-a-coming, New Jersey, United States."

POLITENESS ALWAYS MEETS WITH ITS REWARD.—The following is from a French paper: "Sir, sir, you have dropped some papers!" said a young man, the other morning, to a person passing. "Sir, I am very much obliged to you!" said the other, turning round and picking up a large bundle. "Excuse me," continued he, "but have I not the honour of addressing Mr. P——?" "That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise. "Ay, I thought so. I am very lucky in meeting you. I am an officer of the Tribunal of Commerce, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of exchange for one thousand five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped, is the summons against you!"

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild, that though no man was less lavish of his money, no one was more ready to detect a love of it in others. It was one day, while at a city feast, that a gentleman observed, that, for his part, he thought venison was very good, but that he loved mutton better. "Ah, ah! I knowsy vy! it is becaush he does not like to pay de prisbe: it is becaush mutton's *sheep*, and venshon's *deer*."

A YANKEE IN LOVE.—Oh dear, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin' hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to ahadders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—nervous flutterins—and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease. Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggers catch flies, to pass time—hearts and darts, cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for schoolboys and seminary girls; but for a man like me, and an angeliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, and heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'fled lightning.—*Sam Slick's Wise Sawes*.

LORD PETERBOROUGH AND THE CANARY.—Lady Suffolk relates one of his adventures told her by himself, which contrasts ludicrously with the stirring events in which he was then engaged. He was in love, or fancied himself in love, with a young lady who was very fond of birds: she had seen and heard a remarkably fine canary in a coffee-house near Charing Cross, and entreated her lover, in proof of his affection, to obtain it for her. The owner of this coveted pet was a widow, who was so much attached to it that she refused an enormous price which Mordaunt offered. He was, however, determined to gain his point by foul means, since fair had failed. By great exertion he managed to obtain another bird of exactly the same size and colour, but it chanced to be a voiceless hen; he then frequented the house to await his opportunity. The landlady usually sat in a room behind the bar, always accompanied by her beloved canary, of which she seldom lost sight. One day Mordaunt, under some pretext, contrived to get her out of the way for a few minutes, and with great dexterity exchanged his bird for that of the hostess, and carried off the prize undiscovered. Shortly after the revolution, he for the first time, ventured to touch upon this dangerous subject to the landlady, saying: "I would have bought that bird of yours, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." "Indeed, sir," answered she, "I am not, nor would I now take any money for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note!"

WOMEN AND SALMON.—Oh, it's beautiful play that! You may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hooked, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash, he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and runs out the line, and whirr-r! and then another hour's play before he gives in. Well, it's grand no doubt. It's very excitin'; but what's that sport to seein' a woman play her husband? The wife, too, is just such a gaudy-lookin' fly as that which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked with, and got up just as nateral. Oh, how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game! Don't she enjoy it, the little dear, smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom, or swell her allerbaster neck, but as quiet and gentle throughout as one of the Graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names, too, you'd think she was courtin' a most. But the honey makes the words stick, and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meaning that makes poor hubby jump right on end, and when he roars with pain and rage, she lays down her pencil or her embroidery, and looks up in surprise, for she was occupied before and didn't notice nothin'. Oh, what a look of astonishment she puts on!—*Sam Slick's Wise Sawes*.

SAM SLICK AND THE QUACK DOCTOR.—"Now, Mr. Slick, have you any more medical secrets of natur?" "I have," said I. "I can cure the jamdice in a few days, when doctors can make no fist of it, anyhow they can fix it; and the remedy is on every farm, only they don't know it. I can cure in an hour or two that awful ague in the face, that folks, specially women, are subject to; and can make skin grow when it is broken on the shin-bone, and other awkward places, even in the case of an old man, that doctors only make wus; and effect a hundred other cures. But that's neither here nor there, and I ain't a-goin' to set up for a doctor; I didn't come to brag, but to larn. That is a great herbal cure you have got hold of, though—that's a fact," said I. "What are you going to call it?" "Sure and safe remedy for the dropsy," said he. "You won't sell a bottle," said I. "Simples will do very well inside (and the simpler they are the safer they be), but not outside of patent medicines. Call it 'The Vegetable Anasarca Specific,' an easy, safe, and speedy cure for anasarca, or dropsy in the skin; the ascites, or dropsy in the stomach; the hydrops pectoris, or dropsy in the breast; and the hydrocephalus, or dropsy of the brain. Put the first in gold letters on the label, the second in green, the third in pink, and the fourth in blue. You must have a fine name to please the ear, a nice-looking bottle to please the eye, and somethin' that is perfumed and smells nice to please the nose. But

everything is in a name. When I was in Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met an old nigger—which we call a Chesapeake nigger—one of them niggers Admiral Sir John Warren was fool enough to give Bluenose to support. I was then about three miles out of the village. 'Well, Cato Cooper,' said I, 'What little church is that standin' there?' 'Dat nigger church, massa,' said he. 'Built a purpose for niggers.' 'Well, I hope you go often?' 'Dat is just what I do, massa. College students preach dere, and dere is one ob de beautifullest preachers moug' em you eber did hear respond a text. Oh! he splains it rail haedsome. Nebber was uffin like it, his sarmon is more nor half Latin and Greek, it are beautiful to hear, there ain't a nigger in de settlement don't go to listen to him; its rail dictionary. He converted me. I is a Christian now, since I know all blacks are to be received into the kitchen ob heaven.' 'Now, that nigger is a sample of mankind—big words look larned, and please them.' 'Well, I have a theory about that,' said the quack captain. 'Mankind are gullible, that's a fact—they'll swallow anything a'most, if you only know how to talk 'em into it; that's the only secret, how to persuade 'em. Mankind lives on promises.' 'Well,' said I, 'gullible means taking things down like gulls, and they are awful hungry birds. They go screaming about the mud flat of the river in the basin of Minas, like mad, and swallow a whole herring, one after another, without winking; and now and then a clam, shell and all, as fowls do gravel, to help digestion—but cover a herring over with your nasty stuff, and see if they wouldn't scream loud enough to wake the dead a'most. You must treat men as you would children. Tell them to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what you would give them, as you do when you play with the little dears, and as long as it is sweet and pleasant, they will swallow anything.'—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws.*

WISE SAWS, BY SAM SLICK.

"Punctuality," said I, "my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now take care of the minutes," said I, "and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes. Attention to one airns money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and, in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well to do in this world, as times go."

Thinks I to myself, a man may be a president, and no great shakes either—for after all he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die.

When grasshoppers are so plenty as to make the pastures poor, gobblers grow fat. Hard times is what you thrive in; when the ponds dry up, the pokes get the pollywogs.

Take your daily bread, and be thankful; but don't pray to the Lord to lay up for you the loaves for years to come, to make you rich. Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of his oven.

It's no use talkin'. When you are down, poverty, like snow-shoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising. A man can't hope agin hope.

Work! airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be! Work, and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work, and see how independent you will be! Work, and see how happy your family will be! Work, and see how religious you will be! for, before you know where you are, instead of repinin' at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy!

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he is not the man for your banker.

A woman who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings; and if she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate. Her experience is her own; and if that is adverse, it ought, at least, to impose silence. Innocence is not suspicious; but guilt is always ready to turn informer.

Them that have more than their own share of one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength, there ain't apt to be much "gumption." A handsome man in a general way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that have genius have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich; while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat-pie: the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone. The middle is not bad, generally; but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole.

A NATURAL REMARK.—A bystander, seeing chickens hatched by the Hydro-Incubator in Leicester Square, was astonished at the achievement, and wondered whether their mothers knew they were out!—*Diogenes.*

THE GOOD OLD TIMES RESTORED.

The Age of Gold at the present time in Australia.

The Age of Brass the same in France.

The Age of Bronze the same in Portugal.

The Age of Iron the same in Austria and Russia.

The Age of Lead the same in Rome and Italy.—*Ibid.*

THE VERY LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—A newspaper, the other day, in an article advocating early closing principles, contrasted the late hours which were kept in England with the practice in other countries. Amongst other things it mentioned that "In Italy the working-classes leave their work at 24 o'clock." Well, at any rate, we never work more than half as late as that in England!—*Ibid.*

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.—News from China is of a most startling character. The usual services are completely smashed. The emperor is said to be cracked, in consequence of the general upset. Nankin, Tanpin, and Chanpin, are in the hands of the enemy. Chekinangfoo was to be reinforced by four vessels. Who, or what, or where, is Chekinangfoo? Is it a place or a person? The latest information from Shamai is very unsatisfactory and suspicious, and may turn out to be all sham. At Taeping the imperial force succeeded in scattering the enemy, who was smashed into a thousand pieces. Every Coach-in-China has been kidnapped by the emperor, who hopes thus to crow over the rebels.—*Diogenes.*

THE SEWERS' RATE.—A continual drain on the purse.—*Punch.*

WELL OFF FOR SOAP.—The late ministers ought to thank the present government for the repeal of the soap duty, since the dockyard disclosures show their hands to be in a state which ought to make them appreciate the benefit of that remission.—*Ibid.*

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.—*Ibid.*

TWO THINGS LOOMING IN THE FUTURE.—The repeal of the income-tax in seven years.—The gradual decrease of the tea duty, until it becomes a shilling per pound. These things, far distant though they be, are infinitely better, however, than the things hinted at by Mr. D'Israeli as "looming in the future," who never would fix any date, or tell us when we might reasonably expect them.—*Ibid.*

ONE (PERHAPS) IN TEN MILLIONS.—It is a strong matter of doubt where there can be found a man in the world who doesn't owe something to his tailor.—*Ibid.*

FLOWERS OF PROMISE.

AN orchard in bloom in the sunny spring
To me is a wondrous lovely thing:
The silver cherry, and creamy pear,
And the pure white plum looking passing fair;
But fairest of all is the apple, o'erspread
With its lady-like blossoms of white and red.
With strange delight on the scene I dwell—
It breathes a soft and dreamy spell.
Such magic as the past can raise;
It conjures up my early days,
When I learned to read in Nature's book;
And oft was wont, with earnest look,
On the flowery trees to stand and muse,
Whilst rapture would my eyes suffuse,
And I cried, as the bright thought flashed on me,
"What a jolly lot of fruit there'll be!"—*Ibid.*

THE CONVENIENCE OF BEING SHORT-SIGHTED.—There is a great convenience sometimes in being short-sighted. If a young gentleman happens to meet a creditor, or a friend who is rather "seedy," or a bore who is an untiring button-holder, you quietly pass on; and, when challenged with it afterwards, all you have to say is: "My dear fellow, I'm extremely sorry; the fact is I did not see you, I'm so excessively short-sighted." We know a large man in the City who is always short-sighted directly he spies out a poor relation, and yet, drop a bank-note at his feet, and you'll see how quickly he will pick it up.—*Ibid.*

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEEP.—A teetotaler taking gin-and-water as medicine.—*Ibid.*

THE BARREL ORGAN.—The vested interests of the Big Brewers appear to be defended by very Wire-drawn arguments.—*Ibid.*

A PLEASANT SMELL OF POWDER.—In connection with the subject of the national defences, it may be mentioned that some young gentlemen belonging to a "crack" regiment have raised a subscription in order to constitute a prize, to be offered for the invention of a perfumed gunpowder. The realisation of this desideratum will, it is considered, remove the principal objection to cartridges. Gun-cotton, impregnated with musk, is the nearest approach to the odiferous explosive substance required that has been proposed as yet; but would, it is feared, prove overpowering to friend as well as to foe. A great boon, certainly, would be conferred on delicately-organised officers by the discovery of a gunpowder which, in exploding, would, at the same time, diffuse fragrance around, and scatter destruction afar; delighting those who fire it, and being offensive to none but the enemy.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

AN honourable life is the best legacy a father can leave his children.

GRAVES are the footprints of the angel of eternal life.

DR. CHALMERS says, that one of the strongest temptations he had to contend with was, an undue and unkind aversion to those who had disagreeable peculiarities.

WHEN virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it afar off, in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets.

JARS concealed are half reconciled; while 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad. To this end a good husband never reproves his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present, after which, many study rather revenge than reformation.

GAIETY is not a proof that the heart is at ease—for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.

THE virtue which we gather from a fable or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting: as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit, that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible to the fatigues that accompany it.

WHIST AND THE TEMPER.—The strangest thing in the world is the different ways in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in ordinary affairs of life, bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus.—*Bulwer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE mother's smile gives her child the first glimpse of heaven, as the tenderness of her affection awakens the first conception of an all-bountiful Providence. Women dwell with patience upon the trifles that make up the lives of their children; and it is on the direction of these seeming trifles that their future greatness will depend. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." When yet a child, he had drawn a rude sketch of an infant relation sleeping in a cradle. His mother chanced to see this childish production, and was so well pleased with it that she took the young artist in her arms, and rapturously kissed him. That mark of maternal delight fixed his fate for life.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.—An amusing anecdote is related of this distinguished lady, in connection with the meeting held at Stafford House to welcome Mrs. Stowe to this country. As the hostess on the occasion, and the originator of the "Women's Address on Slavery," which led to the gathering, she of course attracted great attention. Besides, her fine figure, her noble and handsome countenance, combined with her courtly manner, rendered her conspicuous amid the brilliant throng by which she was surrounded. An enthusiastic American is said to have been so stricken with admiration, that he blurted forth, with an exceedingly Yankee twang, this remark: "Well, if we had such a queen, I guess we might get on very well at Washington!"

ANTI-PATHIES.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed colour, and his legs shook under him, at the sight of a fox or hare. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost. If by mistake it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Caesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed colour on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped to any himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—At Kubbepore na Jeal, in India, there is a cannon 213 inches long, 66 inches round the muzzle, and 18 inches round the calibre. It has five, and had originally six, equidistant rings, by which it was lifted up. This gun is called by the natives Jaun Kushall, or the Destroyer of Life, and its casting and position are attributed to the *doctas* or divinities, though its almost obliterated Persian inscriptions declare its formation by human means. But what is most extraordinary about it is, that two peepul-trees have grown both cannon and carriage into themselves. Fragments of the iron, a spring, one of the linches, and part of the wood-work, protrude from between the roots and bodies of these trees, but the trees alone entirely support the gun, one of the rings of which, and half of the whole length, being completely hidden between and inside their barks and trunks. A more curious sight, or a cannon more firmly fixed, though by the mere gradual growth of two trees, cannot well be imagined. The Indians assert that it was only once fired, and sent the ball twenty-four miles.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away—
"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget!"
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not "seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things;"—
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
Till the captive sings.
Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings;
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSCUS.—The words of a song cannot be set to music, for sale, without the author's permission. Translations of foreign books published in this country are copyright.

JOHN LEE.—There is a wide difference between "to swim" and "to float." The former is a voluntary exertion, the latter merely a result of the law of gravity.

VERITAS.—Grense may be removed from coat-collars by applying spirits of turpentine with a sponge, and when dry rubbing them.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER.—The result of your neglect to register the birth of your child within the proper time will be that, if at any time hereafter it should be necessary to prove his age, a prudent lawyer would assume it to have commenced from the date of the registration. Have the birth registered forthwith. The fee is five shillings.

R. R. N.—You ask which of Fenimore Cooper's novels is the best? We answer, the "Last of the Mohicans;" but it is all a matter of taste. Some prefer his "Spy," an admirable tale; others his "Pilot," and others that trashy thing the "Red Rover."

IGNORANCE.—Become a member of a mechanics' institution. You will then have the advantage of associating with young men of your own age, all of them actuated by the same desire for self-improvement.

S. T. W.—The cost of a marriage before a superintendent registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, including all the notices, is about fifteen shillings.

THOMAS DAWSON.—The Prince of Wales is heir-apparent to the crown. Should he survive his mother, he will be king. Nothing can prevent that—no, not even idiocy or misconduct—but the will of the people.

WIGAM.—Marriages contracted before a superintendent-registrar are quite legal. They are authorised by one of the most important acts ever passed by the British Parliament. The parties must give the registrar notice, which notice is posted up in his office for fourteen days. On the fifteenth day the parties may attend before him and be married, but the doors of his office must be open to the public, just as the law on such occasions insists upon the doors of a church or chapel being open.

PERRY.—Etiquette allows a lady to wear a ring or rings on what finger or fingers she pleases. We have observed ladies of unexceptionable taste wear one on the fore-finger of the left hand, sometimes on the second.

HUPD.—1. You may live as cheaply in England as in any place in the world. All depends on the style and the management. 2. For one Englishman in Glasgow there are a hundred Scotchmen in Manchester. The Englishman, like the Scotchman, likes to leave the North behind him.

C. T. D.—Raspberry-water ice may be made in this manner. Mash a bottle of fresh raspberries in a basin with a little sugar, a gill of syrup, half a pint of water, and a little lemon-juice; mix them together, strain it through a sieve, and then freeze it. This is done by placing the freezing-pot in a pail of ice well mixed with salt, turning it for ten minutes, then taking the top off the freezer, scraping the ice from the sides, and working the contents with the spaddle until they are as smooth as butter.

D. EVANS.—The Southwark sessions are held before the Lord Mayor, the aldermen who have passed the chair, and the recorder, four times a year. The days of sitting are always previously advertised.

G. S. F.—The first passenger railway in either Europe or America, was that between Stockton and Darlington, a distance of twenty miles. The fare was two shillings. The line was opened in 1825, and at first the wagons were drawn by horses, but in the following year two of Stephenson's locomotives were employed.

C. B. asks us whether in the time of Richard II. a law was passed making it high treason to propose a poll-tax. We reply in the negative. Country people, especially in the south of England, have a tradition to that effect, but it is simply a tradition unfounded in fact; and, as our correspondent has drawn our attention to the subject, we unhesitatingly say a poll-tax would be the most just of all taxes. Tax every man according to his means—and how can you fairly ascertain his means, but by his position in society? Let a peer of the realm be taxed as a peer of the realm, a merchant as a merchant, a tradesman as a tradesman, a labourer as a labourer. That would do away with the inquisitorial income-tax, the abominable excise duties, and the vexatious and inexpedient customs duties. Every man then would know what he had to pay; and, as we could easily show, at the year's end he would be considerably the gainer by the arrangement. Simplicity would be introduced into the revenue accounts, two-thirds of the six or seven millions actually expended every year in the collection of taxes, and of course lost, would be saved, and we do not doubt, under a proper system of distribution, would entirely supersede the present cumbersome and oppressive mode of levying and collecting the national taxation. Why, even in the hurry of replying to a letter just come to hand, we can show how a poll-tax could be collected, and made to fall equitably on all classes. In the United Kingdom there are 70,000 proprietors of land, with an average yearly rental of £1000. Their estates being permanent, and their stake in the prosperity and safety of the country being greater than any other class, we think they might reasonably be taxed so as to pay, per head, as much on the average as would amount to one-tenth of their gross incomes. They ought fairly to pay one-tenth of their £70,000,000 towards the necessities of the state. The trades and professions should be dealt with in the same manner. This class numbers 400,000, with incomes from £150 per annum upwards. Let the average for them be £15 a year—a tenth. Those in positions commanding incomes ranging from £100 to £150 are about 300,000; therefore let the average poll-tax for them be £10 a year—a tenth. Those in positions worth only from £50 to £100 per annum, cannot be less than 300,000, therefore take the low estimate, and let them pay, on the average, £5 a head—a tenth. And as the remainder of the adult male population of the United Kingdom would be about 3,500,000, let the poll-tax for them be, say £2 per head per annum. The adult women should also contribute something—for, in fact, they owe a deeper debt of gratitude to the army and navy, the laws, the magistrates, the police, &c., than the sterner sex: so let us put them down at £1 per lovely head per annum. And now what does the group of figures present to us in a column?

70,000 landowners, at £100 per head, per annum	7,000,000
400,000 tradesmen, merchants, manufacturers, and followers of professions, at £15 do. do.	6,000,000
300,000 clerks, mechanics, &c., at £10 do. do.	3,000,000
300,000 clerks, mechanics, labourers, &c., at £5 do. do.	1,500,000
3,500,000 labourers, at £2 do. do.	7,000,000
4,500,000 adult females, at £1 do. do.	4,500,000
	£29,000,000

Why, here is the interest of the national debt at once. But our suggestion would be a poll-tax to cover the whole of the fifty or fifty-one millions required for the exigencies of the state. Make the divisions narrower, the assessment for the first two classes—especially the second—higher, and the odd twenty-one millions would speedily be raised.

R. M.—In 1851, the population in the London division was 2,361,640; in the north-western division, comprising Cheshire and Lancashire, 2,487,351: so that it is quite evident that the population in and within a radius of forty miles round the metropolis, is much greater than within the same circumference in the Manchester district. The London division is only a part of Mid-dersex, Surrey, and Kent; the north-western division includes the whole of Lancashire and Cheshire.

J. D.—Gold fish were first imported into England in 1611. They were brought from China, in which country for ages they have been the constant ornament in ponds and reservoirs in pleasure grounds.

A COLLEGEIAN complains that he has a red nose. His habits, we presume, are temperate. If so, the fault must be with his digestive organs or liver. We will give him a hint that will be of service to him and other young men. Tight lacing reddens the nose. Now, as some young men do lace tightly—wear belts or stays, to improve the figure, as they express themselves, or "hold their backs up," in rowing and cricket matches—we are not surprised at the number of young men we see with red noses. The belts worn by sailors rest on the hips, and they are slack. Jack is too wise to go about his work with his body in durance vile.

MICHAEL.—Making gunpowder is a very dangerous employment; but as you only inquire for the sake of being accurately informed on the subject, we will oblige you by stating, that it is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpetre, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten parts of sulphur. Each ingredient requires careful preparation; and when we tell you that the concluding process is drying in a stove, heated to about a hundred degrees, we think we have stated sufficient to deter you or any other person from indulging in any foolish and useless experiments.

G. H. P. O.—You have made a mistake. It is the personal property to which letters of administration must be taken out. Of course, what property there is unsettled, whether real or personal, will be liable to the intestate's debts.

H. F. M.—Your mother must give up peaceable possession forthwith. The life interest of your father having terminated by his decease, the property has passed into other hands. Should she hold over, the consequences may be serious.

ALICE R.—A lady, when meeting a gentleman with whom she is only slightly acquainted, should bow or speak first, should she desire the gentleman to address her. Should she not, the etiquette is for the gentleman to pass on without giving the slightest token of recognition. In these cases the lady must be guided by her instinctive sense of what is due to herself and sex. Gentlemen are apt to be vain, some rather presumptuous.

SHEEN.—The personal property of an intestate, after payment of the funeral expenses, &c., and the debts, would be divided among his wife and children, in the following proportions: One-third to the wife, and the remaining two-thirds to the children in equal shares; the children of those dead taking the shares their parents would have had if living. Take an example. A. dies, leaving money and effects worth £3000, and a wife, three children, and three grandchildren, the offspring of a deceased son. The division would be as follows:

The wife	£1000
Each of the three children, £500	1500
The three grandchildren, in equal shares	500
	£3000

R. S. paid his addresses to a young lady (?) who seemed to reciprocate his affection, but now he finds that she has been for some time engaged to another. How should he behave towards her? Run away from her as if she were a cobra di capello, or other poisonous reptile. Girls who like to have two or more strings to their bow, are not very pure-minded. Angling for sweethearts is the last resource of faded beauty; or, what is still worse, of girls who, without having committed any indiscretion by which their reputations could be tainted, even by the breath of slander or revenge, have yet rendered themselves so notorious for unprincipled coquetry as to have earned the contempt of their own sex and the dislike of the other. R. S. is a lucky young man. He has escaped making a very bad bargain. He must show more judgment in his selection of another belle.

WISCONSIN.—Fifteen young ladies belonging to a school walked out together for 7 days, in parties of three, without any two walking together twice. How was this done? Your solution is a correct one, but the problem may be solved in another way. For the amusement of our young readers we subjoin your figures.

First day.	Second day.	Third day.	Fourth day.	Fifth day.	Sixth day.	Seventh day.
1 2 3	1 4 5	1 6 7	1 8 9	1 10 11	1 12 13	1 14 15
4 10 14	2 8 10	2 12 14	2 5 7	2 13 15	2 4 6	2 9 11
5 8 13	3 12 15	3 8 11	4 11 15	3 4 7	3 9 10	3 5 6
6 9 15	6 11 13	4 9 13	6 10 12	5 9 12	5 11 14	4 8 12
7 11 12	7 9 14	5 10 15	3 13 14	6 8 14	7 8 15	7 10 13

JONAS GLEAVE.—Getting into debt without the means of paying is a very grave offence; but then the law as regards poor debtors is really too stringent—it is unjust—because it makes a distinction between large debts and small debts. Our County Court law is criminal law. The defendant who does not or cannot pay, is sent to prison, not for not paying, but for disobeying the order of the court to pay. "We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." The moment he is released he is liable to undergo the same ordeal—his body seems to be the property of the court he has offended. If he had thrashed his wife to death's door, gouged a policeman, or broken the ribs of some unfortunate creature, he would have been fined or sent to prison for a month, and there would have been an end of the matter. But as he was only a County Court debtor, his creditor could pursue him inavertedly—hunt him down like a mad dog. This is the glaring inconsistency, the injustice of the law, and we are surprised that it has not been amended long ago. Some of these days we shall have a church-rate or tithe case, and then the whole thing will be blown to atoms.

G. H. P. O.—Your friends who sneer at what they term "light reading," and the tastes of "the people," must have imperfect, if not vulgar minds. We cannot defend all the light reading of the day, but as the great bulk of it is unobjectionable, and is redolent of vigorous thoughts and sound morality, your friends should learn to sneer with discretion. As to their objection to the phrase, "the people," it is ridiculous. The people are the nation. But we suppose they speak of them in a contracted sense. Should they do so their ignorance is pitiable, their presumption snobbish, and we would venture to assert that their wealth and intelligence are very moderate. They belong to the contemptible tribe of the "stuck-ups." The people, indeed! Why what would such mushrooms be without the people? Miss Arabella Clementina Jemima Constantina Honoria Robertina could not sit down to a single meal, put on a single dress or shoe, or torture the piano, without the people. They are food, shelter, and fire to her. If there be a Master Reginald Alphonso Rupert Gloucester Clarence Brown, in this set of noodles, leave him and "the people" to settle the question. There is a good deal of virtue in leather. As for yourself, all that we would hint is, that a spirited young fellow would not mingle in such paltry society.

W. A. M.—The "Lives of the Queens of England," published in this Journal, are written, not edited, from facts collected from sources well known to the literary world, and also from others which have not hitherto engaged the attention or fallen under the cognisance of authors. We can guarantee their authenticity, and we think our readers ought to be obliged to the author for having rendered history intelligible, pleasing and piquant.

A MODERN ATHENIAN. We suspect, is fastidiously sentimental. He is as difficult to please as that prince of coxcombs, Beau Brummel. By-and-bye, we suppose, we shall be informed that he has caught a cold through sleeping in a room with a damp stranger in the duplicate bed. He says he dislikes novels, and then, in a strain of funny hyperbole, exclaims that his mind is as "dark and barren as a rainy sea!" A new idea. The sea barren! Jonah would not say so. And then a "rainy sea!" "Foaming billows" and "dashing waves" after that must hide their diminished heads. His epistle is dated "London," so he must be a Cheapside Scotchman.

A SHAREHOLDER.—Our railway management is monstrously defective, and must be reformed, or it will most certainly be abrogated. But our opinion—formed deliberately—is, that it was a blunder in the first instance, to intrust the internal traffic of the nation to private and opposing companies. The wisest step, in our judgment, would have been to have placed every railway in the kingdom in the hands of the executive, so as to have insured uniformity in their management, and conferred on the public a more equitable and safer use of these modern substitutes for the ancient highways of the realm. At the first blush this appears to be a startling innovation, a centralising suggestion, obnoxious to the instincts of the British people. But when more closely examined, it will be found to be nothing of the kind. The roads, and facilities for accommodation between places are unquestionably the property of the nation at large. They were so even in the days of the most tyrannical Roman emperors—they have ever been so all over the continent of Europe. In France, they were the constant care of that great man Napoleon; and in these islands, until within the past ten years, they were jealously guarded as the inalienable patrimony of the people. So sensitive were we on this point, that a usage for twenty years of a private road converted it into a public one; and so pertinacious was the feeling for the preservation of our highways, that traditions and superstitions were called into requisition for the sole purpose of multiplying and extending them. All this is now changed. The face of the country is covered by a vast netting of iron, and the travelling accommodation of the public afforded solely by means of the rail. This is a startling innovation, if you like.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Twinner (The same gentleman. A reference to "Hansard," means reports, &c. of the proceedings in Parliament)—Joseph F. O. (You have a good cause of action)—Orphan Youth (A neat style of handwriting)—E. M. L. (You might as well ask us to justify the villany of "Macbeth")—M. G. (We do not care to receive any)—W. A. (The weakness is constitutional. Wash in cold water with a little alum in it)—F. D. R. (Order from a news-agent in Hull)—H. A. M. (Under a special marriage licence, you may be married in any part of England)—W. C. Mathewson (You are not bound to continue taking in the work)—Alice B. (Only through a news-agent)—Geo. G. (The price of an ensign's commission in regiments of the line is—Infantry about £400; Cavalry about £800)—C. S. (Declined, with thanks. The sentiment is very good)—Horatius (Declined, with a similar acknowledgment)—Gua (You cannot compel your apprentice to remain after he is twenty-one)—Caroline C. (Declined. What do you mean by "the silly brains of future joys")—T. A. C. (We have no knowledge of the association, much less any of the parties concerned in it)—F. J. Archer (Your "Rebus" is defective. "My 7 8 9," has no meaning at all)—Gratham (We never answer such questions)—Banks (We have neither heard of, nor seen, either of the works you inquire about, or C. G. B. (We are afraid the funds of the hospital are not in a flourishing condition)—Antiquarian (The value of a gold five guineas coin of Geo. II.'s reign, is not more than five sovereigns)—Ada Gertrude (Write to some publisher of novels, making the inquiry you have put to us)—J. T. P. (Has not carefully perused the "Lives of the Queens of England," published in this Journal, or he would not have asked such a question. We must refer him to our back numbers)—Ellen De Vere (The cheapest passage to America is from Liverpool)—W. Largan (Quack—quack—quack)—W. D. (Only valuable as old silver, except to a collector of old coins, who might give a trifle more)—Scott and Scot (The names are synonymous, and you need not labour under any apprehension)—Droghda (Pretty in sentiment, but ponderous in expression)—Three (Ventriloquism is a natural gift, just like a good voice carefully cultivated)—J. Whitehead (The drowsiness in the evening will disappear when you have attained your full growth)—M. F. E. L. (Two lengthy for a love song. That class of composition ought to be epigrammatic)—Jota (We stated that moles might be removed by means of silver caustic, but a disagreeable mark is left behind. Mr. Vickers is not the editor of this Journal, nor has he ever had anything to do with its literary management. I am not the custom for respectable and established publications to parade the editors' names)—J. S. S. (Memoirs of the Queensberry family may be found in the library of the British Museum)—Ben Brunt ("Gideon Giles" commenced in Vol. VII., and was concluded in Vol. VIII. of this Journal)—Paddington (There is a bill before Parliament on the subject of metropolitan interments—and until that has been disposed of, we cannot venture upon a definite answer)—W. S. (The heaviest locomotives used in England weigh from thirty to forty tons)—George Williams (Would be good handwriting with a little more care)—Veritas (Why don't you buy the book?)—Jas. Roulston (Send your "Sonnet" to "The lovely and dearest E.")—O. C. (Clerks in the Customs must write a good, clear hand, have a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts, and in some departments, of book-keeping)—A Youth of Eighteen (In case of insolvency, the agreement would be at an end)—D. P.—Guillaume—R. F. A.—R. G. R.—K. S.—Rosina—William Johnson—J. Cloudsdale—W. Sampson—Long Hope—G. William Norwald—A. R. W. B.—J. Phipps—C. H. V.—John Green—K. R. C.—Shakespeare—Penny—A. P. A.—Y. J.—A. Clergyman—L. F. C.—Blanche—W. Gillingham—D. W.—N. Y.—William—Avo Maria—Harriet—A Daughter of Erin—Edwin—Rose—A. C.—Alice and Maggie—Agnes E. St. John—Vigal—John Jarndyce—Lucinda L.—P. S. L.—George C.—C. W.—S. M.—Dr. Kissock—Samuel Taylor—J. Clifford—Argent.

ADA'S REBUS.—Tattle has sent a correct answer. It is as follows: My 8 5 2 1 6 7 is a river—Thames; 4 2 8 an animal—cat; 1 2 10 4 5 a month—March; 5 6 3 a bird—hen; 8 5 10 9 6 a number—three; 6 2 7 8 9 10 a University term—Easter; 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 a city—Chester; 8 6 2 a refreshing beverage—tea; my whole is a town in Lancashire—"Manchester." Correct answers have also been received from Martin—T. Elsom—Elias Abrahams—J. Doyle—James Gorton—Justin—H. J. Byrne—John Schofield—W. Thorpe—John McCulloch—Winder—G. F. V. B.—E. L. L.—T. R. S.—W. E. M.—R. M.—J. C. Bolton—Ulysses—Auld Reckie—J. L. D.—R. Russell—W. Rawlings—A. McCulloch—J. Brown, jun.—Kate A.—F. C.—John Dodgson—J. Hoyle—W. Arthur—R. C. J.—Cousins—A. L. Baxter—George Wignall—H. Shoblerl—G. F.—Phiz—Juvénis—T. M. Watson.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[WILL SIDELER GIVEN INTO THE CUSTODY OF THE SHERIFF, FOR EXECUTION.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXVII.

Shunn'd as men shun the loathsome thing,
Repugnant to their natures—or as he
Upon whose brow the avenging angel set
The brand which marked the first-born murderer's doom.
THE HEADSMAN.

THE City of Norwich—the ancient capital of the East Angles—has frequently and not inappropriately been designated the City of Gardens: its narrow, quaint, irregular streets being interspersed with pleasant, verdant patches and meadows, which add a beauty to their picturesque appearance.

Besides the castle—a fine old Saxon keep, which the modern Solons of the county have lately *beautified*, and which rises proudly from an elevated mound in the centre of a plain situated in the very heart of the city—Norwich possesses much to interest the antiquary and the artist—namely, a magnificent cathedral, two fine old halls, and six-and-thirty churches, to say nothing of several modern monstrosities which have lately been erected in the suburbs.

Remains of the city wall and towers, built chiefly of flint and stone, are still standing; but the embattled gates, interesting specimens of the architecture of the middle ages, have disappeared—destroyed by the incursion of Vandals who, under the name of mayors and aldermen, so long governed, or rather misgoverned, the place, for the sake of what they termed improvements.

The same men would have sold their forefathers' grave-stones, provided they could have turned an honest penny by them.

Where the last vestige of the fosse, or moat, which formerly surrounded the castle—now used as the county prison—disappears, runs a long, irregular lane, known by the name of Rose Lane; it was skirted on either side by old brick walls, broken here and there to admit of the erection of cottages, which were inhabited chiefly by poor weavers, or the workmen employed at the foundries—Watson's and Ker's.

At the period of our tale, the inhabitants of Rose Lane formed a community apart from the rest of the city. The

rent of cottages and garden land being exceedingly cheap, decent poverty had found a refuge there; if abundance was unknown, positive destitution was equally a stranger to them. They were a simple, hard-working, contented race, retaining most of the superstitious and prejudices, as well as the better qualities of the English peasant and artisan.

In the wall which ran on the right side of the lane was a small door, the only means of access to a nest of cottages, dotted here and there, each in its separate patch of garden, well planted with vegetables and fruit-trees. One of these cottages was inhabited by a tall, thin, venerable-looking man, who was generally regarded with terror and dislike by his neighbours.

It was Sam Lane, the city hangman.

The only inmate of the house besides the executioner, was a pale, sickly boy, about thirteen—his grandson. Unlike other children of his age, he had neither play-fellows nor companions—all shunned him. The prejudice which for years had made the old man a solitary being upon the face of the earth, attached itself to his descendant. If he ventured to quit the limits of the little garden, which, being at the back of the cottage, fortunately could not be overlooked, the boys scoffed at or pelted him. Although he seldom complained, the little fellow felt his state of isolation keenly; it gradually chilled his heart, and with it the springs of health and life.

Solitude made him prematurely thoughtful. He was one of those unhappy beings condemned never to know the joys of childhood.

Although Sam Lane was far from being an uneducated man, he took not the least pains to instruct his grandson: perhaps he thought it better that the boy should be reared in ignorance. Knowledge develops the heart—his philosophy was to crush: he permitted, therefore, rather than encouraged, a kind old man named Blackmore, for many years a teacher in the charity school at the end of the lane, to drop in occasionally on an evening, and teach the boy his letters.

Had he foreseen the result, in all probability he would have forbidden him—bidden him for the very love he bore his scholar—whose energies having once found a channel for exertion, were no longer to be repressed. He devoured rather than acquired the lessons which his teacher set before him, till his kind instructor had nothing more to teach him.

Master Blackmore—as the teacher of the charity school

was generally called in the neighbourhood—gradually felt interested in the uncommon zeal and intelligence of his pupil, whom he determined, if possible, to save from the state of isolation engendering those morbid feelings which were gradually destroying him. Full of this benevolent purpose, he had written to one of the trustees of the school, a large shipowner in London, who, on his recommendation, offered to take Reuben—the name of the boy—as an apprentice on board one of his ships, bound for the East Indies, provided his friends would provide him with an outfit, the cost of which was about twenty pounds—a sum far beyond his own means or that of the grandfather to raise.

Reuben had been sent to play in the garden whilst the old man talked over the affair in the cottage.

"It's a pity such an opportunity should be lost for serving the poor boy, ain't it, Mr. Blackmore?" said the hangman, thoughtfully; "but what can I do? Were I to sell all that I am worth, it would not fetch more than half the sum."

"I hoped that you had saved —"

"Saved!" interrupted Lane; "what should I save? They charge me the highest price for everything I buy, and then scarcely care to serve me. Were I to die tomorrow, they would have to sell the bed and chairs to bury me, or call upon the parish to do it."

"Have you no friends?"

"Friends!" repeated the hangman, bitterly; "I am astonished, Mr. Blackmore, that a man of your sense should ask such a question as that!"

The teacher reflected for several minutes. His own stipend was but thirty pounds a year, out of which he had to support an aged sister, who kept house for him. Still he thought that, with a little pinching, he might contrive to spare five towards the outfit of his pupil. He had just concluded in his own mind to make the offer, when a rap was heard at the door of the cottage.

"Come in!" said its owner.

A disagreeable, withered-looking little man, dressed in a shabby suit of black, not one article of which, apparently, had been made for him, entered the kitchen:

"Is your name," he said, addressing the executioner, "Sam Lane?"

"It is."

"Hangman to the city and county?"

"Even so," answered the old man, with a sigh.

"I wish to speak with you," said his visitor.

"Upon business, sir?"

"On business!—of course on business!" replied the stranger, with a chuckle which rendered his countenance only the more hideous; "few come here upon pleasure, I should suppose! My name is Mat Cows."

At the name of so distinguished a *confrère*, Lane started from his seat by the window, and begged him to take a chair.

"I have heard what you have been talking about," continued his visitor, as he seated himself next to the teacher of the charity school, who involuntarily shuddered at the proximity, "and want to talk to you about it—alone."

At the word "alone," Blackmore rose, and said that he would join Reuben in the garden.

"And so," continued Mat, as soon as he disappeared, "you want to get rid of that youngster of yours. Doesn't like his grandfather's business? All prejudice—ignorant prejudice—but what can people expect who live in the country?"

"The poor boy," said the old man, "deserves a better fate than to pine and mope in this dull place, or be made a scoff of and be pelted by those of his own age, if he ventures beyond the garden gate—and all because his grandfather is the hangman!"

"And so he does!" growled Mat, who very naturally shared in the indignation of his colleague.

"An opportunity has offered of sending him to sea."

His visitor nodded.

"The only difficulty is to find —"

"Twenty pounds for his outfit," interrupted Mat. "I know—I overheard all you and the other old fellow were saying. Twenty pounds is a large sum," he added, musingly; "but don't let that distress you. I'll provide it for you."

"You!"

"I."

"You give twenty pounds for the outfit of my grandson!" exclaimed Sam Lane; "surely you are jesting!"

"Who talked about giving?" answered the hangman, with a knowing wink. "I don't think I look so green as that! I said I would provide the money."

"And is not that the same thing?" demanded Lane.

"Not quite! I don't mind helping a friend, provided I put something in my own pocket at the same time; benevolence is all very well, only it doesn't pay. You understand?"

The grandfather of poor Reuben regarded his visitor with a look which indicated that he was very far from understanding him, and wished him to explain.

"You've heard, I suppose," continued Mat; "that a prisoner is left for execution, for the murder of Sir William Mowbray?"

Lane answered, with a sigh, that he had heard it. Necessity, not taste, had induced him to accept his disgusting office, and time had failed to reconcile him to the exercise of it.

"He must be hung on Monday morning?"

"Alas! yes!"

"Now, suppose," continued his visitor—"mind I only say suppose—that you were to be taken ill on Sunday night: what a pretty fix the sheriff would be in!"

"Dreadful!"

"He must hang the fellow, in that case, himself, or find a substitute."

"I have heard so."

"No doubt he would pay handsomely—I should say very handsomely"—observed Mat, with a knowing wink, "any one to take the job off his hands—fifty pounds at least; and you and I could share the money. Now do you understand?"

At last Sam Lane did understand him. It was certainly a novel expedient of his *confrère* to gratify his personal revenge against the warrener, and put five-and-twenty pounds into his pocket; but Cows was a prudent man, and too quick-witted to lose an opportunity of turning even his pleasures to a profitable account. His first intention had been to ask the old man to permit him to officiate for him as a favour—nay, even to go as far as offering him a bribe for the permission—but the conversation which he had overheard at the door of the cottage induced him to change it. He saw the occasion, and, like a hardy speculator, seized it. Mat Cows would have doubtless been a great man, had fate made him a stockbroker instead of a hangman; but genius is often lost for want of an opportunity.

"The sheriff is a close-fisted man," observed Lane, doubtfully; "and will hardly pay so large a sum as fifty pounds. He would sooner hang the prisoner himself."

"Pooh—pooh! Is he married?"

"Yes!"

"And got a family?"

"Both sons and daughters," was the reply.

"Then he will be sure to pay!" replied Mat, with an air of deep conviction; "no doubt, too, he is rich?"

"Very rich!" said his brother hangman; who began to consider the transaction in a more favourable light.

"From boyhood he was always a mean, scraping fellow. I've heard that when his father died, although the old man left him a mint of money, he shaved the corpse himself, rather than pay half-a-crown to Kelf, the barber. Since then he has gone on making and making money like dirt—has got his fingers into most of the charities: and it's an old saying in Norwich," he added, "that whoever gets a handling of them is sure to grow rich."

"Fifty pounds!" exclaimed his hearer, in a tone of contempt. "I am too moderate; I ought to ask a hundred!"

"We, you mean!" observed Lane, suspiciously.

"Of course I meant *we*!" said Mat, with an appearance of sincerity, which was very far from inspiring his colleague with the confidence he intended.

It was finally arranged between the two worthies that the scheme should be tried, and Mat Cows took his leave, promising to return the following day.

"Perhaps," he said, as he shook hands with Lane at the door of his cottage; "you had better begin by a little indisposition this evening. You can get worse in the morning, and be very bad towards night."

The old man replied by a nod of intelligence, as much as to say that he understood him.

When Reuben and his tutor entered the house, he found his grandfather standing in the centre of the sanded floor, lost in profound reflection.

"Is he gone?" inquired the boy.

"Gone! Who?"

"That evil-looking man."

"Do not condemn him," answered the hangman; "since it is to him that you will owe the means of escaping a destiny as lonely and wretched as your grandfather's! Go to bed, Reuben," he added, kindly, at the same time passing his hand over the curly head of the lad. "I want to have some conversation with Mr. Blackmore."

"Did I understand you rightly," said the warm-hearted teacher, as soon as they were alone, "that means would be found for the outfit of the poor boy?"

"You did!"

"And by the singular-looking person who has just left?"

"Through him!"

"I should rejoice at this," observed his benevolent visitor—"heartily rejoice at it, were I assured that the money is not the price of some act which justice or religion would condemn!"

The old man assured him, in a yet sadder tone, that neither justice nor religion were opposed to the means by which the welfare of his pupil was to be promoted.

"What makes you so dull, then?" inquired Mr. Blackmore, more and more struck by his peculiar tone and manner.

"The necessity of parting with him!" exclaimed Sam Lane, bitterly. "You forget how lonely my existence will be without him. Outcast from the world—hangman as I am—with Reuben near me, I feel that my heart is still human!"

That night, it was several hours after taking possession of his humble bed, before the old teacher could compose himself to sleep. His brain was busy with new and abstruse speculations. He had seen humanity in a new phase, and was puzzled to reconcile its contrasts.

CHAPTER CXVIII.

Avenging furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
With hissing snakes, plucked from their hideous crests,
Lashing his soul to madness.

ORRESTES IN ARGOS.

AFTER the departure of the chaplain from his cell, the impotent fury of the warrener gradually subsided into sullen, mute despair. His first idea had been to imitate the being who had tempted him, and seek refuge from the horrors of the scaffold, the yelling crowd, and the gripe of the hangman, in suicide. But a slight reflection convinced him this would be impossible. Both the governor of the castle and the sheriff had given strict orders that he should be watched day and night—never to be left for an instant; and those to whom the task was confided were too well accustomed to the melancholy duty to perform it carelessly. They spoke to the wretched man with kindness, but firmness; listened to his passionate protestations of innocence with that calm silence which expresses incredulity more powerfully even than words.

Worn out at last by the violence of his emotions, the wretched man threw himself upon his pallet, and soon was buried in a profound, but not a peaceful slumber. It was broken by dreams more dreadful than the waking reality of the doom suspended over him.

In those few hours' sleep, the events of his evil life passed in review before him. His passionate, unruly boyhood, and the petty crimes which led him, step by step, towards the abyss of guilt; next, the image of a fair girl, whom he had loved with all the savage energy of his nature, rose like an accusing spirit before him. Her blue eyes, eloquent in their thoughtful expression, were fixed on him, as if they would read the very workings of his soul! Gradually the phantom became indistinct; but as it faded from his gaze, it seemed to point to a dark, misty shadow hovering in the distance. Cold drops of perspiration broke on his wrinkled brow, and he groaned and writhed with terror.

The turnkeys, who had seated themselves close to the bed, noticed the agitation of their charge.

"He is dreaming!" whispered the elder, whom experience had long rendered familiar with such scenes. "I knew his courage would not last! He will be humbled and subdued enough by morning. The chaplain will have easy work with him!"

His companion nodded, to intimate that he was of the same opinion. Will Sideler gave a deep groan, and murmured a few indistinct words.

"Hush!" said the first speaker. "We shall hear something!"

The dream of the murderer had changed. The stately form of Sir William Mowbray, as he had seen him in life, stood glaring on him, and pointing to the still distant phantom, whose hideous outline was gradually growing terribly distinct. At last it assumed the wiry proportions and mocking features of Mat Cows, the hangman. No sooner did the sleeper recognise him in his dream, than he groaned and shuddered. His entire frame became convulsed, as with the death-spasm; and he writhed and turned upon his pallet like a crushed snake upon a bed of fire.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed the younger of the two

turnkeys; "for heaven's sake, wake him! I can't bear to look upon him! 'See,' he added, 'how his hair bristles, and his brows work! Wake him—wake him!'"

"Not yet!" replied his more philosophic comrade; "for my part, I don't dislike to see him. Such dreams will do more to soften his hardened spirit than all the chaplain's preaching."

At this moment, the warrener uttered a yell of such intense agony, that it startled both the watchers.

"He fancies that he is struggling with the hangman!" whispered one; "see how the veins and muscles of his throat swell! now he raises his hands to it!"

"No—no—God! Mercy—mercy!" shrieked the conscience-stricken wretch, half starting from the bed, and looking wildly round him. "Where am I?" he demanded after a moment's pause, during which he was evidently trying to recollect himself. "I see—I know—the condemned cell!"

He buried his convulsed features in the rough coverlid of his bed, and wept. The strong man wept bitterly.

The situation might have appalled a stouter heart than his. The gloomy cell of unheaven granite, lit only by the light of a single lamp, rendering its darkness visible; the pale countenances and fixed eyes of the two turnkeys glaring upon him with strange interest and horror; the silence of the night broken only by deep sobs and groans, which broke from his rugged heart.

The younger of the gaolers filled a small tin cup from a pitcher of water which stood upon the table, and held it to the parched lips of the prisoner.

"Drink!" he said; "it will revive you."

"No water!" exclaimed Will Sideler, dashing it aside;

"I loathe the sight of water! Give me brandy—I can pay for it," he added, "handsomely! For God's sake, let me have brandy!"

The man silently picked up the cup, which had rolled upon the floor, and replaced it on the table.

"Brandy!" continued the prisoner, with an imploring look—"brandy!"

"It is against the rules!" observed the elder turnkey. "Besides, we have no means of procuring it, even if we had the inclination. You had better try to sleep again."

"To sleep!" repeated the warrener, with a hideous laugh; "I won't sleep—I dare not sleep again! How pale you look, and how you both stare at me!" he added, "did I say anything in my dream?"

Neither of the turnkeys answered him.

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed the ruffian, furiously.

"You had better pray!" observed the elder of the men; "it will calm you. The chaplain will be here early in the morning."

"I don't want to see him—he can do me no good! It's hard—very hard—to be hanged like a dog, innocently, isn't it?"

"To be hanged innocently is very hard, certainly!"

"But they won't do it!" continued the prisoner; "they dare not—there will be a reprieve! The judge cannot believe that I am guilty! The jury were perjured—the witnesses perjured, too! I have known a reprieve arrive at the last hour—have not you?"

"The judge has left the town!" replied the young man.

"But there will be a post on Monday morning?"

He looked eagerly into the faces of both the men, as if to read in their eyes the confirmation of the hope—which, faint as it was, most criminals retain to the last hour. But when he saw their incredulity, he turned once more upon his side, and wept bitterly.

"Pray!" repeated the one who had previously given the same advice; "it will do you more good than either brandy or false hopes! Ask mercy of God—perhaps he will hear you."

During the rest of the night, Will Sideler maintained a sullen silence. Once or twice, when he felt himself inclined to sleep, he started from his pallet, and paced the cell with irregular strides. Terrible as were his waking reflections, it was evident they were less horrible than the dreams which haunted his slumbers.

As the old turnkey foretold, when the chaplain arrived the following morning, he found the criminal far more inclined to listen to his exhortations.

Anthony Skinner, who at that period filled the important office of sheriff, was known—as Lane, the hangman, had expressed it—to be a hard, close-fisted man; but he possessed one qualification which, in the eyes of the citizens, superseded the necessity of every other: he was rich—very rich. His claims to intellect, character, feeling, were all united in that one word—money; and, to judge from the tenacity with which he clung to it, no man felt the value of wealth more than himself. It was his idol—his god—from boyhood he had known no other. His hard, stern features were an index of his mind. If by accident poverty addressed to him its prayer, no sooner did the supplicant catch the expression of his cold grey eye, than he turned hopelessly away, the words frozen upon his lips: and yet this man—this thing of stone, not flesh—was one of the trustees of the many charities of the city! Having described him, it were needless to add how the widow and the orphan fared, whose rights were vested in such guardianship.

The civic dignity was seated at supper, with his wife and family—consisting of a son, whom he was educating for the law, and two daughters, as vain and coarse-featured as himself—when the servant announced that the governor of the gaol wished to see him.

"Clear the table!" said his master, with prudent foresight; "put the great Bible upon the table, and then admit him."

Despite the dissatisfied looks of his family, his orders were obeyed. The sacred volume, whose every precept teaches justice to the poor, and mercy, was opened before

the wealthy hypocrite. It was one of those pious mockeries at which angels weep, and Satan rejoices.

"Well, Johnson!" he said, as the respectable governor of the prison entered the dining-room, "has anything particular occurred? eh?"

"Most embarrassing, sir!" replied the visitor; "Lane, the hangman, has been taken suddenly ill!"

"Ah, indeed!"

Evidently Mr. Anthony Skinner did not comprehend the importance of the communication, or the unpleasant consequence which might possibly result from it.

"What is the matter with the fellow?" added the speaker.

"An intermittent fever, I believe, which renders him incapable of performing his office to-morrow."

A very disagreeable light began to break in upon the obtuse intellect of the dignitary.

"Who the devil—ahem! The Lord forgive me!" he exclaimed—"is to hang the prisoner, then?"

Mr. Johnson informed him that was exactly the point on which he had felt it necessary to consult him; adding, by way of consolation, that in the absence of the executioner, it was the duty of the sheriff to carry the sentence into execution.

"What! hang the man! Hang him myself?"

"Even so, sir!" said his visitor, bowing to conceal an involuntary smile.

The countenances of the whole family of the Skinners began to look awfully blank.

"Pooh! ridiculous!" muttered the very respectable Mr. Anthony, after a pause; "send down to the workhouse—tell the master to pick out a strong, able-bodied pauper, and I'll—I'll give him a guinea!"

The reluctance with which the munificent offer was made, showed the severe struggle which had taken place in the breast of the speaker, before he had brought himself to consent to such a sacrifice.

"I fear it will be useless, sir!" replied the governor; "I question if, for ten times such a sum, you would find a man, even amongst the inmates of the workhouse, to perform the disgusting office."

"Ignorant wretches!" exclaimed the sheriff, who both looked and felt surprised at the idea of any poor man being found to reject the opportunity of earning a guinea.

"Well, then!" he said, "one of the city officers must do it."

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"Or a turnkey!"

"If you were to offer them a hundred times the sum, you would not find one of them to undertake it."

"Then I'll discharge—dismiss them all!" exclaimed the miser, furiously; "pretty squeamish fellows—to leave me in such an embarrassing position! What am I to do?"

Mr. Johnson felt very much inclined to reply, "Hang him yourself!" but prudence as well as courtesy kept him silent.

"Lor, papa!" said the eldest Miss Skinner, whose gentility had taken the alarm; "surely they will never expect you to—to do such a thing!"

The young lady did not choose to make use of the word "hang"—it did not sound pretty.

"Fortunately," observed their visitor, "the sheriff will be spared so unpleasant an alternative. Mat Cows, the London executioner, happens to be in the city, on a visit to Lane, I presume. I have spoken with the fellow, and he has consented to officiate for his colleague."

"Handsome—very handsome of the fellow!" interrupted Anthony Skinner, his countenance radiant with smiles.

"On one condition!"

At the word "condition," it once more became clouded. Instinctively the man of money felt that it implied an attack upon his purse.

"Condition?" he repeated.

"That he is paid fifty guineas!"

"Fifty devils!" roared the sheriff. "Who ever heard of such a sum just for putting a rope round a man's neck, tying a knot, and drawing a bolt? why, I'd do it myself for half—"

Shame prevented his finishing the declaration.

"I am afraid, sir," replied Mr. Johnson, seriously, "that you will find the man obstinate! He is perfectly aware of the position in which you are placed, and that the execution must be performed to-morrow! I do not think he will take a single guinea less!"

"Then I will do it myself!" exclaimed the old man, with an air of dogged resolution.

The governor looked disgusted.

"You, papa!" cried the Misses Skinner.

"Anthony—Anthony!" remonstrated his wife; "what will the world say?"

"Hang the world!" roared her husband. "If I must do it, the law is to blame—not me! Didn't Julius Cæsar, or Macbeth, I forget which, put his own child to death, and wasn't he applauded for it?"

"Brutus, papa, you mean!" whispered his better informed son.

"Brutus, Macbeth, or Julius Cæsar," answered the old man, testily; "it's all the same; didn't I pay a guinea for a box," he added, with a wince at the recollection of such extravagance, "to see it at the theatre, the night that fool Grub, the mayor, gave his 'bespeak,' I think they called it!"

The family of the miser did not think it all the same: his wife and daughters felt that after such an exhibition they could never again show their faces in society. Even his hopeful son—who was as fully possessed of the value of fifty pounds as his respectable progenitor—began to remonstrate; and after great entreaty, their united efforts prevailed on the miser to commission Mr. Johnson to offer Mat Cows the extravagant sum of five pounds, to act as substitute for the city hangman in the morning.

"I will do so," said the governor, as he took his leave; "but I feel quite certain that it will be useless!"

The Skinners passed a sleepless night: from the oldest to the youngest, all dreaded the events of the coming morning.

CHAPTER CXIX.

They are well matched, oil and vinegar,
They will do very well together.—SHEEDAN.

At an early hour on the following morning, the resolution of the sheriff to perform the office of hangman himself, rather than submit to the extortionate demands of Mat Cows, was pretty generally whispered in the city. The poorer inhabitants believed it—they knew, by bitter experience, the griping, avaricious nature of the man. The higher classes were both astonished and indignant at the thought of such a scandal; and several of his political friends, feeling that their own respectability would be compromised by such an act, resolved at any sacrifice to prevent it. They accordingly waylaid him, as at an early hour he left his house, to seek the residence of Sam Lane. He had a note in his hand, which had just arrived from Johnson, informing him that he had seen Mat Cows, as he desired, and found him inflexible. It concluded by respectfully advising him to comply with his terms.

"There goes the hangman!" shouted a group of boys, as he crossed the market-place. Anthony Skinner turned pale, but doggedly pursued his way.

"Five pounds!" he muttered—"not a shilling more! My mind is made up, come what may!"

As he reached the entrance to Davy Place—then scarcely finished—he encountered several of his party. He would willingly have avoided them, but they were not to be shaken off. Their own respectability they considered to be at stake. An animated discussion—in which remonstrance and ridicule were alternately employed—took place, as they pursued their way towards the cottage of the hangman.

According to the instructions of his colleague, Sam Lane was still in bed. His grandson, as usual on such occasions, at a very early hour had been sent to pass the day from home with an aged widow, to whom he was distantly related, in the pleasant village of Thorp. The poor lad felt too keenly his social degradation, to be left alone in the house on hanging mornings.

"I don't think he will send again!" said the old man, with a sigh, alluding to the city functionary. "If Colonel Harvey, or even Bignold, had been sheriff, it would have been settled by this time!"

This was addressed to Mat Cows, who was seated by the side of his bed, quietly smoking his pipe.

"He will come," replied the wretch, in a confident tone, "or send!"

Sam Lane shook his head, doubtfully.

"I tell you that he will!" continued the speaker, at the same time deliberately puffing the smoke through his teeth. "He'll never have the nerve to do it himself!"

"You don't know him!" was the reply.

"I know human nature!" answered Mat; "and that is enough for me! It's all very well for him to bluster, and hold out; but only wait till he hears the bell, and sees the prisoner with his pale face, chattering teeth, and despairing look—as you and I have seen 'em! Why, when I first took to the trade," he added, "it unnerved even me! I would have given fifty pounds myself, if I had had such a sum, to have turned the job over to another!"

His brother hangman shuddered. He remembered how often he had experienced the same sickening feeling himself.

"Hush!" whispered Mat, laying down his pipe, and listening. "There is some one in the garden! Brush your hair back from your face, and look as like a croaker you can!"

There was little need of the caution: for what between hope and fear, joined to the terror which he felt at the idea of being called upon to perform his painful office, Sam Lane appeared more dead than alive already. The door of the cottage opened, and Anthony Skinner, accompanied by two of the gentlemen who had lately joined him, marched into the room.

"So," he said, walking straight to the foot of the bed, "a pretty time to be ill, indeed! Who do you imagine is to perform your office for you?"

"I don't know," answered the old man, meekly. "It's not my fault, gentlemen; I can't help sickness!"

"He leaves it in the hands of the sheriff!" chimed in Mat, with a sinister leer.

Although the city dignitary knew instinctively who the speaker was, he felt too indignant to answer him.

"You don't appear so very bad!" continued the rich man, willing to try the effect of a little coaxing. "Try what a little brandy will do! You shall ride to the goal! If you don't perform it quite so well," he added, in a considerate tone, "we will look over it!"

"How very kind!" observed Cows.

"And the five guineas which I would have given this fellow," added the miser, after a mental struggle, "shall be yours!"

Here Lane, with a deep groan, fell back upon his pillow, pretending to be overcome with exhaustion. So well was it acted, that even the lynx-eyed sheriff was deceived.

"Curse the rascal!" he exclaimed. "I believe that he is dying!"

"And enough to make him die!" retorted Mat; "to be asked to do such a thing at such a time! But it's like you rich men—no pity for the poor!"

"Why do not you officiate for him?" observed one of the gentlemen, for the first time breaking silence.

"I have have offered to do so already."

"Yes, for fifty pounds!"

"And very little, too!" replied the hangman. "It's had enough to have to do it in the regular way of business in London, where nobody knows one; but here, on a party of pleasure, to run the risk of being called after in the streets, 'There goes Jack Ketch!' ain't nowise pleasant. So, if the gentleman likes the job," he added, glancing towards the sheriff, "he is perfectly welcome to it!"

"I shall do it!" said Anthony Skinner, resolutely.

"As you please, sir. To show you that I have no malice, I'll just show you how to tie the knot. You'll soon learn—it ain't every one that has a taste for such things."

So saying he pulled a small coil of strong rope, which had been well greased and stretched, from his pocket, and, with considerable dexterity, began to twist it into a formidable noose. For the first time the determination of the miser began to give way. He felt sick at the forcing-pump, which out of courtesy we suppose we must call his heart. The gentlemen who accompanied him, too, looked remarkably bilious.

"Come, old fellow!" whispered one in the ear of the sheriff; "it is time to end this nonsense—pay the money!"

"Never!"

"Consider the dignity of your office—your family! Your party will see that you are no loser!"

This last consideration prevailed. No sooner was he assured that the fifty pounds were not to come out of his own pocket, than the miserly wretch felt as anxious to be relieved from the dreadful responsibility as he had before been resolute to go through with it. After sundry more whisperings and consultations, it was finally settled that the demands of Mat Cows should be complied with.

"In that case," said the fellow, with a feeling of intense satisfaction—for even his confidence began to be shaken—"I may as well put the rope in my pocket again."

"You may," replied the sheriff, angrily. "Come to me as soon as the execution is over, and I'll settle with you."

"Never give credit in my line!" cried the ruffian, with a chuckle; "it ain't the custom of the craft!"

"Do you doubt me, fellow?"

"Yes!" replied the hangman, bluntly; "very much I doubt you! chaffering and bargaining with a poor devil like myself for a few paltry guineas! Suppose you were to refuse to pay me after it is done—a fine chance I should have of going to law with a long purse like yours! I ain't got no charities to fall back upon!"

"For heaven's sake, pay him!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen; "and let us leave this place!"

One by one, as though they were so many drops from his very heart, did Sheriff Skinner count down the glittering coin. When they were all placed upon the table before him, Mat Cows began as slowly to pick them up. The ruffian enjoyed the torment which he knew he was inflicting.

"You will not fail!" observed one of the visitors.

"Business, gentlemen!" said Mat, with a grin; "always punctual in matters of business!"

The sheriff, despite his promise, informed him, angrily, that he should leave two of his officers who were waiting outside in the garden, with strict orders not to lose sight of him till he had performed the office for which he had been so extravagantly paid.

So saying, the party left the cottage.

"Have you got them?" demanded Sam Lane, as soon as he heard the door close behind them.

"All—fifty bright, shining, yellow guineas—as good as ever came from his majesty's mint!" replied his confederate. "I knew that I should get them!" he added: "the sight of the rope did it! The old hunks could not stand that! Good bye!" he said, hastily; at the same time buttoning up the pocket which contained the fifty pounds. "I must be off: when it is all over I shall return and settle."

"We must settle now, Mat!" said the old man, leaping nimbly from the bed; "as you observed just now, we never give credit in our line of business! It isn't the custom of the craft!"

"Do you doubt me?"

"Yes!" answered Lane, repeating his own words: "I very much doubt you! Suppose you were to refuse to pay me after it is done—a fine chance I should have of going to law with a long purse like yours! So pay down," he added, "or I shall find myself sufficiently recovered to hang the man myself!"

Mat Cows looked first at the speaker and then at the window, through which he saw the two officers waiting. The struggle which he endured at parting with the half of his ill-gotten gains, was scarcely less than the sheriff's. Prudence, and the burning desire he felt of avenging himself upon Will Sidelar, at last prevailed. With a bitter curse, he threw down the money, and left the cottage. His colleague, after barring the door carefully, gathered it up and once more retired to his bed. He had obtained the means of preserving his grandson from a life of misery and shame; and even in his solitude the hangman felt content.

CHAPTER CXX.

Death is indeed most terrible, e'en when it comes

Unto the sinless couch, and weeping friends

Whisper religion's last consoling prayer;

But on the scaffold, 'mid the rabble's curse,

When conscience echoes back the accusing cry,

It falls with tenfold horror. GREEN.

FROM the first dawn of morning, the crowd had gradually been collecting before the scaffold erected during the night in front of the prison. They came not only from the city and its suburbs, but the adjacent villages. So universal was the horror and detestation of the deed for which the warrener was about to suffer, that not a

single voice amid the countless multitude was heard to pity him—yet there were many from Carrow who had known him from their childhood; but they had also known his victim—the good and benevolent Sir William Mowbray.

Foremost in the ranks, was the imp-like person of Red Ralph: the uncouth urchin had never witnessed an execution, and he felt as impatient for the horrid spectacle as a boy at his first play.

Many in the crowd who had known Sidelor for years, speculated on the probability of his making a confession, or dying game, as they termed it; others, acquainted with his resolute character, predicted that he would remain obstinately sullen to the last.

The dilemma of the sheriff, from the sudden indisposition of the hangman, was a general theme of mirth—mirth on such an occasion! When will the mob respect themselves sufficiently to justify the friends of humanity in calling them the people?

As usual, there was a considerable number of females present: scenes of horror seem to possess a peculiar species of fascination for the gentler sex.

"*Fession!*" repeated Red Ralph, who had caught the word from those who were discussing the approaching tragedy near him; "he won't make no '*Fession*—it ain't likely!"

"Why not, my little man?" demanded one of the crowd.

"Cos it's *summut* good, I s'pose," replied the boy, "and beant in the natur' of un; t'old un be nat'urally wicked; besides, it isn't the fust murder he has committed! He would have done for I, if I had been fool enough to let in catch me!"

"For you?"

"Ees."

The urchin suddenly found himself an important personage in the eyes of those who were nearest to him; and, nothing loth, began to relate his adventures with the warrener in the old house at Mortlake. Whilst he is thus gratifying their curiosity and his own vanity—for, like older and wiser personages, Ralph loved to be the hero of a tale—we will request our readers to accompany us to the interior of the gaol, where preparations were going on for the completion of the last awful act of unrelenting justice.

As the hour of death approached, the reckless bearing of Will Sidelor gradually gave way to a more subdued tone and manner. It was evident to all that the bully was cowed, and the natural quality of the cur—cowardice—prevailed. He listened to the exhortations of the chaplain, not with the fervour of a true repentance, but with a feverish hope, which had not yet abandoned him, that something would turn up to save him. Bitterly did he lament his rashness in having denounced his accomplice, Meeran Hafaz. Had the young Indian lived, he felt assured that his influence, wealth, and daring spirit would have found the means to avert his impending doom.

Little did the murderer—even at that awful moment—seem to understand how strong a grasp the iron hand of justice at last had laid upon him.

The criminal and the clergyman were alone together in the little chapel of the prison. Vainly had the worthy man endeavoured, by prayer and exhortation, to draw from him a confession. To all his entreaties, the warrener opposed positive negation or sullen silence; he experienced a dogged kind of satisfaction in refusing to gratify what he considered the curiosity of his enemies: they might hang him, he thought, but should never make him speak.

From time to time he cast restless glances towards the door, through which the hum of voices, the fearful whisperings of the officials in the passage, who were waiting the first stroke of noon to conduct him to the scaffold, at times were distinctly heard.

It is astonishing how keen the perceptions become, when terror sharpens them.

The features of the warrener assumed a yet more deadly hue, when the governor of the gaol, dressed in black, entered the chapel: he exchanged looks with the chaplain.

"It is not twelve yet!" gasped the prisoner, pale with error; "it can't be twelve!"

Mr. Johnson was spared the pain of replying, by a loud knock at the door of the chapel.

"Who is there?" he demanded, in the usual form.

The reply was made in the harsh voice of Anthony Skinner, demanding, in the king's name, that the body of William Sidelor, convicted of murder, should be given up to the sheriff for execution, pursuant to sentence.

The doors were thrown open, and the functionary, attended by his officers and half a dozen turnkeys, made his appearance.

A few hastily-muttered words, and a receipt for the body of the condemned prisoner, passed between him and Mr. Johnson—and the formality was complete. The murderer was now in the hands of the sheriff: he, with a nod, consigned him to the executioner, Mat Cows, who with fiend-like impatience, stood at the back of the crowd, contemplating his prey.

No sooner did the warrener recognise the hangman, than his huge frame became convulsed: he tried in vain to speak or move—but terror had so strangely fascinated him, that tongue and limbs alike were paralysed. Before the wretched man could recover his self-possession, Mat, with the dexterity which long experience gave him, had securely pinioned his arms behind his back.

"That will do nicely!" he whispered in the ear of the murderer, as he finished the preliminaries of his horrid task.

Sidelor uttered a deep groan.

"Give him a little brandy," said the surgeon of the prison, who was present.

"Better not, sir," whispered Mat; "it only prolongs their sufferin's: we never does it in London."

Anthony Skinner gave the signal to advance.

"Not yet, sir!" said the hangman, who felt like an epicure toying with his pleasures; "he ain't quite ready!"

"Be speedy!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, eyeing the ruffian sternly—for he recollected the scene in court upon the trial—"and remember that this is neither the time nor place for levity!"

"Certainly not, sir!"

With great deliberation, which was not all affected—for his hands trembled so with pleasure that he could scarcely use them—the hangman proceeded to remove the neckerchief from the throat of his victim. Having done so, he put it carefully into his pocket, and next proceeded to turn down his shirt collar: in doing which he contrived, playfully as it were, to touch the throat of the warrener—who no sooner felt the contact of his fingers, than he uttered a loud yell.

"I won't be hanged by him!" he shouted, his iron-grey hair bristling at the same time over his clammy brow. "It will be murder—I tell you it will be murder!"

"All ready, gentlemen!" said Mat, in a quiet, serious tone, as if the exclamations of the prisoner were a matter of course.

Again the order to move was given. The chaplain commenced the burial service, and Will Sidelor, more dead than alive, was carried, rather than led, by a turnkey on either side of him, towards the scaffold.

Mat Cows followed close behind him—the fatal cord in his hand. So delightful did the whole affair appear to him, that it was with the greatest difficulty he repressed his usual chuckle.

"Hats off!" exclaimed several voices in the crowd, as the sound of the great bell of the prison vibrated solemnly in the air.

"Is he a comin'?" demanded Ralph.

"Silence, boy!" said a respectable man who was near to him, who felt disgusted at his eagerness.

There was a murmur of something like disappointment amongst the people when Mat Cows appeared upon the scaffold to adjust the rope. They had fully expected to see the sheriff; and felt almost angry at the miser for not performing the office.

"That be he!" said Ralph; "that be he!" as the warrener, looking deadly pale, was dragged upon the scaffold. The terrified wretch had recovered something like courage at the last moment, and struggled fearfully.

"How he do fight for life, to be sure! This be better sport than the rats at Mortlake!"

The assistants of the dreadful scene held the prisoner—who yelled and shrieked the while—firmly under the beam, whilst Mat threw the noose over his head. The excitement of the populace became terrible; and they answered the yells of the murderer with cries as loud and piercing.

"That will do!" said Mat, quietly, to the turnkeys. "You may go down; I can finish the rest!"

"But the cap?"

The hangman drew it from his pocket.

"All right!" he said. "I know my business!"

No sooner did the warrener hear the discordant cries of the mob, than he became suddenly calm. His eyes wandered over the up-turned sea of human faces, and even on the brink of eternity, a bitter curse escaped him!

"That's right!" whispered Mat, drawing the cap over his face. "Curse away! Prayers are of no use to you now! Good bye! Remember my peculiar knot—I shan't forget it!"

With these words the wretch descended from the scaffold, and stood waiting to withdraw the bolt the instant the chaplain should drop the white handkerchief which he was holding in his hand. He had not long to wait: the signal was speedily given, and the murderer launched into the presence of that awful Judge, whose laws he had so perseveringly mocked and braved. His struggles were long and fearful. Even the mob, who had welcomed his appearance on the scaffold with delight, began to feel disgust and pity. The cry of "Shame—shame!" was loud and general.

"Rascal!" said the governor to Mat, who stood quietly enjoying the scene, "you shall answer for this!"

"It ain't my fault!" growled the ruffian. "What did he resist for? I would have hanged him comfortably enough, if he had only let me!"

The struggles of the dying man still continued, and the yells of the populace became absolutely terrific.

"We shall have a riot!" observed the sheriff, looking very pale.

The hangman felt it necessary to make some attempt to complete his hideous work. With the agility of a cat, he climbed up the scaffold till he reached the legs of the warrener, which he seized with both his hands, and swung on them till he was dead!

No sooner was the disgusting scene over, than Mat Cows left the prison by a private door, whilst the populace were still gazing on the gibbet, from which the body had been removed. He was never more seen in the ancient city of Norwich.

The crowd slowly dispersed, many of them impressed with sadder thoughts and better feelings than when they congregated; others with that brutal levity which no lesson can teach, or example, however terrible, reform.

Amongst the former was Red Ralph. The boy was not naturally bad. He was ignorant; but, ignorant as he was, the scene had made a lasting impression upon him; and he afterwards confessed to his patron, Joe Beans, that if he had known a prayer, he should have repeated it when he saw his old enemy the warrener struggling on the gallows.

(To be continued in our next.)

LITTLE CHILDREN.

ONE cold winter morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, and well-browned young fellow from the country, holding up some little matter, and turning it about. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swans-down border, white as the frill of rich blonde around the edge. By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small pride, the baby—for evidently it was *the* baby. And one could read the fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eye, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "is not fifteen shillings very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but, taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and, without another word, down went the fifteen shillings (all the last week's butter came to), and, as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them."

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities!

See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit, he has shaken his long curls over his deep-blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf is pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears—as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen; tumble about his papers; make summersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers; litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and then jabber their unintelligible English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see!"

He *does* have a child; and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: "a little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling. How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been. The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims, which have undone himself. Go to the gaol—the penitentiary—and find there the wretched, most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son; such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played; and he was rocked as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unknown, might have been opened to questions of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him for ever.

MY OWN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

MY own—my own—oh! breathes there one

To whom that simple word's not dear?

Beats there a heart so drear and lone,

That holds not *some* loved object near?

Whose spirit like the arkless bird,

From all companionship hath flown;—

And finds no gladness in that word,

My own!—my own!—

Who dull to every finer tie,

To every soft affection cold,

Lives on in cheerless apathy,

And in his very youth seems old!

Though frequent cares my mind enthrall,

Could wealth, mere earthly wealth, atone

For the sweet beings *lost*!—I call

My own!—my own!

No!—Time may still but speed to show

How false is Hope's delicious song,

And many a sorrow I must know;

But, oh!—sweet Heaven—may it be long

Ere those I love from me are gone;

And like a wilderness hath grown,

And of earth's millions there is none,

My own!—my own!

STERLING.—ORIGIN OF THE TERM AS APPLIED TO MONEY.—In the time of Richard I. money coined in the east part of Germany came in special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called *Easterling* money—as all the inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*; and soon after some of these people, skilled in coining, were sent for to London, to bring the coin to perfection—which was soon called *Sterling*, from *Easterling*.



[THE TWO CHILDREN OF THE EARTHMEN TRIBE, FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA.]

THE EARTHMEN IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

MAN has always been exceedingly curious about himself. Tell him of a monster, and he will rush anywhere to see it. But of all the sciences, that concerning himself has been the least pursued, and the most needed. Priests have anathematised it; and among every race and nation that ever existed, its study has been shunned with horror. Whence this universal fear—this wholesale timidity on a subject fraught with almost Divine interest? Is it instinctive? Is it natural? We think so: because among barbarous tribes the idiot is said to be inspired, and the afflicted tormented by demons. Epilepsy has given birth to the most monstrous superstitions. Even the early Christians, in their ignorance, attributed many things to the Evil One, which were the results of disease and malformation. And in the present day, enlightened as it is, deformity is viewed with abhorrence. The hunchback, as in the days of Shakspeare, is still the hobgoblin of the young, and the dislike of the aged. Indeed, anything concerning the human race unlike the mass, or presenting features that call into question the dogmas of churches, is sure to be made the subject of mystery and fear. Man dreads himself—and that is the whole truth of it. And the more intelligent he is, the more sensitive does he become as regards the origin, honour, and future of his common species. He will ridicule those who philosophise on the matter, as he did the eccentric but clever Monboddo; yet he will at the same time devour the most extraordinary stories—gobble up what he considers the fictions of Mandeville—and almost break his neck to have a peep at a “What is it?” Tales of men with their heads beneath their shoulders, and others with dorsal extremities, like monkeys, and of pigmies, have been rife in every age; and no doubt gave rise to much of the belief in witchcraft and the supernatural, which, even in this day, pervades the higher as well as the lower circles of human intelligence.

But, unhappily for romance, travellers now bring with them living evidence of the truth of their discoveries; and physiologists can elaborate, out of the heterogeneous mass of materials placed before them, the most convincing theories. They can tell us that, under certain impoverished conditions, man will dwindle away, and finally disappear from the earth; and that, had it not been for wars, revolutions, and natural convulsions, this world would long ago have been unpeopled. The Jews owe their existence to their dispersion. Their intermixture with the

blood and institutions of the Gentiles gave them another lease of life; for most assuredly, had they lived together, and intermarried so closely as they did, and could not avoid, they would have been swept away, and become a tradition, just as much as the Asiatic races that existed before the deluge are become merely traditions. We have before us numerous melancholy examples of the truth of this law of population. First, the morals of a people become corrupted; then their intelligence decays; afterwards, as a natural consequence, their physique is enervated. Wars and pestilence then mow them down, and, sinking gradually into blind ignorance and helpless indolence, they become albinos, dwarfs, idiots, beasts; and finally are extinguished. In fact, the in-breeding has bred them out. The tribes of pigmies recently discovered in central America—those which are existing in Ethiopia, in Burmah, in Siam, on the borders of China, among the Himalayas, and at the Cape of Good Hope (at least, in Southern Africa)—constitute ample evidence of this punishing and avenging law of nature. All these extraordinary links in the chain of humanity of late years have attracted much attention; and from the circumstances we are about to mention, will no doubt attract much more.

Our illustration gives the portraits of two pigmies which have been brought to this country from the Orange River, in Southern Africa—one of the boundaries, as our readers will doubtless remember, of the territory in which some of the arduous operations incidental to the war in Kafirland were conducted. They are a male and female, and belong to a variety of the human family which has received the general designation of Earthmen. Their origin is supposed to be analogous to that of the Bushmen and Hottentots, but their habits are totally distinct. The Bushmen build huts and live in little villages, but the Earthmen live in excavations—and hence their name. They scratch hollows in the ground, to shield them from the wind. These hollows they line with a little straw, and then cover themselves with a light grass mat, out of which project their feet towards a fire which burns in the centre of the hollows. A mat is hung to windward, by the aid of two rods, placed perpendicularly, and another mat, fastened to a third rod, is spread horizontally over the hollow. This is all the protection the Earthmen possess against the heavy dews and atmospheric changes of night. In the morning they roll up their mats, and, as they have neither cattle nor cultivated grounds, and make no use whatever of culinary utensils, the traveller may pass within a quarter of a mile of their rude and wretched

encampment without discovering them. The Earthmen shun the face of a white man, and as they usually cower down behind some inequality in the ground when they see one approach, they are seldom seen by Europeans. They assign as a reason for their living in hollows, that, were they to build huts, as the Bushmen do, their enemies would know where to find them, and might come in the night, burn their villages, and destroy them. They further allege, that to build huts would attach them too much to one place, and they could not then follow the game in its migrations. Game is their chief food, when it abounds; but there are periods in the year when it recedes beyond their reach: they then live on locusts, which the women of the tribe gather during the season. They also eat the larvæ of ants and a root resembling garlic. They are sometimes so straitened for food as to be compelled to gnaw the skins of the animals they have previously killed. The tribe thus destitute of every vestige of civilisation is found along the whole extent of the Orange River; but they so cautiously avoid the settlements, that many colonists who have resided in Port Natal and other districts of South Africa for years, have never seen them. This Lilliputian race of beings have, however, the character of great docility, and are said to be faithful to those to whom they attach themselves.

The pair—a boy and girl—which have been brought to this country, are now being exhibited. Both are very diminutive, but well formed. They have the appearance of being about nine years of age; yet the boy is confidently stated to be fourteen years of age, and the girl sixteen. How small they are for their age will be seen when it is stated that they are not more than three feet four inches in height. However, there is nothing misshapen or dwarfish in their appearance. Their slenderness and shortness of stature is a peculiarity of the native race to which they belong, the males of which are seldom more than from four feet to four feet four inches in stature, and the women a little less.

The boy's name is “Martinis”—the girl's “Flora.” Their complexion and skin are of a warm brown of a pleasing hue. Their physiognomy is intelligent and engaging. Their lustrous black eyes have a soft and affectionate expression, indicative of the perfect docility and mildness of disposition which characterise them. The nose is the worst feature in the face. Between the eyes there is scarcely any projection; and the nose is so spread as to be almost confounded with the cheeks, until the nostrils appear. They are wide, but very little raised. The lips are rather thick, and the mouth wide; the teeth white as those of a sheep; the forehead high and narrow, and the cheek-bones broad. The hair is of remarkable colour and texture. It resembles the wool of a black sheep—strong, short, and coarse. It grows in stiff spiral lines, so that the scalp is everywhere seen. Both children are naked to the middle, and bare-legged, but do not appear to feel the cold. They answer questions intelligently, and have evidently good natural faculties. The little girl has a slight impediment or stutter in her speech, but this may probably be overcome, as it is not observable when she sings. Both children have an excellent ear for music, and sing the “Buffalo Gals,” “I'm going to Alabama,” “Poor Uncle Ned,” “Britons never shall be Slaves,” and “Cheer Boys, Cheer,” with evident enjoyment. They also dance together, and Flora, when dancing a schottische, moves about with the easy and natural grace peculiar to her sex. Martinis is a fine little savage, beautifully formed, and with well-developed muscles. Flora is also a nicely-made child, of more slender and delicate frame, but perfectly healthy.

The dress worn by the boy Martinis is said to be that usually worn by the males of his tribe. He wears a tuft of small feathers on his forehead; beads hang from his temple and around his neck, and from a coloured girdle of beads round his loins are suspended strips of skin and the tails of animals. The girl wears a head-dress and lappet of coloured beads, a leopard-spotted piece of wool around her waist, and strips of hair cover her legs. Her demeanour is modest and feminine. Both children display so much aptitude for learning and for imitation, that in a few years it is probable their acquirements and habits will in no respect differ from those of the English children with whom they may be brought up.

As a connecting link in the human family, they must excite the liveliest interest. When they were first brought to England—which was about a year ago—if taken into an apartment, they would climb chairs and examine the looking-glasses and other objects with intense curiosity; but if suddenly spoken to they would crouch down upon the floor like half-tamed animals who dreaded the keeper's lash. Their language consisted of a few hoarse, guttural sounds, but now they have been so far reclaimed from savage life as to be able to speak English correctly, and differ little, except in form and colour, from the habits of children of a similar age.

HOW THE SCOTTS OF THIRLESTANE CAME TO BEGGARY.

SIR ROBERT's second wife was an unprincipled woman, of vindictive temper, and fierce passions; and by her he had several children. This woman had all the qualities calculated to make an oppressive and cruel step-dame; and accordingly her jealousy was excited by the fond affection which Sir Robert displayed towards his eldest son. She knew that his rich inheritance would descend to him, while her own sons would receive a very slender provision; besides, her husband's excessive attachment to his eldest son gave her no hope of his being persuaded to alienate from him any portion of the family property. Her jealousy accordingly grew into a disease, and her mind was distracted with rage and mortification. These

feelings were still further aggravated, when Sir Robert built the Tower of Gamescleugh, and adorned that property with all manner of embellishments, as the future residence of his eldest son, who was now about to come of age, and for whom he had arranged a suitable and advantageous matrimonial alliance with a beautiful young lady, of high birth. The step-mother now lost all patience, and was firmly resolved to compass the destruction of her hated step-son.

The mason-work of the new Castle of Gamescleugh was completed on the young laird's twentieth birth-day, which was held as a high festival at Thirlestane. The lady resolved that his hours should be numbered; and she accordingly prepared, on the intended festival, to execute her horrid purpose. She had already secured in her interest the family piper, whose name was John Lally. This man procured threeadders, from which he selected the parts replete with the most deadly poison; and, having ground them to a fine powder, Lady Thirlestane mixed them in a bottle of wine.

Previous to the commencement of the feast at Thirlestane, the young laird went over the Etterick River to Gamescleugh, to inspect the finished work, and to regale the masons and other work-people, who had exerted themselves to have the castle walls completed by the birth-day. He was attended by John Lally. In the midst of the entertainment of the workmen, the young laird called for wine to drink their healths; and John filled his silver cup from the poison bottle, which the ill-fated youth hastily drank off. The piper immediately left the castle, as if to return home; but he was never more seen. The most diligent search failed in discovering him; and it is supposed that he escaped across the English border. Young Thirlestane was instantaneously taken violently ill; and such was the force of the poison, that he swelled and burst within an hour.

The news was immediately carried to Thirlestane, where a large party of the kith and kin of Scott had assembled to do the honour of the festival. But it may easily be conceived what a woful gathering it turned out to be. With one accord, the guests felt and said that the young laird was poisoned, but were unable to conceive who could have done so foul a deed to one so universally beloved. The old baron immediately caused a bugle to be blown, as a signal to all the family to assemble in the castle court. He then inquired:

"Are we all here?"

A voice from the crowd answered:

"All but the piper, John Lally!"

This sounded like a knell in the ears of Sir Robert. He knew the confidence which his lady placed in this servant. His eyes were at once open to the foul deed, and the conviction that his most dear and beloved son had been slain by the machinations of his wife, shocked his feelings so terribly, that he was almost deprived of reason. He stood very long in a state of utter stupefaction, and then began to repeat the answer which he had received. And this he continued to do for several days. "We are all here but John Lally, the piper!"

Sir Robert lived in a lawless time, justice was not rightly administered, and it was difficult to punish the crimes of the powerful and noble. Moreover, Sir Robert could not be induced to seek to make a public example of his own wife. However, he adopted a singular and complete, though most unjust method of vengeance.

He said that the estate belonged of right to his son, and that since he could not bestow it upon him while living, he would at least spend it upon him when dead. And he moreover expressed great satisfaction at the idea of depriving his lady and her offspring of that which she had played so foul a part to secure to them.

The body of the young laird was accordingly embalmed with the most costly drugs and spices, and lay in state at Thirlestane for a year and a day; during a whole of which time Sir Robert kept open house, welcoming and royally feasting all who chose to come. And in this way of reckless and wanton profusion he actually spent or mortgaged his entire estate. While the whole country, high and low, were thus feasting at Thirlestane, the lady was kept shut up in the vault of the castle, fed upon bread and water. During the last three days of this extraordinary feast, the crowds were immense. It was as if the whole of the south of Scotland were assembled at Thirlestane. Butts of the richest and rarest wines were carried into the fields; their ends were knocked out with hatchets, and the liquor was carried about in stoups. The burn of Thirlestane literally ran red with wine. The vault where the young laird was interred, in a leaden coffin, is under the roof of the church of Etterick, which is distant from Thirlestane upwards of a mile; and so numerous was the funeral procession, that when the leaders had reached the church, those in the rear had not nearly left the castle gates. Sir Robert died soon after this, and left his family in utter destitution. It is said that his wicked lady died in absolute beggary.—*Burke's Family Romance.*

IRISH CARMEN.

When a Dublin carman is summoned by a police constable, he almost invariably meets the accusation by a direct contradiction, and generally offers to swear to his statement. If he is called upon to answer for being shabbily dressed, and dirty in his apparel, he buys or borrows a good suit of clothes, shaves, and puts on a clear shirt, and then states boldly to the magistrate that he was just in the same state when "the policeman wrote him," and "that if he's let to the book he'll swear it." If he is summoned for being absent from his beast and vehicle, he insists that he was "holding a lock of hay" to his horse all the time. If the complaint is for

furiously driving, the defence is set up that "the baste" was dead lame, that it was just after taking up a nail, and was on three legs "when he was wrote." If it is alleged that the horse was in wretched condition, and unfit to ply for public accommodation, he expresses his wonder that any fault should be found with a horse that could "rowl" four to the Curragh and back, without "turning a hair." Whatever statement is made for the defence, it is one that evinces imaginative power—for the plain, dull truth is never permitted the slightest admixture in the excuse offered; and even when the truth would amount to a defence, it is discarded "upon principle." A fellow waiting at a corn shop for a feed of oats declares that he was only ordering "a mash of bran;" his impression being that the truth is unlucky; besides, he never hears any one else telling truth, and why should he be singular? An old man named Pat Markey, formerly belonging to Baggot Street stand, and now some years dead, made a statement on one occasion utterly at variance with all probability, and directly opposed to the evidence adduced against him; however, upon the prosecutor's own showing, the case was dismissed, as the charge was not legally sustained. Pat was then asked why he did not tell the truth, as it would have been better for him, upon which he exclaimed:

"Musha, cock him up with the truth! that's more than ever I towld a magistrate yit." A Dublin carman never mentions the offence for which he is punished; he always substitutes for it the inducement which caused him to commit the fault. A fellow goes into a tobaccoist's, and while he is making his purchase, his horse moves on, and is stopped by a constable, who summons the driver. A fine is imposed, and if the mulcted party is afterwards asked what it was for, his reply is, "for taking a blast of the pipe." Another, on a Saturday evening, leaves his horse and car to mind themselves, and betakes himself to a barber's shop to have the week's growth taken off his chin: and when punished for being absent from his vehicle, he tells his friends that the "polis wrote him" for getting himself shaved. And on Sunday morning, if a devotional feeling prompts him to get "a mouthful of prayers," whilst his beast is left, without any control, upon the public street, he expresses his indignation at a consequent fine "for going to Mass," with, perhaps, the remark, that when such things can be done, there is very little use in having a Catholic commissioner. A carman is the greatest hyperbolist in existence. The Spaniard, who described the rain as so heavy that "it wet him to the marrow," was not so poetical or forcible in his exaggeration as are some of our jarveys. When a gentleman complained of the choking dust of the Rock Road, and declared that he did not think it possible for a road to be so dusty, his driver remarked:

"It's thrue for yer honor; but this road bates all others for dust, for by all account, there was dust on this road the day after Noah's flood." A lady who resided at Castleknock was wont to give a carman who lived in her neighbourhood a glass of grog, along with his fare, at the conclusion of his engagement. However, she became too sparing of the spirits, or too generous of the water; but the grog eventually became so weak, that its recipient criticised it with an oath, by asserting, that "if you threw a naggin of whisky over Essex Bridge, you might take up as strong grog at the Lighthouse."—*Irish Quarterly.*

A FORTUNE MADE FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

THERE dwelt many years ago, in the island of Bombay, a young Parsee, or fire worshipper, one of the poorest of his tribe, but endowed with a sagacity as great as that of the more cultivated dame of Christendom, and with as large and benevolent a heart. This man began life with less substantial ground for hope than the dreamer Ainschar possessed; for whereas he of the Arabian story had a basketful of glass and earthenware, our modern Guebre possessed but two old wine bottles. They were, to be sure, of more value than they are here, being articles held in great estimation in some parts of India—as, for example, in Scinde, where, when it was first occupied by the British, a couple of fowls could be obtained for an old porter-bottle. Still, it was decidedly "small beginning" for a merchant; but he managed to sell them advantageously, bought more, again made a profitable bargain, and became a regular *bottle wallah*—this is, seller of bottles.

In a country where nature so abundantly supplies the wants of her children—where a basket of charcoal and a handful of rice form the *cuisine* of the poor, it is easier to save than in a land where many wants consume the hard-earned pittance. Our Parsee accumulated annas till they grew into rupees, and became a thriving trader. Then the opium trade engaged his attention. Some doubtful speculation in it was mentioned in his presence, and, seeing with instinctive sagacity the probable profit, he closed with the proposal unhesitatingly; and thus—for it proved most successful—in the words of the friend who told me his history, "he cleared £10,000 by a stroke of his pen." From that moment his rise to the summit of prosperous fortune was rapid. Nor could it be called the work of chance, or a mere caprice of his destiny. He studied to meet the exigencies of his new position. He learned to speak the language, and understand, in a great measure, the commercial policy of the European strangers who rule the land. He was industrious, self-denying, and quick-witted. When we saw him, in his advancing age, he possessed, as the fruit of his own thought and energy, an income of some hundreds of thousands yearly; and he spent his wealth as liberally as he had earned it carefully. His charity scarcely knew a bound. In one year he gave away in alms to the poor, English and natives, the enormous sum of £90,000, for which he received the thanks

of the Queen of England, and her likeness set in diamonds, besides the first title of knighthood bestowed on an Oriental since the days of Saladin. He founded a noble hospital. His wife gave her jewels to form a causeway between the islands of Bombay and Salsette, many lives having been lost among the natives in making the somewhat dangerous *trajet*; and he never drove out without carrying in his carriage bags of small coin, to fling to the mendicants who thronged his path.

It was while seated at his own table—in a bungalow he had purchased on the Kandallah Hills, and which he lent to our party as a place of rest during the ascent—that we first heard the story of the achievement of this wealth; and, gazing on the splendour around us, the "two bottles" appeared little else than an Eastern fable. The land for many a mile around was his; the plantations of roses, covering whole acres, and so sweetly clothing the wild mountain-side, were but a lovely portion of his merchandise—their essence but a fragrant addition to his heaps of gold. And then the luxury of this country retreat! The European furniture—the costly china dinner service, manufactured for him, and bearing his arms and initials—the plate, and servants, and rich viands—all from such a small beginning! It was marvellous as a fairy tale.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeehoy is now no more, but the memory of his good deeds is still and will be long cherished in the East.

HOW BULLFINCHES ARE MADE TO PIPE.

No school can be more diligently attended by its master, and no scholars more effectually trained to their own calling, than a seminary of bullfinches. As a general rule, they are formed into classes, of about six in each, and kept in a dark room, where food and music are administered at the same time: so that when the meal is ended, if the birds feel disposed to tune up, they are naturally inclined to copy the sounds which are so familiar to them. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is admitted into the room, which still further exhilarates their spirits, and inclines them to sing.

In some establishments the starving system is adopted, and the birds are not allowed food or light until they sing. When they have been under this course of instruction in classes for some time, they are committed singly to the care of boys, whose sole business it is to go on with their education. Each boy assiduously plays his organ from morning till night, for the instruction of the bird committed to his care; while the class-teacher goes his regular rounds, superintending the progress of his feathered pupils, and scolding or rewarding them in a manner which they perfectly understand, and strictly in accordance with the attention or the disregard they have shown to the instructions of the monitor. This round of teaching goes on uninterruptedly for no less a period than nine months: by which time the bird has acquired firmness, and is less likely to forget or spoil the air by leaving out passages, or giving them in the wrong place.

At the time of moulting, the best-instructed are liable to lose the recollection of their tunes, and therefore require to have them frequently repeated at that time; otherwise, all the previous labour will have been thrown away. There are celebrated schools for these birds at Hesse and Fulda, from whence all Germany, Holland, and England receive supplies of the little musicians. In some cases, the birds have been taught to whistle different airs, without spoiling or confusing them; but in general, a simple air, with, perhaps, a little prelude, is as much as they can remember.

THE CRICKET IN THE WALL.

HARK! 'Tis the small voice of the cricket in the crevices of the wall. How cheerful is his little song. What is the subject of his lay? Is he chanting melody in the ear of his lady love, or is he pouring out his soul in an evening hymn? Is he singing the praise of some mighty insect warrior, or lauding the name of one who has gathered wisdom beyond that of his fellows? Have insects their heroes, their tyrants, their poets, and their orators? Who can tell?

But why is it that all living things have glad voices given them? Why is it, that when the sun has gone down and the hum of business is still—when man has withdrawn from the cares and bustle of the day, and the winds have retired to their caves, that the voice of the insect tribes, low and solemn, comes abroad upon the air? Why does not silence come down with the curtain of night, and brood with the darkness over us? It is that we may not forget the great teachings of nature. The heavens may be darkened by clouds, the stars may not look out to remind us, the face of the moon may be veiled, and the sound of the winds hushed; but the voice of the insect world tells us that life, beauty, joy, and happiness are still rife in the works of God. We remember the cricket that chirped in the corner when we sat by our father's fire-side. His voice was cheerful, and it was a pleasant thing to listen to his happy song. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, were beside us then, and we talked of the little warbler as a thing that we all loved. But the corner and the cricket and the home of our childhood are all gone—swept by Time into the returnless abyss of the past. And those who listened with us, where are they? Father, mother, brothers, sisters, where are they?

They are scattered and parted by mountain and wave, And some are in the cold silent womb of the grave.

Sad are the memories that the song of the cricket brings to our heart. It tells of happy days, now gone for ever of merry hours that have passed away. It brings clustering around us the furrowed brows of the living, and the pale, still faces of the dead.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

INCORUSTED BOILERS.—Mr. Ira Hill has informed us that he has accidentally made a valuable discovery, by which the deposition of lime upon steam-boilers may be obviated. Two or three shovels of sawdust are thrown into the boiler, after which process, he states, he never had any difficulty from lime, although using water strongly impregnated with it. He has always found the inside of his boilers as smooth as if just oiled. Whether the lime attaches itself to the floating particles of sawdust, instead of the boiler, or whether the tannic acid in the oak sawdust forms a salt with the lime, which will not attach itself to iron, remains to be explained. The sawdust was placed in the boiler for the purpose of stopping a leak. The experiment is cheap, and easily tried.

IMPROVEMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. de Lucenay, of South Street, Finsbury, has patented a means of producing photographic images by artificial light. The light must be parallel or diffuse, according to the effect desired. It is rendered parallel by placing the light to the focus of a parabolic mirror, or to the principal focus of lenses for silhouettes of a natural size, or negative copies upon grounds of any kind which are covered with a sensible layer; while for portraits the light is rendered diffuse. Light is produced either by the galvanic battery, or by refractory bodies, heated by flames of oxygen, or by the combustion of artificial compositions. This is a very ingenious invention in photography.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—Some misapprehension appears to exist with respect to the regulations in force for the transmission of periodical works and pamphlets to those foreign states with which this country has entered into convention for the mutual exchange of such works by the post, at a reduced rate of charge. It is necessary, therefore, to point out that only a single number of any periodical work, or a single pamphlet, is allowed to be sent in one cover, and that any infringement of this regulation will render the packet liable to be charged with postage, as a letter.

NEW DISINFECTING PROCESS.—A patent has been taken out by Mr. A. Gilbe, of South Street, Finsbury, for an improved mode of disinfecting and converting purulent and fecal matters, applicable to sewers, cesspools, drains, &c. The invention consists in producing a new deodorising powder, obtained by the combustion of the detritus of forests, lignites, vegetables, marine plants, any ligneous substances, rags, refuse of wool, &c., mixed in suitable proportions with substances which give them the property of absorbing or decomposing others. Under an analysis of the celebrated Messrs. Payen and Poinot, of Paris, the following was the result: Organic substances azotised, 16.44; non-azotised organic substances, 58.06; mineral substances, or cinders, 25.50, equal to 100. 2.50 alkaline chlorides and sulphates, a small quantity of carbonate; 14.56 carbonate of lime and magnesia, phosphate of lime, alumina, and oxide of iron; 8.44 argillaceous earth and sand. Another composition gave: Organic substances azotised, 20.41; non-azotised organic substances, 52.26; mineral substances, 27.33, equal to 100. 4.78 chlorides, alkaline, and sulphates, a little carbonate; 12.73 carbonate of lime and magnesia, phosphate of lime and oxide of iron; 9.82 argillaceous earth and sand.

THE CHEMISTRY OF NATURE.—It will undoubtedly astonish many, to be told that the great fabric of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which meet our eye, have been built up entirely from gases and water; and these, in most cases, colourless. Even the brown and solid trunks of gigantic forest trees, which have stood the shocks of ages, were composed originally of substances as apparently immaterial. This, although strange, is true; for plants derive nourishment exclusively from gaseous and liquid products, no solid probably being ever absorbed. Animals subsist chiefly on the organised tissues of plants, or on each other. The four chief nutritive bodies required by plants are—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; and these must be in a certain state of alteration or modification; as in air, carbonic acid, ammonia, &c. These gaseous bodies are mostly dissolved by the rain, in its passage downwards to the earth; and there absorbed by the fibrilla of the roots. In the minute cells of plants are to be found the most remarkable chemical decompositions, which no chemist can ever produce. Here various bodies are fixed or eliminated, and nourishment supplied to the tissues. Then, as to exhalation—from the green parts of plants we find that oxygen, the chief essential of plants and animals, is given off abundantly from those parts which are coloured. Carbonic acid is important to plants; containing carbon, a black body resembling charcoal, of which it is the chief constituent. A remarkable instance of the adaptation of birds to their leafy habitations, is, that in singing they give off this body largely, mixed with air. Animals are chiefly fed by plants, containing the same four elements above-mentioned, but modified in their condition. It is a well-known fact that, unless we eat and drink, we die; but that while we are eating and drinking we are really dying, may appear a paradox. It nevertheless is strictly true. The destruction and re-production of the particles of the human frame are continually going on: so that a man at forty years, though apparently the same as at twenty, has not probably a single atom in his body which has not been changed. Respiration itself is, in fact, a species of slow combustion. By this the vital current is purified and supplied with oxygen; while a portion of the same body combined with superfluous carbon, is again given off. So that we may truly be said "to die daily," and to enter again upon a kind of new life: this continues till the vital force finally becomes extinct, when another series of changes are produced.

INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.—M. Herbert, a gentleman who has recently arrived from France, lately exhibited to a few ladies and gentlemen his method of causing plants to blow almost instantaneously. The plants selected—a group of geraniums and a rose tree—were planted in two rather deep boxes of garden mould, previously prepared with some chemical manure, and were then covered with glass shades. M. Herbert then proceeded to pour over the roots, from a small watering-pot, a chemical mixture, which, uniting to the ingredients already in the earth, caused a great heat, as was shown by an intense steam or vapour, which was evolved within the shades, and allowed, to some extent, to escape through a small hole in the top, which at first was kept closed. The effect upon the geraniums was certainly almost instantaneous: the buds beginning to burst in about five or six minutes, and the plants being in full bloom within ten minutes, when the blossoms were gathered by M. Herbert, and distributed amongst the ladies present. With the rose tree the exhibitor was less fortunate: M. Herbert explaining that it had only been in his possession about half or three-quarters of an hour—and he had, therefore, not had sufficient time to prepare for the experiment—thereby evincing that it occupies more time than would appear to the casual observer to be the case. The invention may prove useful where ladies require to decorate their drawing-rooms or boudoirs with the beauties of Flora, somewhat earlier in the season than they can otherwise be obtained.

MACCARONI FLOUR.—The Italians prepare their flour for macaroni, soup-pastes, cake, &c., with great care and wonderful success. From a coarser grain—poorer and more dirty than we grow in England—they produce a finer flour than the best which our patent machines and most highly-cultivated fields give to us. This is partly owing to their climate, which allows of methods of preparation impracticable in England, and partly to a degree of delicate manipulation and minute attention which our high-pressure rapidity sets out of the question. All through Italy, you may see by the outhouses of farmsteads, on the open threshing-floors, in the public streets of the cities, by the sides of bridges—as in Genoa, which is one large net-work of bridges in the upper town—in the open fields, and along the highways—anywhere and everywhere—small paved squares, surrounded by a wall of about two inches high, inclining on one side, and bordered by a groove or gutter on the side of the incline. In these places you see a quantity of wet corn thrown from a bucket full of grain and water, standing by the workman's side. Here the corn, after having been well washed in the bucket in many waters, is suffered to lie for a short time, until the water has drained off into the groove or gutter prepared for it. It is stirred gently; and as it dries, the wind carries off all the light particles which the water has not removed. The fine air and powerful sun do all the work of our close stoves and stifling kilns, with the superiority which fresh air must always have over the atmosphere of a roofed apartment. When thoroughly dry, the corn is then carried away by women, who sit, one on each side of a table, and separate, grain by grain, with their hands, the bad from the good—the light from the full-fed, until, at last, only the best of this washed, and cleansed, and separated corn remains for the mill. Yet, what does remain produces a flour superior to anything we see in England on the very richest tables, and superior, also, to anything we see in France, noted for her white wheat flour. It is the finest flour in the world, from a poor and ill-fed grain.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.—Some of your readers may like to know how to keep eggs fresh. I send you an account of the method practised here: Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each one and a half inch in diameter) as you can, without the risk of breaking one hole into another. I find that a board of two feet six inches in length, and one foot broad, has five dozen in it—say twelve rows of five each. Then take four strips of the same board of two inches broad, and nail them together edge-wise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your board. Nail the board upon the frame, and the work is done; unless you choose, for the sake of appearance, to nail a heading of three-quarters of an inch round the board on the top. This looks better, and sometimes may prevent an egg from rolling off. Put your eggs in this board as they come in from the poultry-house, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions: Take care that the eggs do not get wet either in the nest or afterwards (in summer, hens are fond of laying among the nettles or long grass, and any eggs taken from such nests in wet weather should be put away for immediate use); keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter, and then, I think, the party trying the experiment will have abundant reason to be satisfied with it. I find there are some in my larder which I am assured have been there nearer eight months than six, and which are still perfectly fresh and good. In fact, it is a practice here to accumulate a large stock of eggs in August, September, and October, which last until after the fowls have begun to lay in the spring. If two boards are kept, one can be filling and the other emptying at the same time. This is an exceedingly good plan for those persons who keep a few fowls for the supply of eggs to their own family; but would, perhaps, not do so well for those who keep a large stock of hens, as it would take up too much room. I have endeavoured to account for the admirable way in which eggs keep in this manner, by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down to the shell than when the egg is laid on one side. Certainly, if the yolk reaches the shell, the egg does spoil immediately.—T. G., Clitheroe.

THE SALT TRADE.—Out of 97 salt-works in the kingdom, 79 are situate in the valley of the Weaver, in Cheshire, where the supply of salt is supposed to be practically inexhaustible. It is found in a dry, semi-transparent state, resembling lumps of alum, when it is called "rock salt," which is mainly exported to Holland and Belgium, for manuring there into white salt. But the supply is chiefly produced by evaporating brine pumped up out of the earth from the beds of the rock, which, when crystallised, is termed "common salt," and used principally for pickling and preserving fish, meat, and vegetables; also, as a mordant, and generally by all manufacturers of alkalies; then, again, when dried and rendered fit for table purposes, it is denominated "stoved salt," and consumed as a seasoning or condiment. It requires about 12 cwt. of coal (burgie) to evaporate brine sufficient to produce a ton of salt; the entire production of which, in this kingdom, now amounts to 800,000 tons per annum. One moiety is exported to North America, the Baltic, and the northern parts of Scotland and Ireland; and the other half is consumed at home. (Of this immense manufacture, nearly 7-8ths are produced on the banks of the River Weaver—the bulk of which is exported from Liverpool; another portion is used by the alkali manufacturers in St. Helen's; and the residue is chiefly sent to the east coast of England; scarcely 10,000 tons per annum being consumed in Liverpool. Mr. Braithwaite Poole, in his "Statistics of Commerce," says: "There are upwards of a million feet of pannage contained in the salt-works of the United Kingdom, which, together with the necessary machinery and other appliances, 600 flats, trows, barges, and boats, to prosecute the traffic, has been estimated as representing a capital of £1,000,000, and employing upwards of 3000 men."

THE FRENCH MODE OF BREEDING FISH.

The French government consider the matter of much importance. Rivers and lakes, in which there were no fish, now literally teem with them.

A commission of savans is appointed to superintend the process. Salmon, perch, tench, and even lobsters are to be domesticated—so far, at least, as being bred and reared out of the reach of their numerous enemies.

Perhaps no animal will multiply so fast as fish. The tench produces 38,000 eggs, the mackerel 546,000, the cod-fish 1,357,000. The herring produces also vast numbers, and if only 2,000 of any one of these came to perfection, there would be, in the second year, 12,000,000, in the third 2,000,000,000. To protect only, therefore, is to insure the production of millions of fishes; but how any fish now happens to escape their enemies, natural and artificial, seems even more wonderful than their powers of production.

The breeders of fish artificially in this country are Mr. Gurney, of Carshalton, and Mr. Young, of Lochshin; but what should hinder the plan being tried by the landed proprietors near the sides of all the rivers in this and the sister kingdom? and why not try to introduce the salmon into rivers where it has not yet been found?

Mr. Shaw appears to have been the first to show that the parr and the smolt are only stages of the salmon; and to prove that, by the construction of side ponds, with a small stream running over them, with sufficient water to keep them covered (but not too deep), so as to favour the development of the spawn with as much rapidity as possible, the desired end can be accomplished. The small fish will thus be preserved from their larger enemies until they have an opportunity of shifting better for themselves; and vast supplies will be afforded to the sea, to return either to the same spot, or most certainly to the same river, in another year.

The grisle, or young salmon, of from 2½ to 3 lbs. weight, has been sent to market, the spawn from which they have come having only been deposited in the preceding October or November—three months of this to be allowed for hatching—and often a longer period. A grisle weighing 6 lbs in the month of February, after spawning, has, in its return from the sea in September, weighed 13 lbs.; and it is said that a salmon fry of April will in June weigh 4 lbs., and in August 6 lbs.

Taking the rapid growth, the immense powers of reproduction, and the effect which the artificial production seems to have upon the fish, we hardly know a subject of greater national importance than the encouragement of this practice.

We would strongly urge the construction of breeding-ponds near the heads of our principal rivers, properly secured.

INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.—It had been considered that the Chinese were not an inventive people—but this was a mistake. The art of printing was known in China 900 years before any knowledge of it prevailed in Europe. Printing was first introduced into Europe early in the fifteenth century. The Chinese printers were generally itinerants. They next discovered the magnetic needle: this took place in the traditional period when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, a little carriage was built, on the top of which was a figure, with a needle which always pointed to the north—and thus the route was discovered. The effects of the loadstone were also mentioned in their dictionary. We were also probably indebted to the Chinese for the mariners' compass—for it had been long known to them before it was to us, and Marco Polo made a visit to China, and no doubt communicated it from them to his countrymen. Gunpowder was invented there many centuries before it was known in England—but it was only used for fireworks; and, strange to say, the component parts were nearly the same as the European mixture.



[SILVER-GILT CASKET AND WINE-COOLER.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION
IN DUBLIN.

SILVER GILT CASKET AND WINE-COOLER.

OUR first illustrations present rather a strong contrast. They consist of a delicately worked casket for the fair hands of a countess, and a wine-cooler, accompanied by a cup and goblet, for the more exquisite and refined enjoyment of after-dinner exuberances. Both are the manufacture of the Messrs. West and Son, and each contributes largely to the support of their well-established reputation for works in which industry is poetically blended with art. The exhibitors seem to have a keen relish for the antiquities and traditions of their native land. They are enthusiasts in their love of everything Irish. And as we have not yet been toned down to the leaden cosmopolitan feeling, we can heartily approve of their patriotic preferences.

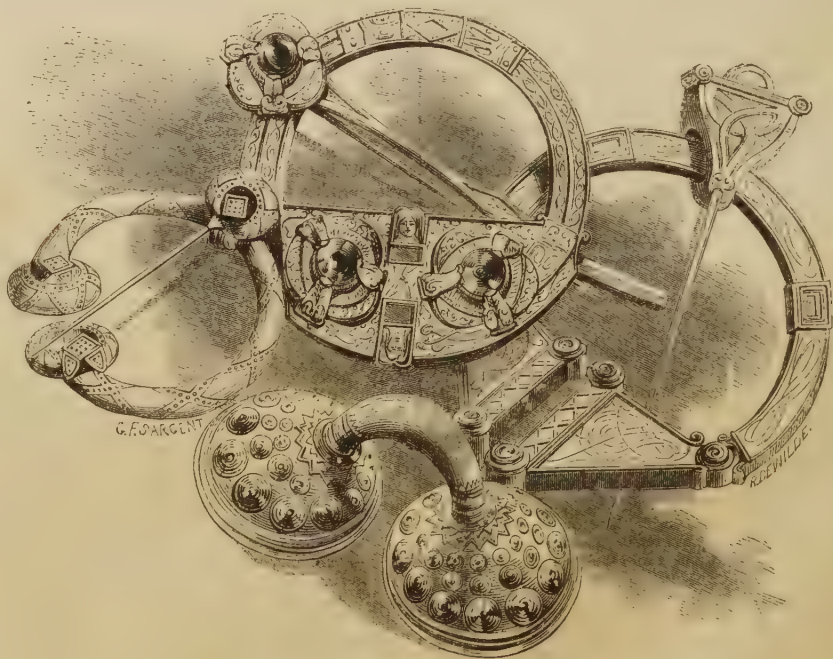
The casket is silver gilt, ornamented with Irish gems, and is, we are informed, a faithful copy of an Irish antique. The tracery and chasings are very beautiful. The stand is of bog yew. Altogether, it is a pretty present to make to a lady; and when we mention that it was a farewell acknowledgment from the ladies of Ireland to the Countess of Clarendon, the wife of one of the ablest viceroys Ireland has had during the past half century, our readers will agree with us that it was a very graceful and appropriate memorial of the affectionate esteem of the warm-hearted daughters of Erin for that exemplary lady.

The wine-cooler is a more massive piece of workmanship. Bacchus himself might sit down before it without grumbling at its capacity. It is in the form of an Irish mether, or drinking cup, and is made of bog oak, and lined with chased silver. This cooler, like the ancient mether, is four-lipped, and has no lid, which omission has been interpreted to signify unbounded hospitality. Now, as the Irish people, from the remotest to the present period, have been distinguished for this generous quality, it must, we presume, be considered to have been rather a happy idea which suggested this peculiar form for so luxurious an article as a wine-cooler. Why, the ancient Irish, for want of pewter or pottery, ingeniously fashioned the mether out of the stump of a tree. Like the ancient Britons, their race-kindred, they drank metheglin to each other and the gods under the broad roof-tree of heaven, out of a cup of a shape which we moderns have vainly endeavoured to rival. The mether is quite an original design; but, as in the present day drinking-cups can be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and people have solid objections to drinking with each other, just as the north American Indians pass round the calumet of peace, it can only be regarded as a curiosity.

A drinking cup now, with four lips, would be ignored throughout the whole realm of thirsty-land. Being more cleanly in our notions, we are more reserved in our habits, and dislike the familiarity which in ancient times subsisted between saint and savage, baron and serf, lady and serving-maid. Whether we have improved in hospitality may reasonably be doubted—for, as civilisation progresses, society becomes more and more self-reliant, and the conviction is forced upon us, that genuine hospitality is the

exclusive and about the best attribute of the human race, when in conditions which render Necessity the Lord Chief Justice of the land.

Ancient hospitality has a pleasant, musical ring about it; but when fairly considered, it was only with the many a system of giving and taking, and with the few, an incentive to idleness and depravity. As it never stimulated industry, but rather led to scenes of drunken excess, it can only be ranked amongst the humbler virtues. We don't call relieving a vagabond or assisting a scamp out of a difficulty a virtue—for the intended good invariably works tremendous evil to the individual; he sinks lower: therefore, as the hospitality of the ancient Irish was more of this and of the equally degenerative convivial character, we cannot think that the preservation of the form of an ancient bacchanal cup shows the best possible taste. As an antiquity its place is in a museum.



[BROOCHES, BY WATERHOUSE.]

Many-lipped vessels are only adapted for poor and lazy races. Why, in the present day husband and wife will scarcely drink out of the same glass. Imagine, then, the mether, after having gone the round of half a dozen men addicted to smoking tobacco, being handed to a lady! We are afraid that the admirers of "the old no-

bility" will never be able to revive the primitive customs of the baronial times. The temperance, wisdom, and industry—call it exclusiveness, if you like—of the present day would blot a score of drinking and fighting ages quite out of the calendar. We are not hospitable, it is true; but we are learning to be just to one another: and that tendency takes in kindness in all its amplitude.

Our next subject is a group of brooches—one of the numerous contributions of Mr. Waterhouse, Dublin. The combination of the metal and the stones in them is very effective. The execution of all this kind of work shows no inconsiderable amount of skill on the part of the artisans, and also satisfactorily proves that the Great Exhibition of 1851 was of essential service to this class of industrial art—for ever since it has manifested wonderful improvement; indeed, we may safely affirm that every description of work in the precious metals evinces a more cultivated intelligence in the manufacturer.

But while taste and talent are unquestionably displayed in these articles of luxury, we cannot conscientiously accord to them any praise on the score of marked invention. These brooches, effective as they would be on almost any ground, especially on the bosom of a lady, are, with one exception—that in the foreground—simply snakes pierced by arrows—a very old form, and one which may be said to be common to all those nations who, in some shape or other, accepted the serpent as the emblem of wisdom—with the addition of the modern clasp. An ancient Egyptian might have worn one of similar form to retain his pallium across his shoulders.

But the poverty of invention, so glaring in the productions of this class of art, must, we think, be entirely attributed to the servile imitation of old models so sedulously impressed upon the mind of the student. British artists live in the old fountains, without ever dreaming of those sparkling and untouched at their feet, or even evincing a desire to go in search of a fresher one. So that practically they are Greek, Roman, and Egyptian artists—not British; and manufacturers and workmen being compelled to follow them, the result is, that in every exhibition of the works of art we find the unvarying characteristics—the same old type, but extravagantly loaded with ornaments.

It is one of the purposes of these great exhibitions to demonstrate all this by practical evidence of the fact, and to show that it is in the manufacture, *per se*—we mean the working part, the science, the manipulations of the materials—we say, that if in the manufacture of articles of taste, the improvements made during the past few years have been extraordinary, it is quite evident that a great advance might and ought to have been made in the intellectual departments. Art should be a promoter, not a stop-gap in the way of development. It should lead, not follow. When it does—as unquestionably in these islands it does—lag behind—and far behind, too—the energy of men of capital, the skill of workmen, and the wants of the age, it imperfectly discharges its duty, cramps its spiritual instincts, and exposes its professors to the grave charge of being indifferent to that expansion, that freedom of thought, without which art is merely mechanical drudgery.

Such exhibitions as the Great Dublin one can scarcely fail to stimulate the desire universally felt for a change in this respect; but artists are a stubborn class. Once indoctrinated, they are fixed for ever in a belief. The great of old were not so unimaginative or dependent. What

does the poet tell us of the mighty who slumber in the chapel of Florence?—

Oh till the day was gone, Be phael himself—
He and his haughty rival—patiently,
Humbly to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their authentic fire—

would stand amid works of art, pondering, not to copy, but to catch the inspiration which in time crowns art with the rarest and purest gems. We ought to study to excel, to originate—not to equal. There are British and Irish workmen who could rival the expert jewellers of Florence: they would experience no difficulty in making such a table as the poet Rogers describes:

The toilet-table was of silver wrought,
Florentine art, when Florence was renowned;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells, and fruits, and flowers;

but British art would not be satisfied with such a performance. It demands something new—something not hitherto done; and that aspiration it cannot realise until the artists themselves, taking counsel from the examples of the illustrious in other branches of knowledge, emancipate themselves from the thralldom of worshipping to idolatry the graceful spirit of the Greek, and the devotional fervour of the Christian schools of art.

When we contrast modern art with ancient, we can perceive, in the most excellent, a striking similarity. An Irish or English vase, for instance, is, after all, but a copy of a Greek or Roman model. Probably in the manipulation of the metals the moderns far excel the artists of antiquity; but in porcelain, the productions of this day can scarcely be said to rival the inimitable designs of the Greeks and Romans. This is easily accounted for. The moderns have adopted the styles of the Greeks, instead of relying on their own inventive powers.

During the three centuries immediately preceding this, academical correctness usurped the place which should have been occupied by original genius. Technical proficiency in drawing, colouring, and composition, were held up as the leading elements in the revival of the arts. There was certainly opportunity for the healthy growth of true artists; but the turn of society and of social education rather suppressed and misdirected, than encouraged those spiritual tendencies which form the first essential condition of art. And such qualities are precisely those which royal academies have ever ignored by their dull routine and formal discipline. Their exhibitions, indeed, present abundant evidence of industry on the one hand, and careful teaching on the other; but they are destitute of soul. In their servility to classic forms they have become tame. Their developments are confined within the range prescribed by their models. Now, as such exhibitions as this Irish one are expressly intended to show that creative talent is not only the highest talent, but, in producing the noblest spiritual expressions, the student not only learns the technical part of his work, but insensibly imbibes the higher and yet more necessary spirit of it. We do trust that the age will yet produce some really great artist, who will put the "mannerists" to the blush, and dare to be independent. The poetical temperament of the Irish eminently fits some of their most intellectual sons for this triumph. We may even anticipate such an event with much more confidence, when we consider that their country is poor in opportunities, but rich in ideality, imagination, and devotion. Poverty, after all, is the nursery of talent.

Our last illustration this week amply supports us in this anticipation. It is a vase which was presented to the Duchess of Northumberland by the ladies of Ireland, on her leaving the Irish capital, on the occasion of her husband, the Duke, resigning his office of Lord Lieutenant. It was manufactured by Messrs. West and Son, jewellers, College Green, Dublin. The shell and base are of bog-oak; but it looks like one mass of gold, silver, and precious stones. It cost five hundred guineas: no inconsiderable sum, when we come to reflect that, owing to rapid changes in the ministry, the Irish ladies are very often impelled to make such presents. The vase, however, is a splendid specimen of Irish taste and ingenuity. Indeed, it may be considered as a brilliant addition to that vast army of vases which of late years have exercised the skill of both native and foreign artists. We mean the race-cups which are annually contended for all over England. This, we think, presents considerable improvement; for it is not limited to one metal, and the style in the elaboration is markedly inventive.

This vase deserves some notice from the multiplicity of objects introduced into the decorative department, and the good taste displayed in their selection. It is pre-eminently Irish, for it is composed entirely of native materials. The gold is Irish—it has been the tradition of ages that the Green Isle abounds in that precious metal—the silver is Irish, so is the glass, the gems, and—most emphatically—so is the bog oak. The cup is a sparkling crystal, profusely ornamented with gems. An Irish wolf dog sits upon the brim, in an attitude of grim watchfulness; his fore-paws rest upon the shield and sword of an ancient chieftain. He is guarding the arms of his warrior master. The design and execution here are excellent. They carry the mind back to the days when Ireland was infested by wolves, and peopled by a race over whom the most barbarous and bloodthirsty chieftains exercised the most absolute authority. Those gifted with a more poetical imagination, when looking upon this image of a noble dog, may fancy that such an one followed the fairy footsteps of the daughter of Thuathal, as she emerged from the Palace of Tara, on a bright summer's morning.

On her soft cheek with tender bloom
The rose its tint bestowed;
And in her richer lips' perfume
The ripened berry glowed.

But as such coinages of the brain are denied to those who cannot view the past through a crystal medium, every one must accept the impressions conjured up by this sentinel wolf-dog just as they arise, and pay the artists the compliment of having being able to excite more than a fleeting interest in their beautiful production.



[THE NORTHUMBERLAND VASE.]

Among the other figures is Hibernia, seated upon a throne, playing the harp, and supported by dolphins. This is emblematical of the naval advantages she has never yet had the good fortune to enjoy. But let us, *parenthetically*, prognosticate that, when her emigration mania has exhausted itself, the connection—the heart-connection—between the millions of Irish in America and the millions left behind, will infallibly lead to the establishment of a mighty maritime communication between the western shores of Ireland and the great Atlantic States of America. Then Ireland will be able to know herself, and the Hibernia of the future promise not only to rival Britannia in matronly demeanour, but have some more staid appreciation of the hitherto—to her—fatal gift of beauty. The canopy over the head of Hibernia is supported by a phoenix—for Ireland an emblem of hope of a new birth; but the ashes ought not to wait long for the life-giving fire, or some terrible gust of passion might scatter them far and wide. The stem is composed of the antlers of the giant Irish stag, silver gilt. The head, as well as the pedestal, is of bog oak. Two silver deer-hounds, in picturesque attitudes, complete the *tout ensemble* of this really marvellously well executed vase.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF
"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITH the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of her sister, all our sympathy with her, as a woman, ends. She had suffered persecution, but it had not taught her mercy. Occasionally, indeed, she will excite our admiration as a sovereign, by the display of firmness and courage, too often contrasted, alas! with the debasing qualities of meanness, treachery, and revenge.

All relations having been broken off with the court of Rome, the new sovereign, like her father, endeavoured to establish a certain uniformity of religion. Toleration was a stranger to her heart and nature, and the Nonconformists were persecuted with as much bitterness as the Catholics. Soon after her coronation, Elizabeth repaired in great state to St. Paul's—and a curious scene is related of the sound rating which she gave the dean, even in the church itself, for having placed a Prayer Book, adorned with curious prints, upon the cushion intended for her use: the poor man intended it as a New Year's gift. The royal virago called him a most ignorant person, and de-

manded how he dared—after her proclamations against pictures, relics, and the images of saints—to place such an abomination before her.

The dignitary replied, that he had done so with the humble hope of pleasing her majesty—that the prints were both rare and costly; wittily adding, that if he were an ignorant person, her grace ought the better to pardon him.

What rendered the conduct of Elizabeth the more inconsistent on this occasion was, that up to the very time of her thus publicly insulting the dean, she retained in the Chapel Royal a large silver crucifix, suspended over the altar, together with candlesticks and other ecclesiastical ornaments, such as are generally used in the Catholic church. The intention of the whole scene, which was well got up, was to obtain a little popularity with the citizens of London.

The great Protestant queen, as she is styled, loved pomp and ceremonial, and willingly retained as much as or more than was consistent with the simple tenets of the reformed church, of which she had declared herself the head.

Like all of the Tudor line, Elizabeth, throughout her protracted reign, evinced the most determined hostility to all who stood in the order of succession to the crown. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, after the youthful Queen of Scots the next heir, was arrested and committed to the Tower, upon the most frivolous pretext—namely, that of sorcery.

Elizabeth's hatred and persecution of her beautiful and unfortunate rival, Mary, amounted almost to a species of insanity, and occasioned the foulest stain upon her character, both as a queen and a woman. These feelings of hatred and jealousy appear to have been purposely kept up by the artful representations of one of the maids of honour—a Mistress Sands, who had formerly been in the service of the Queen of Scots.

One great cause of the popularity of Elizabeth was the uncertainty which existed in the minds of men touching the succession. Many laws had been passed contradicting each other—her heirs were Catholic. A general desire was felt that her majesty should marry, and, by having issue of her own, extinguish the conflicting claims of the Queen of Scots, the Poles, and the Suffolk family. Parliament even ventured to address her upon the subject, expressing the wish of the nation—a proposition which was coldly received: Elizabeth replying that, in a matter of such importance, she would be advised.

On the death of her French husband, Mary Stuart, persecuted by the Queen Mother of France, who governed in the name of her imbecile son, returned to her own kingdom, despite the hostile attempt of Elizabeth—who sent a fleet for that purpose—to intercept her. She afterwards devoted all her energies and intrigues to prevent the beautiful widow from entering into the bonds of a second marriage: and the consummate art and treachery by which on several occasions she carried her point, may be fairly considered as one of the causes of the downfall of her rival—since it drove her at last into an ill-assorted marriage with Henry Darnley—a prince not less vain and frivolous than heartless and ungrateful.

But we must not anticipate events.

In order to mark her ill feeling towards France, Elizabeth had been induced to send an expedition to Normandy, under the command of Warwick; but although her resentment induced her to take such a step, the natural parsimony of her disposition prevented her doing the only thing which could render it effectual—namely, supplying it with money—in war, as in peace, the sinew of every enterprise.

The consequence was that Rouen was taken, and upwards of three hundred of the English auxiliaries put to the sword, by the troops of the King of France: on the receipt of which intelligence, there was great discontent in London—most men blaming the avarice of the queen, in not supporting her generals and troops in a befitting manner.

With Elizabeth to decide was to act. The fact that Rouen had actually fallen appears to have been concealed from her. The following letter, which she wrote with her own hand to the Earl of Warwick, was worthy the queen of a great and powerful nation like England; and is one of the best specimens extant of her epistolary style, which was not always remarkable either for brevity or clearness.

"MY DEAR WARWICK,

"If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, that you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.

"Yours as my own,
"E. R."

The reign of Elizabeth, more than any other, was marked by royal progresses or visitations. The one to Cambridge—with the exception of her visit to Leicester, at Kenilworth Castle—was the most magnificent she ever made, and certainly has been the best described. A description of the dress in which she entered the town, we trust will prove acceptable to our female readers.

She was attired in a large gown of black velvet, pinked or cut; according to the fashion of the day: the sleeves made monstrously large at the top, and slashed, to show the lining of cloth of silver, *passmentures*, and puffs. Her majesty wore a cowl upon her head, set with pearls and precious stones, and over that a high-crowned hat, spangled with gold, and a huge plume of different-coloured feathers.

Only imagine a queen of England at the present day appearing in public in such a costume! The people

would take her for a mad woman or a rope-dancer; but in the reign of Elizabeth it was considered, no doubt, both as becoming and proper.

During her stay, the queen resided at King's College; and, on the Sunday following her arrival, attended Divine service in great state, four doctors of divinity bearing the canopy over her head.

We fear that we shall very much shock many of the orthodox admirers of the great Protestant queen, when we inform them that, during her visit to Cambridge, Elizabeth commanded a species of theatre to be erected in the magnificent chapel of King's College, where, on the evening of the Sabbath, the *Aulularia* of Plautus was enacted before her.

A Pagan play—and that not the most decent which has been handed down to us—in a Christian church; the stage lighted by the torches held in the hands of the guards, who were drawn up on either side of the platform!

Dr. Caius, the founder of the college of that name immortalised by Shakspeare, had the honour of disputing before her majesty, in St. Mary's Church. The subject was, whether monarchy or republic were best. Elizabeth, who took great pleasure in such discussions, repeatedly called out to the disputants, "*Loquimini altius!*" and even left her seat under the canopy of state, the better to hear them.

That same evening, she heard a second play, called *Dido*, acted in the church. The young student who represented the heroine so pleased Elizabeth—he being a handsome, ready-witted youth—that she bestowed on him a purse of twenty pounds per annum: the only benefaction which marked her gratification at the reception she had received.

The last day of her progress in Cambridge she received a pair of gloves from the master and fellows of Christ College, in memory of her great grandmother, Margaret, mother of Henry VII.

Elizabeth was perhaps the most consummate actress of her time. She had an admirable knowledge of stage effect—most of her points told. The night before her departure, she was seated in her withdrawing-room—still known by the name of the "King's Lodging"—with Cecil—the latter wearing his robes as Chancellor of the University.

"I think it will do, Master Cecil!" said the queen, glancing at an open paper, which she held in her hand; "God's wot! but we shall have some trouble in committing it to memory—albeit we have a familiar knowledge of the Latin tongue!"

The paper to which the speaker alluded, was the famous Latin oration which Cecil had secretly got written for her, and which her majesty, after great entreaty, was to be persuaded to speak on the following day, when she promised to attend a second disputation in the Church of St. Mary's.

"You will perceive, madam," said the minister, "that the orator merely alludes to a royal foundation in Cambridge—nothing definite."

Elizabeth smiled. She perfectly approved of the prudent foresight of her adviser. It cost nothing beyond a few words to raise the hopes of the university—but it would take money to gratify them: and money was one of those things which the queen liked least to part with.

"Good, Cecil—good!" she replied; "our great grandam's benefaction hath surely been sufficient! but we will consider of the matter, and bide our time." With this Elizabeth dismissed him; and, during the two following hours, remained seated at the lamp, conning her oration for the following day.

At an early hour the Church of St. Mary was filled with the heads of colleges, doctors of divinity, wearing their scarlet hoods, masters of arts, and bachelors, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the queen, to commence the disputation, which lasted, like the former one, several hours—to the great delight of the assistants: the long theological disputes which for three preceding reigns had divided the kingdom, having created a taste for such displays.

At the conclusion Elizabeth rose from her seat, and was about to quit the church, when the Duke of Norfolk and her favourite, Lord Robert Dudley, threw themselves at her feet; and, having previously rehearsed their parts, entreated her majesty to address the assembly in Latin.

"For shame, my lords!" exclaimed her majesty, with well-acted surprise and confusion; "how should I, who am a woman, and altogether an unlearned person, take on me to speak before so many scholars and divines, in one of the ancient tongues? If I may speak my mind in English," she added, "I would not *stick*"—her own expression—"at the matter."

"Madam," said the Chancellor Cecil, bowing low, "nothing may be said openly in English before the university."

"Then do you speak for me! you are Chancellor—and a Chancellor, as you well know, Sir William, is a sovereign's mouth-piece!"

"True, madam!" answered the statesman; "but I am not *your* Chancellor, I am only that of the university!"

The Bishop of Ely, throwing himself upon his knees, added his entreaties to those of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Robert; adding, "that three words from her august lips would be better than a studied oration from any other person in the world!"

"No—no! I cannot!" simpered Elizabeth; "my shamefacedness would betray me! Do not ask it!"

So many distinguished and noble personages at last joined in the request, that her majesty was fain to yield, and made a long set oration in excellent Latin. The commencement and conclusion of her speech we translate for our readers, in order to give them an idea of the slowness of royal speakers in those days; but perhaps,

after all, they are not much different at the present. The first paragraph of the speech commenced thus:

"Although womanly shamefacedness, most celebrated university, might well determine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration before so great an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles, and my own good will towards the university, impel me to say somewhat."

The "this my unlaboured oration" is most exquisite, and says no less for the nerve of the royal actress, than the control over the risible muscles of their countenances exercised by her auditors—amongst whom, in all probability, was the poor scholar who had written and prepared it; neither is the concluding sentence less amusing:

"It is time, then, that your ears, which have been so detained by this barbarous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain of it."

At the conclusion of the speech, there was a marvellous shout of applause, and loud cries of "Vivat Regina!"

"Taceat Regina!" replied the queen, with a modest look; moreover, adding her heartfelt wish that all who had heard her poor and unskilled attempt might drink of the waters of Lethe.

On the 10th of the month of August, Elizabeth left Cambridge, and progressed by another route towards London.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

SHAKESPEARE.

ELIZABETH had not long returned to London, before her pride and jealousy were alarmed by the discovery that the Archduke Charles—one of the most accomplished princes and generals in Europe, who had formerly been a suitor for her hand—was about to conclude a treaty of marriage with the widowed Queen of Scots. Had Mary—the still innocent and unsuspecting Mary—been permitted to conclude this alliance, supported by such a husband—a man whom she could at once have esteemed and loved—how different would have been her fate; but her evil genius, in the form of her cousin, again interfered to mar her happiness. Elizabeth not only wrote to her to say that she considered the alliance as every way unsuitable, but instructed Cecil to write to the Duke of Wurtemberg, to hint to the emperor that his son might renew his addresses for her own hand, with every prospect of success. His imperial majesty, more clear-sighted than Mary, was not, however, to be deceived. The latter in an evil hour consented to break off the treaty rather than do anything to forfeit the affection of her dear sister, when she at the same time requested to propose a match more agreeable to her views.

To the astonishment and indignation of both countries, Elizabeth named her own favourite, the Earl of Leicester—who, with good reason, was suspected of being her lover—for the distinguished honour of espousing the Queen Dowager of France, Queen Regnant of Scotland, and heiress of the English throne: a proposition which at once marks the treachery and insincerity of her character—since her own attachment to that vain and heartless noble was too generally credited to lead any one to suppose that she was serious.

Dudley—the ambitious son of a yet more ambitious father—nearly ruined himself by partially falling into the snare. Whilst the affair was upon the tapis, his pride and insolence were remarked by all the court—particularly by his enemies the Cecils, who rejoiced at the opportunity of embroiling him with the queen, and probably of removing him from her presence for ever; for Elizabeth was not likely ever to forgive the man who preferred the hand of her rival to the uncertain tenure of her own capricious favour.

Leicester had been summoned to a private interview with his royal mistress, who for several days had been distracted with jealous doubts and mortification. Fortunately he had a friend far more clear-sighted than himself, who was continually near the presence of the queen: which friend was no other than Mistress Sands, her bed-chamber woman—an avowed enemy of Mary Stuart—a sycophant and a heartless flatterer, but shrewd and quick at guessing at the humours of her mistress—whose restless air and dissatisfied looks she had noticed whenever the subject of the earl's marriage with the widowed queen was alluded to. It was her duty to conduct the favourite by the private stairs to the closet of the queen—and she resolved to avail herself of the occasion, to warn him of the perilous position in which he stood.

"So, my lord," she said, with a satirical smile, as Leicester made his appearance, "I have to congratulate you at last upon a royal marriage—albeit it is not the one we both once contemplated!"

"Yes," replied the earl, with a self-satisfied air, "our gracious sovereign has proposed that I should marry her cousin the Queen of Scots. Her majesty, no doubt, feels it necessary to have some devoted friend on whom she can rely to manage the affairs of that distracted kingdom: and who more fitting than the man whom she so long honoured with her friendship and—"

"Love!" added the lady, concluding the sentence for him; "my lord! my lord! I blush for your credulity!"

The haughty noble looked surprised and displeased. "You, of all men," continued the speaker—who knew the character and temper of Elizabeth—"to have been so deceived! She hates her cousin, both as a sovereign and a woman. To pleasure her she would not part with a dog she valued—much less the man she loved. You are nearer

to the Tower than Holyrood—your head is more likely to become acquainted with the axe, my lord, than the crown matrimonial of Scotland!"

"You jest!" exclaimed the nobleman, whose confidence, however, in his rising fortune was considerably shaken.

"I'll jesting at such a moment, or on such a subject!" replied Mistress Sands. "Had you not been dazzled by the glittering prize, you must have seen the triumph of the Cecils, the contentment of your enemies, the confusion of your friends. The queen has sent for you, my lord," she added, "to try your fidelity—the worth of your oft-repeated protestations. Her love is alarmed—her jealousy excited. This very morning she demanded of the Chancellor whether one of her nobles contracting or attempting to contract a marriage with a foreign sovereign, would not be construed into an act of treason."

"And his answer?"

"Yes."

"The traitor!" muttered the favourite; "why, he hath spoken with me upon the subject a hundred times!"

"But not officially."

"The queen herself proposed it to her council."

"But never intended it!" answered the bed-chamber woman and confidant of Elizabeth. "Her majesty has never proposed the marriage with her own lips to you?"

"Never," said the earl.

"Then all may be repaired, and the fortunes of Robert Dudley rise higher than ever! Elizabeth expects you! It is her intention, I am sure, to sound you on the subject; for she is tired of the heart-ache it has caused her. Should she go so far as to propose the hand of the young Queen of Scots, positively reject it! Declare that you prefer death—banishment—anything—to the thought of marrying one who is her enemy; of being banished from her presence. But why do I prate thus?" she added. "The Earl of Leicester is a courtier, if he is not a lover, and knows better than my poor skill can teach him, how to touch the chords which make music or discord in a woman's heart! Follow me, my lord; the queen expects you!"

With a step far less haughty and assured than when he had entered the palace, the favourite followed the speaker to the ante-room conducting to the royal closet.

Elizabeth was seated at a table, which was incumbered, rather than spread, with a mass of correspondence and state papers. She was in one of those soft, yielding humours in which the woman triumphed over the sovereign. The fancied defection of Leicester had wounded her pride—we might almost add, her affection; for there is little doubt that, at this period of her life, she was warmly attached to him.

"A crown!" she murmured bitterly, to herself. "And I am to help him to it! I would sooner see him dead—headless, like his father—than in the arms of Mary! The very thought of such an union adds to the hate I bear her!"

There was a slight knock at the door of the apartment.

The speaker rose from her seat, and, advancing to one of the mirrors set in frames of flagee silver—a present from the Venetian republic—carefully arranged the jewels in her hair and person, and forced her features to wear a smile: we say forced, for it was no deeper than her lips.

Satisfied that all traces of her recent emotion had disappeared, she re-seated herself, and struck upon a bell held between two enamelled figures in the centre of the table. It was one of those toys which the skill of Benvenuto Cellini had rendered so fashionable in the boudoirs of queens and princes. The hangings were drawn aside, and the Earl of Leicester—his face radiant with smiles, as if he felt the happiness of being admitted to her presence—knelt and kissed the hand which Elizabeth extended to him.

"Welcome, my lord!" she said. "We are happy to see you wear a countenance so cheerful!"

"Could it be otherwise, madam," replied the noble, once more pressing the hand which he retained in his with well-acted passion to his lips, "it would be a traitor to my heart—for it would ill express its feelings! Dew to the flowers, sunlight to the earth, is not more welcome than the sight of his adored queen to the eyes of poor Robert Dudley!"

"Flatterer!" replied Elizabeth, with secret pleasure. "You will persuade me next that it would break your heart to exchange this court for that of Scotland—the friendship of your queen for the love of Mary?"

Leicester remained silent, with well-acted surprise.

"Why do not you answer me?" continued the speaker, with a slight tone of harshness in her voice. "I said that it would content you, my good Lord of Leicester, to exchange this court for that of Scotland?"

"You did, madam!"

"And my favour for that of Mary's! We have heard of some such project. You would not be the first subject who has obtained a crown by marriage."

"For pity's sake, inform me, madam," exclaimed the earl, throwing himself at her feet, "how I have offended you, that you speak thus cruelly—thus mockingly? If your council, for purposes of state, have debated such a subject, am I to blame for that? If you have permitted it, was it for me to question my sovereign's will?"

"You at least, my lord, should feel grateful!"

"No, madam, I do not feel grateful!" exclaimed the earl, rising with affected anger; "the members of the council are my enemies, who would gladly consent even to my marriage with the Queen of Scots, to remove me from your presence! They cannot attack my loyalty, so they strive to wound my heart!"

"Your heart, Leicester?" repeated the queen, in a softened tone.

"Ay, my heart!" repeated the noble; "it has been presumptuous—mad! Sometimes, in my frenzy, Elizabeth,

"I would uncrown you, to bring you nearer to my level, that I might love with hope! I deserve your anger—death—anything but banishment from your presence: I have not deserved that!"

"The Queen of Scots," whispered the queen, "with her hand can confer a crown upon the man she weds!"

"But not the hand I love!" said Leicester, raising Elizabeth's to his lips; "what heed I of a title which would be a mockery to my heart? No, Elizabeth—no! Poor Robert Dudley, the creature of your bounty, only asks to live and die near to the idol of his dreams—he has no wish to wear a crown!"

"He shall wear it!" exclaimed the queen, with gratified vanity.

"Never, madam—never!" replied the earl.

"Not if my hand bestowed it?" demanded Elizabeth, casting down her eyes.

The favourite seized her hand, and, with passionate joy, assured her that he should consider that a treasure more precious than the gift which it would bring.

Neither were sincere in their declaration: it was but a sentimental flirtation on the part of his royal mistress, who never had any serious intention of marrying him; and Leicester would have preferred the crown, even of the barren realm of Scotland, to the hand of the Venus herself, could it have been proffered him.

A FROLIC WITH FORTUNE.

"ELLEN, did you know that this is St. Valentine's Day?"

"True, Bella; so it is. How strange! I had not thought of it before."

"And I have not selected a valentine for the year!"

"Nor I, Bell; indeed, I had quite forgotten all about it. I had not thought the day so near; and here it is, right upon us!"

"Perhaps it is not too late even now."

"Very well; I leave it to you, Bell."

"Do you? Well, then, I have a plan. See here!"

The two young girls between whom this short thread of conversation had run, were at the time seated in the cosy little parlour of a country clergyman's house.

The bright sun flooded the room with its morning light, and irradiated the fair faces of the speakers with a look of joy. The storm of the night was succeeded by a morn as serene and clear as that which first dawned on the creation. The trees in the yard bore heavily of their unscathed fruitage, their branches and light sprays bending far down beneath the burthen. The whole scene was beautiful; the more serenely so from the holy silence that brooded over everything.

Bella was the only child of the Reverend Mr. Bellingham, and he her only living parent. Endowed by qualities of beauty sufficiently singular to attract attention from those to whom such possessions first recommend themselves, there was likewise a grace, an impulsiveness, an inexplicable charm in her manner, that much transcended her other qualifications, and gave her person a radiant beauty peculiarly their own.

In the matter of intellectual endowment she could boast even of profuseness. Her mental qualities were quick, ready, and brilliant. The life of her soul sparkled and shone in her deep, dark eyes, above which was a brow for a handsome woman to boast of. It was not high,—prejudicing the beholder with the idea of a woman all intellect and no heart; but broad and well-proportioned—its full and balanced developments suggesting only a thought of calm strength, and unruffled purity and peace.

Thus far had Bella received a careful education, both at the hands of well-paid instructors, and of her father. Early had her mind been impressed with the duties of affection and obedience; and with paternal care had the links of that chain been rivetted, to draw her to her true destiny. Yet there was a secret germ in her heart; so minute, that even her father's microscopic vision could not detect it; yet so full of vitality, that hands much more active than his could not effectually have uprooted it. In other words, the heart of the good clergyman's daughter was imbued with an elf-like spirit of frolic and gaiety, such as soon began to bring to light all the hitherto hidden recesses of her character. Her temperament was tinged with an impulsive ardour; and, withal, she was not altogether a stranger to romantic sympathies and dreams. Anything that had the first hue of real romance, possessed for her an immediate interest and importance.

Yet, with all these qualities of mind and heart, she was a girl of much more than ordinary firmness of character. People were in the habit of saying that this was but a rightful inheritance from her father. That father was a man naturally of the rigid, puritanic stamp; not only carrying his influence properly with him into his pulpit of a Sunday, but likewise wearing it about him through the other six days of the week. He was governed—and he generally governed others—by an iron will and an indomitable purpose. And as a matter of course, he possessed great weight of character. The country around his parish was made up almost entirely of wealthy and aristocratically inclined persons, whose individual characteristics had been firmly welded together by the active and superior power of their strong-minded minister. So that the little village of Woodlawn held up its head quite as high, in the matter of pretensions, as almost any corporate city.

Ellen Lane was Bella's companion in the parlour

of the parsonage, on this golden morning of St. Valentine—a girl differing not much from the latter in point of years, yet much more cool and collected in her judgment. She was Bella's warm and tried friend. Indeed, the two girls seemed as inseparable as sisters. Together they had plucked the flowers from many a fleeting hour, and together sat down to make rosy wreaths out of their sweet remembrances. And it was on one of these genial reunions that the conversation turned, as I have begun to relate, on the subject of a valentine.

"See here! see here!" cried the overjoyed Bella, her eyes dilating with pleasure, and her whole countenance glowing with a warm expression.

She snatched a pamphlet from the table, and held it up triumphantly before the eyes of Ellen.

"Pray, what have you got there?" inquired the latter, not at all surprised by this very common impulsiveness of her manner.

"A college catalogue," said Bella; "out of this we will each of us find a valentine! What say you to it, Nell?"

"What a capital idea!" responded Ellen.

"But just let me tell you, Nell, how we will proceed. We will look through the whole list of these names, and you shall select the one that best suits your fancy, while I do the same for myself. After we have gone through all, I will shut the book, and we will each tell the other what name has been selected."

"I agree to it!" quickly replied Ellen.

The two girls fondly twined their arms each about the other's waist, and for a considerable time were intently engaged in poring over the pages of the catalogue.

It would have been extremely interesting to watch the varied expressions that successively chased each other, as in some magnetic circuit, over their blooming countenances. Throughout the whole, too, there was a play of excitement over their features, and more especially within their eyes, that greatly heightened the charm of their expressions.

The long lists of names were at length gone through. The book was closed, and the white hand of Bella laid authoritatively upon the cover.

"Who is it?" asked both girls, in one and the same breath.

"What is your name?" questioned Bella.

"Henry William Sterling," readily replied Ellen.

"Never!" exclaimed Bella.

"But why never, Bell?"

"Oh—such a common name!"

"True enough; but it is at least a *sterling* one," retorted Ellen, gleefully. "Now for yours, Bella! What is it?"

"Alphonse Wildebrand. There's a name for you, Nell!"

"I should think so. *Italian*, too!"

"Yes, Italian. It wasn't I who was going to select one of your common names! Besides, there is a *mystery* here about this person. I know nothing at all of his early history. I know nothing about his family. I cannot even imagine how he should find his way here from far-off Italy. There's a *romance* here, Nell—believe me!"

"And that's what suits you," returned Ellen, pleasantly.

"Well, but no matter. Here are pens and ink, and there is note-paper. Will you sit down and write your valentine now? There is a volume of poetical selections—'beauties,' I believe they are called—and you can glean from them what seems most apt for your purpose."

"Yes, but then what will you do? This is your only book."

"I?" and Bella could not conceal a roguish smile. "Oh, trust me for that! I am going to give my friend Mr. Alphonse some of my own rhymes!"

"But I am not so gifted as you, Bell: I shall therefore content myself with employing the language others have prepared for me. Which is the book?"

Instantly both the frolicsome friends began their task: Bella all the while laughing till the room rang with the echoes of her musical voice; and Ellen growing more and more confused in proportion as Bella became noisy and collected. And it would have wreathed the most ascetic face with sunny smiles, to behold the pitch of merriment to which they had temporarily wrought themselves: not altogether by words and tangible expressions, but by the hastiest exchange of playful glances, and the most trivial betrayals of ill-suppressed laughter.

Some considerable time was naturally consumed in this business, and at length each reported that she had finished the task undertaken. Then succeeded a proposition that the two notes should be read aloud before sealing; and then came the reading itself.

Ellen's was no more than an indefinite and exceedingly general sentiment, nowise particular in its application, and apposite only to the sentiment in hand. It was brief, pointed enough, and transcribed in a fair, girlish, legible hand.

Bella, on the contrary, had poured out upon her white sheet what glowed with the brightness and warmth of a flame of fire. Though entirely impromptu with her, it was crowded with intense meaning, and gleamed all over with the sparkles of a true and earnest feeling. To a stranger—and particularly to a young and susceptible stranger—such words would come as the expressions of a deliberately formed partiality. A warm spirit would at once take fire with them, especially as they came from a source so completely enveloped in mystery; than the

closely woven in, too, with the golden threads of such romantic associations.

Bella laughed heartily on completing the reading of her production, esteeming it all a good joke—in fact, the very best joke she had ever yet played off on any one. She had, however, gone much beyond jocular limits, in that she had as fervently addressed the Italian student as an *ideal* character, rather than a flesh-and-blood personage. But the result would in good time develop itself. She averred she cared for nothing now so much as the *joke*.

The two notes, therefore, were forthwith sealed up and intrusted to the hands of Ellen. She designed leaving them at the post-office on her way home.

Before night, they were on their way to their destination.

A week rolled round. It was a week crowded with the usual seasonable joys to the inseparable friends, not a few of whose hours were passed in gravely and gaily speculating upon the *denouement* of their bold proceedings. Each had made a venture far more daring than she had ever attempted before.

Bella happened to meet Ellen in the post-office, on the last afternoon of the week. They mutually smiled on recognising—as each thought she did—the hidden and impalpable feelings each of the other.

"Is there a letter for Miss So-and-so?" inquired Bella, of the official—who just at that moment, too, was frowning a frown of official dignity—giving him the fictitious name she had appended to her valentine.

The postmaster favoured her countenance with a searching glance; and, without reaching forth a hand, replied that there was.

"And is there one for 'Olivia'?" asked Ellen, scarcely successful in repressing the smile that insisted on playing about her mouth.

"Yes," glumly answered the general government's deputy.

"We should like them, then," said Bella, her eyes brightening perceptibly.

Forthwith the man of the pigeon-holes seemed to come to himself again; for he instantly went about fumbling over his pile of miscellaneous letters, although he well enough knew that the objects sought were not among them. This, however, was an artful pretext to afford him time to study the features of the two roguish beauties from over his iron-bowed spectacles: which delay he improved to the full of his advantage.

The girls at last received their missives, and left the office in the highest glee. Breaking the seals in haste, they silently read the contents as they walked on. Both were too deeply interested to utter a loud syllable.

Their surprise was unbounded to find that their epistles were signed by the real names of the young men whom they had addressed. There certainly was no disguise there. As it chanced, moreover, to turn out, each writer requested the great pleasure of a continuance of the correspondence.

Bella read her note to Ellen first, when they had finally reached the house of the latter, and Ellen in turn gave up the contents of hers to Bella.

At first blush it seemed to them as if the two students might have acted conjointly, and with some double purpose, in thus requesting a continuance of the correspondence. Yet there was nothing, after all, but pure suspicion on which to hang such a conclusion. It was possible that the young men did not so much as know each other. Then how any conclusion?

They debated the matter thoroughly, and in perfect confidence, between themselves. Ellen's cool judgment never contrasted so strikingly with Bella's wayward impulses as at this time.

"What are we to do now, Nell?" asked Bella; "to tell you the truth, I am not a little perplexed."

"My mind is made up," replied Ellen.

"To what?" inquired Bell, anxiously.

"Why, I think the matter has gone far enough—just as far as it should," said she.

"And you are satisfied to drop it where it is?" said Bella, a rich carmine beautifully suffusing her neck, cheeks, and forehead.

"Certainly; to drop it just where it is, Bell," replied she, with firm determination.

"You are afraid!" exclaimed Bella, essaying playful intimidation.

"I mean to be prudent, Bell!" was Nell's reply.

"For my part, Nell, I confess I am unaccountably interested. That is all. My curiosity has become awakened, and I should just like to pry further into this mystery."

"No—no, Bell; a *joke* is a *joke*; but there may be such a thing as carrying it too far!"

"I admit it. Yet I have no fears in my case, dear Nell!"

"What do you propose, then?" asked Ellen.

"To continue the correspondence," replied Bella.

"Why just see how fervently the Italian youth pleads for it! I declare, I haven't it in my heart to deny him so trifling a favour!"

"Then I won't attempt to advise, Bella; but I am going to act as becomes me. I think I shall let the matter stop where it is. We have had a good frolic over it already, and that is all we set out for."

"And I think, Nell, that I shall write just one letter more, to have the pleasure of being convinced that there is some reality in so illusive a dream. Only one, however."

"I hope no disappointment, then, may overtake you, dear Bella," replied her friend; and not long after, the two girls separated for the night.

If there was one single thing that Isabella Bellingham could do very much better than any other, it was writing

a letter. In this respect she was herself pretty well aware of her superiority.

To any one it is an art that must prove itself a very valuable, as it certainly is a most comfortable acquisition. Nor must it necessarily be imagined a possession that can mysteriously be acquired simply with the wish. It costs quite as much labour of preparation, is earned only on condition of as much preliminary pains-taking, and is perfected only after quite as much practice, as any one of the arts that are welcomed to a far higher rank in the public estimation.

Bella had the name, too, in this respect, of being just what she was. She wrote dashing, brilliant, and often-times even eloquent letters. There was no mark of that formality that prevents ease and grace. She seemed to hold a pen with a diamond point; yet with all the graphic lines that pen could at most times be made to draw, there was no lack of lustre or genial warmth.

The first and chief charm about the letters was their simplicity. There was no betrayal of an effort after effect. There was no apparent studiousness of language—no trickery of mere words—no adornment only of phrases—with which so many confound true beauty of expression and true depth of feeling. And happily married to this vein of simplicity that ran through her letters, was an earnest directness, which is the only channel upon which sincerity, and, of course, hearty pleasure, can be borne.

She reached her room again, and threw herself within the embracing arms of a huge easy chair, that stood before the glowing fire—awaiting, apparently, her return. Throwing off her hood, and dismantling her shoulders of the warm garment she wore about them, she laid her head back—far back on her chair, and gave herself up to the exciting and engrossing dream of the moment. What thoughts passed through her brain; what charming fancies wove themselves into a beautiful broiery for those thoughts; what unreal hopes flashed and glittered, like brilliant fragments of diamonds, before her bedazzled vision, it is out of all possibility to tell. No imagination, even, could successfully follow on in the path so impulsive, so rich, and so warm a nature as hers would necessarily strike out; much less could a pen trace upon paper even the faintest outlines of that path which such an imagination might succeed in detecting.

She awoke at length from the depths of her dream—or, rather, from the quiet into which she had been apparently plunged; she was ushered at once into an atmosphere of high excitement. There was a burning flush upon her cheek, and her dark eyes swam with the flood of sudden enthusiasm that had overtaken her. With all this betrayal of feeling, too, a secret pride had been awakened in her breast, which would wreak itself on the burning thoughts that were about to bestrew the fair sheet before her. It was a pride that in her breast ever asserted itself—to impress strangers—and now this stranger in particular—with the brilliant and dashing qualities of her character.

She took up her pen, and began a letter to her distant and unknown valentine.

Her pen glided swiftly over line after line of the fair page, yet never keeping pace with the tumultuously stirred current of her feelings and thoughts. The first page of her sheet was covered—the second—the third. She stopped not, however, there. Her heart was wofully mixed up with her work, and her judgment followed but blindly on. She turned over her fourth and last page.

There was such a mystical blending of the real and unreal to her in this business, she could hardly answer herself whether she was addressing a living being, with active and far-reaching sympathies, or only some etherealised idea—some fragment of a fancy, some painted emblem of an illusive dream.

She wrote to the Italian stranger of the land of his nativity; of its sunny hill-slopes, purpling with the clustering grapes; of its orators and poets; of its dreamy and delicious scenery, changeful ever in its never-ending beauty; of its grand and glorious history; of its vine-wreathed temples, and fountains, and columns, and grottoes; of its breathless yet breathing sculpture; its music, and its song.

In language whose hidden depths none could explore so well as the Italian youth, she depicted the fresh disasters that crowded, like the clouds of oncoming doom, around his country's horizon; and evoked from her warm heart the most earnest prayers for its final restoration to a condition better worthy its early history.

All this she meant merely as impersonal. It was, in real truth, farthest from her deliberate purpose to do more than express a not uncommon sympathy for any child of a fair but down-trodden land. But her enthusiasm had led her much beyond the limit she had at first defined for herself. As I said, her impulses led, and her judgment followed.

This letter was duly dispatched to the young man by the mail of the following day. And but few days elapsed thereafter, ere a reply came back. The blood of the young and ardent Italian had fired at once with her burning words. His nature kindled to an enthusiasm far transcending her own. Language that she had deemed only common-place and complimentary, seemed to him to have an intensity of meaning.

In consequence, his letter in reply was full of the most ardent expressions and the warmest protestations. He felt flattered that he had found so gifted a person, and one who entered with so much zest into his own feelings, one who betrayed such a contagious and irrepressible sympathy for his native land.

From generalities, it was but too easy for him to descend to the contemplation of individual tastes and sympathies. With a peculiar felicity and delicacy of expression, he merged at once all his impersonal sympathy for his native land into an individual, personal sympathy for Miss Bella Bellingham; and she became interested in his words beyond her power to explain. So sensitive and impressible a mind as hers was the last to be heedless of such appeals.

When Bella received this epistle from the stranger student, and after she had read it all carefully though excitedly through, she again sought the friendly embraces of her huge easy-chair, and passed long hours alone in most delightful reflections connected with the subject. The matter had already gone but a little way, and as yet no friendship that promised to be lasting, had been formed, and no olden sympathies torn up. While it remained thus, all seemed like a pleasant dream. As yet there were no forebodings in the sky—no premonitions from lengthening shadows across the landscape of the future. Her heart was still free to revel in its wonted round of impulses and sympathies, and could be brought back by no golden chain held in another's hand to a circle of diminished limits. She resolved to continue so pleasant a correspondence for a time longer.

A letter followed not long after from her pen; and this again was speedily succeeded by another from the young student. For some time the communication was thus kept up, Bella all the while strictly maintaining the *incognito* she had at first assumed.

At length she received one beseeching her, in a very earnest manner, to allow an interview. From almost any other stranger the proposition would have struck her with surprise; but her heart had so unconsciously become interested in the eloquent stranger, and her sympathies had gathered themselves so closely about his very name, that she betrayed no alarm whatever, even to her own self. The proposition was, however, for the time declined. Bella pleaded varied inability to comply with it, yet vaguely and encouragingly hinted at the pleasure and possibility of a meeting at some future day.

The young student was not a little annoyed by this reply; for, while it had no such effect as to dampen the ardour of his hopes, it nevertheless cruelly deferred the fruition of his desires. He wrote again to Bella. This time he besought her, if she would not gratify him with a personal interview, at least to give him some adequate description of her personal appearance.

The unwonted and increasing fervour of the young man could not at this point escape the recognition of Bella. Already she felt warned against proceeding too hastily, and going too far. In addition to this, that roguish, fun-loving element in her character now partially asserted itself to her; and between these two wide extremes of fear and fun, she soon afterwards sat down to give her stranger friend an idea of her personal peculiarities.

The description, as may well be imagined under the circumstances, was a ludicrous combination of the true and the fanciful. She would frankly commence an outline of her features in all sincerity, and straightway branch off upon the most ridiculous and absurd unrealities. Could her countenance have been drawn as she actually depicted it, her friends would have laughed it down as the oddest of all the oddities conceivable. She gave herself squinting eyes, and hinted ominously at her ignorance whether her tresses had yet relinquished auburn, and adopted red. And so through the entire picture. But the brilliant and sterling qualities of her mind—it was beyond the power of her roguery to misrepresent them. Of these he had already had an earnest, in the warm and eloquent effusions of her pen.

The whole letter—at which she laughed unconsciously on reading it over—was crowned with a request, made half playfully, that he should favour her with an account of himself, and of his personal appearance, in turn.

The letter was sent. Bella thought the whole matter over again. "Perhaps," said she to herself, "I have gone too far now; but I haven't yet committed myself; and he certainly knows nothing yet of my personal appearance, or even my name. Yet it may be quite as well to have the matter at once cut short here. I will go no farther!"

This was the advice her judgment gave her. Then there stole over her again those fragrant breaths of romance, and of indescribable—because mysterious—sensations, that intoxicated her soul anew, and enticed her still farther on towards the pleasure that should have been prohibited. And thus was she sorely puzzled between the demands of duty and the allurements of her inclination.

At this very inopportune time, and before she had yet expected to receive a reply from the young student, her father chanced one day to drop in at the village post-office while the mail was being opened. When he was once alone with the worthy official, the latter took the liberty to acquaint him with the fact that his daughter Bella was conducting a correspondence, under a fictitious name, with a gentleman. As a true friend of his, he assured him he had felt it to be his duty to say this much.

The honest clergyman was thunderstruck. He had not heard a whisper of all this before. It was most astounding and unwelcome intelligence to him.

"There is here at this time," quoth the obliging postmaster, "something from that quarter for Bella!" "Impossible!" stamped and exclaimed Mr. Bellingham. "Pray let me have it at once!"

Forthwith the devoted man of letters drew forth from a hidden pigeon-hole a letter and a small package, both tightly sealed. They were, as usual, addressed to the name which Bella had assumed to the student.

Fired almost to frenzy, the doating yet proud father hurried home to his study. He excitedly broke the seal of the letter, and read.

It was an epistle—unfortunate as it may seem—full of the warmest expressions of admiration and attachment. The young man had poured out his heart upon the page. All he had—all he was—all he ever hoped to be—he offered, freely and fully, to the possession of the lady. He confessed the whole burthen that lay at his heart, and fervently besought her not to reject his suit.

The deeply-excited father, having perused all this with such equanimity as he then could best command, proceeded to break the seal of the package. It contained the daguerreotype of a young man of decidedly fine looks, with a face of a highly intellectual cast, and a complexion that denoted foreign birth.

The clergyman could scarcely contain his feelings. A man, however, of his wonted promptness and resolution, was at no loss how to proceed. He instantly sat down to his table, and began a letter of the severest rebuke and most burning indignation to the young gentleman. He assured him that he would receive both his last letter and his miniature by the same mail that bore him this merited castigation.

Mr. Bellingham in his mind as yet declined acquainting his daughter with his discovery of her secret; sagaciously concluding, that if he could himself effectually rebuff the stranger, the purpose desired would be attained equally well. By receiving no more communications from her admirer, Bella would very naturally conclude that he had unaccountably forsaken and forgotten her.

This might all have well happened, exactly as her father had designed. But Bella herself chanced to drop in at the post-office not an hour after her father had been there; and, to her chagrin, learned that he had carried away what had just reached her fictitious address. Of course the postmaster had nothing to reveal of the very industrious part he took in the matter—of course not!

The poor girl, hitherto feeling absolutely secure in the intrenchments of her pseudonym, rushed frantically home again. Unobserved by any of the family, she entered her room, and, sitting down in her chair, began to wonder what it was best to do.

Her father even then was engaged in exhorting the fine sensibilities of the distant lover.

Just at that moment, as the strangest of fortune would have it, her father was summoned below by the sudden arrival of visitors. She heard his footstep on the stairs with inexpressible delight; and when the slam of the parlour door fell on her ears, she flew into his study. She was determined to know what the character of these two missives was, and to read and see them with her own eyes.

Entering the quiet study of her father, she was startled to find the objects of her anxious search on the table directly before her. There was the letter from her passionate lover—there his own "counterfeit presentment!"

Hastily snatching up the latter first, she gazed upon it with enraptured eyes and a wildly-beating heart, and pressed it with impulsive tenderness to her lips. She read through the student's letter with rapidity and excitement. It was only what she had expected from him.

Then she seized the other letter—that of her father. It was not yet finished; yet, from what had been written, she was able to gather the terrible whole of his stern purport.

Her mind was quite as resolute, however, as his. Again entering her own room, she sat down, and hastily penned a letter to her lover, acquainting him with the sad misfortune that had overtaken her, and detailing the fixed design of her inflexible parent. She assured him, too, that she had seen his miniature.

Hurrying stealthily from the house, she proceeded instantly to her bosom friend, Ellen, and acquainted her with all that had happened. A brother of Ellen volunteered his services, under an injunction of strict secrecy, as bearer of this letter of Bella's to the post-office in the neighbouring town, to which point the young student had been likewise directed to address his reply. By this activity on Bella's part, her letter gained a whole day on the fulfilments of her father.

As yet Mr. Bellingham was ignorant that his daughter so much as suspected his knowledge of her secret. Accordingly, he determined to act without betraying to her any special motive. He encouraged her to pack off, and make a visit to some of his and her friends in a city not far away. She was inwardly loth to go; yet she felt that it would be her worst policy to venture excuse or attempt delay. And as soon thereafter as seemed to him sufficient time to satisfy Bella that she would hear no more from her lover, she was sent away to her friends.

Bella carried away with her a fresh letter from her lover in her pocket. It came through the post-office of the neighbouring town.

She had been absent from home but a little time before every arrangement was completed to bring about, at last, an interview with the young student. He would arrive on a stated day.

The day came. The lover came. He came—as he hoped—to greet his future bride. He reached the house that had been designated, and inquired of the servant for her. On some pretext, she had been sent for by her father to return home that very day! His fond hopes he might now feed on the dry ashes of disappointment.

Bella reached home, but only to receive positive instructions from her father to make another journey to a still more distant city, and there pass the remainder of the winter with friends. Possibly he had had no suspicions of her conduct since leaving home the first time; yet there was a vague and indistinct fear brooding in his brain. It haunted him by night and by day. She was, accordingly, a second time dispatched to friends at a distance, and in perfect safety arrived among them.

A fortnight had elapsed, and the Italian youth was at

her feet! For the first time now they met. He was fired with her beauty, as his soul had been with her sympathies. Again he offered her his hand; and this time he felt the burthen lifted from his heart.

He was a foreigner, as it appeared, of distinguished birth; was possessed of great wealth; had a soul of the finest and purest sensibilities; an intellect that admirably illustrated all; and a person that would not have failed to recommend itself to a woman predisposed to love.

The proud and unyielding father was at length apprised of all, over the united signatures of his daughter and the stranger. Again plunged into a vortex of terrible excitement, he hastened at once to the place whither Bella had been sent, and there confronted the lovers together. They, however, were calm, self-possessed, and determined.

But the interview was productive of vastly more good than could have been foreseen. By some magical influence, the father was brought over to give his unreserved consent to their desired union. Perhaps the sagacious reader may know, without being told, what that influence was.

The young man received his diploma that summer; and not a great while afterwards, in the house of her own father, the beautiful Isabella Bellingham was united in marriage to the choice of her romance and her heart.

The interesting ceremony was performed in the same little parlour where Bella and Ellen had concocted their valentine scheme only the winter before. Ellen, too, was Bella's bridesmaid, just as she had ever been her dearest and truest friend. The happy pair immediately set sail for Italy—their favouring gales laden with the prayers and blessings of the yet deeply-loving father.

From over his iron-bowed spectacles the inquisitive glance of the postmaster still peers; but he has grown unaccountably more glum, and is said by the good village people to find quite all he wants to do, in simply minding his own business.

ESSAYS.

NO. CXCLII.—POPULAR SONGS.

THE legislature has been extremely jealous of the drama. The stage has had its censor for upwards of a century. Had the present strict supervision existed in the days of Elizabeth and James, it is quite possible that the immortal dramas of Shakspeare might have been shorn of some of their splendours—for it must be admitted, some of his political allusions strongly savour of a bold democratic spirit. But in these days there had been no such fearful precedents for caution as a war with the American colonies—no French revolution, or the invasion of the Jacobite songs and cavaliers of Scotland. Warned by such terrible political convulsions, the drama is carefully kept within the boundaries of domestic passions. Politics and the stage are strangers. Not so the music-shop. There the political partisan has undisturbed sovereignty, and that, too, in spite of the well-known fact that the Jacobite song nearly lost the crown of these realms to the progenitors of Queen Victoria, and that the Marseillaise brought Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette under the knife of the guillotine. But the truth is, the song-writer is beyond the reach of the law. He cannot be caged like the dramatist—his stage is the world, and so long as a pulse beats or a heart throbs, so long will the song-writer ply his stirring vocation. This freedom cannot be quarrelled with—it is one of the best guarantees for political liberty extant; but when its expositions have degenerated, swerved from their original purposes—in fact, gone out of the path of their mission, and become wicked as well as puling, giggling, and sniggling, we are entitled to examine them by the worst light in which they can be exhibited. And in continuation of some remarks we made on this subject in a former essay, we would direct the most earnest attention to what may be styled the emigration songs.

What are they. Why, incitements to discontent and domestic rebellion. They place winter's ice instead of summer's love on the old hearthstone, sever the holiest ties, and, by crushing affection for home and country, break up the foundations of society. Were Britain or Ireland over-populated, there would be ample and natural provocation to complaint; but as neither land is—nor is likely to be for many ages—the present wholesale flight to the United States of America and the colonies is positively unjustifiable—it is a mania quite as furious as that which agitated the public mind in the middle ages—when, under the influence of the preachings of that prince of fanatics, Peter the Hermit, men, women, and children moved towards the Holy Land in countless bands. Emigration, under moderate circumstances, is a necessity—it has contributed largely to the elevation and glory of Britain; but now that it has changed its character, it cannot but excite the most serious apprehensions. Formerly it was only those of ardent temperaments—the “the ne'er do wells” at home—who ventured to attempt to better their condition, or find a wider field for their exuberant passions in a foreign land; now it is everybody: even women and children have caught the gipsy enthusiasm, and sigh and sing about lands in the west, and the gold fields of California and Australia. National school boys bawl and whistle “Cheer, boys—cheer,” to the grinding accompaniment of a street organ, until the very atmosphere of our large towns rings again with discordant exhortations to a general exodus. And then, again, the emigrant is induced to leave his native land with bitterness and revenge smouldering in his heart. We know that many of our institutions are bad—that they press heavily on the industrial classes; but when we know that they are capable of being amended, and that flying from them is the coward's expedient; and also, when we know full well

that nine-tenths of the misery and poverty that afflict society has been caused by ignorance, indolence, and moral darkness, we are entitled to denounce emigration as a violent passion, in the strongest terms, and hold up to condemnation those who promote it.

We charge the emigration song-writers with pandering to this morbid feeling, and bringing the mother country into contempt and hatred. Take the “Irish Emigrant,” one of the most popular of this class of songs. The story is that of a young husband sitting on a stile, mourning over the decease of his girl-wife and baby-boy. The first three verses are pretty, and unexceptionable in sentiment—for, in a heart-stirring yet manly tone, they express the natural sorrow of a husband at the loss of a beloved wife; but the last two breathe poison—they are false, and, considering their consequences, wicked. Here they are:

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor find no new friends;
But oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

The lines we have italicised, are those to which we object. They charge upon those who govern this country something which sounds very like the murder of his wife and child. At least the innuendo is pretty clear, that if he had had more work, both would have been alive. You might as well say that the sparrow killed in the last thunder-storm might have been saved, if it had built its nest in the eave of a rich man's house. But the obnoxious portion of the song is, the discontent it breathes and excites. It is killing the national sentiment in favour of country by degrees. It is murder by slow poisoning—just like a faithless spouse undermining her husband's constitution, by every day putting a grain or two of arsenic into his portage. And the same may be said of all the emigration songs. They depress the national energies, enervate instead of stimulate the national industry, and, by breaking up family associations, sow the seeds of mutiny and black ingratitude to the “old house at home.”

As to their ability and musical character, we cannot indulge in any commendation. The music is stilted and artificial, and the rhythm very bad. Some of the images are also very poor. In the “Irish Emigrant,” the poet says, the “Red was on your lips, Mary.” Where else should it have been?—would he have it on her nose? Now, as this is a revolutionary song—and one very popular, withal—we will contrast it, both in style, language, and versification, with another song, still appreciated, thank goodness, among those who know what songs really should be. After the reference to the rural meeting-place, and the red on the lip, this modern brochure thus continues:

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

Contrast this lackadaisical, halting, wooden-legged verse with the following:

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa':
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true;
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.
Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue;
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Here is music in words—in fact, a ballad. The other is grief wedded to a whine, which terminates in an atrocious insinuation against the majesty of society, the justice of the laws, and the humanity which is common to both rich and poor.

Passing from these emigration songs—which we must candidly admit we have always regarded with intense dislike—and without alluding to the strikes throughout the country this summer, which they vastly contributed to bring about, we are introduced to another class of compositions, which we may denominate the “heroic sentimental.” First we have the “Arab Steed:”

Oh! bring me but my Arab steed,
My princely Rienzi's right,
And I will to the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight.

His noble crest I'll proudly wear,
And gird his scarf around;
But I must to the field repair,
For hark! the trumpets sound.

Those who cherish “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,” and

Ye mariners of England,
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,

will sympathise with us, when we pronounce this Arab steed war-song a production of the equestrian circle. It belongs to the atmosphere in which daring individuals in flesh-tights do a little tumbling on the backs of steeds as

docile as a boy's hobby-horse. And then wearing his “noble crest!” How heroic! How poetical! Clipping the horse to adorn the rider. Why not wear his mane, or his tail? The latter would be bristly enough for the fiercest warrior that ever looked grim in burnt cork and false hair, in any circus in Europe. The beauty of these songs consists in their obscurity. Of course the writer intended to allude to the crest and scarf of a sovereign; but, being on the top of Parnassus, he could not distinguish between the horse and the man. A happy difficulty; for had he selected the monarch, the latter must have gone into battle bare-headed. Then, in company with this popular song, we have

Hurrah! o'er Hounslow Heath to roam,
Hurrah for the stilly hour,
When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome,
As a maid from a battle tower.
When sparks of fire from my corsair steed,
Spring flashes at every goad,
And the distant sound of wheels I greet,
Then hurrah! hurrah for the road! Hurrah! &c.

Sparks of fire from a corsair steed is brightly original. The misdeeds of the master are saddled on the innocent brute, and the horse is compared to a fire-ship commanded by Paul Jones. Frigates and seventy-fours vanish. Here we have a British highwayman's horse, who carries thirty-two pounders in his flanks, and discharges grape-shot from his heels. Then the moral of the song is affecting. The accomplished rider—who made ladies' scream, and men glow with rage—must “swing high to the dismal bell.” Fate refuses to cut the cord of destiny. And this is the trash that Englishmen tolerate. In an age which has ignored both midnight and mid-day ruffians, and even hints that the wine-cup, and its adjunctive irregularities, might safely be dispensed with! But if manias and fanaticisms are suffered to emasculate the public mind, what else can be expected? So, leaving the theatrical Arab steed and Dick Turpin class of songs to their admirers, let us take a ramble in the forest. What do we discover? “A gipsy queen.” Listen to this precious pastoral lay.

Oh! 'tis I'm a Gipsy Queen!
And where's the queen like me,
That can revel upon the green,
For ever blithe and free.
What though my cheeks be brown,
And wild my raven hair,
A red-cloth hood my crown,
And the sceptre the wand I bear.

With my kingdom I am well content, &c.

So is every slattern with her slatternness, and every thief with his plunder. But we are not to bawl their praises. A gipsy is a gipsy—an unwashed piece of forest goods, in large brown feet, matted hair, and walnut-stained visage. She luxuriates upon a short black pipe, and knows the flavour of blue ruin better than that of the clearest spring-water. And then the company she keeps. But stay, here we have the gipsy king. Hear his bold, unasked confession.

I confess that I am but a man,
My failings who pleases may know;
I'm fond of my girl and my can,
And jolly companions a row;
My subjects are kind to me,
They don't grudge me the largest glass;
Nor yet that I hold on my knee
At this moment the prettiest lass.

These eulogies of theft, vagabondage, and immorality, terminate with a chorus—the burthen of which rests on the two words “*I'm*,” and “*gip*.” They are popular with young men in their beery hours, as is also another of the class—“A Song to the oak, the brave old oak.” And yet those who bawl these green-wood ditties, probably would yawn over Bernard Barton's splendid eulogy of England's oak.

My favourite and the forest king,
The British oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having opened plays its part,
Until it sinks in death.

But in the whole range of modern popular ballads, we may seek in vain for either originality or excellence. There is no intellect in them—no lofty suggestions—no glorious aspirations to make the human pulse beat quicker—all is brought down to the level of mediocrity. Even the “good time coming” ballad, has something sickly and despondent in its composition. In sentiment, it aims at making the people dissatisfied with their condition, without showing them how they would be benefited by a change, which would involve the most terrible of disasters—a civil war. It destroys confidence in the present—the preliminary to all fortunate realisations—to conjure up a phantom hope of the future. And if we take a higher range, where shall we find the chivalry of Scott, the vigour of Campbell, the brilliancy of Moore, the pathos of Wolfe, the manliness of Dibdin, or the large utterance of that anonymous class of song-writers who flourished when Byron's rapid muse thrilled through the heart or the civilised world, and Moore's sweet strains were heard at midnight, even in the capital of Persia. We are convinced the search would be protracted and unprofitable; and if we turn to the modern popular love songs, we find the most stilted sentiment, the baldest images, the vilest caricatures of both sexes, and the most wretched namby pambyism ever penned. In fact, they show us the grand passion in tatters, drivelling and snivelling after a very calf-like fashion.

FACETIÆ.

ALCOHOL.—A clothes-brush celebrated for destroying the coat of the stomach.

"WHAT is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-ringed damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he; "a novel is *read* because it is interesting; you are interesting because you are *red*."

QUERY?—Spiggles wishes to know if war-whoops can be used to advantage in repairing old barrels.

ASPIRATION OF A HUSBAND.—Oh, that the fashions would last as long as the bonnets!

A man who retires from business and lives on the interest of his money, may be said to be resting on his *overs*.

A person the other day, in the vicinity of the Hippodrome, was boasting that he had sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I've seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground!"

WIDOWS.—They are the very—deuce. I've heard the heathen called benighted; but they have seen enough to burn widows when their husbands die, and that's a step further in civilisation than we have taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower) and clasp her little hands, and fly around, till the man was half-distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder-storms rattled over her head.

AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.—A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon, or six-square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by: they made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted by their curiosity, lifted up the window, put out his head, and addressed them. "What do you stand here for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?" "Sure," said one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy!"

PADDY AND THE PILL-BOX.—A surgeon had occasion lately to prescribe a couple of pills for an Irishman, which were sent home in a small box, bearing the direction, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient afterwards, the doctor expressed his surprise on learning that the desired effect had not been produced, and asked Pat's better-half if she had really given him the medicine. "Faith, that I did, Sur," she replied; "but maybe yer honour, the lid hasn't come off yet!" The poor sick man had been made to swallow, not only the pills but the box as well!

"OLD age is coming on me rapidly!" as the urchin said when he was stealing some apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming.

BRAINS AND DIGESTION.—The question, "Why authors did not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered: "Because authors work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains!"

A FRENCH PRACTICAL JOKE.—Rousseau introduced his head through the open casement of a porter's lodge. "Good day, my friend!" "Good day, sir!" "Will you please to tell me the name of this nice bird in your window?" "A linnet, with a black head, sir." "But why do you prefer a linnet with a black head?" "Because it sings so well. Listen!" and the porter, with hand on hip, face all radiant, and head humouring the time, enjoyed the song of his favourite. "Ah, very nice, indeed! You are a married man, I suppose?" "Yes, sir. My third darling is alive!" "And where is this darling wife of yours?" "You mean to say my spouse, I hope, sir?" "Oh, certainly, your spouse, by all means!" "Sir, she is above, with our lodger of the fifth floor!" "Ah, ah! and what business has she with your fifth-floor lodger?" "Putting his rooms in order." "Is he young or old, this fifth-floor tenant?" "Middle-aged, sir." "Very good! and where are your children?" "Sir, I have none." "And what have you been about all the time of your three marriages?" "I beg pardon, sir; are you looking for any one here?" "Not one." "Is there anything I can do to oblige you?" "Nothing whatever." "But you have been heaping questions on me these fifteen minutes?" "Yes, to be sure." "And to what are these questions apropos?" "Apropos to nothing at all!" "And why, then, does Monsieur do me the honour?" "Oh, it is quite simple. I am passing: I read over your window, 'Speak to the Porter,' and I do so!"

THE Livery of London have not only got a new Key to their chamber door, but a *Bar-on-it* into the bargain.—*Diogenes*.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.—An honourable member said the other night, that the British constitution required a tonic now and then. We hope it won't be compelled to try change of air.—*Ibid*.

A BAD EXAMPLE TO THE NATION.—The Lords having rejected the bill for the alteration of oaths, have shown their determination to keep up their old custom of *swearing*.—*Ibid*.

A MAN'S "BETTER HALF."—A wife is usually called her husband's "better half." In all matters of public subscription, the Queen is found to give twice the amount subscribed by Prince Albert. Her Majesty is therefore regarded by the officers of most public institutions as not merely the Prince's "better half," but as exactly his *double*.—*Ibid*.

THE LINEN—MARK IT.—According to the reports of various manufacturers, we find that "a large quantity of linen has gone off lately." We hope to be in a position to refute this statement, after a careful examination of our next week's washing.—*Ibid*.

"CONSTANT dripping wears away stones," and constant kitchen-stuff causes a cook to wear away silks.—*Ibid*.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—To call a drunken groom a stable man.—*Punch*.

AN ANOMALY.—Sending a man back to his constituents for bribery, and saying he was not returned.—*Ibid*.

CUTTING THE KNOT.—How to deal with bribery at elections seems to puzzle legislators. Why not legalise it at once, under the name of a Poll Tax?—*Ibid*.

AN UNFAILING OMNIBUS CHARACTERISTIC.—We never were in an omnibus yet, but some lady was sure to drop her money.—*Ibid*.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S MESS.—The state of affairs at Constantinople has been described as a pretty kettle of fish; but may be more correctly denominated a pretty dish of kiebobs, which is a Turkish broil.—*Ibid*.

THE LAST LOOK.—We do not know anything so painful—so full of sorrow and regret—so overflowing with unfathomable love, as the last look which an alderman gives a haunch of venison just before it is being carried away.—*Ibid*.

THE ELECTION MARKET.—When Mr. George Smythe was told that the little "Earthmen" (now exhibiting in Regent Street) lived, like rabbits, in burrows, in their own native country, he exclaimed, most piteously: "Well, I only wish England was like Africa—you'd be able to buy up a borough cheap then!"—*Ibid*.

THE GREAT INDIAN DEBATE.

The Speaker was about to take the chair, as usual, at four o'clock, when

An Irish Member, objecting, complained that Irishmen should be compelled to submit to the tyranny of Saxon dials. He moved that Dublin time should be kept in the House—namely, about half-an-hour's difference from London time.

Another Irish Member was indignant, and demanded Tyrone time. This discussion, enlivened by a good deal of abuse, disposed of the half-hour in question, and the Chair was taken.

Sir Charles Wood rose to announce the Government intentions on the subject of Indian government. India was, he said, the most interesting problem of the day. (Hear, Hear.)

An Irish Member rose to order. No man should say that, while Ireland lay like a jewel on the bosom of the Atlantic. (Hear, Hear.)

Sir C. Wood proceeded to sketch the history of our conquest of India, the gradual extension of our empire, the character of the various races we had to govern, the present form of administration, and the plans proposed for its alteration. He was listened to in tolerable silence, except that whenever the word "superstition" was used, Mr. Lucas looked up savagely, as ready in case the speaker should be going to apply it otherwise than to India; and that at every repetition of the term "tyranny," Mr. Moore groaned deeply and significantly. Sir Charles having concluded, and the question being put,

Mr. Duffy said that they had heard a good deal about Juggernaut, but the state carriage of the Queen of England was the Irish Juggernaut Car, and his blood boiled to hear so much about a disquiet surf at Madras, when there were a million of disquiet serfs in Munster.

Mr. Conolly said that Irish bulls were much finer animals than Brahmin bulls, but he should not oppose the motion on that account.

Mr. Lucas said that Protestantism was the same in its persecuting nature, whether India or Ireland were its sphere of action. On Sir C. Wood's own showing, England had, with a strong hand, put down infanticide and the burning of widows. What right had the Protestant to refuse the church of Brahma its spiritual development? No more than it had to say that an Irish priest should not flog voters and instigate what were termed riots, but which were only Catholic developments. (Cheers.)

Sir Denham Norreys said that there was another affinity between India and Ireland. India produced spring rice, and Ireland produced Lord Montague. (Loud cheers.)

Lord John Russell suggested that as Ireland had precedence on the paper for every other day in the month, they should now confine themselves to India, if only for a few hours.

Colonel Dunne complained that that was the way Irishmen were treated, if they ventured to point out the wrongs of their country. He himself had been rebuked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for accidentally bursting into a loud laugh in the middle of one of the latter's speeches on Ireland. But that was another proof of the levity with which the English discussed Irish subjects.

Mr. Fitzgerald had detected, beneath Sir C. Wood's assumed *bonhomie*, a series of studied insults to the venerable prelates of his, Mr. Fitzgerald's, church. When Sir Charles spoke of "ajlect slaves to domineering priests," the scene was in India, but the sneer was for Ireland.

Another Irish Member complained that Sir C. Wood had said that the quantity of land irrigated in India was larger than the quantity cultivated in Ireland. This was a gratuitous insult; and if the fact were so, it was caused by the crime of the oppressors of Ireland.

After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the bill

should be postponed, in order that the House should proceed to inquire into the case of an Irish priest, at Ballymahowl, county Kilkenny, at whom it was alleged that a Protestant magistrate had made a face as he passed the reverend gentleman in the street; and this occupied the House until half past three in the morning; the discuss on being; then adjourned, on Lord J. Russell giving it precedence for the next day.—*Punch*.

DEATH OF A ROSE.

Red blushing 'midst the leaflets green,
A rose I spied one soft May morn,
Her flushed cheek bright with limpid sheen
Of glistening dew in starlight born—
Ah, she was beautiful!
Her fair form steeped in lucid light
Stood bending to the kissing gale,
That lingered on its changeable flight
To woo with many an amorous tale
The rose so beautiful.

But vain was wooing—sighing vain;
The rose remembered one lone star
That nightly walked the glittering plain,
Hard by the moon's refulgent car,
In radiant solitude.
As late he trod the spangled blue
He peered down on the dream-bound world,
There spying, bathed in sorrowing dew,
The rose with all her charms unfurled,
In blushing solitude.

Then forthwith from her beauteous cheek
She smiling shook the limpid tear,
And upward turned her face to speak,
In voice of perfume none may hear,
Of love unchangeable.

Down softly stole an answering beam—
It slid down through the moonlight sad,
And lighting, like an angel's dream,
Brought to the rose the tidings glad
Of light unchangeable.

The gale departed with a moan,
Yet on its wings the perfume sweet
Still lingered, like a silent tone
That dwells where shades and echoes meet
In halls of memory;

Where love's sweet song, though stilled for ever,
Steals like the lost lay of a lute,
Where hopes lie dead, though buried never,
For unseen shades and echoes mute
Do dwell in memory.

Next fading 'midst the leaflets green
I spied the rose one summer night,
Her pale cheek bright with limpid sheen,
Her wan form steeped in pensive light;
Yet she was beautiful.
Her blighted charms soon strewed the ground,
And every tuneless wind that blows
With muffled wings came murmuring round,
To sing the requiem of that rose,
In death still beautiful.

A thousand trembling drops of light,
Like flaming dew, the sky besprent,
But hers of all most pure, most bright,
A starbeam from her mansions sent
With joy unspeakable,
To bear from earth's ephemeral bowers
Her perfumed soul, so light, so free,
Up to the spirit-land of flowers,
Where odours mute sing audibly
Of bliss unspeakable.

Thou like that rose in life's fresh spring,
Oh! maiden fair, may'st bloom and smile;
Like evening gales that blithely sing,
Love's siren notes may charm awhile
A rose so beautiful;
But when mild death, that seraph bright,
Shall robe thee in undying bloom,
Thy being born on wings of light
Its purer essence shall assume,
In heaven most beautiful.

SINGULAR HABITS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

BEETHOVEN, the composer, had two imperious habits, by which he was constantly swayed—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment ere he would discover some fault in it, and commence looking out for another. Every day after dinner, despite rain, wind, hail, or snow, he would issue forth on foot, and take a long and fatiguing walk.

Sartines, the Lieutenant-General of Police under Louis XV., had a strange mania for wigs: his immense collection, amounting to upwards of eighty specimens, all well curled, powdered, and pomatumed, were carefully arranged in a glazed bookcase in his study, precisely as a library of books might be.

One J. B. Lulot, a learned Champenois, who died in 1771, was accustomed to make use of the corporeal strength with which nature had endowed him in order to try all the experiments which he imagined might prove useful to science. In the depth of winter he would cast himself into the icy waters of the Seine, in order to ascertain, by personal experience, the most intense degree of cold that could be endured by the human frame; and one day his friends had the utmost difficulty to dissuade him from entering an oven heated to the highest point, as he wished particularly to ascertain if it were possible for mortal flesh and blood to endure the heat.

The illustrious naturalist, Spallanzani, to the end of throwing light on the theory of the digestive functions, pursued upon himself a course of the most dangerous experiments: for instance, he would introduce into his stomach various aliments enveloped in little linen bags, and would swallow oat tubes filled with certain substances. He died in 1798.

Louis XIII., who had rigorously prohibited all games of chance throughout his kingdom, was so passionately fond of chess, that he played even in his carriage. The piece were made with pegs, so that they could be inserted into the squares of the chess-board without danger of being displaced by the motion.

The Abbé le St. Martin, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his manias, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by the way, was always awry and dishevelled, so that his face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps, he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks, underneath which was a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of warmth he might require: this bed had a very small opening, through which the abbé used to creep when he retired to rest at night.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.

THERE are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river; they do not go, but are carried.

THE footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognise God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.

HONOUR, like the shadow, follows those who flee from it, but flees from those who pursue it.

HONESTY obliges us to make restitution, not only of that which comes to us by our own faults, but of that which comes to us by the mistakes of others. Though we get it by oversight, if we keep it when the oversight is discovered, it is kept by deceit.

NOTHING can excuse a want of charity to a fellow-creature in distress. He is poor, perhaps, through his own folly or that of his ancestors; and we are rich, perhaps, through our own roguery, or that of our ancestors: we need not often insist on the difference of merit as the reason for a difference of condition.

THERE is something higher in politeness than Christian moralists have recognised. In its best forms, as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it. For it is the sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life—always the best test of our principles—together with a respect, unaffected, for man, as our brother under the same grand destiny.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Between male and female there is a difference of *kind* only—not *degree*. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines abroad, woman at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade; man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy. These comparative characteristics represent man as the head, woman as the heart; or, man the intellect, woman the affection. And in so doing, we submit that no position derogatory to woman is involved therein. We are, as a simple fact, more influenced by our hearts than our heads—by our love than our conviction. While physical and mental endowments make a forcible appeal to the senses, yet it is susceptible of experimental proof that moral power really controls and decides the fate of the world; and, as it is in this latter that woman pre-eminently shines, we should contend, so far from her being man's inferior, that she is, at present at least, his decided superior. With this view of their relative position before us, we shall be the better able to definitely calculate the value of the sexes to each other.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.—From morning till night is the human mind restless as the troubled sea! No sooner do men enter the world, than they at once lose their taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves, what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth and honour? And on they go, as their fathers went before them; till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood. Nature is *not* to blame for this. We are the offenders, and deserve to be unhappy.

BEAUTY—MENTAL AND SUBSTANTIVE.—So long as mind and matter shall exist, there will be a sympathy between mental and substantive beauty. Every form is perfected by the perfection of an idea. The daisy of the field, the moss on the mountain, the lily in the valley, the shell by the sea, the stars in the firmament—are all and each complete by the completeness of our perceptive qualities. If it were not so, these objects would appear the same to every individual. The poet would see in them no more superiority than the most worldly man observes. The intimacy of form and idea affects the course of our whole social and moral life.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.—The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness, or ill-nature, will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.—*Mordaunt.*

A PERILOUS SITUATION.—So accurately had the Indian calculated time and distance, that I was hardly at my place when a huge bull thundered headlong by me, and received a shot low and close behind the shoulder as he passed. He stumbled on for about ten paces, and lay quietly down. I waited to re-load, and on going up found him stone dead. The Indian then joined me, and said that the other two bulls had not gone far, but had taken different directions; so we agreed that he should pursue one, and I the other. I soon came in sight of mine. He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him: profiting by which, I crept up, and, taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fired again, over a hundred yards this time: he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time: whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to show fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot, he tottered forward a step or two, and I thought he was about to fall—so I waited for a little while; but as he did not come down, I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his eyes rolling, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought; but, to my utter amazement, up went his tail and down went his head, and, with a speed that I thought him little capable of, he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming anything but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our own bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock; but to my horror, I failed in dodging him—for he bolted round quicker than I did, and, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hopes of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle-stock was shivered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions, till, landing at last, I fell unhurt in the snow; and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow-drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool, and hair that clothed his shaggy head-piece.—*Palliser's Adventures in the Prairies.*

TRUE LOVE.

—'Tis made of every fine emotion,
Of generous impulses and noble thoughts:—
It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;
It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.
Love is aspiring, yet 'tis humble, too;
It doth exalt another o'er itself,
With sweet heart-homage which delights to raise its object.

THE WIFE'S PINT O' ALE.—A calico-printer in Manchester, on his wedding-day, was persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced at the bargain—for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house, as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband seldom saw each other, except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except that at odd times she succeeded, by dint of one little artifice or other, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house; but these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked ashamed at her neat and comely person, with some shade of remorse, as he said: "Mary, we'n had no holiday since we were wed; and, only I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt down to the village, to see thee mother." "W'ldst like to go, John?" said she, between a smile and a tear, so glad to hear him speak so kindly—so like old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer. "Hast got a fortune, wench?" "Nay, said she, but I'n gotten the pint o' ale." "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale," said she. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences, i. e., 4l. 11s. 3d., and put them into his hand, exclaiming, "Thou shalt have thee holiday, John!" John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten—wouldn't touch it. "Hastn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more," he said. He kept his word. They kept their wedding-day with mother—and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of frugal investments that ultimately swelled out into a shop, a factory, warehouses, a country seat, and carriage.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE MISSIONARY.—The following statement appears from the pen of a lady of rank, whose brother is one of "the household," and was an eye-witness: Mr. Crowther was at a Church Missionary meeting at Windsor. After the meeting, Lord W. Russell (brother to Lord John, a pious clergyman, and member of the Evangelical Alliance) told him that her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor Castle. When at the palace, he met one of the ladies in waiting, who was collector for the Church Missionary Society, and who addressed herself to him as such, and as one deeply interested in the progress of the Society, and anxious to shake hands with him as her brother in the Lord. He then passed on to a room in which was Prince Albert, who immediately addressed him most kindly; and they were in deep conversation on missionary subjects, when a lady walked in and joined in the conversation. Mr. Crowther, taking it for granted it was the lady he had met in the ante-chamber before, took no particular notice of her, further than continuing in most earnest discourse, pointing out places on the map, describing the various stations, &c. At length Lord W. Russell said something apart to make Mr. Crowther aware that he was speaking to the Queen of England. He was a good deal abashed, both at the presence of royalty and the honour conferred upon him. In the gentlest manner (like a loving mother to her people) her Majesty set him quite at ease, and continued her close inquiries on subjects connected with the Church Missionary Society and Sierra Leone. They had not quite light enough at the table where the maps were spread out, and the Queen fetched a light from another table, which Mr. Crowther, in turning over the leaves of the atlas, put out, to his great distress; but the Queen (evidently not wishing the delay and interruption of calling a servant) immediately lighted it herself, and continued the conversation, asking many questions about the African missions. My brother asked Mr. Crowther what sort of questions the Queen asked. He replied: "A devoted lady collector could not have asked closer questions on the spiritual wants of the people, and the working of the missions." Her Majesty also inquired about the appointment of a bishop, and the suitability of Mr. Vidal, recently nominated. In giving his very decided testimony to their need of an overseer, and the peculiar fitness of the bishop-designate, Mr. Crowther particularised his wonderful knowledge of languages; whereupon her Majesty turned to the Prince, and said, with a smile: "Ah, Albert, you see there are other good linguists besides Germans!"

A WELCH CURATE OF THE LAST GENERATION.

ENERGY, AND THE WANT OF IT.

THIS story is from a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The names are, of course, fictitious, but the facts are true: "The Rev. David Jones was a curate in Cardiganshire, and had long watched the failing health of his neighbour the Vicar of Dim Saesoneg. At length he received the news of his friend's decease, of which he had secured the earliest intelligence. No time was to be lost. His pony was instantly saddled, and off he rode, the shortest cut over the mountains, to Abergwili, the residence of the bishop. The distance was fifty miles—half bog, half torrent; but hope lent wings to David, and soon he was in sight of the palace chimneys. Suddenly a pang shot through his heart. He had forgotten his credentials! He had obtained, only a week before, a letter of recommendation to the bishop from an influential member of the squirearchy; and this letter he has left at home in the pocket of a week-day garment! What is to be done? It is useless to attack the bishop without a letter. He must return for it at all hazards. Luckily he has a cousin who keeps a country inn not far from Abergwili. There he borrows a fresh horse, and pushes back with all speed. It is a moonlight night, so that he can follow the mountain track without difficulty; and before dawn he astonishes Mrs. Jones by his unlooked-for appearance beside the nuptial couch. But he vanishes from her sight again, like a vision. He has found the precious letter, and, buttoning his coat tightly over it, he hurries to the house of a friendly neighbour, who lends him another steed. While it is being caught and saddled, he snatches a hasty breakfast, and is off again to Abergwili. Faint and saddle-sore he felt (so he told our informant), when once more he came in sight of the palace. Nevertheless he tarried not for refreshments, but hastened on to the episcopal mansion. Tremblingly he rang the sonorous bell at the entrance; and when the door was flung open by the purple footman, in the excitement of the moment he accosted him as "My Lord." The servant was not disconcerted, being quite accustomed to such titmily elevation. He showed Mr. Jones quietly into the library, where the bishop soon after made his appearance, and inquired, with an air of bland dignity, into the business of his visitor. The matter was soon explained, the squire's letter was produced, and the bishop, having received no prior application, bestowed the desired preferment on the enraptured curate. In the highest elevation David retired to his inn, when whom should he meet in the stable-yard but his neighbour, Thomas Williams, who filled the next curacy to his own. At sight of Jones's joyful countenance, a deadly paleness overspread the face of Williams. He felt that he was too late. But hope is tenacious, and he refused to believe in his rival's success till he had himself seen the bishop. He rushed to the palace, and was admitted to an audience, but it was only to receive a confirmation of the unwelcome intelligence, with the additional mortification of an episcopal rebuke. "Sir," said the prelate, "Mr. Jones was obliged to ride one hundred and fifty miles to obtain this living. Had you possessed his energy, you might have been here long before him, and secured the preferment for yourself."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY READ.—The second marriage was illegal. In point of fact it was no marriage at all, because the first had not been dissolved. The law in a similar manner restrains the wife. Both may be prosecuted.

W. W.—Should your sister-in-law have been injured through the negligence of the parties who had charge of the machinery in the factory, she has a good cause of action against the proprietors, and a jury would be certain to give her proper damages.

WILLIAM.—The Easter custom of lifting or heaving is exceedingly vulgar. Fifteen years ago it was brutal and indelicate in the extreme. Of course it is an assault, but the police and improved intelligence among the people have almost put down the nuisance.

A FOOLISH FELLOW has correctly designated himself. He doubts his sweetheart, because she is timid and bashful in company. When he becomes maudlin, she says: "There, get along with you." Very proper. The girl respects herself. Besides, it is silly to be perpetually gibbering a young girl because she has reciprocated a young man's liking.

M. N.—Consult the list of unclaimed dividends, exhibited gratis at the Bank of England.

R. ALLEN.—We have not received the coin.

CAROLUS.—The coin is a half-crown of the time of Charles II. It is not scarce.

J. K.—Voluntary separation between husband and wife, even for any period, long or short, does not authorise either party to marry again. It would be a crime to do so. The law is severe, and we think not very wise, but still it is the law.

W. S.—An apprentice to a particular trade or profession cannot be compelled to do the duties of an errand-boy. Your remedy is by summons before a magistrate.

J. N. R.—There is no register-office in the metropolis for clerks out of employment. Notices are allowed in the passages of some of the law-courts, and at the law-stationers.

H. T. W.—Your song of the "Wave" is irregular, and in a bad style of versification. The first verse is very bad. The two middle ones are tolerable, and might pass muster in the crowd of wretched ballads with which the public are favoured. We subjoin them:

As a riplet small, sometime I fall
O'er the beach, so gently fair,
That I scarcely efface the gentle trace
Of a maiden's footstep there.

But I can sweep o'er the mighty deep,
With a fierce and majestic roll;
And rear my crest on its foaming breast
As I thunder from pole to pole.

T. HEALITISARCHER.—Ants are destroyed by opening the nests, putting in quick-lime, and throwing water on it.

ORTHODOX.—Quite immaterial, but it is more business-like and clearer to write, "18 June," instead of June 18th. In the latter case, the figures of the month run into those of the year.

R. P. M.—Wait until the twelve months have expired. Bonds to keep the peace won't bear tampering with. Besides, at the end of that time you ought to have grown more forgiving and wiser.

F. & W. A.—The Birkenhead steamer was wrecked on its voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, when not far from its destination.

MELNOTTE.—We cannot recommend the stage as a profession to any young man, however clever or strong his liking may be. The stage in the present day is more in the hands of scene-painters than either authors or actors. Besides, the taste of the public is so fastidious, that it is only clever managers who succeed in pleasing it. Look out for something more certain.

H. E. H. L.—A memoir of Mr. Macready will be found in Vol. VII. of this Journal. The height of the Duke of Wellington, when in his prime, was about five feet seven and a half inches.

J. MORRE (Hanley).—The gentleman to whom you have alluded was not the author of the essays in question. The initials attached to one of the articles occurred through the mistake of the printer.

KATE W.—The son of an English father and Irish mother, born in British America, is in law an Englishman. If he had been born in the moon it would have been the same.

W. W.—When we have received MSS. which after a perusal we have deemed unsuitable, we simply acknowledge the receipt of the communication. We never, under any circumstances, undertake to return rejected MSS.

MISS R. asks, What is love? It would be as pertinent to ask what is a star, or the moon, or anything we can believe in, but don't quite understand. If such a question had been put to Bishop Berkeley, he would have said love was nothing—a *mirage*. We can afford to be less sceptical, and can assure our fair correspondent that love is the divinest of mysteries—and that is all we authoritatively know about it. Universal and immortal, it defies analysis. It is the impalpable link between earth and heaven. Rooted in every heart, it works invisibly to mortal ken. It is the source of every human happiness when rightly appreciated, but when perverted spreads a ludicrous leprosy over the surface of society. Passion is not love. The god-like sentiment in its purity is as generous as the life-giving, light-bestowing sun.

MILES.—You are decidedly wrong. The Irish emigration cannot but be regarded as a calamity. It is endangering the vital interests of the empire. According to the last census, the population had decreased 1,659,430, or at the rate of twenty per cent. Since March, 1851, emigration from Ireland has rapidly increased, and, upon a moderate computation, cannot now be less than at the rate of three per cent. per annum, a process which would exhaust the population of Ireland in about thirty-four years. This is not natural, in the face of the fact that Ireland could comfortably maintain forty millions of inhabitants. And yet you contend that emigration is doing Ireland good. What is telling people that they will never do any good for themselves in Ireland, doing Ireland good? That is galloping to a conclusion. In economical politics it is far safer to walk slowly.

SILVESTER.—To make Ginger Beer: Pour two gallons of boiling water on a quarter of a pound of cream of tartar, one ounce of sliced ginger, two pounds of lump-sugar. Let it stand six hours, then add two table-spoonsful of yeast. Let it stand six hours more, strain through a fine sieve, put it into stone bottles, tie down the corks, and it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours.

PAY.—To a property-tax there can be no honest objection—for who are more bound to contribute to the national finances than those classes for whose benefit the greater portion of the money collected is disbursed. The rich are more benefited by our costly government machinery than the poor; and therefore it is only fair that they should be made to pay for that directly which they obtain directly. Wholesale indirect taxation makes the numerical majority contribute more than their fair proportion. A property-tax of some kind or another is assuredly a state necessity, but an income-tax is not—for the term in reality is but a fiction—or rather, in a fiscal sense, a misnomer for a tax on labour—in effect a poll-tax, without its honesty—for in the majority of instances it is levied by stratagem, and in the remainder by arbitrary and harsh assessments.

A. M.—Registration of births is compulsory on the parents. If made within six weeks after the birth, no charge is made; afterwards the fee to be paid to the registrar is five shillings.

G. R.—A discharged soldier may hawk goods without a license, but he must make previous application to the magistrate of the district.

BARBARA B.—It will not be possible to open the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, earlier than in the ensuing year.

Gus.—Shakespeare does not take rank as a mere poet. He occupies the highest position possible in the literary and mental world. He was more than a poet—he was a philosopher and a brilliant essayist.

A SOLICITOR.—What we boldly contended for, in the course of our answers to various questions on the subject, was a thorough revision of the laws relating to imprisonment for debt, with the view to their total repeal, except as regards the dishonest. Trade, commerce, and the multitudinous pursuits of life demand protection against fraud—they are entitled to demand every practicable and wise safeguard for all their operations; but surely no such security can be found in the tyrannous ability to make the weak weaker, the fair-dealing man a sly rogue, the unfortunate one a martyr to circumstances, and the wicked one a teacher of wickedness. But if the system is to be maintained, what we should particularly insist upon would be, that in all cases of commitment to prison for debt, the debtor should, as in the case of the felon and the misdemineant, undergo a previous examination before a competent authority, either on the day of his arrest or within twenty-four hours afterwards, in order to open the door to a fair and reasonable adjustment of the matter in dispute, or to afford the opportunity of his being bailed cheaply and promptly, in order that he may not be taken from the management of his affairs. At all events, such an arrangement would do away with goals, except for the stupid and fraudulent, and curb the powers vested by the barbarous usages of past ages in the hands of irresponsible sheriffs.

E. O. D.—The population of the Burman Empire consists of various distinct nations or tribes. The aggregate population is about eleven millions. Travellers have not given us an exalted opinion of their character. They are said to be abjectly submissive towards their superiors, to strangers audacious, in power rapacious and cruel, in war treacherous and ferocious; in their dealings litigious and faithless, in appetite insatiable and avaricious, in habit lazy, and in morals offensively objectionable. They, however, have courage, and are strict observers of the ceremonial parts of their religion, charitable to their priests and poor, and in the country hospitable. They are crafty and cunning, and we may mention that, among all the worshippers of Buddha, cunning is esteemed as a virtue. The deeply-rooted opinion that address in stealing ranks as an accomplishment next to valour, prevails all over the East, not only in the Buddhist states, but India and Egypt; and the Spartan legislator only borrowed his law from institutions still existing among the mountain tribes of Asia. With such characteristics, we British, we fancy, ought not to be very anxious to annex Burmah to our already gigantic eastern empire.

L. N. THORNTON informs us, that in the editions of the poetical works of Ebenezer Elliott, the following fine lines "On receiving a copy of Sacred Poems," is incorrectly quoted. He sends us a copy from the original MS.

"Scorn not the bard of humble worth,
Whose muse of modest power
Hath like a daisy "glinted forth,"
To share the passing hour—
For loveliest flowers with Gospel dews
Are often sanctified,
And from small discs the spirits' hues
May cast a radiance wide."

P. S.—Railway companies are not properly managed. The system is indefensible. In the first place, the directors are incompetent. They for the most part consist of members of the Stock Exchange, retired merchants, half-pay officers, with here and there a peer as chairman, or vice-chairman, to conciliate the landowners of the district. What can such men know of so complicated a mass of machinery as a railway and its adjuncts? Where is their science—their experience? Undoubtedly in their purses, for the plieoric condition of which they betray an amazing affection. To appease their constituents, they resort to every expedient to swell their half-yearly dividends, cut down salaries, and, as a consequence, reduce the competency of the persons in their employ; stint the line of engines, carriages, and working materials; patch up, instead of efficiently repairing the permanent way,—and what is the result of all this squeezing and screwing down? Why, accidents! Depend upon it, our railways, sooner or later, will be placed on a very different footing to what they are now.

MARY.—We have heard of men who hated women, and we have heard men say they did—but we were not quite so unsophisticated as to believe them: we accepted their declarations at their real value. In several instances, we subsequently received ample confirmation of the soundness of our judgment. One married within the year, another nearly realised the predicament of that miserable mortal who is supposed to be in Bedlam, and seeing her dancing in the hall, and heeding him not, while a third made himself so ridiculous in his attentions to a lady of higher rank than himself, that his friends had him married right off-hand to a poor girl, who made him an admirable wife. So that a downright woman-hater must be a myth, or worse—the annihilation of an idea a moral scarecrow. But, as a rule, we must tell the girls to put on the cap of wisdom at the first approach of these men. If not labouring under an illusion, they are very deep. Some will be courted. The majority, however, are more contemptible than dangerous.

TEMPLAR writes us a letter, some portion of which we are entitled to transfer to our pages. He states that he owes the LONDON JOURNAL a deep debt of gratitude. But we had better give his own language. "I was about fourteen when I commenced reading your Journal; a little more than fifteen when I left school a consummate dunce. I was then suffered to do as I liked, go where I thought proper, rode a hunting, and even had a race-horse with which I won several races. In this course of life I continued for about two years, during which period I often thought of the future—which thought was invariably caused by perusing your pages; for when I meditated for hours upon the morals and precepts depicted by your tales, and ever finding that virtue conquered vice, I began to see that I was not on the road to domestic happiness, but to profligacy. It moreover aroused in me a pang of jealousy, and I envied your writers their abilities. It also caused me to like study, which, in my school-days, was exotic to my nature; and when about eighteen I quitted the field, the race-course, and companions, and entered upon one of the most arduous professions—that of the law. I have since pursued a course of energetic study. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that I should feel grateful for having been checked in a course of idleness, and placed in an honourable profession, solely by your Journal having given me the original bias to do right," &c.

ADELA HAMILTON, a dark-haired, loving, affectionate, and accomplished girl, aged twenty-two, being quite tired of a single life, would like to correspond with a gentleman desirous of entering the married state. Adela is possessed of a small fortune, and is well calculated to render a home happy.

MUSICAL A.—How could we encumber our pages with the music of a polka, or a love-sick, nonsensical ballad?

H. J. K.—Being a lineal descendant, you would be entitled to use the arms of your father's family.

ARTHUR GORMAN.—Gambling is truly frightful to contemplate under any aspect; but when the play is double or quits for fifteen games, supposing one party to lose each game, and the stake at first was one pound, the amount lost at the conclusion of the fifteenth game would be £16,384.

E. JONES.—Toothache with many persons is constitutional, with others it arises from neglect, and in all, from decay and consequent irritation of the nerve. The best cure is scariation of the gums, or bleeding, by means of leeches, and then having the hollow part filled up so as to exclude the atmosphere. At the same time aperiens medicines should be taken.

ONES.—Christianity was introduced into England in the first century, but it never took deep root until St. Augustine undertook his celebrated mission. Tradition says that St. Paul, during his travels, visited Britain, but, being unsupported, it is scarcely worthy of being mentioned.

ADONIS.—The language of flowers is the unknown tongue. Young girls and boys can speak and read it very early: You are one of the foreigners, but do not be alarmed: when you can read yourself, you will be able to read and understand this mysterious language. Dark hair and whiskers on one side, and flashing eyes and rosy lips on the other, assist the mental faculties wonderfully in these dilemmas.

COSMOS.—Your face flushes in the evening, and yet you never taste spirituous liquors. Very likely. The excitement undergone during the day produces nervous reaction. And probably, in avoiding one indulgence, you have plunged headlong into others. Smoking immediately after meals will cause the face to be flushed.

PETER SIMPLE, a draper's apprentice, must conform to the rules of the house in which he is engaged. If one of those rules be that he shall not leave the shop after it has been closed for the night, he must submit or leave. A magistrate under such a circumstance, would not insist upon the strict interpretation of the deed of apprenticeship. It is doubtless a hard case, but it is only one in a thousand. The employer may be cruel, but the system is to blame. And, we must add, if parents will persist in putting their sons to businesses only fit for women, they must expect them to be ill-treated.

ISAHEL has lately become acquainted with a gentleman whom she has met several times, and who has behaved most politely. The last time she met him he promised to send her tickets for the theatre the following week—which promise he has broken. What should she think of him? Why, that he is a very extraordinary gentleman. His rudeness was inexcusable, in the absence of an apology. Men who break their little promises to ladies seldom perform their great and serious ones.

J. W. B.—It has been decided that a house infested with bugs, when the circumstance at the time of taking was concealed, was a misrepresentation, and that the tenant was not bound to fulfil the terms of the lease. You had better consult your solicitor.

A YOUNG CAMBRIAN.—Your miscellaneous reading will be sure to come in useful by-and-by. But do not read without an object. And, if possible, among all your reading, follow up closely one particular pursuit.

J. O. (Nottingham).—Consult a solicitor. The representatives of the deceased parties have power to act.

C. J. MORO.—"The Will and the Way" commenced in No. 398, and the "Lives of the Queens of England" in No. 399 of this Journal.

ELLEN DE VERE.—Ink spots may be removed out of linen or calico, by taking a piece of mould candle, and melting it—then dipping the spotted part into the melted tallow: When washed, the spots will have disappeared.

LANCASHIRE.—The price of an ensign's commission in the Life Guards is about £1200.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Felix J. E. (Yes, but you will have to pay the armorial tax)—F. H. (Declined)—E. Hanson (Very incorrect. Anything but poetry. You must get out of that silent dell as quickly as possible)—T. A. P. (No)—Bow Road (A person may carry a sword-stick in the public streets, but if he used such a weapon he would soon be carried to, and kept for a long time in, a place he would rather not visit under any circumstances)—O. H. D. (Declined. We never found the world so bad as lugubrious poets would paint it, and we have had immense experience in it)—Anxious (The principal landlord can distract on all property found on the premises, for rent in arrears)—W. Smith (No)—George Finch (We replied to your letter, by stating that the principles on which this Journal is conducted did not allow us to embark in theological controversies)—The Miller of Drone (We think the practice of billeting soldiers on civilians a monstrous injustice—but it is the law, and how can it be evaded?—T. C. (Declined. Your picture of a battle is not without merit, but would you have hoped to succeed, when you had been preceded by all the great poets?—Henry Minchin (Order from the nearest news-agent)—F. W. (Appointments in the Royal Navy are not purchasable—they are in the gift of the Lords of the Admiralty, to whose secretary you had better write)—F. M. (The verses have vigour in them, but it is not fair to charge all the blame of there being distressed needlewomen on the wealthy—they pay proper prices; the cruelty and dishonesty being lower down the scale)—G. Stanley (We will not advise you either way. Our impression is that you are contemplating a dishonourable action. Serve your time out)—W. C. B. (Declined. We never knew before that "rooks their loud hymns croaked at early morn." The lark must be at a discount with our correspondent)—A Widow (As the husband survived, his representatives can claim the money)—Joe Beans (A mare's nest. The author you name wrote the song some years ago)—Mary and Ellen (You have put a strange question for young ladies to discuss. The marriage would be illegal)—J. F. K. (Apply to a dealer in old coins. Not worth much)—S. W. Z. and Mizene (All such appointments are in the gift of the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom application must be made. But you know the old saying—"A friend at court, &c.")—Z. Y. X. (Go if you like. The British American colonies are thriving steadily)—Charles (Write to the Secretary of the Royal Academy)—Vincent (1. Letter-press. 2. The same number)—Medicus Homo (Make the tubes yourself)—A Clerk (Stay where you are, unless compelled to leave)—Gertrud (We cannot undertake to return MSS.)—H. M. (The swallow is not a singing bird)—Helen—E. Crickshank—Emily Wilson—J. Woods—J. Blake—A. N.—Alpha—White Squall—T. R.—W. W.—Leigh Lane—M. C.—A.—John Ipslop—Oliver Twist—X. B.—H. T. P.—X. A. Z.—Jota, Maidstone—J. Bromwich—Cherry—F. G. H.—W. B. T.—John Stanley—Mary Caroline—Adolescence—R. H. F.—M. K.—T. S.—A. B. C.—R. B.—C. W. Seymour—W. R.—T. B.—W. H. R.—Mignonette—George Julian Prince—J. M. D. A.—Indictus—R. B. Pimenton—Anti-Mute—H. W. B.—James Fielding—John M'G.—W. H.—Silvester Sound—J. H. Herbert—Widow—X. P. J. S.—A Soldier—George Price—C. Alexander—F. L. B.—D. L. Bolton—The Pride of Liverpool—Sarah Ward—Mary—W. Strong—W. Hampton—T. Gilbert—F. D. M.—Anglo.

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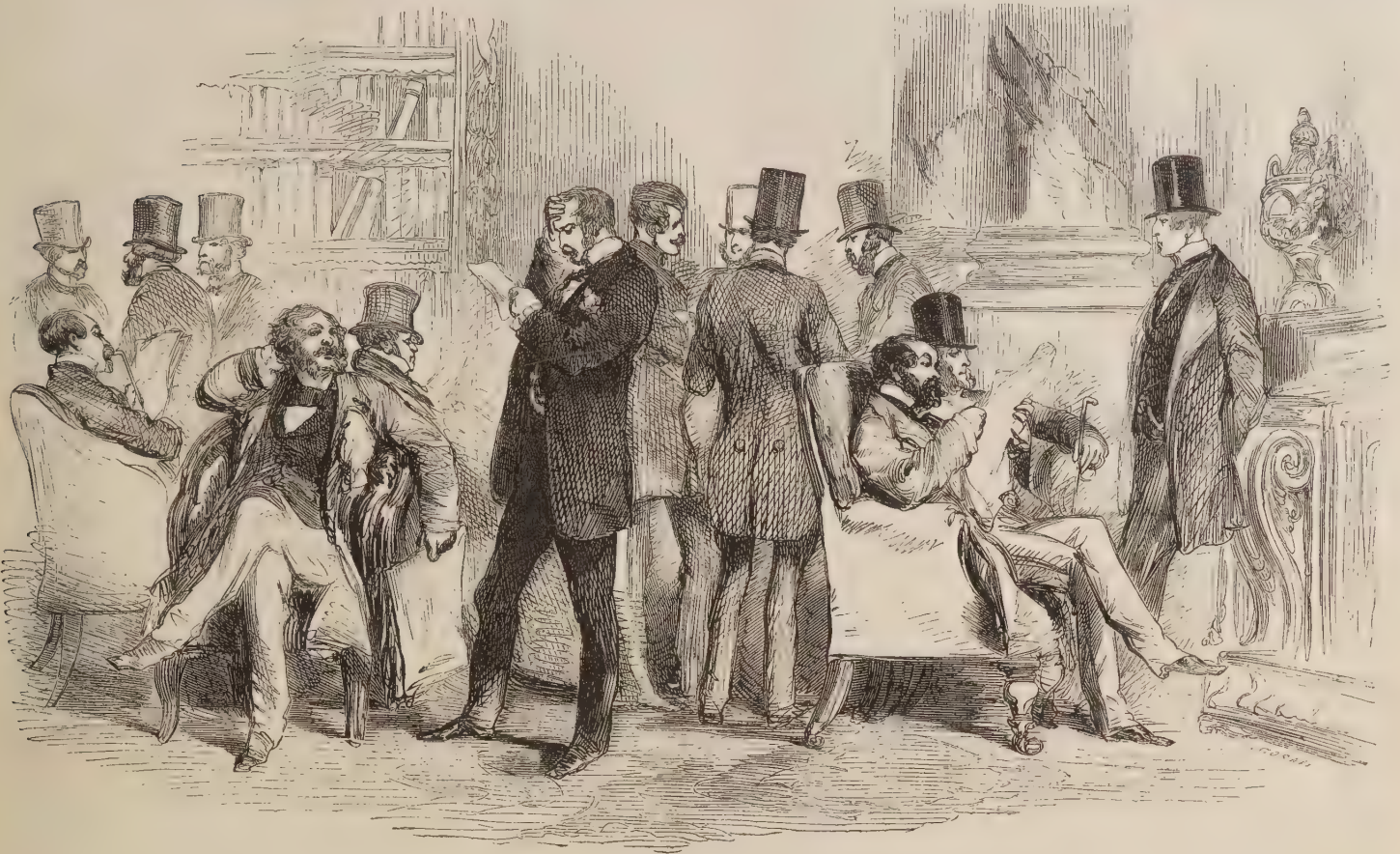
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[HERBERT RECEIVING MOTTRAM'S NOTE, IN THE CLUB-ROOM OF THE GUARDS.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXXI.

Women are worse or better far than men—
Creatures of heaven and earth, so strangely mixed.
When good predominates, like angels sent,
They teach us Eden was not all a fable.
When ill, they fix the sullen sceptic's creed—
For who could trust in Paradise, doubting
Their faith?

HERM OF THE SEPT.

COLONEL and Lady Mowbray were seated in the drawing-room of the mansion which they had lately taken in Berkeley Square—at the period of our tale one of the most fashionable localities in London. The recent events at Carrow—the arrival in England of the much slandered widow of Sir William, armed with a mother's wrongs, a mother's claims—together with the exposure of their unworthy treatment of Ellen, had considerably shaken the confidence which they had hitherto felt in the security of their position. More than once the gentleman expressed a disposition to retire to the continent, and abandon the game which something whispered, was hopeless. His evil genius, in the form of the bold, bad woman he had married, still urged him to persevere.

"Ridiculous!" she exclaimed, each time that he alluded to the taking of such a step. "Renounce, like a timid girl, the fortune you have played so boldly for! Dispute it to the last! Meeran and his wretched accomplice are both dead, without breathing a word which can implicate you!"

"They could not do so!" replied her husband; "I am innocent of all participation in their crime!"

"In act, certainly!"

"Not a word ever passed between us on the subject," added the colonel, with increased earnestness.

For several minutes her ladyship regarded him with an expression of undisguised contempt: not for the paltry equivocation he had uttered, but for the weakness he had shown in supposing he could deceive her.

"There are deeds," she answered, "which require no compact, written or spoken—but it is not the less implied; your brother's death was one of them! You may deceive the world—yourself—but not me! Instead, therefore, of a vindication no less ridiculous than unnecessary, call

up your energies to the task of defeating the machinations of those who would dispossess you of the fruit of your crimes!"

"Crimes!" repeated the cold-hearted man of the world.

"Colonel Mowbray!" exclaimed his wife, impatiently; "there are very few persons to whom I express what I really think or feel—and you are one of them! If I call things by their right names, it is that we may the better understand each other: a truce to affectation, and let us consider the best means of achieving our aims! Your brother's widow has returned to England?"

"Yes; you know she has!"

"With the means of proving her innocence?"

"Beyond the possibility of a doubt!" replied her husband. "Lucas deceived her with a trumped-up tale of Sir William's being obliged to fly to the continent, in consequence of a duel with a political opponent, and having commissioned him to conduct her to him. When the mask fell, and she discovered his true purpose, she vindicated her honour, by one of those terrible acts which —"

"I know—I know!" interrupted the lady, impatiently.

"She killed the silly fellow for his pains! The worst of it is, that it invests her with a certain degree of interest. Her story has created quite a sensation—her own family have taken up the question warmly. The principal families in town besiege Devonshire House with their visits. But what has that to do with us—or rather with you?" she added; "were you in any way a party to the attempt of Lucas?"

"No!"

Lady Mowbray regarded him fixedly.

"At least," he added, "no proof exists that I was in any way a party to it!"

"Which is much the same thing!" answered the female Machiavel. "As for the rest, *n'importe*—you can settle that with your own conscience! What can you possibly fear?"

"Public opinion may —"

His wife shook her head incredulously: she knew that he had long since callously braved it.

"Well, then," replied the colonel, who found that it was useless to attempt mincing the question further, "immediately after the death of Captain Lucas, and the temporary insanity of my victim, his brother, the abbate, sent the child to England."

"To you?"

"Yes; and, like a fool, I acknowledged the arrival of the boy, in a letter which I wrote to the priest: which letter the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire with his superiors in Rome has obtained."

"This is unfortunate!" observed the lady, with the air of an Old Bailey lawyer taking instructions from some prisoner whom he was employed to defend. "How could you be so imprudent?"

Colonel Mowbray looked as if he felt that it *was* imprudent.

"And what became of the brat?" coolly inquired his wife. "But I need not ask: doubtless it was a sickly child—pined for its mother, perhaps, and—*died*!"

There was a terrible meaning in her glance, as she pronounced the word *died*! The blood of the miserable man ran cold as he heard it—for it displayed in its true light the character of the fiend to whom he had linked his destiny.

"No, madam!" he exclaimed; "it did not die! Bad as the opinion you entertain of me is, I am incapable of taking the life of an infant!"

"Doubtless you contented yourself with abandoning it to the tender mercies of the world!" observed her ladyship, with a sneer; "to starve, or be bred up a thief, as accident might determine!"

"Neither one nor the other, Lady Mowbray!"

"Then you are a greater fool than even I imagined!" exclaimed his wife, impetuously. "Where is he?"

"Dead!"

"Dead?" she repeated, joyfully.

"Murdered!" continued the wretched man.

"Hush!" whispered the female fiend; "not so loud—such words should be breathed only in the ear of the dead!"

"I have nothing to fear!" continued her husband.

"You yourself heard the young fellow whom my brother's mad partiality designed for the hand of Ellen, relate the manner of his death. Walter Mowbray, whom the world so long considered my son, was in reality my nephew; as my heir he would, in the course of nature, have succeeded me in the title and estates; so that you see, after all, my crime has been less than you imagined!"

Lady Mowbray regarded him for some moments in silence; there was a smile of incredulity upon her lip. It was evident that she did not believe one word of the

story he had uttered. It is one of the characteristics of an evil nature never to give the world credit for being better than it had imagined it. Her husband read the thought which was passing in her mind, and, walking towards a cabinet at the opposite end of the room, opened and drew from it two papers bearing the seals and signatures of the British consul at Nice. One was a certificate of the death and burial of his first wife, who had died there; the other of their infant son. He placed the documents before her, and requested her to peruse them.

"Well, madam!" he said, after she had slowly perused them, and carefully examined the writing and official seals; "I trust you are convinced?"

"Not in the least!" replied the lady, coolly; "but I shall act as though I were. As for your secret, keep it—I have no wish to share it: those papers will answer my purpose."

"Is it possible that you still doubt?"

"A truce, colonel!" interrupted his wife. "I cannot push my complaisance any further than to appear to credit the statement you have made! I witnessed your surprise, when Henry Ashton first suggested the idea that Walter was the son of your late brother. But it will do!" she added, thoughtfully; "it will do! Armed with such proofs we may defy them!"

"On my nephew's account I am perfectly easy," replied her husband. "Our treatment of Ellen—the attempt made to force her into a marriage with Meeran Hafaz—"

"May be explained," said her ladyship; "at least we have the Chancellor in our favour. I have good reason to believe that he is most indignant at any one having presumed to withdraw her from the guardian which he had appointed, and insists, before he will hear any application on the subject, that she once more places herself under our authority. His lordship is a man of doubt and precedent," she added, with a smile, "and will only proceed according to rule. Ellen once more in our hands, we can make what terms we please with her friends."

Shortly after the above conversation, Mrs. Captain Herbert and Major Mottram were announced. It was the first meeting of mother and daughter since the death of Meeran Hafaz.

"Show Mrs. Herbert to my boudoir, and the major to the library," said her ladyship to the footman, who handed her the cards upon a salver; "I must speak seriously with Isabel," she mentally added; "this flirtation with Mottram is growing serious!"

So saying, she left the room to receive her daughter.

About half an hour afterwards a message was sent to the major, to say that Lady Mowbray being unwell, Mrs. Herbert would remain and pass the day with her. The gentleman immediately adjourned to the club, to meet his friend George Herbert.

"Isabel," said her mother, as soon as they were seated in the tastefully-arranged boudoir of the latter; "you know that I never object to a little harmless flirtation—it is the privilege of our sex, especially when married; but there is a point beyond which —"

"I know, mamma," interrupted her daughter, petulantly, "all that you would say about the world's opinion, George, duty, and the long list of moral et ceteras, which every one believes in, but few people observe; but spare me to-day, for I am really very, very unhappy!"

"What could you expect," replied the philosophic parent; "marrying a poor man?"

"It is not that. George is becoming so indifferent—so cold!"

Her ladyship shrugged her shoulders with something like an air of contempt.

"You have been married more than three months!" she observed.

"Well, mamma?"

"Love in that time," continued Lady Mowbray, "generally subsides into respect. True, I have known *la grande passion* last a year, or even more; but in your case, you ought not to expect it."

"And why not?" demanded the young wife.

"Because George has sacrificed a princely fortune on your account. Like all men, he is extremely selfish, and sure to regret it."

"But I love him!" said Isabel, bursting into tears; "devotedly, truly!"

Again her ladyship shrugged her shoulders; but this time there was an expression of incredulity in her air. She could not reconcile the declaration of her daughter's love for her husband and her flirtation with his friend, Major Mottram.

"And the major?" she said, with a smile.

"A dear, good fellow!" exclaimed her daughter; "and not at all the kind of person you imagine: he sees George's neglect, and sympathises with me. Our flirtation is only a little plot between us to make George jealous—nothing more."

"A dangerous game, Isabel—a dangerous game!" observed her mother, in a serious tone.

More than once during the day the young wife felt inclined to confide to her parent the project of her pretending to elope with the major, in order to test the affection of her husband; but the dread of her ladyship's satirical humour prevented her. Had she done so, Lady Mowbray's prudence would have taken the alarm, and the misery of her future life in all probability been prevented.

Isabel was full of hopeful confidence in the success of her stratagem: she fancied that within the last few days she had detected symptoms—unequivocal symptoms—of jealousy in the captain. Poor girl! how little did she know him: the heartless egotist was only acting!

Leaving Lady Mowbray and her daughter to their

tête-à-tête, we must accompany Major Mottram to his club, where he had gone in search of Captain Herbert. He found the ex-guardsman smoking a cigar in one of the conversation rooms.

"So soon back!" he observed, as his obliging friend made his appearance. "Anything occurred between you and Isabel?"

Although the question was carelessly asked, to a nice observer like the major, it was evident that the speaker attached considerable interest to the reply.

"She remains to dine with Lady Mowbray, who is ill."

"Humph!" ejaculated the captain; "if Isabel should be fool enough to tell her mother of the intended elopement, the affair is at an end: the artful woman would see through it in an instant! I don't know any other woman in town who could have hooked Mowbray as she has done. See here," he added, passing the *Morning Post* to his friend; "we have no time to lose."

The paragraph to which he pointed, was headed—"Approaching Marriage in High Life. We understand that the gallant General Bouchier, who is about to be united to the lovely and accomplished daughter and heiress of the rich Indian director, Sir Jasper Pepper, has taken a noble mansion in St. James's Square, which is being fitted up in the most superb style. Report estimates the fortune of the bride at above a million. The happy bridegroom himself is immensely rich. His marriage will make him one of the wealthiest commoners in England."

"This looks serious!" observed the major, laying down the paper; "do you think the affair too far advanced to permit him to retract?"

His friend assured him that he was perfectly satisfied on that point.

"And the lady?"

"Will not object to exchange an old husband for a young one!" replied the captain. "As for my uncle, the exchange will be a positive relief to him. I know that he detests the idea of marriage—he is so intensely selfish. I hate selfish men!"

The gravity with which this was uttered, slightly moved the risible muscles of Major Mottram, who had a keen perception of the ridiculous. It was finally arranged, that if Isabel could be persuaded, the pretended elopement should take place on the following evening.

"Do you think she will consent?" inquired her husband, with an anxious look.

"I have no doubt of it!" replied his confederate. "I have succeeded in exciting her imagination—painted to her your transports, and repentance for your past neglect, when we confess our little plot to reclaim you. Excite a woman's imagination," he added, "and you may persuade her to anything. Besides, she looks upon me as her sincere friend."

"You will write me the letter?"

"It is written," said the major, handing it to him. "I think that will do—you can glance it over; but my valet had better deliver it to you."

Herbert nodded assent.

"What do you think of it? The touch or conscience and remorse at having violated your hospitality and friendship was well put in!"

"Very!"

"There will be no mistaking the inference?"

"Impossible!" said the philosophic husband. "By heavens, Mottram, you are the best friend I ever had! Let's see—I am to overtake you, with my witnesses, the first stage on the Dover Road?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think," he added, carelessly, "that we had better fight? It will give a tone to the thing—the world will expect it of us; only you must act the generous," he added, in a confidential tone, "and fire in the air. I shouldn't like to run any risk. I know your reputation as a shot."

The last observation was adroitly put in. Major Mottram was an excellent shot—one who practised daily with his weapons, in order to achieve a reputation sufficient to deter any one from calling him out—for in heart he was a coward. Suspected, if not known as such, the opportunity of retrieving his character for courage by a sham duel, was too tempting to be resisted: he caught like a gudgeon at the bait.

"You need not be alarmed!" he said.

"I am not in the least!" answered the captain, with a smile; "my death would not only deprive you of your bet of twenty thousand pounds, but hamper you with a woman, whom you don't care a straw about! No—no!" he mentally added; "I am quite sure that Mottram will not shoot me!"

From the above conversation, it was evident that the reserve with which they had at first approached the subject—the veil which, under the mask of a bet, covered but did not conceal their mutual baseness—had long since disappeared; and they talked over the affair in the most business-like manner.

Herbert saw that his friend was beginning to reflect: probably some observation of his had struck him, and he had his own private reasons for diverting the current of his thoughts.

"You must not return to England," he said, "till after the divorce."

"Of course not!"

"And my second marriage."

"Make yourself perfectly easy on that score!" replied the major; "the probability is, that I shall never mix in society in England again."

Herbert thought so, too. But the reasons on which they had come to the conclusion were widely different.

At last the two worthies, after dining together, parted. The major to escort Isabel back to her cottage ornée at

Richmond, and Captain Herbert, as he said, to pass away a few hours at the opera. Although the theatre was crowded, and Catalani in magnificent voice, the music had lost its charm. Calling for a hackney-coach, he entered it, and directed the man to drive to an obscure alley in Holborn.

"Sixty-three, I believe," he said.

"Ay—ay, sir!" replied the driver; "I know it—shooting-gallery over the door!"

CHAPTER CXXII.

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me;
I wonder we ain't better company
On Tyburn tree. THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

GREAT and general was the sympathy felt in fashionable circles for the widowed Lady Mowbray, whose romantic adventures, sufferings, and wrongs were the theme of conversation in the drawing-rooms and salons of the metropolis. Many who had known her as the blooming wife of Sir William, were inexpressibly shocked at the ravages which grief, more than the hand of Time, had made in her once lovely features. The circle of which she had once been one of the brightest ornaments, had it been permitted, would have welcomed her return with pleasure, eager to atone for the involuntary wrong its former judgment had inflicted; but every attempt to woo her back to society was made in vain. True, the poisoned arrow which had so long rankled in her heart was withdrawn—but the wound remained. The only pleasure she appeared to experience, was in the society of our hero and Ellen. She would sit with them for hours, planning bright schemes for their future happiness. At times she almost forgot her own bereavements in the contemplation of their felicity.

Dr. Orme had consulted the most eminent members of the bar, as to the steps necessary to be pursued in order to establish his legal right of guardianship to the person of the orphan. All agreed that the first step must be to conform to the previous order of the Chancellor, and restore her to Colonel Mowbray. The next, to petition for a hearing of the case.

It was in vain that the worthy rector urged her uncle's will, and the infamous manner in which the trust had been abused. The gentlemen of the long robe shook their heads, and advised him to submit. They did not know the quiet but determined character of their client: who resolved, rather than Ellen should even for an hour return to the house of the colonel, to unite her in marriage himself with his adopted son, and send them both abroad till the majority of the heiress should release her from all future persecution on the subject.

"He can but imprison me for contempt!" argued the rector. "So that they are happy, I care but little what can happen to myself."

With this heroic resolution, on the morning of the day preceding the one on which Ellen and himself were to appear before the Chancellor, the speaker directed his steps towards Devonshire House, where the orphan and the widow of Sir William were both on a visit to the warm-hearted dowager. He had already made himself an especial favourite with her grace, and was determined to ask her opinion, before he definitely decided on the step he meditated.

He found the ladies in the drawing-room of the duchess, and Henry Ashton with them. Her son-in-law, the duke, who had lately come into possession of his immense estates and the accumulations of his minority, was a year or two older than our hero. Even royalty bowed to the prestige of his colossal fortune: he was a frequent guest at Carlton House, where play was carried on to a great extent. The garter which his grace ultimately obtained, would have been amply paid for, even though George IV. had given him the collar and jewel in diamonds.

Ellen involuntarily drew closer to the side of her lover, when she saw the expression of grief and disappointment in the face of Dr. Orme: instinctively she guessed the cause.

"Alas!" she murmured, "our trials are not over yet!"

"Have you seen the lawyers?" inquired the duchess.

"I have, your grace," replied the rector; "and although they entertain no doubt that the Chancellor will ultimately reverse his decree, and confirm the will of my lamented friend, appointing me the guardian of his niece, they are equally of opinion that for a few days, at least, she must submit to the authority of Colonel Mowbray."

"Not for an instant," said our hero, passionately, "shall Ellen be again exposed to the machinations of that bold, bad man, and his yet more artful wife—my heart would rather consume in its own impatience! Is this the boasted justice of England?" he added; "that their dearest rights must be violated to maintain an idle form—an empty dignity! The Chancellor must hear reason!"

"He will listen only to law and precedent," observed his aged friend; "every thought, action, and feeling of his life is regulated by them! The fixity of his ideas is only to be equalled by the obstinacy of his temper: he ought to have been chancellor to the Medes and Persians," he added, bitterly; "where the laws were as unchangeable as himself! I see but one way of avoiding the painful effect of his decree."

"There is a way, then?" exclaimed Henry Ashton, eagerly. "Bless you, my dear sir—bless you—for those few words: they have removed a weight of agony from my heart!"

The orphan looked towards the venerable rector, and smiled: the transition from terror to hope on her pale countenance was like a cloud passing from the face of nature, or a sunbeam suddenly falling on a gloomy picture. Little did she divine the means proposed. His explanation

covered her cheeks with blue hes, and added a fresh charm to her beauty.

"Ellen," said the old man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I am sure you will not for an instant suppose me capable of giving the sanction of my character and sacred office to a step which propriety or female delicacy opposed. It is impossible that you should return to the protection of Colonel Mowbray. I feel that every risk ought to be encountered rather than that! Give Henry, then, a husband's right to protect you—I will myself perform the ceremony. Lady Mowbray and the duchess will no doubt sanction it with their presence. The instant it is concluded," he added, "you must both start for the continent, and remain abroad till of age—when the authority of the Chancellor will cease."

The instant our hero heard the word "marriage," he fell upon his knees, and passionately and eloquently implored the orphan to listen to the counsel of her guardian—confirm his happiness, and place a barrier between it and the plottings of her uncle and the unprincipled woman who bore his name.

Poor Ellen was bewildered: her heart secretly responded to his prayer; but that instinctive delicacy which is the best safeguard of the sex, whispered to her that the world might condemn her precipitation.

"No—no!" she murmured; "it is not thus we ought to unite our destiny!"

The appeal of her lover became more earnest. He promised to be all that a devoted affection and gratitude for the sacrifice could inspire; painted in colours vivid and terrible the character of Colonel Mowbray and his lady—whose past conduct proved how little scrupulous they would prove for the future.

It is hard—very hard—to resist the prayers of those we love, especially when the pleadings of our own heart second the supplications. Ellen turned towards her aunt, and, hiding her blushes in her arms, whispered:

"Decide for me—I cannot speak!"

"I must decide for you," said the duchess, smiling; "the resource which the rector proposes is a resource—but it must be the last! Do not interrupt me," she added, turning to our hero, who looked at her reproachfully. "I know beforehand all that you can say—all that you would urge—but I repeat my opinion: if this hasty marriage can be avoided, it ought to be. We are not now in Italy, but in sober, proper England—where Ellen, from her name and fortune, must one day hold no undistinguished place in society: let us respect even its prejudices—harsh as they may seem, they are sometimes the safeguard to virtue."

"Duchess—duchess!" exclaimed Henry Ashton, "you have destroyed my happiness!"

"Not so," replied her grace, good-humouredly; "perhaps I have only postponed it! Patience is a quality which your sex so seldom exercise voluntarily, that it does them a positive service to impose it. Remember, I do not positively disapprove of this hasty marriage; I only say that it must not take place till every other means have failed; but Lady Mowbray has not yet tried what her influence can do to serve you!"

"My influence," repeated the widow, with a sigh; "alas! what can my influence effect?"

"Much," answered her grace, "if you choose to exert it. Previous to your marriage, you were lady of honour to her majesty?"

"True."

"Who, since your return to England, and the exposure of the infamous plot of which you were the victim, has graciously expressed not only her sympathy but willingness to receive you. I will accompany you to Buckingham House," added the speaker, "demand an audience—which, as a peeress of England, I am entitled to—present you to her majesty—solicit her interference—private, of course—with this odious Chancellor. Should she graciously promise it, rely upon it his lordship, with all his slavish love of precedent, law, and etiquette, will not venture to refuse her request."

"But should her majesty refuse?"

"In that case," replied the duchess, "I will use what little influence I possess over the mind of my young friend to accede to the project of the rector."

It required all the strong affection which Lady Mowbray felt for her orphan niece, and the interest she entertained for the happiness of Henry Ashton, to reconcile her to the extraordinary step of appearing once more in the presence of majesty. Her long seclusion from the world had made her both timid and nervous. She at last, however, assented—to the satisfaction of our hero, who, despite his ardent passion for Ellen, and natural impatience to call her his, was yet too generous and right-minded not to see the propriety of the alternative which the duchess proposed.

The rector and his adopted son shortly after took their leave; but not till the latter had whispered in the ear of the blushing girl his thanks for the implied promise she had given of accepting his hand at once, should circumstances render such a step necessary, to avoid the hated authority of her unnatural relative.

At the period of which we write, the unpopularity of the Prince Regent was at its height. The heartless egotist had disgusted the moral, and, we may add, the national feeling of England, by his unmanly persecution of his unhappy wife. The aged queen, his mother, shared in the odium, from the decided part she had taken against her daughter-in-law.

Charlotte of Mecklenburg, queen of George III., was one of those persons whose virtues and vices were of a negative, rather than a positive character. During the time she occupied the throne, the court became purified from the gross immoralities which disgraced the two previous reigns. It is a well-known fact, that she refused to receive the Margravine of Anspach at the drawing-room, although requested to do so by the king—on

the suspicion of that lady having, whilst Lady Craven, lived with his serene highness as his mistress. Parliament, on the declared insanity of her husband, appointed her to the guardianship of his person; and, to her credit be it spoken, she seldom or ever interfered in politics. Her chief pleasure was to save money, which she regularly remitted to her poor relations in Germany. By the nobility of England she was respected, but not liked; by the people her majesty was both respected and hated.

"There has been a drawing-room to-day, I perceive," observed Dr. Orme to our hero, as he passed down Constitution Hill, after leaving Devonshire House; "see how the park is thronged."

At any other time his companion would have been amused at the crowd of splendid equipages and groups of pedestrians assembled in the park. Many of the latter expressed their disapproval of the policy of the government of the day in no very measured terms, and hissed or applauded the various political personages as they passed, according to their adherence or opposition to the measures of the cabinet. Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh came in for the most virulent demonstrations of public feeling. The former bore it with easy indifference, scarcely appearing to notice it; the latter, less master of his feelings, perhaps, with anger and ill-disguised contempt.

The garden-gate of St. James's opened, and a party of the yeomen of the guard appeared, bearing a sedan-chair, surmounted by the crown. It was followed by the gentlemen of the household of her majesty, who was returning from the drawing-room to Buckingham House: not the paltry gawgaw of the present day—but the plain, old-fashioned brick building, which George III. purchased as a residence for his queen, and afterwards sold to the nation—making a profit of thirty thousand pounds by the transaction.

There was a cry of "The queen—the queen!" from the mob, many of whom began to hiss, and press round the chair.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the rector, "it is her majesty! See, the people are insulting her!"

"Hoo, snuffly! who killed the princess?" roared several of the most daring of the crowd—for an idea generally prevailed amongst the lower orders, that the lamented heiress of the crown had been poisoned, and that her grandmother was no stranger to the transaction.

The mob are generally most credulous where the horrible and improbable are concerned. There are few things too monstrous for their gullibility to swallow.

A stone was thrown, which struck the gilded crown on the top of the sedan-chair. There were one or two cries of "Shame—shame!" from the few respectable persons who were present; but their protestations against the outrage were drowned in the storm of yells and hisses which followed.

No sooner did Henry Ashton perceive that the queen was really in danger, than he left the side of his companion, and made his way through the dense crowd, which began seriously to impede the progress of the bearers. By dint of great exertion, he reached the side of the chair: as he did so, a second stone struck him upon the temple, and inflicted a cut not sufficiently deep to deprive him of his senses or self-possession, although it caused the blood to trickle down his indignant, animated features.

"Shame!" he said. "I blush to believe that you are Englishmen! Is this the way you treat an illustrious, aged lady, whose life has been a pattern to the mothers and daughters of England?"

"Listen to the aristocrat!" cried one.

"Down with him!" roared several others.

To the astonishment of the mob, the yeomen of the guard, who were carrying the sedan, stopped—and her majesty, letting down the glass, showed herself to them distinctly. Her countenance was pale, but firm: it was perhaps the only occasion, during her long life, on which Queen Charlotte displayed both courage and dignity.

"Why do you insult me?" she demanded. "I am more than seventy years old, and for upwards of fifty years have been Queen of England! What action of my life has merited such treatment?"

Again the cry of "Shame!" was renewed. The few respectable persons present, taking courage from the firm tone of the aged speaker, began to gather round the chair.

A cry was raised that the Guards were coming, and the most violent of the mob, as is usual with them in such cases, immediately took to their heels.

Many noblemen, officers, and gentlemen returning from the drawing-room, alighted from their carriages, and, drawing their swords, joined themselves to the escort of her majesty, whom they accompanied to Buckingham House.

We can assure our readers that the outrage we have described is not the mere imagination of the writer: it really occurred on the occasion and in the manner narrated. We have given the words of Queen Charlotte literally, without exaggeration or addition.

On alighting from her chair, her majesty returned her thanks to those who had voluntarily formed themselves into an escort for her protection, and, taking the arm of her vice-chamberlain, who was in waiting to receive her, began slowly to ascend the great staircase; when, suddenly recollecting herself, she stopped, and directed one of the officers of her household to ask the name of her defender, and express a hope on her behalf that he was not seriously hurt.

"My name is Henry Ashton," replied our hero.

"A gentlemen?" demanded the messenger—who, like most of the attendants of the old queen, was a German.

The reply was made by giving the querist his card, on

which—in addition to his name, "*Attaché to the British Legation at Naples*" was written.

"Ah! very well!" exclaimed the officer, after slowly reading it; "I am glad you do not peloug to de horrid peoples! Mine Got! to tink dey should insult a queen, and not shoot dem—rascal traitors!"

Henry was too little of a courtier and too much of an Englishman to coincide with the surprise of the speaker: he therefore bade him good morning, and returned to the park, to seek for the worthy rector, whom he fortunately encountered close to the palace.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "you are hurt!"

"A scratch—I scarcely feel it! Nothing more, believe me!"

"How did it occur?"

His *protégé* related everything that had taken place. The rector thought the affair of sufficient importance to be instantly communicated to the duchess—who, with that ready tact which distinguished her, saw in an instant how it might be turned to the advantage of the lovers.

No sooner did the Prince Regent hear of the outrage which had been offered to his mother, than he commanded a strong detachment of the Foot Guards to take up their quarters at Buckingham House, where many of the ministers and nobility called to express their indignation and abhorrence at the insult offered to the wife of their sovereign. Amongst the latter, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Mowbray. From the high rank of the former, they were at once admitted to the presence of her majesty.

"Ah, Lady Mowbray!" said the queen; "we are happy once more to see you, and assure you of our sympathy at your unmerited sufferings! Should we live to hold another drawing-room," she added, "it will afford us pleasure, by seeing you publicly, to express our feelings towards you!"

Although the august speaker listened with patience to the tale of the duchess—for she was a great lover of gossip—she was too much ruffled with the adventure of the day to promise the slightest interference on behalf of the lovers.

"I can do nothing," she said, relapsing into her usual broken English—which she did when her style became conversational, or she was very much out of temper. "My Lord Liverpool has just left me, and he says that government can do nothing—absolutely nothing—unless dey catch de ruffian dat threw de stones at my chair!"

"Perhaps the lover of Miss De Vere," observed her grace, "can point out the man."

"Who?" demanded her majesty, sharply.

"The lover of Miss De Vere," repeated the duchess; "the gentleman who had the happiness of being of some slight service to your majesty, and was wounded by one of the mob!"

"His name, duchess—his name?"

"Mr. Henry Ashton!"

"Ah, yes! dat is his name!" replied the aged queen; "and he, you say, is de young gentleman you speak of! Well—well! he shall find dat I am not ungrateful: I will speak to de Lord Chancellor!"

At this moment a page entered the royal closet to announce that the first law officer of the crown had arrived at Buckingham House, and requested permission to offer his respects to her majesty.

"I will see him in de green drawing-room. Remain here, duchess," she added, as she rose from her seat to leave the apartment; "I will not detain you long."

Contrary to her promise, nearly an hour elapsed before her majesty made her re-appearance. When she did so, both the ladies observed that her countenance was red with anger: knowing the obstinacy of the Chancellor, they feared that even her intercession had failed to shake his resolution—they were mistaken: with all his firmness, Queen Charlotte was the more obstinate of the two.

"Has your majesty succeeded?" anxiously and respectfully inquired Lady Mowbray.

"Succeed! humph!" muttered the queen; "de Chancellor is as *stupid* as my Lord Liverpool! He talk of contempt of Chancery—precedent! And when I ask for punishment for de man who insult me, he shrug his shoulders, and say: 'Government can do nothing but what de laws permit!'"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the duchess—who, with infinite tact, displayed more indignation at the indifference, as she expressed it, of the great law officer of the crown to the outrage offered to her majesty, than anxiety on the subject of her request.

"It is true," continued the aged speaker; "but I did not forget your friends. You may tell de gentleman, from me, not to fear. Your niece," she added, addressing Lady Mowbray, "will not return to her bad uncle!"

The widow of Sir William knelt and kissed the withered hand graciously extended towards her.

"You may tank me," resumed the queen; "for I had to be *fery* sharp with him! It was not till I threatened to give de young lady an appointment in my household—which I know he want for Lady Munton—dat he promise me. De best ting he could do!" added the august speaker, with a smile; "for, once in my service, even my Lord Eldon would pause before he venture to take her from my protection. Dere is no precedent for it!"

Here she laughed heartily at the idea of having checkmated the Chancellor at his own game of precedent and authority.

On the following morning, when Ellen, accompanied by her grace, Dr. Orme, and our hero, appeared before his lordship, to the surprise of the court and mortification of Colonel Mowbray, instead of ordering, as a preliminary, that the heiress should purge herself of the contempt she had incurred, and return to the guardianship of her uncle, he entered at once into the merits of the case. Never had he

been known to take so little time in coming to a decision. It was, that—for the present at least—the orphan was to remain under the joint guardianship of the rector and the Dowager Lady Mowbray: both of whom, by the terms of the decree, were prohibited from giving their consent to the marriage of their ward, until the validity of the will of the late baronet had been decided in a court of law—or his sanction to such an arrangement should be obtained.

All but Henry and Colonel Mowbray were delighted at the decision. The former saw the bliss he anticipated suddenly postponed to an indefinite period—months—perhaps years; the latter foresaw the exposure and shame which awaited him at the trial of the cause.

"Could I obtain that fatal letter to the Abbate Lucas," he thought, as he left the court, "I might defy them still!"

CHAPTER CXXIII.

There is no friendship 'twixt dishonest minds.

OLD PLAY.

DESPITE the warnings of her more experienced mother, Mrs. George Herbert had not abandoned the idea of exciting the jealousy of her husband, and testing his affection towards her, by pretending to elope with his friend Major Mottram, whose manner and conversation were so kind, yet passionless, that the imprudent wife placed the most unlimited faith in his friendship and honour. Had the word "love" once escaped his lips, she would have taken the alarm. But no; the cold-blooded, calculating man of the world was too careful to endanger the success of a scheme which was to put twenty thousand pounds into his pocket.

The fact was that Isabel, like many a young wife and girl, was the victim of her own imagination. Romance had painted to her the alarm and agony of her repentant husband. How delightful it would be to see him once more at her feet; listen to his vows of affection, his protestations for the future, and to confess the little episode she and the major had invented to reclaim him.

Still her heart failed her when the hour arrived to put the plan of the major into execution. Something whispered to her that she was risking her future happiness, and treading upon dangerous ground. Had her adviser displayed the least impatience or disappointment, even at the last moment she had been saved.

On the contrary, he merely laughed at her irresolution; and observed how Herbert would rally her on his return.

"What!" said his dupe, "have you sent the letter?"

"Of course I have, my dear Mrs. Herbert," was the reply; "a most eloquent one, in which I inform him that, moved by the deep interest I feel in your happiness, and shocked at his unworthy conduct towards you, I have prevailed upon you to exchange the protection of his roof for that of mine."

The last consideration decided her. The idea of her feelings being made the sport of her husband, on his return, should he find that she had failed to put her resolution into practice, was galling to her pride—and she entered the carriage with her friend.

"You are sure George will know where to overtake us?" she said.

"Certain; I gave my valet every instruction," answered the gentleman; "he cannot miss us!"

"He will be terribly angry!" added the lady, who began to feel a vague sense of the imprudence of the step she had taken.

"At first, doubtless!" replied the major, carelessly; as if he felt the most assured conviction that all would end as she imagined; "but the warning, when he learns the truth, will not be lost!"

"Heaven grant it!" sighed the unhappy wife.

"And you must forgive him!" continued the artful villain, who had so cleverly plotted, as he fancied, to destroy the happiness and reputation of a defenceless woman—and for what? For gold—for the means of gratifying his luxurious tastes and habits; plotted it coldly and remorselessly. Unfortunately there are but too many such men in the world.

"Oh, yes!" replied Isabel, with a faint smile; "I will forgive him!"

"But not too soon—try him a little first!"

During this time the carriage continued to roll towards London.

George Herbert was seated in the club-room of the Guards, chatting with several of the officers, when a letter was put into his hands: he read it, and tried to turn pale. It was the one written by Mottram, but very differently worded from the description he had given to his victim: such a letter might not have answered their purpose.

It commenced by declaring, in the most unmistakable language, that, having wronged his friend Captain Herbert in the tenderest part, he could no longer accept his hospitality, and concluded by an announcement that he had withdrawn Mrs. Herbert from his protection.

"Anything the matter, George?" demanded one of the group with whom he had been conversing.

The bereaved husband groaned, and kept up his assumed despair so far as to strike his forehead with his clenched hand. The Guardsmen were astonished: such a circumstance as any display of feeling was most unusual amongst them.

"Poor fellow," whispered one, "he is mad!"

"Or his uncle married!" added a second.

"Read, Ilford—read!" exclaimed the captain, throwing himself into a seat. "I am distracted—advise me how to act!"

"Shoot the fellow, of course!" drawled the young nobleman to whom the appeal was made. "An impertinent scoundrel—a fellow from the line—to take such a freedom with one of our regiment! If you require a friend," he added, "dispose of me!"

Herbert pressed his hand.

"We must pursue the fellow at once!" added his lordship.

"Instantly!"

"What route do you imagine he has taken?"

"To Dover, doubtless!"

An hour later, Captain Herbert, accompanied by Lord Ilford and the honourable Cornet Graham, drove from the club-house of the Guards, in the travelling carriage of the peer, as fast as four post-horses could convey them. The window of the reading-room was crowded with Guardsmen to watch their departure.

"What is up?" coolly inquired one of the gentlemen.

"A bet?" demanded another.

"That fellow Mottram," replied one who was better informed than the rest, "has run away with Herbert's wife. A sad affair, after the ridiculous sacrifice he made, too, in marrying her: cost him his uncle's fortune, and compelled him to sell out."

Several present thought it quite as well that he had sold out.

"I am not in the least surprised," observed a lieutenant-colonel of the Blues, who was present. "What can be expected of men who associate with persons from the line?"

"Of course Herbert will shoot him?"

"Possibly!" observed the first speaker; "and yet, after all, it is but the choice of two evils: it will be almost as ridiculous to shoot the fellow as to let it alone."

Here the conversation dropped; the subject was exhausted: the Guards never approving of anything which created a sensation.

"By Jupiter!" observed Major Mottram, looking from the back window of the carriage, as it rolled along the high and pleasant road to Dover; "but George is on our track!"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Isabel, who began bitterly to regret the step she had taken.

"Shall we proceed?"

"No—no! stop here at once, and explain all!"

"You must permit me to do that," replied the major; "a few words will pacify your husband's anger, and I shall bring him repentant to your feet."

Calling to the postillions, he directed them to draw up by the side of the road: the fellows looked surprised. They expected, on the contrary, to have been directed to proceed at their quickest pace.

"A rum cove, that, Jem!" whispered one.

"Pluck to the backbone!" said the other.

The carriage, with the pursuing party, at last drove up, and stopped within a few paces of the major's. True to the character he had undertaken, he advanced with a bold front towards Captain Herbert, whose countenance appeared distorted with passion.

"Pon my soul," thought his confederate, "but he does it admirably! I never gave him credit before for being such a capital actor!"

"I guess your purpose, Captain Herbert," he said, aloud; "and will not disappoint you! We had better withdraw to some more retired spot: there is a lady in the carriage, whose feelings we would both spare."

"Major Mottram will address himself to me!" hissed his lordship. "I act in this affair as the friend of Captain Herbert."

The preliminaries were soon arranged. The case of pistols was removed from the carriage of the speaker, and the entire party directed their steps towards a little wood at the end of a field by the road-side. It was settled that the honourable Cornet Graham, who in years was a mere boy, should act as second to Mottram.

The seconds examined the pistols.

"Of course you will hit him?" whispered Lord Ilford to the captain, who had already taken his ground.

"I'll try!" was the answer, accompanied by a bitter smile.

"Are you quite ready, Mottram?" demanded Graham, with an air of the most business-like importance.

"Quite!" replied the major, confident in the arrangement between himself and Herbert. "It is not my intention to fire," he added. "Poor George! I have wronged him sufficiently already!"

"Very proper, major!"

"I shall stand and receive his fire as long as he wishes," continued the coward, who rejoiced in the opportunity of securely acting the man of courage. "If I fall, I can trust to your gallantry that no insult shall be offered to the lady!"

"Certainly not. Ilford or I will take care of her."

Isabel no sooner saw the gentlemen quit the highroad, and direct their way over the fields, than her courage failed her. All the consequences of the imprudent step she had taken rushed upon her mind. Instead of seeing her husband penitent, as she anticipated, at her feet, he was engaged in a duel with his best friend—for such she still considered the major.

Springing from the carriage, she hastened to follow them, determined to explain everything, and endure the just ridicule and anger of her husband for her share in the transaction.

"George—George!" she exclaimed, as she approached the ground where the gentlemen—each confident in the result—stood awaiting the signal to fire; "only hear me!"

He did hear her, and looked immediately towards his lordship, who—with his handkerchief in his hand, ready to give the signal—stood equidistant from himself and Mottram.

"I can explain everything!" shrieked the agonised wife.

"Too late!" thought the major, with a triumphant smile.

"Too late!" mentally repeated her husband. The signal was given, and both parties fired. Mottram—as he

had promised—in the air; but somehow or other—~~was~~ *presume accidentally*—the bullet of Captain Herbert whistled through the brain of his confederate—that busy brain which had so lately plotted the misery of a fellow-creature.

"Is he dead?" demanded the successful duellist of Cornet Graham, who looked very pale. Poor fellow! it was his first affair of honour!

"Quite dead!" he replied.

"Then I am satisfied."

"George! what have you done?" demanded his wife, who, pale and breathless, approached the spot. "Murdered your best friend!"

The captain coolly bowed, and, taking the arm of his second, left the ground.

Then it was that all the horror of her position broke upon the mind of Isabel.

(To be continued in our next.)

GIVE ME THE NIGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

GIVE me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!
When the stars in the heavens are glittering bright;
When the flowers are asleep on their pillow of leaves,
And no murmur is near, save the sigh the heart heaves:
When the spirit of tenderness hallows each scene,
And Memory turns fondly to days that have been,
When the valley's sweet waters reflect the moonlight,—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

GIVE me the Night, be it starless and long,
When the gay hall is sounding with music and song,—
When the genius of poetry breathes her deep power!
And, oh! Love itself is more lovely that hour,—
When the dark curls of beauty more gracefully shine,
And the eyes bright by day are at evening divine!—
When all is enchantment that blesses the sight;—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THERE must be truth in the assertion that we all must die—for Madame la Comtesse De Lagny is dead at last—and certainly if there had been an exception to the rule it would have been made in her favour. She herself was wont to declare, till the very hour of her death, that she saw no reason, because everybody had been called away, that everybody should be summoned—and so went on amusing herself, laughing and meandering to the very end. She was ninety-six, and yet stood in her shop till within a few hours of her decease—for Madame la Comtesse De Lagny, after ninety-six years' experience of the world's bitterness, declared there was no state like that of a small *boutiquier* for insouciance and real enjoyment of liberty and happiness. She loved to tell her story to her customers. It is one of the most curious ever played out by any of the poor players summoned to act their part on the world's stage.

In her youth she was called *la belle marinière*, from the father's trade—that of salt merchant to the royal household. You will find her name sung by the very first poets of the day, and can behold her portrait at Versailles in the famous picture *Etats Généraux*. Notwithstanding her beauty, which brought her many lovers, she remained unwedded until past the usual age. She loved her independence, and looked forward to the prospect of keeping the salt shop, as the greatest happiness fate had power to bestow.

She was one day standing at the door of the shop, when a rush of people flying in all directions alarmed her so much as to cause her to close the shutters immediately, and while she was on the outside, a charge of cavalry passed by at full gallop, cutting away at the crowd right and left, without mercy. It was the Prince de Lambesc; at the head of his regiment of Royal Allemand, pursuing the harmless promenaders, and unconsciously commencing the great French revolution!

The *belle marinière* fled back into the shop, barred and bolted it within, and then discovered a stranger lying upon the blocks of salt with which the place was filled, bleeding in torrents from a wound in his head. It was a young officer of Lambesc's regiment, who had fallen from his horse just at the threshold, having been beaten down by an iron bar from the hand of the blacksmith next door. The *belle marinière* was wise enough not to seek assistance—she nursed the young man in secrecy, and hid him through all the storms and threats which the suspicion of concealment created amongst her neighbours.

She married him some years afterwards, and shone as the most devoted and high-souled amongst the *émigrées* at Brunswick. At the Restoration she was installed in the estates of the family, and when her husband died she gave them up to his brother's child. The civil list of Charles X. was providing for her in comfort, sufficient for her modest pretensions, which never sought anything beyond the happiness of others, when the Revolution of 1830 left her without the means of living; and old as she was, she obtained no help from those who had surrounded her in prosperity.

So, finding she was not expected to maintain any aristocratic rank, she turned once more to her old associations, and again returned to her salt-shop, where she succeeded so well that she lived in affluence for the last twenty years, and has left a small and comfortable fortune to her husband's grand nephew, whose property has been completely dilapidated by political vicissitudes.



[THE ENCAMPMENT ON CHOBHAM COMMON.]

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

EXACTLY half a century ago, King George III. used to "drop in" upon the camp at Chobham, in a quiet way, just to see how things were going on. His visit did not create much commotion, for the men were accustomed to his homely ways; and, it must be confessed, rather liked the fatherly-looking old king. Sometimes he was accompanied by Queen Charlotte or one of his corpulent sons, but never by the Prince of Wales or one of his ministers.

On review days, Pitt stole a day from the toils of business, and showed his haggard countenance on the common. Sometimes Fox and Sheridan, in the train of the prince, were there, and, it may safely be assumed, were not particular at what mess they discussed the merits of a bottle of wine; and it is even said—at least so saith the babbling dame, Tradition—that staid Quaker, Gurney, would sometimes be seen on one of the eminences that surround the common, looking down upon the proceedings below with grim delight. But the most frequent visitors to the camp were fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. They were sunburnt, dusty, and fatigued; for they had walked all the way from London, and some of them had come even from the midland and northern counties. Their errand was sanctified by love—for, as in those stirring days the artillery of Napoleon incessantly roared throughout Europe, those they came to see they might never see more.

The camp was composed chiefly of recruits and militiamen. The latter, harassed by long marches, were brought to Chobham to be drilled into a laudable desire to enlist into one of his majesty's regiments of the line. The press-gang recruited the navy, the militia the army. And whenever a regiment left Chobham, it was for the majority a farewell to England and home: therefore was it that the embraces and partings on that common, half a century ago, were peculiarly sad and tearful.

How different is the aspect of this day. Then England was engaged in one of the most stupendous contests in which a country was ever involved. Single-handed she fought with the Colossus of modern times, with the resources in men and material of all Europe at his command. But England had the empire of the sea. That alone rendered her invincible, and able to pour small armies on points where she considered Napoleon was the most vulnerable. So that as George III., and the princes of the royal blood, and the ministers, and celebrities, and pale-faced fathers, and sobbing mothers, passed through the camp of Chobham, in 1803, they saw before them, and cheered and coaxed, the men who were to go forth to perish amid the swamps of Holland, and die on the burning plains of India, shiver amid the snows of America, and in Spain and Portugal teach the French that the descendants of the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt had still hearts that could beat wildly to the hot thrill of battle, and eyes that could kindle, and muscles that hardened when the trumpeter sounded the charge. On sea and land England was gloriously represented by her sons. But it should never be forgotten that the "unreturning brave" of Corunna, Salamanca, Vittoria, Badajoz, San Sebastian, the Pyrenees, Toulouse, and Waterloo, were mostly young men, who had been dragged or coaxed from the plough-tail, through the agency of the ballot and the militia.

Happily for England and the world, this valiant spirit—the inheritance of a thousand years of national existence—still survives; and those living—alas! how few—who remember how George III. was delighted with his heavy Staffordshire Blues, his tall, muscular north-countrymen, his "bonnets of blue"—braw lads from the hills of Caledonia—and his mad-cap, cup and lass-loving Connaught Rangers, can earnestly affirm, that in man, discipline, and courage, the British army can still present a brilliant, undaunted front to the enemy. It has rather improved than degenerated, and this has been amply proved by rough, hard, and sanguinary service in India; and the material in its perfection may now be seen encamped on that same Chobham Common, which fifty years ago was visited only by the royal, noble, and wealthy, and those who were richer still—for they had hearts that throbbed for sons and brothers, and eyes unused to flow that did flow unabashed and unchecked amid the heather that surrounded that wild encampment.

After the lapse of fifty years, British troops are again encamped on Chobham Common. But what a difference between the periods! Then, all was warlike and rude; the times were savage and brutal. Now, peace has put forth her heavenly blossoms, and the song of industry rings through the world like a hymn pealed by immortal voices. The soul of man is richer, and has gained higher attributes. It soars loftier, and takes more sweeping flights. But, amid all the magnificence of peace, the hoarse murmur of war comes upon the senses like the mutterings of thunder broken by the between and far-off hills. War is still a necessity. It still engages the hopes and chivalry of the strongest and most lion-hearted men; and women, whose cheeks turn pale when the newspapers announce a victory in India or Burmah, look upon a soldier, with his squared shoulders, erect head, and disciplined audacity of manner, as the very type and model of a man. It will be so, until we have a new dispensation. It is natural that it should be so—for it is "only the brave who deserve the fair," so let us accept the institution as one we cannot do without, and regard it as a very excellent and useful portion of the machinery of society. The army keeps the peace, because it is able to enforce the observance of peace. Sentimentalists may exhort; but while they are exhorting, people are tearing each other to pieces; and in the *mêlée* stray bullets may find a way into the pious bosoms of peace-mongers.

War, then, open or disguised, in the present state of society cannot be avoided; and we think the crown and responsible executive of this country act wisely in endeavouring to make the British army as efficient as rigid discipline and experience of some of the vicissitudes of soldier-life can make it. All the continental powers accustom their troops to camp exercises, and miniature campaigns; and for the first time since famed Waterloo, England has followed their example. About ten thousand soldiers of all branches of the service are this summer encamped on Chobham Common—a rough, uneven plain, about four miles from the Chertsey station, on the London and South-Western Railway. They were marched into camp in one day, and about the same hour.

The force assembled comprises four regiments of Cavalry, three battalions of Guards, two brigades of Infantry, each comprising three regiments; one troop of Royal Horse Artillery, three batteries of Horse Artillery, a company of Sappers, and a Pontoon train. The cavalry is composed of the 1st Life Guards, the 6th Dragoon Guards, the

13th Light Dragoons, and the 17th Lancers, commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Colonel Henry Bentinck commands the battalions of Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards. Sir De Lacy Evans commands the 1st Infantry Brigade, which consists of the 38th, the 93rd, and the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Major-General Fane commands the 42nd, the 50th, and the 95th, forming the 2nd Infantry Brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel Bloomfield commands the Royal Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Vicars the Sappers and Miners, and Colonel H. D. Jones the Pontoon train. The entire division is under the command of Lord Seaton; Lieutenant-Colonel B. Wood being Assistant-Adjutant-General, and Colonel Torrens Assistant-Quartermaster-General. Thus it will be seen that a force has been brought together, completely appointed in all respects, more considerable in strength than has for many years been assembled in this country, and representing every arm of the service. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery will each have their efficiency and discipline tested, separately and in combination.

The line formed by the whole encampment is that of an extensive, irregular semicircle. The centre is occupied by the second infantry brigade, under Major-General Mildmay Fane, and consists of the 42nd Highlanders, and the 50th and 95th. The right centre is formed of the first infantry brigade, under the command of Major-General Sir De Lacy Evans, M. P., which is composed of the 38th, 93rd Highlanders, and the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. The left centre is formed of the brigade of the Guards, consisting of the 1st battalion or the Coldstreams, 1st battalion Scots Fusiliers—which, as the younger regiment, occupies the central position in the brigade—and 1st battalion of Grenadiers. Joining the flank of the right centre are the head-quarters. The right wing of the army consists at present exclusively of cavalry. The 1st Life Guards are posted on the extreme right, and next to them are the 13th Light Dragoons, then the 17th Lancers, and the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabiniers. The left wing is formed of one company of Sappers and Miners, one troop of Horse Artillery, and three batteries of Royal Artillery. The tents of the infantry are pitched by companies in columns six deep, and to the rear of these are the officers' and field officers' tents, canteens, kitchens, mess-rooms, and hospitals. In the arrangements of the cavalry, the stables—of which there is one for each troop—are placed three deep, and occupy the front; the men's tents, formed in column, are placed on the flanks of the stables. At the rear of the stables is a line of troop officers' tents; behind these, and in the centre of the row, are the two for the field officers, having upon each side those of the staff officers. The mess tents and kitchens are the rearmost. In the front of each regiment are advanced tents for the quarter-guard, and in the rear for the rear-guard, from which lines of sentries are thrown round each encampment.

To provide for such a vast body of men, besides a large contingent of camp followers brought together in a moment, taxed the resources of the commissariat department rather severely. As for the dwelling accommodation, of course it was only tents that could be provided; and on the 14th of June, Canvas Town—the name given to the encampment by the troops—rose on the common, just like a field of gigantic mushrooms, but in regular order. Our illustration was taken from one of the eminences that

surround the common, and afford spectators an admirable view of the military experiences of an army fit—as “the Duke” would have said—“to go anywhere and do anything.”

The soldiers had to assist themselves a good deal in their domestic arrangements, but the sappers and miners attended to their sanitary and culinary comforts.

They, with contingents from each regiment, prepared the ground for the purposes of an encampment. They sunk wells, formed reservoirs, erected stables, and made kitchens. These kitchens, constructed by them, are a decided improvement on the old form in use during the Peninsular war, and which some of the regiments, we observe, still practise. They economise fuel, and enable cooking to be carried on more quickly and in larger quantities; but, on the other hand, they are, perhaps, a little more troublesome to construct. The experience and practice of the camp mainly centered on this point—for, of course, when the men came on the ground, after their tents were up, the first thing requisite was to feed them. It must not be supposed that the culinary arts, as practised in the midst of war's alarms, are an uninteresting object of study. Anything more rude and accordant with campaigning it is hardly possible to conceive. A trench is dug, with a short mud chimney at one end; a fire is lighted at the other, and the top of the trench being covered over with turf, pots are stuck down into holes made for them in this covering to boil; this is the Sappers' mode. The earthen kitchen approved of by the existing regulations is a still rougher contrivance; and one's thoughts, in looking at either, naturally revert with satisfaction to sea-coal fires, ranges, ovens, hot-plates, and all the other appliances of modern gastronomy. The Artillery, like the Sappers, are obliged to be able to turn their hands to any sort of work more than the men of the line—and they have given excellent evidence of their expertness.

The dietary arrangements have been settled by the Commissariat Department, and those who may have some curiosity on the subject of a soldier's food, may derive some valuable information from their study. The following are the regulations:

BREAD AND MEAT.

Each soldier is to receive, as his daily allowance, one pound and a half of well-baked bread, of the quality known under the name of “seconds,” and three-quarters of a pound of good, sound, and wholesome meat (either ox or heifer beef, or wether or ewe mutton), for which ration of bread and meat, together, the soldier is chargeable with the cost price, not exceeding 6d. Servants, not being soldiers, in the proportion of two per troop or company, and washerwomen for each troop or company, in the proportion of one to every 20 men, are permitted to receive bread and meat at the cost price, payment for which is to be made by the regimental paymaster at every settlement to the contractor, or to such other person as may be appointed to receive it.

When biscuit or salt meat shall be issued, the daily ration is to consist of 1 lb. of biscuit and 1 lb. of salt meat.

FUEL.

Each soldier is to be allowed a daily ration of 3 lbs. of wood; and, to prevent unnecessary waste, it is to be delivered only for the effectives present on the field.

Servants and batmen, not being soldiers, in the proportion of two to each troop or company, and washerwomen for each troop or company, in the proportion of one to every 20 men, are permitted to draw a daily ration of 3 lbs. of wood. The sick in the regimental hospitals are to be allowed each two daily rations of 3 lbs., if required.

The colonel or commanding officer of a regiment is to be allowed eight daily rations of 3 lbs.; the field-officers, four daily rations each; the paymaster and surgeon each four; the adjutant, quartermaster, assistant-surgeon, and veterinary surgeon, each two; and the officers of each troop or company, eight rations for their own use and the supply of the sutler.

General officers are to draw what wood they may have occasion for, not exceeding 100 rations per day of 3 lbs. each for a general, 70 for a lieutenant-general, 50 for a major-general, and 40 for a brigadier-general.

Coals may be issued at the rate of 1 lb. for 1 lb. of wood, if wood cannot be procured, or if the encampment should be so located as to make it more economical to provide coals.

When coals are issued, camp grates are to be provided in the following proportions: Six for each troop or company. One, or two, if necessary, for the hospital, one for each field-officer in camp, and one for the officers of each troop or company.

Such coal-baskets as are indispensably necessary are also to be provided.

An allowance is to be made for the purpose of kindling fires of 1 lb. of small firewood, or four small turf-sods, for every 30 lbs. of coals issued.

The deliveries of bread, meat, and fuel are to be made at such times, and for such number of days together, as the officers commanding may direct.

STRAW.

Is to be allowed at the rate of one truss of 36 lbs. to each pallasse for two men, being a full bedding; at the expiration of 16 days to be refreshed with half a truss to each pallasse, and at the expiration of 32 days the whole is to be removed, and a fresh bedding of one truss is to be given, and so on every period of 16 and 32 days.

Thirty trusses per troop or company are allowed on first taking the field, for thatching the women's huts.

Regiments not having pallasses are allowed straw at the following rates:

On taking the field two trusses of 36 lbs. each to every five men, at the end of eight days to be refreshed by one truss, and at the end of eight days more to be refreshed again by the same quantity. At the end of 24 days the whole to be removed, and an entire new bedding to be given, and refreshed as before—viz., two trusses for every five men, &c.

Straw is to be allowed for the quarter and rear-guards in proportion to their strength, according to the regulation for men not having pallasses.

Two trusses per troop are to be allowed for batmen or servants, not being soldiers, and three trusses per troop or company for the washerwomen not having pallasses, to be renewed every 16 days.

For the sick in the regimental hospital the straw is to be changed as often as it may be deemed necessary.

The use of mats is recommended in preference to loose straw, and good old straw is the most suitable for mats, and, generally, for camp bedding.

Supposing from 12 to 14 men are placed in each tent, two trusses of 36 lbs. each for every five men, will give to each tent about 100, at 8 lbs. of straw. This will generally be found sufficient to make mats; but, if from the quality of the straw, or other causes, a larger supply in the first instance should be deemed indispensable for this purpose, it is left at the discretion of the officer commanding to direct that an additional quantity should be issued, provided the total quantity supplied for the 24 days does not exceed four trusses of 36 lbs. each for every five men—an allowance which is considered sufficient even during the prevalence of heavy rains; but if the weather should be fine and dry, a less quantity will be required.

Whether mats are used or not, straw not absolutely necessary for the comfort of the men ought not to be drawn, as it causes much litter in the camp.

FORAGE.

The ration is to consist of oats, hay, and straw, in such quantities as may from time to time be fixed by the Secretary at War, and is only to be issued from the magazines for the effective horses actually belonging to and standing at the pickets, or in the stables of the camp, according to returns to be signed upon honour by each individual officer, inserting in his own handwriting the number of effective horses he actually has in camp.

The general officers and staff are to draw forage (strictly upon honour) only for the effective horses they have with them in the field.

The rations for general officers, their aides-de-camp, and staff are not to exceed the number stated in the list annexed, nor for regiments of dragoons that are in list II. In regard to regiments of infantry, the mounted officers in camp receive the ration of forage in kind.

These instructions, or rather regulations, together with our pictorial embellishment, will materially assist our readers in forming a conception of what a camp really is. That it is not a paradise may readily be imagined; but at this season it is not attended with the discomforts that civilians would suppose were attached to camp life. The men declare themselves to be “as jolly as sand-boys;” and it has been remarked that a more orderly and sober set of men were never before collected together. The schoolmaster has been in the army, and heaven bless him for what he has done for it!

Every soldier is a reader, and the day we visited the camp we observed that the weekly newspapers were in active demand, and that the most attractive of the popular periodicals were eagerly sought after. This is extremely gratifying, and to confirm it as a valuable testimony to the good conduct and intelligence of the modern British soldier, we may mention, although perhaps it is unnecessary, that the office of the provost marshal is almost a sinecure.

The interlopers and light-fingered gentry cause him the only annoyances of a serious character to which he is subjected. The troops themselves are unexceptionable in conduct.

Of their appearance we cannot write in terms of too warm commendation. On the days when they are brought out for the purposes of reviews, surprises, sham battles, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, they are really brilliant. The number of soldiers assembled is certainly small, but the men are unsurpassed by any army in the world for size and strength, correct discipline, and material excellence of equipment. Should they ever be employed in actual service—which is extremely probable, for the affairs of the world are drawing to one of those climaxes which necessitate a terrible convulsion, a kind of thunderstorm in the mental and moral atmospheres—their valour, we are assured, and everybody is positive, that it will be as splendid, and their discipline as perfect, as that of the glorious little army which Wellington conducted in triumph and victory from Lisbon to Madrid, and from thence over the Pyrenees to the Bay of Biscay.

THE PARK GATE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERICK SOTLIE.

ABOUT twenty years since, Monsieur De Leutal was the owner of a fine mansion near Autenil. The fame of his hospitality and good dinners, and the brilliancy of his fêtes and entertainments, were proverbial, and drew together, in one common focus, the *élite* of the fashionable world. Monsieur De Leutal was a bachelor, and lived with his niece, who did the honours of his house.

Let it be our pleasant task, gentle reader, to introduce to your notice this extraordinary creature—a being so perfect, so ethereal, who appeared scarce to press the earth on which she moved. It is something very refreshing to meet with features such as we have never seen before, whose animated and excessive loveliness would make them appear constantly new; and a mind as yet unblunted

and unhackneyed, “like an intellectual kaleidoscope, ever changing, ever brilliant, and beautiful in every change.” She was about eighteen. There was in her manner a kindness and cordiality, united with perfect breeding, enhancing the effects of the latter, like a warm background throws out and gives a tone to the most finished picture. Few faces could better bear minute investigation. Above the middle size, she had all the dignity of height, without its awkwardness. Her features were small, and beautifully chiselled; her eyes were darkly and beautifully blue, and the long, dark fringes that shadowed them gave a Murillo softness to her cheek when she looked down. Her complexion would have been too brilliant, had it not changed as often as the “rose-clouds in an Italian sky.” It varied as though each passing thought reflected its shadow upon her face. Her mouth and teeth would have baffled the imagination of a painter, or the description of a poet; and her smile was bright,

Like some fair lake that the breeze is upon,

When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun!

How lovely she looked when she was singing! As Burke once elegantly expressed it, it gave one the idea of the spirit of music having hid itself in the ambush of a rose and sending out every note perfumed by its leaves.

Such, reader, was Emilie, the ward of Monsieur De Leutal. It was his intention to bestow upon her a rich dower—such as a princess might envy; and at his death she was to become heir to his immense wealth. But to this he had attached one condition: never to encourage the addresses of any suitor unknown to her uncle—and especially those of a military man. It was not that he entertained any prejudice against the profession, but he objected to military men as husbands; and especially in time of war. His late sister, the mother of Emilie, had bestowed her hand upon a colonel of the Imperial Guard, who, three months after his marriage, had fallen on the field of honour, while leading on his division to the charge at the memorable Battle of Aspern. His widow, some months after, died of a broken heart, while giving birth to Emilie, leaving the orphan to the guardianship of Monsieur De Leutal. And well did he perform his task. He devoted upon his ward as if she had been his own child, and determined that her future happiness should not be endangered or disturbed by the casualties of war.

Among the crowd of persons who assiduously frequented the chateau, and courted the society of Mlle. Emilie, was the Count De St. Clair—a gentleman of high lineage, of great intellect and information, who had already acquired a great degree of military reputation, and stood high in the estimation of the Emperor Napoleon.

It is not our purpose to give a minute description of the nature of the passion which the count entertained for this beautiful girl, nor the particulars of the early stage of their reciprocal affections. Let us proceed to relate the occurrence which is so intimately connected with the title of this tale.

One lovely morning, just before the break of day, in the sweet maiden time of the year—the gentle month of May. It was still dark. At one of the angles of the chateau a casement was open—a female stood before it: opposite that window, a few paces distant, was a chee-nut-tree, from the midst of whose wide-spreading foliage a gentleman was seen noiselessly descending, who had been conversing with the lady at the open casement, whose anxious glances followed him to the ground. On beholding him reach it in safety, she made him a tender sign of satisfaction. The count—for it was he—acknowledged the sweet token of adieu, and hastily retired amongst the labyrinth of shrubs and trees that surrounded the chateau. Emilie did not leave the window until she had suffered the necessary time to elapse to enable the count to reach the park gate—she then retired; but whether the hinges of the wicket had creaked on their pivots—whether the gate itself had been closed with less care than usual—or whether it was the cry of a human being, Emilie knew not; it was, however, certain that an unusual noise fell upon her ear: she hastily reopened her casement, and listened once more; but she heard nothing further to excite her alarm; and the deep silence that ensued calmed her apprehension.

The daylight dawned, and at length the hour of breakfast arrived. Emilie descended to the breakfast-parlour, to perform the honours of the table to her guardian and his numerous guests that were sojourning at the chateau; and, as usual, the conversation was gay and lively, the chief topic of discourse being the ball which was to take place that evening, to celebrate the birthday of Emilie.

Every one was prepared to be amiable and agreeable upon so interesting an occasion; when suddenly the gamekeeper, whose name was Raoul, without giving any notice, abruptly rushed into the room, giving vent to the violence of his feelings in loud and hasty exclamations:

“Oh, dear!—oh, dear!” cried he; “what have I found?—We are all done for! the country right and left will be laid waste! Oh, sir! the robbers have entered the park: whether they be Jacobins, Red Republicans, or Socialists, I know not!”

“Who has dared to trespass on my inclosures?” demanded M. De Leutal, interrupting the ejaculations of Raoul.

“Who has dared to enter your domain, sir?” repeated the gamekeeper.

“Yes! Who has dared?”

“Why, assassins—sir,—villains! republicans with false keys, that open the sally-port that leads into the forest!”

Emilie now perceived that her cheeks had lost all their bloom at this moment. But Raoul vociferated so lustily, that the attention of every one was directed towards him. Monsieur De Leutal again silenced him in the midst of

his lamentations, and demanded what had taken place to cause so extraordinary an ebullition of woe?

"Behold, sir!" ejaculated the terror-stricken gamekeeper, now almost driven to madness. "Behold what I have found!"

And with these words, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief, and cast upon the table before his master two fingers horribly mutilated.

Every person present drew back in unfeigned horror, while Emilie uttered a piercing shriek. But in a moment she recollected that her own happiness and that of her lover depended upon her prudence and self-possession. She accordingly succeeded in mastering her feelings. During the silence that took place, after the cry of horror that had escaped the lips of Emilie, at the sight of the mutilated fingers lying on the table, the gamekeeper had time to continue his clamorous narrative.

"Yes, sir," said Raoul, in a loud voice, "they were caught in the park gate, and what proves the thing was done by robbers, and that the rogues were numerous, is in the fact, that the spring wicket had only smashed the fingers—for they were afterwards taken off. It is not possible one man could have courage enough to operate in so terrible a manner upon himself."

Monsieur De Leutral examined the fingers with gloomy looks and deep attention; and then suddenly glancing round the room, without fixing his eyes upon any person in particular, he said, with a bitter smile:

"The skin of these mangled fingers is very white, and those nails are kept in too good order to be those of a robber."

Every one of these words fell like scorching drops of boiling lead upon the heart of Emilie. Her teeth chattered; she felt that her brain whirled, and that her eyes became dim. But the various opinions which M. De Leutral called forth from the guests created too much confusion to allow her emotions to be perceived. The indignation of his friends concealed the confusion of Emilie.

Presently, M. De Leutral having made a sort of half apology to his guests, demanded of Raoul if the traces of blood that were left afforded any particular ground of suspicion.

"Impossible!" replied the gardener; "they stop at the foot of the wicket."

"And you have discovered nothing more?" inquired Monsieur De Leutral. "Nothing that can put us upon the right scent—no fragment of a garment, no riding-whip, no key, or anything, in fine, which the wounded may have left?"

"No, sir,—no! I have found nothing," replied the gamekeeper; "but another fact, which proves that the villains were numerous, or, rather, there were more than one, is that the knife was wiped upon a piece of paper—a thing that no wounded man could think of doing. This is the paper I allude to."

"Give it to me!" cried his master, eagerly; and he anxiously seized upon the blood-stained paper which Raoul handed to him.

He examined it long and attentively; and during his investigation, while every one was silently gazing upon the host, Emilie could hear her heart beating in her breast. Suddenly her guardian raised his eyes towards her, and said, without exhibiting the most remote suspicion:

"If you examine this, you will think as I do. Here is the mark where the blade was wiped; and the trace clearly proves that the amputation was performed with a flat poignard, and not with a knife!"

"Exactly what it is!" shouted Raoul. "Those brigands always carry poignards! The villains—the ruffians—the murderers!"

M. De Leutral ordered the gamekeeper to leave the room, while Emilie took the paper and mechanically passed it to her right-hand neighbour, so soon as she had glanced cursorily over it. That person scrutinised it with the utmost curiosity, and against awoke the slumbering terrors of the wretched Emilie, by saying:

"Yes, there is something written beneath the blood."

"Let me see it!" exclaimed M. De L., his eyes flashing fire, and his voice almost choked with emotion.

The paper was passed to him once more, and, after a great deal of difficulty, he gradually deciphered these words: "M. De Leutral and Mdlle. Emilie have the honour to invite —"

He stopped—the paper was torn just there. The syllables of this phrase, thus seen, sounded like the call of death in the ears of Emilie. M. De Leutral crushed the paper in his hands with terrible violence, and now, for the first time giving vent to the tempest that raged within him, he addressed his ward in an angry tone, and said:

"Tis well—this evening we shall see which of our guests will be missing!"

He hastily left the room, followed by his friends, in a state of moody and suspicious silence. Emilie remained alone, and was now, for the first time, enabled to examine the terrible object of accusation. She gazed upon it—and so well is each beautiful feature of a lover registered in the tablet of his mistress's memory, that she recognised and secured the sad relic.

The devotion of the noble count to the welfare and honour of his mistress—to mutilate himself—was terrible! But that which he subsequently did was far more chivalrous still.

It were impossible to depict the misery—the agony—the despair that rent the bosom of Emilie throughout that unhappy day! Years—long years of woe, were outdone by that single day of bitterness—of reckless prospect, and of unutterable distress! A vain hope—ever attendant upon those cases where the result of misfortune is not yet known—occasionally penetrated to her wounded soul. The sense of her duties, and the necessity of attending to her domestic avocations, also came to her assistance; and she thus partially soothed her agitated mind.

In the evening she appeared in the ball-room, resplendent and calm! In proportion as the hour of danger advanced, she felt that she gradually became more tranquil. Instead of suffering her misfortune to gain upon her step by step, she calculated its full extent in her imagination. She knew the lapse of a few minutes would decide her fate; for she was thoroughly convinced that her guardian would never be induced to forgive her disobedience: she must give up all hopes of a dowry—and she was prepared for so great a sacrifice.

The entertainment commenced, and the guests arrived in crowds. M. De Leutral—stationed at a little distance from the door—affected to receive them with a degree of politeness which permitted him to count and examine all who passed him.

The hour advanced, and the count did not make his appearance; a few other fashionables of the day were also late.

The festival continued, and some of the expected guests were still wanting, but they were only ladies and old men—not one on whom suspicion could fall, save the Count De St. Clair. Emilie was aware of this, and her uncle whispered in her ear, as she passed by the place where he was posted:

"The circle of my suspicions gradually becomes smaller: it now includes but three names, and already might I select one, and announce myself that the Count —"

At the moment when M. De Leutral was about to pronounce the fatal name, the ball-room door was thrown open, and a lackey announced the Count De St. Clair.

M. De Leutral and his niece were each so anxious to devour him with a look, that neither perceived the disorder which was pictured upon each other's countenance. But the appearance of the count excited far different sentiments in the breast of his entertainer: he came carelessly, with his opera-hat under his arm, playing with his shirt-frill with one hand, and dangling his watch-chain with the other—both being covered with irreproachable white kid gloves.

"Ah! it is not he, then!" thought the uncle and ward at the same moment.

"It is not he, then!" said the uncle to himself.

"It is not he who was wounded," thought Emilie.

Oh! from that moment how everything was changed in her eyes! The magnitude of the danger that menaced her was diminished—her lover was safe—and her agonies of soul were abrogated. These ideas raised her spirits to such a height, that had not her guardian been occupied in waiting for other guests who did not come, he would have read the truth in the joyous glances of his ward.

Several times, when the count passed near her, he spoke with that ease and elegance of which he was the model. The ball progressed, and our heroine was relieved from all her fears.

In the course of the evening, according to the custom of the times, the company proposed to dance a *Gavot*.

The most distinguished persons in the room were called upon to figure in this dance: so that the Count De St. Clair soon found himself placed as a *vis-à-vis* of Emilie. She was in ecstasies at the prospect of being enabled to receive and return the courteous smiles of her lover, and to press the hand so freely tendered in the prescribed mazes of the dance. Her heart felt lighter than it ever before had seemed; and even if a remnant of dread had linked in her mind, it would have vanished at the sight of the ease and grace with which the count acquitted himself in the *Gavot*, and by which he attracted the attention of all the spectators present.

In one of the figures, when the rapidity of the terpsichorean movements concealed every expression of any passion or particular feeling, Emilie suffered herself to squeeze her lover's hand, as if to felicitate him upon a joy which she supposed he could not comprehend. At that moment a dreadful shriek re-echoed through the room.

Reader, it did not emanate from the count—it escaped from the lips of the wretched Emilie; for she had felt, as she pressed her lover's hand, the fingers of cotton, so skillfully prepared, yield to her touch, while he was unaware that she had thus intended to convey a token of her esteem.

From that moment a raging fever took possession of Emilie, and every morning did the count call to inquire after her health—thus evincing his tenderness to the last. At the expiration of a week he departed to join the army, carrying his secret with him. Emilie and her guardian were informed some time after, that, having been wounded in an engagement, where he exposed himself with uncalled-for rashness, he was obliged to undergo a shocking operation. On his return he had lost his sword-arm.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Emilie, as soon as she saw him alone, and for the first time, "what have you done!"

"The most prudent thing I could do," was the calm reply, "in order to overcome the scruples of your uncle respecting military men. I am now incapacitated for, and have retired from, the service, and am once more a civilian—and I trust as such he will waive his objections."

M. De Leutral having learnt the noble devotedness of the count on behalf of his niece, no longer withheld his consent to their union; and, giving Emilie a dowry of one million of francs, he appointed her heiress to the remainder of his immense wealth.

SUCCESS.—If you would be successful, be patient. Remember,

"Waiting won at Waterloo."

Impulsive people make very good soldiers, but bad generals. It is not going ahead, but going ahead properly, that converts the sergeant's shoulder-knots into the major-general's epaulettes. Remember, time converts the mulberry leaf into satin.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

THE metropolis alone consumes 18,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, which, at 4s. 6d. per 1000 cubic feet—the average price paid by consumers—amounts to £1,473,250 per annum. From this fact, some idea may be formed of the immense amount paid annually for gas throughout the whole kingdom. There are in Great Britain 775 distinct establishments for the manufacture of gas, which represent a capital of £15,000,000 sterling.

A GLASS COLUMN.—The popularity of glass as a building material—arising out of Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace and conservatories—will cause glass to be employed in a thousand ways, to which no one dreamt it was applicable a few years ago. The Prussians have just resolved to make it serve for public monuments. A column, consisting entirely of glass, placed on a pedestal of Carrara marble, and surmounted by a statue of Peace, six feet high, by the celebrated sculptor, Rauch, is about to be erected in the Garden of the Peace, at Potsdam. The shaft will be ornamented with spiral lines of blue and white.

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its refraction the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being neither affected by rains nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—houses, paved streets, and masonic work. Below this again is a layer of earth; and at twenty-six feet walnut-trees are found entire, with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this vegetables and trees.

THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.—At the *conversazione* given by the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Professor Wheatstone exhibited a philosophical instrument characterised by the ingenuity, simplicity, and elegance which belongs to everything that emanates from him. The intention was to illustrate the undulatory theory of light, and to show how the apparent progressive motion of a wave might exist, in the absence of any progressive motion whatever. The instrument consisted of an arrangement of white beads carried upon the ends of slender wires, which passed vertically or horizontally through transverse slots in the horizontal or vertical sides of the frame. On drawing backwards or forwards a smooth board with a sinuous slot cut in it, the beads formed themselves into a wave-line, which altered its form with the motion, and gave the appearance of its beads being in progressive motion with the propagation of the wave, though it was evident they had no such motion, as the wires which carried them moved only in the transverse slots. The changes of configuration thus produced, gave rise to a succession of curves of double curvature extremely beautiful to contemplate.

REMEDY FOR THE STING OF BEES.—M. Gumbrecht recommends the expressed juice of the honeysuckle (*Lonicera Caprifolium*) as a remedy for the sting of bees. The stung place is to be rubbed with the juice, which may be kept in closely-stopped bottles for the purpose.—*Chemical Gazette*.

A WONDERFUL CINDER.—In the Rotunda, at Woolwich, amongst other curiosities which are there to be seen by the public, is preserved, in a glass case, a cinder, the produce entirely of bank notes, burnt in an oven built for the purpose. The issue of one-pound notes during the war was averaged at a hundred thousand daily. After the calling in of these notes, and the payment of cash, the Bank of England ordered the burning of the notes above a certain date, which process occupied thirteen months, at the average of 144,000 daily. At this rate, the quantity burnt in the whole period, reckoning that they were burnt twenty-seven days in each month, amounted to 50,544,000 notes! The residue of this immense number of notes constitutes the wonderful cinder above referred to, which is not above six cubic inches in height.

THE WEED.—The British nation taxes itself for tea to the extent of £4,485,768, and for tobacco to the extent of £5,902,433. When the British Solomon, James I., produced his famous "Counterblast," the national expenditure on tobacco was between £300 and £400 a year. Were the royal pedant now to look up from his tomb, he would be astonished to find that the annual income from the obnoxious Virginia plant is equal to the whole export and import duties of his entire kingdom for 1614—the amount of the latter being £4,628,586; and very nearly equal to the whole specie coined during his reign, which was not much over five millions. A writer in the "Journal of the Statistical Society" shows that, taking each ten years from 1821 to 1851, the average annual consumption per head for each person in the United Kingdom, amounts respectively to eleven, twelve, thirteen, and sixteen ounces—or, in round numbers, that each man, woman, and child consumes a pound of tobacco in the year; but this estimate, founded upon official documents, falls far short of the truth. The duty is so enormous, ranging from 400 to 1,400 per cent., that only about one half of what is consumed pays duty—the other half is smuggled. This at once raises the consumption to two pounds per head. Then, very few females smoke or chew, and probably no children of either sex below eight use it in any shape: and so, cutting off all females, and males in their minority, the consumption of male adults is raised to eight pounds. If allowance is made for non-smoking, chewing,

and snuffing members of the community, it will average sixteen pounds for each consumer. In France, the taxation from this source is nearly five millions. In Denmark, the average in 1848 was upwards of six millions of pounds, which, to a population of about a million and a half, yields the great consumption of nearly seventy ounces. In warm eastern countries, where the plant is freely cultivated, and where it is absolved from impost, the consumption is to an extent that transcends all European experiences. The writer whom we have quoted, and who appears to have formerly been a missionary, mentions that in Siam the use of tobacco is universal. "The natives chew in moderate quantities, but smoke perpetually: the cigar is ever in the mouth, or stuck behind the ear ready for use." Amongst the Burmese it is still more universal—rank, sex and age forming no exception to the custom. "I have seen children," he adds, "scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it." Our statist winds up by an attempt to estimate the consumption of this favourite narcotic agent throughout the world. He reckons the population of the globe to be, in round numbers, a thousand millions, and he sets down seventy ounces (the Denmark average) as the probable cosmopolitan absorption. And holding to this probably correct calculation, the result is close upon two millions of tons. About half of the inward or outward tonnage of British shipping for one year would be necessary for the transportation of this quantity of the plant; and the value, if assumed at the low figure of two-pence a pound, would yield nearly thirty-six millions and a half of sterling money—or about £182,000,000.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM THE REFUSE OF SUGAR-CANES AND COW-HOUSES.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, specimens of paper made from the refuse of the sugar-cane and cow-house were exhibited, which latter process assumes a high degree of importance at the present time, when the probability of a removal of the paper-duty is becoming every day greater. It appears that the cows are fed with the straw of the flax-plant, after it has been used in manufacture. The cows digest the oil and gummy matter which remain in it, and which are found to be extremely fattening. The flax refuse, so macerated, is collected, and from it the paper is made. This is a new and remarkable instance in which this invaluable animal administers to the wants of man. Her milk has already been used with economy and advantage, as a substitute for olive-oil, in fixing the colours of manufactured articles, and cheese is now employed to produce the brilliant blue colours of *baréges*, which could not otherwise be fixed.

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY C. SPRAGUE.

I see thee still:

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
'Thou comest in the morning light,
'Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old:
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear.
In every scene to memory dear

I see thee still.

I see thee still:

In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound;
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded;
This silken chain by thee was braided:
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst call for me;
This book was thine—here didst thou read;
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,

I see thee still:

I see thee still:

Here was thy summer noon's retreat;
Here was thy favourite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou at last didst lie;
Here, on this pillow thou didst die:
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,

I see thee still.

I see thee still:

'Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot chain the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my sister! 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
'Thou to a fairer land art gone;
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

ANECDOTE OF MADAME DE STAEL.—When about the age of seventeen, Madame De Stael was placed at a convent in France. She was in the habit of visiting a friend who lived across the square on which the convent was situated. The brother of her friend always insisted on escorting her home, and led her round the two sides of the square. But as his passion decreased, he gradually shortened the route until he led her home by the nearest way. The witty lady remarked—"By this I learned that his passion diminished in the exact proportion of the diagonal to the two sides of a square." Probably the most accurate calculation of waning affection that maiden ever made.



[GROUP OF GEM VASES.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN.

GEM VASES.

This group of vases is from the manufactory of Mr. Copeland, Stoke-upon-Trent. This gentleman has long been celebrated for his works of industrial art, and at the Great Exhibition in 1851 greatly distinguished himself. This group of gem vases will not detract from his well-earned reputation. They are fine examples of the British school of design and decoration. The taste is unexceptionable; and to Mr. Copeland may be assigned the merit of having brought this branch of British art to its present high state of development.

But we must be allowed to remark, that all the vases manufactured throughout Europe are close copies of the old models. Some of them bear a close resemblance to those which were carried in the Roman triumphal processions.

The racing-cup is almost an exact copy of the vessels in which the valuable spoil and money was borne; and the long, narrow necked, double-handled vase is the same now as it was two thousand years ago. It is nothing more than the water-jar carried by the ancient Israelites, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Greeks, and the Assyrians. The form is preserved to this day in India, and we have seen it thousands of times in England. It was intended to be carried on the head, and the narrow neck was to prevent the water being spilled. The brown jug—which small-beer poets have so frequently apostrophised—is nothing more than the vase of the Romans—the water-jug of every ancient people. And yet after the lapse of four thousand years it presents no signs of improvement. It is lavishly decorated, and that is all. Now, among a people—especially those in our large towns—who are not obliged, by necessity, to bring their water on their heads from a neighbouring brook or well, it is singular that this should be the only form of vase now cultivated. Is the type universal? Or probably the water-jug has obtained a classic immortality.

But the fault rests with the artist. In educating himself up to the perfection of the ancients, he not only hesitates, but is actually incapacitated from proceeding beyond them. His invention is drowned in a flood of admiration for foreign and exotic ideals. He seems to forget that Britain is the land of the oak and the ash, and that Greece glories in the cypress and myrtle. Forms adapted to marble and unclouded skies are melancholy strangers in a land of granite and a moving canopy of dark-grey clouds. This radical error will never be corrected until British artists become really British artists, and, by creating a school pre-eminently their own, take the sting of that ear-

castic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy:

"Go, my lads—go; and remember that you cross the Alps to steal!"

CABINET MADE OF YEW-TREE.

This article of furniture has attracted some attention from the originality displayed in its design and the beauty of the workmanship. It was designed by Mr. J. Keer, of Dublin, and is made of yew-tree grown on the estate of J. W. L. Napier, Esq., of Loughrea Old Castle, and registered at one hundred years old.

Now this cabinet is interesting in several points of view. First, it is made of yew-tree:

Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:

a description of timber seldom used for furniture, but which we are assured, as in this instance, may be turned to profitable and ornamental account. Then, as we reflect upon the fact that this was from a tree the growth of a century, and that in the cabinet many antiquities may be deposited, the knowledge-loving mind will immediately refer to the historical circumstance, that the valour of Englishmen has been infinitely indebted to this yew-tree for those marvellously flexible, yet strong bows, which, previous to the introduction of fire-arms, Englishmen used with terrific effect in many a sanguinary field.

And then the custom of planting yew-trees in churchyards. How did that arise? Some have supposed that these trees were placed near the churches for the purpose of affording branches on Palm Sunday; others, that they might be safe from the cattle, on account of their value for making bows; others, that they were emblematical of silence and death; and others that they were useful in affording shade or shelter to those places of worship, when in a more primitive form than they now appear. Other writers have entered more philosophically into this question, and presume that the yew was one of those ever-greens which, from its shade and shelter, was especially cultivated by the Druids in their sacred groves, and around their sacrificial circles; that when Christianity superseded Druidism, the same places were chosen as the sites of the new worship, and that in this manner arose the association of the yew-tree with our churches and churchyards. This surmise we think the most probable; but as in the present day it has been found that the yew-tree may be usefully employed in articles of household furniture, the cabinet-makers will not have much respect for its solemn reminiscences—but use it with the same nonchalance as they would a less dismal-looking tenant of the forest.

Another interesting point in which this cabinet may be viewed is, that it shows an improved taste in the manufacture of furniture. Cabinet-makers in the present day have exhibited a little inventive talent. Although in the

trammels of a rooted regard for loo, pembroke, and claw-tables—with some fanciful deviations into the artistic (?) realm of lions, tigers, dragons, and phoenixes—they still show invention. The round table, when tastefully ornamented and supported by a column massive enough to the eye to afford the idea of security, fills up a room, and imparts that feeling of cosiness and equality so essential to the geniality that should pervade the family circle. Then in chairs there has been a vast improvement of late years. The straight, high-backed abominations of our forefathers have been banished to the dreary parlours of old country inns; and the sofas and couches now made do not look like troughs and coffins, as they formerly did. They are lighter and more cheerful in appearance. You can take a nap on them without fancying yourself being half suffocated in a box with one of the sides knocked out.

But the cabinet-maker has had insuperable difficulties to contend with. Every one concerned in the building of our dwellings has been his enemy. They have studiously denied him the proper light in which to display the productions of his taste and handicraft. While he has been endeavouring to apply the principles of art to domestic use, they have been doing just the contrary. They have erected houses just as if they had been dropped from the sky.

Now, to give the cabinet-maker or upholsterer a chance of not only displaying his work to the best advantage, but to encourage and stimulate him to more originality in design and better taste in the selection of colours and the management of shades, the rooms which he has to furnish and decorate should have a good aspect; at all events, they should be coloured so as to suit the aspect. A cold colour, in a room lighted from the north, will make everything in it look chilly. A hot colour in a room lighted from the south, is also in very bad taste.

In furnishing a room, it is of the utmost importance that all these circumstances should be taken into consideration; if they are not, or neglected, or despised, the costliest and most tasteful furniture that can be manufactured will never look well.

These exhibitions of the products of art and industry bring such views as these into prominent notice; and we may venture to observe that, as regards the cabinet-making and upholstery trades, builders and house-painters should rather be their allies than their foes. But that they will never be until the builders work under the instruction of architects blessed with more fertile imaginations, and the house-painters convince us, by grouping changes in their styles, that they are fully aware that the supply of light, the size of the room and its purpose, are the chief circumstances which ought to regulate the strength or depth of the colours to be used. Competent artists know full well that where the light is strong, unobscured, and plentiful, the tone of the colouring may be full; on the other hand, where the supply of light is small, the tone of

Full-toned colours lessen the apparent size of the room—light colouring enlarges it. A little attention to the proportion between the space to be coloured and the depth of the colouring, becomes therefore of great importance. If you wish to make your room appear as large as possible, then exclude a dark colouring—not only on the large surfaces, but even in the patterns of the paper-hangings, in the mouldings, and ornamental parts.

The nature of the use to which the room is applied should also influence the decision as to the tone of colouring. If the room is used mostly by artificial light—which, being less pure than daylight, materially modifies the appearance of most colours—then keep the colouring light. If, on the other hand, it is a room for occupation during daylight, then the tone of the colouring must be deep. Red and green with black appear dark and grave; with white, they appear gay.

An observance of these rules is therefore of the utmost importance to the effectual display of the furniture, and also would not only influence but considerably improve the taste employed in its selection and disposition; and until they are observed, we shall despair of seeing a room which we would term appropriately and elegantly furnished.

As we may not have the opportunity of indulging in many further remarks in explanation of the object of this Great Dublin Exhibition of the industry of all nations, we avail ourselves of this occasion to urge upon the promoters of the exhibition, and all other friends of Ireland as one of at least their implied duties, seeing the propriety and appropriateness of protesting against the wholesale emigration which is plundering Ireland of her best and dearest property.

At the present rate of decrease—namely, three per cent. per annum, supposing there will be no emigration—Ireland will be depopulated in half a century. What an awful fact to be placed by the side of the record of her brilliant industrial triumph of 1853! We cannot contemplate it without subscribing to the sentiment, that it looks very like a barbarous perversion of the ordinances of Providence—a sacrilegious abandonment of a territory abounding in everything that constitutes real wealth, and all that might be made to contribute towards the happiness of its people.

The truth is, that the political economist fraternity are leading Ireland to ruin and perdition. They are innoculating her people with the vicious sentiment, that their condition at home is hopeless. This we denounce as a crime—for so long as Ireland could comfortably support seven times the amount of its present population, it is self-evident that the remedies for her distresses, and the compensation for her wrongs, ought to be sought within her own sea-girt boundaries. Expatriation is an abandon-

behind: so that in the place of an energetic reliance on self, there is generated a disgust and a morbid longing for a different scene of action, which, while it crams emigrant ships, throws a blight on the prospects of those who either willingly or unwillingly abide by their native soil.

But, in the paroxysm of the mania, the fact is overlooked that emigration is just the thing to perpetuate the abuses which have brought Ireland to her present abject condition; for it must be obvious that it stifles the clamours of the people for redress—coaxes public opinion to divert itself from the channels of politics—and, not halting at that degradation, actually converts an indignant people into the slaves of circumstances which they ought to wrestle with and overcome, like men conscious of the dignity of their divine nature and the responsibility of their earthly mission. The emigration *furor* actually extinguishes that safeguard of a nation—political agitation; it offers a sop to present exigencies, by crying up present safety and greatness as of more importance than a wise forethought for the future. It ignores nationality, scoffs at love of country, and, perceiving and knowing this pernicious tendency, we do advisedly say, that unless the Dublin Exhibition contributes something to arrest the Irish exodus, it will not have accomplished much beyond having been a brilliant but fleeting show.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Oh, the dark policy and crooked wiles
That fence the uneasy crown.

OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth never for an instant seriously entertained the design of parting with her favourite, Lord Robert Dudley, she continued to treat with the ambassador of the Queen of Scots, upon the subject of his marriage with his mistress, with as much apparent earnestness as though it had been her fixed intention. With a woman's tact, she seized the occasion of the alliance being mooted to confer new honours upon his lordship, whom she resolved at once to create Earl of Leicester and Baron Denbigh—which ceremony took place with great splendour at Westminster, in presence of the queen, foreign ministers, and all the court.

For a sovereign who affected great prudery and decorum, Elizabeth was strangely indiscreet—and never more so than on the above occasion. After the patent of creation had been read by the Lord Chancellor, the new-made peer advanced directly opposite the throne, and knelt, to have his robes put on him. The queen not only took them from the officer with her own hands, but invested him with them herself—at the same time she so far forgot her royal dignity as to thrust her hand into his neck, and tickle him: a fact which Sir James Melville, the Scottish ambassador, has recorded in his memoirs.

"Turning to the French ambassador," continues the grave statesman, "she demanded, with a laugh, how he liked him—meaning the earl."

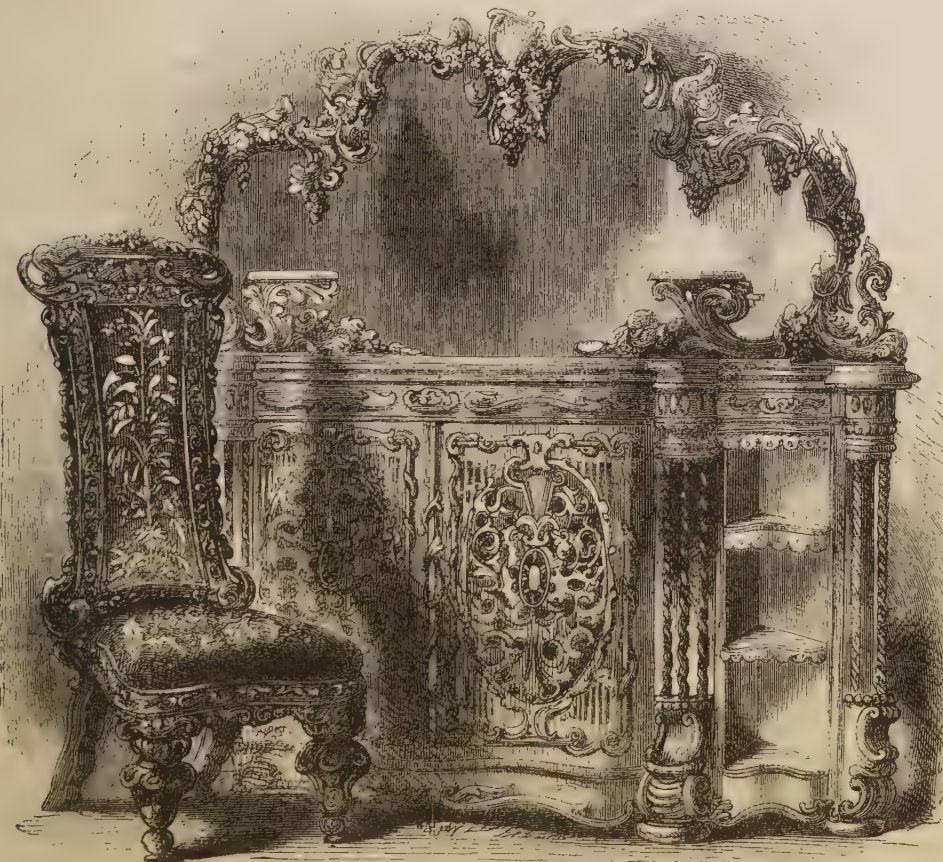
The intention of Elizabeth, at this period of her life, in all probability, was to marry Leicester herself—and the negotiation for the hand of the beautiful Mary merely a pretext to give a colour to her design, by proving to the world that he was worthy of aspiring to the hand of a crowned head. Fortunately it failed. Catherine de Medici, the queen-mother of France, who governed that kingdom in the name of her son, Charles IX.—then about sixteen—proposed, in his name, to unite the long rival crowns by marriage—an offer which flattered the vanity of Elizabeth, without dazzling her understanding.

Her answer to Castelnau, the French ambassador, who had been charged with this delicate negotiation, has been preserved. It was, "That she was greatly obliged by the honour done her by so mighty and powerful a king—to whom, as well as to the queen-mother, she felt infinitely beholden—but that she felt this difficulty: the most Christian king—her good brother—was at once too great and too small. Too great, as the sovereign of such a realm as France, to quit his own dominions, and cross the seas to reside in England, where the people expected their kings and queens to live;" too small, she explained, by observing, "That his majesty was too young: she herself being already thirty—which she considered old for a woman."

A proposal was next made for her marriage with the Duc d'Anjou—the younger brother of Charles IX.—an offer which Elizabeth declined, at the same time remarking, "That she had not refused a king to put up with a subject. That if she felt disposed to bestow her hand upon any one but a crowned head, she had subjects sufficiently noble in her own kingdom, without looking to foreign countries to find them!"

This was a direct allusion to the Earl of Leicester, whom she still evinced a desire to marry.

When Elizabeth found that the widowed Queen of Scotland was serious in her intention of espousing the young Lord Darnley, who had obtained permission to visit Edinburgh, her mortification and anger did not confine themselves to words. She not only imprisoned his mother, the Countess of Lennox, in the Tower, but gave orders to her agents to foment a rebellion in Scotland against the queen. The Earl of Murray and others fell into the snare; but when their treasonable enterprise had failed, and they were compelled by the victorious troops of Mary to seek



[CABINET MADE OF YEW-TREE.]

the colouring should be light. In the houses of the ancients the strongest and darkest colours—even blacks—were used on large surfaces, when the apartment received direct and full light from above. Under a strong and abundant light, full-toned colours preserve their brightness and distinctive character; but when the light is feeble, and the supply of it limited, they become dull and gloomy,

ment of all hope—of all spirit to attempt the redress of wrongs, or the cultivation of that wholesome feeling—we might say principle—of self-reliance, which is as essential to the prosperity and well-being of nations as of individuals. Encouraging the people to emigrate, is only telling them that they are unable to do anything for themselves; it also weakens the moral power in those lea-

refuge in England, she not only disavowed all participation in their proceedings, but actually had the effrontery to forbid them her presence. Had they proved successful, how differently would she have treated them!

It seems to have been the object of her life to destroy the happiness of her more beautiful but less fortunate rival.

Never was the proverb that prosperity hardens the heart, more strongly exemplified than by her conduct to the venerable Archbishop of York, whose prudent conduct as Chancellor, on the death of her sister, had secured her undisputed succession to the crown. His crime was refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of Elizabeth.

She first sent him to the Tower, and then caused him to be confined as a prisoner in one of the mansions belonging to the archiepiscopal see. A letter is still extant, written by order of the queen in council, addressed to Lord Scrope, in which that nobleman is recommended to proceed sharply in his inquiries, and, if necessary, use some moderate kind of torture, so as not to do him any great bodily hurt.

At the time Elizabeth sanctioned this cruel order, the venerable prisoner was eighty-three years of age!

Things were in this position when the defeated rebels from Scotland arrived in London, to crave an audience of her majesty—who, seeing that the marriage of Mary could not be set aside, and that her attempt to overthrow her authority in her own realm had signally failed, refused them all access to her presence, unless they consented to avow that she had not in any way participated in their proceedings.

"The condition is a hard one!" observed the Earl of Murray, when Cecil made it known to him. "Your mistress has deceived me!"

"Say, rather, outwitted you!" replied the astute politician, with a smile. "You must not judge the actions of crowned heads as you would those of ordinary persons! Reasons of state will frequently not only compel, but justify actions which, as individuals, they would abhor!"

"A convenient doctrine!" observed the exile, with a sneer.

"And not the first time the Earl of Murray has both heard and practised it!" retorted Cecil. "In a word, my lord, if you look for favour and countenance from my sovereign, it can only be on the terms proposed. But you are at liberty to retire to France."

The offer was an insulting mockery: the speaker well knowing that if one of the enemies of Mary Stuart ventured to set foot in that country, her kinsmen of the house of Guise, who were all-powerful there, would take effectual means to prevent their ever returning to disturb her reign in Scotland again.

"You insult me in my misfortune!" exclaimed the noble, bitterly. "You know that I might as well—nay, better—return to Scotland, and stand a trial for treason, than trust to the mercy of the house of Guise!"

"Men of the world, my lord," gravely responded the messenger of Elizabeth, "never wantonly insult even an enemy—much less one who has served their interests, and may do so again! My proposal may be distasteful to you, but it is not insulting!"

Pride and shame, anger and irresolution, by turns predominated in the breast of the exiled noble, whose abilities none can question, however opinion may be divided as to his conduct to the unfortunate Mary—who certainly, on her return to Scotland, after the death of her French husband, treated him with great kindness. Prudence, however, at last prevailed; and he consented to the only terms on which Elizabeth would consent to see or to assist him and his companions.

Cecil heard his decision with secret joy, but was too hackneyed in the subtle politics of the court to permit the least manifestation of his feelings to appear, either by look or word.

"You have decided wisely," he said; "and I think I may venture to promise that her majesty will receive you to-morrow, after the council; but remember, the denial must be unequivocal!"

"Fear not!" answered the exile, bitterly; "I have learnt the lesson of falsehood and humiliation you have taught me, and will not fail to repeat it!"

So saying, the two men who were each destined to act such important parts in the government of their respective countries parted, each secretly hating and despising the other.

On the following morning, Elizabeth, immediately after the council, fulfilled the promise of her messenger, by admitting the Scottish exiles into her presence. She had taken care to have the ambassadors of France and Spain both with her on the occasion, that she might have fitting witnesses of their confession.

No sooner did Murray and his companions enter the presence-chamber, than the queen, who was conversing with Leicester, turned suddenly round, and sharply demanded what sort of reception they could possibly expect at her hands, after having so basely slandered her, by coupling her name with their odious intrigues against her dear sister, their sovereign mistress.

"Alack, madam," exclaimed Murray, falling upon his knees, "we have been deceived!"

"But not by me!"

"Far from our lips," replied the exile, "be such unwarranted slander! No, gracious queen! we take these honourable ambassadors to witness that your majesty is innocent of all knowledge and share in the conspiracy we so foolishly entered into against our sovereign lady and queen."

"God's wot! my lords, you have but declared the truth; though some eager to sow dissensions between the queen our sister and myself, will affect to disbelieve you. You have done me grievous injury in her opinion."

"Please your majesty, we will atone."

"How?" sharply demanded Elizabeth.

"By affirming upon our honours as noblemen and gentlemen," replied Lord Murray, "that your majesty had neither part nor hand in our proceedings."

This was all that the unscrupulous queen required: they had failed, and she no longer had the least inducement to keep faith with them. Assuming a severe look, she commanded them from her presence.

"Get from my sight!" she exclaimed, "false traitors as ye are! who have nearly embroiled two kingdoms by your infamous plottings; and thank our clemency that, instead of sending you prisoners to our sister in Scotland, we permit you to find refuge in our kingdom; but beware," she added, "how you again presume to venture before us! We may not always feel disposed to act thus weakly."

Turning her back upon the astonished and still kneeling exiles, her majesty resumed her conversation with Leicester and the French ambassador, who complimented the royal hypocrite on the complete vindication she had received from the lips of the Scottish traitors: who, abashed and overwhelmed with shame and ridicule, withdrew from the presence-chamber, degraded in their own estimation, and that of all who heard them; for the scene, despite the excellent acting of all concerned in it, deceived none but the ignorant. In justice to the maiden monarch we must add, that she did not carry her injustice so far as to leave her dupes to starve, but secretly allowed Murray a pension—who, in the language of scripture, might be truly said to eat the bread of bitterness.

Elizabeth so far forgot the debt of gratitude she owed to Throgmorton—whose services during the reign of her sister entitled him to more consideration—as to disavow his whole proceedings in Scotland: a treachery which so inflamed that gentleman, that he exposed the secret instructions, under her own hand and seal, upon which he had acted—a retaliation which, however merited, his vindictive mistress never forgave. Forgiveness of injuries and offences was not one of the weak points of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Strong in hand, but weak in heart,

Each in turn doth act a part.

OLD POEM, ENTITLED "THE VIRGIN QUEEN."

FROM the scene of dissimulation and treachery which we have described in the preceding chapter, it is a relief to turn to the more pleasing side of the character of Elizabeth—namely, her great powers of administration. Had Ireland been administered according to her directions, much of the unhappy dissension which has divided that distracted country might have been avoided. We extract the following letter, written with her own hand to Sir Henry Sidney, from the papers of his family, most of which have been made public:

"HARRY,

"If our partial, slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish rebels, did not make the way to cause these lines to pass my hand, this gibberish should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worse hap to come, I *rede* (advise) you take good heed. * * * * Make some difference between tried, just, and false friends. Let the good service of well-deservers be never rewarded with loss. Let their thanks be such as may encourage more strivers for the like. Suffer not that Desmond's daring deeds, far wide from promised works, make you trust to other pledge than himself, or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no farther than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be; and Prometheus hath been mine too long. I pray God your old straying sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her *wolffy* back. You know a kingdom knows no kindred. *Si violandum jus regnan di causa*. A strength to harm is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit there is too good an accord in a government. Essays be oft dangerous, specially where the cup-bearer hath received such a preservative as, whatsoever betide the drinker's draught, the carrier takes no pain thereby. Believe not, though they swear that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule that they full fain would have. I warrant you they will never be accused of bastardy; they will trace the steps that others have trod before. If I had not espied, though very late, *legerdemain* used in these cases, I had never played my part. No, if I did not see the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If aught have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor do you consult so long, that advice come too late. Where, then, shall we wish the deeds, while all was spent in words. A fool too late bewares when all the peril is past. If we still advise, we shall never do, yea, and if our web be framed with rotten handles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin. God send the weaver true prentices again, and let them be denizens. I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your ancestors, aldermen, that have, or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of the reading thereof; yea, and no mention made thereof to any other wight I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have had but secretaries' letters from me.

"Your loving maistres.

"ELIZABETH R."

Shortly after the affair with the Scottish exiles, an ambassador extraordinary arrived from the court of

France, bearing the ensigns of the noble order of St. Michael, together with a letter written by Charles IX. himself, in which that monarch requested her majesty to bestow them upon any two of her subjects, whom she might deem worthy so great an honour.

Elizabeth selected her kinsman, the noble-minded Duke of Norfolk, and her favourite, the ignoble Leicester, whose favour at this period of his life was at its height.

Cecil and his colleagues trembled lest she should marry him. With all his astuteness, the great statesman little knew the heart of the royal coquette, who sported with the passion of her favourite, without ever becoming herself the slave of its weakness, although there is little doubt that she shared it.

The alarm of the minister must have been great, when he took upon himself to submit the following six objections to her marriage to his royal mistress.

First: That Leicester could bring neither riches, power, nor estimation.

Secondly: That he was deeply involved in debt, notwithstanding all that the bounty of her majesty had lavished upon him.

Thirdly: He was surrounded by needy and rapacious dependents, who would engross all the favour and patronage of the crown.

Fourthly: That he was so violent and mutable in his passions—one day so jealous, another day so indifferent—that the queen could not expect to live happily with him.

Fifthly: He was infamous from the death of his wife.

Sixthly: That his marriage with Elizabeth would confirm the slanderous reports propagated to the disadvantage of her majesty.

These considerations, firmly if not disinterestedly presented, had great weight with the queen, who evidently from that time resigned all thoughts of marriage with her favourite; although she still continued to mark her undiminished affection for him by lavishing places and honours—fortunately they were honours merely. With all his influence, the Earl of Leicester never could obtain the direction of her government, which he so much coveted and intrigued for. It was a point with Elizabeth in which the inclination and weakness of the woman were vanquished by her prudence as a queen.

Leicester never forgave Cecil the evil turn he had played him.

Whilst the court of England was one continued scene of contention, rivalry, and intrigue, Mary Stuart, on the 19th of June, gave birth to her despicable and unworthy son—who, whilst yet an infant, was placed upon the throne. It would be unjust to blame him for an act in which he was, from his tender years, merely a passive instrument; but his cowardly abandonment of his mother to the cruel vengeance of Elizabeth—his infamous murder of the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, to propitiate the court of Spain—the share which it is suspected he had in the poisoning of his own son, whose virtues and character rendered his own vices the more glaring—have stamped him as one of the most contemptible kings who ever sat upon either the English or the Scottish throne.

Immediately on the birth of her infant, the Queen of Scots dispatched an ambassador, in the person of Sir James Melville, to announce the joyful intelligence to Elizabeth.

The moment he reached London, Cecil, who knew, probably, how unwelcome the news would be to his jealous sovereign, departed at once for the palace at Greenwich, where the court was then residing, leaving the envoy to follow him at his leisure.

"Where is her majesty?" he demanded of one of the gentlemen ushers, who hastened to receive the secretary upon his landing.

"Dancing," replied the officer, "in the great hall, with Sir Thomas Smith, her ambassador at the court of France. The queen, to show her contentment at the spirited manner in which he resented the light way in which his sovereign was spoken of in the presence of Catharine de Medicis, has treated him with unusual honour. Never have I seen her grace in more contentment."

Cecil shrugged his shoulders: he knew that the envoy whose presence he came to announce, would quickly drive the smile from her cheek and the contentment from her heart. He would willingly have chosen another messenger—for Elizabeth, like most women, seldom regarded with a favourable eye the bearer of ill news.

"It must be done," he thought; "and the sooner the storm breaks the better—sunshine must follow it!"

Without waiting to change his costume for one more suited to the festive scene, he at once entered the great hall of the palace—where, as the usher had described, he found her majesty dancing, in great apparent glee, with her favoured partner. Perhaps her majesty felt pleased with his handsome person and elegant manner, or wished to mortify the Earl of Leicester, who, pale with jealousy and anger, stood watching them at a distance.

No sooner did Elizabeth catch the eye of her minister, than she beckoned him to approach:—he knew that something important must have occurred to justify his appearing in such a costume in her presence—for Cecil was equally great both as a courtier and a statesman.

Every eye was fixed upon the sovereign and her secretary, as they retired into one of the deep recesses formed by the bay-windows of the hall.

"What can have occurred?" whispered one.

"A rupture with France?"

"A war with Spain?"

Such, and yet more various were the conjectures bandied in the hall, whilst Cecil was whispering his communication into the ear of Elizabeth.

Suddenly there was a cry that her majesty was taken ill. The principal ladies of the court crowded round her, and some ventured to inquire the cause of her grief; for tears

of mortification, which she vainly strove to hide, streamed down the painted cheeks of the Lion Queen of England.

"Matter enough!" exclaimed her grace. "The Queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son, whilst I am but a barren stock!"

Rather an extraordinary declaration for the maiden majesty of England, who instantly left the hall, unable to bear up against the chagrin which the news of her rival's happiness had caused her.

On the following morning, when Melville presented his credentials, Elizabeth received him with a countenance radiant with smiles. In his memoirs the ambassador distinctly states, that she welcomed him with a *volt*—a sort of light, skipping step then in vogue, but very undignified for a queen; thanked him for the dispatch he had used, and had the bare-faced hypocrisy to add, that the intelligence had recovered her from a severe sickness which she had endured for upwards of fifteen days.

At the christening of the infant who was destined to succeed her, and unite the British islands under one sceptre, Elizabeth stood godmother, and bestowed upon the child a font of pure gold, worth a thousand pounds. At the same time she acted thus munificently by her godson, she mortified its parents by directing her ambassador to refuse to its father the title of King of Scotland—in consequence of which he absented himself from the ceremony.

To dissipate her discontent, Elizabeth made a progress to Oxford, attended by the great nobility of the kingdom, and her seven beautiful maids of honour, whose charms were thus celebrated by the poet, Edwards, the author of a tragedy much esteemed in its time, named *Damon and Pythias*:

Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy;
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise;
Steadfastness possess her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

Arundel is ancient,
In these her tender years,
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds—
A matron wise appears.

Dormer is a darling,
Of such a lively hue,
That whoso feeds his eyes on her,
May soon her beauty rue.

Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care,
In learning, with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle hath been taught,
In virtue to rejoice.

These seven now serve one noble queen;
But if power were in me,
For beauty's praise, and virtue's sake,
Each one a queen should be.

HARRINGTON'S NUGLE ANTIQUE.

SEPARATION.

EMMA WILMOT, a girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle, in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London.

"Uncle," she said, "I think there are very few sights that you have not seen: pray were you ever present at a fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once at a fire: it was the most awful description of fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was not a London fire either, where the spring of a rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand in procuring engines and assistance from every quarter. It took place in a retired country situation, ten miles from any town, and, to sum up the horrors, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friends."

"Will you tell me the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is, if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma—for that fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I, for the sake of my friends, that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma; "had insured their house much beyond its value, and were glad of the additional money?"

"No, Emma—you are wrong; the house of my friends was certainly insured—but the insurance was beneath its value; and they lost many little articles of use and ornament endeared to them by circumstances, and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than any they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered a concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong: they certainly gained a treasure—or rather they regained it; for they had possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now, uncle, you speak in riddles; do pray tell me the story!"

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave a nod and smile of assent—and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere

regard: they lived in a beautiful country-house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighbourhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland. They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual—and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy nature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separation, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple."

"I do not quite agree with you there, my dear," answered her uncle; "there may be circumstances which justify this painful measure; such, however, were not the circumstances of my friends: the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and love of dissipation; but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable that they should have differed: they were both haughty, exacting, irritable, impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights where no one else would have described them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on each side. The lady complained of the want of the attentions of a lover in her husband; and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing, or smile for his gratification alone, as she was wont to do in the days of courtship. They became contradictory, peevish, and sullen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important."

"How different from my dear father and mother!" said Emma; "who can never keep anything a moment from each other!"

"The confidence which they withheld from each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters: and several of the friends thus judiciously distinguished made use of the idle and common-place phrase: 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.' This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties, and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and to return to her parents. My friends, as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail on him to re-consider his determination, to endeavour to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross-questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability, he said, would soon disappear, were it not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love!" said Lady Wilmot, smiling; "it is almost as bad as praising yourself."

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all my persuasions were in vain, I was obliged tacitly to consent to the introduction of Mr. Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation: he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to me more fatal than the box of Pandora—since Hope could not be supposed to repose at the bottom of it. When the deed, however, was read to me, I could not but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar: the fortune brought to him by his wife was small, and had been settled on herself for pin-money; but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his extensive income. He expressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although, knowing their kind, tender, and feeling natures, my very heart was wrung at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland, and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth—I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar—and deep was my sorrow to think that aught but death should dissolve that holy union. I could not, however, bend or soften her haughty spirit. 'She was undervalued,' she said; 'she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents—and thither she should return.' I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar: this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that, in honour of my arrival, she would dine at the table that day. It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr. Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarrassed person among us."

"Oh that terrible lawyer!" said Emma; "how I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear girl," said Major Hervey; "he was a worthy and upright man; he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so; and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a

private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from lawyers and medical men: we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes of distress, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events subdue the outward expression of them. They grieve like others for the misfortunes of their friends and relatives; but if they gave a tribute of ardent sympathy to the sufferings of every client and patient, they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement, highly unfavourable to the cool, deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quitted us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing-room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact, the whole room presented a dreary appearance: her harp and pianoforte were in packing-cases ready for removal; a table near the window, which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing-desk and work-box were not in their accustomed places, and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage, was removed.

Mr. Chambers retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character, by endeavouring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting, and the insignificant station in society held by a separated wife. But Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious—she was only vain and exacting: she persevered in her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her "Good night!"

All that now remained in my power was fervently to entreat the heavenly Disposer of events, in my prayers, to have pity on these poor deluded young people—to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirits, and to lead them, at some future time, again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread to the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

I awoke again. It was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decided smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed. Several fires had lately taken place in that neighbourhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many of the surrounding families. And this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the preceding day, had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and had been heard to avow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar. We gave the alarm to the servants; and, finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighbouring farm-houses for assistance, and employed others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames.

First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her lady gently and quietly, to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and, having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to assemble for the present. Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labours of the servants, who removed many articles from the house; at length the flames spread with such rapidity, that we were compelled to desist, and I walked down to the summer-house to console and reassure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise at discovering that she was not there. Her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor were any of her clothes to be discovered: it was evident that she had been awake and sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her own safety by flight.

I must say that I felt more angry with Lady Falkland than terrified about her—for I supposed that, unwilling to identify herself with the interests of her household, or to run the risk of any communication with the husband she was about to leave, she had sought a refuge in one of the farm-houses in the vicinity. I thought it right, however, to inform Sir Edgar of her absence, and was returning to the front of the house for that purpose, when I was startled by a piercing shriek from Lady Falkland's maid, who followed me. I looked up in the direction to which she pointed, and at the window of a little apartment above the drawing-room, what was my horror to behold Lady Falkland making despairing signs for assistance! This little room had been a great favourite with Sir Edgar and herself during the early months of their marriage, on account of the extensive prospect it commanded: she had fitted it up with book-shelves, a guitar, and painting materials, and they passed much of their time there. It afterwards appeared that, unable to sleep, the idea had struck Lady Falkland that she would take a last farewell of this room, endeared by so many early and tender remembrances; she sat down on a low ottoman there—her own peculiar seat—rested her head on the chair usually occupied by Sir Edgar, and gave vent to her grief in repeated and passionate sobs, till at length she fell into that dull and heavy sleep so often the result of continued weeping.

She awoke to a scene of awful danger. She attempted to open the door; but the flames and smoke that assailed her immediately drove her to the window. It was two storeys from the ground: death would be the result! leaping from it. One of the servants immediately ran to a neighbouring farm, where, he said, was a ladder of sufficient length to reach the window; but how poor appeared this prospect of relief, when the danger was so immediate

and imminent! The staircase was in flames! Who could venture to ascend it?

I offered large pecuniary rewards to the person who should save her life. One of the under-gardeners, tempted by my munificence, advanced a few steps into the house, and then returned.

"I shall be suffocated in the attempt!" he said. "And what will become of my widow and fatherless children?"

At that moment Sir Edgar, who had been giving directions in a different part of the premises, made his appearance; and, more by gestures than by words, we pointed out to him the situation of his wife. I shall never forget his agonised cry of distress; but he did not waste a moment in deliberation. He snatched from me my military cloak, and rushed into the house. The old steward, who had been in the family at the time of his birth, endeavoured to hold him back.

"You are rushing to certain death, Sir Edgar!" he cried. "Pray return!"

But Sir Edgar shook him off.

"I will save her life!" he exclaimed; "or lose my own in the attempt!" and in another moment he disappeared up the blazing staircase.

I had scarcely time to hope, before Lady Falkland gave me fresh cause for alarm. The flames were approaching rapidly to the place where she stood. She evidently contemplated the desperate measure of a leap from the window; and I was shuddering at the idea of speedily beholding her mangled form, when I saw her drawn back by a strong hand. Sir Edgar wrapped the cloak round her, and carried her from the window. Once more I ventured to breathe. As Sir Edgar had ascended the staircase without material injury, I trusted that he might descend it in the same manner; but at that moment the event so long anticipated took place—the staircase fell in with a tremendous crash, and all hopes of retreat were cut off. A dreadful and inevitable death seemed now the portion of these young people; but there was a melancholy consolation in the idea that they would die clasped in each other's arms, and exchanging mutual assurances of forgiveness. My head began to swim, and my eyes to feel dim, and I was on the point of sinking to the ground, when loud shouting voices near me aroused me to perception: a party of men were approaching, bearing the expected ladder, and headed by Dennis O'Flaherty, an Irish labourer at the farm. Even at this moment the thought passed through my mind of the strange manner in which we estimate the value of a person according to the existence of local circumstances. I had frequently during my visits at the hall conversed with Dennis O'Flaherty, and amused myself much with his brogue, his blunders, and his uncouth manners. I knew him to be an honest and good-natured fellow—but it had never entered into my head that he could possibly be of use to me in any other point of view than as a person to be laughed at; but now, when I contemplated his athletic frame, his muscular limbs, and his bold bearing, I felt that the most gifted genius or the most polished courtier of the age would be an object of inferior consequence in my eyes to Dennis O'Flaherty; and the sweetest music would have been less delightful to my ears than the powerful brogue which made itself heard above all the uproar, in vehement commands to his companions to "waste no time, but set up the ladder quick and steady." It was speedily set up, under Dennis's direction: he was at the top in a moment. Sir Edgar deposited the fainting Lady Falkland in his arms: he speedily bore her down, and Sir Edgar followed in safety. Three loud cheers broke from the assembled spectators as he reached the ground. I could not join in their acclamations, but I silently and fervently offered up a thanksgiving to heaven for the preservation of my dear young friends, and a prayer that the circumstances attending it might have a beneficial effect on their future lives. Lady Falkland was not hurt by the flames, although weeping and hysterical through alarm; she was immediately borne to the farm, and medical assistance was procured for her. Sir Edgar had not escaped so well—he was severely scorched, and in great pain; but in the midst of his sufferings, he could not refrain from telling me of his happiness. The few minutes that elapsed between his entrance into Lady Falkland's room and the arrival of the ladder, had passed in mutual entreaties for pardon, in the most tender interchange of protestations of affection, and in lamentations over their too probable separation from each other by death—although they had both so recently desired to effect a separation in life. At length the medical man, having left Lady Falkland, took Sir Edgar under his care, and immediately silenced his transports by a composing draught; fire-engines arrived from the county-town, and in a few hours the house had ceased to blaze; presenting, however, a lamentable spectacle of blackened and smoking ruins.

Morning came; the father and mother of Lady Falkland were expected, and I rode to meet them—anxious to acquaint them with the happy change in the prospects of their daughter: they were astonished that I should greet them with a smile; still more so when I described the tremendous scene of the preceding night, which seemed little calculated to excite such a token of pleasure. But most grateful were they when I had finished my story, and fervently did they return thanks to the gracious Lord, who had thus wonderfully and mysteriously wrought good out of evil.

I led them to the farm, where they fondly embraced their beloved daughter: she was sitting by the bed-side of her husband, who, when no longer supported by temporary excitement, was suffering severely from the effects of hurts—and a tender and affecting scene ensued. When I left the room, I encountered Mr. Chambers, the lawyer.

"I am exceedingly sorry," he said to me, with a look of doleful apology; "but I have reason to fear that the deed of separation has been destroyed in the flames."

"So much the better," I replied, cheerfully; "Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland are now happily reconciled, and the deed of separation, even if recovered, would be no better than waste paper."

"Pardon me, major!" said he with a provoking curve of his lip; "you can only conjecture that point. We lawyers are not to be satisfied except with proofs—and time alone can prove that the deed will not again be required."

I was glad to escape from this doubting gentleman to the clamorous rejoicings and congratulations of Dennis O'Flaherty. I gave him a sum of money, which Sir Edgar afterwards trebled, and I resolved in my own mind never to laugh at his blunders again, since he had so happily refrained from blundering in a case of life and death. Lady Falkland attended her husband with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity, during an illness of several weeks. On his recovery they passed some months in travelling, and neither of them made any complaints of want of attention on the part of the other. The house was rebuilt exactly in the same form, but it was more attractive to my eyes than it had ever been—for it had now become a "Mansion of Peace."

"And do you really think it possible, uncle," said Emma, "that a couple who were once on the verge of separation, could be thoroughly happy afterwards?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," said Major Hervey; "they are as happy, Emma, as your own dear father and mother."

"Now, uncle, I cannot believe you; I shall be like your sceptical friend, Mr. Chambers—only satisfied with proofs!"

"Then I will give you a proof, Emma, which will be quite satisfactory even to the sceptical Mr. Chambers: it is of your own dear father and mother I have been speaking."

Emma cast a wondering, incredulous glance towards her mother.

"Surely my uncle is jesting?" said she.

"No, my love," answered Lady Wilmot; "he has given you, under imaginary names, a narrative of facts. The awful scene took place twenty years ago, on this very site; and the room where we are now sitting answers to the one in which I stood, momentarily expecting a painful and violent death, and shrinking from the idea of appearing before my Creator with a spirit irritated by angry pride, and a conscience burthened with the neglect and defiance of my duties as a wife and as a Christian. I trust that, by the assistance of Providence, I have been enabled to correct the faults of my temper; and most happy, my dear Emma, am I to say, that I have never observed any indications of the same imperious and exacting disposition in you; but in case any future alteration in your situation should bring to light defects in your temper hitherto unknown, I am glad that your uncle has told you these particulars of the early wedded life of myself and your dear father. Your choice, I trust, will be cautious and prudent; but that choice once made, consider that it is equally your duty and interest to bear patiently with the foibles of the object of it; and ever remember that the bonds you assume are not merely light and temporary ties, but are to be worn by yourself, and by the husband of your selection, in fidelity and constancy, 'so long as ye both shall live.'"

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

WE should not prize the sunbeams
Were it not for the clouds,
To enhance their value,
While the mist enshrouds;
After storms are over,
Gladly hail we then,
Sunbeams gaily dancing
Through the leafy glen.

WE should not prize the sunbeams
That deck the paths of life,
Were it not that changes
With our days are rife.
Thus we learn the value
Of a better home,
Far above the cloudlets,
Where no shadows come.

COURAGE OF THE FELLAHS.

It cannot be said that the fellahs are a particularly courageous people, although good soldiers have been made out of them. As a rule, indeed, they are timid; and, like all nations south of England and Germany, are valiant in gusts, and more from fear or self-love than virtue. It is amusing to see two gigantic men engaged in a quarrel that would at once be decided by fisticuffs in our pugilistic latitude. The party aggrieved, or considering himself so, holds on by the garments of the other, uttering unintelligible cries and threats, and the following dialogue generally takes place:

"Will you let me go?"

"No, I will not, Wallah!"

"If you do not let me go, I will break your teeth, Wallah!"

"I will not let go, Wallah!"

After about half an hour, the person held—probably feeling that he ought to go to work—makes a show of hitting the other, who only hangs on the tighter, and yells louder. Then the bystanders interfere, saying, "*Maellesh! Maellesh!*"—"It is no matter!"—words that seem to have a magical power, and are also used as synonyms to "I beg pardon!" if you tread on a stranger's corn. A reconciliation is effected easily enough, if the disputants be of

about equal weight; but I have seen a big man beat a youth very savagely for persisting in holding on his own gown. It is to be observed, however, that this is considered a very disgraceful act; for as long as the hand remains clasped, the victim is supposed to be under the protection of his enemy. This, perhaps, accounts satisfactorily for the immense number of threats that are expended in vain in these quarrels. According to rule, you must free your coat-tail by artifice, or gentle violence, before you hit.

WOOING A WIDOW.

"SAMUEL, my son, beware of the vidders." The old knight of the whip, we will admit, had reason to complain; but no man who has an unmortgaged heart can associate with an interesting "relict," without falling head over heels in love with her. To resist is as impossible as it would be for the lilacs not to feel the influence of the spring sun, or the cherries to remain pale under the ripening heats of July. Men, when bereaved, can absorb their minds with money-getting, politics, authorship, or glory. But if a widow's affection wanders about, like Noah's dove, without a resting-place, she is wretched—the past is all gone, and the future presents nothing but cheerless desolation, if her love, pent up, is to corrode the heart. Blistered be the tongue that can ridicule, and paralysed the hand that can libel the widows, who are as far before the tribe of girlhood, as bright summer, rich with fruition, is before fickle and inconstant spring, resplendent with blossoms, fair, yet tasteless. Performances are better than promises; perfect six-and-twenty is far preferable to giggling "sweet sixteen."

Who to choose can hesitate—
Mature love, or fickle beauty?
Need we then our choice relate?
We turn from each verdant face
That no sweet emotions grace—
And to widows pay our duty.

But how woo them? How persuade them to approach the hymeneal altar a second time, as a white-robed victim offered up to some human "lord of creation?" How ensnare them again, when, perhaps, their first husbands—as some men do—set them up in their houses, as the ancients did their Lares and their Lemures, for playthings and ornaments—not household gods, to be deified only when their owners were in good humour, and trodden under foot in every excess of passion? We will not advise you, friend suitor, for we despise advice; but we will offer you translations of four letters, given to us as autographs, which embody a complete romance.

The writer of these letters is a notable diplomatist, and one of the most distinguished representatives of the French imperial court. He is rich, he is powerful, he is envied; in a word, he has a *position*—which means, a right to look down upon all poor fellows, who have nothing but their intellect. But when he penned these letters, his only opulence was riches of the heart, treasures of the mind, and other gems of youth which are so recklessly squandered away in early life. He was then but twenty years of age; and if he ever sees these early waifs in print, he will find a wide difference between their style and that of the voluminous "state papers," for which he is now so celebrated.

Angoulême, August 6, 1820.

MY DEAR LOUIS.—It is now a week, old class-mate, since I arrived at my home, bringing with me nothing but regrets, unpaid bills, and a diploma. This old city, calm and silent, saddened me as I entered its streets in the Paris coach; and when I reached the door of my paternal mansion, I was ready to weep. Alas! my dear friend, death had passed across that threshold since I left, and I was not welcomed by the fond mother who had so affectionately bid me farewell. Alone at the deserted fire-side, the city seemed like an immense necropolis—for the much-loved dead obscured my view of the living. Three long days were passed in silence—in solitude—in meditation.

But on the fourth day, the sun shone again into my heart. Again I saw crowds in the streets; and on going forth was greeted by old friends, who cheered my sadness by many a kind word of consolation. The source of this change, dear Louis, was a charming woman, who had attended my mother during her last illness—my cousin Sylvia. From the time she called, accompanied by the physician, to give me in person my mother's parting words, I have ceased to live entombed, and everything has worn a brighter aspect. Could you see her who has thus thawed the ice-bound tide of my existence, I am sure, dear Louis, you would admire her—nay, love her, as I do. Perhaps, then, it is well that you cannot see her—for it would be sad for such old friends, playmates, schoolmates, class-mates, as we have been, to be rivals.

My cousin is twenty-five years of age; she has been a widow three years. Except in the romances of Rousseau, which we so often read together while in the freshman's class, there exists no woman to whom I can compare her; and in her are united all the charms, the accomplishments, and the graces of those heroines—each one of whom we used to consider a model of perfection.

Alas! that I think so—that I love her so madly—that her image reigns in my thoughts, and that my heart is like a deep well in which is mirrored nought save the brilliant star directly over head. You, dear Louis, may blame me, but you must not denounce me; you may laugh at me, but you must pity me; for I love Sylvia, and I feel assured that she never will love me. Adieu.

Angoulême, August 10, 1820.

Thanks, dear Louis, for your friendly letter, and I will again inflict upon you my love-chronicle. Last evening, Sylvia's father gave a large ball, and I accepted an invita-

tion with joy. My cousin was resplendent with youth, with vivacity, and with beauty; Oh that you could have seen her! She wore a rich black silk, cut in the Spanish style, and the tiny Andalusian mantle was balanced, as if by attraction, upon a bust which exceeded in beauty that of the famed Venus of Milo. Need I say that Sylvia, thus radiant and enchanting, was the belle of the evening? And while she smiled graciously upon troops of would-be friends, false flatterers, hollow-hearted suitors, must I tell you that she was cruel to me alone—to me, the timid lover, who would risk all to serve her, and pour out my blood like water to execute her bidding?

Calling me into the conservatory, where no one saw us, Sylvia returned to me a note, which I had sent her in the afternoon, concealed in a bouquet—a note which had cost me many sighs, and in which I had told my love. "Cousin Lucien," said she, in a voice slightly tinged with indignation, "you are crazy." I answered, hanging my head, "I fear I am." No more was said; but oh! if I am thus a prey to hope, and fear, and disappointment, of what use will be reason? Pity me, my dear friend—pity me. I have need of pity, of friendship—for I can scarcely stand the shock.

Uncsciously, however, my cousin gave me, during the evening, souvenirs enough to last my life-time. First, I danced with her, and necessarily her beautiful hand reposed in mine. Then came the waltz, that dancing reverie of Germany, in which I had the precious right to encircle her with my arm, and to gaze at her with adoration, at kissing distance. It seemed, as we circled around, that I was dreaming, to the sound of celestial harmony. Generally, my dear Louis, noise awakens us, and chases away happy dreams; but last evening, my friend, when the music ceased, silence awoke me!

That is not all. I picked up my cousin Sylvia's embroidered handkerchief, and it seems that the perfume yet steals across my senses; I kissed her fan; I stole a flower that dropped from the bouquet on her waist. That flower, withered and faded as it is, I cherish under a glass globe, with more pride than I should the largest diamond in a sovereign's diadem.

You say that you shall endeavour to visit Angoulême this autumn. When you come, I will take you into my chamber, and open the doors of a wardrobe in which my treasures are enshrined. I will show you this precious flower, a glove which she touched, a glass from which she drank, the perfume she uses—and I will say, with a sigh, here are my riches, my treasures, my comforts!

I now comprehend a phrase which I once saw (in some book, the title of which I have forgotten), and which I could not comprehend until I began to adore my cousin:

"Unhappy love has its charms!"

Happy lovers need extraordinary emotions, grand dramas, and all the joyous pomp of outward show; but we who are disdained ask but silence, calm, clouds and dreams. Successful suitors enjoy, after all, nothing but terrestrial joys; but we, who inhabit dream-land, enjoy aerial pleasures from imaginary sources. They love in prose, and we love in verse. Happy love, my dear Louis, is but a prosy history; but unhappy love is a thrilling poem. Yet, after all, one would not read poetry always. Adieu! Come and see Sylvia; comfort me.

Angoulême, August 20, 1820.

For a week past, my friend, there has been a comedy represented at my uncle's, in which I have played the part of "the dupe," and which, when it ceases, will seal my happiness for life, while it will make a certain Captain Lamberty rejoice. This captain is a stalwart militia officer, six feet high, whose only merit lies in his voice, which resounds over the parade-ground, or through the church, where he sings the bass parts. He has but a moderate fortune, a moderate intellect, and a moderate reputation. But he dresses in the latest fashion, talks about horses, and sings romantic ballads. Such, dear Louis, is the fortunate lover of my bewitching cousin—she whose first husband was a sensible, hard-working lawyer. Oh, woman—woman! and especially a widow!

The captain has one merit in the eyes of a coquette. He can enter a drawing-room with ease, and has an abundance of gossiping small-talk. He knows all the latest Paris fashions; all the court scandal about jewellery, and what bonnets are to be worn next year. This is milk and honey for the ladies of our interior city, and they in general, with cousin Sylvia in particular, listen with delight to this elegant fop, who converses like a milliner's apprentice, or a barber's boy.

The captain excels in describing, with all the eloquence of an ignorant Don Juan, the fascinating pleasures of the metropolis, and narrates, with many a personal adventure, the balls, the masquerades, the festivals, and the intrigues which he has participated in while at Paris.

Such, dear Louis, is the lover of my cousin Sylvia.

She loves him—she is betrothed to him. Yes, she has avowed it—and why? My uncle does not fancy the captain, and my cousin has requested me to act as "a screen" to shield their love! Yes; she uses me as a screen, while he enjoys, behind my protecting shade, that love which I so covet. Young, innocent, and enthusiastic, I consent blindly to this disguise. Above all, I can now see my cousin. What more can I ask?

I go there every morning; I remain there all day. I blush when I speak to her, and turn pale when she replies. Every one says I love her—and, for once, every one tells the truth. My uncle laughs, and says that widows are dangerous! I believe him, and yet, like the moth glittering around the candle-light, I am happy. Will the flame consume?

Every fair afternoon we walk out, my cousin taking my arm. The captain, who meets us as if by accident, walks

on the other side of her, as if he should accompany us but a few steps, and his apparent inferiority makes me happy.

When she goes a-shopping I accompany her, and discuss learnedly upon the colour of a silk, the form of a bonnet, the beauty of a jewel, or the richness of embroidery. My counsel is taken as law, and need I say how much joy it gives me to be thus associated with Sylvia, even on so trifling matters. Of course, all think I have captivated her. Nay, my friends congratulate me.

I wait upon her to the theatre, where I take a prominent box, and sit proudly by her side throughout the performance, whilst the poor captain only comes in for a few moments; he remains in the background. Meanwhile, I whisper in her ear, toy with her fan, and play the part of an accepted lover more naturally, if possible, than any actor performs upon the stage. Alas! like them, I only play a part.

New I am happy, but how long will it last? Can I always be a screen? And how can I support the shock, when my services will be no longer required, and Captain Lamberty weds my cousin Sylvia? hateful thought! but I will not bore you with my woes, present or prospective. Adieu.

Angoulême, September 25, 1820.

It is a long time since I wrote you, my dear Louis, and two letters from you lie upon my table unanswered. Let me render an account of my silence.

Two days after I last wrote you, I became so worked up that I determined to release myself—not from my love, but from my blindness, and the culpable weakness of my conduct.

The next morning—it was a month ago or more—I called on my cousin, and found that she had gone to see a relative who was indisposed. As I was leaving the house, who should I meet but Captain Lamberty, dressed finely, and twirling a little cane.

"Good morning, Lucien!" said he.

"Good morning, captain!" I replied, not liking his familiar address. I had made my mind up how to act, and now only waited an opportunity.

"Lucien," said he, with a malicious and triumphant smile, "I am glad to see you, and to thank you!"

"Thank me for what, captain?"

"For my happiness, which I owe to your adroitness, or to your innocence."

"What is this happiness, captain, and what is this innocence?"

"Thanks to you, Lucien, I have wooed and won your cousin Sylvia without any impertinent gossip or scandal; for no one suspected what I was about, so occupied were they with you. The comedy has been well played, but to-day the first act ends, and we change places. You fall back, and I, coming forward as the accepted lover, invite you to the wedding."

"When, captain?"

"Next Monday. And now, Lucien, if you have not been innocent, let me congratulate you on the admirable manner in which you have acted your part."

"The part of a screen, captain, is it not?"

"Precisely."

"Captain Lamberty, you are a coward!"

"Sir!"

"You are a coward, sir!" and as I spoke I felt my cheeks glow with anger. "I have long suspected your meanness, innocent as you thought me; and last night I determined to call you out, for your dishonourable conduct towards my uncle." Just then a friend approached us, and I raised my voice. "I repeat it—you are a coward, and I defy you to resent the appellation."

"Boy!" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Boy!" I rejoined. "I am old enough to fire a pistol, and before yonder sun sets, I must die, or I will have killed you." Then, addressing my friend: "François, you witness this challenge; I shall need your services."

"Must I kill you to-day?" said the captain.

"I thirst for your blood," was my reply.

"Your own be upon your rash head. Send your friend to my lodgings, and I will soon let out some of your warm blood! Good-day, and a speedy meeting!"

So we separated.

Long before sunset, we met on a secluded plain, near the river bank. The fifteen paces agreed upon were counted, the signal was given, the balls whistled through the air, and I fell face downwards, murmuring the name of my cousin Sylvia.

Oh, my friend, what unhappiness I experienced that night, as I lay at the house of my uncle, whither I had been carried! It was but a flesh-wound, the doctors said, and I could not die for her I loved!

But revenge came the next morning. I had shot the captain in the back—for as he fired, he had turned round and run—so said the doctor. And soon in came Sylvia, looking more beautiful than ever, to nurse her "foolish cousin." That day, as she sat by my bed-side, I told her, in a low voice, of my love, my hopes, my devotion, my sufferings—and I had the delight to draw, first a regret, then a sigh, then a tear. I was safe. As for the captain, he has left the city, to escape the jeers with which he was greeted.

I have not yet recovered, but am happy. The joys of an unsuccessful lover are over, and the sorrows of a successful suitor are about to commence. Come and let us discuss the difference.

Paris, January 4, 1821.

DEAR LOUIS,—I am at the Hotel des Princes, with my bride, and am the happiest of men. Come and dine with us at five. Sylvia sends her love.

And so, friend reader, was the widow wooed and won. She could appreciate devotion, and we have never heard that she was suspected of having seen more summers than her husband. A cheerful heart and a good mantuamaker cover a multitude of years.

B. E. P.

A CANNIBAL BANQUET IN THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

A LARGE house, called the "Ulu ni Puaka," or "pig's head," was prepared for the accommodation of themselves and their families, and food collected from all directions for their entertainment. According to custom, a family called the Vusarandabe was called upon to furnish meat for the first breakfast, and, as it concerned their pride that this should be of the best, steps were taken to provide one or two human bodies. As Bau was not actually at war with any of the neighbouring tribes, and no enemies were to be had, some little management was necessary to secure this supply; but at last, through the co-operation of a tributary town on Viti Levu, called Nandavio, and, it was said, by the assistance of two Tahitians, or Malayo-Polynesians, residing at Bau, two poor wretches were entrapped on a small island, called Anutha, or Yanutha, and brought to the capital, where they were slaughtered and eaten.

The missionaries, who are disposed to think well of Thakombau's intentions, suppose that, had the example not been set by the Vusarandabe, he would have been satisfied with supplying his guests with pigs.

It now, however, became a point of honour with him, his turn for supplying the breakfast having arrived, not to be excelled in munificence by his inferiors; and the chiefs of Nasiali, a city of Rewa, which had been lately subjugated, were ordered to forward the required provision to Bau. One man only was obtained from this source, when Navindi, the "Turanga ni Lasakau," or chief of the fishermen, whose duty it is more particularly to procure human flesh, and who might have taken offence at the presumption of the Vusarandabe in preceding him, was ordered to perform his horrible office.

Taking with him, accordingly, the "nambete," or priest, he started with several canoes for Nakelo,* a town situated on a river or branch of the sea connecting Rewa with the coast of the main land opposite to Bau. An ambush laid here having failed, it became doubtful whether it would not be necessary to have recourse to their own resources: that is, to slaughter some of their own slaves to furnish the Butoni banquet—a sacrifice of course to be avoided if possible. The priest's aid was accordingly invoked, Navindi hinting at the same time that, should they continue unsuccessful, he (the priest) would probably be one of the victims himself. The oracle having been consulted, a hundred bodies are promised by the gods, and the party continued their course, skirting along under the overhanging mangroves, to the village of Notho. Here they lay concealed till low water, when the women are accustomed to come to the coast to pick shell-fish for food, and, sallying out at the proper time, secured fourteen of these defenceless and unsuspecting beings, one or two being clubbed to death, as a rush was made to escape. One man, attempting to save either his wife or daughter, shared her fate, but, with this exception, all were of the softer sex, and they were immediately conducted in triumph to Bau.

On Sunday, the 29th of July, the hollow sound of the awful "lali," or sacred drum, bore across the water to Viwa the intelligence that a cargo of human victims had arrived in Bau, and a native Christian chief (I believe Namosemala), who had quitted the capital to bring the information to the mission, related to the shuddering ladies, whose husbands were absent at Bau, or Sandalwood Bay, in Vanua Levu, on their usual annual meeting, the whole of the circumstances of the capture. In the course of the day different reports as to the intentions of the authorities were brought over, but in the evening came a definitive one, that all were to be slaughtered on the morrow. And then was enacted a scene which ought to be ever memorable in the history of this mission.

On the Monday morning, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, accompanied only by the Christian chief above-mentioned, embarked in a canoe for Bau, to make an effort to save the lives of the doomed victims. Each carried a whale's tooth decorated with ribbons—a necessary offering on preferring a petition to a chief; for even in this exciting moment these admirable women did not neglect the ordinary means of succeeding in their benevolent object. As they landed at the wharf, not far from the house of old Tanoa, the father of Thakombau, and in this instance the person to whom they were to address themselves, the shrieks of two women then being slaughtered for the day's entertainment chilled their blood, but did not daunt their resolution. They were yet in time to save a remnant of the sacrifice. Ten had been killed and eaten, one had died of her wounds, the life of one girl had been begged by Thakombau's principal wife, to whom she was delivered as a slave, and three only remained. Regardless of the sanctity of the place, it being "tabu" to women, they forced themselves into old Tanoa's chamber, who demanded, with astonishment at their temerity, what these women did there? The Christian chief, who well maintained his lately adopted character, answered for them, that they came to solicit the lives of the surviving prisoners, presenting at the same time the two whale's teeth. Tanoa, apparently still full of wonder, took up one of these, and, turning to a messenger, desired him to carry it immediately to Navindi, and ask "If it were good?" A few minutes were passed in anxious suspense. The messenger returned, and "It is good," was Navindi's answer. The women's cause was gained, and old Tanoa thus pronounced his judgment: "Those who are dead, are dead; those who are alive shall live." With their three rescued fellow-creatures these heroic women retired, and already had the satisfaction of experiencing that their daring efforts had produced a more than hoped-for effect.

—Cruise of the *Havannah*.

* Nakelo has in Feejee the extraordinary distinction of eating no human flesh, abstinence from which is its peculiar "tabu."

FACETIÆ.

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies' faces.

Why is a cannon-ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when fired it generally ends in a roll.

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows, who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

By no means bad.—A "Knight of the Whip" makes the following inquiry of us: "I wonder if an editor's leaders ever get over the traces?"

Not amiss.—A humourist, the other day, remarking upon the dispute pending between the teetotallers and the "jolly full" bottlers of this borough, termed it the "War of the Red and White Noses."

What is "CANYASSING"?—A witness (Irish, of course, before the Clare Election Committee) having said he had been "all day canvassing," was directed to "define" canvassing, which he did thus: "To try to induce and force the voters to vote for Corny O'Brien, and if they would not, to give them drink till they could not vote at all."

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact, that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

Ethical.—Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than one who is no better?

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"Dick! I say, why don't you turn that buffalo robe to the other side out? Hair side in is the warmest." "Bah! Tom! you get out! Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide?"

An Epitaph.—There is an Italian epitaph which reads thus: "I was well—wanted to be better—and here I am."

Mrs. Harris says her "darter" Jane was only married a little over a year when she had "two boys, both sons." Smart gal, that.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the "barber pole" pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork-screw.

Fond of Company.—People who buy second-hand bedsteads.

We overheard a poor weather-bound individual, the other day, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a doorway:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell,
There always comes a soaking shower,
When I hain't got no umberell!

The following receipt for "light refreshments" we find in the *Detroit Free Press*, and recommend to the railroad restaurants: "California Sandwiches—A slice of leather placed between two white pine chips. Price, One Shilling. Mustard gratis!"

Precocious.—"Mother, you musn't hurt me for running away from school any more!" "Why?" "Because my school-book says that ants are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a true ant?"

Girls, Beware!—Jean Paul thus cautions young girls: The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember, it is but as the infantry before the cavalry, that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on bended knees takes aim at his victim.

The first law of nature is marriage, and yet man is the only creature that resists it. Who ever saw an old bachelor robin, or a female blue bird with strong thoughts of dying an old maid? No one. Every created thing becomes a parent, and this is just what it was intended they should become.

Silence.—One might have heard a pin fall, is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief.

Pleasant.—To make money ourselves, or to see our neighbours lose it. By the way, the quantity of bad luck that a man can endure in a friend is really astonishing.

A late visitor to Cuba divides the inhabitants into classes—one of which makes a living by manufacturing cigars, and the other by smoking them.

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overflowing with blood and robustness.

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befel his son, in the following manner: "Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vash sick into his ped speechless for six weeks in te munt of August—and all his cry vas, 'Vater! vater!' and he couldn't eat noting except a leetle tea."

Precaution.—Somebody says of Madame de Genlis, that she reproved her librarian for placing works written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," she said, "without putting a prayer-book between them."

BRYANT writes home that the Turks are rapidly advancing in civilisation and refinement. In proof of this, he mentions that they get drunk, play at billiards, and take advantage of the money market.

Things are pretty evenly divided, after all. The poor man has no money, while the rich man has no appetite. The former lives in dread of the alms-house, and the latter of dyspepsia.

That Man is not totally depraved, is shown by the fact, that whenever we see two dogs fighting, we always sympathise with the smaller one.

A doctor and a poet quarrelled: an indifferent person was applied to, to settle the dispute: when the latter made the following reply: "You are faulty, both; do penance for your crimes: bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes!"

Fearful Waste.—The only notion that a woman has of time, is shown by her constantly endeavouring to imitate in her person, as near as she can, the shape of the hour-glass.

Politicians are like lions in a menagerie, constantly stirred up, that the crowd may see their size and hear their roar.

Table Moving is attracting great attention, and how to perform the feat is considered an accomplishment. It is pretty evident to us, that if the delusion extends much further, the sheriff will show them how the whole furniture can be moved.

An honest Norfolk grazier, who had seen *Richard the Third* performed one night, waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

A waggoner passing a store, was asked what he had in his waggon. He replied

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet
A rectangle triangle standing on feet;
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

Three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright where two semi-circles meet is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CO, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the waggon.

When Coleridge was in love, he was compelled to leave his inamorata, and was consequently wretched. As he left the scene of his amour, however, he by degrees got reconciled, and philosophically came to this conclusion: "Love is a local anguish. I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable."

A person having asked how many *dog days* there were in a year, received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, "as every dog had his day."

The Russian women think their husbands are becoming cold and indifferent if they do not flog them once a week. Mirabeau's valet, Teutch, regarded it as a great favour and compliment to be kicked by his master; and it is said that, however low-spirited he was before, this always set him in an excellent humour.

A lady, who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told by the poor devotee, that "she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she thought she had better be civil to both." What a politician in petticoats!

A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked: "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied: "We could hardly get enough to eat before, and now there's another one come!" "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman; "and remember that He never sends mouths without He sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy; "but then all the mouths comes to our house and the victuals to your house."

A Fond Housekeeper.—A toy-seller who had recently taken to himself a wife, was exceedingly tender to her in epithet; his frequent address was: "My lamb!" One day a little dirty-faced boy asked for a toy, and the busy toy-seller said, "My lamb, serve that boy, please." The boy was served, and went away, but soon returned to have his toy changed. The toy-seller doubted whether it was bought at his shop, and said: "Who served thee?" The lad replied: "It wor t' lamb, sir." The toy-seller blushed, exchanged the toy, and for the future addressed his wife as if she were a rational creature.

An advertisement appeared the other day, announcing for sale the "mask of Cromwell, taken from the face of Oliver immediately after death; it was in the family possession of Dr. Miller for the last sixty years, and an authentic pedigree can be given as to how they became possessed of it." Another advertisement offered to the consideration of all whom it may concern: "part of the hair and whiskers of Edward IV. (undoubted), having been in the possession of the advertiser thirty years. Any description of property taken in exchange."

Babies.—Baby-carts on narrow side-walks are awful bores, especially to a hurried business man. Are they? Suppose you, and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to win, were joint proprietors of that baby, I shouldn't dare to stand very near you and call it "a nuisance." It's all very well for bachelors to turn up their single blessed noses at these little dimpled Cupids; but just wait till their time comes! See 'em, the minute their name is written "papa," pull

up their dickies and strut down the street as if the state owed them a pension. When they enter the office, see their old partner (to whom babies have long since ceased to be a novelty) laugh in his sleeve at the new-fledged dignity with which that baby advent is announced. How perfectly astonished they feel that they should have been so infatuated as not to perceive that a man is a perfect cypher till he is at the head of a family! How frequently one may see them now looking in at the shop-windows with intense interest, at little hats, coral and bells, and baby-jumpers. How they love to go home to dinner, and press the little velvet cheek to their business faces! Was there ever any music half so sweet to the ear as it first lisped "papa?" Oh, how closely and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils round the parent stem! How anxiously they hang over its cradle when the cheek flushes and the lip is fever-parched; and how wide, and deep, and how long a shadow in their happy homes its little grave would cast! My dear sir—depend upon it, *one's own baby is never a nuisance!* Love heralds its birth.

A French Joke.—Passing one evening along the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, about half-past twelve, just as they were closing the emporium of *The Two Baboons*, which was commonly done at half-past eleven, Romieu dashed head-foremost into the shop. "Where is the proprietor of the establishment?" "He is in bed, long since." "But he sleeps in the house, I hope?" "Certainly." "Conduct me to him at once—I must see him this instant." "Your business must be very urgent, then." "I tremble with anxiety for fear of being too late." "Well, sir, as you assure me—" "Oh, go on—go on!" The shopman did not take time even to close the street-door, but ushered Romieu to the chamber where Mr. P. was snoring like a bass viol. "Mr. P.—Mr. P!" cried out the man. "Eh, eh! what's that? Go to Halifax! (Halifax was not precisely the place indicated, but I respect my readers' nerves). What do you want?" "Sir, it isn't me!" "Eh! who then?" "A gentleman who wishes to say two words to you." "And at this hour!" "Sir, he says he can't help it." "And where is this gentleman?" "He is at the door. Come in, sir—come in!" Romieu entered on tiptoe, his hat in hand, and his face one smile. "I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for the trouble I am giving." "Don't mention it, I beg. What can I do to oblige you?" "Sir, I wish to speak to your partner?" "To my partner! I have no partner." "No partner?" "None!" "And pray, sir, why have you put on your sign-board '*The Two Baboons*'? It is a shameless imposition on the public!"

How to Coin a Joke.—It is singular that so much astonishment has been created by a man walking with his feet on the ceiling, when no less a person than her Majesty may be daily seen with her head on the floor.—*Punch*.

Mulish Obstinacy in Dress.—Our young men of the present day run about with black stripes down their legs—not unlike the legs of mules. Why not carry the likeness further, and allow the stripes, as in the case of mules, to run all over their coats? Surely he who dresses himself like a mule must be "next to a donkey," and, accordingly, cannot make himself too ridiculous. A sharp young friend of ours, who has studied heraldry, merely to joke upon it, calls these thick, heavy stripes, "The bars-sinister of taste."—*Ibid*.

A Case of Russian Leather.—We trust there will be no war between England and Russia, because it would involve an interruption of our commerce with that empire: whilst, nevertheless, we should be compelled to send out tanners to the Russians to tan their hides for them.—*Ibid*.

A LITTLE POLITICAL GAME OF SPELLING.

England: I say, Russia, I'll bet you anything you can't spell Constantinople?

Russia: Can't I, just? Why, it's easy enough!

England: It's not so easy to get through Constantinople, my boy, as you may imagine! Come, just you try.

Russia: Here goes at it, then! C-o-n—Con; s-t-a-n—stan, Constan; t-i—ti, Constanti; n-o—no—

England (stopping him): No!

Russia (extremely puzzled): No?

England (positively): No, no!

France (ditto): No, no, no!

Turkey (in consequence of the firmness of the other two, plucks up courage, and also says positively): No, no, no, no!

All together (most positively): No! no! no! no!

[Russia tries back, and tries very hard several times, but each time he tries it on, he is pulled up suddenly by the Noes. He gets very angry, and at last, not seeing his way at all clearly through Constantinople, he retires in the greatest rage and disgust; England, France, and Turkey still calling out after him, "No! no! no! no!"—*Ibid*.]

An American lady, on handsome men, thus replied to an individual who said somebody was not calculated to win a lady's heart, because he was not handsome: Begging your pardon, Solomon, that's a great mistake! It is quite unessential that a man should be "handsome." Let him pray the gods, in the first place, to make him a gentleman—a gentleman at home as well as abroad. Let him stipulate for a fine figure and courtly manner, and leave it to their discretion after that to shape his eyes, nose, and mouth, provided they don't make them hideous. Save us from your plaid-painted, border-vested, big-eaved, moustached, cologne-sprinkled, bejewelled, brainless exquisite. Give us a well-informed, plainly-dressed, self-possessed, intelligent masculine, perfectly at home upon all subjects, foreign and domestic; neither cringing to the great, nor opposing the little; who puts

one hand on his sword, and the other on his heart, when a woman's name is mentioned; who raises no blush on the cheek of humble innocence; who holds in contempt no living thing that God has made; who can pity the weak and erring without a pharisaical reviling; who can argue without loss of temper and dignity; who scorns a bribe or an oath; who has an arm for trembling age, a smile for prattling infancy, and a strong, brave heart for the oppressed and defenceless. But a "pretty man, a pink and white Sir Brainless!" the united work of a tailor, hatter, shoemaker, and perfumer! Heaven save the mark! Women know better."

PATTERN WIVES.

MRS. VIOLET was one of your pattern wives; never laced her boots without consulting her husband. Her dressmaker always stood, scissors in hand, till he had turned over in his mind the relative advantages of flounces and tucks, boddices and basket waists. Mrs. Violet was merely an echo of Mr. Violet; her voice was soft and low; her motions slow and proper; and she hung on his arm and cuddled up to his side, in a manner convincing to the most sceptical that she was "the weaker vessel."

Now, I suppose you think Mr. Violet was master of his own house. St. Peter! no more than you are! There was a look in the corner of that meek creature's eye that was as good as a loaded musket; and Mr. Violet fetched and carried accordingly. Not that she ever raised that musical voice above a sighing whisper; no, indeed! she left that for the strong-minded monster woman, who never read this passage in John Milton—"He for God only, she for God in him." Nevertheless, Mrs. Violet's knowledge of the world was confined entirely to the length of her apron-string; still it was always "husband," and "dear Violet;" even when the poor wretch knew that his life wasn't worth twopenny, did he abate "one jot or tittle" of his matrimonial loyalty.

What gave me convulsions was to hear her defer to his opinion in company, and then to see him fetch up in the middle of a sentence, at a gentle reminder from the toe of her slipper under the table!

Every night Violet stepped into the confession box, never daring to swerve a particle from the truth: so fully was he impressed with the idea of Mrs. Violet's clairvoyance. How he tended the baby, and tied the children's pinafores! How he sewed on missing buttons, when the blinds were closed! How lovingly Mrs. Violet looked over his hymn-book in meeting! How sweetly she smiled when she offered him the hassock! How touchingly she turned to her husband to reply for her, when a neighbour asked her a question! How he didn't know any more than you do the contents of his letters till she had inspected the same. How his best coat and vest were locked up on Sunday night at sunset, lest he should be tempted to make himself beautiful for some other Violet—how he had to eat "picked up dinners," on the full conviction that the roast turkey allowance had gone to her milliner's. How Tommy had a "soldier cap," made of the newspaper, before his paternal could get a bird's-eye view of it. How Mrs. Violet gave him private tuition in putting on her shawl affectionately, which exhibition was to come off in public the first favourable opportunity. How all the humbugged, keen-sighted (?) public remarked, "what an uncommonly affectionate couple were Mr. and Mrs. Violet!"

How Mrs. Violet died one day, and how her husband drew a long breath, and took a vow to find her antipodes, if she existed on *terra firma*—and how he married a saucy little beauty, who cuffs his ears in public, and loves him like ten thousand in private; who mends her baby and darns needle, and leaves him in undisturbed possession of his liberty and his ledger. Happy Violet! he believes with me, now, in blue eyes and Paradise.—*Fanny Fern.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Do the frowns of fate startle you? Fear her smiles still more.

REPUTATION is like polished steel—it may be tarnished by a breath.

WHEN an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

PRUDENT and active men, who know their strength, and use it with limit and circumspection, alone go far in the affairs of the world.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.

VANITY is the great commanding passion. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant.

A SMILE.—Day begins in darkness, grows bright, strong, and glorious, and in darkness closes; and so man commences life in weak childhood, attains to the meridian of manhood, and second childhood ends his day career.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLUENCY.—The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of a language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people can come quicker out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.—If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

MILITARY POWER OF TURKEY.—The *Impartial*, of Smyrna, gives the following sketch of the military power of Turkey. The army consists of the active force and the reserve. The first is composed of six *corps d'armée*, each having 6 infantry, 4 cavalry, and 1 artillery regiments. A Turkish infantry regiment numbers 3263, a cavalry regiment 934, and an artillery regiment 1300 men. The 6 corps thus make up 147,684 men, or, including the engineer-corps, 160,000 men. The artillery includes more than 2000 field-pieces, besides single guns. The reserve consists of 4 corps, with a total of about 150,000 men. In addition, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Upper Albania, Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis are bound to supply a contingent of not less than 110,000 men: so that the Turkish army, including 60,000 irregulars, would consist of 480,000 men. The navy includes 16 ships of the line, of which 3 are three-deckers of 120 guns, and 13 ships with from 74 to 90 guns, 14 frigates of from 52 to 64 guns, 12 corvettes, and 20 brigs and smaller vessels. The steam navy, which makes great progress, consists of 18 boats, of 3700 horse power.

INGENUITY.—The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a Kaffir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to struggle across the stream at a time when, to ford it, was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.—About two years ago a vessel left Archangel on an excursion to Greenland, to collect walrus tusks, seal oil, skins, &c. On the voyage the crew, or a part rather, mutinied, murdered the captain, and ended the tragedy by leaving two of the crew to perish on the inhospitable shores of Greenland, giving them little or no food whereby to prolong their existence. One of the men, however, took on shore a gun, and that eventually led to the discovery of the mutiny and the murder. Many of the Russian peasantry are very ingenious and expert in the use of the hatchet and knife, and one of the poor fellows so cruelly deserted by the unfeeling crew, before he died, had succeeded in carving on the stock of the gun a history of the voyage, the mutiny, the murder, and the desertion, so clearly, that the whole story was deciphered without much difficulty. It happened that another vessel, which had been sent to the same coast, and for a similar purpose, touched in the spring of the year at the very place where the remains of the two poor fellows were lying, and by the side of one of them was the gun which told the whole tale. This the discoverers brought away with them, and on their return to Archangel it was placed before the authorities. The guilty parties were traced, but were at sea. On their return, however, they were apprehended on landing, tried and convicted.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favourite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-berr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnanimous of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject

wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blood of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by smell alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself, "when his nose was in," could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of our imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring "a suitable helpmate" for some blue spinster or fast dowager of Mayfair.—*Quarterly Review.*

STATISTICS OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—In the six months ending last December, 133 persons were killed and 387 hurt on the railways of the United Kingdom. Of these, 9 passengers were killed and 316 hurt from causes beyond their own control; 12 killed and 3 hurt from their own misconduct or want of caution; 31 persons employed on the railway were killed and 42 hurt from causes beyond their own control; 40 were killed and 17 hurt from their own misconduct or want of caution. 41 trespassers were killed and 9 hurt by crossing or walking on the railway. Length of railway open, 7336 miles; passengers conveyed, 49,886,124. A good many railways contribute no case to the list of dead or wounded: most of these are small lines with little traffic, but some convey many passengers—as the Dublin and Kingstown, East and West India Docks and Birmingham Junction, Blackwall, and South Wales; some lines of large extent, while persons have suffered on them from their own incautiousness, have not produced any "accidents" ending in wounds or death from "causes beyond the control" of the victims—as the Chester and Holyhead, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Irish Midland, Great Western, South Devon, South Wales, York, Newcastle, and Berwick. The last conveyed more than two million passengers, and one trespasser perished. The Irish lines are singularly free from "accidents."

A SKATING SCENE IN GERMANY.—The ice or a mile beyond is covered with a labyrinth of whirling, gaily-dressed groups: there a man cutting the most artistic and mysterious figures of the science; there two ladies skating off gracefully together; here a lady and gentleman hand-in-hand, or a whole line together, moving across, and again through them all, rushing on at a most alarming speed, the sled-chairs with ladies, pushed on by servants or friends—all moving, and whirling, and dashing around, among one another, and yet no one injured, or getting a fall. Then, on the bank, other groups again—men renting skates, women with coffee-tables and cakes, boys with fresh flowers from the conservatories, and crowds of hacks and private carriages waiting to take the skaters; and scattered about through them all, that omnipresent and most inquisitive individual—the Berlin policeman—grand in helmet, blue coat, and sword. Add to all this, to complete the scene, a clear winter's air; the rich light of the sun, far sunk in the south, falling over the groups, and just tinging with rose-colour the white columns of smoke; and for a background, the delicate tracery and dark masses of the old trees against the cold, grey eastern sky. There must be nearly a thousand people out, some days, from all classes, young and old, ladies and gentlemen, and the ladies in their prettiest dresses, much as if for a fashionable promenade. I have never seen a more graceful exercise for women, and the most here were well accomplished in the science. It has only been tried among the ladies of Berlin for a few years, since one of the princesses set the fashion, though now it is quite the mode. The most surprising thing to an American was the number of elderly men joining in the sport—men of station—the professor and students together, or the worn-out business man coming out to have one of the free sports of his youth over again. I know of nothing, in the habits of foreign nations, which struck me, at first, as so entirely new as this love for out-door sports. In England, I did not pass through a village without finding the green cricket-ground; and, be it remembered, not with boys at play on it, but men—men often of rank and character. Later in the season, were the boat-races, where the whole population gathered; gentlemen of the highest rank presiding, and the nobleman and student tugging at the oar, as eagerly as the mechanic or waterman.—*Brace's Home Life in Germany.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Tis woman's right to take the field in virtue's holy cause, Her right to claim on such a ground society's applause; Her right to love her native land, and for its safety pray But not her right to mingle in the battle's deadly fray.

She has the will, and power to fill
Man's heart with pure delight;
She rules his soul with sweet control,
And this is woman's right.

"Tis woman's right to counsel man in sorrow's crushing hour,
Her right to raise his sinking heart by love's transcendent power;
Her right upon life's troubled sea the darkest storm to brave,
But not her right to guide our ships upon the ocean wave.

She has the will, &c.

"Tis woman's right to call on man to cherish and protect,
Her right to claim at every time his homage and respect,
Her right to lecture and be heard within domestic walls,
But not her right to speak aloud in legislative halls.

She has the will, &c.

F. F.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORAH KILDARE.—A work intended for the press requires very careful preparation. Your friend must commit herself to the friendly guidance of some experienced literary gentleman.

J. H. B.—It is one of the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to prepare the budget, and submit it to the House of Commons; but the measure has previously been approved of by the cabinet—and therefore must be accepted as the policy of the ministry on fiscal matters.

EOO AMO.—Another case of church courtship. We are tired of them. Speak, write, or pray—but don't tease us. Why, are you not aware that a lover may act strangely, and yet not be thought an idiot or a ruffian? Where there is a will there is a way.

JOE BEANS.—You took your sweetheart to some public gardens, and she accepted the invitation of a soldier to join in a dance. What harm was there in that. If you had thought it wrong, you should not have exposed her to the familiarities of a dancing place. You have only yourself to blame. You were awkward and boyish, and she yielded to a natural inclination to take advantage of the soul-inspiring music.

A LADY informs us that she has been confined to her room, by her husband's orders, since the 10th of January last, owing to the machinations and misrepresentations of a young female relative. These domestic tyrannies are very dreadful, but the lady must do nothing rashly. Her best and only safe course, is to communicate at once with her nearest relatives.

OLIVER TWIST.—You wish to be married, do you—and as cheaply as possible? And have the impudence to ask us to assist you! What do you think your future wife will think of your proceedings? That is our answer.

L. B.—The etiquette is to send wedding-cards to the heads of the family and to the grown-up daughters.

CAPTAIN A.—Lord Hardinge is Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and of course has the supreme command of the troops encamped on Chobham Common.

JAMES READ inquires whether the medals for the actions in Goojerat, &c., 1849, have been issued? and if the men who belonged to the reserve division, which lay in Lahors at the time, were entitled to such medals, if issued. Probably some of our East India friends will be able to supply him with the information.

B. M.—Can a man be a democrat and an aristocrat at the same time? Unquestionably he can—that is, in the same day or the same hour. Democracy is something liberal—aristocracy is something proud and patronising; now, as every man is both liberal, and proud, and patronising, he is at heart both a democrat and an aristocrat. And we must say he would be scarcely anything worth noticing, without this duality of being. His head constitutes his aristocratic patrimony—his heart his democratic. How cold and proud he can be sometimes—how affable and sociable at others. When the qualities of head and heart are in unison, how noble and gracious he becomes. We never meddle with the politics of the so-called politicians—but in that respect every man preserves his double character. When in a state of grumbling dissatisfaction he is horribly proud—he can discern no merit save in himself; in the evening, under more genial influences, he relaxes, and thinks society may hold together a little longer.

BRUCE wrote to the mother of a lady, requesting permission to pay his addresses to her daughter—which was complied with immediately. The correspondence has been carried on for six months, and now he wishes to break it off. He may do so, but must be prepared to meet the consequences—and those are horse-whips and lawyers. We think he is one of that class of young men who rush headlong into engagements only for the sake of sneaking away from them. Probably neither the lady nor her parents will be sorry. But he must expect some punishment; and when Dan Cupid flies into a passion, he seldom spares the rod.

JOHN LAWS asks whether there is an Act of Parliament or any kind of law to prevent a person from receiving more than twenty shillings per week, in case of sickness, from any one or more benefit societies. If entitled, he may receive allowances from a hundred societies.

AN OLD SOLDIER.—Owing to the stoppage of the Isle of Wight Savings Bank, out of your deposits of £145, you are informed that you will lose three shillings in the pound. Will her Majesty's government make good to you the deficiency? No. The case would not be considered flagrant enough. And it cannot be too widely known, that the only real guarantee for the safety of a savings bank is in the honesty of the manager. The law on the point is disgraceful.

RED RALPH.—A married woman cannot dispose of property by will, except under special circumstances—such as the consent of her husband, the intervention of a court of equity, or under a power of appointment given to her by deed or will. All her personal property belongs to her husband, and it would be inconsistent to give her the power to defeat that provision.

AARON GILEAD.—It is a son's solemn duty to protect and cherish his widowed mother; but why should that interfere with his marrying. If all sons avoided marriage, where would all the mothers have been? Marry, but let it be a girl who will recognise in your widowed mother another parent. When you have married, make a will—your own breast will tell you what kind of will it should be—and then make money as fast as you can.

JOHN SHARP.—Under the will, the property descended absolutely to F. C., subject to the annuity to G. H. and wife, and the survivor of them.

M. B. H.—An indenture was the name of the legal instrument in use for transactions in property and bargains, previous to the passing of the act for simplifying legal forms. It was called indenture, from being cut or nicked at the top, and no deed was legal without being so indented. The absurdity is now happily abolished.

E. M. would be glad to know if we could inform her from her handwriting whether she will be an old maid or not? We cannot play the "Sir Oracle," to please even a lady. And in this instance, were we to answer in the affirmative—which we very well could, for the graphology is coldly angular—our correspondent, out of spite towards us, might get married in a week. No; as we neither advocate old maidism nor old bachelorism, so do we set our faces against quackery and deception in every form. What is termed the science of graphology is food for young and old ravens of the Pistol fraternity. Its professors are very clever, no doubt; but their bakers and butchers have another opinion of their talents.

A WIDOW.—Presentations to Christ's Hospital are made by the governors. The price of a governorship is £500, which gives the power of presenting a boy once in three years, for life. A list of all the governors who have presentations for the current year is published every Easter, at the hospital. Besides this, the Lord Mayor has two presentations, and each alderman one presentation annually, and also the power of nominating one governor at half price. From this you will perceive that when, some years ago, an inscription on the building, which said, "This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Blue Coat boys are kept and educated," was erased, the governors have consistently converted it into a monopoly, for the benefit of the children of those who can afford £500 for a governor's share. Next to St. Cross Hospital, at Winchester, this is the most scandalously perverted charitable institution in the realm.

E. R.—Should your father die intestate, you, as his only child, would take two-thirds of the personal property, and the whole of the real property. Your stepmother would only take one-third of the personal property.

H.—The only innocent preparation for removing freckles that we know of, is rectified acid of pitch and distilled water, in the proportion of one ounce of the former to one pint of the latter.

D. C.—"Some writers," says Malte Brun, "estimate the population of European Turkey at 22,000,000, while others have reduced it to 8,000,000; and both assign equally plausible grounds for their opinions." Eton seems disposed to estimate the population of the continental provinces at little more than 10,000,000, founding his calculation upon the assumed fact, that they contained 50,000,000 two centuries ago. Thornton contents himself with asserting that the progress of depopulation in these provinces is "infinitely overrated in this calculation," but he offers no corrected estimate. In "Rees's Cyclopædia," the number of inhabitants in Turkey in Europe is stated to have been estimated at 8,000,000—or about forty-three to each square mile; but this estimate, it is added, is supposed to exceed the truth. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," it is estimated as low as 7,000,000; but in the supplement it is carried to nearly 9,000,000—viz., Roumelia, 6,000,000; Bosnia, 850,000; Islands, 525,000; Wallachia and Moldavia, 1,500,000; total, 8,875,000. But nothing can be more uncertain than the basis of this calculation. The population of Constantinople has been estimated at from 300,000 to 500,000. The former is probably nearer the truth.

MR. JAMES BRUTON, one of the most eminent lyrists of the day, has forwarded us a very pretty love-song, for which we willingly find a corner. It cannot fail to add to his already well-deserved reputation as a song writer and composer. But why does he sacrifice truth for the sake of a false metaphor? The "Moon in golden splendour" won't do—for when the moon looks yellow and sickly, there is no "flood of blue light" in the sky, and the stars are extinguished; they won't even shine for a Molly Bawn. On such nights the moon's beams struggle faintly through fog and mists. "Silver splendour" would be correct, and we have taken the liberty to make this trifling emendation.

WHEN THE MOON IN SILVER SPLENDOUR.

When the moon in silver splendour,
Upon her throne is seen;
And the stars come forth to render
Meet homage to their queen:
When a flood of blue light covers
All nature—land and sea;
Then, then is the time for lovers,
So sweet one, come to me!

When the tears of pale night glisten
Upon the lily's cheek;
When the roses love to listen
To words the bulbs speak;
When the searching eye discovers
The fairies on the lea;
Then, then is the time for lovers,
So, sweet one, come to me.

A C. R.—In the time of Caractacus, the term Wales had not been invented. He commanded the Silures. All the speeches attributed to him by Tacitus must be received with caution. Neither reporters nor newspapers existed in those days.

A YOUNG BEGINNER asks if it is right and proper to kiss the young lady you love when you first meet her, as well as when you leave her? Truly a Cupidian problem; but we should say yes, provided the lady was agreeable, and the young gentleman was not addicted to smoking British-grown cigars. But too many kisses during courtship are inadvisable. They spoil the flavour of the married kiss. However, as a rule, we should say a kiss at meeting and a kiss at parting would not be breaking any of the canons of love. The innocent impulses in young hearts cannot be measured by time and rule. Like hazy poetry, they defy interpretation.

E. G. is another victim of slander. The poisonous breath of the demon seems to be everywhere. Our correspondent must hope for a brighter day. The man who listens to tale-bearers and malicious chit-chat, and believes everything told him, never loved a woman as she ought to have been loved. E. G. must fall back on her womanly dignity. Time will defeat her enemies; as for her paltry lover, he is the last person she ought to care about.

W. T. W.—After a courtship in Scotland, you separate under a promise to exchange portraits and correspond. The former has been effected, but the lady has not yet replied to your letters. Probably they have been intercepted. But some young ladies are not partial to letter-writing. Their diffidence suggests some impropriety in corresponding with a gentleman, although an accepted lover. Had you not better go down to Scotland? One interview is worth a thousand letters.

H. HALL.—Slander can only blight and put a slime on a fair reputation, in the presence of false friends. Take no heed of the scoundrel's misrepresentations, and discard his acquaintance.

JANE M. wants to know how she is to treat a young "gent" who is always looking up at her chamber window? The police have instructions to deal summarily with such characters; but as Jane does not wish to be known in such a matter, we advise her to keep away from the window, and the "gent" will soon be tired of straining his goggle eyes in the street. If young ladies will exhibit themselves at windows, young men will be rude and audacious.

GOODFELLOW has been about a year in silent love with a pretty girl, but she is of inferior birth to him. That is the reason he never breathed his love to her. An ignoble, paltry reason. Goodfellow no more loves her than we do the pestiferous churchyards in the Strand. We are afraid he is anything but a "goodfellow." Should the "pretty girl" see this notice, as no doubt she will, we advise her to have nothing to do with this "goodfellow," or any one like him. Her happiness would be safer in the keeping of the young man who recognises in her an equal.

J. F.—The Isis and the Thames are distinct rivulets. The Isis rises about two miles south-east of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire; the Thames in Oxfordshire. The junction is formed near Dorchester, where, strictly speaking, the river Thames commences. 2. There is a tradition afloat, that George III., when a young man, was privately married to a pretty Quakeress; but as it is not supported by any reliable evidence, it ought to be suffered to die away.

J. L. P.—When an intestate dies, leaving a wife, but no child, or children, one half of his personal estate will descend to his wife, and the other half will be divisible among his nearest kindred. We should mention, that under no circumstances whatever is the wife entitled to more than half of her husband's estate, if he die intestate. It is a popular error to suppose that, where there are no children living, and no brothers or sisters, or nephews or nieces of the deceased, the wife is entitled to the whole. Such is not the case: the nearest kindred are entitled to a moiety.

W. H.—You cannot compel the lady to return you your letters. Why ask for them a second time? What are they worth? Your earnest desire to have them, shows fear on your part. That, and that alone, defeats your object. Women like to have some hold, even on a discarded lover. They are avaricious of authority.

ELLEN.—The first castle at Windsor was built by the Saxons, but the Conqueror was the first sovereign who erected a fortress of any magnitude there. Nearly the whole of the edifice as constructed by William I., was re-built by Edward III., under the direction of the celebrated William of Wykeham.

M. H.—You have mistaken friendship for love—a common error with young people. When the imagination is excited by passion, the mental eye does not see very clearly. The mist before it is either rosy or black. You must exercise some control over yourself, and regard the young lady as a stranger. Avoid her.

MIRZA TROLL.—From the style of your letter, we should say you were a clear-headed, shrewd young person. We do not believe in graphology, and you afford us a proof of its nonsensical character. The warm weather and the house-work makes your hand tremble and your writing irregular. Of course they do, but a graphologist seeing such a letter, would doubtless have pronounced you a brilliant genius.

HAWTHORNE.—The etymology of "Amphibious," as given by Entick and Johnson, is correct. It means living in two elements—that is, air and water; but the word is logically wrong. There is no animal that can live in either element at pleasure: Those animals termed amphibious, take to the water more in quest of prey, than out of any love for that element.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J. H. L. (Youths entering the Royal Navy must first serve as naval cadets)—B. De Mowbray question at a time, if you please. An apprentice whose master has two trades, is not bound to open and shut the shop appropriated to the trade which he was not apprenticed to learn)—J. M. (At the office, 334, Strand)—Horatio Roberts (The handwriting is good enough for a lawyer's office)—C. O. G. (The lessons on the French language commenced in No. 312, and terminated in No. 402 of this Journal)—Ashton (At the Horse Guards, Whitehall)—Netbreda (A question for your friends. Junior clerks are not liberally remunerated)—Mary (Persons about leaving the country, owing debts under £20, cannot be arrested, unless a judgment in the county court has been obtained)—Fanny Smith (Leaden combs may be purchased at a first-class perfumer's shop)—Henry Elds (Declined, with thanks)—J. Smith (Send us something original. The line "Isle of the west" is an impudent imposition)—X. Y. Z. (No)—J. R. K. (Your extraordinary epistle calls for no answer. We know our business—you don't; and there is an end of it)—A. L. B. (Direct your communication to the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's household)—R. H. H. (You will have to employ a broker)—Ennis (Volume XVI. of this Journal commenced with No. 394)—Mary M. (Superfluous hairs can only be eradicated by plucking them out with tweezers)—Una Enfant Gâte (Out of season. Summer is half gone)—F. W. S. (Playing on wind instruments unquestionably affects the lungs of some people)—Mont de Pieté (A pawnbroker cannot demand re-payment within twelve calendar months. Should the article not be redeemed, he is bound to sell it, and account for the proceeds of the sale)—J. P. Harding (Declined. We do not approve of emigrant songs)—E. A. C. (Order from the publisher, 334, Strand)—J. E. E. (Di-og-ones)—De Keeling (Become a member of some mechanics' institution. You could not do better)—W. Wickes (No) Debut (Concluded in No. 402)—Cassius (The Herald's College suppose that every man, above the condition of a labourer, is entitled to, and does really possess, a coat of arms. Write to the registrar, stating all the particulars)—John Williams (Both wrong. Try again. You will find the rule at the end of any arithmetic)—W. W. (Apply at the American embassy)—Julian (An I O U does not require stamping. It is neither a bill of exchange, nor a promissory note)—Madame Marie (Well written, but dismal. Why should we always be shaking hands with our greatest enemy—death?—M. J. (The paragraph must be taken as we had it)—Oliver Twist (Frequent exhortation, or the application of leeches, will relieve the tooth-ache)—E. Vaughan (A case for a shrewd lawyer. Not knowing all the facts of the case, our reply might mislead)—S. M. (Pretty, but our poetical correspondents are so numerous, that we are obliged to decline many really excellent compositions)—Eliza (We do not know anything about the origin of the Irish family, McDonough)—B. Trappell (How can we assist you to a colour in your cheeks? We are supposed to be able to do almost anything, but we have not learned the art of painting the lily yet!—The Khan (The pay of a midshipman in the Royal Navy is, as Hood said of the remuneration offered on a certain publication, "a slight advance upon nothing")—Hanbury (The remedy would be worse than the disease)—Thomas (What is the matter with the poor boy?—An Englishman (The Scotch have good cause to be proud of Bannockburn, but we southerners have fallen into the habit, of late years, of regarding the English battles as events rather to be deplored than admired. Suppose the English of the present day were to be always twitting the Scotch with the more decisive battle of Flodden Field)—W. B. B. (You are growing. Be temperate in your habits, and avoid violent exercise)—J. W. J. (Shall be considered)—Robert Ferguson (We would not undertake the responsibility of saying any savings bank was safe. Invest your £200 in the purchase of a house)—J. G. Gill (Apply to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company)—James Smith (You are free at twenty-one)—Adam Laing (Berwick-upon-Tweed is in England)—W. Goldsmith (Two shillings and sixpence per week)—Samuel Jones (Declined)—Gilbert (Tolerably good, but too lengthy)—W. E. (Bear and forbear—your day will soon be here)—John Marsh (Hip-po-pot-a-mus)—Edith Clavering (The work exists in a separate form. A beautiful style of handwriting)—John Daggett (Write to the Registrar of the Consistorial Court, Exeter)—E. (The price of the back numbers of this Journal is three half-pence each)—W. L. Y. (The moss to be preserved must be dried)—Charles O'Malley (Whichever you like. There is no fixed rule for pronouncing names)—G. Grinstead (Baker's truck—the phrase in common use—is correct. Baker's barrow is not—for a barrow has only one wheel)—Henry Ashton (Dr. Erasmus Wilson)—Ester W. (Healthful and vigorous, but Mr. C. Swain is our poet on such subjects)—Vino the Younger (A modern work on wines and the wine trade has been published. Order from a respectable publisher)—John Bygott (The will of a person dying at Boltonia, Lancashire, may have to be proved in the Bishop's Court, Manchester)—Perry (A question for Herald's College)—M. A.—John Henderson—Philip the Falconer—Honoria—C. P. Anna—Emma Louisa—A. Williams—Firefly—Julia—Lisette—L. D'Este—T. S. E.—Anne—Lizzie and Bel.—M. S.—Alice—Peter Simple—Merry Milly—Constance—Henry—Blanchindea—Elizabeth—Truth—Mignonette—Forget me not—Mrs. G's Daughter—Clara Gordon—M. B. Enfield—Alexander—Chivalrous—N. G.—S. P.—H. E.—Hamlet and Horatio—Claudius—Amelia—W. Fairy—Clara Mowbray—Medicus—Lily of the Valley—The White Slaves—Juvenis—H. T. W.—X. X. X.—Arantz—Sweet Violet—Elise—A. W.—M. T. Elsom—Augustus Tenison—A. Z. Francis—Anne—Walter Graham—Ronald—T. T. E.—Abram—Medicus M. S.—True Love—E. B. B.—T. Featherstone—Joe Beans, Hitchin—J. C. H.—Eliza A. M.—G. B. N. P. W.—E. T. R.—W. B.—Justice—J. S. K.—E. Hartland—Yorkshireman—Colingwood—C. Devaux—E. S. K.—A Poor Floor-woman—Thomas Slater—Mountain—Sweet William—G. Youngman—A. B. C. Dublin—D. B.—W. J. Dickensod Alfred—J. B. S.—J. D.—Architectus—H. B. C. Beaufort.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[GENERAL BOUCHIER'S VALET READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE ELOPEMENT.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

Home, whispered in some foreign scene,
Sweetly it falls upon the ear,
Like fairy visions that have been,
Or mournful music floating near.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

THE morning after the interview between the dowager Lady Mowbray, and Queen Charlotte, the following announcement appeared in the *Gazette*:

"Her Majesty was graciously pleased to receive in private audience, at Buckingham House, Lady Mowbray, the widow of the late baronet, on her return to England, after an absence of many years upon the continent."

Unimportant as these few words may appear to most of our readers, to the slandered, outraged wife they were everything. They removed the blush from her matron brow—the stain from her fair fame—they were the highest acknowledgments that could be made of her being worthy to hold a place amongst the matronage of England; for the Queen of George III., with all her eccentricities and faults, admitted no one to her court who had once forgotten the laws of chastity and virtue. So strict was she in this one particular, that she even declined to receive the wife of her own son, the late King of Hanover, at the drawing-room she held soon after her marriage, till the suspicion of her having once formed a *liaison* with the handsome Murat, the brother-in-law of Napoleon, was explained or removed.

As all fear of further interference from Colonel Mowbray in the guardianship of Ellen was for the present removed by the decision of the Chancellor, Dr. Orme and the Duchess of Devonshire both earnestly advised the long-exiled widow to take up her abode at Carrow till the trial should come on which was to decide the validity of the will of her husband—it was due, they said, to his memory and the vindication of her fame; still it was not without a severe struggle that the recluse consented to return to the scene of her early wedded happiness and maternal bliss.

It is hard to revisit in age and disappointment the home where the sun of life once shone brightest—to listen in

vain or the well-remembered step—to miss the voice whose tones made music to the heart—the tender look—the smile of sweet affection. The world! what was it to Lady Mowbray?—ashes!—its joys a memory o'ershadowed by a tomb!

"You have obtained a strong influence over me," she observed, in reply to the solicitations of our hero and Ellen. "I could almost imagine, as I hear you, that I listen to voices whose eloquence has long been mute. Your mother," she added, addressing her niece, "was my earliest, dearest friend: how must her heart have been pained by the supposition of my degradation!"

The orphan threw her arms around her, and gently kissed away the tears which dimmed the eyes of the mourner.

It was less 'easy to account for the influence which Henry Ashton exercised over her: she would frequently start and turn deadly pale at some peculiar tone of his voice or mode of expression which reminded her of Sir William: perhaps the long hours he had passed with his benefactor in the mutual interchange of thought and feeling, had insensibly formed his youthful mind upon the model of his instructor's.

It was finally arranged that Henry should precede the party to Carrow, in order to prepare for their reception, and arrange at the different stages for post-horses and sleeping-rooms; for Lady Mowbray was still too much an invalid to support the journey, even had it been practicable, in one day. Joe Beans accompanied him.

We will pass over the adieux of the lovers, which were marked by tenderness rather than sadness—for they parted with the certainty of meeting again in a few days. Their separation was like one of those clouds which obscure the heavens for awhile in the sweet budding time of spring—a shadow with the bright sun of hope peeping through.

The same day on which the above conversation took place, Colonel Mowbray and his wife—the latter her heart overflowing with malignity at the escape of Ellen—were discussing their plans for the future. Gradually the artful woman had obtained, from her bold and resolute character, complete influence over the mind of her husband. If, previous to his forced marriage, the gentleman had few scruples of conscience, he at least possessed some prudence; but both prudence and scruples her ladyship had either sneered or reasoned away: the colonel was now a mere tool in her hands—hers was the directing spirit which decided on every movement.

"I regret," said the colonel, with a sigh, "that I ever yielded to the promptings of avarice and ambition: my heart was much lighter ere I listened to them."

"But, having listened to them," observed the lady, "and acted on them, none but an idiot would close his ears to their suggestions. There are positions in which it is far more dangerous to recede than to advance—we are in one of them."

"We?" repeated her husband.

"Is not your interest mine?"

"True—true!" sighed the guilty but not repentant man; "our interests are one. Would they were the only bonds between us!" he mentally added—for the yoke already began to gall him.

"Oh, men—men!" exclaimed the emale Machiavel, "nature has endowed you with the strength—but woman alone possesses the unchangeable and persevering will. Had my spirit been as supine as yours, we should have indeed had no other resource than to abandon the fortune for which you have so long intrigued. But whilst you were dreaming of the past, I thought and acted for the future."

"Acted?" repeated the colonel.

"Yes!" resumed his wife; "the means are ready to your hand, if you have the courage to use them."

"The means—explain yourself?"

"What is it you most dread?" she demanded; "is it not the production of that unfortunate letter to the Abbaté Lucas, in which you not only admitted receiving your nephew from the hands of his agent, but foolishly, because unnecessarily added, had restored him to his father?"

"You know it is, madam. Why torment me with questions like these?"

"Why does the surgeon probe the wound," answered her ladyship, "unless to cure it? I have ascertained where the letter is."

"In the hands of his lawyer, doubtless?"

"No."

"The Chancellor's, or Dr. Orme's, then?"

"Neither," continued Lady Mowbray; "it is contained in a small ebony box, which every night is the companion of the widow's pillow. She scarcely ever permits it from her sight; but, with the tenacity of a woman's will and a mother's love, guards it with jealous vigilance. Could art, bribery, or anything short of violence have obtained it, long since it would have been mine. As it is, the task remains for you."

"For me How? you dream! My brother's widow is the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, a man who shuns my acquaintance! I could not find even a pretext to visit him."

"Nor is it necessary that you should!" rejoined his adviser; "since in three days your sister-in-law, together with Ellen and that meddling priest, depart for Carrow. She will doubtless take the papers with her. Once there, you, who know every secret entrance to the house, may easily obtain them."

"Not every entrance!" observed her husband, who, since the late event in the library, felt a superstitious dread of returning to the home of his murdered brother.

"Sufficient at least for our purpose. The letter must be obtained at any sacrifice."

"It shall be obtained!" said Colonel Mowbray, firmly.

"That once in your possession, have you aught else to fear?" inquired his wife, fixing a searching glance upon him—for she felt assured that the confidence she obtained was extorted from him by the critical position in which his past duplicity and crimes had placed him.

"Nothing!" he replied; "absolutely nothing!"

Still the lady did not appear convinced.

"No accomplice?" she added; "no confederate?"

"None! The only person who could betray me, is bound by an oath so terrible," said the guilty man, "he would not dare to break it: it was taken years since. I know that he has been strongly tempted, but still my secret will be kept—at least," he added, "whilst I live."

"And in the event of your death?" eagerly demanded Lady Mowbray.

"He would be free to disclose it—provided no son of mine lived to suffer by his indiscretion. Besides, I saved the fellow's life!"

The lady tried to look satisfied, but the effort was a failure. She had as little confidence in human gratitude, as in virtue—both to her were but idle names.

The colonel shortly afterwards left the house, to consult with his legal advisers. His first idea had been to avail himself of the error of Henry Ashton, and declare Walter to have been his nephew—not his son; and had procured the certificate of the death of his second child, who died at Nice, to corroborate his statement; but, unfortunately for his scheme, the nurse was still living who had attended his wife in both her confinements, and had fallen into the hands of Lawyer Elworthy. That line of defence, therefore, had been abandoned. The consideration now was to hit upon another.

He had not long left the house before a chaise and four drove up to the door. No sooner was it opened, than the unhappy wife of Captain Herbert, springing past the astonished servants, ran up the stairs like a mad woman. No sooner did she perceive her mother, than she threw her arms round her, and clung to her like a terrified child, beseeching her to save her from George, who was following to murder her.

"Heavens, Isabel!" exclaimed her astonished parent; "what has happened?"

It was long—very long—before she could draw from her wretched child anything like a connected account of what had transpired: the pretended elopement, in order to excite the fast declining passion of her selfish husband—the duel, and the death of Major Mottram.

"Isabel," said her ladyship, with desperate calmness, "in the eyes of the world you are lost—dishonoured!"

"But not in yours!" interrupted the heart-broken girl; "you will believe me! You know how devotedly, madly I loved my husband; how truly, despite his coldness and indifference, I love him still!"

"What matters what I may believe or disbelieve?" snappishly answered the heartless woman of the world. "I have troubles enough of my own upon my hands, without the addition of yours! That Mottram should have been such a fool!"

The more the speaker reflected, the more she was intrigued. The major had long been known to her by reputation as a man of doubtful character—and, but for the fatal termination of the duel, she would at once have suspected a collusion between her son-in-law and his friend; but even her knowledge of mankind did not lead her to suppose the dead man complaisant enough to submit to being shot, merely to enable Captain Herbert to get rid of his wife: for once she was baffled in her calculation.

"You will be divorced!" she said, bitterly, after a pause.

At the word "divorce," the despair and distress of Isabel increased: neither the neglect nor fatuity of her husband as yet had shaken her affection for him. She implored her mother to write to him—to entreat him to see her—to listen to her vindication—assuring her that she could explain everything.

"He will listen to no explanation," answered her ladyship, decidedly; "he will only feel too happy at the occasion your imprudence has given him of breaking a tie which your ridiculous love and his vanity knit—when I had such a brilliant match for you, too, on the tapis!" she added, with an air of vexation.

Overcome with excitement and the terrible reality of her position thus unfeeling forced upon her, the wretched girl fainted. Bad as she was, the wife of Colonel Mowbray was a mother, and the erring Isabel her only child. She would not have been human had not her heart relented at the sight of her sufferings; perhaps, too, conscience whispered in her ear that her daughter's errors were those of the false education she had given her.

"Isabel, my child!" she exclaimed, as she bent over her; "look up—forgive my harshness! Whatever may befall, you have still a mother!"

Although General Bouchier, in the first burst of indignation on the imprudent marriage of his nephew, had resolved to discard him, and, in order to carry out the long-cherished object of uniting his already

colossal fortune with the equally splendid one of Sir Jasper Pepper, had offered his own hand as a substitute for the captain's, as the time drew near for the fulfilment of his engagement, he felt much more reluctant to complete it. Marriage would interfere with his ideas of comfort—his cherished bachelor independence. In short, it was an inconvenience—and, like most selfish men, General Bouchier hated to be inconvenienced; neither was the heiress of the wealthy little East India director exactly the kind of person—even had he felt inclined to become a Benedict—on whom he would have bestowed his hand and name. She was silly, vain, and undistinguished by those charms, either of person or mind, which render woman the light of our existence.

So far from this distaste moderating his resentment towards his nephew, it only served to augment it. The bitterness of the draught added to his indignation against the man who had refused to take it for him; and he experienced a savage kind of satisfaction in the idea of leaving his long-supposed heir a beggar.

"Curse him!" he muttered, as he sat sipping his first glass of claret after a solitary dinner, in the magnificent mansion which he had just taken in contemplation of his approaching union. "He deserves it for his folly!"

His valet, Lebel, entered the room with the evening papers. It was the fellow's duty to peruse them carefully, and mark any scandalous paragraph or *on dit* which he thought would interest his master.

General Bouchier saw in an instant, from the marked manner in which the servant placed the "Globe," doubled at a particular column, before him, that he had seen something more than usually *piquant* or amusing.

"What is this?" he demanded, listlessly.

"A duel and elopement in high life, general!" replied the valet, respectfully.

"Do I know the parties?"

The man could scarcely repress a smile as he answered, that, although the initials of the names only were given, he thought his master might possibly recognise them.

"Read it for me!" said the general, in a listless tone. The fact was, he was thinking, with anything but a lover's rapture, of the daughter of Sir Jasper Pepper.

Lebel, with a countenance unmoved, read as follows:

"ELOPEMENT AND DUEL IN HIGH LIFE.—The wife of Capt. G—e H—t, lately of the Guards, whose recent marriage excited such a sensation in the fashionable world, eloped yesterday, with Major M—m, of sporting celebrity. The injured husband, accompanied by two friends, Lord H—d and Cornet G—m, overtook the guilty pair on the first stage to Dover. A duel was the consequence, in which the seducer fell, mortally wounded."

It has been frequently said, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; but General Bouchier was always a gentleman to Lebel. Without moving a muscle of his face, he desired him to leave the paper; saying that when he required him he would ring. "Stay!" he added, as the servant was about to quit the room; "if my nephew should call, tell the porter I am at home."

Lebel bowed, and withdrew. Since his marriage, the general had not only refused to see his nephew, but even suffered his letters to remain unanswered.

Long and varied were the cogitations of the old bachelor when left to himself. He saw at once the chance of escaping from the noose he had been so anxious to impose upon his nephew. With cold-blooded precision he calculated the consequences of the elopement and duel, and fancied them satisfactory. Strange to say, he relished his second glass of claret far better than the first. Occasionally a quiet smile broke over his still handsome features. It was evident something had amused him.

His reveries were disturbed by a servant announcing Captain Herbert.

The ex-guardsmen entered the room with an air too theatrical to be real. He had even ruffled his cherished curls till they were in a most melo-dramatic state of disorder. He threw himself into a chair in a reckless manner, intending to convey the idea of his being truly wretched.

His uncle contemplated him for a few moments in silence.

"Calm yourself, George!" he said. "You know I dislike anything approaching to a sensation: it is decidedly vulgar!"

"You have heard it all, I suppose?" replied the young man, with a tolerable imitation of a groan.

"I have. Take some wine."

The captain assisted himself to a tumbler of claret, and drank it off with considerable gusto for a betrayed and injured husband. It was genuine *Lafitte, premier cru*.

"And so you have shot Mottram?" observed the general, after a second pause.

"I have—through the brain! The wretched man never spoke after receiving my shot!"

"Humph!" ejaculated his uncle. "*Perhaps it was as well he did not!* I always thought the major stronger in the head than the heart! And pray, George, what do you propose to do—fly to the continent?"

"No!"

"Explain yourself!" said the old gentleman, testily. "You know I detest the trouble of asking questions! And be a little more natural, George! These heroics may do all very well for the world; but they are thrown away upon me!"

"I shall remain, and stand my trial!" continued the captain. "I have nothing to fear. I have a confession of his guilt in a letter which he wrote to me previous to his elopement with the unhappy woman whom I must still call my wife!"

"For the present, certainly!" observed the general. "Of course you will sue for a divorce?"

"Instantly!"

"You now perceive the folly you have been guilty of,"

observed his relative, "in sacrificing yourself to an ungrateful woman!"

The captain said nothing, but he looked as if he felt convinced that he had made an awful sacrifice.

"You had better see my lawyer, and consult with him what is to be done. By-the-bye, who was your second?"

"Lord Ilford!"

"Good! And Mottram's?"

"Cornet Graham."

"Very correct and proper!" muttered the general, with an air of satisfaction; "nothing to be said on that score. Everything *en règle*. Commence proceedings instantly for the divorce, and spare no expense. I feel, for the honour of our family, that the guilty woman must no longer bear your name."

"Decidedly not!"

"You will find two thousand to your credit at Contts's to-morrow," added his uncle; "perhaps you had better leave Mottram's letter with me."

Despite his heartlessness, the ex-guardsmen's hand trembled as he took the paper from his pocket—look and presented it to the speaker—who, after carefully perusing it, placed it in a secretary near the window. During the entire interview there was a quiet air of satisfaction in his manner, which convinced Captain Herbert how completely his wealthy relative was reconciled to him. He felt morally assured that he had not sinned in vain.

"Leave me now, George," said General Bouchier, "and let me hear how your affair progresses. If the magistrates require bail, or anything of that kind, send for me and Sir Jasper Pepper. It was my intention to quit town to-morrow—but, under present circumstances, I shall postpone my visit."

"You are very kind, and were I only assured that you had forgiven me my foolish marriage—"

"We will speak of that another time," interrupted his uncle. "It was a foolish marriage, but you have done all in your power to atone!"

Captain Herbert regarded him fixedly, and read in his glance that the clever ruse he had played was more than suspected by the speaker.

As he was leaving the house, a servant in the livery of Colonel Mowbray placed a letter in his hand. It contained a few hastily written lines, blotted and half illegible from tears, written by Isabel, in which the unhappy girl entreated him to see her only for a few moments, assuring him that she would explain all—the very thing her husband was determined to avoid.

"Any answer, sir?" anxiously demanded the messenger.

"None!" replied the captain, crushing the letter in his hands; "it is useless for her to write to me any more!"

And it was useless—for the heart of the speaker was as cold and selfish a thing as ever beat within the breast of man—incapable alike of generous impulse or constant affection. The nearest approach he had ever experienced towards the tender passion had been a momentary caprice—and that had withered like a sickly flower at the first chill of poverty.

Unhappily for women, there are too many Captain Herberts in the world.

The inquest which was duly held upon the body of the murdered dupe, Major Mottram, returned the verdict usual in such cases. His assassin and the two seconds were held to bail, assured beforehand that the punishment which awaited them would be one of those mockeries which too often disgrace the name of justice.

It was arranged between General Bouchier and Sir Jasper Pepper, that the marriage between the former and the widow of Captain Elton should for the present be postponed. Shortly after, a series of paragraphs appeared in the papers, denying that an alliance had ever been in contemplation. So society is gulled.

CHAPTER CXXV.

Truth needs no disguise; its noblest garb
Is its own nakedness. OLD PLAT.

SOON after the arrival of Henry Ashton and Joe Beans at Carrow, it became generally known, from the orders given, that the widowed Lady Mowbray was about to take up her abode once more at the abbey—where Mrs. Jarmy, Nicholls, the butler, and such of the old servants as could be collected, removed, to make the necessary preparations for her reception. Previous to the departure of our hero for London, both himself and the worthy rector had taken care to make the story of the cruel deceit which Captain Lucas had practised upon her generally known: so that an unusual degree of sympathy was excited in her favour.

When Martin heard of it, the old man nodded and smiled.

"I saw it all in my dreams!" he muttered; "and it has come true! The rest will follow!"

When asked what he meant by "the rest," he shook his head, and relapsed into silence. Leaning on the arm of Joe, he found his way to his favourite place in the stables, to meditate upon the past, and speculate, perhaps, upon the future—for he was much given to speculation in his way. Most of the servants considered his words as the outbreak of the childish state into which they imagined, from his general taciturnity, he had fallen; but they were deceived. The old man's memory was fresh as ever—a fact of which he gradually convinced them, by reminding Mrs. Jarmy, who superintended the arranging of Lady Mowbray's chamber and dressing-room herself, where certain articles of furniture had formerly stood, and what flowers her unhappy mistress had loved the best.

Farmer Ashton was not the first husband who had experienced the impossibility of keeping a secret from his wife. If the good dame was not as clever, she was quite as curious as the youngest and prettiest of her sex. It was not long, therefore, before—partly by wandering,

partly by sulking, putting this and that together, and practising those allowable arts which it is the peculiar privilege of wives to exercise—she extracted from her husband the avowal that the Khan was no other than his long-absent brother.

"Then he be Harry's father?" she observed, as her mind grasped the full importance of the admission.

"Of course he is, wife!" was the rejoinder.

Here her affection took the alarm, and she eagerly demanded if he wanted to seduce her boy—for so she invariably called our hero—into "furrin' parts; adding, with a sigh, that she had trusted he had seen enough of them.

"I should think not!" replied the farmer, after some deliberation; "especially as all be straight forrards now between him and Miss Ellen. Besides, Harry doesn't know it yet!"

"Not know that the Khan, as you call him, is his father?" repeated the astonished dame.

"N—!"

"Well—well!"

These words with the farmer's wife expressed the *ne plus ultra* of astonishment, when language—a gift she was by no means deficient in—fell short of the vastness of her impressions.

"But these intends to tell him?" she gasped at last.

The farmer shook his head, and muttered something about having promised his brother to conceal the tie between him and our hero for the present.

"But I have not promised!" exclaimed the dame, with honest indignation—for her woman's heart, true to the natural instinct of her sex, revolted at such unnatural conduct. "Is he ashamed of the boy?" she demanded, with increased vehemence. "Oh, Matthew—Matthew! would that he were ours!"

"Would he were!" ejaculated the farmer. "Not that we could love him better!"

It was not without considerable wheedling and tact that the worthy man succeeded in persuading his better half to promise to conceal from his brother that he had betrayed his secret. Even then she gave but a half consent.

"And poor Harry, too!" added her husband.

"Heaven knows when we shall see Harry again!" answered his wife, warmly.

The affectionate woman knew her own heart too well to promise that. With this implied understanding, her husband was forced to appear content.

Some persons affect to despise tact. Is it not frequently because they lack the perception to use it? Tact is but the art of making the best possible use of circumstances. It is a sort of moral palliative for the disagreements of life, which, like the wheels of a machine, move all the easier for being greased.

With the exception of a few very slight hints, glances, and now and then a muttered word or two, and a knowing toss of the head—which, had not the mind of the Khan been pre-occupied, he must have noticed—the good dame kept her word, till an event occurred which upset all her resolution and promises. This was nothing less than the return of Henry from London. He had left the companion of his journey, Joe Beans, at the rectory, to impart the news to the housekeeper and servants.

The two brothers and Mrs. Ashton were seated at supper when our hero unexpectedly entered the room. At the sound of his well-known footstep in the passage, his aunt bounded from her chair. The next instant her arms were round the neck of her favourite.

"Welcome home, my dear boy!" she cried; "welcome home! Somehow it don't seem home without thee! Here be farmer, and —"

"Dame—dame!" interrupted her husband, in an imploring tone.

"And thee father, too, to welcome thee!" she continued, pointing at the same time to the Khan. "And now the murder's out! It be no use, Matthew!" she added, in answer to the reproachful look of the old man, and the mortified surprise of the Khan; "I can't help it; it wor in my heart, and found the way to my tongue despite of me!"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, than the painful emotion upon the countenance of her nephew made her bitterly regret her precipitancy.

"That man my father?" he said.

"Yes, Philip Ashton, from *Ingia*—farmer's brother!"

"And he denied me!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "denied me, when my heart sprang with confidence and affection towards him! God!" he added, "what have I done? What is the stain upon my heart and name, that my own father should refuse to acknowledge me?"

Without one word of greeting, or extending of the hand, the young man sank upon a seat. His pride, self-respect, and feelings were too deeply wounded.

"Harry—Harry!" exclaimed the dame, "he will own thee now—be proud of thee—love thee as farmer and I do!"

This last assertion she conscientiously believed to be impossible. Yet she made it in the hope of soothing the agitation of her favourite.

For a few moments the Khan appeared equally surprised and embarrassed. Gradually, however, he recovered his self-possession. He was one of those calm, reflective beings, with whom to will was to perform. He saw that the difficulty he had foreseen, and sought to avoid, had arrived: it found him prepared to meet it.

"Matthew," he said, turning to his brother, "you had better leave me alone with your nephew."

"Nephew!" exclaimed the good dame, indignantly; "why not say your son? It is a much kinder word."

"And take your wife with you."

"I shan't go!" continued his sister-in-law, firmly.

Henry rose from his seat, his countenance still pale, but resolute. "Leave us, dear aunt!" he said; "it is better, perhaps, for both our sakes, that my father and I should converse without witnesses."

Had he asked her for her heart's pulse, she could not have refused it. Taking the arm of her husband, she slowly and reluctantly left the room.

For some moments the Khan and Henry Ashton remained gazing on each other in silence. The former was the first to break it.

"How often," he observed, "are the best-considered resolutions broken in an instant, and how unjust is man in estimating the actions of his fellow-creatures! I would have spared you much pain and annoyance. To do this, I have repressed the strong impulse of my heart—its natural desires and affections—till the moment had arrived in which I could explain everything. The imprudent confidence of my brother, and the loquacity of his wife, have forestalled both time and the event."

"I do not understand you, sir!" said Henry Ashton, proudly; "when first we met—after I had been fortunate enough to save you from the murderous attack of that wretched ruffian, the warrener—you distinctly told me that you were not my father?"

"I did!"

"And now —"

He could not proceed. He could not tell the author of his being how indignant he felt that the first meeting between them should have been branded by a lie—a heartless, unnecessary lie! In his reveries he had fondly imagined his father as a man whom he could both love and honour—a hardy soldier, who had fought his way to fortune, courted death at the cannon's mouth—frank, open-hearted, and sincere.

"Spare me!" he said. "I would not insult you!"

"Or doubt me?"

The youth remained silent.

"Is it for you," said the speaker, drawing his tall form to its full height, "to reverse the order of nature—for the child to question and judge the parent? Whatever the motive for the concealment—the deceit, falsehood, if you will—that I have practised, you at least are bound to respect it!"

"To respect falsehood! Never, sir!"

"Not falsehood—but your father!" replied the Khan; "do you know all that word implies—the claim it gives to your obedience—the anxious thoughts—the struggle with the world—the desire to enhance a name, that a son may bear it—the yearning of the heart for the future which must dawn at last? Look upon me!" he added, in a tone of still deeper feeling; "toil and suffering have traced many a furrow upon my brow, but you will not find dishonour there! The hour will come—and I speak it fearlessly—when, had you the choice of the noblest in England for a father, you would select the one, ungrateful boy, which nature has given you!"

Henry Ashton was astonished. Instead of seeing his parent humbled and abashed at having been detected in a falsehood, as he imagined he would be, he suddenly assumed the character of an accuser. For the first time in his life he was subdued.

"You judge me harshly, sir!" he said; "place yourself in my position. It had been the hope—the dream of my life, one day of embracing my father, the only parent left me!"

"Well, sir?"

"To find myself denied—disowned!"

"There were reasons, Henry!"

"To the world, but not to me—not to your own heart!" exclaimed the young man, deeply moved, "if it had ever loved! The cold, heartless letter—the only one I ever received from you—commanding my departure for India, at the very moment, too, you had returned to England!"

"It was necessary for your safety," replied the Khan, slightly moved; "had I known the temper of your mind, its qualities, and strength, I should have written differently."

"And whose was the fault you did not?"

"Mine!" answered the renegade, frankly; "and yet you have been the object of many a painful thought—of many a prayer! Often on the battle-field, or in the wild jungle, when death and pestilence have scattered their victims round me, I have wished my life preserved for no other motive than for you! But enough of this!" he added; "it is time to end an interview painful to us both. I must reflect how best to explain that which at present appears inexplicable. Good night! In the morning we shall be more composed. One sting, at least, I can remove from your heart, in the assurance that, even to himself, Henry Ashton will never have cause to blush at the motives and conduct of his father!"

Convinced even against his reason, that the promise thus solemnly made would one day be fulfilled, our hero would have embraced him, but the Khan gently repelled his advance; and contented himself by shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Not yet!" he said, with a smile; "wait till all is clear!"

With these words he quitted the room, leaving the young man a prey to emotions too complicated to be analysed—to thoughts too evanescent to be retained.

When the inmates of the Home Farm assembled at breakfast on the following morning, the Khan had disappeared. Henry sought him everywhere in the neighbourhood—but in vain. It was long ere he returned to Carrow.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

Sing not of home—the words recall
Hopes buried in a lonely grave;
Bring back to wounded memory all
Time hath bereft, or love ere gave.

ITALY, BY THE AUTHOR.

THE day fixed for the return of the long-exiled wife of Sir William Mowbray to the home of her short-lived

wedded happiness at last arrived. The setting sun was shining brightly upon the ivy-mantled walls of the old abbey, as the carriages rolled along the newly-gravelled road in the park, through crowds of respectful tenantry and villagers. There were neither shouts nor waving of handkerchiefs. The long-slandered lady was welcomed to the halls of her murdered husband with a silent sympathy which expressed more than words—which are too frequently lip-homage—not the language of the heart.

When the carriage drew up to the porch, where Mrs. Jarmy, old Martin, and the rest of the servants were waiting to receive her, the emotion which Lady Mowbray had hitherto successfully repressed, burst forth when she recognised the well-remembered features of Jarmy and old Martin, scarcely changed since the day she first arrived at Carrow, a happy, blooming bride; the memories of the past crowded upon her brain, resolution gave way, nature asserted its supremacy, and she wept bitterly.

Henry Ashton received her half fainting in his arms, and supported rather than led her to the drawing-room, where he resigned her to the care of Ellen and the Duchess of Devonshire, who, throughout her recent sufferings and trials, had proved herself a sympathising friend.

"Thank heaven," said Dr. Orme, as he shook our hero warmly by the hand, "she has arrived, and borne the shock of revisiting the home of her early love and sorrow better than I expected!"

"Did you observe," asked Henry, "how she shuddered as I bore her past the library door?"

"I did," said the rector, with a sigh at the recollection of the sad fate of his murdered friend. "Her grace has imparted everything to her!"

"Everything?"

"Yes; we judged it best. An incautious word—the imprudence of servants—their involuntary terror on passing the fatal apartment—might suddenly have revealed it to her! In my observations of life, Harry," he continued, "I have observed that great shocks seldom kill—it is the petty, repeated ones which wear out the heart and mind!"

His former pupil turned aside to hide the emotion he felt at his observation.

"What is the matter with you?" continued the old man, kindly; "at your age—the world opening brightly before you—your heart should be all sunshine, cheerful as your fortunes!"

Taking the arm of the speaker, our hero led him towards the lawn, and related the discovery of his long-absent father, in the person of the Khan—the conversation between them—the tone he had assumed, and his sudden disappearance from the farm; adding how deeply his singular conduct had pained him.

Respect, if not affection, kept him silent on the subject of the solemn denial he had previously made of any such tie existing between them: even to the rector he could not reconcile his mind to utter a word dishonouring to his parent.

"Strange!" said Doctor Orme, musingly; "there can be no reason for such concealment, unless —"

He paused, fearful of unnecessarily wounding his feelings.

"Unless," repeated Henry, finishing the sentence for him, "he had acted like a worthless seducer to my mother: that is the fear which haunts me—sits like a nightmare on my soul—broods over my sleepless pillow! As for the adventitious advantage of birth, I value it as little as any man; but can I—ought I to ask Ellen to share the fate of one, who perhaps has not even a name to give her?"

Seldom had his friend seen our hero yield so completely to vague forebodings. It was evident that his imagination had dwelt so long and intently on the supposition of his illegitimacy, that he considered it a reality.

"But you have a heart, my dear boy!" replied Dr. Orme, soothingly; "and that is all Ellen cares for!"

"If I have a heart," exclaimed the young man, sorrowfully, "what must it endure to see the generous, high-born girl who has blessed me with her love, humbled in the world—degraded, perhaps, in the eyes of society, on my account? It would break—break!"

"You consider this matter too seriously," said the rector, uneasily. "From the little I have seen, and your description of your father, he does not appear to have been the heartless being you suppose. Have you never questioned the farmer and his wife upon the subject?"

"Frequently."

"What say they?"

"They know as little of the name and station of my mother as myself!" answered the youth, with bitterness; "my life," he added, "is a mysterious problem—its solution, degradation and misery!"

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the rector, more and more alarmed at the distress of the speaker; "your father may have married above his rank—far more likely than below it. Rely upon it, Harry, had you been merely the child of chance, he never would have consigned you to the care of his brother—insulted his honest roof by introducing such an inmate as his nephew. I am disposed to think that he has other and better reasons for his apparently unnatural conduct. Leave it to time," he continued, "which has solved more mysteries than yours; in the meanwhile hope!"

Without permitting him to resume the subject, the speaker led his adopted son towards the house, where he passed one of those sunny hours which, like the oasis, mark life's desert, in the society of Ellen.

There is a magic in the eyes of woman, especially when they beam upon us with affection. As the warm rays of the sun exhale the noxious vapours from the earth, so will the smile of woman disperse the mist of

care, cleansing the oppressed heart of that perilous stuff thereof

Cares and unquiet dreams, which haunt
The restless pillow and the waking hour,

In youth and age are alike composed.

From that hour Henry Ashton forgot his sorrow, and was happy. Those who, like the hero of our tale, have loved, alone can tell how happy.

The return of Lady Mowbray to Carrow Abbey was followed by the silent dispersion of the tenantry; there were no bonfires, no rejoicings: all felt that such demonstrations would afford pain rather than gratification to the unhappy widow, whose wounded heart shrank even at the approach of pity.

Amongst the rest, Joe Beans, after taking a farewell of Susan, who remained to attend upon her young mistress, was making his way through the park, meditating most probably on matrimony, and the farm which the rector and Henry had both promised him, when the skirts of his best coat, which he had donned for the occasion, were pulled with a violent jerk: the young man turned somewhat sharply, and recognised his little *protégé*, Red Ralph, who, since the execution of the warrener, had fallen somewhat into disfavour—Joe not approving of the unseemly joy he had displayed on the occasion.

"Well, Ralph," he said, "what brings thee here?" "Partly to see thee, Mister Beans," replied the lad, "and partly to see the fun—Master Harry, parson, and ladies. There be no harm in that, I s'pose—there wor no hanging; but thee beest angry wi' I; but I knowed no better."

"No better, Ralph?" said Joe, seriously. "No; I wor never taught better! How should I a' knowed it wor wrong to see old man hanged? Arter all, it wor'n so pleasant!"

There was a truth in the poor lad's defence which his patron felt; although, to make an impression on the mind of the speaker, he did not for the moment choose to acknowledge it. He had never been taught better. How many an unfortunate, arraigned at the bar of justice for some outrage to the laws of honesty, might retort the same words upon that society which accused and punished him.

Why spend so much upon prisons, when school-houses are not only cheaper, but far more effectual for the prevention of crime? The schoolmaster is a better instructor than the gaoler.

"You must go to school, Ralph!" said the young man, in a kinder tone.

"Ees! I should like that!"

"I'll get Master Harry to speak to the farmer, to spare you of an evening. I am no great scholar myself; but thank God I can both read and write!"

"Can 'ee, though?" exclaimed the boy, with a stare of admiration.

"Ay, and cipher, too!" added Joe. "And you, if you choose to be industrious, may soon do the same!"

Ralph cut one of those extraordinary capers—something between the *pirouette* of a French dancer and the gyration of a dervise—his usual mode of expressing satisfaction.

"Thee beest mortal kind to I!" he said. "And if there be anything I can do, only tell I! Hang it, I'd shoot any one that did thee harm, Mister Beans, and think nought on it!"

"Be attentive and honest," replied Joe, with a smile at the exuberant gratitude of the lad; "and any little good I can do for you, Ralph, will be repaid! You must leave me now," he added, "for I have a great deal upon my mind, and —"

"I know—I know!" interrupted the boy, with a grin. "You know?"

"Ees! Thee beest thinking o' Susan! I heard farmer tell dame thee wor to marry her, and Master Harry gi' thee a farm! I wish somebody would gi' I a farm," he added; "wor'n no bigger than Remnan's field at Mortlake!"

"All in good time, Ralph!" said Joe, laughingly. "Stranger things than that may happen! Good night!"

And so they separated: Joe Beans towards the rectory, and the red-haired urchin through the wood, a short cut to the farm, where he had been employed, ever since his arrival at Carrow, by Farmer Ashton.

Red Ralph continued his route, whistling and occasionally muttering to himself, more like some elf-begotten sprite than a Christian lad, till he approached the deep, secluded dell in which the hut or cottage formerly inhabited by his old enemy, Will Sidelar, was situated. Ever since the execution of the murderer, it had been regarded with a superstitious terror by the country-people and farm-labourers; the old women of the village even went so far as to say that it was haunted.

Now, though Ralph, as we have seen, during his residence at Mortlake, was anything but superstitious, still, somehow or other, since the death of the warrener, he did not feel quite so courageous as formerly. As he approached the spot, his whistle gradually subsided into a sort of humming sound, produced by impelling the breath between the teeth; and more than once he started at the rustling of the fox or wild cat stealing like a thief through the furze and brushwood.

"Dang it!" he said, pausing and looking round him; "it be almost dark! I have a good mind to go back!"

He advanced slowly for a few paces.

"They'd laugh at I at farm! No, I mun go on!"

The boy, who had spent much of his time in the woods and fields, and had been concerned, on more than one occasion, in poaching excursions in the hallowed precincts of Richmond Park, possessed an eye and ear almost as acute as a young Indian's. Under the influence if not of positive terror, at least of alarm, he began to exercise them, avoiding, involuntarily as it were, each clump of trees or brushwood in his path, behind which any evil-

disposed marauder might conceal himself: by this time his whistling had entirely ceased.

In this frame of mind he reached, at last, the little open sward in front of the hut. To his astonishment, he noticed a stream of red light passing through the windows. At first he thought it was the reflection of the sunset in the glass; but the window was due east, and Ralph was sufficiently an observer of nature to know that the sun never set in that direction—"at least," as he afterwards used to say, when relating his adventure, "I know'd that it never did at Mortlake!"

All the strange reports which he had previously heard and laughed at, touching the hut being haunted by the spirit of Will Sidelar, came crowding on his mind. After the stare of astonishment which the conviction that the light came from the inside of the cottage, instead of being refracted from the casement, had subsided, his first impulse was to fall flat on his face, and creep, like a wild animal, under the brushwood. He did not feel himself in security till safely sheltered there.

What the stable was to old Martin, a hole in the hedge, or a nook in some furze-bush, appeared to Red Ralph—the best place in the world for counsel or meditation. Even when a boy, he could always collect his thoughts, or devour the fruit he had pilfered, with greater satisfaction there. On such occasions, he did not like to be intruded upon.

"What can it be?" he mentally asked himself. "I heard steward tell farmer, only this mornin', that hut wor a comin' down! Nobody would live in it. Somebody, though," he added, "does live in it! Mayhap, only poachers; mayhap, summut worse!"

Ralph had great faith in a stick. His first care, therefore, was to choose a stout young sapling, which he cut and trimmed till he had obtained an excellent cudgel—which, there is little doubt, he would have the firmness to use, if assaulted—for there was an instinctive combativeness in his nature, very like that which is observed in young terriers in their stage of puppyhood. Most puppies merely bark—they do not bite!

"If it bea'n't a ghost," muttered the boy, passing the stick critically between his finger and thumb, "I don't so much care! I bea'n't afeard of real flesh and blood like myself; but I shouldn't wish to see t' old man wi' a cotton nightcap over his face, his legs a skriggling and a skriggling—ugh!"

A shudder and an involuntary expression of disgust at the recollection of the scene he had witnessed, came over him.

Armed with his cudgel and resolution, Ralph ventured to creep from his hiding-place to an oak-tree, whose gnarled branches overshadowed the road, and nearly reached the roof of the warrener's hut. Cautiously climbing the trunk, he placed himself astride one of the branches, and gradually advanced till he found himself in a position to perceive whatever was taking place in the interior of the cottage, from whose window the light continued to stream with a still redder glare.

A cheerful fire was burning upon the hearth, and an iron kettle or pot swinging over it. Upon the table in the centre of the room was a plate, together with a loaf of bread and a bottle. But what most excited the boy's attention was a small black box, with bright silver clasps to it. He felt assured that he had seen it before, although he could not remember where.

"They bea'n't no ghosts," thought Ralph; "but poachers! What a fool I wor!"

Satisfied that the conclusion he had come to was the correct one, he would have descended from the tree and pursued his way towards the farm, had not a vague curiosity restrained him. He fancied that he should like to see the person for whom such preparation was being made.

"Some brave chap, no doubt," he muttered; "and fond o' a bit o' sport! So be I: mayhap we shall agree together."

Still the black box with the silver clasps excited his attention: he could not remove his eyes from it. It appeared to possess a species of fascination for him. He felt both curious and provoked: curious as to its contents, and annoyed at himself for not recollecting where he had seen it before.

To all appearance the hut was tenantless, and the occasion was very tempting. Ralph gradually went backwards along the arm of the oak, till he reached the trunk, down which he carefully slid, carrying his stick between his teeth during the operation.

"I will see, I be determined!" he said; "if they catch, they can't hang I! I am't a thief!"

The curious urchin approached the door with the firm resolution of entering the cottage by the window, in the event of finding it locked. With a caution which the most experienced housebreaker might have envied, he placed his hand upon the latch, and pushed once or twice gently; finding that it resisted his efforts, at last firmly.

He was puzzled—there was no lock, that he could see, to the door, and yet he could not open it: the natural inference was, that it was barred on the inside: if so, some one must be there. The discovery made him cautious.

"It be a rum go!" he mentally observed. "I can't see any one, and there be only one room in t' place!"

His next attempt was at the window, where a terrible surprise awaited him—a surprise which, from being a half-septic in ghost stories, transformed him at once into a true believer. Standing with his back to the fire was the warrener; he could not be deceived—it was his dress, his tall, gaunt figure, hat, and gibbern.

The red haub of the urchin began to rise and fall as if life were in it; fortunately his terror was too great for words or exclamation. He dropped from the window-sill, and fell senseless upon the sward.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE POETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL.

SPIRIT VERSUS MATTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

MELTED amethysts and rubies richer tints may ne'er effuse

Than the Light which paints the rainbow, lends the West its brilliant hues;
Yet that light which meets the Morning, scattering Jewels on her way,

Bounteous as an Eastern Princess, is the light of common day!

So with Poetry, though gleaming with Imagination's fire 'Mid the heaven of Invention seeking ever to aspire!
Yet accordant to all natures, poetry her gifts can breathe,

Lending sweetness, grace, and feeling, like the common air we breathe.

As Eternity's before us, and within us, and behind,
So is Poetry pervading the eternal sphere of Mind,
So is Poetry refining earthly love by heavenly laws,
Foremost in the cause of Freedom, foremost in the People's cause!

And the people were ungrateful could they now forget the good

Which the Poets sought and won them, when more feared than understood.

Wise to calculation only is the Age in which we live,
Ever honouring the most highly those who have the most to give!

Feelings which have ne'er extended from the narrow space of self,

Merging holier, loftier objects in an atmosphere of self! Shame upon this Mammon-worship! Shame upon this lucre-love!

Life adorners of mere matter, sceptics to the life above!
Come, I'm counsel for the Poets; enter ye the Court of Fame:

Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden; answer each one to your name;

Ye, that with unfailing genius bade humanity advance,
With dominion in your voices, and with empire in your glance;

Ye, that with heroic daring sought the people in distress,
Seeking to o'erbridge the chasm 'tween their hope and their success.

Humanism more expansive, 'twas for this your genius strove,

Equal justice for the lowest, equal laws, and federal love!
Shout we for the sensual only? still the practical applaud?

There is something more than matter which the mind of man should laud,

Something more than sordid fortune, something more for souls to crave,

Than a gaudy pageant passing from a banquet to a grave.
As the Sun, so Education yields the globe its partial light;

Half the world exults in brightness, whilst the rest is plunged in night.

Talk of Stephenson and Railways? of the miracles of Steam?

Lauding high those vapour-pinions, swifter than the solar beam?

Lauding high and vaunting loudly Powers connecting clime with clime,

Narrowing space, and far extending the capacities of Time?

Prate of Stephenson and Shakspeare—grant the first the loftier dower?

For his wonder-working carriage speeds to Leeds within the hour!

Shame upon this Mammon-worship! Shame upon this lucre-love!

Life adorners of mere matter, sceptics to the life above.
Open ye the play of Hamlet—and a breath of Shakspeare's power

Speeds ye to the gates of Denmark in the fraction of an hour!

Steam 'gainst Soul? What, match a vapour 'gainst a meteor of the night?

Stephenson's a mole, a tortoise, to the old Shakspearian flight.

Meteor-rushing would ye travel? travel then on Shakspeare's page,

On the Lyric or Heroic—on the Broad or Narrow gauge

Prate of Lines from York to London, or from London 'cross the Tweed?

Shakspeare's lines are universal: judge ye for yourselves, and read.

Not its length but its duration is the glory of a line;
Shakspeare's will endure for ever—lines eternal, lines divine.

Oh, you do not know the Poet—cannot comprehend his skill—

Cannot span the soul which travels all Creation at its will.

Oh, you do not know the Poet, or you never would compare

Any genius in creation with a genius so rare!
Shame upon this Mammon-worship! Shame upon this lucre-love!

Life adorners of mere matter, sceptics to the life above.
If our birth were first in Heaven, for our three score years and ten,

Afterwards, to earth translated, find eternal life with men,

I might marvel less at wisdom which prefers this soul-less lust,

I might sorrow less at worship signalising worldly dust

But for beings born to wither in some few brief years
from earth,
Clinging with a childish passion unto toys of little worth;
Three score years for Pomp to glitter—three score years
for Wealth to glare;
Then—Eternity in heaven: what can *Wealth* avail ye
there?
Then Eternity in heaven, like a *whisper* is it heard;
Oh, that language thrills—appals me—as were thunder
in each word.
Out upon this rage for riches, striving up and strutting
bold,
Out upon the craft which teaches scorn of every thing
but gold:
Out upon the slavish minions, vain disciples of a creed
Which believes in God, yet never acts as if it thus
believed:
'Tis the vassalage of Reason to an artificial sway,
Govern'd by a false convention—modes and fashions of a
day:
'Tis the vassalage of spirit to an arbitrary tone,
Granting to a mean usurper its hereditary throne.
Gold is God—the *very letters*, Mammon, aid thee, as
thou bidd'st:
GOLD is GOD!—thou say'st truly—GOD, with I seen
in the midst.
If still worshippers of Matter, Watt your deity may be;
True believers in the Spirit find still mightier gods than
he.
If still worshippers of Matter, Stephenson your vows
may claim;
Spirit bends to other altars, bright with spiritual fame.
Spirit from the mystic future lifts the veil with radiant
hand,
Still "Excelsior!" exclaiming, seeking still the Better
Land.
If this Life, this World were final, and no other Life
beyond,
I could clasp the Poet's fictions with a reverence as
fond!
What is life without Affection? 'tis existence without
light,—
'Tis a quarantine eternal, with the wished-for land in
sight!
Long as infancy is blissful to the mother's flowing breast,
Long as Love creates a heaven Poets only have exprest,
Long as in the kindred circle friendship and devotion
reign,
Will the Poet be remembered—will be loved the Min-
strel's strain:
Thought and feeling still enlarging, still revealing higher
powers,
Wreathing with immortal beauty life's most spiritual
hours,
High revelations and attainments—which, whatever
path we've trod,
Are the angels that from darkness call us to the light of
God!

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XL.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why so can I, and so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
SHAKESPEARE.

THE birth of a son to the young Queen of Scotland was a source of great political as well as personal annoyance to Elizabeth: there was a strong party in the country who supported the claim of Mary to the succession—which party was still further strengthened by the fears of those who looked forward to a civil war, in the event of the death of the reigning sovereign. Leicester, urged by the ambitious hope of a crown, was foremost amongst the malcontents: his aim was, by stirring up the two Houses of Parliament, to force Elizabeth to one of two alternatives—marriage, or the choice of a successor: not doubting that it would be the former, and the bridegroom himself.

Almost immediately after the progress to Oxford, the maiden monarch returned to London to prepare for the opening of Parliament, which she was compelled to summon in order to obtain the subsidies necessary for the carrying on of her government. Dreading their importunity upon the subject of her marriage or the succession, she had delayed their meeting as long as possible. Many and various were the consultations with Cecil and her council.

At that period, the belief in alchemy, astrology, and other exploded superstitions, was general throughout the realm; all classes were more or less addicted to them; and even the masculine mind of Elizabeth was not exempt from the weakness, which was equally shared by her favourite, Leicester.

The most successful of the impostors, as well, perhaps, as the most learned, who flourished on the credulity of the age, was the celebrated Dr. Dee, who resided at a convenient house at Mortlake. We have seen that the queen would not fix the day for her coronation till she had first consulted him. The quaint old charlatan exercised a greater influence in state affairs than the world has given him credit for.

The house which he inhabited stood almost in a direct line with the church—it has only lately been pulled down. Many are still living who have wandered through its chambers and garden.

On the evening preceding the opening of Parliament, Dr. Dee was seated in his study, peering with curious eyes into the celebrated mirror in which he pretended to read future events, see spirits, and converse with them: perhaps the old man was as much the dupe of his own excited imagination as those who consulted him.

He was a tall, thin, venerable-looking personage, dressed in a long, dark gown, girded round his waist with a silken cord; his white hair and beard were long—the former fell from under the high black cap he wore on their waving locks, and added to his picturesque appearance.

A paper lay upon the table beside him, covered all over with geometrical figures and abstruse calculations. A smaller one which he held in his hand, and to which he occasionally referred, was the horoscope of Elizabeth. He had calculated it on her accession to the crown, at her express command.

"The spirits are vexed!" muttered the aged dreamer, still looking steadfastly in the glass; "they will not answer me! Perhaps the earthly toils and cares which oppress me have dimmed my intellectual vision. Patience—patience! I must commence again!"

The doctor, after performing sundry genuflexions before the mirror, which was set in an ebony frame, and stood upon the table before him, began to chant a species of invocation in the Latin tongue. He had not got beyond the second, or at most the third line, when he was interrupted by a gentle knocking at the door—on hearing which he suddenly broke off; and, after veiling his mirror, as the Catholics sometimes veil their shrines, he called to the intruder to come in.

A lean and withered old woman, whom poverty had induced to accept the office of domestic with the much dreaded conjuror, entered the room.

"Well, Maude!" said her master, "is he come?"

"Not the one you expect," replied the servant; "but there is another at the gate, demanding to see you."

"Not to-night!" interrupted Dr. Dee, hastily; "not to-night!"

"I told him so, but he would not be persuaded. 'Tell your master,' he said, 'that were the spirits of evil in council with him, he must see me! I am not one of those who descend to visit twice!'"

The astrologer paused and reflected for a few moments, then asked, "what sort of person the stranger was?"

"Tall," was the reply.

"Would you judge him noble?"

"Doubtless!" replied the woman, bitterly; "for he is proud and scornful! He called me *beldame*—*hag*—and spoke of you as little better than the fiend himself! Be careful, master," added the speaker, in a kinder tone, "how you admit that man! He has armed jackeys in waiting—I saw them, with their horses drawn in a line, under the church wall!"

"What should I fear?" demanded the doctor, calmly.

The woman made no reply: probably she did not like to hint at the possibility of the visitor being no other than the arch-fiend himself.

"Admit him!" said her master. "I will see this man."

In a few minutes, a tall and rather robust personage, enveloped in a riding-cloak, which completely covered his dress, made his appearance. His hat was drawn closely over his brow, and, still further to conceal himself, he wore a mask of black velvet.

"Be seated, my Lord of Leicester!" said Dr. Dee, without raising his eyes from the glass, the contemplation of which he had recommenced; "you visit me at an untimely hour, but come not unexpected!"

"How may that be?" demanded the earl, at once laying aside his *incognito*; "since three hours ago I myself dreamed not of such a step?"

The astrologer smiled, and pointed to his glass.

"Perhaps," said the favourite, "you can tell the object of my visit?"

"I could guess it," was the reply, "without the aid of science. Deal plainly with me, my lord," he added, "and briefly; for the hour I have long and anxiously waited is fleeting fast! The conjunction of the planets will soon be favourable!"

"I would have an answer to three questions, for which I am ready to pay your price," observed the earl; "though it should exceed the ransom of a knight."

"Propose your questions, my lord."

"Will the queen ever marry? That is the first."

"Good!" said the astrologer, writing it down.

"And if she does, who will be her husband?"

The second question was written, like the first.

"My last question is," continued Leicester, "perhaps the most important of the three; for it touches a forbidden question."

"The succession?" whispered Dr. Dee.

His visitor nodded in the affirmative.

"Speak boldly, my lord, and clearly," said the aged charlatan; "there are no eavesdroppers in my house; neither, if my answers are to be explicit, must there be any ambiguity between us."

"Well, then," exclaimed the earl, "I will deal plainly. I wish to know the sex and birth of her majesty's successor. To your craft, Dr. Dee; and here is your recompense."

With these words he cast a heavily-filled purse upon the table. The eyes of the astrologer sparkled at the chink of the yellow metal, although he did not otherwise appear to notice the action of his visitor.

"Will you regard the mirror yourself?" he demanded.

"The question, if favourable, will be answered by the spirit of one once dearest to you."

"No!" hastily interrupted the earl, with a shudder.

Perhaps his thoughts were of his murdered wife. "I can trust to you."

Dr. Dee seated himself, and began to consult his mirror.

"Speak not!" he said, addressing Leicester in a warning tone; "for those are gathering near who must hear no voice save mine! Be silent as your hopes—as the grave!"

The charm which the arrival of his visitor had interrupted was resumed. After its termination, the old man remained for at least ten minutes with his eyes intently fixed upon the magic glass. Gradually his features became convulsed, and drops of perspiration trickled down his wrinkled forehead. Leicester began to feel alarmed—still the injunction of the magician was too powerfully impressed upon him to permit him to speak.

With a deep sigh Dr. Dee at last fell back in his chair, as if exhausted with the efforts he had made.

The earl, unable any longer to conceal his anxiety, rose from his seat and would have approached the mirror, when the voice of the astrologer restrained him.

"Beware, my lord!" he faltered; "the sight will kill you!"

"Was it so terrible?"

Dee shuddered, as with horror, at the recollection of it.

"Speak, man!" exclaimed the favourite, violently excited; "I am no girl to start at shadows, or shrink from evil fortune! What say the spirits?"

"Propose your questions, my lord," said the old man, "and I will answer them, even as the spirits answered me."

"'Tis well," replied the ambitious seeker of futurity. "Will her Majesty Queen Elizabeth ever become a wife?"

"Within three months—or never," said the old man. "During that time Venus will shine propitious in the house of Life—but Virgo is coy."

"Should she marry, who will be her husband?"

"A subject!" answered the astrologer, boldly. "For it is revealed to me that the daughter of the Tudors shall never mix her lineage with one of royal birth. Hence her struggles and vacillations between pride and love!"

"But love will prevail—will it not?" demanded the favourite, his features flushed with triumph.

"The spirit said not that," observed the old astrologer. "I dare not force a wrong construction of its words!"

The answer, like most answers given under similar circumstances, left a loop-hole for the prophet to save his reputation, should the result not correspond with his prediction. But Leicester was too much excited to observe it: already in imagination he felt himself a king. He was no less credulous than ambitious.

"To my last, and not least important question," resumed the earl. "Will the successor of Elizabeth be a male or female sovereign?"

"A male one, my lord!"

"So much for the fortunes of Mary Stuart!" thought the peer.

"More," continued Dr. Dee; "he will be the son of a queen and a subject, born in wedlock. But great difficulties will attend the union of his parents."

Leicester was more than satisfied. Although the prediction applied exactly to the infant just born to the Queen of Scots, in his vanity he chose to interpret it his own way. His would be the son, and its mother Elizabeth. How frequently do mankind deceive themselves into the belief of what they wish.

The Earl of Leicester drew from his finger a rich jewel, and, throwing it upon the table near to the bag of gold, thanked the learned doctor for the service he had rendered him. The astrologer bowed humbly, and himself conducted his visitor to the gate of his little garden, where a page was holding his horse. The high-spirited animal was pawing the ground, impatient for the arrival of his master. As the servant had described, half a dozen varlets, well armed, were drawn up under the wall of the old church.

"Go to, for an ambitious knave!" muttered the old man, as the party rode off. "Ill befell the day, should the crown of England dishonour itself by an alliance with the blood of Dudley, the extortioner! They say Henry hanged his grandfather unjustly; but that is no reason," he added, "why Elizabeth should bestow her hand and sceptre upon his descendant!"

"None in the least!" whispered a deep voice near him.

The astrologer started, and partially drew from his girdle a weapon which he invariably carried.

"Tush, man! Be not so ready with your dagger!" said the speaker, carelessly. "It is only an old acquaintance!"

Dr. Dee raised the torch he carried in his hand, and recognised the calm, austere countenance of Cecil.

CHAPTER XLI.

Vex not my soul with unquiet words, my lords!
My mind's resolved—fixed as the word of fate!
No eloquence can shake it.

ISLAND QUEEN.

As may be supposed, the subtle Cecil was not long before he obtained from Dr. Dee the full particulars of his interview with the Earl of Leicester.

"You have acted wisely!" he said. "The hope where-with you have filled the coxcomb's brain will urge him to join the Opposition in the House of Peers, who press for the queen's marriage. Her majesty will scarce forgive him for it!"

"Truly," observed the astrologer, "she is as tenacious of her royal prerogative as ever her royal father was!"

"True, doctor!" said the statesman. "Woe to him that wakes her wrath by touching it!"

"My lord," said the old man, after a pause, "you are one of those round whom the policy of kingdoms turn; and yet you have not, with all your cunning, considered one little obstacle to the downfall of the Earl of Leicester—that he alone, of all who brave her anger, in urg-

ing Elizabeth to declare her successor, or marry, has a fair claim for her indulgence! He can plead love as his excuse; others, ambition only, or the interests of their party!"

"You do not know her!" observed Cecil. "She will never give her hand to Leicester! The death of his wife has rendered him infamous!"

"Then," answered Dr. Dee, with conviction, "her majesty will never marry!"

On the following day, when Parliament assembled, both Houses addressed her majesty, and solicited her to appoint a successor to her crown, or yield to the wishes of her nation, and marry.

Elizabeth received the joint deputation seated on her throne in the Palace of St. James. Never before had those around her seen her so determined in manner—so thoroughly roused—so like her despotic father.

"Attend to your own duties, my lords and citizens!" she exclaimed; "and I will look to mine! A successor! Am I so old or so unwise, that I should dig my own grave, and give treason a rallying point? Never! you have treated me," she added, "as you durst not have treated my father!"

Deputation upon deputation succeeded, but still the answer was the same. The Protestant party, stirred up by Leicester, who vainly hoped to force the queen into a marriage, were resolute. The Commons, with an unusual spirit of independence, passed a vote that the subsidies should be incorporated with a bill naming the successor to the crown, in the event of Elizabeth dying without children. The measure did not shake her. She wrote the following memorandum at the foot of the bill, when presented to her:

"I know no reason why any of my private answers to the realm should serve for prologue to a subsidy vote; neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make without my licence an act of my words. Are my words like lawyers' books, which nowadays go to the wire-drawers, to make subtle doings more plain? Is there no hold of my speech without an act to compel me to confirm? Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my words, that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at this time; but if these fellows—we fear she meant the members of the House of Commons by this irreverent word *fellows*—were well answered, and paid with lawful coin, there would be no fewer counterfeits among them!"

But Elizabeth was too wise to remain at variance with the representation of the nation: she sent for a considerable number of the members of either House, and remonstrated privately with them.

Her argument was, that it was not for her own honour, or the dignity of her crown, that she should be forced into a measure which she disliked, or a hasty, ill-considered marriage. That she had made no vow of celibacy; and, doubtless, in due time, would satisfy the prayer of her people.

"Parliament, my lords and gentlemen," she said, "have declared their willingness to grant me an extra subsidy, provided I name a successor to my throne; now half the sum they propose will content me. The money is as well in the pockets of my subjects as in my Exchequer; as for the rest, leave me to my own time. Doubtless I shall content ye speedily one way or the other."

This condescension of the sovereign, who was so popular, was not without its effect; for the Houses immediately granted her majesty the unusual grant of one-fifteenth and one-tenth from the people, and four shillings in the pound from the clergy, without any condition being annexed to it.

When informed by Cecil of the result of her diplomacy, Elizabeth smiled. She had outwitted both Houses; the subsidy was all she required.

When the deputations waited upon her, the royal virgin received them somewhat disgraciously.

"We thank you for the supplies," she said, "and shall be careful of their use; and now, my lords and gentlemen, return to your several counties—we have no further occasion for such faithful services; we do prorogue you! You may have," she added, "a wiser or better sovereign to reign over you, but one more careful of the general weal you cannot have; but whether I ever live to meet you again, or you are summoned by my successor, beware how you try the patience of your sovereign as you have tried mine!"

With these words she separated from her Parliament.

None were more mortified or surprised at the result of the attempt to coerce Elizabeth than her favourite, the Earl of Leicester: his dream of ambition was dissipated, or, if not dissipated, he regarded the aim for which he had intrigued as more remote than ever. For several days the royal virago forbid him her presence.

Cecil triumphed in the disgrace of the haughty, scheming favourite, whose influence frequently counteracted his at the council-board and in the cabinet of their sovereign. At first he deemed his downfall assured; but in one respect, at least, Dr. Dee proved that he knew the character of Elizabeth better than her minister. Her fit of anger did not last long. After a few weeks' anger and humiliation, the earl was restored to favour—nay, more, the rumour again became general, that the queen intended to marry him: they were deceived—she was merely coquetting with his vanity and passion. By this time she had outlived the ardent feelings which, as in the case of the Lord Admiral, led her to risk a crown to gratify her

ove. What a strange mixture of vanity, prudence, weakness, and strength, does the character of Elizabeth present! About this time a proclamation was issued, forbidding any one, without the royal licence of her majesty, to paint her portrait, which she insisted should be done without

the employment of shade: hence her extraordinary likeness at Hampton Court.

As for the costume of the greatest of England's queens, it was an affair of state. The following extract is from the Royal Wardrobe Book:

"Lost from her majesty's back the 17th of January, anno 10 R. Eliz. at Westminster, one aglet of gold enamelled blue, set upon a gown of purple velvet, the ground satin; the gown set all over with aglets of two sorts, the aglet which is lost being of the bigger sort. Mem., That the 18th of April anno 8 R. Eliz. her majesty wore a hat having a band of gold enamelled with knots, and set with twelve small rubies or garnets, at which time one of the said rubies was lost. Item, Lost from her majesty's back at Willington, the 16th of July, one aglet of gold enamelled white. Item, One pearl and a tassel of gold being lost from her majesty's back, off the French gown of black satin, the 15th day of July, at Greenwich."

The same book is filled with similar memoranda: in fact, the losses in jewellery from the person of her majesty were so frequent, that one is almost inclined to suspect the honesty of the courtiers—more especially as not a single entry occurs of one of the pieces of jewel-work ever being found.

ESSAYS.

No. CXCVIII.—MESMERISM.

WE live in an age of revelations. Every day produces a wonder, to startle and amaze even the most gifted children of the earth. It was only yesterday, as it were, that the marvellous properties of steam were discovered; and, through the application of the prodigious powers it has called into play, changed the aspect of the whole world—not merely in the habits and discipline of the human material, but in the very appearance of the soil, the rock, the forest, and the ocean. Man has taken unto himself wings. He bounds over seas and continents at will, and makes new empires and new conditions of society with such a magnificent celerity, that were mental darkness all of a sudden to fall on the human mind, leaving only a twilight, his performances would, when the sun had risen again in partial splendour, be remembered and treasured only as traditions of a period in which giants lived, who converted the sea and the land into a huge laboratory of industry and genius.

Then, as if the application of steam-power was not sufficient for one age, electricity is seized and converted into an agent for bringing man nearer to the *Infinite*. We not only apply this all-pervading, subtle, but mysterious power to domestic and artistic purposes, but we make it our messenger—our Ariel—and silently put a girle round the world in such an incalculably small space of time, that the operation absolutely annihilates the idea of time.

But of all the discoveries and revelations which crowd around us, none have a higher importance than those that relate to man himself—to his mission, his destiny, his hereafter. For centuries he has been the least studied. Mechanicians, both surgical and metaphysical, have subjected his frame to the closest anatomical examinations; but his great self—his hidden and inner life—the real cause of his power and his being, have, until only very recently, been systematically neglected.

The old pagan heresy, which forbids too curious inquiries into things not patent to the ordinary senses, has operated against the pursuit of all such studies: and the result is that, amid all triumphs in steam—our directions of the electric current—our painting by the sun—our use of the atmosphere itself as a motive power—we know no more of the organisation of human nature than Galen and his contemporaries did three thousand years ago. Happily this indifference is being rapidly dispelled, and one of the predilections of our time is beginning to be a feverish anxiety to analyse man—his nature, characteristics, and power—with exactness, sagacity, and suggestive, wide-reaching, and independent thought. Phrenology has been accepted. It is useless now for the timorous carapists to kick against its truths. In close alliance with it is Mesmerism—alleged to be a discovery of the last century, but which, within the past ten years, has been brought into more prominent notice. Charlatans, by building up out of it a system of imposture, have considerably retarded its development as a science; but now that the public—especially the thinking public—have taken it into their philosophical consideration, we have sanguine hopes that the doubts and suspicions which surround this presumed revelation in the territory of blended physical and spiritual science, will speedily be dispelled, or confirmed and changed into certainties. We indulge in this remark, after perusing an extraordinary little book—or rather pamphlet—which has been placed at our disposal by the author, who has generously surrendered his copyright to the public. And as we are positive our readers will agree with us in classing his data and arguments among the most original ever advanced, we will, without further comment, introduce the principal part of the essay into our pages.

The title of the brochure is "Mesmerism Solved, Divested of Mystery, and shown to be simply an overlooked Branch of Medical Science, to be received and practised as an auxiliary by the Medical Profession and Heads of Families, for Curative Purposes."

Mesmerism hitherto has been a dreaded and mysterious something, when brought under the eye of an observer; and to the mere hearer of its powers, a delusion—the medical profession, as a body, stoutly denying its existence, and refusing to examine into the alleged proofs—asserting that the numerous cures are either false or only

the effects of imagination; and that it is even a burlesque on human credulity to suppose for a moment that the passing of the hand over a diseased part, at the distance of from an inch to a foot, could remove inflammation, rheumatism, palsy, amaurosis, tumours, chest and lung affections; and other persons, silenced by the testimony of men and women of known probity, who have declared what they have witnessed of mesmeric power, cut the knot of difficulty by flatly asserting it is done by Satanic agency—though by what agency they have procured the information from the nether world we know not. To such as really have religious scruples, we kindly refer them to 1st Corinthians, chap. xii., verses 4 to 10, but more especially verses 7 and 9; and advise that they ask themselves the simple question, whether it be a Satanic or Divine agency that is there referred to, by which every man is possessed of some gift or power to be used; and in verse 9 the power specially named—the gifts of healing. Others there are, who, seeing the important cures effected, and the total absence of collusion—by relative mesmerising relative, and strangers mesmerising relatives with a like result—acknowledge the great fact of mesmeric power, and there leave it; yea, they even practise it, effect cures, witness marvellous phenomena—but still there leave it; and in the several books we have read, there appears to be no explanation of what mesmerism is; but page after page of general remarks—the best way to mesmerise—and details of numerous cures effected from many of the diseases to which the human family are subject.

So far as the curative power of mesmerism is concerned, the mystery is solved by an examination of the chemical composition of the human body. The component parts consist of lime, magnesia, iron, soda, potash, and other chemical substances; and a human body requires a given amount of each chemical, to be a healthy substance throughout; and "disease" is simply the want of that due proportion of each, or some chemical combination required to sustain the animal system in the condition familiarly known to us by the word "health." If one kind of food is always taken, there is in due time a development of some powers in excess, and the diminution of others; thus excess in the use of malt liquors produces fat; excess in arrow-root, &c., produces a fullness of flesh at the expense of fibre and muscle; while oatmeal, &c., produces an excess of bone and muscular fibre, and a diminution of fleshiness: so that, as the food of one person differs from another's, and the law of proper quantity and quality of food is neglected, so will there of necessity be a proportionate difference in the chemical composition of the human body.

The body having laid hold of the food thrown into the stomach, manufactures it into chyle, chyme, and blood; and by the law of affinity (which we all acknowledge, but cannot explain), during the blood's passage through the system, absorbs to itself, at particular parts, that quantity and quality in the blood adapted for its peculiar functions:—bone, muscle, fat, bile, gastric juice, saliva, tears, serum, oil, &c.,—being, in other words, lime, albumen, potash, soda, iron, magnesia, water, &c.; and the rougher and unnecessary parts of the food, having their strength and virtue extracted by the chemical process detailed, pass off and out of the system by the draft.

Food thus sublimated, and endowed with vitality by means of the immense volume of oxygen inhaled by us as air, performs its allotted task; and then stands out in bold relief that marvellous phenomenon, physical nature throwing off itself.

The human body is perpetually in action, throwing off, by the innumerable pores of the skin, by breathing, and by other means, the chemical essence from the compound of which the body is made: the principal machinery in action to concentrate and throw off the essence, appears to be a life electric battery, produced by the alkaline acid quality of the blood perforating the skin of the blood-vessels, and so coming in contact with the acid juice of the flesh, thus creating a battery for the discharge of animal chemical electricity, analogous to the galvanic battery of copper and zinc, the product of which is mineral electricity.

That the human body is ever throwing off an essence, may be observed in the unhealthy effluvia we are conscious of, when in contact with diseased individuals, from breath, &c.; and though not more marked in healthy persons than pure air to those living in it, yet from them it comes as strong. Witness the scent-power of the bloodhound: it tracks its victim through the jungle and prairie, having only the odour or essence retained by a blanket or portion of dress which may have been worn by the party pursued: showing to demonstration, that every individual has his distinctive chemical composition, as marked as the features of the human face. It is therefore plain that the body is ever giving off, by breath, by heat, the chemical properties of which it is composed; in the same manner as heated water, by steam is ever giving off a portion of its body, its properties, its nature; and if not controlled, confined by machinery, is drifted off into the atmosphere, and its power lost: so is the essence exuding from man ever passing off, ascending into the atmosphere, and becoming part of some fresh combination in nature. Other agents there are in nature, throwing off a healthy or unhealthy influence; even flowers—the bright, the beautiful flowers—are throwing off an essence for good or evil; and it is an acknowledged truth, that plants allowed to remain in a bed-room at night are injurious to animal life, and that conservatories opening into sitting-rooms are improper, as the night essence thrown off by plants is dangerous: in the day they absorb their food of light, air, and moisture; and at night throw off that subtle something here called essence. Again, minerals are ever throwing off an essence, which fact is made more obvious by their being subjected to the action of heat and whatever of power

there be—be it in the animal, mineral, or vegetable—that power is not in the rough, the visible parts seen by the eye; but in the essence which, attracted by atmospheric influence, is drawn or magnetised out of the body so operated upon.

The power known universally by the name Will, is something so subtle as to have eluded the most analysing genius who has yet appeared on the surface of time. Still it exists; every living being feels its power—feels he has it in possession—and that power has under its control bones, muscles, nerves, and the very finest fibres of the physical body: it can move the head, the arm, the hand, and the feet at will—it is “the will,” and that is the end of all the definitions possible to be given. If the body is inert, apparently helpless, in a moment it seems to animate the feet: we feel strength—sudden, powerful—and we walk, we run. The Will has under its control—so far as the voluntary muscles and nerves are concerned—the chemical essence or electricity in the body; and by its power sends into the feet the surplus essence in the course of passing off the body in waste, which, uniting with the life essence already in the feet, gives the requisite power to carry out the operation of the will—and so on as to any other member of the body which it is necessary to bring into action. Does the carpenter, or the blacksmith, require strength in his arm, his hand? He wills: the chemical electricity comes, his hand heats, an immense energy seems in his power; and the blow—whether upon the wood or upon the heated iron—tells with effect. His will has directed his animal power, and the surplus essence, having a direction given to it, passes off by the hand, and continues so to do, till that surplus being exhausted, and a larger amount being taken from the other parts of the body than can be afforded, weakness, lassitude, exhaustion are the result; and till nature has had time to manufacture in its wonderful laboratory the food for its battery, man is prostrate.

Mesmerism is, therefore, simply the surplus chemical essence passing off the hands and fingers, by the exercise of the will, as in the ordinary every-day action of the mechanic—with this difference: to an observer, the mallet and the hammer show something in the hand producing a result; while the mesmeriser shows nothing but the will and the essence: the two invisibles are equally performing their duty, and the result in both cases shows equally their existence and power.

The essence has a living energy and power—a subtlety of action in its sphere—which the mere mineral or vegetable cannot have. It is not possible that minerals collected, ground to powder and boxed up in a laboratory, or that the root, bark, or leaves of the vegetable, dry and withered, can have the same active chemical power that the essence has, flowing, streaming from the healthy vital body; and as the surface of the body is crowded with innumerable pores, it presents a natural and incomparable passage for the essence to be thrown by the operator into that part of the body which is diseased—say the chest, the lungs, the head, the foot, the spine, the arm, &c.; whereas ordinary medicines have to be swallowed, digested, extracted, and absorbed; and in many diseases almost uniformly unsuccessfully.

Disease, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, is simply an obstruction of the blood-vessels, created by the languid action of the blood, for want of the due admixture of chemical substances, producing inflammation, mortification—death. It is evident, therefore, that if the stoppage could be removed inflammation would cease, disease would be removed, and the healthy tone of the body be in full power. The essence streaming from man, when directed by the will, and poured, shall I say, upon the diseased part—be it rheumatism in the arm, or wrist, where the action can be watched—causes a powerful heat to be felt by the patient, frequently accompanied by a “tingling” sensation; the veins visibly swell, the chemical action of the essence acts upon and appears to dissolve the obstruction; the enlarged veins, like an enlarged drain, give passage for carrying off the inflammatory matter; and the ever onward course of the life blood forces the way, and the restored action, and cessation of pain, attest the cure.

The mesmeric passes are generally made by pointing the fingers at a distance of a quarter of an inch to two inches from and over the diseased part; by contracting the fingers, and holding them over it, with the same kind of feeling and in the position as if a pen were in the hand, and in the act of writing; and after holding the hand in that position for a short time—say a minute—gradually move the fingers from the diseased part, and at the same distance, and draw off the hand at a more rapid pace to the nearest extremity—thus, for the head, over the ears and off at the shoulders; for the arm, off at the fingers; for the legs, the feet; repeat the process, do it heartily, kindly, and you will, in from five to fifteen minutes, be gratified with the result.

On the essence being absorbed by the disease, it is more than likely the operator will feel as if something were coming off at his finger-ends; and also frequently accompanied by a throbbing, accelerated pulsation in one or more of his fingers; a sensation which reminds one of water pouring out of a narrow-necked phial. Nature is then carrying out the well-known law of demand and supply. Fire attracts air, and combustion is the result; heat attracts electricity, and the flash of lightning and the roll of the thunder proclaim that atmospheric health is restored; animal inflammation attracts animal essence, and health is the result. Thus nature is everywhere, in its several divisions, carry out the great law of equilibrium; and as the atom, minute of itself, has, within its acknowledged littleness, all the qualities, character, and laws of the mountain of granite; so a human body, minute of itself, has within itself all the qualities, character, and laws which govern the mass of animal matter existing on the surface of the globe.

Returning to the action of the essence on a diseased part, if at the close of the sitting—say from fifteen minutes to thirty—there should be any stiffness in the limb operated upon, blow over the part, and the stiffness will be removed, let the plan indicated be carried out once or twice a-day till the cure is effected. If it should happen that the patient be inclined to sleep—which is likely, when operating upon the chest or lungs—encourage it, as it shows the essence is laying hold of the system, the same as laudanum or morphine, in the usual routine of medicine.

Medicine—whether applied internally in the form of a pill, powder, fluid; or externally in the form of a blister, lotion, or fomentation—is simply a chemical combination, scientifically mixed and applied by the practitioner, for acting upon disease, and stimulating the physical powers, so as to enable them to overcome an obstruction, and perform their functions naturally.

Mesmerism is a chemical combination scientifically mixed by Nature, and found in every healthy human body, male or female; and when applied by an earnest will on a diseased part, or as near that part as is possible, acts at once; and, by stimulating the physical powers, enables them to overcome an obstruction, and perform their functions naturally.

I have not touched that part of the subject which involves the magnetic power residing in animal essence; my object has been simply to solve the problem, “What is Mesmerism?” I have done so, by proving that curative mesmerism is simply the chemical essence flowing out of every healthy human being; which, being absorbed by a diseased body, acts medicinally, and so produces health; the effect in both cases being to him increased health, strength, and length of days. But I affirm that, from experiments personally made, I have found that a strong, muscular hand is able, without touching, to draw a passive outstretched feeble hand to the right or left—up or down—even at a distance of more than nine feet; and that as animal fibre is able so to draw animal fibre, as a strong magnet is able to draw a weak magnet, thus is accounted for, practically and scientifically, the rapidity with which inflammation is drawn from the patient's body by the operator; and that the magnetic power residing in man is to the homo essence, what an instrument is in the hands of a practitioner.

Pure air, inhaled and absorbed by the lungs, produces health; impure air, inhaled and absorbed by the lungs, produces disease. This vital truth is now universally admitted, by the immense sanitary efforts that are being made in all parts of the civilised world: and as this great law in nature is so marked, and as so many thousand lives are annually sacrificed at the shrine of consumption and its satellites, for many years it has occurred to me, that surely in nature some substance could be found, the fumes of which, inhaled by the patient, would act upon the diseased lungs, chest, and blood. I have thought of several, but the practical difficulty of getting the system to accept anything by the lungs but its ordinary food of oxygen, has been too great to be overcome; but, on perceiving the chemical character of the human essence, it at once erected itself as the solution of the problem.

Diseased man will accept freely, and by inhalation with the air he breathes, a chemical essence manufactured by, and in affinity with, his own nature. The blood passes the air-cells in the lungs three times in about eight minutes, and absorbs the oxygen required for its purification. At the same moment of time the inhaled essence presents itself, and is absorbed by the lungs and blood, endowed with the living vital energy of the operator's will and health; while mineral and vegetable essence has to be extracted from the solid by digestion, &c., before it can attach itself to disease; and even then it lacks that subtle vital power, that due admixture of chemical quality, necessary for grappling with lung and chest diseases; and so powerful and effectual is this remedy, that if applied, I believe 80 per cent. of the ordinary patients would be cured of those scourges of Britain—consumption and inflammation of the lungs, as well as of minor throat complaints.

In operating by inhalation, I suggest, after the patient has taken his seat, that the operator take a chair on the right side of the patient, facing him, or, if more convenient, stand beside the person: then let the operator simply place his fingers close to the nostril or mouth, in the position before detailed, and every breath drawn by the patient will carry in the essence to do its duty. Avoid conversation. You are at your work; do it, and talk after. Keep before your mind the great truth that your fingers are the wires of your chemical battery, and that your essence is streaming off as surely, though as invisibly, as electricity by the wires in connection with a galvanic battery. If your patient drops off to sleep, let him sleep on.

I have avoided amplifying on the several points placed before the reader. The subject is full of life; and the more it is considered, and the mind brought to bear on its anatomy, the more will it unfold its wonders for scientific research; and if by this effort I have so far influenced the medical profession, and heads of families, as to try for themselves the power of the chemical essence upon any one of their own family, where collusion is impossible, my object will be accomplished; soon mesmerism will be fully acknowledged, and become a powerful auxiliary in the hands of the practitioner for restorative purposes.

I have, so far, only cleared up the mystery of CURATIVE MESMERISM. As to the further question of clairvoyance, I am not disposed in this essay to clear up the difficulties that surround it. That it exists is true; and the film that spreads itself before the subject has only to be cut by the analysing knife of reason and science, and then the eye of clairvoyance will be seen, in all its symmetry and

beauty, a monument of Divine power, and an additional evidence of that great Scripture saying: “We are fearfully and wonderfully made.”

Fearfully and wonderfully indeed; for, if this theory be correct, who can say where the discoveries in this branch of science will terminate? Already it has opened to our gaze a new principle, a new living world. And why, we may be allowed to ask, should our inner life be buried? Why should we be prohibited from revelling in our other existence—our purer, more ethereal moiety? Nothing, we are told on the highest authority, was created in vain; and if mesmerism can explain and show us some of the links that connect us with higher intelligences than ourselves as developed to our present comprehension, let us accept its revelations with gratitude and reverence. And if we hesitate, in the absence of assurances acceptable to every capacity, do not let us, for the dignity of reason, descend to vulgar scorn and abuse. Let us remember that in darker ages all new ideas were ridiculed and persecuted.

Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, was styled “vagabond or quack,” and persecuted through life. Ambrose Paré, in the time of Francis I., introduced the *ligature* as a substitute for the painful mode of stanching the blood after the amputation of a limb—namely, by applying boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. He was, in consequence, persecuted with the most remorseless rancour by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries! Paracelsus introduced antimony as a valuable medicine: he was persecuted for the innovation, and the French parliament passed an act making it penal to prescribe it; whereas it is now one of the most important medicines in daily use. The Jesuits of Peru introduced to Protestant England the Peruvian bark (invaluable as a medicine), but, being a remedy used by the Jesuits, the Protestant English at once rejected the drug as the invention of the devil. In 1693 Dr. Groenvelt discovered the curative power of cantharides in dyspepsia. As soon as his cures began to be noised abroad, he was committed to Newgate, by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians, for prescribing cantharides internally. Lady Mary Montague first introduced into England small-pox inoculation, having seen its success in Turkey, in greatly mitigating that terrible disease. The faculty all rose in arms against its introduction, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet it was in a few years generally adopted by the most eminent members of the profession. Jenner, who introduced the still greater discovery of vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the Royal College of Physicians; yet he subsequently received large pecuniary grants from government for the benefit he had conferred on his country, by making known his valuable discovery; and at the present time its observance is very properly enjoined by the whole medical profession and the legislature.

Franklin and Priestley were laughed at for their discoveries in electricity; the early phrenologists were divided; and a little before our own day, the promoters of railways were treated as enthusiasts fit only for lunatic asylums. Yet notwithstanding all this moral and mental obtuseness, railways are accepted as a necessity, phrenology takes high rank among the physical sciences, and civilisation could now scarcely do without the electric telegraph. The fact is, that nothing new, however true, is accepted with cordiality. Suspicion, at once the handmaiden and the bane of intellect, receives it with surly indifference and ignorance; the direct cure of mankind with brutal scorn and contempt. But such labours as those of the gentleman whose pamphlet we have adopted, will liberally contribute to the destruction of this bad feeling; for his exposition of the theory of mesmerism divests it of all mystery, and presents it to us as a natural law.

THE TEMPLES OF BUDDHA, AT RANGOON.

MOVING along with the guns, ample time was afforded to behold, with admiration, the temples which lined the road on each side. These temples appeared similar to those we had already seen—the distinguishing temple of this region—an irregular, solid cone, surmounted by an elegant top, over which is the “tee” (umbrella), gracefully fringed with bells, which emit music at the bidding of *Æolus*. It may interest the reader to learn that Solomon, King of Israel, about one thousand years before the Christian era, had bells suspended about his temple, probably intended, “by the sound they produced on being agitated by the wind, to keep off the birds from the consecrated edifice.” Like means are said to have been adopted on the Grecian temples. Some of the numerous edifices we now beheld were evidently the work of an age long passed away: perhaps raised in honour of Gaudma, to celebrate successive victories gained by the Burmese over Chinese kings. We next came upon smaller shrines, with an open space in the centre, containing one or more Gaudmas; and had it not been for the desolation produced by war—had the spots around, where our guns had done dreadful havoc, been adorned with living beings, and bright, green foliage, and clear streams, the sweet song of cheerful birds gladdening the air the while—that “avenue” of temples would have caused the antiquary, or lover of picturesque beauty, to exclaim: “Within, without—all is enchantment!” Eighteen or twenty images of Gaudma were found in one small temple: some of these were composed of pure alabaster, others were of brick, *churned* over, and beautifully gilt. Proceeding on our interesting march, we came to a magnificent descent of steps. On each side a huge griffin, admirably carved,

beside a small shrine; then, leading along to the base of the steps, flanked by the superb design of a gigantic crocodile, with open jaws, as if ever ready to devour the ruthless invader of the sacred fane! Having now moved along the summit of a chain of heights commanding the plains to the eastward, we came round, after much trouble with the guns, and passed on the second terrace, the north entrance to the Great Pagoda. Not far beyond, the artillery officers put up for the night in a respectable Burmese house. Its construction seemed admirably adapted to the climate. Stout posts are sunk into the earth; the bamboo floor of the house is then laid four or five feet above the level of the ground, which keeps off the damp of the soil in the monsoon. The walls are of plank, or of mat; and the roof is a simple framework, covered with a thatching of palm-leaves, which, when properly managed, are always water-proof. [In one of these dwellings the author of this narrative is now writing, while the rain is descending in torrents.]—April 16th. The artillery moved to the upper terrace, or that round the base of the Great Pagoda. We had now a good opportunity of beholding the vastness of this Guadma's "solemn temple." The canopied staircase, grotesque with red and gold, seemed not in keeping with the dignified grandeur of Shoé Dagoon and his associates. They served as excellent quarters for the European troops. The great temple on its gorgeous summit being viewed through a telescope, suggests to the fancy some enchanted hill, on the top of which a band of fairies have found an abode where they might for ever dwell, undisturbed, far away from the haunts of men. Waving golden leaves attached to tinkling bells, and rich gold work, all so snugly protected by the golden *tee*, draw forth admiration. Carrying the eye downwards, the gilding becomes far less bright; the spectator is then astonished by its immensity, as, gazing on the beautifully waving lines and rectangular stones, extending to a sort of enormous pedestal, on which the temple seems to stand, and huge monsters which look not of this world, and small windows set in golden array, he approaches the mighty base. From this to the summit measures three hundred and twenty-one feet; and yet, from its graceful proportions, it is difficult to believe the height so great. Shoé Dagoon is encircled, at some dis-

tance, by smaller pagodas, all possessing more or less beauty. One, situated to the north-east of it, is larger than the others: its body, black with age, and the bright golden summit forming a striking contrast. But all sink into insignificance before the great fane, built in an age long passed away, in honour of the representative of a wonderful religion—Guadma, an incarnation of Buddha, whose followers are more numerous than those of any other creed among the whole human race! Viewing this stupendous edifice by moonlight, one might be led to feel that there must be some mysterious power in an intricate and symbolic worship which could draw forth such general sympathy in the east—that the creed of Buddha is derived from pure materials; or, to repeat a speculation hazarded in a former work, Buddha, being invested with many attributes which belong only to the Messiah, was simply a less refined creation than that of the Redeemer, as set forth in the Old Testament. The stranger, on beholding the Shoé Dagoon Pagoda, is apt to imagine that it is all built of some rare stone or granite, like the massive temples in Southern India, or the gigantic pyramids of Egypt. But in reality it is one vast cone of brickwork, ingeniously covered over, and to which age has given the appearance of stone. The winged monsters at the base, and other figures—some with comely faces—go far to strengthen this idea. About the temple you may be forcibly reminded of a celebrated description in "Eothen;" for you may there find a visage gazing on—gazing on—with tranquil mien and pouting lips, like "the very Sphynx;" infinitely smaller, but still with a similar sad and solemn countenance.—*Lieut. Laurie's Second Burmese War.*

A MAN ASLEEP FOR FIVE YEARS.—On the 19th of June, 1848, a man named Cornelius Vrooman, of Clarkson, in this county, went to sleep; since which he has slept all the time, awakening at long intervals—sometimes four or five months—and staying awake an hour or two, when he resumes his nap. He is fed by his attendants during his sleep; when awake he eats voraciously. This is certified by some leading physicians.—*Bochester American.*

A WOLF SUPPER ON THE PRAIRIES.

ONE day my Indian companion and I were out for many hours, and though hunting most indefatigably, had bagged nothing. It came on to snow slightly in the afternoon, and I had turned about, and was making for our rendezvous, which was at the corner of a wood not far off, when I saw, at a little distance, something grey lying down. I looked carefully, and saw a wolf, which on approaching appeared to me dead, and therefore I did not remove the gun-cover from my rifle. I walked close to the spot, and was surprised a second time by the brute jumping up and scampering off at full speed. I lost as little time as I could in tearing off my gun-cover, cocked my rifle, and made an excellent shot, rolling the wolf over and over. On coming up I found I had killed a very fine she-wolf in prime condition. I re-loaded, and put back my rifle in the gun-cover, heaved my prize on my shoulders, freshened my way as much as possible, and, nearing our rendezvous, had the pleasure of seeing the Indian rapidly approaching me. He quite surprised me by the delight he showed at my having secured the wolf.

We made ourselves pretty comfortable in the willows near the river, and, under a bush to windward, with a good roaring fire at our feet, and well sheltered by walls of snow which we scraped up with slabs of drift-wood, we sat down and cooked our wolf, the Indian assuring me all the while that it was a great deal nicer than lean deer-meat. Hungry, however, as a whole day's unsuccessful hunting had made me, I was still very unwilling, in spite of his assurances, to try it; but the evident relish with which I saw him eating it quite disarmed me of my prejudices against wolf-meat, and, in fine, I feasted on the fat ribs, which proved most palatable, and certainly very superior to lean venison. My companion laughed at observing me completely conquer my scruples, and detach a couple more ribs from the savoury fore-quarter then hissing at the fire. We certainly enjoyed our supper that night, nor was my stomach a whit the worse for the strange food with which it had been astonished. After supper we lighted our pipes, and smoked, dozed, and conversed alternately till sunrise, when we roasted more of the wolf, ate a good breakfast, and again continued our hunting.—*Palliser's Solitary Rambles in the Prairies.*



(THE CAVALRY CAMP.)

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

THE camp at Chobham by night is a solemn scene. Imagine the wildest country possible to be found in England. A barren heath, broken at fitful intervals by clumps of stunted trees, and everywhere heather, looking just like the sky does when masses of clouds gather for the awful battle of the lightnings and thunder. The moon in placid beauty sheds down a soft light, which mellows everything but the dark heather. There is a gleam of steel at intervals, and the tall shake of a grenadier, or waving plume of a Highlander, may be discerned going to and fro amid the glistening, ghastly white of the tents; but not a footfall is heard, or the murmur of voices, to break the monotony of night. A dread, solemn silence prevails—the artillery, looking grim in their lengthy repose, are mute. And yet there—amid that silence—are at least ten thousand human beings, of whom nine thousand are men trained and disciplined to all the severities and hardships, and pomp and glory of war. Their slumber is as profound as that which overtook the army of the Assyrian monarch on the night when the destroying angel—the plague—came among them, and withered them away. However, let but that sentinel on the crest of a slight elevation on the borders of the camp utter but one cry of alarm, or fire one shot, and that camp will rattle again with the energy of men who, at every moment, night or day—snowed or sunrised—are prepared to

do or die; men who emphatically merit the poet's eulogy:

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood.
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood.

In a few minutes that host are armed and standing shoulder to shoulder, charger to charger; they are rock-like in their firmness. "A forest huge" of bayonets glitters in the pale moonbeams, and those guns are ready to "volley like the bolts of heaven." Give but the word, and those serried files will move over the dark heath as proudly and steadily as a fleet of a hundred guns steamers ploughing their way through the waters of the ocean. But, happily, the dreadful necessity does not arise—there is no occasion to "join the dreadful revelry"—it was only a false alarm; and at the sound of the trumpet which summoned them to arms, they lay aside their accoutrements, stable their horses, and drop to sleep again, as placidly as if nothing had occurred to break their refreshing slumbers.

In the morning, generally at nine, the men have breakfasted, and are turned out in full marching order, for inspection. It is to be a grand field day, and every officer is looking his best, and the men are passively and cheerfully making up their minds to do any quantity of hard work—which, considering the season and the nature of the duties to be performed, is very hard work indeed.

The respective colonels inspect their regiments with professional keenness; and while they are doing so the

country teems with life and busy preparation to enjoy the spectacle. The principal approaches to the camp are thronged by carriages; and, toiling up the steep and broken roads, the aristocratic brougham, or imposing travelling carriage, precedes a wretched looking hack. The farmer on his plump steed, jogs along expectant and rosy, but sedately; while the pedestrians—who are numerous and of every variety—jog on cracking jokes, and indulging in that species of badinage technically known as "chaff." Before ten o'clock thousands are assembled on the common, and the most motley groups crown the various eminences. The maids of merry England are there in abundance, smiling in curls and braids of jet and auburn; and ruddy country lasses are there blushing, as gay Londoners, with quite an airy manner, invite them to tread a measure to a tune which a band has just struck up:

O the roast-beef of old England!
And O the old English roast-beef!

Viewed in its imposing ensemble, the scene on these grand days, as they are termed, is very animated and brilliant. The long lines of the troops drawn up in the various quarters of the camp present a magnificent spectacle. The noble-looking Guards, with their flashing helmets and cuirasses, present one of the most conspicuous features. The light cavalry look handsome and plucky, while the infantry, living walls of strength and courage, remind you of many a field on which their splendid but terrible valour had been exercised. And amid all, and on the skirts of the camp, the artillery present a murderous aspect. We can observe that the men are remarkably



[THE SHAM ENCOUNTER.]

fine fellows, and that they carry in their sun-burnt visages an expression of intelligence which excites both pleasure and admiration.

However, we must remark, that intelligence and good conduct are by no means confined to one section of the British army. The schoolmaster, during the past few years, has not been idle; and we venture to assert, that in moral and mental, as well as physical discipline, the British army surpasses every other in the world; and when to this is added a chivalrous love of country, it is but just paying them that compliment to which they are so eminently entitled.

But, hark! While the spectators are clustering like bees on the common, and the air peals with merry laughter, a trumpet is heard: the next instant a gaily-attired horseman dashes into the field, and, quick as lightning, it is passed through the crowd that "The Queen is coming!" This announcement creates the liveliest commotion; and the path by which she is to arrive soon becomes lined with dense masses of pedestrians, equestrians, and vehicles of every description. Presently the royal cavalcade approaches; and, as the newspapers say, her Majesty rode a magnificent dark-bay charger, richly caparisoned in blue and gold. Her riding habit was of dark-blue cloth, with a Basque jacket, fitting tightly to the figure. The hat was remarkably elegant. It was of black felt, of the prevailing shape, with an arrangement of white and red feathers flowing along the brim, which had a very graceful effect. And the cannons rear, and the musketry rattle a right loyal welcome; and after her Majesty has ridden along the lines, she is conducted to the royal tent, which stands on a ridge gently sloping towards a broad valley, or rather flat, made by the long-untended condition of what was once known as the "Gracious Pond"—a well-cared-for receptacle for carp, made in bygone centuries by a rich abbot of Chertsey, whose garden smiled in this now uncultivated spot. On the left rises a high, unwooded knoll, of somewhat abrupt, though not very steep ascent. Behind this are two more gently-elevated hills, round the other side of which the valley sweeps back again towards the encampment. It will thus be seen that the royal tent, or "gazebo," is the centre of an amphitheatre; and when we mention that this is two miles in extent, some commensurate idea may be formed of the extent and grandeur of such a scene.

The signal given, the troops march out of camp, and the mimic but noisy strife commences. As they proceed to take up the ground assigned to them, and while the pulse beats rapidly, we cannot help remarking that, after the lapse of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three years, war is still an institution—still a necessity. Has it become naturalised among mankind, or is it an inheritance of the instincts? Here, on rugged Chobham Common, is being enacted, in the presence of the British Sovereign, foreign potentates, and the *élite* of the great and lovely of the land, a scene almost the exact counterpart of which used to delight the Roman emperors on holidays. Here is the camp, and there are horse and foot, and the ensigns, the meteor-flag of England—not an eagle of silver or gold on the top of a spear, as among the Romans, but still an ensign, which the bearer is to guard and defend to the death.

There is the music—wind instruments and drums. The Romans had the trumpet, the cornua, and the buccinæ—all wind instruments, made of brass. And hark! as in ancient days, the general shout at the first onset—the *barrius* of the Germans, from whom the Romans borrowed the custom.

We may here observe, *par parenthèse*, that the cheer did not owe its origin to any incident in a battle during the crusades. It is a custom which has been common to all countries and all ages. The soldiers of every mar-

tial nation have cheered each other on going into battle. Homer tells us the Trojans did; Tacitus says the same of the Germans, Livy of the Gauls, and Quintus Curtius of the Macedonians and Persians. The Greeks, we all know, cheered lustily at the first encounter; and their writers are at some pains to inform us, that Pan was the originator of the custom, and that he first put it into practice, as lieutenant-general to Bacchus, in the Indian expedition. So that the Anglo-Saxons did not invent the cheer—it was handed down to them from their Hercynian forest-dwelling progenitors, who ruled under the green-wood tree, from the Rhine to the Vistula.

However, the cheer of battle still rings upon the ear as it did in the olden time, and men are as eager to engage. Let but the cause and the hour come, and British soldiers will rush to the fight with as fierce an enthusiasm as animated those fallen but still brave cherubim, who, when their leader spoke

—fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

Gunpowder does a good deal now towards settling the question, but steel still plays its part, and battles, as in the great Roman time, are fought by line and rule; even more so—for modern battles are pre eminently subjects for the profoundest sagacity, the coolest calculation, and the most accomplished subtlety.

It is to develop in the British army all the admirable qualities which an able general demands in his troops, that this Chobham encampment has been held this summer, and that the Queen and the public have encouraged the soldiers by their presence and unbounded admiration.

The newspapers of the day have minutely described these bloodless battles; but to explain our second illustration,—the first is the Cavalry Camp, taken from the rear of the Rifle Brigade, the position of which we described in our last number,—we say to explain our second illustration, we must describe the encounter, of which we had the good fortune to enjoy a very fine view, albeit the smoke now and then completely swathed up both the field and the combatants in one dense canopy of blue.

After leaving the camp, the troops were formed into line, the cavalry on the flanks. The length of the infantry, standing two deep, extended two miles. Immediately in the rear of the infantry, the Royal Artillery were placed on eminences commanding the whole of the plain, facing the foot brigades.

The battle began by the whole line of infantry, as far as the eye could reach, pouring a continuous fire on an imaginary advancing foe; while the guns of the Royal Artillery opened a most tremendous cannonade from the heights in the rear. Nothing could be more grand and exciting than the scene at this moment. The whole line of infantry was wrapped in flame and smoke, produced by unceasing file firing; while the cannoniers of the artillery, on the southern hills, could only be faintly discerned in the dense cloud, going through the movements of discharging and re-loading their pieces, with all the steadiness and precision for which that arm of our forces is so remarkable. To the left might now and then be distinguished, as the wind happened to sweep the dense clouds of smoke for an instant from the plain, the shining helmets and bright swords of the cavalry gleaming in the sunshine. The position of the Rifle Brigade, whose sombre uniform rendered them almost invisible against the dark pine wood near which they were posted, could only be discovered by the stunning volleys which they occasionally sent forth. At this moment orders were given to the cavalry and horse artillery to advance to support the infantry, and cover their retreat. They accordingly moved forward in squadrons, with the Royal

Horse Artillery in front, keeping as much to the rear of the infantry as possible; and making a *détour* round the southern end of the common, towards the heights on which the foot batteries were planted, commanding the rear of the whole line.

This is the feature in the engagement which our artist has selected for his embellishment. In the distance, under the trees, the foot artillery are firing upon a hill, which is supposed to be the object of attack. The Horse, or flying artillery, are advancing under protection of their heavy fire, while on the left, the infantry—the household brigades—are formed into squares. The pace at which the artillery went was not rapid; and they availed themselves, during their steady progress, of the declivities and inequalities of the ground to shelter themselves, as it were, from observation, until they arrived at the point desired. Here they remained under cover, awaiting the order to charge. By this time the brigades of infantry on the plain were formed into hollow squares, to repel the expected charge of cavalry. This manoeuvre was brilliantly accomplished. No sooner had the front rank prepared itself to receive cavalry, by kneeling down, than the lines within the square poured forth a continuous discharge of musketry, the smoke of which enveloped the whole plain in a dense and impenetrable cloud; but when that cleared away, and the troops became again visible, the whole infantry force was seen retreating in beautiful order to the shelter of their batteries on the heights. Having formed into columns, and thrown out their skirmishers, who maintained an unceasing and rapid fire on the supposed pursuing enemy, and having stretched for nearly a mile along the plain, and covered the retreat of the steadily-retiring columns, the shrill notes of the bugle were heard from behind the hills, where the cavalry and artillery were posted, sounding the signal for the charge. Instantaneously the horse artillery and four regiments of cavalry rushed from the hills like a mighty and overwhelming torrent, and halted on the plain below, within range of the supposed retreating enemy. In less than a minute the artillery guns were unlimbered, and were pouring forth their loud thunders in the direction of the retreating columns. The effect at this instant was most thrilling, when, amid the roar of artillery reverberating along the hills and awakening echoes which added an awful grandeur to the din of war, the cavalry regiments having formed two deep, made one of the most gallant and dashing charges that could be witnessed. The line of advance was kept with the greatest precision—a matter of manifest difficulty, when it is considered that the horses were almost at racing speed. Nothing could have been more brilliantly executed than this movement. The enthusiasm and soldierly bearing of the officers, the intrepid steadiness of the men, the sounding of the bugles, all tended to produce upon the spectators an overwhelming and electrical effect, and was calculated strongly to convey a notion of the horrors and dangers of the battlefield. Immediately after this manoeuvre the retreat was sounded, and the entire army swept across the plain to the shelter of the batteries, which still remained posted on the heights in the rear.

This concluded the operations of the day, and the troops marched back to camp, where they defiled before her Majesty. The bands struck up, and the cavalry regiments trotted past in columns of troops, followed by the horse artillery and field batteries. The infantry marched past in columns of companies, the band of each filing off as it approached her Majesty, and remaining stationary till its regiment had passed, when it fell to the rear. The sight of the infantry sweeping in open columns over the side of the hills was most striking and picturesque, and her Majesty expressed herself highly delighted with the grand spectacle afforded.

The appearance of the men was really magnificent. No country in the world can bring nine or ten thousand troops into the field. For height, breadth of shoulders, depth of chest, and development of limb, it would be scarcely possible to match them. We do not think the Emperor of Russia, out of his tremendous army—six hundred thousand, according to rumour—could pick such a body of men. The infantry reminded us of the men of whom the historian of the "Peninsular War" said, it was only on the field of battle that the might and majesty of British valour was to be seen to perfection; and should the sad hour ever arrive when their services shall be called into active requisition, we can conscientiously echo the exclamation made by the French general after the Battle of Waterloo: "Nothing can beat that astonishing infantry." As to the cavalry, with their fine equipments, proud martial bearing, and beautiful horses, eulogy would be superfluous. Had Richard Cœur de Lion seen them, he would have slapped his thigh, and, uttering his usual oath, would have cried: "Eureka! Master Saladin, we'll tickle your sides this time!" Of the other branches of the service everything was presented—in look, discipline, and physical power—that could be desired. The artillery were almost frightfully perfect in practice. The bellows of their thunder over Chobham plain and heights, will not soon be forgotten by those unused to the roar of the big guns to whose arbitration big quarrels are referred. Their deafening roar forcibly brought to our recollection Campbell's lyrical description of a battle on a large scale:

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S STORY.

Do I dream, or am I again holding converse with the world of men, from whose haunts I have been so long estranged—with whose impulses, for years, I have had nought in common? I have long been shut out from communion with my kind, and now, like the plant reared in darkness, which languishes for light to give it health and vitality, and turns to the slenderest gleam, my spirit pines for the companionship of man, and now would fain win the benison of his sympathy.

I tread once more amid the haunts of men. Once more I bathe my brow in the free gushing of the blessed air of heaven. Once more I look upon the earth, daedal though it be, and worship the might, the majesty, the magnificence of nature. For this I aspired through the weary days, and more weary nights, which passed heavily over me—as though they would never pass—in my dreary dungeon thrall. For this I languished, with a faded cheek and fevered brow, with withered heart and baffled hopes, until it was scarcely a marvel if I deemed that my very nature was changed. Ay, thus rose my fervent aspirations, through the darkness of what I feared would be an endless, and felt to be an oppressive prisonment; for there dawned no ray of promise within me, or around me, to lighten the gloom which clouded my mind in my noon of life.

I had nerved my spirit to endure perpetual enthrallment. I had striven to forget the living glory and the breathing beauty of the world from which I was shut out; and now, whatever I panted for comes, all unsought, to my enjoyment. Wealth—great among the magnates of the land—vigorous manhood, to plunge, if I would, into power, pleasure, and possession—all that can administer to luxury, that can feed ambition, that can throw a loveliness of aspect over even the laidly features of vice, or strew spring odours upon the path of virtue; an enfranchised and instructed mind, to tower among and above my fellow-men; knowledge, whether won in early years from books—those undeceiving friends—or gleaned from the action and passion of experience, or gained through long years of captivity and endurance, when memory alone was left to a disturbed and distracted mind to link me with the past, and console me for the present, and supply me with hope for the future. These—varied in their aspects, multiform in their powers, unconquerable in their union—these now are mine. Yet now, when they have come, I sadly feel that they are not what I sought. They cannot fling freshness into this withered heart; they cannot erase the memories inscribed by sorrow on the red-leaved tablets of my heart; they cannot bring back the face and form of beauty which won my love in happier hours; they can bring me neither happiness nor forgetfulness; and I smile in bitterness, as I think how idly my spirit could once imagine that such as these would be all-sufficient to secure me happiness.

Through unnoted time, through wearying monotony of prisoned hours, I have had no heart to throbb with the passion-tide of love to my wildly-beating heart, which hath panted for the sweet companionship. The low, soft voices which I loved to listen to in the solemn silence of the still night—the aerial forms of beauty which floated around my couch, while my mind was far away in Dream-land—all are vanished; and long ago, my loftiest auguries of imagination have fallen to the dust, like the priceless vase which drops from the hands of a careless child, shattered beyond all power of restoration.

If I can no more hold converse with her—the fairest and the best—whose name, amid the dreary waste of mournful years, I have uttered but to the voiceful zephyr which glided by me, fraught, I have fondly fancied, with some remembered tone of hers; nor with those, the faithful and the fond, the friends who were mine on earth, as they may be in the starry glory-beds of heaven; nor with those, the deceiving and the heartless, who flitted around

me in the prosperous hour, and fled when the wintry blast was heard: if with none of these can I hold converse, yet I may calm the disquietings of a stricken spirit, by tracing on these pages the records of wounded feelings and wasted hopes.

The mother who bore me could not recognise her son in the changed being who sits here to pour out one memory of his heart: my very lineaments are changed—premature troubles have ploughed furrows on my brow and my heart; but let that pass, for I must back to my humanity, for I mingle once more with men.

I am the youngest of many children, and—for surely I may say it now, when for me Fame has lost its spur—was first among them in the gifts of understanding. The glorious writers of the antique times, who poured forth melody, wisdom, and joy (for it is wise to be happy) in a full gush from the exhaustless fountains of their own hearts—these were familiar to me, almost from the time when Reason first bathed my inquiring soul in the rich dews of its eternal power. With little effort did my mind acquire and my memory retain the treasures of knowledge and imagination which these chroniclers of other times and olden inspirations so lavishly have scattered over their venerable and venerated pages. Pleasant was it for my soul to bask in the glorious sunshine of theirs. Delightful was it for my younger and tenderer thoughts to borrow strength and vigour from the calm and matured serenity of theirs.

Nor were the mind-magicians of later times unknown to me, or unprized in their worth. As my knowledge of them increased, so increased my thirst for knowledge. Thus those through whom the Past yet lived, and those from whom the Present might hope for memorials as permanent and bright, were the chosen companions even of my hours of holiday, nor knew I any playmates so untiring, and ever friendly, as these, my books.

Boydhood passed away, and I shot up into the stature of manhood. A proud heart was mine, which brooked not the efforts of the haughty to look me down. To such, a stern glance, a cold, contemptuous eye, was my sole and sufficient answer.

Yet, though I sought not the fellowship of man, it pursued me—like a shadow in the sunny day, or a thought in the starry night—even into the recesses of retirement. And, though I strove to shun it, still it followed me, until I was subdued by the admiration which, despite my coldness, still sued for my regard. So I sometimes mingled in the crowds, a welcomed guest; and all said that even to mirth herself I had lent riches and smiles, which brightened where they fell, and that I had bound the temples of that joy-voiced nymph with flowery wreaths, which I had snatched from the generous lap of bright-eyed pleasure.

Thus I shone as a star among them, the distinguished of the circle. Many a tongue grew eloquent in praise of the young and half-haughty student, whose smile, even as a gerdon, was treasured up by sensitive hearts, through hours of thoughtful solitude. Many a cheek alternated, at my approach, from pale to damask. Many a dark eye, passion-lighted, flashed forth its heretofore latent fires, with eloquent expression, as it met my gaze. Many a maiden trembled with sudden and not undelighted emotion, as the touch of my fingers came thrillingly upon her delicate hand, in the wilder movements and mazes of the passion-nursing dance. Many a heart longed for my appearance, and then—through an infinite excess of deep feeling—shrank back when it felt the consciousness of my presence. And when I presented a rose—ay, or even the humblest meadow flower—to any of that galaxy of loveliness, how often was it secretly worn and fondly cherished next her throbbing heart—even after its beauty had departed, and its odour fled—as a memorial, slight but tender, of him whose touch had sanctified even its worthlessness, and whose gentle thoughts might have gone, if but for a fleeting moment, with the trivial gift.

It may well be conceived that a nature like mine could not be insensible to the feelings I thus excited; but, flatteringly as this consciousness came upon my soul, I then but slightly heeded the incense it wafted there. I felt something within me whispering that I was born for more than the admiration of the few. The aspirations of ambition fed my spirit with auguries of hope; and though I grieved to part from the kind hearts which had made themselves the intimates of my heart, yet I nerved myself to part with them; and, with a compelling desire to win fame, I left the scenes of my youth, of my triumph; and there went with and after me, prayers for success from the aged, and fond anticipations of my renown from the young.

So I went into the busy world of men, yet did not leave the world of my own hoarded contemplations. I mingled with the many. I visited various scenes, and observed all things. I grew familiar with that riddle, the human heart. I learned the arcana of philosophy and art. I read the ever-open page of Nature—for my study had hitherto chiefly been among books—and then I surrounded myself, in the silent night, with the records of heroic history, and trod the starry paths of immortal poetry, until at length I knew, by the struggles of my heart, that for me, also, the hour had come; and then I called up, as with a magician's power, the spells of imagination and the talismans of knowledge, until, blending them together, I poured out on the mute page, in the melody of poetry, the gush of burning thoughts which, from my youth upwards, had been mustering in my mind, vague, erratic, and aimless; and as I wrote, the full tide of passion, pathos, and power rushed from my pen.

I sent my pages into the world of men, and a few felt, and the many said they felt, the witchery of my strain. I became a marvel and a wonder. Poets, as they saw what riches I was scattering with a lavish hand, confessed that I had won, at one bound, what they had spent weary lives

in quest of. Philosophers mused, in rapt wonder, over the pages whereon the stern intensity of truth was mingled with the airy fictions of fancy. The Scholar—as, with throbbing brow and silently sickening heart, he studied by his midnight lamp, or upon some sunny bank, beside a gurgling stream in his own native land, whither he had come to die—forsook the lore of antiquity, to ponder, with an elevated spirit, on that which I had produced; and still glowed with admiration while, with impatient delight, he hurried over my page. Beauty—as she sat in the leafy solitude of her rose-wreathed bower, waiting (how anxiously!) for the one who was all the world to her—felt a fever-flush mantle her cheek, and strange spirit-strivings throng through her heart, as she sighed or joyed over my strains. The widowed Matron—as, with half-understood emotion, her children read my writings to her—wept, not in sorrow, over the awakened remembrances of her youthful love, which, from the cells wherein they long had slept, my burning verse evoked. The stern Patriot, who had almost thrown aside the hope of rendering the land of his birth also the land of his pride, felt, from my strains, that despair was a crime. The Painter was not ashamed to own that from my revealings he took his most beautiful picturings of heroism, love, and sorrow. The Melodist, whom they besought to wed my verse to music, flung his lyre away, exclaiming that music was a useless appendage to my songs, which had in themselves more tuneful symphonies than his art could frame. The Lover, whom deep passion had rendered incapable of using the strength of his own oratory, used the persuasiveness of my songs to win from blushing beauty all that she had denied before. Envy was silent for once; for if she did not echo the praise which fell from the multitudinous lips of admiration, at least she did not deny that it was deserved. Thus, all places were full of—all persons familiar with my songs. Many a wounded heart blessed him whose verse had beguiled it into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. The aged and the young, the enthusiast and the cold, the proud and the lowly, united in lauding him who, they said, had laid open the heart of man, in its affections, passions, griefs, and joys; who had shown what undreamed-of treasures lay in its secret places; who, they declared, had drawn spells from truth, fancy, and wisdom, and, binding them in the silken coils of melodious verse, had won favours from the geni of the mind, which many, through the long eternity of bygone time, had eagerly sought—which few have found. Thus did I reap the richest honour that a poet can desire—the boon of fame.

Soon I found that fame, to be perfect, must be shared. Even amid the concourse and festivals of the magnates of the land, I sighed for some congenial spirit to cheer my solitude at home—to guide me to other and loftier achievements of renown—to send me to adventure on some hitherto unpatented ocean of thought; and this longing, alike nursed in crowds and loneliness, did not long remain unsatisfied.

One day I had wandered from the din of the crowded city, to win from the balmy quietude and gentle breath of the country some cooling for the fever of my cheek and brow; for the continued exercise of thought and the birth of poetry are painful and exacting. I rested on a shady bank, wearied by my lengthened walk—for the city had unnerved my endurance of fatigue, and my step was less springy in the noonday than it had wont to be in the morning of my youth. A clear rivulet ran, rippling, at my feet—its sound was music to my ear. Around me was the magnificence of nature. In the clear sky, far above, the chorists of the grove warbled their thrilling songs. The evening shades came on. The sun sank, like a conqueror, far away beyond the western horizon, and then gradually the minstrel-birds ceased their song. Musing on the fame which I had won, I was thinking how to exceed what I had already done, by throwing the concentrated power of my increased and still-increasing knowledge, and the whole sensibilities of my heart, into expression and language. But the chain of my reveries, and the sleep-like silence of that lovely evening, were a little broken by the silvery sweetness of a woman's voice. I started at the sound; for there is that in the melody of such accents which falls on the heart refreshingly as the shower on the sultry summer, or as a fall of water upon the ear of a solitary, or as the distant, dying echo of sweet-souled music heard afar off, amid the rocks and trees.

My heart beat with joy as I heard that sweet voice warble one of my songs—lending a rich and powerful expression to the passion of the verse. She who sang came towards where, unseen, I lay. Then, though she saw me not, the glory of that unrivalled beauty met my gaze. I heard her words as, with maiden and mutual confidence, she and her sister conversed. My name was on her lips, linked with the expressed desire to see and know him whose songs had filled her heart with emotion. They passed on. From that hour a new feeling filled my soul. I had beheld the all of loveliness it had ever fancied as what female beauty ought to be. In her I recognised the perfect admixture of every element of form, feature, or divine thought—for the mind may be read in the features—which I had sighed to find in woman, but I had vainly sighed for, until then. It was that visible and mental beauty which I had described in song.

I soon became known to her through a service happily rendered, which preserved her life, and, for a time, endangered mine. I discovered that our sires had been friends in youth, and thus, orphan as she was, she had an hereditary claim to my regard. But, ere she knew me as myself, she had learned to love me for myself. We read, and conversed, and walked together. Sweet was our interchange of thought. At last, when I told her that I was the poet whose passionate earnestness she loved so well, she cast her noble spirit, with a trusting tenderness, as an offering upon the altar of my heart.

She loved me with that fervent sensibility which Woman alone is capable of feeling, and which accompanies only her first love. She eagerly enjoyed the applauses which were showered upon me—for Love had now re-awakened all the Poet in my heart. They told her how safely she had ventured the treasure of affection within a barque where Hope was at the helm, bound for the haven of hearted happiness.

Yet she sometimes doubted—for, though Love be strong as death, it can be helpless as infancy. She doubted—not the worthiness of the beloved, but the certainty of reciprocity. Soon was this doubt dissolved. One summer's eve I sat by her side in the haunt where I first had seen her, and I poured out, with the full utterance of love, the passion which disturbed my soul. Her reply was given—not with spoken words, but in her low and happy sigh. In her tear-gemmed eyes, her blushing cheek, her throbbing bosom, I saw the assurance that I did not sue in vain.

Once, and once only, did a cloud seem to float across our confidings. She was singing to me, and into the air, which of itself was mournful, she had thrown such a flood of pathos that my soul was carried away to the thoughts of other years—for Music holds the silver key of Memory. The strain ceased, and as my wonted tribute of thanks did not at once reward it, she feared that she had failed to delight me. Tears filled her eyes, as she gently breathed this fear. At such a moment I could not utter cold words of explanation. Taking the instrument from her, and striking the chords in soft accompaniment, I threw into rapid and voluntary song the feelings which overpowered me. The words were these:—

"Still, still, beloved! pour along
Thy wildering passion-tide of song,
For, oh! the ear which once hath heard,
Must treasure up thine every word.

And if no instant burst of praise
Reward the pathos of thy lays,
How sweet—how exquisite must be
That voiceless eloquence to thee.

For Flattery's honeyed words will throng
To welcome every breath of Song;
The tuneful and the tuneless strain
Alike his heartless praise can gain

While Admiration—heart and ear—
Anxious, will hold her breath to hear,
Inhale each sweet sound, until,
Even when 'tis past, she hears thee still

Poor as was this tribute, she received it with joy, for it came from me, and she said that it had merit in her eyes—for that, unpolished by the rules of poetic art, it was the prompt and faithful expression of my thoughts. Thus brief was the only shadow which dimmed, but for a moment, the sunshine of our love.

Why do I dwell on the memories of these fleeting, happy hours? Even now, as they arise before me, like things of yesterday, my temples throb beneath the weight of strong emotion. I had thought my heart was tamed down to this narration. Let me hasten to conclude it.

We were betrothed. A day not distant—for my love did not brook delay—was named for our espousal, when an event took place which changed the colour of my fate.

Light in heart, I had sped to my paternal home—unvisited since my triumphs—to devote to my father and my kindred the few remaining days of my celibacy. The hours passed on—slowly, as I thought; but my father and my kindred lamented the rapidity with which they flew.

The land in which I lived was in a tyrant's thrall. Men knew not friend from foe. The spy was everywhere. Oppression ruled. The iron yoke of tyranny was exalted. All who know the history of man, must know that such things cannot endure. There inevitably comes a night to dim this noon of tyranny. There comes on an hour in which this star of bitterness must be quenched. It needs but the linked union of heart to heart to unpedestal the Dragon. It may be that a word—but one word—will prove the unpremeditated signal for revolt.

The dungeons were crowded with the high-hearted, eared or suspected by the tyrant. But he could not chain the free exercise of thought, nor curb the race of high-minded indignation. There only was needed some rallying point where to commence—some leader to array the disaffected. Both came. A satellite of that haughty Court dared to violate the sacredness of a poor man's hut, and drag thence a maiden—that poor man's sole wealth, his only child. Seeing, I resisted the outrage. My arm at once rescued the maiden, and levelled the lustful minion to the dust. An universal cry arose throughout the land, when the slaves of power were sent for my arrest. The torpor of thralldom was at an end. Men arose, as from a trance, to buckle on the brand. Me did they choose to lead them. With but one regret, I took the post of honourable danger; for though Love be happy, Liberty is holy—one, without the sun-tints of the other, would be a gloom indeed.

Beneath my banner, thronging thousands marshalled. Months passed on, in warfare with the foe. At last, strong in the justice of our cause, I met the tyrant—sword to sword. The hopes of a nation gave strength to my arm. The oppressor fell. His death was the death of his cause.

The Nation was herself once more. Equal rights, and awe, and liberties were proclaimed. Then the deliverer was hailed as Lord. I pushed aside the thorny coronet of power, to return to the peaceful life I had quitted.

When the excitement of success was over, I sank beneath a fever of mind and body. If aught could alleviate the pain of sickness, it was the affectionate devotion of my disenthralled countrymen; and, through their kindness, and the skill of the leech whom, at a great price, they had brought to me from afar, I gradually recovered health.

One night—I have dwelt too minutely, it may be, upon the previous narrative, but it was in avoidance of this

part of my story, and now I must relate it, for though my heart swells with emotion, bleeding afresh as these memories of departed years rise up before it, yet it must nerve itself to the endurance of recording them; for there is an impulse which prompts me to tell my story, even to its bitterest conclusion.

More than once during the early period of our acquaintance—but after each to each had communicated the heart-secret which, when thus told, changed doubt into certainty—Clara and myself had indulged in speculations as to that Future which lies before mankind—a great, unpathed ocean. Vague, solemn, and mysterious were our fancies upon this subject. Religion pointed out that Eternity as a haven in which, after Life's troubles, we should repose in safety—but human doubts would arise as to the manner of this life-after-life into which we then should pass. For my own part, I loved to imagine a state in which the Mind should have eternal and ever-varying enjoyment—in which, purified from the soil of earth, Imagination should soar into higher and clearer heavens than it had dreamed of in its pilgrimage below—in which Faith, sublimed into a serene hope, should prepare us for joys in which mere sense would have slight participation—in which there would be, but with a subtler and keener faculty of feeling, companionship with those whom we had loved and lost on earth. For we both felt that Heaven itself would be of little worth without the hope of that companionship—the link between the bodily state here and the spiritual state beyond. And ever, as we thus thought and talked, came the trust that among the "many mansions" in the world to come, might be found some place in which the fond and faithful in this probationary life might be admitted to abide.

"I feel," said Clara, "when we had been thus earnestly and fondly indulging in such thoughts, that, in His goodness, the loved on earth will be allowed to meet in heaven, with a memory of what has passed below, a consciousness of as much of this life as has been pure and virtuous. So strong is my conviction of this (and, oh! is it not sweet to think that we shall meet again in eternity, when time has passed?) that, if the power be mine, when it please the Omnipotent to summon me from earth, I shall be with you in the spirit, and declare, if then I can, what state of being that eternity may be. Promise me," continued she, as she raised her lustrous eyes towards my face, "promise me that, if you should die first, you will speak to me from that far spirit-land!" and then, gently pressing my lips upon that snowy brow, I promised.

The time rapidly approached in which, at length, I was to call Clara mine own—wedded to me by the rites of the church, as she had already been united by the ties of strong affection. I sat, in the calm repose of the twilight hour, in the chamber which I had occupied when a boy—in which I had mused, and studied, and written—in which I had carried on the studies which had won me fame. In the crimson west, like a glory, the sun was going down, and the meadows, the corn-fields, and the wooded heights were ruddy in that purpling glow. Now and then, from the adjacent grove, was heard the even-song of some winged melodist. Far off, faintly came the tinkling of the bells, as the shepherd led his flock to the fold. And, farther yet, was the music of the peal from the village church in the valley, fitfully floating up through the silence, along the broad, smooth river, and across the dewy plain. My casement was open, to admit the gentle sounds, and the breeze came softly in. It seemed as if I breathed an atmosphere of soft repose.

Suddenly, in that fading twilight, it seemed as if the chamber were filled with a rosy flush, which showed every object clear and distinct, as if a hundred tapers had at once sent forth a simultaneous lustre. And in that flush of light there seemed a glorious Presence—the semblance, but purer, brighter, and more beautiful, of her to whom my love was vowed—on whom my thoughts had been dwelling but a moment before. I rose; but the Presence did not move. I advanced, and put forth my hand: it touched thin air! And then, sinking back into my chair, I knew that I gazed upon something which was not of this world. I spoke to it, and questioned whence and why it came. Then, in a voice low, but clear, came the response, which told me that my visitant was from another sphere. And while I listened, awe-struck, the same voice told me that beyond this life the loved of earth do meet, knowing each other there, and with eternal happiness meted unto each, according as in this life the soul had kept itself pure from the stains of earth.

Awe-smitten as I was—in capable of motion—feeling as in the sight of an immortal, I yet had the courage to ask, what was the sign that the thing was true. And then, as the Presence put forth its hand, and touched my brow, I felt a thrill throughout my frame, which, from that hour to this, has, more or less, continued—a burning throb, which ever seems to press upon the brain. At once there followed the flutter of wings, and a snow-white dove swiftly flew out of the open casement. I could trace its heavenward progress by a lengthened track of light, as it cleaved through the empyreal. When I looked once more within the chamber, all was dark. Sensation became suspended for a season, and I remained for some hours unconscious of the world around me.

When the morning came consciousness returned, and, fearing the worst, I flung myself upon a fleet courser, and hastened to where my love resided—far, far distant. Hour after hour the noble barb flew onward. At the decline of day the city was in view. The horse strained his utmost speed, at my urging, and sank down, as we reached her home, wearied with his exceeding toil. He never rose again. In after days I often fancied there flashed reproach in his eye, ere it was glazed by death.

I hastened within the hall. All was still and silent there. I passed on. Her chamber was open. There was a whisper of low, sad voices. I entered. The glare

of many tapers dazzled me. I saw the funereal equipage. I felt that cold mortality lay there. I saw Clara, beautiful and passionless, her long hair bound with the death-fillet—flowers in her hands and scattered on her breast—her face pale as the white sculpture of a tomb! At the very hour in which I had been visited by that Presence, in which an immortal had touched my brow—in which the snow-white dove had soared upward, beyond my straining sight—she had died! Could I doubt that, true to the compact we had made, the liberated soul's first action, when it reached the Life beyond the grave, was to bring me the assurance which I needed?

I have slight memory of what followed. They told me that since I had left my Clara she had drooped like a flower. She had all the sweetness of the violet, and its fragility also. They said that, day after day, her form became more and more attenuated—her cheeks wasted and hectic-flushed. She knew that she was dying, but forbade them to acquaint me with her condition, lest my love, my fears, might cause me to relinquish the station, in that glorious strife for freedom, into which my country's voice had installed me. Oh, that I could have seen her die—have watched and solaced the fleeting spirit of the fairest and the best; but it was destined otherwise.

No further consciousness remains. A dim memory, oppressive madness, cling to me. Then came a release, and a return to the world, with a changed aspect and a saddened soul. The very name for which I had won high triumphs remains with me no more. I had hoped that she would have borne it—so how could I retain it when she was no more? My kinsmen—my friends—know not whether I yet breathe the difficult air of human existence. Many high minds have not disdained to yield their sympathy to the troubled wanderer—but my heart has thanked while it resisted their kindness. My hopes reposed on one fair flower—the storm crushed and strewed its beauty in the dust; it can return no more, but, at least, no meaner blossom shall bloom where that beloved one grew and withered.

EMBARRASSING SITUATION OF A WOLF-HUNTER.

ISHMAH's relationship to the Lupus family was often productive of much inconvenience to me, as he used to run off and engage in play with the young wolves, chasing and being chased by them in turn. At first I was amused at this indication of his wild origin, but became subsequently much annoyed, and on one occasion seriously alarmed, at the result of these gambols. One day, after a long march, I was looking out for a convenient camping-place, when a she-wolf crossed the ice at some distance from where I was standing. In spite of all my exertions and threats, Ishmah immediately gave chase, and they continued their gambols, until I attempted to approach them, when, of course, the wolf made off at full speed, followed by my dog with his trail behind him, loaded with everything I then possessed in the world. I followed shouting after him in vain, until he entirely disappeared from my view, after which I continued running on the tracks, till darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself a long way from timber, out on the broad prairie, alone on a vast, barren waste of snow stretching around me on every side.

My sensations were anything but enviable, on reflecting that I was about one hundred miles from any known habitation, and nearly one hundred and fifty from my destination, destitute of robe and blankets, with but very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch. In short, I was in a pretty considerable sort of a "fix," and had nothing for it but to make tracks again with all speed for the timber. Fortunately I found my way back to the river without much difficulty. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which enabled me to collect some fallen wood, and, having lighted a fire, I seated myself beside it, and began to consider the probabilities of my ever reaching a trading post alive, in the event of Ishmah not returning, and how I should economise my ammunition and increase my rate of travelling, so as to effect this object. My prospects were dismal enough, nor did I feel cheered as the cold north breeze froze the perspiration which had run down my forehead and face, and formed icicles on my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head in dismissing from my mind one project after another.

At last, resigning myself to my fate, I took out my pipe, determined to console myself with a smoke, when, alas! on feeling for tobacco, I found that was gone, too. This was the climax of my misfortunes. I looked to the north star, and calculated, by the position of the Plough, that it must have been about ten o'clock—the time at which, in England, we have our knees under the mahogany, surrounded by friends, discussing a bottle of the best, and awaiting the summons to tea in the drawing-room. I tried to see a faint similarity to the steam of the tea-urn in the smoke from the snow-covered wood on my dreary fire, and endeavoured to trace the forms of sweet familiar faces in the embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white *crêpe* dresses round me, when, hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer, nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ishmah's trail on the snow; another moment, and the panting rascal was by my side. I never felt so relieved, and laughed aloud from sheer joy, as I noticed the consciousness he showed, by his various movements, of having behaved very badly. I was too well pleased, however, at his reappearance to beat him, particularly when I found nothing of his harness and load either missing or injured in the slightest degree. Even the portion of meat which I had secured from the last deer I shot was untouched: so that I had nothing to do but unpack the travails, make my bed, and cook my supper.—*Falliser's Solitary Rambles in the Prairies.*



[THE GROUP OF ZULU KAFFIRS NOW EXHIBITING.]

THE ZULU KAFFIRS.

THE British empire is the most extraordinary territorial accomplishment of which the world has had any experience; but in our opinion the variety and number of the races over which its gigantic authority extends is the greatest historical marvel. It actually embraces an aggregate population of *two hundred millions*.^{*} Take away India, and there is a population of fifty millions, which, as regards muscular development and mental power, is at least equal to one hundred millions of the kind of races of people that constitute the, in figures, formidable population of the Russian states.

But this two hundred millions presents features which comprise every attribute incident to the human family. Their diversification is absolutely astounding, and the imagination almost recoils in dismay from the examination.

First, we have the home population. What an agglomeration! In Britain—the most absolute realisation of the cosmopolitan idea—we have a population made up of descendants of the ancient Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the French, the Flemings, the Irish, the Scotch, the modern Welch, and immigrants from every land under the sun. Yet all these elements are fused, and constitute a mass of some twenty-two millions, which, for womanly beauty, manly vigour—ay, Herculean development and mental power—are immensely superior to every population extant, and far surpass any of which we have even semi-fabulous accounts. But if we look at Great Britain and Ireland as a federation, we find four distinct races, preserving some of their ancient characteristics with strange tenacity. In England there are the English—a compounded race—in Wales the Welch, in the Highlands of Scotland the northern Celts, and in the west of Ireland the southern Celts—the descendants of the Celts who colonised the Spanish peninsula. Midway between these agglomerations of blood and temperament there are the Manx, a vestige of the ancient world. What a magnificent variety this forms! Magnificent, because in variety of race there lie the foundations of all national strength and dignity. The harmonious blending is the triumphant realisation of the object which Providence had in view in bringing together such a congregation of the human family.

But if the diversity at home is wonderful, how much greater is it abroad, among those one hundred and seventy-

^{*} This is easily proved:

India	150,000,000
China	1,000,000
Burma	7,000,000
Colonies in Australia, New Zealand, islands in the Pacific, &c.	5,000,000
Cape and Kaffirland, and other possessions in Africa	6,000,000
Mediterranean Colonies	200,000
West Indies	800,000
British America	1,500,000
Travellers—Army and Navy	500,000
Home territory	28,000,000
	200,000,000!

So that Great Britain exercises dominion over a fifth of the inhabitants of the earth, and has a geographical empire extending over one-sixth of the earth's surface, besides her overwhelming superiority on every ocean!

two millions over whom the meteor flag of England flies in proud defiance of the envy and ambition of other nations. First, there are our kith and kin in Canada and the West Indies. Negroes in both, and in the former those aborigines—the red-skinned children of the west—whose discovery created a greater revolution in the moral and mental kingdoms of the world than any which has occurred since the mythological dispersion on the plains of Assyria. Then there are the Esquimaux in the north, and, piercing through that imaginary north-west passage which has ingulphed Franklin and his crew, we enter the Pacific Oceans—and other links in the chain of humanity are reached. Tribes of Malays, in Borneo and the adjacent islands—fierce savages, in whom war and plunder are inherent passions. Then there are Australia, New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, teeming with wonders, but barren in primitive population. In the east we have Ceylon, with a people devoted to a faith as old as the Jewish; in China, some fragments of territory holding people following a variety of the same Buddhist faith; and in India, a hundred and fifty millions of human beings, the majority of whom reverence the incarnations of the Hindoo Vishnu, and point with startling earnestness to ages which dwarf all our preconceived notions of the history of man, and the revelations which the western world has borrowed from their eastern source.

Homeward, we have possessions in the Mediterranean. Spaniards, Greeks, and Maltese acknowledge the British authority; and then, spreading sails to the winds of the Atlantic Ocean, we reach the Cape of Good Hope—one of our latest acquisitions—and are introduced to a perfect medley of races—Britons, Dutchmen, Boers, Earthmen, Hottentots, and Kaffirs. All sprang from one Divinely-formed original: yet how different in shape and complexion! The Dutch still luxuriate in their rotundity of form; so do the Boers, their half-kindred; and the Hottentots preserve their uncouth and greasy appearance. But the Kaffirs are the aborigines of Southern Africa.

The generic name of "Kaffir," or "Caffre," as it is sometimes spelt, is usually applied indiscriminately to all the inhabitants of the south-eastern coast of Africa, from the Keiskamma River to Delagoa Bay. It is derived from an Arabic word, signifying liar or infidel, being synonymous with the Turkish *Giaour*. The trade between the eastern coast of Africa and India was once wholly in the hands of the Arabs and Moors, who, being Mahomedans, gave the general name of *Kaffir* to all the people with whom they traded, who were not of the same faith as themselves.

The physical characteristics of all the Kaffir tribe consist in an external form and figure wholly at variance with those of the other natives of Africa. The Kaffir is neither a Bushman nor a Hottentot. He is superior to both in personal appearance, bodily strength, and martial spirit. He has a peculiar countenance—the elevated forehead and prominent nose of the European, the high cheek-bones of the Hottentot, and the thick lips of the Negro. Some of the laws and usages which prevail among the Kaffirs, seem to be the relics of a higher state of civilisation than that in which they at present exist, and tend to support the idea of philosophic ethnologists, that the savage is a degenerated man, and not the type of humanity in its primeval state. Barrow supposes the Kaffirs to have originally wandered to Africa from Arabia, and to be descendants of the Bedouin tribes. Lichten-

stein believes them to be of a more ancient origin. He asserts that "the practice of circumcision, some slight knowledge of astronomy among a few of the tribes, their superstitions, and the faint traces to be found in their words and names of being derived from Arabic roots, prove that the Kaffirs are descended from a regularly formed people. It is not improbable that they came from Arabia and Egypt, or that they are the Agasymbæ or Ptolemæus." It has also been conjectured that they are descendants of the Troglodytes, one of the most northern of the Ethiopic nations. The fatal objection to any of these theories is that they are woolly headed, and that some of the tribes assimilate too closely to the Negro.

Four principal nations—originally, it is believed, of one family—now compose the Kaffir race. The Amakosas, whose country adjoins Cape Colony, and with whom we have so long been at war; the Amatembu, beyond them; still further on, the Amaponda; and, most northern of all, the Amazulah, or Zulus. These last—the Zulus—are a warlike, nomadic people, who, it is thought, have conquered and extirpated the former inhabitants of the country which they now possess. They are a fine, handsome race, bold, fearless and commanding in appearance; superior in stature and beauty to the Amakosas, the Amatembus, and the Amapondas. In shape tall, robust, and athletic, good-humoured, frank and pleasing in manner; and with a dignity of carriage and an openness of eye, indicative to the beholder of dauntless courage and perfect independence. Their language is soft, full-toned, harmonious, and spoken with clattering. Their root-words are of one or two syllables, their sounds simple without diphthongs, the pronunciation distinct, except the speaker be excited, and an accent placed on the last syllable. The dialects of all the Kaffirs differ; but approximate sufficiently for a Zulu to understand an Amakosa, and *vice versa*.

A difference of complexion is perceptible among the Zulus; some being of a light copper-colour, others a chocolate, while those who inhabit the most northern part of the territory approach to a jet-black. The skin of the men who have arrived in this country, is a rich Vandyke brown; not very glossy, but more pleasant to the eye than that of the American Indians. The Zulus do not tattoo the face, as do some of the Kaffir tribes. They have a practice of rubbing the skin with red ochre, and then anointing it with oil. The polish communicated by this process is not so disagreeable as might be expected, however much it may be in opposition to cleanliness. Both men and women shave the head close: the females leaving a small tuft on the crown called an *imbecti*, and the males allowing just sufficient hair to remain for the attachment of a ring-shaped ornament, called an *issigoko*. Neither of these ornaments are worn until the individual has arrived at maturity, and attained sufficient development of mind duly to appreciate their value: consequently the heads of the youths remain in unshaven wooliness—and even when the dignity of manhood is achieved, it depends wholly on the will of the king whether or not the subject may decorate himself according to his desires. Sometimes a whole regiment is ordered to adopt the ring at once, and then the whim of the monarch changing, it has to be dispensed with without delay.

The mode of putting on the ring deserves a moment's notice. A piece of rush is cut and smoothed to the proper size and length, some sinew is then closely twisted round

ft, and it is formed into a circle by uniting the ends. By means of shreds of sinew it is then sewn to the scalp, and blackened over with the black wax of a honeycomb, the hair being entirely removed from the area of the ring, as well as from every other part of the head. A bunch of feathers is sometimes attached to the ring, and at other times it serves as a sort of pocket or depository for various useful little articles. Like the Chinese, the Zulus take snuff with a spoon, and when the spoon is not in use, it is generally to be found thrust through the head-ring. The snuff-box they carry in the ear as an ear-ring.

The dress of a Zulu is classic in its simplicity—the two chief articles of male attire being the *umtcha* and the *senanie*. The *umtcha* is worn around the hips, and is formed of a number of strips of skin and fur fastened to a piece of hide; and the *senanie* is also formed of fur, but reaches from the waist to the knees. The women wear a skin petticoat, reaching from the waist to the knee, called an *isecarber*. The rest of the body, both in males and females, is left naked, except that they decorate themselves with a profusion of beads; that the men delight in having brass rings on their arms, and brass or copper collars around the neck. Boys under ten wear neither dress nor ornament, while the little girls seldom have any other clothing than a girdle made of the roots of trees or strips of skin, very like that worn by the young women of Nubia and Ethiopia.

The war-dress of a chief is more elegant and imposing than that of the civilians. It is composed of a cap or ring of otter's skin round the forehead, with the feather of a crane introduced in front. A tippet made of tigers' tails is worn over the shoulders. A large cow's tail is fastened round each arm and wrist, and another above each ankle. A kilt made of the skins of the civet-cat is appended to the waist, and descends to the knees. If the warrior be not a chief, the tippet is made of cows' tails. When the king goes to battle he wears the mantle of tigers' tails, each tail swinging majestically as he marches on, and causing him to present an aspect of ferocious royalty which might put to the blush any Turkish bashaw, no matter to what number of tails he had attained.

A Zulu is allowed any amount of wives, according to his means of purchasing them. The value of the lady depends chiefly on her age, her agility, and her agricultural capabilities—to plant and to gather in the corn being among the principal duties which await her in the married state. The price demanded for an accomplished young lady is usually very moderate. It averages about six cows, and she must be a Helen or a Venus whose worth is considered equivalent to that of twelve cows. The mode of bartering for her we shall presently take occasion to explain. When once purchased she cannot be re-sold, but may be dismissed if refractory. The females are shorter in stature than the men, and their features are less pleasing. The stoutest are considered the most handsome. Nearly all the operations relating to husbandry are performed by them, in addition to the domestic engagements. In fact, they are the only labourers—the males considering any occupation beneath that of fighting, hunting, or of buying cows, to be inconsistent with the dignity of their sex. Strict allegiance to her husband is one of the best moral traits in the character of a Zulu woman.

The marriage festival is a very noisy and animated affair. Preliminary matters having been gone through, the bridegroom, in company with his friends, seats himself, and waits the arrival of the bride, who comes escorted by the people of her tribe. She is tastefully attired: her hair being decorated with feathers, in imitation of a coronet, and her skin well oiled and polished for the occasion. Rows of beads in varied colours are suspended round her neck, and she brings many strings of beads with her. The overture is as often made by the women as the men. The bride's father usually sends a cow with her as a present. When she arrives in the presence of her future husband, she and her attendants perform a dance, accompanied with as large an amount of noise as they can conveniently get up for the occasion. It is the aim of the lady, on this occasion, to appear as agile as possible in the presence of the bridegroom's friends, and that which she may lack in grace she compensates for in expertness. The ballet being finished, and all present being satisfied with the lady's performance, her friends proceed to settle the important business of how much she is worth. They value her at six cows. Her lover offers three: the offer is rejected. Very much clattering and haranguing takes place, but at length the bargain is struck at the price originally demanded; and the bridegroom is made a happy man by the gain of a wife and the loss of his six cows. Then an ox is slaughtered, and a feast takes place; after which comes the *Issigaziso*, or washing with beads for joy. The newly-married couple, with their friends, being assembled, a calabash of water and a basket of beads are brought. The beads are put into the calabash, which is then presented to the bride, who pours a little of the water first upon the hands of her husband, and then upon those of her friends. She then consigns the calabash to her partner, who in his turn pours some of the water first upon her hands, and then on those of his friends, until it is exhausted, when he returns it to her. The bride then throws the beads at his feet, and any of the party but himself are at liberty to pick them up and appropriate them. In fact, a general scramble ensues; after which may come another dance, with other manifestations of general felicity, the bride always passing the marriage evening with her own friends, and the bridegroom with his. A representation of a Zulu marriage is given by the Zulus in the course of their performance.

The moral habits of a people who live in a country peopled by almost every variety of wild beast, must be very primitive. The rhinoceros, elephant, camel leopard, lion, tiger-cat, panther, hyæna, wild boar, wolf, jackal,

porcupine, buffalo, zebra, springbok, antelope, kangaroo, hare, ant-eater, monkey, and civet-cat, are all to be met with in Zulu Land; while its rivers contain alligators and hippopotamuses, which in size dwarf those of the Nile. Surrounded by such associations, the Zulu Kaffir is necessarily a hunter. He is the Nimrod of Southern Africa. But war is the principal business of the Zulu Kaffir, and they pursue it with the ferocity and cunning of savages, as the British, to their cost, have learned in their sanguinary wars with the Amakosas. A people devoted to hunting and war, are naturally ignorant and superstitious. They have no laws beyond the will of the reigning monarch. Their ignorance painfully reminds us of one or two phases in the early history of our own boasted race.

The Zulus believe illness to be always the result of witchcraft. All benighted races entertain the same belief—which has almost warranted the assertion that knowledge begins and ends in superstition. When any of the Zulu tribe are taken ill, the services of the "Inyanger," or witch-finder, are called into requisition, to "nooker," or smell out, the "Umtgartie," or witch, who has caused the illness of the invalid. They abhor the tiger-cat, or "Imparker," as they call it, and believe it to be as necessary a companion to the witch of Zulu, as a black cat is thought by some people to be indispensable to the witches of more civilised nations. The witch-finder, or "Inyanger," makes his appearance, attired very demoniacally in shaggy strips of fur; all the people seat themselves before him. He dances in their presence, flinging himself about in the wildest manner imaginable; then smells the ground, and eventually pouncing upon one of the party present, declares him to be the person who has bewitched the sick man. The "Inyanger's" assertion is unhesitatingly believed, and the denounced individual is at once hustled away by his neighbours, and beaten to death with their knob-kerrees. It is almost needless to add that these "Inyangers" are the vilest impostors.

The religious impressions, as might be expected, are very indistinct.

No religious ideas seem to influence them in their conduct, yet the idea of a Supreme Being seems to be extant among them. Captain Gardiner made inquiries among them on this point, and from one of the more intelligent he got the reply: "We always believed that there was an 'Inkosa-pezu' (a great chief) above, who, before there was a world, came down and made it; he made men, too." But the majority among them do not seem to be thus far advanced in knowledge. They think the body to be annihilated at death, but that the spirit of a bad man may pass into and animate a snake or a buffalo; they believe that mankind sprang from rushes; they sacrifice to their departed friends; they have faith in omens, and everything which is beyond their comprehension, or not of ordinary occurrence, they unhesitatingly affirm to be the result of witchcraft and sorcery.

A people possessing such characteristics cannot fail to be regarded with intense interest. They form another link in the chain of human nature; and now that the study of man himself and all his attributes, his history and probable destiny, is one of the most popular as well as the gravest pursued in the present day, every illustration of the actual condition of the various members of the human family dispersed over the earth, must be received with fixed, if not melancholy attention.

Our illustration represents several members of the Zulu Kaffir tribe, who are now being exhibited at St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park corner. They were brought to this country by Mr. A. T. Caldecott, a merchant of Natal, whose long residence in that colony had placed in his way peculiar facilities for carrying out such an undertaking.

For many years past it had been Mr. Caldecott's wish that the English public should be gratified with a sight of the interesting savages by whom he was surrounded, in the fertile and flourishing colony of Natal. On various occasions he endeavoured to form a party to accompany him across the ocean to Great Britain; but their own reluctance, their fear of the voyage, the difficulties to be overcome before the colonial government would permit them to embark, and other causes, rendered for awhile all his efforts nugatory. By dint of continual perseverance—by telling the poor fellows the grand sights which awaited them—by engaging one this month and another the next—and by promising to each a good and just reward for their services—he was at length fortunate enough to secure eleven men, a young woman and a child. But the consent of the people themselves was not all that had to be obtained. It was necessary that the British government should sanction their removal. Mr. Caldecott memorialised the authorities accordingly. Fortunately the circumstances of having been thirty-three years in Africa, and of his being known as a merchant of respectability and a highly honourable man, influenced the government in his favour; and after some negotiations, and his giving a bond—himself in £500 and two in £250 each—that the natives should be well treated, he was allowed to embark with them, on condition that he conveyed them back to the colony in eighteen months after their arrival in England.

It may be interesting to give the names of the thirteen people, and the signification of each name, so far as it admits of interpretation. We accordingly subjoin them:

Nkulunkulu (the Greatest of the Great) is the husband of Sonile (we have sinned), who has a child called by the same name. Sonile is sixteen years of age, and her female child is fourteen months old. Her name is a common one amongst her tribe, and probably originates in some misdeed committed by her progenitors.

Noswenzo, a cousin of Faku, the chief of the Amapondas, a tall, powerful man, standing six feet without his shoes, twenty-nine years of age, very taciturn in disposition, and

who, though he has seen much in his time, is so mysterious in manner as never to refer to any incident of his younger days.

Zibayoyo, an interesting and very intelligent fellow.

Mankanana (the Athlete), so named from his agility and athletic skill.

Umlawu (the Hottentot), a name given him, probably, because of Hottentots having been in the land at the time of his birth. He has been a soldier, and now plays the part of the wizard doctor.

Manyosi (Honey), a name which may have reference to extraordinary sweetness of disposition, or to eloquence of tongue. He is the son of a Zulu chief, has been a soldier, and bears the marks of many a battle-wound.

Umlunga (White Man), probably deriving his name from having been born while some white man was in the country.

Madadasa (the Duck), so named from having been fond of waddling among the ducks in a pond near his father's dwelling.

Umpependuka (Beware of the knob-kerree), named from his proficiency in using that implement of war.

Umbomvana (the Red One), deriving his name from his colour.

Mahlaline (the Great Forest), so called from having been born on the borders of a forest of considerable extent.

These thirteen aborigines wear the dress of their country, and have brought with them to England their habiliments and implements of war, their domestic utensils, and everything which, in the course of their representations, may tend to realise to the spectator actual Zulu life. They are not repulsive-looking savages, like the Bushmen, nor are they so wild and uncontrollable as to be exhibited with danger. In reality they are very pleasant people, delighted with the new world which has opened upon them in this country, and anxious to appear as amiable as they can be before those who may honour them with a visit.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

MULTIPOTENT PROPELLER.—This is a name given by Captain Goble to a novel method of propelling vehicles. It consists of a series of endless drags running along under the bottom of the vessel, commencing either at the bow, midship, or mizen section, in accordance to what is the object desired to accomplish. As far as the resistance to the water or earth can be applied, no engine of one thousand-horse power could ever cause it to perform a single revolution, without either moving the vehicle attached to it, or destroying the machinery. As this plan can be so arranged as to lift the bows when in action, it is just the desideratum required to work Mr. Brown's patent flying vessel. For steam-tugs it would be admirably adapted, particularly in shallow or rapid streams, as the Indian rivers possess.

SINGULAR CASE OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—In making the excavation for the lock on the Hove Ship Canal, near Brighton, a quantity of shale, of a blackish colour, which was thrown out, spontaneously ignited. The stratum of shale is about eight feet in thickness; the quantity thrown out is therefore large; and the whole of it, extending over a space of some score of square yards, gives signs of approaching combustion, while in many parts it is already burning like a lime-kiln—so that it has been removed from around the piling, for fear of its being destroyed. The process of combustion gives out a stifling and offensive vapour, and leaves upon the surface a deposit of a white colour, and also of a yellow substance: the former resembling saltpetre in appearance and taste, and the latter sulphur. A small quantity of shale, evidently forming a part of the same stratum, has been thrown up from under the clay in a brick-ground near the Chalybeate, at Brighton, about three miles distant from the lock—and this has also ignited.

SILK is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches, in this respect, to the quality of sponge: well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and, being very dear, and always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent, generally, of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

RHUBARB WINE.—However good the wine made from rhubarb may be, I take the liberty of advising your readers not to drink it. It is well known that the acidity of rhubarb stalks is owing to the presence of an acid salt—the binxalate of potash—a combination of the poison oxalic acid and the alkali potash. This salt does not exist in sufficient quantity in the rhubarb stalks to produce its poisonous effects, and the same may be said of the wine. But there is another danger attending its use in the form of wine, which ought not to be overlooked. All hard water contains lime, and when mixed with the juice of the rhubarb stalks, the binxalate of potash is decomposed, and an oxalate of lime is formed. Now, this oxalate of lime is the constituent principle of the mulberry calculus, and there is a peculiar condition of the human body known to medical men as the Oxalic Diathesis, which depends upon the presence of this oxalate of lime in the blood (I use the word blood for obvious reasons). This Oxalic Diathesis has been proved by Dr. Golding Bird to be much more common than it was supposed before this gentleman brought the microscope to assist him in his pathological researches. Such being the case, it is

obvious that any article or common use which contains this oxalate of lime, or even the oxalic acid or its salts, must be more or less injurious to health, more particularly to those in whom there exists a predisposition to assume the Oxalic Diathesis. It must be borne in mind that oxalic acid is formed in the human body by the decomposition of sugar, urea, &c., and the Diathesis is not uncommon from this cause. If it is thus easily produced indirectly, *à fortiori*, it is still more likely to arise from the direct means of rhubarb wine. Therefore, I say to your readers, eschew the doubtless very agreeable beverage which has entered, through the medium of your columns, into competition with genuine "Sillery mousseaux."—*C. R. Bree, Stowmarket.*

RELATIVE PURITY OF DIFFERENT DESCRIPTIONS OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Professor Frankland, of Manchester, has given the following statement as the accurate results of his important investigations as to the comparative purity of different descriptions of artificial light, as taken from a lecture recently delivered by him in the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Quantity of carbonic acid and heat generated per hour, by various sources of light equal to twenty sperm candles.

	Carbonic acid.	Heat.
Tallow	cubic feet 10.1	100
Wax.....	8.3	82
Sperm oil	6.4	63
Sperm oil (Carcel's lamp)	5.0	47
London gases (coal)	4.0	32
Manchester gas	3.0	32
London gas (Canuel)	2.6	19
Boghead hydro-carbon gas	2.5	19
Lesmahago hydro-carbon gas		

Professor Frankland adds: "The two objections most frequently advanced against the use of gas in dwelling-houses are the deterioration of the air by the production of carbonic acid, and the evolution of so much heat as to render the atmosphere oppressively hot. It will be seen from the comparison exhibited that in these respects even the worst descriptions of coal-gas are, for an equal amount of light, superior to all other illuminating materials; whilst with the better descriptions of gas, three or four times the amount of light may be employed with no greater atmospheric deterioration."

DANGER ATTENDING PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT.—There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. By these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or the living membrane of the ventricles, with serous effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue, or of subsequent mental imbecility. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was once brought to the late Dr. Delville, an English phrenologist, for examination, by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Delville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was: "All that other boys considered labour and hard study were merely child's play to him; and that his studies could not be hurtful to him—he employed them so much." Again Mr. Delville endeavoured to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time he again called on Mr. Delville, and, in reply to his inquiries about the child, burst into tears, and stated that the boy was an idiot.

SALT AND SEA-WATER.—At the recent general meeting of the Society of Arts, the society's medal was awarded to W. Bollaert, F.R.G.S., for his essay on common salt and other saline bodies, including researches as to their primary origin and subsequent formations. We are informed that the author of the essay attributes the origin of the greater portion of common salt to volcanic sources, rather than having been deposited by the ocean; for even at the present time the sea does not contain more than three and-a-half per cent. (the Red Sea is said to contain four per cent.) of saline and other bodies, which it is reasonably conjectured have been washed into it from the land, and composed of salt (chloride of sodium), chlorides of magnesium and potassium, bromides and sodides, sulphates of magnesia and lime, carbonate of lime. Chlorine is said to have been detected in sea-water; and, according to some French savants, copper, lead, and silver.

CONSUMPTION OF TEA AND COFFEE IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—The consumption of tea in the United States is said to have been, in 1852, 25,587,083 lbs. In England it was 54,724,615 lbs.: so that we consume nearly double as much tea, in proportion to our numbers, as the people of the United States. In 1852, however, they consumed 180,531,489 lbs. of coffee, while we only consumed 35,044,376 lbs.: so that, having regard to the population, they consume six times more coffee than we consume. In ten years, the consumption of tea in the States has increased from 12,788,969 lbs. in 1843, to 25,587,668 lbs. in 1852—or it has doubled; while in England the consumption has increased nearly one-third, or from 40,293,303 lbs. in 1843, to 54,724,615 lbs. in 1852. In the States, the consumption of coffee has increased from 85,816,666 lbs. in 1843, to 180,531,489 lbs. in 1852—or it has more than doubled. In England, the consumption of coffee has increased from 29,979,404 lbs. in 1843, to 35,044,376 lbs. in 1852—or one-sixth. The population of the empire has on the whole increased very little in the last ten years. The population of the States has increased from 18,155,561 to 24,500,000—or one-third. The consumption of both coffee and tea in the States has increased much faster than the people—from which we see that they, like the English, are advancing in wealth, comforts, and luxuries, as they increase in numbers.

FACETIÆ.

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do if it was a pound?

A NEW READING.—An aphorism floating through the newspapers, says that "an egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow." This is a new way of expressing the sentiment, "A bird in hand is better than one in ambush."

A correspondent recommends as a motto for a railroad car, Dante's famous line—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

A tradesman advertises "Ham and Cigars, smoked and unsmoked, for sale."

FUN AND FACT.—"Those sewing machines are great inventions," said a friend to a wag. "Yes, sir," said he, readily, "gown it seams."

A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. "Well," said she, kindly taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

A PROGRESSIVE.—Scene, a dinner-table.—*Lady of the House to Waiter:* "James go to the kitchen and get some more fried sole." James goes out, and presently returns and whispers: "Missus, I couldn't get no more sole—there ain't only just enough left for the kitchen."

YOUNG LADIES who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by whispering in their ears that you were only joking.

SAM SLICK says, "I see the sunny side of life always, unless weather is too hot, and then I go to the shade."

"HAVE you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

"JURY," said a western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, git the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

JUDICIAL WIT.—"Take off your hat, man!" cried Lord Abinger to an Amazon in a riding-dress, who appeared as a witness in the *nisi prius* court of a certain county-town. "I'm not a man," replied the indignant lady. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm no judge."

MORE PROOF OF ASTROLOGY.—A Boston astrologer predicted that an extraordinary literary work would be produced in New England about this time. The prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, for a Boston publishing house has "got up" a Quaker hymn-book, having heard that no such work was in existence. It seemed to be a pretty good opening, but one unlucky circumstance attending the speculation is, that the Quakers never sing!

SOME time ago there was a trial under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbour's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: "Mr. —, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "Does he know anything?" "Very little." "How much does he know?" "Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire without further question, amidst the most uproarious "skreems of laughter."

COCKNEYISMS.—Witness: "This here feller broke our winder with a tater, and hit Isabella on the elber, as she was playing on the pianer."—Magistrate: "The conduct of the prisona' and his general characta' rends' it propa' that he should no longer be a memba' of society."

A YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

TO KEEP WELL.—Take a sherry cobbler early in the morning, and throw it out of the window, after which dress yourself, walk out into the country and wade through clover, till you get an appetite that can saw through penny nails.

WERE a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but, by taking a second wife, he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy, as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time.

TRICKSTERS CAUGHT.—Lately, two tradesmen at Forfar forwarded upwards of 10 cwt. of beef and pork per rail for the London market, but managed to elude the vigilance of the officials, and got the meat deposited on the waggon without being weighed, giving in a schedule for the same, with 5 cwt. marked thereon. The waggon took fire between Forfar and Perth, and the meat was damaged so as to be unfit for the market. On the railway clerk going to the individuals and offering compensation, the damage was stated to be about £30; but the clerk could not see how 5 cwt. could come to be so much. "Oh, but there was 10 cwt." "There is only five entered on my books." "Oh, but you ken brawly we never gie you in a' the weight." "Then you should do so; you will get payment for no more than was entered." Honesty is the best policy.

A modest contemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork?"

A man's spirits depend a good deal on the way he moves. Rush along at the rate of a mile a minute, and your sensations will become as buoyant as the stock market. Substitute for this the inanimate crawl of a canal boat, and in less than an hour your soul will feel as if it were labouring under two fifty-sixes and a supper of pig's feet. If you don't wish to become melancholy, and dwell on the advantages connected with charcoal fumes, never travel behind a horse that takes over three minutes to do a mile.

"GHOSTS be hanged!" said Tom Hood. "No such things in nature. All laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and bread may rise, and the rising generation may rise; but that the dead should rise only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can believe. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him?"

A young fellow in Paddington recently went to "pop the question" to a young lady with whom he was very slightly acquainted. On his return, he was asked by a friend how he had succeeded. "Oh, I met with a very warm reception," said he. "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed! for as soon as I knocked at the door I had a panful of hot soap-suds thrown on to me from the kitchen window. It was so very warm, that I took the hint and retreated."

STATISTICS OF DANCING.—An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay salons of Paris, amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of tee-totum, will spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steam-boat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais!

WORK AND PLAY.—"I ask again what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman was ever happy since the world began. Employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness: one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has at all events sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onefreshin' slumbers: one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness—that's as clear as mud."—*Sam Slick.*

TOM MOORE tells the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c. &c."

AN ARABIAN having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

WEST END TRICK.—A mischievous urchin being in a pork-shop at the West End, where sausages were made and sold, took occasion, when the butcher's back was turned, to fasten the following notice to the wall:—"No whistling allowed in this shop while the sausages are lying on the counter." The owner did not see the placard till most of his customers had read it.

WATER AND MORALS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motive to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water is equally true of morals. The best of men only need slight push from adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know why they don't bring the whole of China over at once, instead of bringing it in junks.

PROFESSIONAL POMPOSITY is well taken off in the following anecdote. *Shields Doctor:* (looking learned and speaking slowly): "Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or incisor?" *Jack* (short and sharp): "It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster!"

GRAVITY.—"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think." "And why so?" "Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

NEW TRICK.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* divulges one of the tricks which gentlemen who live by their wits play upon the shopmen: A well-dressed man (things have come to such a pass, that it is always safe to be suspicious of well-dressed men), purchases some insignificant article, and stands waiting. In a few minutes, with an air of vexation, he asks if they are not going to give him his change. "You have not paid, I think, sir." "Why, yes I did; I gave you a five-franc piece, with a scratch on one side of it." The till is searched, and the

coin is of course found. Upon such overwhelming evidence, the change is given. The scratched coin was taken a few moments before from one of the gang, who had made some trivial acquisition on purpose to get it into the drawer. An adroit thief has been known to make the sum of fifty francs a day in this way, by the perpetration of the *rendez-moi*.

A LINE SUGGESTED BY THE NEW BONNET SEASON.—*The Best Hydraulic Press.*—Your wife's tears.—*Dionenes*.

WE trust that the lowering of the duty on tea, will lead to the reduction of other articles, even though it be *slow*.—*Ibid*.

GIVE HIM HIS DUE!—Much has lately been said about the Emperor of the French's intention to revive the guillotine; but we cannot help expressing our opinion that Napoleon's purpose had been misinterpreted, and that after all he is only thinking of having "an occasional chop."—*Ibid*.

THE BATTLE-EYE AT THE VILLAGE OF CHERTSEY.—The delightful village of Chertsey, so pleasantly situated on the banks of the South-Eastern Railway, was, on the battle-eye, a scene of heart-rending excitement. A report having spread that the enemy intended to lodge in the neighbourhood, caused the price of beds to rise considerably. Perhaps this was in some measure owing to an order from the Commander-in-Chief to give no quarters to the enemy. We heard that sixteen shillings was offered, and refused by a Mrs. Fleasay, for her turn-up sofa. A scarcity of provisions having been felt, the usual sixpenny plate of boiled beef instantly rose to eightpence. Pickles were also highly affected. These war prices gave general dissatisfaction. Several highly respectable landlords were grossly insulted, and it was at one time feared that violent hands would be laid upon a silvery round of beef, the property of — Wigman, Esq. Nothing but the sudden appearance of Policeman K, with a strong staff, led at one end, could have quelled the hungry rioters.—*Ibid*.

PROBLEM IN TABLE-MOVING.—Is it possible to make an unsteady table turn over a new leaf?—*Punch*.

THE MEMBER FOR COUNTRY BUCKS.—In reference to the Succession Duty, it is a question whether the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer does not run with the heir, and hold with the hounds.—*Ibid*.

THE CANTEN AT CHOBHAM.—When the camp has been washed—just washed by a shower—then will be the time to brew the beverage which may be called Chobham negus—a potation composed of Tent-and-water.—*Ibid*.

AH! COME, RAPIDA!—We really cannot profess to understand the mystery of spirit-rapping; but we have seen several authenticated cases, in which a devotion to spirits has caused many to be without a "rap."—*Ibid*.

A LOCOMOTIVE CITY.—In these days of table moving, there is no sort of movement that can astonish us much; but we are surprised a little by the change of place asserted in the following item of American news: "The City of Manchester had arrived at Philadelphia!"—*Ibid*.

INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The Lord Mayor is, as we anticipated, going to feast the preceptors; bravo, Lord Mayor! Witness this card: "The Lord Mayor will be gratified by your attendance at the Mansion-House on the 30th instant, at six o'clock, p. m. to meet the masters and mistresses of the British and Foreign, National, Parochial, and other schools of the metropolis." (On this festive occasion, an entirely new variety of dishes will be added to those good things which constitute the usual bill of fare at City banquets. His lordship states that he is adopting various measures for the promotion of a knowledge of science and art among all classes, and that "With this view he has, with the valuable assistance of the Society of Arts, collected at the Mansion House a large assortment of educational models, diagrams, books, apparatus, &c., showing the latest improvements that have been made in these important departments." A new feature will accordingly have to be introduced into the report of this improved entertainment at the Mansion-House. It will behove the chronicler of that event to record, that not only covers but books were laid for so many, and that besides the regular number of tureens of real turtle, &c., there was such or such a lot of cases of geological specimens, of globes, charts, maps, quadrants, electric machines, galvanic batteries, air-pumps, mathematical instruments, plants, and objects of natural history. We heartily congratulate our worthy Civic monarch on his introduction of food for the mind into his dinners, thus combining the rational feast, and the psychical libation, with eating and drinking in ordinary. We trust that he has laid the foundation of a new style of gluttony and guzzling at the Mansion House; that he will have created a greediness for information which will expand the intellect instead of the stomach, and a thirst for knowledge which will get into the head—and remain there.—*Ibid*.

RUSSIA AND THE FEMALE WIG PARTY.—The submarine telegraph brought the other day the following extraordinary intelligence: "RUSSIA.—A new ukase which has been published in the kingdom of Poland, prohibits the wearing of false hair by the women of the Jewish nation. Several infringements of this new law have already been punished." To prohibit the ladies in Poland, or anywhere else, from wearing false hair, is indeed to strike a blow at the Polish interest which nothing can compensate. We tremble to think of the number of bald facts which will be brought to light among the female population, when they are no longer permitted to assume that false front which has been hitherto opposed to Time's unwelcome ravages. We presume the Emperor of Russia begins to be fearful of conspiracy among the Jewesses of

Poland, and is determined to know what they have really got in their heads; though many of them will, we are quite sure, prefer to dye rather than disclose in black and white—but particularly the latter—their real condition. Every effort will no doubt be made to resist this cruel ukase, but we know not how to recommend the Jewesses to meet the attack upon their hair, unless, by rubbing in a tremendous supply of bears' grease, they can strike at the root of it. Possibly the ukase may have for its object the encouragement of the consumption of the native article of commerce, by inducing the Jewish females to plunge into unlimited bears' grease, with the vain hope that it will tend to restore that luxuriant crop for which the wig-maker has hitherto provided a substitute. If the women of England were to be subject to such an oppressive ukase as that issued by the Russian government, we are convinced that for the loss of their ornamental head-dress redress would be generally demanded. Happily our own government is far too gallant to wish to hurt the hair of a British female, even though the hair is hers by right of purchase only.—*Ibid*.

DODGING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

"Sir?" said Fieryfacias, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, "do you say upon your oath that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?"

"I didn't say he was accused of being an honest man, did I?" said Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. P., that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon."

"Sir!" said Fieryfacias, "sir, upon your oath, you say Blimpkins is a rogue?"

"You say so," was Pipkins's reply.

"Haven't you said so?"

"Why, you have said it," said Pipkins; "what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir!" thundered Fieryfacias, the Demosthenean thunder of Thumtowntown, "sir, I charge you, upon your sworn oath, do you or do you not say that Blimpkins stole things?"

"No, sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkins; "I never said Blimpkins stole things; but I do say—he's got a devil of a way of finding things that nobody lost?"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

MUCH labour is unseen, so that tasks usually seem easier than they are.

THE only aim worth possessing is the good opinion of the good.

ALL the integral parts of nature have a beautiful analogy to one another, and to their mighty original, whose images are more or less expressive, according to their several gradations in the scale of beings.

It would be well, indeed, if selfishness came into play on those occasions only where self is really concerned.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.

NEVER apply yourselves to read any human author with a determination beforehand either for or against him, or with a settled resolution to believe or disbelieve, to confirm or to oppose whatsoever he saith; but always read with a design to lay your mind open to truth, and to embrace it wheresoever you find it, as well as to reject every falsehood, though it appear under ever so fair a disguise.

Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,

Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,

On Christian or on Heathen ground;

The flower's divine where'er it grows,

Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose.

TRULY has it been said, that if we wasted our money as we do our time, we should be bankrupts all. Nevertheless, we find that, as we advance in years, our eyes open to the worth of those hours we have been so long in the habit of wasting.

THEMISTOCLES being asked how he would marry his daughter—whether to one that was poor but honest, or to one that was rich, but of an ill reputation—made answer: "I would rather have a man without an estate, than have an estate without a man."

OUR pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Odeic—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds, and fly away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence. He left at his death more than a million and a half sterling. Sir J. Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's Coffee House, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very infirm), and went home. Some little time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the mistress that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

THE words of the widow of Helvetius to Napoleon are worth remembering. "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found on three acres of land."

HE who administers medicine to the sad heart in the shape of wit and humour, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety-valve to the heart and disposition. If overburdened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out go the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven.

THE INVENTOR OF INK.—The Chinese think that the inventor of ink was one of the greatest men that ever lived; that he enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charged with keeping an account of the manner in which all ink is used here below, and for every abuse of it he records a black mark against the offender.

"RAPPINGS" AT LISKEARD.—Considerable excitement prevailed here a few weeks ago, in consequence of a strange knocking or rapping, heard in a certain part of the graveyard belonging to the church, which seemed to proceed from the ground where bodies had been lately deposited. Great numbers assembled, and so evident did it appear that the sound proceeded from below, that preparations were made to dig into the grave of a person recently interred; when an individual with a better exercise of his perceptive faculties, discovered that when the wind blew, the sound was heard, and when the wind ceased to blow all was silent. This led him to look up, instead of down, for the origin. Then he observed a branch of one tree, when in motion, to strike against the branch of another; and wood being a good conductor of sound, it proceeded down through the trunk, and the effect was as though issued from the ground beneath.—*Plymouth Journal*.

THE BRIGANDS OF TERRACINA.—One of the brigands who recently extorted 6000 scudi for the ransom of an inhabitant of Terracina, has been captured. The system adopted by these scoundrels, on gaining possession of a wealthy victim, is to cast lots amongst themselves who shall undertake the perilous message of venturing into the town to inform the prisoner's relations of the sum required for his release. The messenger presents himself with the unwelcome tidings, adding, that if he is in any way denounced, or prevented from returning to his expectant comrades by a certain hour, the prisoner will be murdered. Anxiety for the hostage usually insures the safety of the brigand, who returns to the mountains with a messenger from the family, bearing the required sum of money. If the first brigand sentry perceives more than one individual accompanying his comrade, or that one armed, or discovers any appearance of gendarmes, he fires his musket as a signal of alarm to the band, who immediately stab their victim, shout "*tradimento*," and make off to a more distant lair. If, on the other hand, the appearance of the messenger and money-bag is *en règle*, the intelligence is conveyed from sentry to sentry, the hostage brought down and consigned to the messenger, who pays his money and departs homewards with as calm a step as he and his released friend can muster on the occasion.

THE SOCIETY OF LADIES.—Whatever be a man's station in life, whether higher or lower, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and the refined among the other sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, and in their tender sense of duty to both God and man, but they are equally before us in their instinctive faculty of foreseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Caesar so anxious that he should not go to the Senate-Chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon, from the time that he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often said that he should like to carry the subject to his bedchamber before he had formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor. Indeed, the great majority of men who have acquired for themselves a good and great name, were not only married men, but happily married.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Oh! ye flowers blooming in your golden beds,
Wild and unassuming, lifting your fair heads;
Of your bright forms spreading in the meadows wide,
And rich perfumes shedding where glad streamlets glide
Though boasted not in story, each of you outvies
The regal pomp and glory of Solomon the Wise.

Oh! ye billows rolling in your power and pride,
Beyond man's controlling onward ye will glide.
Underneath you slumber, in a dreamless sleep,
High hearts without number, hidden by the deep.
Yet will cease your power, mighty though it be;
In God's appointed hour there shall be no more sea.

Oh! ye bright stars gleaming from yon lofty sphere,
In your splendour beaming on us mortals here,
Deeming it your duty darksome paths to light.
Shining in your beauty, "watchers of the night:"
They who are forgiven—their whose faith endures,
Shall yet wear in heaven brighter crowns than yours.

—*Dublin University Mag.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. HALL.—According to the last census, the population of Manchester was 240,367, of Glasgow, 257,592, and of Liverpool, 282,656.

JOSH. HOLMES.—The total length of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, is 1513 feet; height at the middle, 30 feet; height at each end, 22 feet 9 inches; extreme width, 14 feet 8 inches.

EDWARD LAWRENCE.—To make pomatum which shall have a crystalline appearance, the hogs' lard should be well blanched. Perfumers cut the lard into small pieces, and cover it with clear spring water, which is changed every twenty four hours, for eight days. When it is perfectly white, it is put into the pan and melted with a little mutton suet.

SOLUS.—Love should always be made in *propiâ personâ*. Letter-writing is cold work. When the question has been popped, it is useful as an auxiliary.

MULLINGAR.—Black spots on the face can only be removed by sneezing them out, and then washing the part in diluted spirits of wine.

TERRA NOVA.—Your "Past, Present, and Future" betrays ability, but the composition shows inexperience. The best line—"Time unimproved is time destroyed"—

Is not original. We cannot at present positively name the author, but we have an impression that it may be found in one of Franklin's essays.

LELFEDA wishes to know if a gentleman has fallen in love when he looks at a lady very much, and frequently asks her to dance? A good symptom, but not an infallible one. Gentlemen are curious in their preferences. Some are like butterflies—they like to rove from flower to flower. Beware of all such.

W. D.—The annual grants to her Majesty the Queen are not much below £400,000.

J. G. A.—Cobham Common is the place where the camp is formed. Cobham and Cobham Park are a few miles distant.

PROBY.—When the parties are of full age there requires no consent on the part of the parents to a marriage; but as every bride must have had a father, custom and propriety suggest that she should be given away by her father or a male relative. It would be unseemly in a woman giving away a woman in marriage. The male is the head.

NELL GWYN.—The Queen's College for general female education is 67, Harley Street. There is a City branch, Artillery Place, Finsbury Square.

H. H. HALL.—This is the nineteenth century, because 1853 is a portion of 1900. The full term of 1900 years will not be completed until the 31st of December, 1900.

TRUTHFUL.—When we said the English sculptors were the first in Europe, of course we meant those of the present day. The school which produced Flaxman, Chantrey, and Gibson has not been excelled by any other.

ALPHA.—If a young gentleman falls in love with a young lady, and has not the opportunity of paying his addresses to her, which is the best way to proceed in the matter? Silent love is dumb stupidity. Write, speak, or do anything but gaze at a distance, spell-bound. Columbus did not discover America by gazing wistfully at the Atlantic Ocean. You must approach the lady respectfully, but with spirit.

E. ENGINEER.—It is one of the privileges of the surgeons of a public hospital to be allowed to dissect the body of a patient who died within its precincts; but good feeling and delicacy would suggest that the consent of the friends of the deceased should be previously obtained.

J. CURTAIN.—The point is undecided, for magistrates differ in opinion; but as an omnibus is a public vehicle, we should say that the conductor could not legally retain a booked seat, if a person finding room demanded to be taken as a passenger.

EVA ST. CLARE.—You ask, Is it the lady's or the gentleman's place to defray the expenses of the wedding-cards and carriages? The gentleman's, of course, if he can afford it; if not, why the lady must open her purse.

A. BESWICK.—A collector of debts sending a printed notice, with the royal arms at the top, threatening legal proceedings, commits an illegal action; for, without being authorised, he is assuming the functions of an attorney.

J. A.—The Sovereign of England, the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, must be of the Protestant faith.

A WIDOW.—Your daughter will be entitled to your share of the property—namely, one-third.

J. S.—The Royal Exchange has been twice destroyed by fire. First, in the Great Fire of London, in 1666, and lastly, on the 10th of January, 1838. The new Royal Exchange cost £137,000, and was opened by Queen Victoria, in October, 1844.

JESSE GREY.—The conduct of your lover is unmanly and paltzy. He should give you a reason for his estrangement. It would be unmanly to call upon him, but you have a right to demand an explanation. Should he refuse it, you had better strive to forget him. Happiness with such a man would be problematical.

SUCCESS.—In an enrolled friendly society there is the guarantee that the trustees will be prosecuted should they embezzle the funds. The members also are protected from other frauds, and when aggrieved can seek redress from a magistrate. 2. The notice to quit was good, and you must obey it.

CHICARD.—The young lady wishes you to shave off your mustache as a proof of your devotion. You object, and both refer to us for a decision. We must pronounce against the young lady—for it is evidently a mere whim of hers. The mustache was no doubt a tolerable help to you in your love-making, and why does she fall out with it in the last happy moments of courtship? She is unreasonable.

LITTLE DOT must not think anything about the young gentleman until she is positive he thinks a good deal about her. His message was a great liberty—it bordered on rudeness; but as love, or the semblance of it, is no friend to good manners, Little Dot must be forgiving.

EX FIMO DARE LUCEM.—You contradict your *nom de plume*, for you have not shown any light yet. You are all smoke. How can the girl respond to your tender avowals, when you woo so bashfully? Your passion wants a little pepper in it. Young women are afraid to trust shilly-shally lovers with a confession of attachment.

T. D. P.—An apprentice who absents himself from his master's service without leave, or otherwise neglects his duty, is liable to be imprisoned and put to hard labour. A master may also have his retaliatory apprentice put in the stocks.

P. W. W.—The Metropolitan Hospital for Diseases of the Skin is 25, Bridge Street, Blackfriars. It receives poor persons suffering under cutaneous complaints, and advice free is given daily to out-patients, who are supplied with medicines and appropriate medicine, of which this institution possesses a more extended suite than any other public charity.

GEO. FRAXON.—The Metropolitan Institution for Convalescents was established in 1843. The office is 32, Sackville Street. The hospital is at Carshalton, a beautiful place in Surrey. Patients are admitted on the recommendation of a governor, and in some cases by the payment in addition of 12s. per week, every Friday, at four o'clock. A donation of £10 10s., or a yearly subscription of one guinea, constitutes a governor.

WELCHMAN.—To clean brass or copper, take an ounce of oxalic acid, six ounces of rotten stone, half an ounce of gum arabic, all in powder, one ounce of sweet oil, and a sufficiency of water to make a paste. Apply a small portion, and rub dry with a flannel or leather.

B. T. has received a bachelor's-button from a young lady, and is at a loss to know whether she meant it as an insult, or a gentle hint to change his present way of living for that of matrimony? The lady meant it as a reproach. Sweets to the sweets, and sours to the sours. In our younger days, the little yellow flower called a Bachelor's Button was considered to be typical of that mysterious existence familiarly called single blessedness. Like the mountain daisy, it might be asked what it fed on? You have now an opportunity—make her a present of a red rose, and deliver it yourself.

H. H. S.—A hair-wash may be made as follows: Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water, when cool, the solution will be ready for use.

CHADJIAN.—The religion of Mahomet has been a curse and a blight to the world. It is a purely material system, and, having no spirituality, cannot last. Another of its fatal defects is the repudiation of the idea of the immortality of woman. With all strict Mahomedans woman is only regarded as a servant, a convenience—a substitute for the celestial bride promised in the paradise which the founder of the faith described.

A. C. R.—The oil of elder is extracted by distillation from the flowers of the sambucus nigra. It has the consistence of butter.

C. F.—The imagination, no doubt, exercises great influence in inducing hydrophobia; but there unfortunately is no doubt of the existence of the disease, or of its incurable character. The number of dogs running wild in our streets is quite a nuisance. The authorities ought to order a wholesale *razzia*.

THOMAS CALVERT.—Use the following cream for the hair. Take two ounces of marrow pomatum, two ounces of almond oil; put together in a basin. Place them near enough to the fire to melt, and while cooling, stir in two drachms of oil of jessamine or bergamot.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The young man's preference for you was a *penchant*—not a passion. You must forget him. As he made no explicit declaration, it is evident he was not violently smitten. Besides, your subsequent coolness extinguished the faint spark your beauty had kindled.

E. U.—You have known the lady four months, and, being inspired by the tender passion, wish to know whether you would be justified in making a declaration. Certainly—the pulsations of the heart, when in love, determine the peculiar etiquette to be observed.

NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH HERON.

When the silvery moon is shedding
O'er the earth her mellow light,
And the summer stars are shining,
Tis then I love the night!

When the perfumed breezes wander
O'er my cheek, among my hair,
Causing a sweet and pleasing languor,
'Tis then I own the night is fair.

With her I love beside me,
Her soft hand clasped in mine,
Her smiling eyes turned on me,
Then night is indeed divine.

G. J.—You must apply personally at the Foundling Hospital, Guildford Street. This institution is no longer a foundling hospital, because the legislature has carefully provided for orphan and deserted children. It is now an asylum for poor illegitimate children, whose mothers are known, and they are only received with the view to the amendment of the unfortunate parents. The income of the hospital is above £10,000, and the number of children maintained 500, who are, while infants, sent out to nurse, and are afterwards kept until fifteen.

HENRY ASHTON.—A lady attains her majority at twenty-one. The sovereign, when a woman, is of age at eighteen.

KATHLEEN.—Yes, Ebenezer Elliott was the son of a blacksmith, and a blacksmith himself.

DELTA.—A creditor requesting payment of a sum of money due to him on a Sunday, does not in the slightest degree prejudice his claim. According to the law of England, Sunday is a *die non* only as to contracts and bargains. A discharge of a debt on that day would be allowed to be proved, and the evidence would be held to be good as to the payment. There is a wide moral difference between discharging an obligation and contracting one. The former is a duty, the latter a bit of business, the contraction of which on a Sunday would be an invasion of the statute and moral law.

W.—Wigginton's invention of an air supply for the ventilation of ships and deep basements of buildings, &c., conveys the air in pipes round the floor of a mid-deck cabin immediately under the berths, whence it would be diffused throughout the whole space of the cabin. There are escapes in the upper deck for carrying off the attenuated air.

W. P. T.—*Evertton Toffee*.—Tons pound of good moist sugar, four ounces of fresh butter, and four table-spoonfuls of good vinegar, into a clean saucepan or preserving pan; set it over a moderate fire, let it boil, carefully stirring it until it becomes somewhat thicker than treacle. Drop a little from time to time into some clean cold water, in order to ascertain when it is hard and crackly—it is then enough. The chief secret in making good toffee is to have it sufficiently done to be hard and brittle as glass, and yet not to let it get burned. Rub a shallow tin or plate all over with butter, pour your toffee into it, and put it by to cool; it may then be turned out, and is ready for use. Loaf sugar and white wine vinegar will give the toffee a more delicate appearance, but they will add nothing to its goodness or flavour.

ANDREW DUNCAN.—Depression and poverty cannot be removed by sentimental reprimand, or the elaboration of political dogmas. All such displays are evidences of weakness rather than strength. The study of those conditions which give as well as alter the complexion should be preferred. The object to be attained is to adapt and discipline society to practical ideas of redemption from poverty, misery, and vice. What are we doing? Is the question; and when once opened, what an extended view bursts on the mental vision. Setting aside the too obvious material depression of certain classes, we find that not only is the country richer than ever it was, but that promises of a mighty, stupendous change, are everywhere visible. The poor are becoming less poor, misery less sordid; and while physical wants are multiplying, the means of satisfying them are accumulating. Our manufactures are increasing in a faster ratio than before, our commerce is steadily rising, our internal trade prospering, our agriculture paying well, and there is on all sides presented the evidence of a nation blessed with all that imparts stability to greatness, ease to penury, and comparative comfort to every inhabitant of these islands. In addition to these physical advantages, education is rapidly progressing, morals are improving, and a vigorous national mind springing up, which, if rightly directed, might be able to contribute to the most brilliant results. The intellectual and practical consideration of these working forces is the great want of the age.

BOZ.—All money and personal property absolutely belonging to the wife, becomes her husband's after her decease.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE has attracted the notice of two gentlemen whom she is in the habit of meeting at a musical lecture, three times a week. They sit directly opposite her: one is apparently forty years of age, the other is about twenty-eight; the elder one keeps looking round occasionally with timid glances, the other looks bold and earnestly at her. She has heard they are both excellent characters, and wholly dependent on a loving maiden aunt. Henrietta says she would like to be introduced to one of the gentlemen, if it could be effected with propriety. Henrietta must put a curb on her inclination. Her dread of poverty must not induce her to forget what is due to her maidenly dignity. If the gentlemen are impressed they will speak, and then Henrietta's heart must make a choice. Forty and twenty-eight are rather too wide a difference.

AMATUS naively asks, what is the best present a gentleman could give to a lady on the eve of her marriage with another, after she had heartlessly jilted him? It is a funny question to answer—but we should say a pillow stuffed with thorns or nettles, would convey to her a significant hint of your opinion of her fate. What is better, probably, charitably warn her that her future is more fraught with danger than her past. But it is better to leave such cold-blooded creatures to their destiny. The jilt generally becomes the dowry wife and eldritch mother, and so fades away from the affection of all her respectable friends.

R. S.—Swedenborg was a religious enthusiast who lived in the eighteenth century. He was the son of the Lutheran Bishop of Skara, and was born at Upsal, in 1688. After having passed the greater part of his life doing nothing, as it were—for he had been a poet, a philosopher, a mineralogist, an astronomer, a sailor, a divine—he began to publish his reveries on the infinite, the creation, the spirit and matter, nature and God. He believed that he was inspired to reveal new truths. He lived till 1772. In his books of revelation he teaches that everything is allegorical; that there are two senses—the one celestial, spiritual, and interior—the other, natural, exterior, and literal. One of his remarkable doctrines was a denunciation of the idea of a place of torment. He contended that it was contrary to the Divine Essence to deprive a single man of his mercy, and that the opposite opinion was irreconcilable with the Divine nature. Another of his doctrines was, that the instant of a man's death was the moment of his resurrection, that no other resurrection is allowed. He then appears in the spiritual world under the human form, exactly as if he were in this world; under this form he becomes an angel, and no other angels exist but those who become so at the time of their departure from this world. The great aim of Swedenborg was to give a new interpretation to the mission of the Saviour.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—E. Wright (We could not afford the necessary space)—Mary H. (Declined, with thanks)—N. Wadham (A solicitor could procure you all the information)—D. McCully (At the Herald's College, Dublin)—O. Williams (Without a patent the invention would be useless to yourself pecuniarily. Register the design, and that will give you protection for six months)—Nelly Bly (Very promising. We should advise you to study at one of the government schools of design)—J. J. Ward (At the Office, 334, Strand)—A Poor Lad (The licence must be renewed. It is useless to another person)—F. R. E. D. (Received)—Thomas Pemberton (The article on egg-hatching by artificial means, appeared in No. 258 of this Journal)—J. R. S. (Temperance, good diet, cleanly habits, and pure air will infallibly cure a blotched face)—W. B. (The premium is regulated by the position of the establishment. Some watch finishers ask as high as £50 with an in-door apprentice. Show the coin to a dealer. Copper money was not coined in England until the time of James I.)—H. Ashton (Silver coins of the reign of Edward II. are not scarce, but a dealer or collector would be glad to purchase one)—Albany L. (Your friend is not in bad repute with the Muses)—O. S. (Make application to the author of the song)—G. Y. (You could not do better than insure your life. We know nothing of either of the offices you have named)—A. Z. O. (Purchase the "Mechanics and Engineers' Guide")—E. T. (Tolerable for a juvenile, but it will not bear close criticism)—A. B. (Your handwriting, with care, may be very good, but you must learn book-keeping)—B. H. C. (Purchase some treatise on the handwriting. The specimen is very fair)—An Inquirer (Purchase "Logic for the Million")—J. J. (Only a solicitor can obtain the information)—Lily of the Valley (An apprentice must be at his master's command at all reasonable hours)—A. Relative (In your short epitaph you use the words "reduced to dirt," in order to rhyme with the "Song of the Shirt." Amateur poets are funny creatures)—E. D. F. (Your raptures over the Royal Academy pictures show an appreciative spirit—but what use would printing them be to the public?)—C. Y., Bristol (There are several such hospitals in the metropolis. We give the addresses of the principal: 1, City of London, Old Street Road; 2, York Road, Lambeth; 3, Lisson Grove; 4, Endell Street, Long Acre)—James (You seem to us to look at the wrong side of things. You dislike your religious uncle. Save up money, start in business for yourself, and be independent. You are not entitled to the £20 legacy—it lapsed)—A. M. C. (Wrong, from beginning to end. Buy an English grammar)—H. F. A. (The height of recruits for the Royal Artillery is five feet eight inches, and upwards)—M. C. Chart (We are not acquainted with the gentleman)—Alchymist (Spirits of naphtha)—W. R. (Commisions in the militia are generally obtained through the Lord Lieutenant of the county, or the colonel of the regiment)—Querist (From the agent in Bristol)—A. Crowther (Employ a respectable solicitor)—Michaelis (Correctly and elegantly rendered)—Frank Clements (Landing-waiters in the Customs are generally men of more than average mental attainments. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are merely the mechanism of knowledge)—R. Chadderton (At present we cannot answer definitively)—Sayme (1, Questions for the Herald's College. The fees in each case would be under ten shillings. 2, Your suggestions are powerful, but too political in tone for our pages)—Type (An apprentice to a master printer cannot be compelled to act as news-boy also)—Thomas Short (Arrangements are being matured)—John Fort (See the "London Directory") Copies are kept at the large commercial hotels)—P. H. (After the day's toil, under the factory act you are entitled to some relaxation)—Joe Beans (We never trouble ourselves to inquire the ages of ladies. When intelligent, piquant, and pure, they are always young. Hobb's picked both Chubb's and Braham's locks)—A. B. (A Queen Anne's farthing is just worth a farthing, and no more. It is a popular error that only one or two were coined)—Charles Portsmouth (Read "Pope's Essay on Man," and thence glance over your effusion inquiringly)—A. F. W. (The length of the lines renders them unsuitable to our columns)—Oak Leaves (Back numbers a month old and upwards, three half-pence each)—Madeline Vermont (In the spring of 1854. Beautiful handwriting, but you do not attend to the disposition of your capitals)—T. A. Leonard—W. H. W.—Augustus Merrifield—D. Ripley—G. O. O.—C. B.—J. S. B.—E. St. M.—Hope—A Plasterer—Thomas Bradshaw—James Paton—A Poor Glow-worm—J. C. S.—Tam O'Shanter—Zythica Zeer—Alfred Cooper—Lucifer—A. C.—S. B.—G. J. G.—Excelsior.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



COLONEL MOWBRAY SHOT BY RED RALPH, IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JESUIT," "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXXVII.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder? SHAKESPEARE.

JOE BEANS was snugly sleeping in his comfortable truckle bed at the rectory, where he still continued to take up his abode. Perhaps his dreams were of Susan. Indeed, we think we may venture to assert as a fact that they were so—for only a few hours before retiring to rest, by dint of great coaxing, wheedling, and promising, he had obtained from the pretty rustic a promise that, if her dear young lady should marry Henry Ashton—that if the bride and bridegroom particularly wished it—and, above all, if Joe would promise to make her an excellent husband, the same day which united the lovers should see her Mrs. Susan Beans.

We appeal to our fair readers. What could the sleeper be dreaming of, except his sweetheart, after such a promise as that?

Several smart raps had been made at the window of Joe's bed-room. Still he slept. None so hard to waken as the happy dreamer. A stone, thrown with more force than the preceding ones, cracked one of the panes at last, and the fragments of broken glass came rattling down upon the floor. The honest rustic started from his sleep, and, staring round, demanded who was there?

The reply was made in the form of another pebble falling upon the bed.

Joe sprang upon his feet, and rushed to the window.

"Who's there?" he repeated.

"It be I, Mister Beans!" answered the well-known voice of Red Ralph.

Crouching under a tree upon the lawn, was the uncouth figure of the cow-boy, who, after the terrible apparition in the hut of the warren, could not rest till he had imparted what he had seen to his rustic patron.

"And what do you want at this hour of the night?" said Joe, in anything but an amiable tone of voice—for he naturally felt annoyed at being disturbed. "I am afraid, Ralph, you have been drinking!"

"Two water, then!" replied the boy.

"Go home directly, sir!"
"Go home!" repeated Ralph. "Noa—noa, Mister Beans! I dare not pass the common, arter what I ha' seen to-night! Do 'ee come down," he added, in a tone of entreaty. "Indeed I beant a-larkin'! If I tell thee a lie, thee canst take it out on me wi' a good thrashing!"

As there was some sense as well as earnestness in the last proposition of the speaker—and Joe knew him to be shrewd beyond his years—he at once resolved to comply with his request. He had frequently asked himself the question whether, despite the deaths of Meeran Hafaz and Will Sidel, the troubles of Master Harry and Miss Ellen were all over yet.

"Wait!" he said; "and make no more noise, lest you alarm the rector and the servants!"

"I won't, Mister Beans! But do 'ee make haste!"

In a few minutes Henry's friend made his appearance upon the lawn. His first intention had been to scold the boy for what he believed some foolish alarm; but no sooner did he perceive his pale face—which, in the moonlight, appeared both ghastly and distorted by nervous twitching about the mouth—than he changed his purpose; and, placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, inquired what was the matter.

"I ha' seen him! I ha' seen him!" exclaimed Ralph, wildly.

"Seen him! Seen who?" demanded the bewildered Joe.

"The war—ren—er!"

The teeth of the lad chattered with terror at the recollection, as he endeavoured to pronounce the name of the murderer.

"Fancy, Ralph—fancy!" replied the young man. "The dead never return to visit us!"

"Don't they, though?" exclaimed his protégé. "I thought so once, but I know better now! I tell 'ee, Mister Beans, I ha' seen un, just as he wor dressed in Cromwell House, wi' his game bag on 's shoulder, and broad hat drawn over his bushy grey eyebrows! I'd swear to un!"

"But where was this?"

"In the hut in wood, where he used to live! I dare say he has done many a murder there, and that be why he can't rest!"

"Imagination—all imagination, Ralph!" said Joe Beans, assuming a conviction which he was very far from feeling. "Even supposing now," he continued, "that the ghost of Will was condemned to revisit his old haunt as a punishment for his crime, I don't see why the ghost of his

old clothes shouldn't rest in peace! It was quite disgrace enough for them to be hanged with him!"

There was a deeper vein of philosophy in this objection than the honest rustic dreamed of.

"But he worn't hanged in 'em!" said the cow-boy. "He wor dressed in clothes he wore at Cromwell House, when he towzled Mistress Susan, and tried to kill I! I could swear to un agin by patch on shoulder, and big, swagging pockets!"

"Still more unlikely," objected Joe, "that a ghost should have gone all the way from Norwich to Mortlake to dress itself in the ghost of the old clothes it had left behind! It won't do, Ralph! You must have been drinking or dreaming!"

This was said quite as much, perhaps, to test the conviction of the lad in the truth of his strange story, as to express the speaker's own doubts upon the subject, which were considerably shaken. There is an innate credulity and love of the marvellous in most minds, and Joe was not exempt from the common weakness.

"Did you see his face?" he demanded, after a few moments' reflection.

"Noa—noa! The soight of his old coat and hat wor enough for I!" answered Ralph, with a shudder. "I am sure it wor he! He had gotten a box on table, square, black and silver, lolke! I ha' seen it somewhere afore, tho I can't tell where! Can 'ee, Mister Beans?"

At the mention of the box, a new light broke upon the mind of honest Joe. He had seen such a box. He knew that the much-wronged widow of Sir William Mowbray had just such another, which she placed nightly under her pillow; and that it contained the letter of the colonel to the Abbate Lucas, as well as other papers necessary for the vindication of her honour.

"Thee art a sharp lad, Ralph," he exclaimed, "after all; and possess far more wit than I do!"

"Do I, though?" answered the boy, with a grin of satisfaction—for hitherto he had looked up to the speaker with great respect, on account of his superior shrewdness.

"Well, I shouldn't ha' thought it!"

"This is no ghost, I feel convinced," continued the young man, thoughtfully.

"Beant it?"

"But some designing villain, who has assumed the appearance of Will Sidel, in order to terrify those whom he might encounter in the execution of his project. He will not terrify me," added the speaker, with an air of de-

termination. "Wait for me a few moments, Ralph, whilst I get my pistols: we will soon unkenel the dark schemer!"

"But is 'ee quite sure, Mister Beans?" exclaimed the still terrified lad, but half convinced. "It wor awful loike un!"

"Convinced! I'd swear to it! It must be Colonel Mowbray, or one of his agents! His aim is to obtain the box, which contains the proofs of his villainies! I see it all!"

"And so do I!" said Ralph, joyously; "for I recollect now where I seed it, or one just loike it! Lady in black, with pale face, that Master Harry carried out of carriage into the hall yonder, had it in her hand! What a fool I wor! But sin' it be no ghost," he added, with an air of satisfaction, "I'm for 'un! I don't mind real live flesh and blood, loike ourselves, Mister Beans: I'll have a pop at un!"

Joe returned to the rectory, and in a few minutes reappeared, well armed. The cow-boy readily consented to accompany him through the wood, to the hut of the warren; but to all his entreaties for a pistol, Joe Beans turned a deaf ear. He knew the urchin to be not only as cunning but as agile as a fox, or wild cat; and he determined, in the event of danger, to let him trust to his wit and agility: a pistol, he justly considered, would be a dangerous weapon in such hands.

Cautiously gliding through the wood, more like shadows than living things—for not a word was spoken on either side—the two adventurers at last arrived at the secluded dell in which the lonely hut of the warren was situated. Although the moon was shining brightly, the broad shadows of the stately oaks and firs which it cast athwart their path, had hitherto screened them; but on the open sward before the cottage they were compelled to use the utmost caution, lest their approach should be perceived by any one lurking within.

Just as Red Ralph—who had been marching first—was about to advance from the friendly shadow of the wood into the full light of the moon, his more cautious companion gave a peculiar kind of signal, imitating the cry of an owl: the boy stopped, like a well-trained spaniel, in an instant; the same device having been agreed upon between them when they wanted to discover each other's whereabouts, at the time of their adventures in Mortlake.

"What does 'ee want, Mister Beans?" whispered the boy, as soon as he crept stealthily to his side.

"Not so fast, Ralph; there may be danger!"

"Door be open," replied the urchin; "and light out!"

"S say here!" said Joe, firmly; "I will venture first!"

"Noa, Mister Beans—noa—if I do I'm danged!" answered the lad, firmly; "these has been kind to I—given I good advice—got I a place w' Farmer Ashton, and not left I to starve when I had saved thee turn at Cromel House, as some folk would ha' done! It be no use—I will go with 'ee! I bea'n't a bit afraid: tho' I be little, I be tough—so say no more about it!"

"Well, then," replied his companion, patting his rough elflocks—for he felt touched as well as pleased at Ralph's fidelity; "thee shall, lad—thee shall! but remember, not a word, unless I speak!"

"All right, Mister Beans!"

"And if anything occurs to me," added the young man, in a voice which betrayed some slight emotion, "run as fast as you can to the rectory, alarm the servants, call up Master Harry, and tell him what you have seen!"

Red Ralph began to blubber at the idea of any danger occurring to his friend and patron.

"I will, Mister Beans—I will! but do gi' I a pistol! Indeed I know how to use it! I popped at sparrows and blackbirds a hundred times at Mortlake, and never missed un—it be too bad to doubt I!"

"So it is," whispered Joe, his reluctance to intrust him with the weapon quite overcome by the feeling which the urchin displayed; "there it is—but be careful!"

"Ees, Mister Beans!" answered the boy, with a grin of satisfaction at the confidence reposed in him.

"And remember, you are only to use it at the last extremity!"

"At the what? Mister Beans."

"At the last extremity," repeated his patron; "that is, to defend your life!"

"Or yours!" muttered Ralph. "I understand—I bea'n't such a fool as folk do say I look!"

The door of the hut, judging from the outside fastening, had been broken open; inside it was easily secured by means of a strong oaken bar, left standing against the walls. After groping about for some time in perfect darkness—for the rude wooden flap which served as a shutter had been let down—without meeting the least interruption, or hearing any sound beyond their own footsteps, Joe Beans ventured at last to strike a light.

A candle, half burnt down, placed in an empty bottle, was upon the table: he lit it, and the place became distinctly visible—they were alone.

"There be no one here, Ralph!" observed the young man.

"No, Mister Beans—the bird be flown!"

"Was there a bird?" said his companion; his former doubt, that the boy's imagination had deceived him, returning as he viewed the desolate, deserted place.

"Thee canst easily tell!" answered the mortified lad.

"How so?"

"I be as I used to do," continued the urchin, "at Mortlake, when I wanted to know if the birds were hatching—feel if the nest be warm!"

Joe took the hint, and began to rake the ashes, gathered in a lump upon the hearthstone: as he displaced them, several bright sparks flew upwards, and particles of half-burnt wood began to glow and redden, exposed to the reviving influence of the atmosphere.

"By heavens, you are right!" exclaimed the young man; "the nest is warm!"

"I told 'ee so!"

From this moment no further doubt remained upon his mind of the poor boy's truth. A further examination of the hut proved, had further proof been wanting, that it had lately been inhabited. Not only were remains of provisions found on the shelf, but straw and grass had been gathered into a heap in a recess close by the chimney, to serve as a bed.

This was not all. Under the straw they discovered a carpet-bag, carefully concealed: it contained linen and a suit of travelling clothes, evidently belonging to some one holding the position of a gentleman.

"What does 'ee think now, Mister Beans?" demanded his informant, with a triumphant grin.

"That you are right, Ralph. I was a fool to doubt you."

"Noa—noa—not a fool—only hard of belief, loike I!"

answered the urchin. "Won't 'ee feel in pockets?"

Joe took the hint, and began carefully to examine them. They were all empty, save one: in that he discovered a card, with several memoranda written in cipher.

"Hold the candle!" he exclaimed; "I can make nothing of this!"

Ralph brought the candle, and although he could make nothing of the memoranda, the name upon the card was plain enough—it was that of Colonel Mowbray.

The presence of the scheming uncle of Miss De Vere in such a place and under the disguise of the warren, coupled with the circumstance of the box, were quite sufficient to convince the friend of Henry Ashton that something was being plotted against his happiness, or that of the unfortunate Lady Mowbray, and he determined to proceed at once to the abbey, and communicate all he had seen and heard to our hero. A chill of horror ran through his manly frame, as the fearful thought suggested itself, that perhaps he was too late.

"Ralph!" he exclaimed, in a tone of decision, "we are losing time here! The villain has the start of us, and even now may be succeeding in his infamous attempt! We must start."

"Where to?" demanded the boy.

"To the abbey. There the solutions of this night's work will take place."

"I be with 'ee, Mister Beans," said the urchin, "an I know it be no ghost, I bea'n't a bit afraid on un! I should like to shoot a man," he added; "a real thief or a murderer! I never killed anything bigger nor a cat yet! How the folk will talk about I at Mortlake!"

"If he attempts to harm Master Harry or Miss Ellen," said his companion, with an air of desperation, as they left the hut together, "shoot him, Ralph—shoot him like a dog!"

"I will, Mister Beans—that I will!" answered the urchin, with a grin of intense satisfaction at the permission. "I should loike to know," he added, "how a chap feels arter killing a man!"

Byron, if we remember rightly, once made the same observation.

It was now Joe's turn to take the lead. He was too well acquainted with every road leading to Carrow to require a guide. So rapidly did the honest fellow pursue his way, that Red Ralph was compelled to run and bound along the footpath like a kangaroo, to keep up with him. In less than an hour they reached the wall of the park.

"Shall I ring at lodge?" demanded the boy, half out of breath with his exertions.

"Do as I do!" said his kind friend, at the same time catching a branch of one of the trees which overhung the wall, and swinging himself to its level.

"Canst follow?" he said, looking down to his companion.

"Like a cat, Mister Beans! See here!"

In an instant the speaker was beside him.

Once in the limits of the park, they ran rather than walked towards the house. A dead silence reigned around the venerable pile—not a light was to be seen from any of the windows—all seemed buried in repose.

"See—see!" whispered the urchin, suddenly grasping the arm of Joe Beans, and pointing at the same time towards the shrubbery, which extended from the stream into which he had pushed Parson Twintext, close to the north wing; "we bea'n't alone!"

Joe looked in the direction pointed to, and distinctly saw the dark shadow of a man retreating amid the trees and bushes, in the midst of which was an old Gothic summer-house, which, ever since he had known the place, had been carefully locked. It had once been the favourite resort of Sir William and his lady. After her supposed infidelity the baronet never entered it.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "we are in time!"

After beating about the shrubbery for some time, they found the pavilion, or summer-house. The key was in the door. Joe pushed it open, and, with his pistols ready for use, sprang into the room, closely followed by Ralph: it was empty.

A dim light appeared to issue from the earth. Creeping towards it, they discovered that a flag-stone had been removed, and could feel a flight of stairs descending beneath the foundations of the building. The light was evidently carried by some one who had preceded them, for its rays became fainter and fainter as they gazed.

Without an instant's hesitation or a word being spoken, both began to descend. Joe had nearly reached the bottom step, when he heard the click of his companion's pistol. The urchin was preparing for action, as he termed it.

"Be careful!" he whispered.

"I will, Mister Beans!" replied the boy, in the same low tone; "but this be a mortal queer place—summat like Cromwell House!"

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

Old gossips love on winter nights to sit
Close to the cheerful hearth, telling strange tales
Of moor or hall haunted by spectre grim—
Of murder wondrously brought to light,
Or wrong made right at last.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

ALTHOUGH the return of the ancient servants of the Mowbray family to Carrow Abbey was a source of considerable satisfaction to them, a feeling of terror was not unmixed with it. If they naturally felt pleased at the thought of returning to end their days in the home where most of them had passed the best years of their lives, it was alloyed by the recollection of the fearful scenes they had witnessed in it.

None cared to admit it, but each felt a dread of passing alone through the old-fashioned, dreary chambers and dark, panelled corridors. They started at the echo of their own footfall, and hastened their steps till they reached the housekeeper's room, where a cheerful fire and the society of their fellow-servants gradually recalled the colour to their cheeks.

The picture-gallery, the apartment in which Ellen had been terrified by the warren, and the library, the scene of Sir William's murder, were carefully avoided. No one, save old Martin, would venture in them—and he wandered about in meditation and sadness. Not even Mrs Jarmy, who had known him so many years, or Nicholls, the butler, could understand him: frequently they heard the old man repeating to himself:

"Not yet! no rest yet! the aloe has not bloomed!"

"What does he mean by the aloe not blooming?" inquired the worthy housekeeper of the servants.

None could explain the mystery to her, and it was little use asking Martin: he had never been of a very communicative disposition, and late events had made him more taciturn than ever.

All the inmates of the abbey, except the domestics, had retired to rest: they, although the abbey clock had long struck the hour of midnight, still remained, like a herd of frightened deer, gathered round the fire in Mrs. Jarmy's room—who so far waived her dignity on the occasion, as to admit even the kitchen-maids to her apartment, to the great disgust of the servants of the Duchess of Devonshire, who, between themselves, pronounced the arrangement to be low, radical, and subversive of all order of the funny hierarchy.

Still they did not choose to withdraw themselves—for the gloomy old mansion had infected them with its terrors, too.

"How can you live in such a horrid place?" exclaimed her grace's own footman, to whom, as a point of hospitality, Nicholls had resigned his own place opposite the housekeeper. "It ain't fit fer heavy one *has* as nerves!"

"Use, Mr. Flip—use!" replied the old lady, to hide her displeasure at hearing the ancient house of the Mowbray family called a "horrid place."

The butler bit his lips, and remained silent; not so Martin, who occupied an easy chair in the chimney-nook.

"What does he say?" inquired the old man.

"He calls Carrow a horrid place," answered the kitchen-maid, who had noticed the disdainful glances which from time to time the aristocratic servants of the duchess cast towards her.

"You should see Chatsworth!" continued the flunkey, without condescending to notice the interruption.

"Ay, that you should!" chimed in the lady's-maid.

"And what is Chatsworth, compared to Carrow?" exclaimed the aged groom, his eyes flashing with anger. "The mushroom to the oak: Carrow had stood five hundred years before the founder of Chatsworth had laid a single stone of its foundation!"

"At any rate we have no ghosts there!" observed the abigail of the duchess, tartly.

"Of course you have not!" replied Mrs. Jarmy, who began to feel her temper getting a little ruffled; "it is only in very ancient houses, like Carrow, and in the families of our oldest nobility, that such things are ever heard of! Thank heaven!" she added, with a very equivocal expression of satisfaction, "we have plenty here!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Mr. Flip.

"Nor I!" added the lady's-maid.

The housekeeper twined the bunch of keys at her girdle rather nervously—a usual habit with her when thoroughly vexed.

"Perhaps ma'am," she said—it is a bad sign when ladies begin to "ma'am" each other—"you would like to be convinced?"

"Convinced!"

"You or the gentleman—it is immaterial which of you: you have only to pass the night, or rather morning, in the green chamber, where Lady Blanche Mowbray was found dead on her wedding night, to be thoroughly satisfied! Shall I order it to be prepared for you?"

It is needless to say that the offer was instantly declined.

"Or Mr. Flip, if he prefers it, may sit in the great hall," quietly observed the butler, "and see the marble statue of Sir Richard bow its head as the clock strikes twelve: pity it is too late to-night!"

"Or meet the ghost of the nun in the cloister!"

"Or that of the crusader in the chapel!"

These last suggestions were made by the two old house-maids, who most devoutly believed the truth of every word they were uttering. The two sceptics, who were sceptics only out of opposition, began to look very blank at the variety of offers enumerated; and the chivalrous Mr. Flip seriously meditated soliciting permission of the

butler to pass the rest of the night in his apartment, instead of his own, which was situated unpleasantly near to the green chamber.

"Do you mean to say, my dear Mrs. Jarmy," said the abigail, drawing her chair still closer to that of the housekeeper, "that you have actually seen any of these horrible sights?"

The old lady shook her head, and observed that it was not for her to speak of the strange sights she had seen in the family she had so long and faithfully served.

"One thing I will tell you," she added; "for although I was but a girl when it occurred, I remember it as distinctly as if it had happened only yesterday!"

The domestics crowded round the speaker, every eye earnestly fixed upon her countenance, anxious to discover, if possible, whether she were in earnest, or sporting with their credulity.

"I had been sent for," she continued, "to assist my grandmother, the housekeeper, at Carrow, at the time of the Lady Blanche's marriage: half the nobility of the country were present. Well, the wedding passed over, the garter was dropped—they kept up all such odd customs in those days—and the bride retired to rest, when the dancers in the long gallery were startled by a loud scream and the ringing of a bell—"

"Well—well!" exclaimed several of her auditors, looking very anxious and terrified.

As she was about to continue her narration, a shriek from a distant part of the abbey was distinctly heard: it broke the stillness of the night, like some despairing wretch's cry, struggling with hooded murder.

Mrs. Jarmy turned deadly pale—the maids began to cling closely for protection to the valourous Mr. Flip, who seemed half dead with fear; even old Martin, who had been listening attentively, in his easy chair, half rose from his seat.

"Did y-o-u h-e-a-r it?" demanded the lady's-maid.

Not only was the scream repeated, but it was followed by a violent ringing of one of the bells—in their terror they could not distinguish which.

"We shall all be murdered!" groaned the aristocratic footman.

"Worse—worse!" shrieked the duchess's waiting-woman; "carried off by the ghosts!"

Martin's first idea was, that one of the domestics, in order to punish the impertinence and incredulity of their visitors, had quietly withdrawn from the housekeeper's room at the commencement of her tale, and given the scream and rung the bell to alarm them; but no—every servant was present.

"This must be seen to!" he said, addressing the butler.

"Y-e-s!" faltered the terrified Nicholls. "Don't look so angry, Martin!" he added; "I am a coward, I confess; but I will do my duty!"

The two aged men took each a pistol from the chimney-piece, and left the room. It was in vain that Mrs. Jarmy entreated of Flip to follow them. "He had every inclination," he said; "but duty prevented him."

"Duty!" repeated the old lady, in a strong tone of contempt; "say rather fear! No matter! I will go myself!"

And the faithful creature would actually have put her resolution into practice, had not the maids thrown their arms around her, and forcibly detained her in her seat.

The report of a pistol was heard, followed by loud and continued screaming.

"It's my lady's voice!" exclaimed the housekeeper, violently agitated; "let me go!"

"There will be murder going on!" sobbed one.

"The ghost!"

Again the cries were repeated. With a desperate effort the aged woman broke from them and rushed out of the apartment, leaving those who remained more dead than alive with terror.

"It is all your fault!" observed the kitchen-maid, reproachfully.

"Mine!" exclaimed Mr. Flip.

"Yours: you would make Mistress Jarmy speak of the ghosts! They don't like it; real quality never does like to be talked about! As for me, I be'n't afraid; but you—well—I don't wish to make you uncomfortable, but I wish you well out of Carrow!"

From the bottom of their hearts the domestics of the duchess echoed back the wish; mentally blaming their kind-hearted mistress for ever having set foot in such an uncomfortable abode.

It is now time that we invited our readers to accompany Joe Beans and his companion in their pursuit of the shadowy form which had so strangely disappeared in the pavilion in the shrubbery.

The narrow passage along which they stealthily followed the bearer of the light, was entirely of stonework, and of equal, if not greater antiquity, than the mansion. It had as many windings as a rabbit-burrow, and where the abrupt turnings formed an acute angle, the arch was curiously grained with rude attempts at ornament, consisting principally of heads of monks and saints, carved in the corbels and coigns.

Once or twice the light became stationary, as if the bearer of it had paused to listen. Joe and Ralph paused, too, scarcely daring to breathe. After a moment or two it again advanced.

Joe, who was taking the lead, paused to permit his companion to approach close to him. Placing his lips close to the ear of the boy, he whispered:

"Take off your shoes; I will remove mine. Our footsteps alarm him."

"Ees, Mister Beans!" faltered Ralph.

The light was nearly out of sight before they resumed their way.

After groping their way a considerable distance—made longer by the deviation of the passage—they arrived at a narrow flight of stairs, similar to the one by which they had descended. Both paused to listen.

"He is opening a door!" observed the young man to himself, as he heard the clicking of a spring or latch above.

The next moment the last ray of the lamp had disappeared, and they were left in total darkness. The fear now was that the midnight ruffian had gained entrance to the abbey, and closed the communication upon them.

The heart of the young man beat despairingly at the thought. Bidding his companion follow him, he mounted the steps, and arrived at what appeared to be a solid partition of wood, barring his further progress: a deep groan escaped him as he made the discovery.

"Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Ralph. "What be that?"

"Silence!" whispered Joe; "here is a door!"

"Be it open, Mister Beans?"

"No!" replied the rustic, despairingly. "Fool that I was to come without the means of procuring a light!"

From this dilemma his companion fortunately relieved him by producing the tinder-box and matches which he had used in the hut of the warrener. A light was quickly procured. It burnt sufficiently long to enable the faithful friend of our hero to discover an iron ring carefully let into the oaken frame-work of the panel. After pulling and pressing it in various directions, he felt the partition give way, and the next instant he and Ralph both stood in the well-remembered picture-gallery of Carrow Abbey.

"It be all right, at last!" whispered the latter.

The moonlight was streaming through the stained windows, which ran the whole length of the apartment, rendering every object distinctly visible. Joe paused for a moment to reflect, before he decided on his proceedings.

"Stay here!" he said, to Red Ralph, "close by the secret entrance."

"But where beest thee a-goin'?" demanded the boy.

"To my duty! yours is to remain here. You can easily hide yourself behind one of the cabinets. If the pretended ghost should attempt to pass by the way we came—"

"I'll shoot un!" exclaimed the urchin, with an air of determination, "thof I hang for it!"

At this moment the first scream and ringing of the bell, which had so alarmed the servants in the housekeeper's room was distinctly heard. Joe judged in an instant the direction it came from.

"Be firm," he said, "and I'll make a man of you!" Then, rushing to the end of the gallery, he disappeared through the door.

"I'd rather thee comed back agin," blubbered the boy, upon whose uncouth nature the kindness of his companion had made a deep impression, "than have all the gowd they say is buried at Cromwell House! I do wish I knowed how to pray for un! God bless un! that can't do un harm, at any rate, thof it does come from the heart of a poor, ignorant crittur! So I say again, God bless un! And now," he added, carefully examining the priming of his pistol; "now for the ghost! I should like to have a pop at un!"

So saying, he enconced himself, as Joe had directed, behind one of the massive cabinets, which was placed in such a position that he could see all who entered the gallery, either at the east or west end, without being perceived by any intruders.

Never in the course of his brief existence had the lad endured such intense anxiety as whilst watching the entrance to the secret passage; but in the midst of his hesitation he felt proud. Joe—his friend, his benefactor—had trusted him: they might have torn him in pieces before he would have abandoned his post.

We must now follow the footsteps of Joe to the chamber of Ellen and Lady Mowbray. The screams of the unhappy lady easily directed him towards it.

Colonel Mowbray—for the pretended ghost was no other than the infamous brother of the murdered baronet—had easily obtained access to the apartment by means of a key which he had caused to be made during the imprisonment of his niece, in order to aid the mad passion of Meeran Hafaz; though useless then, it served his purpose on the present occasion.

Ellen and her aunt were both sleeping: a smile was on the half-open lips of the fair girl—for her dreams were happy ones; the countenance of the widow was disturbed.

For a few moments the sight of so much loveliness and suffering staggered the villain in his design—which, to do him justice, extended no further than obtaining possession of the papers: for which purpose he had brought the box which his scheming wife had caused to be made—almost a fac-simile of the one containing the papers: his object was to exchange them. This he was determined to do at any sacrifice, even that of life; although, as a point of prudence, he was desirous of avoiding bloodshed. His irresolution was but momentary. Holding his breath, he cautiously advanced towards the side of the bed, and began gently to insert his hand under the pillow.

Slight as was the motion, it disturbed the orphan, who, starting from her sleep, beheld, as she supposed, the shade of the warrener bending over her. With a loud shriek, which startled the slumberer by her side, the terrified girl sank into a state of insensibility—which probably preserved both their lives, as it left the robber only one person to contend with—his brother's wronged and outraged widow.

Lady Mowbray's hand involuntarily caught at the cord of the bell: hence the peal which followed the cry of Ellen. The ruffian tore it rudely from her grasp.

"Who are you?" she demanded, wildly; "and what is your purpose?"

"The box!" whispered the colonel.

Fortunately she had never seen the warrener; otherwise her fears might have exceeded Ellen's.

"Never!" she replied, firmly. "Kill me, if you will; but never will I give up the clue to my lost child—the proofs that I am worthy to bear the name of my murdered husband! What have I done," she added, bursting into tears, "that evil men should thus conspire against me?"

Despite her naturally feeble state, the speaker clung to the casket with the despairing energy of a mother's love. Her cries became louder: the evil passions of Colonel Mowbray were excited. He drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, intending merely to cut her wrists and sever the tendons of her hands—for he was prudent even to the last—when in the struggle his hat and the long, iron-grey wig which he had assumed to make him look like the warrener, fell off upon the bed.

By the light of the night-lamp on the table, his sister-in-law recognised him immediately, and imprudently pronounced his name. The intentions of the monster instantly changed. Murder now became necessary to his safety.

"Fool!" he muttered; "I would have spared you!"

It was at this moment of agony, cruelty, and terror, that Joe Beans, who had reached the chamber, sprang upon him. From his being shoeless, the steps of the faithful fellow had not been heard—so that he took the ruffian unprepared. Seizing him by the neck, he hurried him with resistless force towards the door.

"Save me! save me!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, clinging to the arm of her protector.

"The box, dear lady?"

"Ah!" shrieked the widow; "gone—gone! Think not of my worthless life—recover it, and I will bless you!"

The energy with which Joe Beans had intended murderer from his victim, had enabled him to overcome the falling strength of the widow, and to seize the casket in his grasp. Although stunned for an instant by the fall, the colonel speedily recovered his self-possession; and, darting through the open door, made the best of his way towards the picture-gallery—Joe Beans following him like a bloodhound on the scent.

In the hope of alarming the household, Lady Mowbray once more sought the cord of the bell.

As the heartless schemer entered the picture-gallery at the west door, with his prize under his arm, Martin and Nicholls made their appearance at the east end of the apartment: even the courage of the old groom was staggered when he beheld a figure so nearly resembling that of his old enemy the warrener. His sight was too dim and the place too obscure to enable him to discern the features—or the imposture, since the loss of the false hair and hat, would have been instantly discovered.

The butler uttered a loud groan, and fell upon his knees. Martin, although terrified, steadily advanced: a determination which proved fatal to him—for the colonel received him with a pistol-shot, which struck the old man in the side: he fell, with a deep groan, but was quickly avenged; for, whilst the assassin was feeling for the spring to open the panel, Red Ralph crept cautiously behind him, and, placing the muzzle of his weapon to the small of his back, fired the contents into his body. The vertebrae was broken—the intention of the boy had been to disable him.

Colonel Mowbray writhed upon the polished floor, like a serpent crushed in its own blood.

"I ha' hit un, Mister Beans—I ha' hit un!" exclaimed Ralph, with a triumphant shout, as Joe entered the gallery; "he can't play the ghost any more!"

The apartment was speedily crowded by the servants, whose terror had given way to the courageous example of Mrs. Jarmy. All eagerly demanded an explanation.

"Send to the rectory," said Joe, wiping the perspiration from his brow; "and remove Colonel Mowbray and poor old Martin into the library!"

"Not into the library!" exclaimed the assassin, faintly; "I cannot close my eyes in peace in the library!"

"He is thinking of his brother!" whispered Joe to the housekeeper; "go you to the apartment of Lady Mowbray—this is no scene for you; I will attend to Martin and the colonel!"

"Take me to the library, Joe!" whispered the old man; "place me in Sir William's chair—I should like to die there! Promise me!"

"I do promise you," said the young man; "but cheer up—thou mustn't die yet!"

"Soon—soon!" replied the aged groom; "but not till all is clear!"

CHAPTER CXXIX.

The dark shall be light,
The wrong made right,
And Bertrem's might,
And Bertrem's right,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

GUY MANNERING.

SCARCELY had the grey-eyed morning dawned on the hills and woody vale of Carrow, before the rumour spread, not only through the village, but from farm to farm, that another murder had been perpetrated at the abbey. Men gazed upon each other, and asked what it could mean. A fatality seemed to hang over the time-honoured walls of the old mansion, doomed to witness such a succession of terrible events. No sooner did Farmer Ashton and his dame hear the intelligence than they set out at once: theirs was the agony and impatience of affection—they trembled lest their adopted son should have been the victim.

"He be safe, farmer—quite safe!" shouted Joe Beans, as he recognised the pony-chaise of his old master rattling at an unusual pace along the broad avenue. "Master Harry be in the library with rector, Colonel Butler, and the gentlefolk—not a hair of his head has been hurt!"

An involuntary "thank God!" broke from the lips of the aged couple at the intelligence.

As Joe stated, our hero, after assuring himself, in a momentary interview with the duchess, of the state of Ellen and Lady Mowbray, had joined the party in the library: he found Colonel Mowbray laid upon the sofa, sinking fast, despair and death in every feature of his terror-stricken countenance. Martin, calm and resigned, had been propped, as he desired, upon pillows in the chair of his beloved master. No sooner did he perceive his young favourite, than he feebly extended his hand, and tried to smile. Mrs. Jarmy and the rest of the servants who were standing around, could not restrain their tears.

"It will soon be over, Harry!" murmured the old man, faintly; "but something tells me that the aloe—you see I have not forgotten the name—will bloom yet!"

Our hero shook his head: his hopes of discovering the heir of his benefactor were buried in the grave of his friend Walter.

"Pray, Colonel Mowbray," said the rector, "reflect upon your dangerous state—make some atonement for the crimes you have committed—do not rush into the presence of your Maker with more crimes than those you have already committed upon your soul?"

"Is there no hope?" groaned the dying man.

The surgeons, who were standing near, assured him that there was none.

"Save me!" he said, frantically, "and I will tell everything—everything! Life—life! even at the price of infamy! I dare not die yet!"

When reluctantly convinced that his state was beyond the reach of human skill, the despairing wretch closed his eyes and maintained a dogged silence; no effort could induce him to speak.

"Hardened!" said the worthy clergyman, with a sigh—"hardened to the last! As he has lived, so will he die! May God forgive him!"

Scarcely a lip responded "amen" to the prayer, so thoroughly had his last murderous act disgusted the spectators with his crimes.

Poor Joe was like a distracted man: first consoling Susan, who had been seized with hysterics on hearing of her young lady's danger; then visiting poor Ralph in the temporary custody of the police; next called upon to answer the questions of the magistrates.

Not even at the death of Sir William had such confusion reigned throughout the Abbey of Carrow.

The door of the library, opened, and, to the astonishment of all, the widowed Lady Mowbray—notwithstanding the sufferings, both mental and bodily, which she had endured—entered the apartment, leaning on the arm of the Duchess of Devonshire. Although her cheek was deadly pale, and her whole frame so weak that she could scarcely support herself, her maternal heart was strong: she came to make a last appeal to her enemy, to give her some clue to her abandoned son.

"Walter," she said, "like you I am dying: in a few hours, perhaps, we shall both stand before the judgment seat! Something tells me that to you I owe the misery of my life—my dishonour in the eyes of the world—the loss of my dear husband's love—of my poor boy! Be generous—let me embrace the image of his father ere I die, and at the bar of heaven my prayer shall be for mercy for your crimes?"

A sneer curled the lips of Colonel Mowbray: although dying, his heart was not touched by her appeal.

"Man!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees by the side of the sofa; "if you are human, feel for a mother's agony! It is no small bribe I offer: forgiveness of wrongs like mine! I have been driven from my home—outrage has made me steep my hands in blood!—cruelty driven me mad—do you mark me, mad! My youth a blank—my age a withered, childless solitude! One word!"

"Never!" muttered the wretched man, with a look of fiend-like malice; "the only consolation I have left me is, that my death will destroy the last hope of your existence!"

"Monster!" exclaimed a deep voice near him.

"Whose voice was that? Who spoke?"

With a painful effort, Colonel Mowbray turned his head upon the pillow, and encountered the indignant glance of Henry Ashton.

The distracted widow grasped the hand of her persecutor, and, in the most pathetic accents, conjured him to relent. But all was useless. The sight of her tears and agony seemed an alleviation to his pangs.

"You know what it is now to suffer!" he gasped. "Ha! the secret dies with me! You shall not even have the satisfaction of knowing whether your brat lives, or rots, like his father, in the grave! I loved you once," he added; "but, woman-like, you preferred the rich brother to the poor one!"

"Have you no heart?" said the rector.

"None that your sophistry can touch! I have no faith in repentance and the lies which your churchmen preach! You are right!" added the assassin, glaring on his crushed and broken-hearted victim. "The whisperings of your fancy did not deceive you! I incited the fool Lucas to believe you loved him—planned with him the scheme which lured you to your ruin! I would have seen you a dishonoured, guilty, creeping thing! That failed!" he continued, moodily; "but at least I leave you a childless one!"

"God restrain me!" exclaimed our hero, transported beyond control at the dastardly triumph of the speaker. "I shall forget the debt of friendship due to the memory of Walter, and strike the villain dead!"

"Base-born cur!" muttered the dying man.

"Who says that Henry Ashton is base-born?" demanded a tall, gentlemanly-looking personage, who had just entered the library with Colonel Butler, who had been engaged in another apartment, taking the depositions of Joe Beans and Ralph.

It was the Khan; but his appearance was so changed that, but for his voice, even his own brother, who was present, would not have recognised him. He no longer wore the dark beard which hitherto had covered half his face, and his semi-Oriental costume was discarded.

Colonel Mowbray started, and his eyes became fixed with a look of malice and impotent rage upon the speaker.

"Philip," said the farmer, extending his hand to him, "that be right! Tell the proud man that Harry be no base-born cur, but the son of an honest man! I always said thee wor wedded, like dame and I, to his mother!"

"Philip Ashton! It is Philip Ashton!" murmured old Martin. "Thank God, it will be clear at last!"

"Lady," said the Khan—for so we shall continue to call him—addressing the widow of Sir William with profound respect, "Fear not! Whatever the resolution of that bold, bad man, his malice will be impotent to harm your peace! Your son yet lives!"

A cry of joy broke from very heart of the long-suffering mother.

"And will be found worthy of your love."

"Your oath—your oath!" exclaimed Colonel Mowbray, furiously.

"Binds me only whilst you live!" calmly observed the Khan. "Fear not—it shall be kept: a few moments more or less will matter little! If the fiends can wait, so can this injured lady!"

The bitterness of the retort inflicted an additional pang upon the dying man, who would have given worlds but for a few minutes of his former strength, that he might grapple with the speaker, and bury his secret with him in the grave.

"Lift me up, Harry!" said Martin, lightly grasping his hand, "and do not leave me! My eyes grow dim—I would look upon you till the last! Give me some cordial. I must—I will not die," he added, with energy, "till after that bad man! It will bloom yet boy—the old aloe will put forth its long-promised flower at last!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed our hero, bewildered with the strange hopes and imaginings which crowded upon his brain; "do I dream?"

"All will be clear soon. I told you it would."

The aged groom swallowed the cordial which Mrs. Jarmy held to his lips, his eyes all the while fixed with an expression of intense earnestness upon the countenance of Colonel Mowbray, who was sinking fast.

"Keep me up!"—he kept repeating—"keep me up! I shall outlast him yet! For my dear master's sake, heaven will give me strength—I feel it will!"

It was a moment of anxious expectation to all. The assassin gradually sinking, and yet from time to time making furious efforts to rally his departing strength; the Khan calm and observant, standing at the foot of the sofa, regarding him.

Lady Mowbray half fainting from excitement, was seated at the opposite end of the room, facing Martin. Occasionally her glance encountered that of Henry Ashton, and her widowed heart beat with newly-awakened emotions.

"Should it be!" she whispered to the duchess; "should it be so?"

Her sympathising friend pressed her hand in silence.

The death struggle, preceded by the rattle in the throat, relieved them at length from their long agony of suspense. Colonel Mowbray expired: the last words upon his lips, a curse—his last look, one of mingled defiance and hatred.

"Dead!" said the surgeon; "gone to his account at last!"

At the words, Martin pressed the hand of our hero yet more firmly.

"I knew I should outlive the rascal—I felt I should!" he said; "all will now be bright and clear at last!"

(To be continued in our next.)

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

LET us love one another,—not long may we stay;
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve:
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, ah! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

There are hearts, like the Ivy, though all be decayed
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undim'd midst the blighted, the lonely and dead:
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it,—imbibe the same dew,—
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too.

Thus, let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we lov'd at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay.

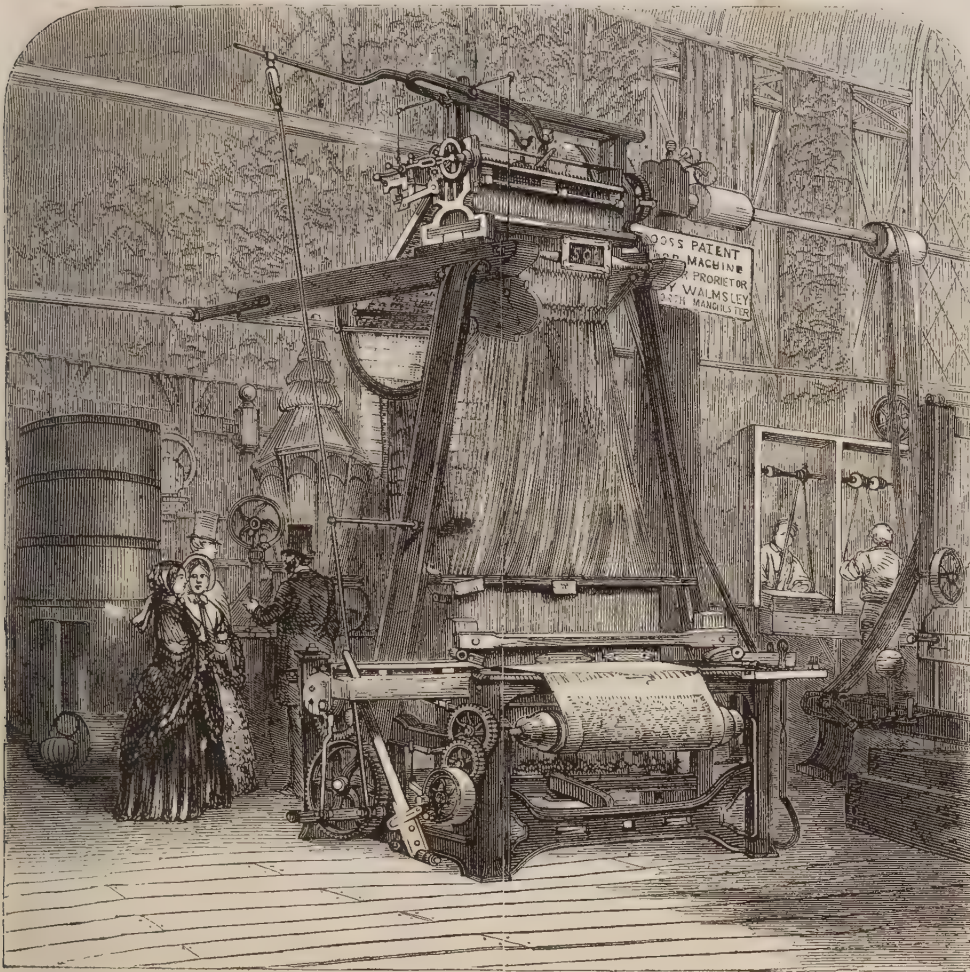
A STRANGE STORY.

M. de M——, who has lately died, was one of three brothers—two of whom were partners in the firm, the other living a quiet, pious life on his estate, some little distance from Paris, on the road to Orleans. The latter had often been pressed by his brothers to take a share in the business, but had always declined leaving his solitude for the anxieties and cares under which, in the midst of the greatest prosperity, rich capitalists were always suffering. His philosophy would seem to have been the true one, for he obtained the hand of *Mdlle. H.*, a relation of the Duchess De Fleury, and at that time the richest heiress in all France: so that in a moment he found himself richer by far than the brothers who had been struggling for so many years to amass all the wealth they so much prized. This advance in his position was not beheld without envy by his elders. More than ever did he become the object of attack to induce him to join his capital with theirs—but still without success. Peace, and the quiet of domestic life, had more charms for him than power or high rank, and he still remained at his chateau on the road to Orleans. Meanwhile the revolution of July broke out in that part of the country, as we all remember, with a revolutionary character—for M. Philippe de M. became somehow the object of the most insane and unaccountable persecution amongst the peasantry; and the threatnings of vengeance became at last so formidable that the family resolved to remove to some other province till the storm had blown over.

The very night before they carried this plan into operation, the chateau was attacked by a band of brigands, who set fire to the building, and, without any apparent desire for pillage, completely devastated the whole domain, murdering with the most savage fury all who attempted resistance, and destroying without mercy whatever fell beneath their hands. M. Philippe de M—— and his wife both fell in the affray—the one shot through the heart in defending the entrance to the chateau; the other perished in the flames, while attempting, in vain, to escape from the burning pile. The eldest child, a boy six years of age, fell by her side, and was seen no more, and none of the family remained to tell the tale but one little girl of three years old, who remained thus sole heiress to one of the finest properties in the kingdom.

The trial, which took place when quiet was restored, made a great noise at the time, on account of the high position of the brothers of the victim in Paris; but no fact was elicited which could throw a light upon the real culprits. Two men were frequently mentioned during the examination of witnesses as being the foremost in the attack—both of high stature, and both wearing black leather masks, in imitation of the black band of '93. These individuals were never discovered, and the whole inquiry terminated, as usual, in the condemnation of one or two idiots who had been taken on the spot, and could give no account of why they were there, and the public eulogium pronounced by the Advocate-General upon the conduct of the nurse, who had at once made off to the fields with her little charge, and thus saved the only scion of this wealthy family. It was natural enough that such a circumstance should make impression on the two brothers M——, and that both should seek to have the guardianship of the child so miraculously saved. She was confided to the elder of the two, who soon adopted her with as much fondness as though she had been his own.

A few years ago rumour spoke of the intended marriage of the rich heiress with her cousin, the son of Adrien M——, but was soon hushed by the formal refusal of the guardian to consent to the union. Soon after this, in the beginning of 1850, the city was shaken by the news of the tragical end of Adrien M——, who was found hanging to the staple which had just been fixed in the wall of his bed-room, to receive the superb Rubens for which he had given two hundred thousand francs the day before. His son died some little while since, and the heiress remained unmarried, in order to soothe the old age of her dear, good uncle. We thought we had done with the M—— family, when lo! it comes a new event which completes the drama in all its parts. The good old uncle died lately, in the arms of his dear adopted child, leaving a sealed confession for her perusal. By this statement he avows himself the murderer of her father, declaring the two men in masks, beheld at the attack of the chateau, to have been himself and his brother Adrien; that the attack was planned by the latter in order to inherit the property, and that their disappointment had been great indeed, when the discovery of the escape of the nurse had been made public. Remorse had prevented him from pursuing his plan of extermination further. He had suffered the child to live, and owned that he had been blessed in her affection and gratitude. He could not consent to the marriage with his nephew for his soul's sake, and was sorry that his refusal should have caused his brother Adrien to commit suicide. The confession concludes by begging the prayers of his adopted child, and advises her retirement to a convent, that she may take example from him how little avail riches and honour when compared to the soul's peace; and calls upon her to remember how often he would sit sad and sorrowful amidst every blessing which this world could give. The conclusion is more admirable, and strictly in accordance with the character of the man. It is thought that the family will lean upon these few last lines of the confession to put in a plea of insanity, and thus invoke disbelief; but the Abbé De C——, who attended the miserable sinner in his last moments, will not give testimony to that effect. The truth of this story is beyond a doubt.



WALMSLEY'S STEAM JACQUARD LOOM.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION
IN DUBLIN.

THE JACQUARD LOOM.

THE pecuniary success of this brilliant undertaking has been confirmed beyond all doubt; Mr. Dargan has been honoured by his countrymen as a national benefactor, and royalty has shed its inspiring influence over the beautiful City of Dublin.

All this is extremely gratifying—it belongs to the poetical department of the success of the affair; but those who take a higher interest in such large displays of industry and art, will look for more substantial results. They will naturally anticipate the mind to have been purified by the exhibition of gems in painting and art; but that will not be sufficient—it will not be a satisfactory return for such a large outlay of time, money, and expectation. The sentiment evoked by a feast of beauty is not the most substantial of food. The Great Dublin Exhibition must lead to something else, or it will have failed in the performance of its practical mission and purpose. Nothing short of its having awakened hope in the heart of Ireland will satisfy its best supporters.

Individually we have every reason to believe that it will be the means of conferring upon the Irish people a permanent good; but we are afraid that their vivid imaginations will lead them captive; they will adore the beautiful and overlook the useful. Absorbed in admiration of a fine painting, a rare gem, an exquisitely tinted vase, they will fail in their appreciation of the more humble-looking but really more valuable articles by their side.

The Machinery Hall teaches more eloquent lessons than the Fine Arts Repository, although some of the presentations are hallowed by the generosity of the noblest and most intellectual in the United Kingdom. It teaches solemn lessons in the language of genius. Its *ensemble* is a fine exposition of the aims and purposes of profitable, civilising industry. As Coleridge would have expressed himself, in dumb significance it asks—

Who's born for sloth?

and then, in the words of another poet, we should have had the memorable reply—

To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some, the swift sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
While some of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

Unless the Exhibition fixes this belief in the mind of the hard-working Irish people, it will not have accomplished anything very great. It is the proper division of labour that makes a country wealthy. And the greater diversity there is in labour, the greater the national wealth and prosperity. Glance round this Machinery Hall inquiringly, and the substantial glories of labour are revealed in astonishing profusion. The iron used gave employment to thousands; a portion of it came from Germany and Sweden; the copper, lead, and tin were equally beneficial in its raising; the quicksilver came from the mines of Hungary and Spain; the wood from Canada, South America, the East Indies, and even remote Siam, where the teak-tree grows to such magnificent proportions. But then the amount of labour expended on the bare material is extraordinary, and the good effected by the distribution and circulation of the money which that labour had earned is still more wonderful. The application, however, of these mechanical agents thus collected together and manipulated into endless varieties of form, and adapted to the most gigantic, as well as the most minute purposes, constitutes the especial glory of this part of the Exhibition. Here we behold what the metals, fashioned by the hands and heads of genius, and supplied with motive power by steam, the product of the joint contributions of coal and water, can accomplish for the advancement and salvation of mankind.

Look at that improved Jacquard loom, originally the invention of the Frenchman whose name it bears. The operator has before him a mass of cords, like the curtain of a pianoforte. He is engaged in "reading in from the draught"—which is the pattern of the article he is producing, drawn and painted on dried paper. The cords he skilfully ties into a pattern, supported by a slip of wood. He then, with nimble fingers, separates the cords by threes, by sevens, by twelves, according to the patterns, and threads them through the string which is to tie them apart. The skill with which he feels out his cords is very remarkable; but it is not so complicated a process as may be imagined. The reader has only to deal with one chapter or series of movements at a time. The Jacquard cords are tied together to begin again, and there is a revolution of the cords, and a repetition of the pattern, until the piece of silk, ribbon, carpet, or whatever he may be engaged upon, is finished.

In silk mills where many of these looms are at work, the scene is almost grand. Floor above floor, with a long room in each, is occupied, and the looms in each are set as close as they can work—leaving only a narrow passage between. Looking down upon the details, there is plenty of beauty. The transverse cords of the looms, and their shafts and beams, are so uniform as to produce the impression which symmetry, on a large scale, always gives. The gorgeous silk, depending like a veil from the backs of the looms, shows its glossy colours in the softened light; while, to make the scene more life-like, the shuttles fly to and fro, and the pattern grows, as it were, and is trans-

ferred to a barrel, which, winding slowly round, receives the fabric as it is finished. And then the silk employed gives rise to endless thought. The supply seems a miracle. China, India, Turkey, Italy, France, all attend to the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, and the breeding of the insect that produces the delicate material.

In Lombardy the peasantry, during the whole month of May, gather the leaves of the mulberry-tree, and if the houses in the villages are visited then, the worms will be found busy at work spinning—spinning—ever spinning. But it is so tiny an insect, that if we were in imagination to travel from country to country, traverse the broad belt round the globe where the little worm is forming its cocoons, we should be at a loss to know how sufficient silk is produced to supply the wants of the world. But within the wide realm of potent industry there are many such marvels. That loom, working so steadily, and producing so abundantly, is in itself a marvel. There is magic in its action—for it and its kindred have woven a colossal magnificence for England in less than half a century; and in this and other countries is doing more for the good and glory of mankind than all the warriors, politicians, and philosophers that ever fought and brawled their way across the platform of life. It is the type of unceasing labour, of intellect, of mental glory, sanctified by influences God-like in their origin, purpose, and end. And if Ireland would but exchange the pen of the polemist for the loom of the weaver, and the senseless clamours of agitators for the buzzing and whirling of a factory in full work, she would soon take her allotted place in the march of civilisation, and no longer offer to the empire the scandal of feeding other lands with the best portion of her population, while her own soil is being strangely neglected, and those other industrial resources which she could command in rich profusion, suffered to remain in cold abeyance, or consigned to the dark desuetude of an awful indifference.

THE LAST THROW OF THE DICE.

Two or three years ago, the Marquis Angelo Foscari was induced, by ill-health and longing for change of scene, to visit Dieppe. He was a noble of Genoa, where his name had long been honoured, ere that proud City had fallen from her high and palmy state. He was accompanied by the Signora Teresa, the only surviving offspring of three marriages.

This young lady possessed beauty—exquisite, brilliant, dazzling. Her complexion was that clear olive, through which the blush of maiden purity suffuses itself in a bloom delicate and soft as that of the Provence rose. Her eyes were dark, full, flashing, yet often relieved by a subduing softness. Her dark hair well accorded with her complexion, clime, and youth: its silken tresses fell upon a neck of exquisite roundness, and were worn so as to show the pale, high brow. Delicately pencilled was the arched outline of her eye-brows. From her profile, you would think that you beheld the classic contour of some Athenian beauty—the true model of the graceful forms with which the Grecian sculptors delighted that period as they bewilder this. Then her lips, so beautifully distinct rather than separate, just as if they were about to breathe forth those impulse-words which the lover delights to hear. And when she did speak, how sweetly fell the music of her voice! like the far-off melody, distant but distinct, which floats upon the waters, while the air is hushed to silence, only broken by the amorous Echo, which faintly repeats them, loth to think such silvery sounds should die. In the rudest crowd, in the noisiest din, Teresa's gentle accents came refreshingly upon the senses, and immediately commanded that hushed attention which is the best tribute of respect that Woman can conceive. But, beyond this—beyond the perfect form and the graceful beauty, which made, as it were, a visible atmosphere around her—her mind, naturally intelligent, had been cultivated with no common care. She had numerous accomplishments. She had read much; she had enjoyed the familiar conversation of many men of letters and science in different countries; she had experienced the advantages of far-extended travel: in short, she was charming, alike in mind and person.

The marquis, her father, was very proud of her beauty and accomplishments; yet to him she long had been the cause of bitter vexation. He prided himself on his high descent, and constantly cherished deep and unavailing regrets, because, from want of a surviving male heir, a title would expire in his own person, which, originally won by the sword in a hard-fought field of fame, had been lineally transmitted through many centuries, without a stain once resting on its ermine. He would have given all his fortune—he would have fed upon water and a crust—he would have laid down his own life, or even sacrificed that of his daughter, great as was his wayward and fitful love for her—to have a son, by whom the proud name and honours of Foscari might be saved from extinction. To perpetuate them was with him a passion: the failure of that engrossing desire almost drove him to despair, and at times appeared almost to peril the sanity of his mind.

The Marquis Angelo Foscari had been born to extensive possessions, and had much augmented them by advantageous marriages. Before he had attained the age of fifty, he was the widower of two noble Roman dames, and had also followed to the grave a lady closely allied to the Imperial house of Austria. Of all his children, only one had survived, and he cursed his fate, and gnashed his teeth, in his splendid solitude, as he thought that this sole survivor was only a daughter. Years rolled on. The excitements of public life lost their power. The snow of age blanched his hair. The track of time traced wrinkles on his brow. The freshness of his heart was in the tomb of his buried youth. He felt that, with swift

and noiseless advances, death was pressing forward. He had a fever-dread of the mere thought of the final hour, which was to hurry him from time to eternity. So, to diminish care—to employ his weary hours—to banish ennui—to create a new excitement for his palled spirit—to dissipate the ever-present dread of death—the last of the Foscarini plunged headlong into the vortex of society, as wildly as if the world was only just opening for his enjoyment: and thus he strove to conquer care by revelry.

In this, after all, no harm. To some minds Society may be safer and better than Solitude. But the marquis did not care for mere pleasure—he craved excitement. He found it in play. He grew accustomed to stake wealth on the cast of the die, and thus spent long nights. At first he played merely to divert his thoughts, and used to amuse himself by watching the anxious faces around him, and the varying passions developed, as the game went on. Soon, however, he came to have an interest in success or failure. Fortune turned against him, and he then he almost blushed to find himself doubling the stakes and calculating the chances, and eagerly anticipating the result of each cast. Still he went on, and still, though he sometimes won, his losses were frequent and heavy. Then he resolved to play boldly—as he heard that timid gamblers rarely win—and he would be content with getting back his losses. If, at times, the thought of his daughter came into his mind, he would still the intruding recollection with a "Tush! she is but a woman—a girl! There will be enough for her. What could a child of eighteen do with all my palaces—my jewels—my pictures—my gold? I hoarded wealth, long ago, for my heir; now, I have none: let it go as it may! Come on—come on—it is in vain to think of it! Perhaps I may die to-morrow. There will be enough left for the girl."

Teresa was aware of her father's reckless way of living. He had not taken any pains to conceal it from her. Wholly regardless of how he wounded her sensitive feelings, he incessantly complained, in her presence as in her absence, of his bitter disappointment at not having a surviving son, and cursed himself for his ill fortune. Teresa was all gentleness and love—for she had warm affections, and never forgot that he was her father—but her love made slight impression on a heart which hourly appeared to become more ossified. But gentleness and love cannot always be repulsed. They have a power which, at times, can pierce even a heart of adamant. Never yet have they been exercised without some good result. When the marquis saw his fair daughter weeping bitterly, her hands clasped in most unfeigned sorrow, her cheek pale with emotion—when he heard her beseech him to bestow kind words upon her, and implore pardon for the involuntary crime of being a woman—he would cease his reproaches and complainings, and, looking with tenderness and admiration on the graceful form thus bowed in humble entreaty before him, would press a father's kiss upon her head, and abruptly leave the room, as if afraid that his awakened love might pour forth its strong emotions in words.

In fact, though he very often treated her harshly, the marquis *did* love Teresa. Not, indeed, with pure paternal love—for the better part of the father was buried with the son who, long since, had died in youth; but he loved her because she was a being of whose beauty, grace, and accomplishments he felt very proud. On that account he obliged her to accompany him in his travels—on that account he had refused the richest offers for her hand which the admiring nobles of Italy and Germany had made. With him Pride was the first and the last. That passion made him delight to exhibit in society the daughter who would, otherwise, have remained in her convent, or, under the care of a duenna, in one of their lonely country villas. While she was with him, the object of universal admiration, the attention she excited gratified his pride. She was *his*, and the admiration bestowed upon her was reflected upon him. "Remain with me yet a little longer," he would sometimes say; "it will be time enough for you to wed when the old man dies."

At Dieppe he plunged into revelry yet deeper than Teresa remembered him to have yet yielded to, and indulged in excesses alike unsuited to his advancing years and his failing health. To the fatal temptations of the gaming table he now devoted the greater part of every night; and, though naturally of the most temperate habits, like other children of "the warm South," he had now learned to indulge in the free use of wine. It was his custom to bathe in the sea every morning, and thus recruit his strength for the exhausting pleasures of the night. It chanced, one morning, when the sea was more boisterous and his frame more enervated than usual, that, being overpowered by a monstrous wave, he was dashed against the beach, breathless and fainting. The next retreating rush of the waters would have borne him out into the midst of the eddying current, without the power of resistance, if a young man, who happened to be bathing near the spot, had not dashed forward and rescued him. Foscarini, on his recovery, recognised his preserver as a young officer whom he had met at Vienna, and whose attentions to Teresa had been so well received by her as to cause him some uneasiness. Yet to this gentleman he now owed his life. So, when the German asked permission to wait upon him at his hotel, to inquire after his health, common courtesy dictated an assent, however constrained and cold.

The young German officer was more than ever in love with Teresa: but two years had passed since he last had seen her, and he was too expert in the ways of the world to betray that love, as he once before had done. He met and accosted Teresa without any apparent emotion, and the marquis, narrowly watching both of them, was happy to perceive that she received him without much embarrassment. He paid the usual compliments of society with easy politeness, and Teresa returned them in the same

manner. From all this, Foscarini did not hesitate to believe that though the young man might once have entertained a passion for Teresa, it had long since died away, from absence and hopelessness. He did not know that, from the time she quitted Vienna, Teresa had contrived to correspond with Stephen Utercliv; and that his presence in Dieppe was caused by her desire that he should join her in a little plot against her father—for his good.

Convinced that nothing was now to be apprehended, the marquis speedily abandoned the reserve with which at first he had received Stephen Utercliv. In a short time they became great friends. By degrees, the marquis even formed an attachment for this young man, made him the confidant of his secret cares, told him how he had plunged into the excitement of gaming in order to dissipate bitter thoughts, and laid bare before him all the wretchedness of heart which he endeavoured to hide from the world beneath the mask of gaiety. And thus Stephen soon thoroughly knew the past and present life of the marquis; his baffled hopes, his secret griefs, his perpetual regrets, his remorse for time and talents wasted.

Teresa had also revealed to him all that she knew,—much which he could use as the key to the old man's heart. Long since she had given her young affection to Stephen Utercliv. Her chief desire now was to draw her father from the debasing pursuits which injured the health of mind and body, and threatened the total ruin of his fortunes.

Stephen had now become so necessary to the marquis, that he spent every evening in his company. Humouring his eagerness for play, he joined him at the gaming-table, and speedily became as adventurous a gambler as any in Dieppe. In a short time they ceased to play at the public table, and made use of a private room, in which, instead of adventurous playing against the bank, they might play against each other, allowing the bank a percentage on the stakes. In this manner the marquis and Stephen Utercliv now played, one against the other, and, in a month, Utercliv had drawn the full amount of his letters of credit, having lost all to the marquis. He told this to Teresa, mentioning that he could readily arrange to receive further remittances from Vienna; but she was afraid that, in the interval, her father might return to the public table, and then again become the prey of sharpers. She therefore insisted on supplying Stephen with money—which, however, he lost. The more he lost, the better pleased was Foscarini—for he could now find happiness in winning that gold which had once been the slave of his will, but now was the ruler of her heart. Meanwhile, however, he abandoned his indulgence in wine, and was by no means as much disposed to play as when he had formerly lost largely. Success had moderated his excitement.

There is a German game called *brelau*, of which the marquis was very fond. He apprised Stephen of his predilection, and the German lost no time in discovering that it was one of the most interesting games in the world. Up to this time he had lost above ten thousand Napoleons, when, one evening, he came to Foscarini with a mind determined on its course of action. He brought fifty Napoleons with him—all that he could then procure. This was the last money that Teresa could give him. The marquis had always made her a very splendid allowance, and she had never spent the whole of it. The lovers' plot had been to keep the marquis at play with Utercliv alone. They expected that the smiles of fortune would have been somewhat equally distributed, at least. But their hope had been too sanguine. Instead of alternate good fortune, which, while it amused the marquis, would really not diminish his wealth, there had been a constant run of ill luck against Stephen Utercliv. When he had taken the last fifty Napoleons from Teresa, his words were, "Fortune opposes our good intentions. One trial—one more trial. If I lose this, I play no more. I shall explain all to your father, demand you in marriage, and if he should refuse me, you see no more of me until his death leaves you free." Teresa allowed him to embrace her, and shed many tears at his departure, for she dreaded that her father would reject the suit of her lover, and she knew him well enough to dread that he would keep his resolution of not seeing her until she had the freedom of action of which he spoke.

When Stephen Utercliv went to the *salon*, a little later than usual, he found that the marquis, tired of waiting for him, had gone to play at the public table. Thither he went, and found every one in a state of high excitement. Fortune had at length come round to the marquis, and he won, whatever colour he backed. Encouraged by this success, he continued to play, with largely increased stakes. At last, when he remained the only player, he challenged the bank. After some deliberation, his defiance was accepted. He backed one colour, and an uninterrupted series of successes, doubling the stakes each time in arithmetical progression, left him at last largely the conqueror. He had broken the bank, and had thus, by one *coup*, regained all his former losses at Dieppe, and swept away the greater part of the gamblers' capital.

Flushed with this success, the marquis quitted the *salon*, inviting Stephen Utercliv to accompany him to supper at his hotel, also extending his hospitality to four players who, in the early part of the evening, had played with him at the public table. He had no difficulty in obtaining their company. They consisted of two planters from the Havannah, the captain of an English merchantman, and a Parisian banker. After supper, cards were introduced. The marquis and Stephen Utercliv were opponents, as usual. Stephen commenced with ten Napoleons: that stake soon disappeared, as did three others of the same amount. He had only ten pieces left. He was full of agitation. Foscarini, never dreaming how nearly his young friend approached to extremity, rallied

him upon the lowness of his stakes. With a trembling hand, the young man placed the remnant of his money on the table. Fortune favoured him with a pair-royal of kings, and he won a hundred Napoleons from the Parisian banker. Luck continued, and, by five o'clock the next morning, Stephen Utercliv had gained 200,000 francs, the banker had won 80,000, the Englishman 20,000, and each of the planters, 5000. This made nearly £13,000 in our money. *Foscarini had lost it all.* He pulled hard upon his gains in the previous part of the evening. The party took coffee and separated, agreeing to resume the play at night.

Night came, and the morning's play was child's sport in comparison with what now came on. The other guests, after losing a great portion of their previous winnings, remained simply as spectators, the marquis and Stephen Utercliv alone continuing to play. It would be tiresome to trace the gradual and heavy losses of the marquis. First went all his ready money, then followed his ancestral palace at Genoa, his Florentine casino, his Roman villa, his estates in Austria, his pictures, his hereditary jewels. All—all were staked and lost. Yet he played on until the day dawned, and awoke him to a sense of the utter ruin he had made. The pale light of the morning struck into the room, and played upon the wall in striking contrast to the dim glare of the expiring tapers. The marquis looked more like a statue than a human, living being. The gold was piled up in heaps, bonds, and contracts, and parchments, lay beside them.

Fearfully appalling was the expression of the old man's countenance. He found himself stripped of everything. Fixing his bloodshot eyes upon Stephen Utercliv, he said, in a tone which sounded like the menacing mutterings of a thunder-storm:

"Sir, all that I have lost is yours! I trust that I shall find you a most gentle creditor. The other players, who had the prudence to withdraw early, have won a very trifle; but *you*—houses, lands, jewels, pictures, gold—all, even to the very watch which tells me the hour, are passed away. At this moment you may say—perhaps you will say: 'Old man, that you can break your fast to-day will be wholly owing to my bounty, for you have nothing of your own.'"

"But allow me—"

"Allow me, sir, to speak. I have lost my wealth—all; but perhaps my years and these grey hairs may entitle me to be heard. Perhaps you would command my absence? Perhaps you are anxious to count the sum of your new wealth? You may—"

"Indeed, sir—"

"Again, I say, let me speak! I think we met at Vienna! I think, young man, that then I gave you to understand that your attentions to my daughter were not acceptable to me?"

"My dear sir—"

"You loved my daughter, then? Deny it not! I heard you swear, on bended knees, to love her always! I had the power to say then, and I did say, 'Love her not!' But you did love her! Did you not?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so! Do you still love her? Speak with your lips what the changing hues of your face have already told me! Young man, do you still love my daughter?"

"As I love my life!"

"It is well! I am not wholly beggared! I had forgotten one jewel—and the richest! I have one stake left! I WILL PLAY FOR MY DAUGHTER!"

At this strange proposal, made with all the measured calmness of despair, all the rest of the party started on their feet in utter astonishment; and it was evident, from their looks, that they did not wish Stephen to accept it. The young man's face lighted up with a most joyous expression. He could have thrown himself into the arms of the marquis; but nothing could surpass the *hauteur* with which he was repulsed. Still, not perceiving that his late opponent had become a bitter enemy, Stephen Utercliv drew himself up to his full height, and said, in a grave and dignified manner:

"Sir, if you will have me for a son-in-law, here, at this moment, I humbly say, in the presence of these gentlemen, take back all that Chance has robbed you of! I fear, from your looks, that I do entreat in vain?"

"Indeed you do!" exclaimed the marquis, passionately. There was silence for some minutes.

"Well, then," said Stephen, "I accept your proposal! I will stake whatever you may think fit to name!"

The bystanders uttered a murmur of horror. Foscarini glanced at them with stern contempt. He turned to Stephen, and said:

"Whatever sum you please!"

"I will stake against your daughter all that I have here won from you—all that I possess in the world besides, even to the reversion of the heritage which will descend to me from my father!"

"It is well!" said the marquis.

They sat down.

"I am tired of the cards!" said the marquis. "Permit me to propose that we try our fortunes, this time, with the dice?"

"As you please!" answered Utercliv.

"And to give variety, suppose that the winner shall be he whose single cast has the lowest number?"

"As you wish!" answered Utercliv.

"Then," said the marquis, apparently as unconcerned as if he was about to play for a five-franc piece, "as I am the challenger, I think I should have the first throw! It is rather a disadvantage!"

He took up the dice-box, gaily rattled the dice, and then made the cast.

"By Jove," said the English captain, "that's a good throw! The marquis has thrown aces! The marquis wins Fifty to one on the marquis!"

"The real odds are not quite so much!" said the marquis. "Besides, M. Utercliv may throw aces also; and then, as there would be a tie, we must throw again, and the chances would be even!"

"No great chance," said the captain, "that he will throw aces! Now, if the marquis had thrown seven, it would be a different thing! There are more chances that seven will turn up, on two dice of sixes, than any other number. Seize-ace make seven; so do cinq-deuce; so do quatre-trois! To make a cinq, you can only have quatre-ace and trois-deuce; and for a quatre we have only deuces, or trav-ace!"

"You are quite learned in these matters!" said Utercliv, taking the box.

"Why," answered the captain, "as we sometimes play hazard in England—to say nothing of backgammon—Hoyle stands next to hand with us, like the "Post Office Directory," and the "Red Book," on the desk or library-table!"

As Stephen's acquaintance with English literature did not extend to these valuable hand-books, he merely bowed to the captain and rattled the dice.

He threw them.

The dice had accidentally fallen in an odd position. One of them had lodged on the top of the other. *It was an ace.* Thus only one actually appeared as Stephen Utercliv's cast. The marquis gently raised the topmost die. The second die, strangely enough, *was an ace also.*

"You must throw again," said the captain, "that cast is no cast, as both dice did not show."

"No," lisped the Parisian banker, who had some experience at Frescati's, "I think that as the marquis has raised the die, and shown the second die to be also an ace, it must be considered that aces have been shown, and it must be taken as a tie. Both gentlemen must throw again."

"Certainly not," said the captain. "I have played five thousand hits of backgammon in England, to say nothing of hazard; and when the die lodges, the caster throws the dice over again, but the other throw stands."

"Sir," said the marquis, addressing Stephen Utercliv, "neither of these gentlemen have spoken correctly. *You have won the throw.* The agreement was clear—that the thrower of the lowest number should win. I threw aces. You, more fortunate, have thrown a single ace. The game is yours."

Fearful that some dreadful scene might follow, the bystanders prepared to depart. The marquis was calm. They did not see that it was the calmness of despair. They paid their parting respects to him, which he acknowledged with his usual stately-courtesy. But they paused, as they were at the door, for they saw that the father who had just lost his child on the cast of a die, was subdued to tears.

Stephen drew near to him, and said, in the most conciliatory manner:

"My dear marquis, consider all that has passed between us as but a dream. You are not a loser, nor am I a winner."

"I not a loser? Ask these gentlemen whether I have lost nothing. Look at your own rich spoils on that table, and say that you have won nothing! Think that I have lost my honour—that I have lost my own self-esteem—that I have put up my child as a gambler's last desperate stake, and say that I have lost nothing! Not a word! Think not I mean to excite your compassion. Thank God, a Foscarini need not stoop so low as that! No, if my manner—if my tears say so, then my manner and my tears do belie me."

He advanced to the door. Before he could reach it he had fallen down. Strong agitation had overcome him. The old man was insensible—a paralytic stroke had made him incapable of motion, mind and body.

Immediate assistance was afforded. In a few weeks the marquis was pronounced out of danger. In little more than a month from the attack he was once more convalescent, though much shaken, and received no visitors. His daughter, who was unwearied in her attendance on him, noticed, with sorrow, that, since his illness, his whole manner had changed. He had no idea that she was aware of what had occurred on the last occasion when he had played with Stephen Utercliv. He felt now that something remained for him to do, and he nerved himself to do it.

Utercliv had gone to a *soirée*, and on returning to the hotel in which he resided, the porter informed him that two persons were in his apartments, and—it now being midnight—had there been waiting for some time. On entering the room, he saw the marquis and his daughter.

"No doubt my presence here at this late hour is a surprise to you," said Foscarini, deliberately. "However, this interview would have taken place before, if it had not pleased heaven, as you know, to afflict me with sudden and severe illness. My first visit was due to you, sir; gambling debts," he added, with a bitter smile, "must be paid. I come to discharge mine. Sir, you have won my daughter. She is here. I bring her to you. I have used no force to conduct her hither. She accompanied me of her own free will. Did you not, Teresa?"

He spoke with a cold sneer upon his lips. His daughter could not answer for her tears.

After a brief delay, in which he appeared to reflect on what he should say, he resumed:

"She is yours. I have no longer a daughter. But you, mark me—you have not yet a wife. I will never acknowledge you as a son-in-law. Whoever weds my daughter, must be of noble lineage—you, Sir, are nobody."

"Let me assure you that you are mistaken," said Stephen Utercliv. "I have not hitherto spoken of my family, but I am sure that it is in every respect entitled to rank with your own."

"Not until my death," continued the marquis, not heeding Utercliv's observation, "can Teresa be your wife. Not before, because she would not do anything contrary to my wish. However, you won the stake, and here she is." And as he said this, he took Teresa by the hand, and presented her to Utercliv.

Immediately he went to the door, turned the key in the lock, and fixed the bolt. He rushed back into the middle of the room.

"Now for revenge!" he shouted, in a terrible voice, and with the fiery glance and infuriated gesture of a maniac. He produced a pair of pistols. "Mark me!—both of these weapons are unloaded. I will load one of them. You see that I have put in the powder. Let me now drive the ball firmly down. It is done. We will confound these weapons together, so that neither can know which is loaded. There. I do not know which holds the deadly charge. One of us will know at once. We will each take a pistol, present it at the breast, and pull the trigger at the same moment. If I slay you, I dare say that my daughter will return home with me—for it is scarcely possible that you can have disposed of her by testament. If you kill me, Teresa may wed her father's slayer—if she will!"

While the marquis had been busied with the pistols, and while he had been speaking, Stephen Utercliv had steadily kept his eyes upon him, confident that his mind was affected, and undecided what to do or say. He knew that a maniac is best controlled by quiet firmness. He therefore listened with calmness to what the marquis said, in the hope, too, that his passion might exhaust itself in vehement language. Now, when the marquis ceased to speak, Stephen again made an effort to reason with him.

"Your daughter," said he, "belongs not to you nor to me. In a moment of excitement you risked her upon the hazard of the dice. I do not claim her because the cast was in my favour. I would hope that, when you examine my pretensions, you will find that, in family and in fortune, I am not inferior to yourself. I love your daughter, and would be content to leave to her the decision on which depends my future happiness. As for the losses which you sustained, I have not taken advantage of them. Your money, your papers, your securities, are in yonder desk, at your command whenever you please to receive them. I played with you not for gain, but in the hope of weaning you from play, or, if that unhappy passion continued, of letting you feel its evil effects. I fancied that if I could make you believe that you were ruined, the effect of the reverse would be beneficial, and then that, when your fortune was restored to you, I might hope to be repaid by your sanction for my attachment to Teresa."

"Name her not!" shouted the marquis. "Move one step—utter one word, and I fire into my daughter's heart. Sit down!"

With strength to which his fury now added vehement power, the marquis forced Utercliv into a chair. He seated himself in another, immediately opposite. There they sat—so close that Stephen felt his hot breath upon his face. He thrust one of the pistols into Stephen's hand. Teresa, moveless as a statue—paralysed by fear—remained standing within a few feet of her father and her lover. She was wholly incapable of action or speech, and looked on, like one astonished.

"Now," cried the marquis, "comes on the last scene of the melodrama! The devoted lover, the stony-hearted father, the beautiful daughter, all are on the stage, and one little click of the trigger will give the *dénouement*. Now, sir, you have your weapon! Thus I raise mine, and when I count *three*, I shall fire. You may do the same."

With an involuntary impulse, Stephen raised his hand—that which held the pistol.

"One—two—three."

Instantly the marquis pulled the trigger —

Stephen Utercliv and the marquis were seated opposite each other, pistol in hand, only one of the weapons being loaded, and neither of the combatants knowing which held it. The marquis pulled the trigger, and the pistol missed fire: thanks to his using flints instead of percussion caps. Overcome by excitement, the old man fell back in his seat: he had fainted. M. Utercliv unlocked the door, had the marquis conveyed to his chamber, to which a brain fever confined him for many weeks. On his recovery, Stephen Utercliv solicited and obtained an interview. He succeeded in convincing the marquis that he was neither an adventurer nor a fortune-hunter, but the only son of a Polish nobleman, whose family had settled at Vienna, on the first partition of Poland, in 1772, and was not inferior in blood or wealth to the Foscarini, even in the proudest days of Genoa. A great change had passed over the mind of the marquis during his recent sufferings. He looked back on the past with horror, believing that his previous conduct had exhibited insanity rather than any other motive: a belief shared by all who were cognisant of the circumstances. As a reparation, he not only consented to the marriage of M. Utercliv with Teresa, but hastened it by every means in his power. Within three months, therefore, of the events which we have related, the espousal took place; and, in another month—rather happily, we think for his son-in-law—the marquis shuffled off this mortal coil.

AN EVENING PARTY AT DAMASCUS.

DURING the summer evenings my relative, at whose house I was staying, gave frequent entertainments to his friends and acquaintances amongst the inhabitants of Damascus. On these occasions, the ladies of the different families honoured us with their presence, and occasionally some of the European consuls and merchants were invited.

A description of one evening party will describe the whole.

First, then, we will introduce the stranger into the house where the *farah* (feast) is to be held. Women are busily occupied in washing out and sweeping the courtyard; the flowers and other plants are fresh watered; the marble fountain is decorated with coloured lanterns and festoons of flowers; carpets are spread, and divan cushions ranged against the walls; the *mistaba* is tastefully lighted, and a highly inflammable torch, composed of the fat wood of fir, resin, and other ingredients, is planted in each of the four corners. In the smoking apartment of the *mistaba*, preparations are making on a grand scale. Large bags of ready-washed and prepared *timbac* are hung upon nails in the wall, to filter and to be fit for immediate use when the *narghilies* are called into requisition. Tobacco pouches are filled. Two additional *mangals* of charcoal fire and some additional coffee-pots are prepared. Decanters are filled with *arrabi*, wine, liqueurs, orange-flower, and rose-water; and the cut-glass saucers replenished with candied preserves; whilst two maid-servants and a boy, assisted and superintended by the mistress of the house, are busy grinding coffee, and decocting huge bowls of deliciously-iced lemonade. In addition to all this, a side-table is groaning under the weight of plates of sliced oranges and picked pomegranates, with numerous other fruits, and a great variety of pastry. By the time all these arrangements are completed, the night sets in. The whole yard is illuminated; the members of the household and the servants are busily engaged donning their best attire, and the company of hired musicians arrive. The music striking up is the signal for the nearest invited neighbours to make their appearance. They arrive—the men clad in long, loose, silken robes; the women enveloped in their white *izars*: but these latter are speedily thrown aside at the invitation of the lady of the house, who assists in helping the guests to disrobe, and then confides their *izars* to the trusty care of the handmaiden.

Now these veils are not all of the same make, and they have no initials or other distinguishing mark. Notwithstanding this, no confusion ensues on the breaking up of a party as to the identification: every lady is quick to recognise her own peculiar *izar* from the mass of white sheets that are folded and piled one above another upon the divan in the up-stairs dressing-room. Soon the whole party have arrived, and the amusements of the evening commence with vocal and instrumental music. After this, some of the gentlemen stand up and go through the graceful attitudes of the Syrian dance, then some others volunteer the sword dance, or the Bedouin dance; some of the married ladies then take courage, but it requires coaxing and threats to induce the timid damsel to display her skill. Persuasion being out of the question, some old gentleman gets up and pretends that he is going to dance instead of her, and he goes through a few steps till he comes close up to some girl that he has singled out from the circle. Seizing her arm with no very gentle force, he whirls into the centre of the yard, and meanwhile some one who has watched the manoeuvre, acts the same part by some other blushing maiden. These are confronted face to face, and there is now no escape, so they commence, at first timidly and bashfully, but getting gradually excited by the music, they lose all this pretended bashfulness, and do their best to outshine each other; and truly there is rarely a more graceful sight than two beautiful Damascene girls, elegantly dressed and bespangled with jewels, displaying their graceful figures to the best advantage, to the slow but becoming measures of the dance. All the other young ladies now follow their example, and as each couple retires at the termination of their efforts to please, they are hailed with shouts of applause, and liberally besprinkled with rose and orange-flower water. The old ladies evince their approbation by a peculiar vibrating scream, produced by the voice passing through the nearly closed lips, whilst the under-lip is kept in a continual tremulous state by the rapid application of the back of the fore-finger to that part of the feature. When dancing is over for the evening, games of forfeit are introduced, and promote much mirth, especially one game called "*Tuthum, Tuthun—min Tuthun*."

After these games, which are something like those that amuse the young folks here, some one sings a song or tells a story, and a specimen of an Arabic tale is given with oriental fun and illustration.

Refreshments have been served at intervals; and the smoking has been incessant, the married ladies, especially mothers of families, indulging in whiffs at the *narghili*. It is considered unbecoming in a young lady to smoke, and they never do so in public; but as they often serve the *narghili* to distinguished guests, they are compelled to take some whiffs, as it is customary to present it lighted; and as this process does not appear to make them feel unwell, we naturally imagine that on the sly these young ladies frequently indulge themselves with a pipe. This, kind reader, is a fair sample of the manner in which the Damascus Christians amuse themselves during the evening.—*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.*

SOME one says, that the first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey; and, observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock all the weeping willows in England originated.

A HINT FOR TUTORS.—A parent would rush, in the greatest alarm, after a child that was indiscriminately eating wild fruits and berries, for fear it should lay hold of a poison. How much greater care ought to be exerted in preventing an indiscriminate use of books, lest the morals should imbibe a poison that will stamp the future character with irretrievable dishonour.



[THE ARTILLERY CAMP.]

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

EUROPE this summer presents the spectacle of one vast military training ground. Independent of the savage displays of Russia, France and Austria have taken to the tented field: so that the thunder of mimic war mutters deeply all over the continent. The mighty masses which Russia can hurl on any given point of her formidable frontier, has made the statesmen of all other nations think seriously, and many an anxious eye has been turned in doubt and dismay to the banks of the Danube. But while Russia has been indulging in practical demonstrations, and wickedly endangering the peace of the world, at a time when peace had become a valued and acknowledged institution, the displays of France and England have been more of a preparatory character. Neither, we believe, wishes for war; for in the present state of the French finances, war would cripple her resources, and afford the enemies of Louis Napoleon the coveted opportunity of aiming a fatal blow at his power and authority. England is so indoctrinated with maxims of peace, her spirit so earnestly and gratefully accepts the benefits of peace, that she would rather anathematise than stimulate the warlike ardour which, perhaps happily for the firm developments of civilisation, still lingers in the public breast; but England has a duty to perform to the world and to herself—and that is, to do all in her power to keep the peace, and set an example of order, dignity, and firmness. That she can only do by being fully prepared for every exigency—hence the camp at Chobham, and an enormous increase in the Royal Navy. And here we find now, as of old, the essential differences between the two countries strikingly brought out.

France makes a magnificent display of troops—her two camps contain the flower of her army, perfectly disciplined, well officered, and eager for the fray. Her navy does not exhibit the same alacrity. It is not only deficient in *esprit de corps*, but its movements are sluggish and uncertain—looking exactly as if it liked to hug the land, a thing a true English sailor abhors. But this not taking naturally to the sea is inherent in the Celtic races of modern times; although the Celts of antiquity were the mariners and merchants of the ages in which they flourished. France has none of the hardy Scandinavian spirit about her. She may conquer, but she cannot retain; because she has no colonising tendencies. She does not cultivate commerce, by sending her ships to the remotest corners of the earth, to lay the foundations of kingdoms and empires. Her footing out of France is weak and precarious. But with a population of probably forty millions, burning for distinction, and imbued with the warlike traditions of the past, the government, as much from motives of prudence as anything else, provides vents for this martial enthusiasm in spectacles and pomp. Soldiering, therefore, is a passion with the French people, and a large encampment no novelty. With England the case is widely different. The deck is the Englishman's field of fame, and among all classes the feeling is pretty strong that

Britannia needs no bulwarks—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves—
Her home is on the deep.

The army, therefore—out of the metropolis—has never been so popular as the navy; and if the Peace Society—ladies and gentlemen who nearly all belong to those sturdy north-west provinces upon which Cromwell so firmly relied for support—had their own way, the British army would be disbanded to-morrow. Happily, however, for the best interests of the nation, it is not ruled by mere sentiment, however good-natured may be its tone; and as at this present juncture circumstances have arisen to call for every effective means of strength being ready to be

called into active requisition at almost a moment's notice, the movements of our army are invested with more than an ordinary interest. In fact, we are beginning to be proud of our soldiers, and it may be accepted as a fact, that the camp at Chobham is the grand feature of the season.

Every day its popularity increases, and the efficiency of British troops is in every respect triumphantly established.

The military demonstrations that have been made were of the most varied character; and in continuing our illustrations of this remarkable military *fête*, we must mention, that pitched battles and sieges have been very frequent. The General, Lord Seaton, is an ardent admirer of the tactics of his late commander, the great Duke of Wellington; and, as a specimen of his mode of handling troops in the face of an enemy, we will briefly describe another mock engagement, which we had the good fortune to see in all its exciting details.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the troops were marched in columns of sections, left in front, to Flutter's Hill, a commanding position on the borders of the common, on the Chertsey side, where the division formed in a line of contiguous columns, with the cavalry and horse artillery on the right. The enemy was indicated by a handful of men, and was supposed to occupy, in great strength, the opposite side of the valley.

Lord Seaton, with his staff, having reconnoitred the enemy's position from the high ground, the division was ordered to advance, which it did in echelon of battalions from the left, covered by the Rifles, who threw out their skirmishers to the front, and opened fire. The Guards having deployed into line on the left, General Fane's and Sir De Lacy Evans's brigades took ground to the right, and prolonged it, while the Rifles were withdrawn, and the cavalry and artillery were drawn up in the rear. The whole infantry force was thus seen in one long line, extending more than a mile, and reaching right across the valley. A hot fire was at once opened from the left of this line upon the enemy, who were supposed to be in great force opposite. The cavalry, moving from the right, took ground to the left, and, forming a column of squadrons, advanced, throwing out skirmishers to the front. They were compelled, however, by the stout resistance they met, to retire through the line, which, resuming its fire, drove the enemy back, and formed into double column of companies in rear of the two centre companies of battalions. Having re-formed their line on the two centre companies of battalions, firing was resumed, while the batteries thundered from the heights in the rear. The movement into double column of companies was then repeated, and the cavalry advanced to the front, to follow up the effect of the fire. Notwithstanding these efforts, however, the enemy compelled the whole division to retire, which it did, covered by the two centre companies of each battalion skirmishing. When it fronted again, the cavalry and skirmishers were withdrawn, and the brigades advancing, deployed into line on the right company of each battalion—a deployment not easily made from a double column of companies, and which, from its difficulty, illustrated the high discipline of the troops. While these movements were taking place, the Guards occupied a position on the left, rather in advance of the line, the front of which their fire flanked. The enemy being now supposed to threaten the right, the whole line charged, the left being thrown forward on the right of battalions and the division being in echelon of battalions in line. The Rifles advanced once more to the front to skirmish, and under cover of their fire the division retired in open column of companies from the left of battalions, in rear of the right. Then the two leading battalions of each brigade deployed into line, one regiment being in reserve in column, and no more beautiful sight occurred during the day than that of these double lines retreating and firing alternately, supported by their reserves. The lines were next broken up into quarter-

distance columns—in rear of the right and left—and the whole division formed battalion squares in echelon, to receive cavalry. This was another splendid point in the evolutions—the solid masses opening a fire of musketry, which was not unnaturally supposed to have checked the enemy's pursuit. As they retreated, the Duke of Cambridge and his brigade of cavalry swept down upon them, the artillery was brought to bear, and the Highlanders and the Coldstreams, deploying into line and advancing with levelled bayonets, charged them home. What foe could withstand such a demonstration of military force? The imagined enemy, that for four hours had contended so bravely, was at length dissipated into thin air, and the triumphant troops returned to their quarters, well appetised for dinner.

These manoeuvres might almost have been taken as a representation of one of the "Duke's" battles in the Peninsula. Lord Seaton carries out to their furthest development the tactics of the deceased hero under whom he served, and to whom in character he bears some resemblance. He executes all his movements in open column, acting on Wellington's principle of being always ready to show the largest possible front. In the French army, movements are generally executed in columns at quarter distance—its line is three deep, instead of two deep, like ours. Napoleon advanced to the attack in columns, while our plan is to advance in line. We expose our men as little as possible, and trust to their firmness and discipline. These were effectually tested at Waterloo, when the following testimony was extorted from an enemy—General Foy: "Neither the cannon-balls of the Imperial Guard, discharged point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset."

It may here be observed, that Napoleon's plan of attack was not an original invention of his own: he had borrowed it from the Romans, who always began battle with the light troops, thrown out as skirmishers; and when the engagement had waxed desperate, retired, and the army was formed into a compact mass, and made an impetuous and last attack—for, if the assault failed, the day was lost. Wellington disliked, even ridiculed this mode of attack, and attributed most of Napoleon's reverses to his obstinate adherence to it. But among continental authorities, their system is considered to have some advantage over ours, because ours tends to give our battalions a less dense and more straggling appearance. But, to counterbalance this, the sacrifice of life is not so great with us, and our men are more entirely available for attack or defence. Influenced by these considerations—which largely determined our victories in the last war—Lord Seaton shows a great predilection for movements in open column. Had he raw recruits, or half-disciplined militia to deal with, he could not hope to make them, over the rough ground of the common, preserve their distance and covering. But he shows that he has the pick and flower of the British army to handle, and he treats them as "men who can go anywhere and do anything."

But the troops are not restricted to manoeuvres within a narrow compass—they have long advances and struggles across bridges in the face of an enemy. They also cross rivers on pontoons—in fact, are exercised in every description of attack, every feint practised to draw an enemy from a formidable position, and, in addition, are instructed in the most difficult and dangerous branch of military tactics—the art of retreating. So that it will be perceived they are hard worked, and Canvas Town presents a scene of as great industry as any place in the kingdom.

We rejoice in being able again to announce that the *physique* of the division continues unimpaired—it is really magnificent, and the conduct of the men excellent. A



[THE RETREAT.]

riend, however, draws our attention to the absence of amusements in the camp. After the fatigues of the day, the men are left to their own resources—which are talking, smoking, or reading, with an occasional game at cards.

In this respect, the arrangements are defective, and in another lamentably so, compared with the French army—we allude to educational requisites. In the French army, many camp hours are devoted to useful studies. A soldier or non-commissioned officer is called out to write a sentence on a board, dictated by the schoolmasters, and to construe it—another a problem in algebra—another to sketch on the board a fortification, explaining aloud the peculiar uses of each work. The general then puts questions to the officers under the rank of captain and to the non-commissioned officers, and the man must indeed be master of his profession to put such questions. Now we have nothing of this kind in the British army—and that we think an omission which amounts to a grave fault. The soldier is quite as much entitled to a sound practical education as a civilian, and we have yet to learn that a little more learning would make a British soldier less brave than he is. Were such to be the case, the British army would produce few Wellingtons, or Moores, or Napiers, or Abercrombies. The real explanation is, that while nobody is indifferent to the education of the army, there is nobody to take the active part in its promotion. The *laissez faire* principle is too much patronised in this country—there is too great a proneness to let everything work out its own purposes, and adjust itself unaided.

We are not partial to excessive government interference with any class or interests, but as the army is essentially the very *protégé*—the very staff of the government—we can consistently contend that it ought to receive a larger increase of justice in respect to its educational necessities. As the art of war is becoming more and more independent of the mere valour of the men actually engaged, so must the intelligence of the human material approximate to the immense progress made in the management of the system itself. Improved cannon and rifles will be the actual combatants in less than a quarter of a century, and to wield those formidable instruments of warfare will require more intelligence and tact than courage. Brown Bess and the bayonet have seen their best days; even those least conversant with the nature of military movements, in viewing the operations at Chobham, must have observed that, with the artillery and Rifle Brigade in active requisition, these weapons were more effective for defence than attack. But the whole system of war all over the continent is being reduced to mathematical precision; and as we may have in time to encounter either the embattled hosts of Russia, or the legions of France, it is indispensable for the honour and glory of the British soldier, that his mental *status* should be at least equal to that of the enemy.

THE HEIR APPARENT TO THE BRITISH THRONE UNDER INSTRUCTION.

THE London correspondent of a North German paper relates a story with regard to the way in which Prince Albert disciplines his children:

The young prince stood one day in his room in the palace at Windsor, at the window, whose panes reached to the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead, was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young prince said:

"I don't want to."

"Then," said Miss Hillyard, "I must put you in the corner."

"I won't learn!" answered the little fellow, reso-

lutely; "and won't stand in the corner—for I am the Prince of Wales!"

And as he said this, he knocked out one of the panes with his foot. At this Miss Hillyard rose from her seat, and said:

"Sir, you must learn, or I must put you in the corner!"

"I won't!" said he, knocking out a second pane.

The governess then rang, and told the servant who entered to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his royal highness immediately on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once, and heard the statement of the whole matter, after which he turned to his little son, and said, pointing to an ottoman:

"Sit down there, and wait till I return." Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. "Listen now," he said to the Prince of Wales, "to what the holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." Hereupon he read Galat. iv. 1 and 2: "Now I say that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may become a man of high station, and even, after the death of your mother, may become King of England. But now you are a little boy, who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you another saying of the wise Solomon, in Proverbs xiii. 24—'He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.' " Hereupon the father took out a rod, and gave the heir to the throne of the weightiest empire in Christendom a very palpable switching, and then stood him up in the corner, saying, "You will stand here and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget again that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God."

"This," adds the correspondent, "is an excellent Christian mode of education, which every citizen and peasant who has a child may well take to his heart as a model."

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS OF MOUNT LEBANON.

THE same rules hold good amongst them as amongst the nobility, with regard to the choice of brides. No young man can marry out of the immediate range of his relations, so long as there are any single girls in the family; and a deviation from this rule is so fiercely resented, that it is scarcely ever heard of. On the other hand, should a young girl dare to fix her affections on any young man not her cousin, the whole of her male relations rise up in arms, and, after having made for her what they consider a fit and appropriate choice from amongst themselves, if argument and persuasion fail in bringing her to a sense of her impropriety, bring her to the altar by force. Such an occurrence, to be sure, is rare; but the exception proves the rule.

The consequence of this custom is, that there are families of one name in the Lebanon so numerous as to amount to clans, and who boast of from one hundred to one hundred-and-fifty, and even two hundred men, bearing arms, which is a source of immense pride and gratification, and confers influence and importance.

A few days before the marriage takes place, the peasant takes a propitiatory present of fowls, coffee, or sugar, to his landlord or feudal chief, and asks permission to perform the ceremony. A week is spent in rejoicings at his own home by the bridegroom, who all this time wears a pelisse of honour, sent him by his landlord; by the bride,

in preparations for her nuptials. On the day fixed—usually on a Sunday—the bridegroom's relations come for the bride, when all her connections make presents, varying from one to five shillings each, which are collected in a purse, and given to the bride before she leaves the paternal roof. She takes her farewell by kissing the hands of all the male members of her family in succession.

The procession is now formed, and moves on at the slowest pace possible; the bride walking or riding, according to circumstances, closely veiled. A halt is made every five minutes, when the party sing songs, accompanied by music, while some perform the sword-dance. An hour is sometimes taken up in traversing a hundred yards. This uncommonly tedious rate of advancing is intended to indicate that the bride is in no extraordinary haste to reach her future husband, and is a part of that characteristic reserve and modesty, whether real or fictitious, which distinguishes the sex on all such occasions in the East.

If the party have to go through a village on their route, the bride keeps her hand to her head, which is bashfully held down all the time occupied in passing through: thus respectfully saluting the inhabitants, who on their parts sprinkle her with corn and raisins. On reaching her future home, the bride flings a pomegranate amongst the party; which is greedily snatched up and partitioned by the young men, and is supposed to give the marriage infection. As she crosses the threshold, she takes out of her bosom a piece of yeast, which she has brought from her father's house, and sticks it firmly on the door-post,—signifying thereby her resolution to cleave closely to her husband; the latter, at the same moment, standing on the roof, exactly above the door, with a drawn sword over her head,—emblematical of the absolute sway which he is to hold over her throughout life.—Colonel Churchill's *Mount Lebanon*.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF
"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,
QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLII.

Alas! that such a stain should fall
From woman's love, more sad than all
MOORE'S *LOVES OF THE ANGELS*.

EARLY in the month of February, 1567, occurred one of those horrible and mysterious events which sully the page of history. Henry Darnley, the Boy-King of Scotland, as he has been contemptuously called, was foully murdered the house in which he resided, a short distance from Holyrood, being blown up by gunpowder, a few hours after Mary had paid him an amicable visit. Suspicion not unnaturally pointed to the queen, whom he had fearfully outraged by assisting at the assassination of her favourite secretary, which atrocity was perpetrated in her presence.

Public rumour openly designated the Earl of Bothwell as the actual murderer of the weak-minded husband of his sovereign. His name had long been coupled in a scandalous manner, by the people, with the queen's.

To do Elizabeth justice, in the first impulse of the moment, on hearing of the deed, she wrote, in a manner worthy of her sex and rank, to her unfortunate cousin. Had she always acted towards her with the same noble, generous frankness which pervades this remarkable letter, how different might have been the fate of the unhappy Mary!

"For the love of God, madam," she says, "use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you

innocent of so enormous a crime—a thing which, unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befall you, I should wish you an honourable sepulchre, instead of a stained life."

It is painful to contrast sentiments which honoured the heiress of the royal line of Plantagenet with her previous crooked policy touching the marriage of her cousin, or the inveterate malice with which she afterwards persecuted, and ultimately brought her to the block.

Elizabeth for more than two years had detained her own cousin, the Countess of Lennox, mother of the murdered prince, a close prisoner in the Tower, as well as her youngest son, the Lord Charles—the sole ground of their detention being the marriage of *her subject*, Henry Darnley, without her permission, with the Queen of Scots.

Deeply as she undoubtedly felt the degradation of her cousin Mary, Elizabeth was of too crafty a spirit not to perceive the advantage it gave her over her long-hated rival, and too ungenerous not to use it.

"We must release our prisoners, Cecil!" she said, in a private council with her secretary. "The Lennox brood will clamour loudly, and make their griefs heard in every court of Europe, for the boy Henry's death. His offence against our crown and dignity be buried with him!"

"You are right, your majesty!" replied the wily statesman, bowing low; "a deep sympathy is excited throughout the kingdom for the unfortunate countess and her family. Were parliament assembled, nothing, I feel assured, would restrain the Commons from addressing the throne for their release."

A frown, almost amounting to a scowl, rested for an instant on the brow of Elizabeth, who, throughout her long reign, fiercely resented the interference of the legislature in any matter touching either her marriage, the succession, or the policy which she thought proper to adopt towards those who stood in a direct line to the crown.

"If I thought that, she should lie and rot where she is!" exclaimed the royal virago; "we are not to be schooled either by the peers or citizens! God's death! have they forgotten that I am the daughter of Henry VIII., who once threatened to strike off the head of the speaker of the Commons, when that insolent body refused to pass his bill? I have been too patient with these knaves!"

"Madam," observed the prudent Cecil, "your royal father's title to the throne was not a doubtful one!"

"Doubtful!" repeated Elizabeth, her eyes flashing fire.

"Disputed, I should have said!" added the secretary, correcting himself; "since he united in his own person the inheritance of York and Lancaster. The sovereign authority had not been weakened, as in the reign of your brother Edward, by unwise concession. Parliament, after all," he added, "has proved your majesty's most constant friend. Its prompt recognition ended all dispute upon your sister's death."

His royal mistress was too deeply sensible of this important truth to feel offended at the boldness with which it was uttered.

"Enough for the praters and meddlers at present!" she said, resuming her former good humour; "doubtless, in due time, we shall find the means to bring both Houses to reason! But of our cousin, the Lady Lennox: we persist in our good intentions towards her, and this very day will send one of our ladies of honour—one of our own blood—the Lady Howard—to break the sad intelligence, and console her!"

"To be followed, I trust, madam, by her release and restoration to your royal favour!" said the minister. "In the hands of your majesty, she may be made *useful*! The imprudence of the Queen of Scotland will not end with the death of her husband!"

"What mean you?" demanded Elizabeth, fixing her eyes searchingly upon him.

"She will marry his assassin."

The countenance of the queen became radiant with smiles at the mere possibility of such an imprudent step, which she was astute enough to perceive would place the conduct of Mary in a still more odious light. At this period her desire was to humble and crush her imprudent cousin—render her dependent upon herself for countenance and support against the indignation of her subjects. The block and axe had not yet risen to her view, in the hideous horizon of the future.

"Has the pension of the Lord Murray," she demanded, "been regularly paid?"

Elizabeth knew that it had not, but she was hypocritical even with her confidant, Cecil—who answered that it was in arrears.

"Then let them be paid up—and instantly: the gold may stand him in good service now. We must not act the niggard to our friends. I am grieved, Cecil—much grieved—lest he should deem I have broken faith with him!"

The secretary could scarcely restrain a smile at the transparent duplicity of the speaker—who, to his certain knowledge, had received letter upon letter from the Lord Murray, and others of the Scottish confederates, soliciting the arrears of their pensions, which Elizabeth—not having any immediate necessity for their services—with her customary parsimony, refused to pay. It is doubtful, in fact, if she had ever condescended to notice one of them.

That very night, trusty agents were dispatched to Scotland, charged with the means, as well as secret instructions, to assist the malcontents in every way which the craft or gold of the English sovereign could serve them in.

"Married to Bothwell!" repeated Elizabeth; "married to Darnley's murderer! Should she take that step, she is

lost—crown and fame! Thank heaven, with all my weakness, I am still less a woman than a queen! Married to Bothwell!" she again murmured, with a sinister smile. "Her throne will crumble into ashes! I shall see her a fugitive—perhaps a suppliant at my feet! I should like to see that day!" she added, proudly. "The proverb is not an idle one—'Gare those who touch the crown of the Plantagenets and Tudors!'"

It was late in the evening of the same day before Lady Howard, who had waited for the tide to take water from Westminster, arrived at the Tower, bearing an order from Elizabeth to admit her to the captive Countess of Lennox. She found the illustrious prisoner—who was still in the prime of life—seated near the window of a lofty and not uncomfortably-furnished apartment in the White Tower. Her youngest son, Charles—a mere youth—was kneeling by her side, and consoling her.

"From her majesty the queen!" exclaimed the Lieutenant of the Tower, who, out of deference to the birth of the countess and her visitor, had ushered Lady Howard to the presence of his charge.

The two ladies, who had not met for more than a year, embraced, and the officer left the room.

"Ah, Howard!" exclaimed the Countess of Lennox, "this is kind indeed! How few like you inquire the wretched out, to comfort them in misery! But how is this?" she added, glancing at the same time at the costume of her visitor, who wore a kirtle and gown of black taffeta, with black and white *passemensures*. "In weeds! Has fortune been unkind to you, and robbed you of your life's stay?"

"Not to me!" answered the messenger of Elizabeth. "although I share the grief of those whose pangs will speak their love when they shall learn their loss!"

"When they shall learn their loss!" repeated the prisoner, her countenance turning pale with the instinctive apprehension of a mother's fears; "Howard, tell me, I implore you, what has happened! My tyrant cousin has not assailed the life or liberty of my husband or my son?"

"No," replied the visitor; "my Lord of Lennox is well—quite well—and likely to be restored to favour. I heard her majesty speak of him this very day with great pity and commendation."

"Pity!" exclaimed Lord Charles, indignantly; "tell your haughty mistress, madam, it is justice, and not pity, that we require at her hands!"

"Peace, Charles!" said his mother, in an affectionate and subdued tone; "we are captives now, and must submit!" Turning to Lady Howard, she added: "Let me know the worst! From girlhood I could ever endure misfortune better than suspense. The news you bring touches the welfare of my son, the King of Scotland?"

"Of Lord Henry Darnley," said Lady Howard, who was far too prudent, and too much of a courtier, to give, even in private, a title to the late husband of the Queen of Scots which her royal mistress had not only refused to acknowledge, but commanded never to be pronounced in her presence.

"I say of the King of Scots!" exclaimed Charles Lennox, passionately. "King he is, and king he will remain, despite the red-haired daughter of Anne Boleyn!"

"My boy—my boy!" exclaimed the countess passionately, her mother's heart at that moment taking but little heed of earthly titles and distinctions; "Henry is ill? For God's sake, Howard, say that he is only ill, and I will bless you!"

Instead of trying to disengage herself from the grasp of the speaker, the messenger of sorrow pressed her yet closer in her arms, and whispered in her ear:

"Alas! there is a son in heaven who prays for his mother in captivity! Mary of Scotland is a widow!"

"Dead! my brother dead!" said the youthful prisoner; "then he has been murdered!"

Lady Howard remained silent.

"Right, boy!" exclaimed his mother, sternly, at the same time dashing aside her tears; "he has been murdered! We will weep for him when we have avenged him: till then it would be mockery! Tell me," she added, turning towards the Lady Howard, "who is a mother's lips to curse for this? Who has robbed her of her elder born—the pride of her fond heart? But why do I ask? The daughter of Anne Boleyn reigns in England! May every—"

"Hold!" gravely pronounced the confidant of Elizabeth, interrupting her; "charge not your soul with such injustice! Her majesty has not only expressed the utmost indignation at the atrocious deed, but instructed her ambassador to demand the punishment of the perpetrators. The courtesan," she continued, with a hesitating glance, "is, I fear, too highly placed for human justice yet to reach her!"

"Name her—name her?" exclaimed both the prisoners.

"Mary Stuart, Queen Regnant of Scotland," was the reply—which from that moment became indelibly impressed upon the heart of the Countess of Lennox, who never could be induced to believe her innocent, but demanded vengeance on her at the hands of Elizabeth to the last.

The impression which the messenger of the queen was intended to convey was clearly made. That same evening Elizabeth sent her own physician, and a divine from her own chapel, to visit her captive cousin, whom a few days afterwards she restored to liberty, and apparently to favour.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Gone to be married—false blood to false blood
JOHN D.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE crowning act of weakness and folly—but we still believe not of guilt—of the unfortunate Mary Stuart's life,

was her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, who, in the eyes of her own subjects, as well as the opinion of Europe, was the murderer of Henry Darnley.

This ill-assorted union was followed by violent commotions in Scotland. Murray and the rebel lords, taking advantage of the queen's unpopularity, at once appealed to arms. The partisans of Mary were few and dispirited—consequently, the contest was neither long nor doubtful the royal forces were defeated; and, after being exposed to the insults of her rebellious people, Mary Stuart was sent a prisoner to the Castle of Lochleven, where an act of abdication was forced from her by the unmanly violence of Lord Ruthven, who absolutely seized her by the wrist to compel her to write her name.

The resentment of Elizabeth towards her hapless cousin was amply gratified: her throne was shattered, the crown rent from her brow, and transferred to an infant's, and the government of the country in the hands of Murray and his confederates, who had long been in the pay of England.

But if the hatred of the woman was satisfied, the prudence of the sovereign was alarmed. The example of deposing an independent sovereign, whose title to the possession of her crown had never been disputed, was too near her own doors to be pleasant; and she directed her ambassadors not only to console the captive queen, but offer, in her name, stern remonstrances to her rebellious subjects.

Throgmorton, who then represented the maiden queen in Scotland, appears to have fulfilled his instructions with zeal and ability.

At the same time, Elizabeth wrote the following letter to the Queen Mother and Regent of France, Catherine de Medicis. It was copied from the royal archives of St. Petersburg, by permission of the present Emperor of Russia, and first published by Miss Agnes Strickland, whose researches and writing reflect an honour both upon her sex and country, especially when the tact and delicacy with which she has treated certain portions of history are considered.

We are proud to offer this tribute of admiration to her labours.

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the Queen of Scots, I rejoice very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked!) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king my brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH."

How the infamous Catherine, whose crimes have rendered her notorious, must have sneered as she read the epistle—knowing, as she did, the hatred which the writer entertained towards the unhappy Queen of Scots!

The subject of Elizabeth's marriage with the archduke was again renewed. Sussex, who was ambassador to the imperial court, wrote his mistress several amusing letters touching the prince's person and character. The match, however, was ultimately broken off on account of the difference of religion: his imperial highness refusing to abandon the religion of his ancestors, even for the crown matrimonial of England; and Elizabeth was far too politic to weaken the hold she possessed upon the affections of her subjects.

It would be digressing from our present labours were we to enter more into the details of the life of Mary. We must content ourselves, therefore, with touching upon such points as bring her into immediate contact with Elizabeth.

The Queen of Scots, assisted by George Douglas and others of her friends, contrived to escape from the Castle of Lochleven, where she was a prisoner, and rally round her standard the devoted adherents which remained to her.

Unhappily the forces of the rebels vanquished her troops at the Battle of Langside. She would have retired to Dumbarton, but her retreat was cut off.

In this dilemma she wrote to Elizabeth, entreating her hospitality and protection. The resolution was a fatal one—fatal alike to the honour of the princess to whom she appealed, and to her own happiness.

As a further means of touching the heart of her royal kinswoman, Mary sent back to her a token, in the shape

of a diamond heart, which her cousin had formerly sent to her.

Mary crossed the Frith of Solway, attended only by Lord Herries and a few domestics; and on the 16th of May landed on the coast of Cumberland. Being honourably welcomed by the gentry of the north, she proceeded at once to Carlisle, from which place she dispatched letters to Elizabeth, whose joy at hearing of the step her imprudent rival had taken, could only be equalled by the mortification she endured from the honourable reception she had met with from the gentry of Cumberland, and the sympathy which her misfortunes appeared to excite amongst the high nobility of the kingdom.

At a council held immediately upon the receipt of the important intelligence of Mary being in England, it was resolved to send Lord Scroop and Sir Francis Knollys to congratulate her in the name of Elizabeth. The messengers were to be accompanied by a strong body of troops. Knollys, who was related to Elizabeth, and entirely trusted by her, attended, at her command, previous to starting, to receive her last instructions.

He found her in the cabinet of Westminster, in the most feverish excitement: triumph, anger, cunning, and pride, by turns reigned paramount in her heart. The voice of pity or honour was not heard—the ears of the royal virgin were deaf to their supplication.

"So Knollys," she exclaimed, as soon as her kinsman entered the room, "you are prepared to start?"

"At your highness's gracious pleasure!" replied the courtly knight.

"Can you rely upon your men?"

"On all, may it please your majesty?"

"Have you received the instructions of the council?"

"I have, gracious madam!" was the reply.

"Now, then, hear mine!" said Elizabeth, sinking her voice, as if she feared to trust even the echo of the old palace of Westminster with her secret thoughts. "I need not tell you to be faithful, for I have tried and proved you!"

Sir Francis bowed low at the commendation of his sovereign, who, during her long reign, was as chary of her praise as of the honours which she so rarely conferred.

"You will congratulate"—and the royal speaker laid a marked emphasis upon the word—"our dear cousin in our name, and tend her with all honour at Carlisle!"

"All honour, madam!" observed Sir Francis. "If it may please you, that is no precise instruction. Am I to treat the fugitive Mary as a queen or private personage?"

"As a queen!" answered Elizabeth; then added, with a sarcastic smile, "at least for the present."

"In that case, madam," resumed the knight, who shrewdly guessed why he had been selected for the office, "I am to consider her majesty as a FREE AGENT?"

"In appearance, Knollys—in appearance!"

"The charge you have honoured me with, gracious sovereign," said her kinsman, "is no easy one. Pardon me if I add, that, to execute it to your royal satisfaction, I must have explicit orders from your own lips."

"Speak!" said the queen.

"Should Mary attempt to return to Scotland, or retire to France?"

"Arrest her!" exclaimed Elizabeth, without a moment's hesitation, "and conduct her at once to the Tower!"

"To the Tower, madam!" repeated the astonished knight; "your own kinswoman—an anointed sovereign! I dare not, even on your word, be guilty of so bold an act!"

"How! sirrah!"

"Unless," added Sir Francis, "by an order under your royal hand. In that case, I would arrest the pope or emperor himself!"

The speaker, who perfectly knew the character of his august but politic mistress, was aware that, should it become necessary for her plans, she would not hesitate an instant to disavow and punish him for an act she had herself commanded, unless he were furnished with written proof that he had acted in strict obedience to her orders.

"Thou art a precise fellow!" resumed the queen; "but I understand thee! Shame, Francis, to doubt the faith of thy sovereign and cousin!"

Having written and sealed the order with her signet, Elizabeth placed it in his hands—accompanied by a caution that it was not to be used or produced except upon emergency.

That same night, accompanied by Lord Scroop, and attended by a troop of horse, Sir Francis started for Carlisle.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

SWALLOWS.—As a proof of the valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day: and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air, but for these birds, may be readily conceived. One kind of insect alone might produce 560,970,489,000,000,000 of its race in a single year.

CRAYONS FOR WRITING ON GLASS.—Mr. Brannell prepares crayons for writing on glass, so as to enable the contents of glass vessels to be described immediately upon them in the following manner: Four parts of spermaceti (or stearine), three parts of tallow, and two parts of wax are fused in a cup; six parts of minium and one part of potash are then stirred into it, the mass kept warm for half an hour, and then poured into glass tubes of the thickness of a lead pencil. After rapid cooling, the mass may be screwed up and down in the tube, and cut to the finest point with a knife. A crayon is thus obtained which will readily write upon clean dry glass.

A HINT.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrised in a very short time.

TEST OF THE PURITY OF ULTRAMARINE.—Dr. Bernheim proposes the following test for the examination of commercial ultramarine: Two ounces of sulphuric acid are diluted with twenty ounces of water; the samples of ultramarine introduced into separate test tubes in quantities of fifty or one hundred grains, and the acid added until the blue colour is converted into a reddish one. The quantity of acid used indicates the relative value of the ultramarine as a colour. When smalt is present the colour is not entirely destroyed, and chalk is recognisable by the effervescence.

ON THE PURIFICATION OF SULPHURIC ACID FROM NITRIC ACID.—The fact that ammonia is capable, in virtue of the hydrogen which it contains, of decomposing the nitric acid and nitrous oxide present in sulphuric acid, may be taken advantage of for purifying sulphuric acid. These substances, frequently present in sulphuric acid, are very detrimental in some cases—for example, in dyeing. By the use of half a per cent. of sulphate of ammonia, the most impure acid may be rendered perfectly free from these substances, and, in the generality of instances, from one to two thousandths is quite sufficient. The salt should be introduced into the lead pans in which the sulphuric acid is concentrated. It is the opinion of some, that the injury suffered in the platinum vessels used for the concentration, is owing to the presence of nitrogen compounds; and besides this, it appears that sulphuric acid containing nitric acid is less suited to the purification of oils than pure acid.

THE STEREOSCOPE.—A very useful and clever application of this instrument has recently been made. It appears that large houses manufacturing solid objects of design in the fine arts, have hitherto furnished their travellers with specimens of their recent productions, which are carried from place to place by the travellers, and are commonly given away to large customers. Instead of doing so in future, the object will be sent to the photographer, who will prepare by the camera the two perspectives for the best view of it, and a number of copies will be returned with the object to the manufacturer, at a small cost. The traveller will take these with him, and a stereoscope, and with his samples thus reduced into small space, he will on any occasion be able to convey to the customer an adequate idea of the object represented. In a little time, probably, the stereoscope may be dispensed with by the traveller: for if the customers provide themselves with them, it will be only necessary to send the perspective by post, and they can realise the object for themselves.

AN APPARATUS FOR THE INTERIOR OF BONNETS, TO FIX THEM ON THE HEAD.—This apparatus consists of a light framing of thin steel or other springs, fitted to the interior of the bonnet. The framing is composed of an adjustable ring, which fits into the back part of the bonnet, and is connected by side pieces to a nached or bow-piece, which passes over the front part of the head, and the ends of which are sewn to the bonnet-lining. Two branches are also attached to the bow-piece, extending backwards, above, and nearly parallel to, the side pieces, and their ends are also sewn to the bonnet-lining. This arrangement prevents the bonnet falling off, and also serves to preserve its shape, when otherwise it would be crushed or bent out of form. The claim is for the combination of parts described, forming an apparatus for the interior of bonnets to fix them on the wearer's head.

CURE FOR YELLOW FEVER.—Senhora Orfila has discovered an infallible remedy for the cure of yellow fever and black vomit. With this medicine several persons have been cured, after having been given up by the medical men. The remedy is as follows: Take the juice of the green leaves of the verbena, obtained by pounding them with a pestle and mortar, and give it to the patient in small doses, three times a day, accompanied by injections of the same juice every two hours, till the bowels are cleansed. The verbena is a small shrub which grows in all countries, and principally in low, moist situations. There are two species, male and female: the latter sort is mostly used for this purpose. All our medical men have adopted this remedy.—*Journal do Commercio.*

EAST INDIA TEAS.—The East India directors have caused to be transmitted to Mr. Fleming, secretary to the Manchester Commercial Association, samples of some new teas grown in their territories in the neighbourhood of the Himalaya Mountains, of very superior quality. The samples include gunpowder, valued at 2s. 5d. in bond; young hyson, worth 1s. 11d. per lb.; and black tea, worth 1s. 9d. These teas are free from colouring matter, and would be likely to be very acceptable in this country; but as in the case of cotton grown in India, it is said the demand for them at home is such as to leave but little probability at present of a surplus for purposes of exportation.

BOUTIGNY'S PATENT DISTILLING APPARATUS.—The principle of the apparatus for which M. Charles Constant Boutigny, of Evreux, has taken out this patent, consists for the most part in the condensation of the vapours almost at the instant of their formation; so as to insure the conversion into a fluid state of the entire volume of volatile matter. Another feature in the invention is the caution observed in preventing any of the matters under distillation from boiling up and becoming mixed with the vapours. For this purpose the inventor places above them a grating sheet of wire gauze, perforated plate, or

similar intercepting medium, in one or more layers, which, while intercepting the substances themselves, admits of the free passage of the vapours arising from them. For the distillation of wines and other spirituous liquids, the inventor combines in a series several arrangements, in such a manner that the product distilled from the first apparatus shall serve to feed the second, and so on in succession; the last apparatus in the series leading into a refrigerating coil, or other description of refrigerator. He thus obtains liquids of different densities in the several vessels, but of uniform density in each condenser separately. The liquid to be distilled forms the refrigerating liquid in passing from the condenser of the last apparatus: that is to say, from that in which the liquid is most rarified to that which is least, and so on in succession, until it reaches the first generator, which it supplies, and the condensed vapours of which feed alternately the others in the series. In distilling, however important it is to present a large evaporating surface to the fire, it is equally important to condense the vapours formed as rapidly as possible, bearing in mind that the vapour of water at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and under the pressure of one atmosphere, fills a space about 1700 times greater than that produced from water at 32 degrees. In this apparatus, and in the process depending upon it, a large heating surface and rapid condensation are obtained. The evaporator may be heated by the direct action of fire, by steam, or by gas, at any required pressure, and under any temperature.

ROPE-MAKING BY MACHINERY.—Messrs. John and Edwin Wright have erected some machines for making ropes. These machines are driven by steam, and are calculated to run either upon the earth or upon a line of rails, and may be used in making any sized rope, from the smallest ratline to the heaviest and thickest cable. Some idea of the saving of time and labour may be formed from the fact, that a large cable, the construction of which by the ordinary method would occupy from twelve to fifteen men more than one day, may now be completed in about two hours, with the assistance of one man. The machines have been constructed by Mr. G. Fowler, of London, who some time ago, it may be remembered, was presented by the Emperor of Russia with a gold repeater, for his improvements in rope-making.

HYDROPHOBIA.—The poison which gives rise to hydrophobia seems to originate always with dogs, cats, foxes, and wolves—that is, with the canine and feline class of animals; but the disease is often communicated from the above to other classes of animals, and also to human beings. It appears that although the bite of other animals, such as the cow and the horse, will communicate the poison to human beings, that it cannot be communicated from one human being to another. This circumstance, if correct, inclines us to think that hydrophobia in the human species is not a disease of the specific morbid nature which is attached to its name, but merely a general nervous affection produced by the poison of mad or rabid animals. When a dog becomes affected with madness he looks dull and dejected, and shuns all society; he seldom barks, but makes a sort of discontented murmuring; he refuses food and drink, and altogether looks very listless and sleepy. At this stage of the disease he is not much inclined to bite; but he soon becomes more restless, and moves a little more about, with his head and tail drooping, and bites at almost every other creature or person except his master, whom he generally respects. After these symptoms have continued for a day or two, the dog looks more furious—he begins to froth at the mouth, and pant, with his tongue hanging out—his breathing is very quick, at other times very slow, but he generally goes straight forward. Under these symptoms he becomes very thin and weak—recognises no person, not even his master—gets at times into an irritable fury, and bites at everything in his way. In a few hours his eyes look red and suffused, great depression supervenes, and he dies in a most worn-out and dejected state.

SEWING BY MACHINERY.—A machine, of American invention, has been introduced into this country by Mr. Darling, of Glasgow (at whose manufactory numerous examples of it are now in operation), which carries the mechanical principle into a fresh department of human labour—namely, that of common hand-sewing. The patent sewing machine promises to produce a revolution in the business of the seamstress, as great as the power-loom effected in that of the weaver. This is, in truth, a moderate statement—for the capabilities of the machine have not yet been fully tested; and it is impossible to say how far its influence on the labour-market may yet extend. The machine is extremely simple in construction; but it is not very easy to give such an explanation of it as would be intelligible to the general reader, or even, indeed, to those familiar with the ordinary technical phrases of mechanics. To be understood, it must be seen; and even then, so clever is its working, that it requires a sharp eye to follow its evidently simple, yet amazingly expert movements. Its framework is cast metal; but it must not be imagined to be a huge, clumsy affair, like a hand-loom: on the contrary, it occupies little more space than two cubic feet, and might stand on the top of a lady's work-table. The right hand of the worker turns a small wheel, which puts in operation two needles—one an upright needle, the other a sort of semicircular one; and on a strong tabular surface, at the left-hand extremity of which these two needles work—the upright above, and the circular under—the cloth is laid with the left hand, and propelled between the needles as the machine proceeds with its stitching. This it does with amazing rapidity, running off, in something less than a minute, a line of stout sewing which an ordinary seamstress would scarcely overtake in the course of half an hour! Line after line it traces with unabating celerity and ease, till the two bobbins which supply the thread to the double

needle machinery be wound off. Delicate in some respects as the machinery is, it is, we are told, little liable to entanglement or derangement of any kind; and any breakage of thread that may occasionally occur is rectified with very little loss of time. Again, the machine can be readily adapted to being driven by the foot of the worker, after the fashion of a turning-lathe, and in sewing other than simple straight lines—for the machine can stitch in circles, or zig-zag, or any other way that may be desired—this is a great advantage, as it leaves both hands of the worker free to manage the cloth. This mode of working also secures a much higher rate of speed. By the hand the machine may be driven at the rate of 500 stitches per minute—by the foot at nearly twice that rate. Nor must I be supposed that the work executed at this extraordinarily rapid rate is loose, irregular, “slop” sort of work. On the contrary, it is strong, close sewing, beautifully regular, and altogether such as it would require a very firm and well-practised hand to equal. Now, after all that has been said about American reaping machines, what will be said about this new American sewing machine, which seems likely to do still more towards facilitating indoor labour than the larger invention towards abridging the work of the field? We do not wish to exaggerate the probabilities of the case, but it must be remembered that the invention has so far passed the period of probation that it is in very extensive operation in America, that such trial as it has had in this country has been extremely successful, and that already its inventors are improving on it, and adapting it still more carefully and completely to its end. Looking at it when at work, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it is destined completely to supersede all ordinary plain hand-sewing, and that such sewing, as an occupation for either men or women, tailors or seamstresses, is gone for ever.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

PROFESSOR FARADAY ON TABLE-MOVING.

I HAVE been greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. No doubt there are many persons who have formed a right judgment or used a cautious reserve—for I know several such, and public communications have shown it to be so; but their number is almost as nothing to the great body who have believed and borne testimony, as I think, in the cause of error. I do not here refer to the distinction of those who agree with me and those who differ. By the great body, I mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect—who refer the results to electricity and magnetism, yet know nothing of the laws of these forces—or to attraction, yet show no phenomena of pure attractive power—or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved round the leg of a table—or to some unrecognised physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient—or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of the action. I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF TABLE-MOVING.

The object which I had in view in this inquiry was not to satisfy myself, for my conclusion had been formed already on the evidence of those who had turned tables—but that I might be enabled to give a strong opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to me for it. Yet the proof which I sought for, and the method followed in the inquiry, were precisely of the same nature as those which I should adopt in any other physical investigation. The parties with whom I have worked were very honourable, very clear in their intentions, successful table-movers, very desirous of succeeding in establishing the existence of a peculiar power, thoroughly candid, and very effectual. It is with me a clear point that the table moves when the parties, though they strongly wish it, do not intend, and do not believe that they move it by ordinary mechanical power. They say, the table draws their hands; that it moves first, and they have to follow it—that sometimes it even moves from under their hands. With some the table will move to the right or left, according as they wish or will it—with others the direction of the first motion is uncertain—but all agree that the table moves the hands and not the hands the table. Though I believe the parties do not intend to move the table, but obtain the result by a *quasi* involuntary action—still I had no doubt of the influence of expectation upon their minds, and, through that, upon the success or failure of their efforts. The first point, therefore, was to remove all objections due to expectation, having relation to the substances which I might desire to use: so, plates of the most different bodies, electrically speaking—namely, sand paper, millboard, glue, glass, moist clay, tinfoil, cardboard, gutta percha, vulcanised rubber, wood, &c.,—were made into a bundle, and placed on a table under the hands of a turner. The table turned. Other bundles of other plates were submitted to different persons at other times—and the tables turned. Henceforth, therefore, these substances may be used in the construction of apparatus. Neither during their use nor at other times could the slightest trace of electrical or magnetic effects be obtained. At the same trials it was readily ascertained that one person could produce the effect; and that the motion was not necessarily circular, but might be in a straight line. No form of experiment or mode of observation that I could devise gave me the slightest indication of any peculiar natural force. No attractions, or repulsions, or signs of tangential power, appeared—nor

anything which could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted inadvertently by the turner. I therefore proceeded to analyse this pressure, or that part of it exerted in a horizontal direction—doing so, in the first instance, unawares to the party. A soft cement, of wax and turpentine, or wax and pomatum, was prepared. Four or five pieces of smooth, slippery cardboard were attached one over the other by little pellets of the cement, and the lower of these to a piece of sand-paper resting on the table; the edges of these sheets overlapped slightly, and on the under surface a pencil line was drawn over the laps, so as to indicate position. The upper cardboard was larger than the rest, so as to cover the whole from sight. Then, the table-turner placed the hands upon the upper card—and we waited for the result. Now, the cement was strong enough to offer considerable resistance to mechanical motion, and also to retain the cards in any new position which they might acquire—and yet weak enough to give way slowly to a continued force. When at last the tables, cards, and hands all moved to the left together, and so a true result was obtained, I took up the pack. On examination, it was easy to see, by the displacement of the parts of the line, that the hand had moved further than the table, and that the latter had lagged behind; that the hand, in fact, had pushed the upper card to the left, and that the under cards and the table had followed and been dragged by it. In other similar cases when the table had not moved, still the upper card was found to have moved, showing that the hand had carried it in the expected direction. It was evident, therefore, that the table had not drawn the hand and person round, nor had it moved simultaneously with the hand. The hand had left all things under it behind, and the table evidently tended continually to keep the hand back.

The next step was to arrange an index, which should show whether the table moved first, or the hand moved before the table, or both moved or remained at rest together. At first this was done by placing an upright pin fixed on a leaden foot upon the table, and using that as the fulcrum of a light lever. The latter was made of a slip of foolscap paper, and the short arm, about a quarter of an inch in length, was attached to a pin proceeding from the edge of a slipping card placed on the table, and prepared to receive the hands of the table-turner. The other arm, of 11½ inches long, served for the index of motion. A coin laid on the table marked the normal position of the card and index. At first the slipping card was attached to the table by the soft cement, and the index was either screened from the turner, or the latter looked away; then, before the table moved, the index showed that the hand was giving a resultant pressure in the expected direction. The effect was never carried far enough to move the table, for the motion of the index corrected the judgment of the experimenter, who became aware that, inadvertently, a side force had been exerted. The card was now set free from the table—i. e., the cement was removed. This, of course, could not interfere with any of the results expected by the table-turner—for both the bundle of plates spoken of and single cards had been freely moved on the tables before; but now that the index was there, witnessing to the eye, and through it to the mind, of the table-turner, not the slightest tendency to motion either of the card or of the table occurred. Indeed, whether the card was left free or attached to the table, all motion or tendency to motion was gone. In one particular case there was relative motion between the table and the hands: I believe that the hands moved in one direction; the table-turner was persuaded that the table moved from under the hand in the other direction—a gauge, standing upon the floor, and pointing to the table, was therefore set up on that and some future occasions—and then neither motion of the hand nor of the table occurred.

A more perfect lever apparatus was then constructed in the following manner: Two thin boards, 9½ inches by 7 inches, were provided; a board, 9 by 5 inches, was glued to the middle of the under-side of one of these (to be called the table-board), so as to raise the edges free from the table; being placed on the table, near and parallel to its side, an upright pin was fixed close to the further edge of the board, at the middle, to serve as the fulcrum for the indicating lever. Then, four glass rods, 7 inches long and ¼ in diameter, were placed as rollers on different parts of this table-board, and the upper board placed on them; the rods permitted any required amount of pressure on the boards, with a free motion of the upper on the lower to the right and left. At the part corresponding to the pin in the lower board, a piece was cut out of the upper board, and a pin attached there, which, being bent downwards, entered the hole in the end of the short arm of the index lever: this part of the lever was of cardboard; the indicating prolongation was a straight hay-stalk fifteen inches long. In order to restrain the motion of the upper board on the lower, two vulcanised rubber rings were passed round both, at the parts not resting on the table: these, whilst they tied the boards together, acted also as springs; and whilst they allowed the first feeblest tendency to motion to be seen by the index, exerted, before the upper board had moved a quarter of an inch, sufficient power in pulling the upper board back from either side, to resist a strong lateral action of the hand. All being thus arranged, except that the lever was away, the two boards were tied together with string, running parallel to the vulcanised rubber springs, so as to be immovable in relation to each other. They were then placed on the table, and a table-turner sat down to them: the table very shortly moved in due order, showing that the apparatus offered no impediment to the action. A like apparatus, with metal rollers, produced the same result under the hands of another person. The index was now put into its place and the string loosened, so that the springs should come into play. It was soon seen, with the party that could will the motion in either direction

(from whom the index was purposely hidden), that the hands were gradually creeping up in the direction before agreed upon, though the party certainly thought they were pressing downwards only. When shown that it was so, they were truly surprised; but when they lifted up their hands and immediately saw the index return to its normal position, they were convinced. When they looked at the index and could see for themselves whether they were pressing truly downwards, or obliquely so as to produce a resultant in the right or left-handed direction, then such an effect never took place. Several tried, for a long while together, and with the best will in the world; but no motion, right or left, of the table or hand, or anything else, occurred.—[A passage from the letter in the *Times* is worth re-producing here, as illustrating in other words the value of this method of self-conviction: “The result,” says Professor Faraday, “was, that when the parties saw the index it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of hand force in the direction in which it was wished the table should move—which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon. But the most valuable effect of this test apparatus (which was made more perfect and independent of the table) is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive—as in my presence they have always done—that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards only or obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed—the power is gone: and this only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves. I know that some may say that it is the cardboard next the fingers which moves first, and that it both drags the table and also the table-turner with it. All I have to reply is, that the cardboard may in practice be reduced to a thin sheet of paper weighing only a few grains, or to a piece of goldbeaters’ skin, or even the end of the lever, and (in principle) to the very cuticle of the fingers itself. Then the results that follow are too absurd to be admitted: the table becomes an incumbrance, and a person holding out the fingers in the air, either naked or tipped with goldbeaters’ skin or cardboard, ought to be drawn about the room, &c.; but I refrain from considering imaginary yet consequent results which have nothing philosophical or real in them.”]

Another form of index was applied thus: A circular hole was cut in the middle of the upper board, and a piece of cartridge-paper pasted under it on the lower surface of the board; a thin slice of cork was fixed on the upper surface of the lower board corresponding to the cartridge-paper; the interval between them might be a quarter of an inch, or less. A needle was fixed into the end of one of the index hay-stalks, and when all was in place the needle point was passed through the cartridge-paper and pressed slightly into the cork beneath, so as to stand upright: then any motion of the hand, or hand-board, was instantly rendered evident by the deflection of the perpendicular hay-stalk to the right or left.

I think the apparatus I have described may be useful to many who really wish to know the truth of nature, and would prefer that truth to a mistaken conclusion—desired, perhaps, only because it seems to be new or strange. Persons do not know how difficult it is to press directly downward, or in any given direction, against a fixed obstacle; or even to know only whether they are doing so or not; unless they have some indicator, which, by visible motion or otherwise, shall instruct them: and this is more especially the case when the muscles of the fingers and hand have been cramped and rendered either tingling, or insensible, or cold, by long continued pressure. If a finger be pressed constantly into the corner of a window frame for ten minutes or more, and then, continuing the pressure, the mind be directed to judge whether the force at a given moment is all horizontal, or all downward, or how much is in one direction and how much in the other, it will find great difficulty in deciding; and will at last become altogether uncertain—at least, such is my case. I know that a similar result occurs with others; for I have had two boards arranged, separated, not by rollers, but by plugs of vulcanised rubber, and with the vertical index. When a person with his hands on the upper board is requested to press only downwards, and the index is hidden from his sight, it moves to the right, to the left, to him and from him, and in all horizontal directions; so utterly unable is he strictly to fulfil his intention without a visible and correcting indicator.

Now, such is the use of the instrument with the horizontal index and rollers. The mind is instructed, and the involuntary, or *quasi* involuntary motion, is checked in the commencement—and therefore never rises up to the degree needful to move the table, or even permanently the index itself. No one can suppose, that looking at the index can in any way interfere with the transfer of electricity, or any other power from the hand to the board under it, or to the table. If the board tends to move—it may do so—the index does not confine it; and if the table tends to move, there is no reason why it should not. If both were influenced by any power, to move together, they may do so; as they did, indeed, when the apparatus was tied, and the mind and muscles left unwatched and unchecked.

I must bring this long description to a close. I am a little ashamed of it—for I think, in the present age, and in this part of the world, it ought not to have been required. Nevertheless, I hope it may be useful. There are many whom I do not expect to convince; but I may be allowed to say, that I cannot undertake to answer such objections as may be made. I state my own convictions as an experimental philosopher, and find it no more necessary to enter into controversy on this point than on any other in science, as the nature of matter, or inertia, or the magnetisation of light, on which I may differ from others. The world will decide, sooner or later, in all such cases, and I have no doubt very soon and correctly in the present instance. Those who may wish to see the particular construction of the test apparatus which I have employed, may have the opportunity at Mr. Newman's, 122, Regent Street. Further, I may say, I have sought earnestly for cases of lifting by attraction, and indications of attraction in any form, but have gained no traces of such effects.

Royal Institution. M. FARADAY.

HOPE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT is Hope?—The beauteous sun,
Which colours all it shines upon;
The beacon of life's dreary sea,
The star of immortality!—
Fountain of feelings young and warm;
A day-beam bursting through the storm:
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh!—too sweet—too pure for earth!—
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!—
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen—enjoyed—confessed—each hour!—
A portion of that world to come,

When earth and ocean meet the last o'erwhelming doom.

ESSAYS.

NO. CXIV.—POPULAR LOVE-SONGS.

THE love-songs of a people must be considered as strongly illustrative of their character. They inform us of the real condition of the national sentiment—for not only do they show us that love is the guardian passion of all the aims of life, but that it is the first and last that agitates society; that it flourishes in all communities, from the most barbarous up to the most polished. The untutored Indian or African trills his love-lay as earnestly as a Spanish cavalier.

The study of love-songs, even at the first blush, is therefore prepossessing. And if we were to enter upon the investigation of them with diligence, we have not the slightest doubt that we should meet with materials for graver reflections than those aroused by passing criticism on the amatory exertions of different nations and races. The philosopher would be presented with the fact, in an interesting variety of aspects, that the love-songs of a people are exact indices to their true social and moral condition.

His historical discriminations would be wonderfully strengthened—for he would find the character of the age he was depicting described in its love-ballads. He would be enabled to perceive whether the political or moral—we might add, material circumstances of the time, inclined the people to gravity or gaiety; ascertain the prevailing tone of society to the slightest vibration, and form some tolerably correct estimate of its mental health and tendencies.

The first love-songs—and probably the sweetest, because the least artificial—were the pastoral. They represented the people in such a state of primitiveness that they regarded the passion in the simple and natural sense of the union of the sexes. Then came the classic form of love-song—the least pure of all, because dimmed and sullied by exotic exuberances of thought. After them we have the sad and mysterious class—wild fantasies played on the imagination in ages of religious frenzy or scholastic subtleties. Then we have the last, and perhaps more pretentious style of this kind of composition—the romances of the minstrels who skillfully adapt their productions to the morbid tendencies that pervade society when cultivated up to a certain point of development. We are surrounded by these songs in the present day; they are, indeed, the popular love-songs of the English in one of their most enlightened eras. An examination, therefore, of our popular love-songs will not be devoid of interest.

The genuine love-song—the thrilling, passionate address of one young heart to another—we are sorry to say we cannot find, except among the lays of Ireland and Scotland, some of which are of modern origin—at all events, not later than the time of Burns and Tom Moore in his glory. Modern song-writers have failed to interpret the language of love, glowing and ardent as the month of June. "Meet me by moonlight" is the nearest approach to that class of song; and the young of both sexes are obliged to be old-fashioned in their musical selections, or not sing at all, but make love in good, honest, plain-spoken prose—a task for which some men are unfitted; for, when the "pliant hour" arrives, they are tongue-tied—bashfulness—or, as a modern ballad-writer would phrase it, "the wild agony of that passion hour"—strikes them dumb. Now, a pretty little song, even if badly sung, would enable the poor fellow to easily overcome this difficulty—for we have observed that those who cannot talk well are generally good singers. Their diffidence vanishes under the inspiration of music.

Now, of the songs appropriate to the passion, in

brightest as well as most unaffected form, there is scarcely one in the whole range of modern love-songs. "The moon is on the waters" approaches the nearest to the description of song we are alluding to, and the last two verses are really pretty.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,
When the rosebud on its tree,
As it blossomed in the wild wood,
Was an emblem, love, of thee.
In thy youth thou wert still dearer—
With the dawn of reason came,
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
Though they bore not yet love's name.
But thy womanhood unfolding,
Won the secret from my heart,
And my life was in thy holding,
For 'twas death from thee to part.
I have loved thee, gentle Mary,
I have loved thee through the past,
And loved thee fortune vary,
I will love thee to the last.

But why the moon on the waters? We always thought the lady planet was in the sky. But exaggeration and perversions of facts are common to all modern song-writers; and while pointing to the absence of real passionate expressions of love in the form of a ballad, it may be assumed that the fact is perhaps the less to be lamented, for this very reason. Purity and correctness of language are essential to success in every description of composition, and what are called "poet's licences" are no more than vulgar liberties taken with common sense and classic propriety. Having, therefore, before us convincing testimony that this kind of song-writing has wofully degenerated since the days when our great English singers flourished, let us endeavour to ascertain the true character of those that have been presented to us within the past ten or a dozen years.

First, there is the fairy song, originally introduced to the public by a young lady in almost ethereal costume. Here is a sample of one.

Child of earth, with the golden hair,
Thy soul's too pure, and thy face too fair,
To dwell with creatures of mortal mould,
Whose lips are warm as their hearts are cold.
Room, room to our fairy home,
Child of earth, with the golden hair.

Now this red-haired young gentleman is invited to dance with the fairy queen, through summer nights, on the moonlit green; and in another of these invitations to live on nothing.

Come, roam with me,
'Neath the greenwood tree,
Where the young spring flowers are bright and fair;
Where life does seem
As a summer dream,
For mirth and jay have their dwelling there.

Thy home shall be,
Where the young rose-tree
Is shedding its softest fragrance round;
And the pearls that lie,
In the violet's eye,
Shall smile like stars from the mossy ground.

This favourite of the forest nymphs is to sup on the low wails of nightingales, and breakfast on the matin lays of larks. He is to enjoy none of the solid advantages which the mad Assyrian king had during his pastoral abnegation. Nothing more substantial than the perfume the flow'ret's leaf sheds on the summer air is allowed him to recruit his strength, after a night of incessant jiggling on the greensward. A week of such banquetting, we opine, would bring his red locks in sorrowful grey to the grave. But these are fairy songs—semi-spiritualised scraps of poetry—intended to attune our souls to celestial symphonies, and wake in us a sympathy for the unseen, but believed in, of the pagan world. It is not intended that the gentleman in wiry red hair shall leave the earth. But stay—what is this?

Come to my fairy home,
Deep in the crystal wave,
Where the dolphin glides, through the glassy tides,
And the mermaid loves to lave,
Come, come, &c.

A diving-bell would be indispensable on such a visit, but as it could not be protracted beyond a couple of hours, there would only be sufficient time to snatch a kiss and quaff a bowl of sea-wine. And these are the fairy love-songs—the sweet, tripping things that etherealise the domestic atmosphere, and convert even staid matrons into buxom May-queens, perpetually asking somebody to "come and roam with them." It must be confessed that these are the flimsiest of the modern love-songs. As to their spirituality, we should probably be able to discern some of the commodity had we slept for a couple of nights among the young spring-flowers and never sneezed the whole time, or afterwards had an attack of acute rheumatism. But all these gossamer absurdities as compositions must eventually be classed as the trashiest of the trashy. They have neither sentiment nor meaning, and the music that they have been set to is a jingle—a mellifluous cheat—in short a

Roam, roam, to our fairy home,
Child of earth with the golden hair.

Either the poet or the composer must have had a natural fancy for that most indigestible of esculents—the carrot—or they would scarcely have been so violent in their predilection, especially when the rage among young ladies at present is for dark men. But as there is no accounting for the tastes of modern poets—the poor things must be allowed to indulge their emasculated pens in every licence—we will take a short ramble among their more material exertions. Let us venture into the region of earthly sentiment. Why, apprentices, lachrymously aspiring to the hands of their masters' daughters, and because the young ladies are not fascinated with their winning manners, they forthwith dissolve into verse, and declare they

would not beguile them from their homes, or ask them to resign kindred and friends for poverty and grief. How generous! Then we have artists—not Royal Academicians, but gentlemen behind hair and assurance—bursting with agony, or going into fits, because haughty barons have sternly refused them their only children—extremely susceptible creatures, of course—in marriage. These dismal lovers twang their afflictions in this manner:

They told her to forget me,
To think of me no more;
They hinted they had known me
Win other hearts before.
They bade her never mention
My hated name again,
And should she ever meet me,
To pass me with disdain.

They told her, &c.

A baron rich and haughty
Stood smiling by her side,
Her father's word was given—
He led her forth a bride.
One smile she gave, which faded
Like the sun's last parting ray
Her sweet, sad spirit trembled—
And she was lifeless clay.

They told her, &c.

Sometimes they grow desperate—alarmingly so

I'll speak of thee—I'll love thee, too,
Fondly, and with affection too,
Pure as yon sky's celestial blue
My love shall be—my love shall be!
In sunshine, and though clouds shall lour,
In mirth and sorrow's sadd'ning hour,
While memory lives, and love has power,
I'll speak of thee—I'll speak of thee!

If he speaks well, neither the police nor an attorney will interfere with his utterances; but if he commits himself to an aspersion, we would not answer for his liberty—or, a choleric brother being in the way, the safety of his sensitive carcass. Talking of sensitiveness, here is a young gentleman snivelling away at a famous rate:

And wilt thou weep when I am low,
Sweet lady?—speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.
My heart is sad—my hopes are gone;
My blood runs coldly through my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt weep above my place of rest.

When the affections of a lady of this class of sentimentalists have been blighted, as she terms it—although her parents have only interfered to prevent her making a fool of herself, by throwing herself away on some adventurer—she thus pours out her woes:

I'll never wed another—
He's treasure'd in my heart;
No force the flame can smother,
'Till life itself depart.
The sun seems dim and clouded,
And in a mantle drear
The vale appears enshrouded,
If he I love's not near.

I'll never, &c.

"I'll never wed another." So we once heard a young lady say, but luckily she did not keep her word. She had fallen in love, as she thought, with an interesting being in a pale face, raven locks, and slim figure. None of her friends knew him, and he did not seem to be known by anybody. But she liked mystery, and she loved him. Oh, her love was so hot that it was never to be quenched but in the grave! Vesuvius was nothing to it. Well, her father, prying old gentleman, must needs watch her movements, and lo! one evening, he discovered the interesting being on his knees at her feet, piling very high indeed. He was urging her to elope. The father, angry old gentleman, kicked him out of doors, and locked her up in her room. She vowed she would never marry another. The father—positive old gentleman—said: "We shall see!" The interesting being vanished, for he was never more seen in the neighbourhood. The father, persevering old gentleman, obtained the services of Mr. Langley, the detective, and the interesting being was traced to a garret in the vicinity of the Old Kent Road. He was an artist in hair—a barber out of employ—but who wished to dispose of his rather well-looking person to the best advantage. The young lady declared all her family had entered into a conspiracy against her happiness, and the interesting being was a martyr. She would never wed another—no, that she wouldn't! The father said: "We shall see!" At the end of three years this romantic girl was the mother of three children, two of whom were twins, and she had a fine-looking husband and a very nice home. She was happy and prosperous. One day—it was a little before her marriage, and she was humming that pathetic ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream"—we say one day, her father, funny old gentleman, took her to a very narrow street, and pointed out to her a very little shop, at the door of which stood a young gentleman in pale face, raven locks, and slim figure; but his coat was off, and a snow-white apron was girded about his loins. It was the interesting being, in *propria persona*, trembling and looking pale and foolish, as the old gentleman good-humouredly shook his stick at him.

"Take me home!" whispered the daughter: and thus ended all her fondness for mystery, pale faces, and raven locks, without the accompaniments of either brains or cash.

But the fault all rests with these songs. They encourage girls to be silly, and induce them to think any rascal interesting—in fact, a hero—provided he can luxuriate in an abundance of black hair, some good looks and impudence. We are certain they contribute largely to bring about unequal and improvident marriages; for, by weakening woman's moral power—which unquestionably they do, by appealing to her weaker passions—her charity,

forbearance, indulgence, and such like—they render her more subservient to those improper influences which always do pervade society, than is proper or beautiful, either for herself, in the present and future, or her family, good name, and, looking at the awful results which flow from a number of such cases, the welfare of the community at large. Even if no evil consequences to morals flowed from a circulation of such sentimental rubbish—which we emphatically deny—the very slightness of its texture, its flimsiness, is mischievous, because it is sure to provoke weakness. Feed an Englishman on slops, and see how soon he becomes miserable and attenuated. It is the same with the mental and moral diet. If either is vitiated, the constitution must be impaired. With girls and young women the damage is infinitely greater, because they are intended to be the wives and mothers of the next generation. Look at the vicious effect, on the mind of a young girl, of the song, "When I heard he was married." When the doleful tidings reached her, she was at a banquet, and, immediately fancying that her grief would be derided, she calls to her cheek a smile, which was an effort of pride. But the moment the feast was over,

I rush'd to my chamber, deserted, alone!
I tore the bright circlet of gems from my hair;
I wept not—I sank down in tearless despair!
Yet the ball and the banquet again I have sought,
I have tried to escape from the anguish of thought,
None knew for his welfare in prayer how I dwelt;
All thought me unfeeling—none knew what I felt—
When I heard he was married!
When I heard he was married!

Accompanying this precious morsel is "We met; 'twas in a crowd"—which refers to *his* eye being upon her, and a mother being the cause of all this anguish.

Now all this is worse than being ridiculous—it is offensive to good taste and propriety. It depicts a young lady in a most unmaidenly state of mind. She has no pride, no dignity, no scorn for a male jilt—the most detestable creature that creeps about the world. And she covets that jilt, although he is married. Monstrous! But, thank goodness! such girls are not very numerous. When once wronged and insulted by a heartless fellow, they may grieve a little at first; but they do not tear gems from their curls of jet. Young ladies like their jewellery too well for that nonsense. Nor do they go about nunlike and weeping. All such representations are fictions—the fictions of the modern ballad-monger. But if the one sex is in a miserable and equivocal light, the other is actually impaled on the horns of ridicule. He is depicted either as tearing his hair and blubbering like a schoolboy who has just tasted the rod, or howling, maniac-like, that he "sees her dancing in the hall," or he is exhorting all man and womankind to

Love not, love not—the thing you love may die!

As if, because for the wise ends of Providence death comes some day to claim all of us, we are not to love one another—not to love our sweethearts, our wives, our children, our friends—not to endeavour to make our lot lighter and more hopeful—but to sit down in the chimney-corner, in surly despair. That is sheer atheism—but it is too wicked for lengthened criticism or censure.

The disconsolate gentleman sometimes is depicted as going in quest of the "beautiful maid of his soul."

I seek her on every shore,
I seek her, alas! but in vain:
In the cabin where oft we have met,
On the waves of the white-crested main.
I have sought her alone through the world,
My anguish I never control—
She is gone, she is lost, she is lost, she is dead!
The beautiful maid of my soul!

And then, when he finds further search is useless, he twaddles his grief in this fashion:

Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream;
Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's love-sigh.

If this is not regret and melancholy run to seed—reduced to snivelling and drivelling, like an idiot who cannot find the gilded toy he has hidden—in the name of patience what is it? But listen to a burst of song by a man, and from the lyre of a true poet:

Though I leave thee now in sorrow,
Smiles might light on love to-morrow,
Doomed to part, my faithful heart,
A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow;
Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,
That heart is thine for ever:
Thou mayst find those will love thee, dear,
But not a love like mine, oh never!

Such a strain as this is refreshing—it is a draught of pure sentiment from the undefiled well of the heart. So is the following, which we recommend to the study of the gentleman who is one day seeing *her* dancing in the hall—another frantically raving, "She is gone, she is lost, she is dead." Gracious powers! what an explosion of gones and losts! Although two hundred and fifty years old, it is as fresh, manly, and English-like as ever.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Dio because a woman's fair;
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
If another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the dewy meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love:
Or her worthy merits know,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she kinder, meeker than
The lovely dove or pelican
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.

Be she kind, or meek, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn—and let her go.
If she be not made for me,
What care I, for whom she be.

We think by this time our selections are numerous enough to justify our censure and ridicule of the modern English love-songs. We denounce them as puerile, puling, affected, and false; and some of them as flavoured love disappointment with the gin-and-water grief which afflicts a sot after the fourth quartet. Their utterances are not sad when sorrow is intended, or joyful when bright hopes are expected to be realised. They have a marvellous tendency to jib, and get up a snivel in a corner, just for the sake of the thing. Besides, they are paucity and poor in character. The invention is execrable, and while they enervate and lower the tone of one sex, they exhibit the other like so many calves just frue their mummies. We never witness—as sometimes we are obliged out of courtesy to do—a great, strapping, grenadier-looking young man, with whiskers that Sampson or Hercules would have coveted, exhibiting himself as going about the earth and the seas in quest of the "beautiful maid of his soul," and then warbling plaintively a promise, that when he had found her he "would not beguile her from her home—oh, no, no, no!" but we fancy we see before us nothing more than an elongation of the chubby boy who cried because he could not eat any more pudding. "The child is father of the man." Of a verity, in these days such a lover is the annihilation of every idea of LOVE. J. P. H.

FACETIÆ.

A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honeymoon would last. He replied: "Don't tell me of the honeymoon—it is the harvest-moon with me!"

Why is a *belle* like a locomotive? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, says to the tender, pine knot, is often followed by a train, and passes over the plain.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—A child, upon whom it would seem the examples made amongst the animal productions had not been lost, upon being taken to visit an aunt, recently confined with twins, raised the artless inquiry of "Which does dear aunty mean to keep?"

"Do you believe in second love, Mither Macquade?" "Do I believe in second love! Humph, if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound? and isn't that pound sweet, too? Troth, I believe in second love!"

"WHO! SAAVIN."—"This world's a wilderness of woe," as the omnibus horse said when the driver stopped him at every corner.

AN urchin being sent for a pennyworth of Macaboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a pennyworth of make-a-boy-sneeze.

Why is an oyster the greatest paradox in the world? Because it has a mouth, but no teeth—a beard, but no chin, and is taken out of bed to be tucked in.

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding-house keeper the following question: "Mr. —, if a man gives you £500 to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. —, "I pray for another like him."

"THERE'S a plaguy sight of truth in them ere old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazin' deal o' matter in a small compass. They are as true as a plumb-line, and as short and sweet as sugar-candy."

A lazy fellow being asked what was the height of his ambition? replied, "To marry a rich widow that's got a cough!"

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

MRS. FARRINGTON advises her friends to take no stock in caloric ships at present, as she is satisfied that the period is not far distant when steamboats and locomotives will be propelled by the force of moral suasion.

A pickpocket was captured in Leeds, by a most ingenious device. He had stolen some money from a female, who, afraid of charging him with the theft on the spot, quietly stuck a pin in his smock frock, and informed the police, who, from her description, soon arrested the culprit, with the tell-tale pin exactly where the quick-witted woman had placed it.

LIQUOR LAW IN SWEDEN.—In Sweden, whoever is drunk is fined for the first offence, 3 dollars; for the second, 6 dollars; for the third or fourth, imprisonment is added to the fine, and deprivation of the right of voting at the elections, or holding office, and exposure in the church on Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is imprisoned six months, and condemned to hard labour.

A NEW TEST.—A young lady, a fervent believer in sympathy, magnetism, moving tables, &c., &c., after hesitating for some time between two aspirants for her favour, discovering that when one of her admirers joined her in the experiment, the table was moved ten minutes sooner than with the other, decided on accepting the hand of the former: this proving to her, satisfactorily, that there was more sympathy between them than between her and his less fortunate rival.

To cure palpitation of the heart, procure a young woman—alive! and, having ascertained the region of the heart, press the organ closely against your own, until the pain ceases. For regimen, use cooling drinks and moonlight—about half-and-half.

THEY tell a good story of an old-fashioned, wealthy codger. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once: then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready, and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstance, giving him 10s. for the owner of the boots, when he should call for them. The owner never called! The old gent had bought his own boots!

A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing-rooms of fashionable hotels. "If," said she, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure, they wear the 'Oh-no-we-never-mention-ems.' If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else." This idea to us is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular hereafter, in satisfying ourselves of the truth of such significant signs. And we shall take care to lead off, too!

PERPETUAL MOTION.—About a dozen times a year, or once a month regularly, an announcement is made in all the papers that Mr. Somebody, a "very ingenious mechanic," has discovered perpetual motion. The statement creates quite a sensation for the time being, and we hear no more of it till Mr. Somebody else makes a similar discovery. The absurdity of the thing is so egregious that it is astonishing people can continue to be humbugged by it. When a man can create a living animal, or get into a tub and lift himself up with it by the handles, we shall believe in the possibility of perpetual motion.

DR. JOHNSON'S wigs were in general very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned away by the near approach of the candle, which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham, Mr. Thrale's butler always had a wig ready; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day.

A CLOSE CALCULATION.—That wonderful plant called the aloe, which blooms only once in a hundred years, will be exhibited in full flower at the opening of the Crystal Palace. The exhibitor bases his calculation upon the fact of its having bloomed the year before last, and he reckons, if the directors do not relax their efforts, that it will be about the aloe's time to flower again when the palace is ready.

THE BARRISTER MATCHED.—At a late Quarter Sessions, a man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a rare breed—I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely, sir," said the farmer; "they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

THE "State of Matrimony" has at last been bounded and described by some Western student, who says: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other side. Its chief productions are population, broom-sticks, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you meet.

SOME years ago, two aged men near Marshaltown, traded, or, according to the Virginia parlance, "swapped horses" on this condition: That on that day week the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and as it happened, they met about half-way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbour, and was going to pay it.

DONALD'S MISTAKE.—A Highlander, after receiving his week's wages one Saturday night, treated himself to a glass, and hurried to the railway station to go off to join his family at some distance, he being yet strange in town. A crowd was pushing to the theatre at the time, and he unconsciously joined in the midst, paid his shilling with the others, and took his seat in the pit of the theatre. Donald was dazzled at the sight, and for a time sat staring around him, till he at length ventured to ask a person when the train would start? This brought on an explanation, which sent Donald to demand his "fare" back—which, however, was resisted, till he applied to the police, when the money was returned, and Donald put on his right road home.

FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES AT NEW YORK.—These balls take place in a large saloon; at the entrance, where on pay half a dollar, you are requested to leave your implements, by which are meant your bowie knives and re-

volvers; and you leave them as you would your overcoat on going into the opera, and get a ticket with their number, and on your going away they are returned to you. You hear the pistol and bowie-knife-keeper in the arms-room call out, "No. 45—a six-barrelled repeater." "No. 100—one eight-barrelled revolver and bowie knife, with a death's head and cross-bones cut on the handle." "No. 93—a brace of double-barrels." All this is done as naturally as possible, and you see fellows fasten on their knives and pistols as coolly as if they were tying on a comforter, or putting on a coat.

AN ECHO.—A recently married man, who espoused a lady a few years older than himself, on entering her dressing-room unexpectedly, found her bereaved, which she explained, by stating that a violent fever had deprived her of her hair some years ago.

TEST OF GOOD HUMOUR.—Wake a man up in the middle of the night, and ask him to lend you five shillings.—*Punch.*

FAST LADIES.—Her Majesty's Drawing-room was remarkable for the carriage of every lady who attended it; and it may be observed, that each one came in a special train.—*Ibid.*

THE AUTHOR OF SCOTCH BEER.—We lately read an advertisement of a book, entitled, "The Scottish Ale Brewer." The author's name is Roberts; but it ought to have been Mac Entire.—*Ibid.*

SENTIMENT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—The thunder of war turns the milk of human kindness sour. Moreover, it may be said to spoil the beer of brotherly love.—*Ibid.*

ONE VIEW OF THE TURKISH QUESTION.—The Sublime Porte and the Emperor of Russia, regarded in an æsthetical point of view, present examples of the sublime and the ridiculous.—*Ibid.*

A QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—Whether, in the event of Mr. Sands being subject, like Amina, to fits of somnambulism, it would be likely that he would walk in his sleep head downwards, with his feet on the ceiling?—*Ibid.*

A NEW TURN IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—A real genuine out-and-out teetotaler says he likes this table-turning vastly; for, though it keeps folks to the table, still it keeps them from the bottle. "The table may go round," he says, "but the wine does not circulate." There may be more in this teetotaler's chuckle than wine-bibbers imagine. We ourselves have heard an instance of a wealthy City man, who is nearly as mean as the Marquis of Northminster, who spares his port regularly, by proposing to his company, as soon as the cloth is removed, that "they should try a little of this table-moving that is so much talked about." The decanters are removed, and he keeps his company with their fingers fixed upon the mahogany, until coffee is announced. We warn all persons who are in the habit of dining out, against lending their hands to this favourite trick.—*Ibid.*

A LIST OF INDEXES.

The following Indexes have been compiled by a gentleman who is rather strong in that useful, but much-sneered and little-read, department of literature. They are intended to keep in countenance the well-known "face," which is said to be "the Index of the Mind."

Cold Soup is the Index of a Bad Dinner.
A Bang of the door is the Index of a Storm.
A "Button off" is the sure Index of a Bachelor.
An Irish Debate is the Index of a Row.
A Popular Singer is the Index of a Cold.
A bright Poker is the Index of a Cold Hearth.
A Servant standing at the door is the Index of a Wasteful House.
The Painted Plate is the Index of the Hired Fly.
Duck, or Goose, is the Index of "a Small Glass of Brandy."
A Baby is the Index of a Kiss.
A Toast (after dinner) is the Index of Butter.
Cold Meat is, frequently, the Index of a Pudding.
A Governess is the Index of suffering, uncomplaining Poverty.—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN IN TEXAS.—They have strange things in Texas, as well as wicked doings. The following account of a great natural curiosity in that country is from the *Texas Telegraph*: This singular mountain, or hill, is situated on the head waters of the Sallico—a small tributary of the Colorado, about eighty miles from Bastrop, in a north-westerly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock, partially imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzling radiance that the beholder who views it, even from a distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of the hill is so very gradual, that persons can easily walk up to the top; but the rock is so smooth and slippery that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear the moccasins or stockings instead of shoes. This act, together with the name of the place, Holy Mountain, reminds the visitor very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mount Horeb, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet." The Cananians regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of the tribe to perform their Payuin rites upon its summit.

"EVERYWHERE, but in novels," says a recent writer, "the marriage of convenience has proved an excellent institution; while what are generally called 'love-matches' have been, are, and ever will be, prolific of misery. They spring from passion, and terminate in early satiety. The romance disappears—the sentiment subsides—the woman remains!"

CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP.—We had the pleasure of meeting lately a gentleman of this city, aged ninety-three years, and who was married, for the fifth time, not very long ago. If his eldest daughter were alive, she would have attained the age of seventy-one; while his youngest daughter, by his last wife, is only seven months of age. The eldest child referred to was married; and her daughter, if living, would have been a matron of fifty years of age; so that the infant of seven months would now have held the curious relationship of aunt to a niece of fifty.—*Edinburgh Guardian.*

It is a sign of wisdom never to be cast down by trifles. If a spider should break his thread twenty times, just twenty times will he not mend it again? Make up your mind to do a thing in compass, and you will assuredly accomplish it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. Uniformity of temperament is a great blessing:

"Troubles never stop for ever,
The darkest day will pass away."

MOUNT ÆTNA IN WINTER.—I saw Mount Ætna in its winter character at the beginning of March, 1830. Three-fourths of the mountain—namely, the whole of the naked, and almost the whole of the wooded zones, lay beneath an unbroken covering of snow; while, at the base, all the fields were clothed in the brightest green of spring. Peas, beans, and flax were already in full blossom; the flowers of the almond had fallen, and given place to the leaves; and the fig-leaves were beginning to unfold. The meadows were decorated with hyacinths, narcissus, crocuses, anemones, and countless other flowers. Ætna stood there as an enormous cone of snow, with its base encircled by a gigantic wreath of flowers.—*Schouw's Earth, Plants, and Man.*

A SWEET REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst the pillows soft
(A dove, now wearied by her flight),
And all around and all aloft,
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white.
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,
Her glance outshines the starry sky;
But now her locks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore does she start?
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?
None, none! the Dream is near her heart!
The spirit of sleep is in her brain.
He cometh down like golden rain,
Without a wish, without a sound;
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
Dethroned from his nightly sway,—
Far fading when the dawning skies
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
Two Spirits of might doth man obey;
By each he's taught, from each he learns
The one is Lord of life by day;
Th' other when starry Night returns.

A MATERNAL TURKEY.—At Lochside, in the parish of Boyndie, there may be seen strutting about every day a fine turkey-cock, with a brood of fifteen young chickens and poults, which he tends with the utmost assiduity, searching out for them food, and defending them against all attacks. Such an exhibition of paternal fondness is not a little remarkable on the part of the turkey. What is still more remarkable, however, is that the whole of the young birds—chickens as well as poults—were hatched and reared by this same animal. His owner had observed him "sitting" on the "nest egg," and, by way of a freak, placed within the nest a number of eggs, both of turkeys and hens. The animal continued to sit, and scarcely left the objects of his solicitude until the whole were hatched! It is curious that the turkey-hen belonging to the same owner, though having access to the nest, never once presumed to molest or assist her mate in his self-imposed incubation. Nor does she now interfere with his management of the young family. On the contrary, animated either by a "Bloomer" spirit, or perhaps filled with a thorough contempt for so hen-hearted a spouse—she treats him and his family with the utmost apparent indifference, as if the one as well as the other were beneath her notice.—*Banffshire Journal.*

JUDGE NOT.—Not far removed from calumny, and often leading up to it, is injurious comment on people's conduct, which when addressed or repeated to them, or imagined by them, is apt to vex them sorely. But really if it were considered how utterly incompetent men are to talk of the conduct of others as they do, the talkers would often be silenced at once, and the sufferers as readily consoled. In the first place, how imperfect is our knowledge of our neighbours' circumstances. You suppose a man rich, and he is poor; or rich, but with perils, claims, and responsibilities of which you know nothing; you suppose him healthy, and he is tortured by some internal disease; you suppose him unhappy in his domestic relations, and he is most felicitous; or, on the other hand, you suppose him lapped in the loving regards of his family, and all the while he has a wretched contentious home; you suppose him a man of leisure, and he is cumbered with cares, duties, labours, and endeavours, of which you have not the slightest conception—what is your comment on this man's conduct worth?

INTEGRITY OF THE DOG.—The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasure and our toil, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—rememberers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor.

The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* tells the following story, and draws a moral from it which young men should remember. A little fellow who put on a pair of skates for the first time, paid the usual penalty. Having hurt himself somewhat by the fall which he received, his brother advised him to "give it up." "No, I shan't give it up," was the reply; "I can learn to skate, and I will learn." And at it he went, with an energy and determination which bade defiance to apparent impossibilities. In twenty years from this time, that little fellow, if he lives, will have made his mark somewhere. A boy who will not "give up" a difficult job, but who will do it because he feels conscious that he can do it, has the ring of the true metal of manhood in his composition.

THE ELOQUENCE OF FLOWERS.—Amongst all the pleasant things of life—and the all-bountiful hand of Providence has scattered the path of our days with innumerable pleasant things, if man would but enjoy them—amongst all the pleasant things of life, there are few more pleasant than a walk in the flower-garden before breakfast on a sunny morning. To see those mute and still, though not motionless creatures—we mean the blossoms, opening their painted bosoms to the beneficent rays which give them their colour and their loveliness, welcoming the calm blessing of the light, as if with gratitude, and seeking, in their tranquil state of being, for nothing but the good gifts of God—might well afford a monitory lesson. Everything in nature has its homily, to the eager hunters after fictitious enjoyment. How calm do the blossoms stand in their loveliness! how placid in their limited fruition of the elements that nourish them! How, in their splendid raiment, do they sparkle in the sun; how do they drink up the cup of dew, and gratefully give back honey and perfume in return! Avoid that man, or that woman, who can see nothing beautiful in buds, blossoms, flowers, and children.

MARVELS OF THE CREATION.

The mariner who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world, was astonished when, on the 19th of September, 1492, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed—the sea-weed meadow of Oviedo—the Sargasso Sea, which, with a varying breadth of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 260,000 square miles of surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the eddy of the numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot; and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the western and southern currents, which produce the temperature most fitted to promote this amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? or do they accumulate into deposits of particular coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers, when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after-time?

In the chart of the Pacific Ocean, we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea rivers on vegetation. From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, 60 degrees in width (our readers will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow), drifts slowly along in a north-east and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it impinges upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms: one of which stretches south and east, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into the south-western Atlantic; the other flows first north-east and then north-west, along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along the low plains which stretch from the shores of the Pacific to the base of the Andes. This current, discovered by Humboldt, and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees; while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters of the ocean through which it runs.

The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast; at the same time that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also, and materially modify the climate. The beautiful and beneficent character of this modifying influence becomes not only apparent, but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain map of the world shows us, that on the coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert of Sahara, it ought therefore to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But in consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, the atmosphere loses its transparency, and the sun is obscured for months together.

The vapours at Lima are often so thick, that the sun seen through them with the naked eye assumes the appearance of the moon's disc. They commence in the morning and extend over the plains in the form of refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after mid-day, and are followed by heavy dews, which are precipitated during the night. The morning mists and the evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rains; and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea-river.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. S.—All letters and communications intended for the Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL must be addressed to him at the office, 334, Strand.

MESEMERIC.—Our opinion of Mesmerism has already been published. There is no mystery in it, and when its revelations are more complete, we shall have ample evidence to explain away many an old superstition.

SETHON.—The education of officers in the army is under very stringent regulations. The examination includes French, Latin, and the mathematics. You had better be guided by your parents.

ALBERT.—Dumas's novel of "Monte Christo" was quite completed. The dénouement is remarkably perfect. The fate of the hero is left to the imagination, and very properly so—for it was more skillful to leave such an extraordinary character in mystery, than to have chronicled his last experiences, dying speech and all.

HENRY ASHTON.—Apprentices may be assigned. A master of his own authority cannot compel his apprentices to attend a place of worship on the Sabbath Day, but under the Lord's Day Act, a magistrate has power to inflict a penalty, and in default of payment, to commit to prison for non-attendance.

SARAH B.—An invitation given by the bride to one of her bridesmaids on the wedding morn, should not be accepted until after the honeymoon has elapsed. Visits of congratulation are not made until then.

L. B. C.—When a lady and gentleman meet in a public thoroughfare, and they speak and walk together, the etiquette is for the gentleman to offer her his arm, but only in the event of their being sufficiently known to each other to warrant the familiarity.

J. EVANS.—The difference between king and emperor consists in the former being the head of one nation, the latter of many. The Emperor of France is not de facto an emperor—the Emperor of Austria is, because he is the sovereign authority over several states.

FRANK MILMAY.—Generally when the wife is five years older than the husband, she is at least ten years his senior in knowledge of the world, tact, and discrimination; so that she is the head—not he—which is a complete reversal of the order of matrimony. You must consult your own judgment, but must expect her to turn grey before you are forty.

R.—Q. If man's inhumanity to man makes countless ages mourn, what is the effect of man's inhumanity to woman? A. Mr. Fitzroy's "Aggravated Assaults" Act, and six months' incarceration, on a bread and water-gruel diet, with some brisk salutary exercises on the treadmill, diversified by oakum picking and breaking stones. So, beware, all ye large-handed, bad-headed men—for the magistrates of England are resolved to put down ruffianism towards helpless women.

THE DOCTOR.—It may be well to guard against an abuse of the "Cure for drunkenness," by means of a tartar emetic. It is not quite harmless. If not carried too far it has the desired effect, but it acts as a sedative of the circulation, diminishing the heart's action. It likewise often acts upon the bowels by causing inflammation of the mucous coats. The old-fashioned way is the best, after all.

M'GREGOR PETER begs to inform "A Lady," that he believes the following to be the armorial bearings borne by the celebrated Colonel Gardiner (Gardiner or Gardiner, Scotland): Argent, a fret, gules—in each interstice a man's heart, point to the centre—all between four roses of the second, barbed, vert. Crest: a demi-leopard rampant, proper. Motto: "Virtute et labore." (By virtue and labour.)

T. WITHERS sends us the following Rebus: I am three words of sixteen letters. My 6 11 13 12 is a point of the compass; 1 3 9 1 is a temporary habitation; 16 15 9 3 is a narrow street; 10 15 9 3 is a lady's name; 16 11 13 7 is a title; 3 15 13 is one of the organs; 8 14 3 is a number; 12 5 13 9 is a prickly substance; my 10 5 2 9 is a man's name: my whole is the greatest favourite in Europe.

JAMES JOHNSON.—At the urgent request of several correspondents, we have gone a little out of our way in giving the following a place in our columns a second time. To obtain skeletons of small animals: Put any subject, such as a mouse, or frog—if a bird, strip it of its feathers—into a box perforated with a number of holes; let it be properly distended to prevent it collapsing, or being crushed together by the pressure of the earth. Then place the box, with its contents, in an ant-hole, and in a few days it will have become an exquisitely beautiful and perfect skeleton: the ants will have consumed every part of it, except the bones and ligaments. The tadpole acts the same part with fish, that ants do with birds; and, through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish, by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often till the tadpoles have finished their work. Two or three tadpoles perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.

J. RIGNY.—Capital has a recognised *locus standi* peculiar to itself, but it is artificial, and except when made an article of barter, is entirely dependent for its prosperity on the manifold operations of society. It is the productive capability which determines the character of the wealth of a people, and when this power is in any degree fettered, capital, its visible sign or agent, suffers a corresponding deterioration. Capital seeks advantageous investment, labour adequate remuneration—and therefore both require the utmost freedom of action. Injure one, and you must injure the other—for they are co-partners. Therefore the association, in its entire organisation, should be maintained in the healthiest condition attainable. Labour is unquestionably the basis of capital; but labour, by allowing accumulations to fall into the hands of the few, cannot refuse to recognise the laws by which those accumulations are governed. So that the present constitution of society demands that the institution which itself has created should receive from it every reasonable protection. And capital is so sensitive that it flies at the approach of disturbances which would interfere with its liberty—it refuses to be controlled by any other regulations than those of its own creation; and therefore all the protection it requires, is to be left entirely to its own laws and the influences which arise out of its manifold operations.

A POOR WOMAN.—Muffins are baked on a hot iron plate, and not in an oven. To a quarter of a peck of flour add three-quarters of a pint of yeast, four ounces of salt, and so much water, or milk, slightly warmed, as is sufficient to form a dough of rather a soft consistence. Small portions of the dough are then put into holes, previously made in a layer of flour, about two inches thick, placed on a board, and the whole is covered up with a blanket, and suffered to stand near a fire, to cause the dough to rise. When this is effected, they each will exhibit a semi-globular shape. They are then carefully placed on a heated iron plate, and baked. When the bottoms of the muffins begin to acquire a brownish colour, they are turned, and baked on the opposite side. Crumpets are made of a batter composed of flour, water (or milk), and a small quantity of yeast. To one pound of the best wheaten flour you may add three table-spoonsful of yeast. A portion of the liquid paste, not too thin, after being suffered to rise, is poured on the heated iron-plate, and baked, like pancakes, in a pan.

J. J. N.—Macclesfield returns two members to Parliament. Being a borough, it is governed by a mayor and corporation.

ECCESTRIC.—The Society of Civil Engineers is held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

W. A. M.—The English, Germans, Swedes, and Danes, are the fairest and lightest complexioned people in the world. The climate of Australia darkens the complexion of northern Europeans, particularly the English. The progeny of the first colonists are darker than their parents.

M'GREGOR PETER states that the name of the very ancient family of "Alrethes," Allardies, or Allardyce, is territorial, and was originally assumed from the barony of "Alrethes" Castle, on the east bank of the Bervie, Mearns. Their first charter is the confirmation of William the Lion, to the then Laird of the lands of "Alrethes," to be held by the same tenure as that of "his father," who is denominated "Le Scot," to wit, by the service of "Two Hobblers"—i. e., mounted archers. The last male representative was James Allardie of that ilk, heir of line of the Earls of Airth and Menteith (Nisbet, Vol. II., p. 45), and father of Sarah Ann Allardie, mother of the celebrated Captain Barclay Allardie, of Ury and Allardie.

L. F. R.—The government have refused to repeal the tax on paper: now this is really too bad, for the imposition is an admirable mode of raising revenue. It taxes industry, thought, civilisation. The amount is three-half-pence per pound, and it is collected with promptitude—for every pound of paper, before leaving the mill, is weighed under the inspection of an Excise officer. Now this at first sight is a tax on capital and labour, then it attacks industry at the root, and places legitimate enterprise under a supervision which is a hindrance to production, both as to amount and quality. With as much reason or justice, woollen or cotton goods, or even hardware, might be taxed by the weight. Indeed, the producer of any manufactured article might be compelled to pay for the privilege of making profit from his labour, skill, and capital. The tax being unquestionably wrong in economical principle, if we come to examine it in its moral influence, we shall find it exceedingly worse. It fixes a limit to the supply of an article that should be inexhaustible, and so injures every class—for everybody, more or less, consumes paper. It is as much a necessity as the cotton or linen of which our garments are made. To the press and literature the tax is a dead weight; but it is not a press question: manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, everybody, are equally interested with the press in procuring its abolition; and we think every Chancellor of the Exchequer who retains it, by doing so, paves the way for the downfall of himself and the ministry to which he belongs; for the press, being a corporation, never forgives a wrong inflicted on itself; and, knowing which is the blind side of every man, and of every company of men, it does not scruple to take up a most harassing position. Its rifle brigade can inflict quite as much injury as its heavy artillery—perhaps more; for great guns fired too frequently get heated, and burst.

HARRY C. PENNELL.—We approve of your lines on "Woman," not so much on account of their merit—for they limp a little—but for their healthy sentiment, and because they echo the doctrine we have supported in this part of our Journal since its establishment. Marriage is a religious duty, and a national duty. We subjoin your lines, with some emendations.

When Adam first thro' Eden stray'd,
The lord of all that he survey'd;
Lonely he pac'd each shady grove,
And yearned for something he might love.
What heard he in the glad bird's song,
Warbling blithe the boughs among?
What in the wild breeze' fitful moan?
"Man was not made to be alone!"

Tho' bowers of orange blossom fair,
With odours sweet, perfumed the air;
Tho' nature all her charms had strewn,
Man cannot live and love alone!
Every sound his ear that meets,
Still that prophet voice repeats!
And whispers still with gentle tone,
"Man was not made to be alone!"

And still, tho' years have rolled away,
That hallow'd spell maintains its sway;
Tho' Eden's bowers no longer bloom,
Nor angels' footsteps thro' them roam,
The charm which Adam sought, remains,
The sharer of man's joys and pains,
Cheers still the cottage and the throne:
"Man was not made to be alone!"

DE BURGH.—The Dublin Exhibition will do Ireland good, by showing Ireland what industry can accomplish without the aid of government. The great curse of Ireland has been a want of faith in herself. The majority have only had faith in a church which has degenerated and become useless to the advancing interests of mankind; and the result has been beggary, and degrading mental and moral slavery to dim and dark traditions of a not over-good past. Ireland has been false to herself, and we Britons are somewhat to blame in the matter of her distresses—wrong she has none, save those self-inflicted. Infatuated with the idea of our own superior merit, when we have not been afraid of Ireland we have neglected her, and resorted to every expedient and argument but the right ones to account for the depression under which she laboured. Irishmen in this respect have been as great sinners. In addition to their servility to custom and tradition, they have indulged in intemperate declamation on the subject of their country's woes, instead of advocating industrial application as the only means to remedy them. So that what is styled the thinking portions of the community on both sides of the channel, Ireland has been placed in the sad predicament of having been under-rated on the one side, and over-rated on the other. In addition, the brawls between the two churches have been a terrible stop-gap in the way of her regeneration. Let us hope for the speedy dawning of her bright day. But as a preliminary to its advent, the emigration mania must be checked.

E. W. T.—Her Majesty the Queen could have married one of her subjects—she was not obliged to marry a foreigner. Of all the members of the Royal Family, it is only the sovereign who has any freedom of choice in this important matter.

GORDON D.—The Clan Davidson derive from David *don* (black), fifth son of Murdoch, *Person* of Kingussie, who, on the demise of his brother Diarmid, *Issue*, succeeded to the chieftainship of Clan Chattan, anno 1163—and in 1173 obtained a dispensation from the Pope, and married a daughter of the Thane of Calder, by whom he left five sons. (See "Baronage," p. 354.) [It is asserted by some that the thirty men of *Clan Day*, or *Clay*, who fought "with claymores and targe" before king and court, on the North Inch of Perth, in 1396, were Davidsons, headed by their chief, Davidson of Invernahaven. See "New Gazetteer."] Tartan: 4 black, 11 green, 2 white, 11 green, 8 black, 11 blue, 2 red, 11 blue, 4 black. Arms of Davidson of Inchmaris: Azure on a fesse argent, between three pheons, or, a buck lodged, gules. Crest: A demi-young man wreathed (others, a demi-Highlander in costume), holding a man's heart in his dexter hand, proper. Motto: "Sapienter si sincere." (Wisely if sincerely.) [Peter's Heraldry of Angus and Mearns," MS. 4to, p. 92.]

M'GREGOR PETER.

J. P.—The empire of Turkey is called the Sublime Porte, from the principal entrance of the seraglio being a huge pavilion with eight openings over the gate or porte. This gate, from which the Ottoman empire took its name, is very high, and is guarded by fifty capidjis, or porters.

S. H.—At fifty-two, the value of an annuity of £100 per annum would be £1084 18s.; but it might be purchased for considerably less from an insurance company. Consult your solicitor as to the office.

T. A. P.—The suffrage question is the question, *par excellence*, to be settled sooner or later. Its solution, we firmly anticipate, will be peaceful. But those classes whom the settlement more particularly affects should study the history of their country comprehensively and liberally. We do not mean the history which has been written—for that is a mere register of births, deaths, marriages, battles, intrigues, and falsehoods—but that history patent to common sense, which is inseparably associated with the traditions that accompany the abuses of which the people complain. They should at the same time discard as authorities the scribbles of the political fraternity, the roaring oratory of the platform, and the sophistries of the economists. Let them search out themselves and for themselves, and, having obtained it, trust to their own judgments, and that natural sagacity which is unerring either in the pursuit of a right or the redress of a wrong. Let them, in short, shake off their indifference, and show themselves to be large-brained, energetic Englishmen, and they would speedily have before them accurate estimates of all the institutions by which they are surrounded. A sound, sober study of the English form of government, in relation to the suffrage question, would soon open their moral as well as mental eyes to the one-sided arguments, sophistries, perversions, and tenacious clinging to old forms, indulged both in and out of Parliament.

SCOTARCHUS sends us a purely Scottish view of the Crystal Palace—and as we wish to collect as many opinions as we can, we publish the substance of his communication. He contends that to open the palace on Sunday would be a violation of a day constituted in wisdom and care for man by his Creator, and from its sacredness and importance, when viewed aright, every earthly consideration should be sacrificed to devoting it according to God's intention: and therefore it is a sin to make the Sabbath bend to the enjoyment of a worldly pleasure. Far better would it be to put forth the same energy and perseverance in agitating and demanding a half-holiday on Saturday for recreation, and leave the Sabbath for rest, meditation, and Divine worship. "I am persuaded," he says, "that if man would take some thought in nourishing his soul from Sabbath to Sabbath, his whole weary days would be turned into pleasantness, and he would be providing a rest in eternity, instead of wandering heedlessly in irreligious life until death meets him unprepared. No doubt it is very trying and hard for people who have severe work all the week (as I know myself from experience), and who think that they must necessarily in such circumstances spend the Sabbath in recreation and a little enjoyment, and who say they worship God amid the beauties of nature; but do they really do so without using some unallowed means which must make their worship odious to Him; or do they gain impressions which turn the heart to Him in adoring gratitude, and become effectual in thorough religious life. I wonder that it should be recommended to open the Palace on the Sabbath, because there are other places more questionable open on that day. We should rather try and remove evils than build up another, which, from being a precedent, would engender others. The next conviction would be similar to that for relieving the Post Office officials from Sunday labour—for from the greater crowds that would resort to the Palace on that day, the greater staff of superintendents, &c., of departments would be required constantly all the week. Depend upon it, a sure blessing in this life to the working classes, and a mightier one in eternity, shall compensate us for any sacrifice we make for our soul's welfare on earth."

LETTERS RECEIVED.—L. MURRAY ("To have enabled you to have done so")—J. M. L. (Boys are admitted into the Royal Navy, as naval cadets, at fourteen)—G. E. (Somnambulism may be cured, but we should not like to prescribe, because the treatment must be regulated by the temperament)—A. Junior Assistant (You must fulfil the engagement)—* * * (Queen Victoria is a German by origin, but an Englishwoman by birth)—A. Farmer (New Zealand is the best colony for strictly agricultural pursuits)—A. M. L. (We are afraid not. The nearest place would be Montreal)—J. F. (Apply to the secretary, at the offices, Broad Street Buildings, in the City)—A. Y. Z. (Bring the matter before the Lord Mayor in public—the press will then take notice of it)—Elizabeth (Order from a publisher)—T. (Write to the secretary of the Convict Department, Home Office, Whitehall)—J. W. R. (You may take up your freedom of the City of London whenever you may think proper)—Albion (Apply to the City Police Commissioner)—Mullum in Parvo (The stage at this moment would enable you to just starve, and no more)—Inquirer (Inquire personally at the hospital, Guildford Street)—James Mills (Advertise—advertise—that is the way in which situations are to be procured)—* * * (The international copyright subsisting between France and England prohibits translations of books on either side, without the consent of the authors)—M. J. L. (Caused by disturbance of the nervous system)—S. T. W. (You must have a friend at court, or application would be useless. The salaries of government clerks are not progressive—they are increased by promotion, not length of service)—J. A. S. (At the Office, 334, Strand)—S. S. (A popular error)—H. H. (According to the custom, when the wages are paid weekly, there must, before separating, be a week's notice on either side. The employer must give that or a week's wages)—C. Miller (At the Office, 334, Strand)—Dramaticus (We are not informed of the fact: ladies' ages are mysteries into which the profane eye of curiosity must not penetrate)—E. C. (No such person is connected with the establishment of this Journal, or ever has been)—Edward B.—J. J. J.—Anglo Saxon—W. S. G.—M. E. Lóuery—John Perrin—Oliver—Alice Brandon—John Bruton—W. M.—A. R.—T. R.—Ada—The Faithful Slave—G.—T. F. G.—Peter Norton—Alexander Gray—S. J. P.—W. Broughton—Alfred M'C.—Mary—George Edmonds—Adolphe—Ashbrook—George Price—J. Jones—E. L.—Fanny C.—J. J. S.—Edwin Walsh—Sir John Falstaff—R. J. S.—Solitude—J. Vercy—Boas—Henry Clifford—C. J. B.—T. W. C.—Iris—V. P. E.—Robert de Bruce—Desidero—Menelus—Ally and Burtle—Anne—Jonathan—W. W.—M. E. T.—S. B. M.—Dore—Donald of Dundee—J. S. Thompson—Frank Ainsworth—W. E. H. Bloomer—Mary C.—William Langstaffe—G. G.—Mechanic—Elmirt R. B.—T. E. Thompson—James Burton, Jun.—Charles Tomkins—Mary Gill—H. S.—Jacob Faithful—W. B.—H. Jenner—Augustus—G. F. Holden—T. A. Peasall—Amator—H. B.—Kensington—Samuel Oakes—Frankness—S. P.—Joseph Bowden—Harold—R. C.—Jno E. J. H.—T. P. L.—Stanhope—A. Z.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED, AND DECLINED, WITH THANKS.—"The Soul Alone's Unchanging"—Stanzas to a Lady—Rhymes on the First of May—Country Meditations in the Spring—Lines on an Urn—Uncle Tom's Grave—The Wind—Lines on Midnight—Death of Eva—Lines by D. R.—Lines by Mary W.—Lines by E. Bisket—The Female Emigrant—On Emigration, by E. L. H.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE KHAN REVEALING THE SECRET OF HENRY ASHTON'S BIRTH.]

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JESUIT," "THE PRÉLATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXXX.

Hear me for my cause! and be silent, that
You may hear me. SHAKESPEARE.

No sooner had the death-rattle ceased in the throat of the guilty Colonel Mowbray, and the surgeons pronounced him dead, than the eyes of Martin, who had been gradually sinking, re-kindled, as though he had received from some pitying angel, who had listened to the long prayer of his existence, a fresh lease of life. Raising himself, without the assistance of Joe Beans, who for the last hour had been watching him in his chair, he exclaimed, in a distinct tone:

"Philip Ashton, in the name of God speak out! The persecutor is no more, and the hour has come!"

All eyes were turned towards the Khan, whose countenance was calm and impassive as ever, with intense expectation and anxiety. Every one present felt they were about to listen to a strange tale, and a still stranger *dénouement*.

"Perhaps," observed the Duchess of Devonshire, who saw how painfully Lady Mowbray was agitated, "the explanation had better be deferred! This fearful excitement will destroy her!"

"No—no!" murmured the old groom. "I am dying! Now—now let me fulfil my trust! Then, when I meet my noble master in a better world, he may smile upon me, and say, the confidence he reposed in the man who ate his bread has not been broken. Now—now!"

"Right!" said the long-suffering widow, whose heart anticipated that its dearest wish would at last be gratified. "Fear not, dear friend! Joy will not kill me; and I am proof against fresh sorrow!"

"Philip," added his brother, who, with his weeping dame, foreboded the blow which was about to be inflicted on the long-cherished hopes and feelings of years, "if thee knowest anything about that bad man, or the poor lady's child, speak at once, for the credit of thee name, and thee dead father's memory!"

Thus adjured on all sides, the renegade commenced his explanation. Every word which fell from his lips was

received with greedy ears by the party in the library, who, in their various groupings, would have formed no bad study for a painter: Lady Mowbray, supported on either side by the duchess and Ellen; Martin, his withered hand grasping that of our hero, dying in the chair of his loved master; the body of the colonel, whose countenance, even in death, bore traces of the evil passions which destroyed him, stretched upon a sofa directly under the window, through which the morning sun was brightly streaming; Dr. Orme and the magistrates surrounding the Khan, and the old domestics of the family peering anxiously in at the door of the apartment, from whose panelled walls the portraits of the Mowbrays, for many generations, seemed to preside over the fortunes of their race.

"My justification," commenced the Khan, in his usual calm, unbroken tone, "must accompany my explanation! The old gravestones in the churchyard of Carrow would reproach me, if I permitted a stain to rest upon the name of Ashton through any act of mine. I address myself to those," he added—"to those who can both understand and sympathise with the yeoman's honest pride and fidelity to the lords of the land whose soil we have tilled for centuries!"

"This delay is agony!" murmured Lady Mowbray, whose eyes, during the last few minutes, had never wandered from the manly features of Henry, whose countenance was alternately agitated by doubt and hope.

"It is known that, unsuited for the peaceful toil of my forefathers," resumed Philip Ashton, "at the early age of sixteen I became a soldier, and enlisted in the regiment commanded by that bold, bad man whose death we have just witnessed. For years I served my country with courage, both in the burning clime of India and in other lands. Our regiment suffered severely at Assaye, where I distinguished myself in saving the life of my superior officer. Soon afterwards we were ordered home to England. Our quarters were near to London. Little is known, beyond military circles, of the sufferings of the soldier," he added; "for a slight breach of discipline, I was condemned to the lash—to be tied up, like a hound, in the gaze of my fellow-men, and flogged! It was not the pain of the lash I feared; it was the disgrace! One man alone could save me from the agony of such a shame! That man was Colonel Mowbray! He sought me in my prison; and as the price of his mercy, proposed that I should exile myself to India, taking with me a child, which was to bear my name, and pass for mine."

All eyes became rivetted upon Lady Mowbray and our hero, whose agitation became fearful.

"I consented," resumed the narrator—"gladly consented—for in India, my old schoolfellow and companion, Musgrave, the father of Meeran Hafaz, had married a begum, or native princess, and was in a position to protect me and advance my fortunes."

"The child! my child!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray.

"Your heart, madam, I perceive, has already divined my secret! A few moments more, and your hopes will be confirmed! The fiend to whom I pledged myself, by an oath too terrible to repeat—bound me never to disclose the transaction whilst he lived! Two days before the vessel was to sail, I encountered the man who had brought the infant from Italy to England. From him I learnt that it was the colonel's own nephew—his brother's son—the heir of Carrow! What was I to do? My lips fettered by an oath I dared not break, and still within the power of the colonel, who, instead of procuring my pardon—which he could easily have done—connived at my escape! Still I resolved the child should not be exposed to the perils of the voyage—the hazards of a wandering life like mine! I bore him to Carrow, to my brother's farm; told him a tale of a pretended marriage, and the loss of my wife! He believed me, received the boy, and saved him a —"

A shriek, such as escapes from the heart when relieved from the agony of years, broke from the lips of Lady Mowbray, whose arms involuntarily stretched towards our hero.

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

"My boy! my boy! Here, to this broken heart!"

The next instant they were folded in the fond embrace of filial and maternal love. Oh, the gushing tenderness of that embrace! The long-suffering woman gazed upon him with unutterable pride and fondness, parted the clustering curls from his flushed brow, and imprinted there a mother's holiest kiss—the seal of nature's right—then, overcome with the intensity of happiness, sank fainting in the arms of those around her.

Sir William Mowbray—for so, for the future, we must call our hero—could have knelt and worshipped her. For years his heart had yearned for the blessing of a mother's love—and the wish was gratified at last. The discovery which gave him a name and fortune, was far less precious than the recovery of a parent whom he could honour as well as love.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, and it was the second time

his lips had pronounced the endearing name; "angel of innocence—martyr! Look up and bless your son—bless but with a look, and he is happy!"

The word—the piercing accents of his voice—awoke the long-slumbering echoes of her heart. Lady Mowbray half unclosed her quivering eye-lids, and pronounced the name of William—his father's name: how proud and happy he felt. The happiness of a whole life was concentrated in that moment.

Old Martin, whose greedy ears drank in every word, murmured a few indistinct words of thanksgiving: he felt that he should accomplish his task, and fulfil the sacred trust his master had reposed in him. Scarcely an eye in the room but was dimmed with tears. The rector was on his knees in silent prayer, and poor Joe Beans was endeavouring to choke the sobs of joy which would rise in his throat, at the discovery which placed a yet greater distance between himself and the friend of his youthful days; whilst Dame Ashton and her husband sat gazing in silent but not selfish sorrow: they felt that they had lost a son.

"Could my dear uncle but have known this," thought Ellen, "how would his noble heart have rejoiced! Perhaps from his sphere of bliss he sees and blesses him!"

The Duchess of Devonshire was the first to recover her self-possession. She saw that further excitement might prove fatal to the exhausted frame of Lady Mowbray, and firmly but gently insisted on her being removed at once to her apartment. Henry—pshaw! the fellow has so wormed himself into our heart, we can scarcely bring ourselves to call him by his proper name—Sir William, we mean, would permit no other arms than his to assist his now-found parent: raising her tenderly as a mother would her sleeping child, he carried her from the library to her chamber. Not even the entreaties of Ellen and the duchess could prevail on him to leave the room till he felt in her once more open her tear-gemmed eyes, and heard her lips pronounce the name of "son."

"Ellen—dear Ellen!" he whispered to his cousin, as the fair girl gently led him from the room; "next to the joy I feel at the discovery of such a parent, my greatest happiness is that you will not have to blush in the eyes of the world for the choice you have made! Worthy of you," he added, at the same time imprinting a kiss upon her brow, "I can never prove—but this event lessens the measure of my undeservings!"

"To me," replied the blushing girl, "Sir William Mowbray will be no dearer than Henry Ashton!"

No sooner had our hero and the ladies withdrawn from the library, than all joined in commending the prudence of the Khan—who further explained to them that, since his return to England, he had succeeded in discovering the party who brought the infant heir of Carrow from Italy, and delivered him to Colonel Mowbray.

"That will lessen the difficulty of establishing our young friend's rights," observed Colonel Butler; "but, unfortunately, the law will require something more where such large possessions are at stake—some further proof!"

"Which I and Mrs. Page can furnish!" said the aged housekeeper.

"You?" repeated the rector, with surprise.

"Yes!" continued the faithful domestic; "I and Mrs. Page, who was lady's-maid in the family, were present when my master's son was born. Dr. Martineau, who attended my lady, pointed out to us a singular mark upon the left breast of the infant!"

"A mark?"

"Was it something like a strawberry-leaf?" eagerly demanded Dame Ashton.

"As like as if it had been painted!" replied Mrs. Jarmy, with surprise.

"There will be no difficulty, then," said the farmer's wife, merrily; "for Harry—I forgot, I mustn't call him Harry," she added, correcting herself, and at the same time bursting into a flood of tears, "has the mark—I have seen it when he was a child a thousand times!"

"What beast thee crying for, dame?" said the honest farmer, drawing his hand across his eyes to efface the traces of a weakness of which he felt ashamed. "Thee ought to be glad—glad, I tell thee!"

"Glad when we have lost a son?" answered his wife, reproachfully. "What be the use of all thee toil and saving now? Har—Sir William I mean, he won't want it—he'll forget us now—let us go home!"

"That be true, Missus," blubbered Joe Beans; "and thee know't it beant! Master Harry—I can't call him anything else yet—wouldn't forget a dog he had once been fond of: why he won't pass even me without a kind word or smile, tho' he has come to be lord of the manor, and great, and rich—much less those who have reared and loved him!"

"Could he," said the rector, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker, "I should despise as much as I have loved him!"

There is nothing so sensitive as affection, jealous of its rights; Dame Ashton would not be convinced, simply because that word was not spoken by the lips of our hero: she insisted upon returning to the farm; and, accompanied by her husband, had just reached the great hall as Sir William crossed it, on his return from the chamber of Lady Mowbray.

"Matthew—doff thee hat!" she said, in a loud whisper; "here be—be—"

She could not say Sir William—the words stuck in her throat; the pride of the affectionate creature gave way, and she sobbed audibly.

None knew her nature, temper, strength, and weakness, better than the child she had reared. Our hero read in an instant the struggle passing in her mind. Throwing himself forward, with the familiarity of his boyish years, he kissed her wrinkled cheeks.

"Dame—dame," he said, "you would not render your

poor boy miserable, by letting him see that this discovery makes you unhappy! Mowbray or Ashton, what does it signify? I shall not love you and farmer less. After my own dear angel mother," he added, "you will always hold the first place in my heart!"

If the speaker did not include Ellen in the reservation, it was, perhaps, that his love for the fair girl surpassed all other love.

"I told thee, dame," exclaimed the farmer, grasping him by the hand, "that thee wor unjust! tho' he be rich and great, he won't forget us!"

"Never!"

"Or love us less?"

"More I cannot," replied our hero, returning the pressure of the old man's hand. "I repeat it—I must ever consider you and your wife as my second parents, and respect and honour you as such!"

"My dear boy," said the rector, entering the hall hastily from the library, "old Martin is most impatient to see you! the surgeons say that he has not an hour to live! He has a solemn trust to discharge before he dies!"

"A trust?" repeated Sir William.

"Yes!" added the rector, solemnly; "from your dead father!"

"I follow you instantly—instantly! You hear," he added, turning to the farmer and his wife, "I am summoned in a name it would be sacrilege to disregard!"

So saying, he followed the rector to the library.

"He be our own boy in heart, though not in blood!" exclaimed the dame, looking after him with a glance of gratified affection. "How prettily he did speak! didn't he, Matthew?"

"That he did!" replied her husband. "I knew all the time that his heart wor in the right place! He is worthy of his good fortune!"

"But he won't owe it to us!" observed his wife, regretfully.

"No matter who he owes it to," answered the honest farmer; "he deserves it! Come along!" he added; "if our fire-side be at times a bit lonely, we shall know that he is happy—and that will be enough!"

"Didn't I tell thee so!" said Joe Beans, who had overheard the last observation of his former master.

"Thee didst, lad—thee didst!"

"Why he shook me by the hand as he passed me just now in the library, afore all the gentry. His heart be all gold! there beant a bit of pride in it! But I mun be off!"

The aged couple demanded where Joe was compelled to be off to. The praise of our hero was so grateful to them, they would willingly have detained him to listen to it.

"I must go and see poor Ralph," replied the young man, "who be frightened out of his wits, I dare say. Police have got him!"

"Got him! What for?"

"Doesn't 'ee know, mun? Why for shooting the colonel! I wish he had shot him afore he had hit poor Martin!" added the rustic. "Poor old man! he be a sinking fast!"

The farmer and his wife both expressed the utmost indignation that Red Ralph should be in custody, even for a moment, for shooting such a villain; and the farmer declared that he would bail the boy for a thousand pounds, if necessary.

"For two thousand, Matthew!" said the dame; "for two! Tell him so, Joel! tell him so from me! Pretty justice, indeed!"

Joe promised that he would, and left them, to console the prisoner, whom he found down-hearted enough—terrified at what he had done—in the butler's room, in charge of the village constable and one of the city officers.

"Eh, Mister Beans!" said Ralph, his countenance brightening as soon as he saw him. "Thee beest come at last! This be more nor I bargained for, I reckon!"

He held up his wrists, and showed the handcuffs which the officers had placed upon him.

"No matter!" replied his patron; "it won't be for long!"

"That's what Will Sidelar said," observed the boy, ruefully, "when they took him at Cromwell House; 'but they hung un, for all that!'"

"Don't thee be afeard! They won't hang thee!"

"I don't know that!" answered the boy, dolefully. "This be a mortal queer world! But I don't care!" he added; "he killed 'old man, and wor it to do agin, I'd do it! If I hadn't ha' done it, he might ha' killed thee!"

Joe was touched by the simple expression of Ralph's gratitude and attachment to him; and Susan, who was present, felt so grateful, that she absolutely threw her arms round his neck, and kissed the red-haired little monster, as she used to call him.

"Can't ye take those things off his hands?" said Joe, addressing the officer of justice. "I'll be his bail he won't run away! Will thee, Ralph?"

"Not if thee tell I to stop!" answered the boy.

This was a request which neither the constable nor his colleague thought proper to accede to, till Colonel Butler and the rector entered the room, and instantly directed that they should be taken off. Being magistrates, there was no further difficulty.

"Don't be alarmed, my little man," said the former, patting him on the head; "instead of being punished for what you have done, you shall be rewarded! You have nothing to fear!"

"I told 'ee so, Ralph!" whispered Joe; "I told 'ee so!"

"The case," added Colonel Butler, "is clearly one of justifiable homicide. The next you will have to endure

is a day or two's detention till the inquest is over; and even that may be avoided if you can procure bail."

"What be that?" demanded the prisoner, gradually getting more and more at his ease. "I ain't got any, that I know on!"

His rustic friend remembered the offer of Farmer Ashton, who had not yet left the abbey: he not only readily became security for Ralph's appearance before the coroner—which, after all, was a mere form—but induced a friend—a substantial yeoman on the estate—to join him.

The bail bond signed, Red Ralph was restored to liberty.

CHAPTER CXXXI.

DIRECTLY our hero entered the library, after the summons of the rector, he advanced towards the chair in which Martin sat, or rather reclined, propped by pillows. The countenance of the old man was pale, as death had already passed his icy hand over its lineaments, and his eyes were nearly closed, but they opened again and flashed with intelligence at the sound of his young master's voice, whilst a smile of satisfaction played faintly as an expiring flame upon his quivering lips, to which he made several attempts to raise the hand extended to him.

"Forgive me!" he said; "forgive me that I summoned you from the presence of those you love; but it was your father's voice—not mine—not mine! I dared not disobey his commands!"

"Had it been otherwise," replied Sir William, "your slightest wish would have been law to me. Deep as my regret is at losing you, my true and faithful friend, it is doubled by the feeling that my debt of gratitude is still unpaid!"

"Gratitude!" repeated the aged groom, somewhat feebly; "no—no! You owe no gratitude to me! For many a long year I ate your father's bread in idleness—but he was good, and would not have suffered a worn-out hound to starve that had served him faithfully; you owe me no gratitude!"

"You must be brief!" whispered the surgeon to the baronet; "his recollection is failing him."

"No it ain't!" exclaimed the old man, sharply; "it can't fail me, till I can no longer serve Sir William's son. Let me look on him," he added; "pray let me see him the room grows very dark, or else my eyes are dim!" He closed them for a few moments, as if to collect both memory and strength, then fixed them upon our hero with an expression of intense fidelity and love.

"It is my master's son!" he exclaimed; "but you have neither the title-deeds of his estates, the plate, nor precious heir-looms of your house!"

"They are lost!" observed Lawyer Elworthy, who was standing near the chair.

"So people think," said the dying man, with a chuckle; "but they are mistaken; Martin has them: parchments—diamonds—gold—all safe—all safe! Sir William did not confide them to the lawyer, or the parson—no—no! he knew better; he trusted them to the fidelity of—the old—house-dog—Martin—Martin—the groom! They are safe!" he added, grasping the hand of the heir; "not one missing—all for you—all for you!"

So exhausted was the speaker by the effort he had made, that for several moments all present thought him dead—for he had fallen back upon his pillow in a state of insensibility, from which, probably, he would not have recovered, but for the skill of the Khan, whose studies, both in the East and with Dr. Guyot, had made him master of many curious secrets, both in medicine and surgery.

Calling hastily for a glass of water, he poured into it the contents of a small phial, which tinged the pure element with a bright opal colour, and held it to the lips of the groom: the very odour seemed to revive him. No sooner had the liquid passed his lips, than Martin became suddenly invigorated.

"I am strong now!" he said, in a firm tone; "strong—strong! How long will it last?"

"For an hour, perhaps," replied the renegade; "and then—"

"I understand," interrupted the old man, unmoved at the announcement; "that is as it should be! Why should the watch-dog live after his watch is ended? Let all but Sir William Mowbray," he added, in a loud voice, "quit the room!"

It is needless to add that a command, even from a groom, under such circumstances, was instantly obeyed. "Lock the door!" he whispered to our hero, as soon as they were alone.

The baronet did as he was directed.

Drawing the key or instrument which raised the entrance to the secret recess or chamber from his bosom, Martin instructed his young master how to use it.

"Descend!" he said; "you will find them all there—not a seal broken! The deeds—without which your wretched uncle could not have sold or mortgaged a single acre of the broad lands of Carrow—the diamonds, plate, all—all!"

"But I cannot leave you, Martin, at such a moment!" observed Sir William, fearful that the momentary strength of the faithful domestic might fail him.

"The deeds—the parchments!" repeated the dying man; "let me see them before I die! See them in your hands—for to your hands alone I promised to give them! do not deny old Martin's last request!"

Thus adjured, it was impossible to resist: with a trembling hand, Sir William applied the key to the artfully contrived opening—it refused to turn.

"To the left—the left!" said Martin, who continued intently watching him.

It turned, disclosing the entrance.

"The packet directed to his son, to be read only by

him," continued the speaker, "lies on the lid of the coffer containing the papers: secure that—let me see that!"

Our hero hastily descended, and in a few moments returned with it in his hands: impatient as he felt to open it—to read the last lines traced by the pen of the parent whom he had loved and honoured as his benefactor and friend—he restrained the impulse, and hastened to the side of its faithful guardian, in whom, brief as had been his absence, he perceived a change.

The potion of the Khan was beginning to lose its virtue: life was fast fleeing from him.

"Martin," said our hero, pressing his hand, "is there nothing I can do for you, to mark my gratitude? Have you no wish—no request?"

"Yes! one—one!"

"Name it?"

"Bury me," faltered the old groom, "in sight of the Mowbray vault, near to my dear—dear master! I once thought," he added, "that I should like to have been earthed in the stable; but it was a wrong wish, perhaps, and might only frighten the grooms and helpers—not that old Martin would do them any harm!"

"You shall be buried in the vault of the Mowbrays!" replied the baronet; "in the midst of the race you have so long and faithfully served!"

"No—no!" exclaimed the dying man, with a faint smile; "near to the vault! The house-dog should lie at the door—the door! You are sure," he added, looking earnestly into the eyes of the young heir, "that the coffer is safe?"

"Quite safe, Martin!"

"And you will not forget the way to the secret chamber? Remember the—key—turns to the—left—the left!"

The difficulty with which he pronounced the last few words indicated that his end was fast approaching. Sir William Mowbray rose from his knees by the side of the chair, and, unlocking the door of the library, beckoned to the rector to enter, that he might perform the office of his ministry.

Dr. Orme commenced, with the fervour of true piety, the service for the dying. The aged groom listened with evident pleasure to his words, but from time to time opened his half-closed eyes to take one more look at the son of his old master. At the end of the prayer, he attempted to raise himself from the pillow, but was too feeble.

The rector and our hero both assisted him.

"He is trying to speak!" whispered the former.

Sir William inclined his head, to catch the last words of the old man.

"Take care of the *cheval* saddle and the horse-cloth!" he said, alluding to the trappings of the famous steed, the traditional pride of the Mowbray stables.

"They shall be cared for, for your sake, Martin!"

"God bless you! you will not forget me?" said the grey-haired servitor.

"Never—never!"

"What," added the old man, with a faint smile, "did you say was the name of the plant—you know—the unsightly, prickly plant, which blooms but once in a hundred years—we spoke of it—together?"

"The aloe, Martin—the aloe!" replied Sir William, with difficulty repressing his tears.

"Ah!" nodded the groom, "I—remember! I told you it would bloom at last—it has! Old Martin has paid his debt of gratitude, and can meet his master with a smile—a smile!"

These were the last words his tongue could falter. With a gentle sigh, he fell back upon the pillows and expired, his fading eyes fixed to the last upon the heir of the race he had so long and faithfully served.

The baronet laid his hand upon the eyelids of the dead, and gently closed them: he felt he could do no less for such a friend and servitor. The last duty paid, he followed the rector from the library.

In the solitude of his own chamber, our hero broke the seal of the packet which contained the last writing of his father: of that father whom he had loved and honoured as a benefactor and friend—whose virtues he had venerated—whose memory was so dear to him.

It contained the outpourings of a noble, bruised heart, addressed to the son he had so long and deeply mourned; filled with advice drawn from the noblest principles, such as experience might give to age; and recommended his unknown heir to emulate the virtues of Henry Ashton, whose friendship he particularly wished him to cultivate.

"Remember my pupil and friend," it continued, "in honour, integrity, and truth, and you will be all a father's heart could wish—all his instructions would have trained you to!"

With deep emotion Sir William perused the lines so grateful to his feelings—so precious to his heart: they were the seal upon his happiness, and consoled him even for the loss of such a parent.

"Heaven grant," he murmured, "that I prove worthy of the name bequeathed by so good a man! To add to his lustre is impossible—my care must be not to disgrace it!"

At a very early hour the following day, an inquest was held at the abbey, upon the bodies of Colonel Mowbray and the faithful Martin. There was no hesitation in returning the verdict—the evidence was so clear. In the case of the colonel, it was, as every one anticipated, justifiable homicide. In that of the latter, wilful murder: so that even if the uncle of our hero had escaped the shot of Red Ralph, he would have had to answer at the tribunal of his country for the death of the aged groom.

Ralph's joy on being informed by Joe Beans of the result of the inquest, manifested itself in the usual series of leaps and gyrations: he wanted to shake hands with

every one, danced and sang in his uncouth way, and cut a thousand antics.

From a feeling of propriety, he was removed from the abbey to the Home Farm, with an intimation from the baronet that he would be provided for. Under the roof of Farmer Ashton he was in his element: the hero of his own tale, which he was compelled to repeat at the arrival of every fresh visitor—the tenants of the estate and the neighbouring yeomen crowding to the farm, to learn the real history of what had passed at the abbey. Matthew Ashton said little, but his loquacious dame amply satisfied them.

The body of Colonel Mowbray was interred at midnight, in a retired corner of the churchyard; no stone ever marked the spot: both our hero and the rector felt that it would be sacrilege to lay him by his brother, whose happiness he had so cruelly blighted—whose untimely death they more than suspected he had been privy to. The space he should have occupied in the family vault of his ancestors was destined for the faithful Martin, whom the baronet persisted in his intention of burying by the side of his master.

"That is as it should be, my dear boy!" said Dr. Orme, with an approving smile, when he heard the decision of his pupil; "his sufferings and fidelity deserve even so great an honour; not a tenant on the estate but will follow him, I feel convinced."

"I shall follow him myself!" added Sir William; "it will be the last token of respect and gratitude I can pay to poor old Martin!"

Never had the church of Carrow been so crowded as on the day of the old man's funeral: the farmers for miles round made a point of being present, to honour his memory. Sir William Mowbray followed as chief mourner—Joe Beans and Matthew Ashton next. The procession was headed by the rector in full canonicals, who walked at the head of the corpse. Every head was uncovered as it passed.

Instead of taking his seat, as every one expected, in the Mowbray gallery, over which the escutcheon of the late baronet was suspended, his son entered the pew of Farmer Ashton, in the centre of the aisle—knelt and prayed in the same place he had been accustomed to kneel and pray in when a child: which simple circumstance pleased the people more than even his following one of their own class to the grave.

The sublime words of the funeral service were ended, and the coffin deposited in its last resting-place, by the side of the murdered baronet. Instead of retiring with the mourners, Sir William remained till the church was closed, and then descended alone to the vault, to pray by the ashes of his father.

At the expiration of an hour he left the sacred edifice, and found, on his appearance in the churchyard, the tenantry drawn up in lines for him to pass through. Raising his hat to thank them, he passed quickly on, accompanied by Dr. Orme, till he reached the little gate communicating with the park, where he saw Farmer Ashton and his dame waiting to see him pass, and Joe Beans with Red Ralph standing in the background—the latter grinning and nodding with delight.

Casting a friendly smile towards Joe, the baronet drew the arm of the gratified dame within his, just as he used to do when a boy, and walked with her and the farmer towards the abbey.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Joe, emphatically; "he ain't a bit of pride about him—he be more kind than ever!"

"That he is!" said old Chettleborough, who was standing near; "if poor old Martin could only know how he has been honoured—in the baronet's own vault—well, he deserved it! Honesty, after all, Joe, be the best policy, both for this world and the next!"

"So it be," said the young man, heartily; "and I only wish I may live to serve him as faithfully as poor old Martin served his father!"

Red Ralph said nothing, but the lesson was not thrown away upon him. After the first excitement had worn away, the boy was observed at times to be sad and thoughtful—the seeds of good were sown. True, the soil was rugged, and had been little cultivated, but they only required time and a genial sun to germinate.

Although Lady Mowbray had suffered deeply from the wrongs and arrows of the world, the recovery of her son seemed to infuse fresh life into her sinking frame. As she gazed upon our hero, a gleam something like the sunshine of her youth returned.

It is needless to say that Ellen and her cousin were happy in the prospect before them, which dawned at last, bright and unclouded as their own pure, youthful hearts.

Although there was no collateral branch to dispute the claims of Sir William, yet it was deemed most prudent by his advisers to prove his right to the title and estates of his father by a solemn form of law—for which purpose a friendly suit was commenced against the executors, to compel them to resign their trust. During its progress, it became necessary for the party once more to return to London.

"It is our last trial!" whispered our hero to Ellen, as he handed her into the carriage, in the dickey of which Joe Beans and Susan were already seated; "when next we revisit Carrow, it will be for the completion of our happiness—the realisation of those fond wishes which once appeared so dark and hopeless!"

The orphan replied only by a blush: she knew that he alluded to their marriage.

In order to avoid any manifestation which might be painful to his mother, Sir William had given orders that the hour of his departure should be kept secret; but somehow it transpired, and as the carriages dashed through the park gates, a hearty cheer broke from a group assembled on the common—Red Ralph was at the head of them.

"Hang that boy!" exclaimed Joe Beans, with an air of vexation; "he is always in some mischief or another!"

"Not always, Joe!" observed Susan, in a gentle tone, which recalled her lover to himself; "besides, he is very grateful!"

"Good bye, Mister Beans!" shouted the boy; "if thee goes to Morlake, gi' my respects to the rats at Cromwell House!"

It was impossible to be angry. Joe waved his hand in sign of adieu, as the carriage disappeared over the common.

CHAPTER CXXXII.

Thus even-handed justice
Returns the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips. SHAKESPEARE.

It is no pleasing task to quit the contemplation of such characters as our hero, Ellen, and his mother, to return to the earthly, selfish beings who possess nothing in common with them but their humanity; yet we feel that our tale would be imperfect, did we not untwine every fold of the tangled web—trace vice to its fitting punishment, as well as paint the reward of virtue.

We feel assured that the patience of our readers, whose sympathy and approbation have cheered us in the progress of our task, will not fail us at the end.

The law's delay has been proverbial since the days of Shakspeare, whose philosophic prince complains of it; but where a golden spur can be applied, the cumbrous machine moves readily enough. At least it was so in the case pending between Captain Herbert and his ill-used wife, who had fallen into an artful snare, tempted by the vain hope of recovering the affections of a man who never loved anything with constancy except himself—an egotist in heart as well as mind.

"Well, George," said his uncle, with a good-humoured smile, as the ex-Guardsman made his usual morning call, to report progress; "how goes on the affair at Doctors' Commons? What say the proctors?"

"That I am certain of success—the case is so very clear!"

"Is it?" said the general, drily. "Here," he added, passing his nephew the morning paper, "is something which may facilitate it. Isabel's mother will have enough to do to look after her own interests. The colonel is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated Captain Herbert, in a tone of perfect indifference. "How very *apropos*!"

"Very!" repeated his uncle.

"Did he die suddenly?"

"Shot in some ridiculous affair at Carrow, by some wretched little ploughboy! Took him for a scarecrow, I suppose; for I perceive the fool had been masquerading. The paragraph is rather obscure, but the main point is certain. There have been some curious discoveries, it appears," he added, "touching the lost son of the late baronet, who turns out to be no other than the rival of Meeran Hafaz—another blockhead, whose passions got the better of his reason; yet he had one of the coolest heads, for one so young, I remember to have encountered."

"Ah, indeed!" said his visitor, with an abstracted air; for, in looking over the military intelligence, he had discovered a piece of news which had rather alarmed him. This was nothing less than the arrival from India of Captain Mottram, the brother of his victim—a distinguished officer, and a man of unblemished reputation.

"What are you thinking of?" demanded his uncle.

"I—ah!—nothing—nothing!"

"Then pray attend to me; for the time is approaching when this infernal marriage must be settled one way or the other. Sir Jasper Pepper begins to grow impatient. When does Lushington say it will be decided?"

"In less than a month," was the reply.

"Good!" continued the old *roué*; "and the bill in the Lords, with our interest, will take about two more. I have already spoken with the Chancellor on the subject. Let me see—that will be three; then about as long again for appearance sake. Yes," he added, with an air of satisfaction, "I think I may venture to write to Sir Jasper, that in six months we shall be in a position to conclude the affair."

"I should think you may!" replied his nephew, with a slight degree of hesitation.

"George!" exclaimed the old gentleman, petulantly, "what is the matter with you? If I thought it possible you were weak enough to entertain any lingering affection for a woman who has made you ridiculous in the eyes of the world, if not in your own, I should discard you!"

Captain Herbert eagerly assured his wealthy relative that he might make himself perfectly easy on that account.

"As for your commission, it shall soon be restored to you. I have already given orders to Cox and Greenwood to purchase the first vacancy. Young Hawks must soon sell out—the astonishment has been, how he was ever permitted to buy in: a fellow with only a paltry fifteen hundred a-year!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Contemptible!"

The husband of Isabel took his leave in much better spirits. The thought of again resuming his military rank, and continuing the life of dissipation and folly which he had hitherto led, stifled in his breast any faint whisperings of conscience which had disturbed his repose.

"Captain Mottram!" he repeated once or twice to himself, as he drove to the club; "I wonder what sort of man he is? But what can it signify to me?"

As the event proved, it did signify to him more than he imagined.

Herbert was not the only person besides his uncle who noticed the announcement in the papers of the arrival of Captain Mottram from India. The valet of the late major, who had shared all his master's secrets, saw it. The fellow had made one or two ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the successful duellist—who, deeming his business of little or no importance, refused to see him.

"Humph!" said the valet, with a knowing look, as he read the announcement; "the game isn't up yet!"

The speaker drew from his pocket a small memorandum-book, such as are generally used by men engaged in betting transactions on the turf. It had been his master's, and he had contrived to secure it on his death, before the arrival of the constables.

"Here it is!" he said, "in his own handwriting: both I and his brother can swear to that! He won't see me, won't he! Then he shall see some one else!"

So saying, he put on his hat, and left his humble lodgings to seek for Captain Mottram.

At an early hour the following morning, whilst Herbert was still at breakfast, his servant handed him a card.

"Colonel Vandeleur!" repeated his master, as he read it with a certain uneasy sensation; "I know no such person—in some marching regiment, I suppose!"

"Doubtless, sir!" replied the man; "he looks as if he had just arrived from India, or some outlandish place where the line are generally sent to. His face is as brown as a berry."

"Not at home!" said the captain, sharply.

"I told him so, sir!" continued the domestic; "for I knew that you disliked visitors, and expected to meet your lawyers; but he said that his visit was not one of idle ceremony—that you must see him."

The "must" grated terribly on the ear of the ex-Guardsman.

"If I must see him," he answered, "be it so—show him in. But first give me a glass of brandy—my nerves are decidedly shaken this morning."

His valet thought so, too, but made no observation. Silently handing him the liquor, he retired to usher in the unwelcome visitor.

Colonel Vandeleur was the commanding officer in the regiment in which Captain Mottram served, and had just been invalided with him from India. He was a soldier of the old school—a strict disciplinarian, and a man of the strictest honour. He had been present when the valet of the late major sought out the brother of Herbert's victim, and explained to him the treacherous manner in which he had been killed—that the duel was a previously arranged affair—and produced the book in which the bet had been entered. In his indignation, the colonel not only advised the captain to call the duellist to account, but proffered his service as his second.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" inquired Herbert, in his blandest tone.

The stern old soldier looked significantly, first at the domestic and then towards the door.

"Leave the room!" said the captain.

The valet did as he was ordered; but consoled himself by listening at the door.

"Now that we are alone," observed the colonel, "I will explain the motive of my visit to Captain Herbert!"

"If you please," observed the gentleman, pointing to a chair.

"It is, to request that he will refer me to a friend with whom I can arrange the time and place for a meeting with Captain Mottram!"

"Captain Mottram!" repeated the conscience-stricken man. "I have not the honour of his acquaintance!"

"He has heard of you!" observed his visitor, significantly. "But if it will in the least assist your recollection," he added, in a tone of bitter irony, "he is the brother of the man you lately murdered!"

"Murdered!" exclaimed the ex-Guardsman, with an air of insulted dignity. "Colonel Vandeleur, you forget yourself! That Captain Mottram feels aggrieved at the death of his brother, I can well conceive!"

"Can you, indeed!" said the old man, satirically.

"But that he should accuse me of his murder is most infamous! The major, after inflicting on me the deepest injury which one man can offer to another—destroying my domestic happiness—fell by me, it is true! But he fell in fair and honourable fight!"

"Pray, Captain Herbert," inquired his visitor, with the most provoking coolness, "do men of honour generally bet upon the chastity of their wives?"

"Bet—be—ridiculous!"

"It would be so," retorted the colonel, "were it not contemptible! That such was the case, I hold the proof in my hand!"

The speaker drew from his pocket the note-book of the unfortunate major. Even the effrontery of Herbert was not proof against such evidence. He was dumbfounded, and hesitated.

"It was a large sum—a very large one," continued the old soldier, "in your present circumstances—so many thousands upon a woman's chastity—and proves—"

"My confidence in her virtue!" exclaimed the captain.

"Or anxiety to get rid of her!" quietly observed the colonel. "The transaction, I regret to say it, was no less disgraceful to the brother of my friend than to yourself! But you have your choice, sir—a meeting within four-and-twenty hours with the brother of the man you so cleverly murdered, or a public exposure!"

"Without fearing the latter," answered Herbert, firmly, "I accept the first; but on one condition!"

"Pray name it?"

"That the pocket-book in which this ridiculous bet is entered—a bet which, mark me, I neither acknowledge nor deny—shall be given up to the survivor!"

The old gentleman reflected for a few moments before he replied.

"I see your object, sir!" he said. "But I agree to it."

"Will you give me a memorandum to that effect?"

"No!" replied the colonel, sternly. "It shall remain in my hands till the affair is decided! My honour must be your only guarantee!"

"As you please!" answered Herbert, carelessly—for he had recovered much of his habitual self-possession.

"May I offer you —"

"The name of your friend, sir?" said his visitor, interrupting him. "I came not here to exchange empty courtesies!"

"As you please, colonel!" coolly observed the husband of Isabel, who was far from considering himself check-mated—for he was an excellent shot. "There is the address of my friend, Lord Ilford, who, I doubt not, will lend his services on the present occasion as efficiently as he did upon the last!"

"Perhaps not!" said Colonel Vandeleur, placing the card in his note-case. "Captain Mottram, unlike his unfortunate brother, will come upon the ground fully prepared to defend himself! A man's hand is frequently less steady," he added, in a sarcastic tone, "when assured that his adversary really means to fire again! Good morning, Captain Herbert!"

Although the heart of the duellist secretly beat with terror—for he more than suspected that his success in the late affair had been in a great measure owing to the certainty of the major firing over his head—the captain dismissed his visitor with a smile as bland and courteous as if he had called to invite him to a festival, instead of a hostile encounter.

"Hang the fellow!" he muttered, as soon as he was alone; "the interview has quite unmanned me! Fool that I was to refuse seeing the major's valet! His visits are explained at last: a few hundreds might have bought the rascal over; but that is too late now! I don't know how it is," he added, seriously, "but my hand does not appear half so steady as it was: as the colonel observed, there certainly is something which gives a fellow nerve in the conviction that his adversary will not fire at him! Poor major! Pshaw! Hang it! If I begin to moralise, all will be over with me! Another glass of brandy!"

Instead of leaving for his club, Captain Herbert remained at home the rest of the morning, in expectation of a visit from Lord Ilford. He was not disappointed: about four, the youthful peer, accompanied by Cornet Graham, called upon him: he had seen Colonel Vandeleur.

"Pon my thoul, Herbert," said the young Guardsman, "it ith *weally* too bad! Another duel!"

His lordship affected a lisp—he thought it interesting.

"What can I do?" replied his friend, shrugging his shoulders; "they will force it on me! You would not have me show the white feather, for the honour of the corps?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the peer.

"Certainly not!" repeated the cornet, whose opinions on every occasion were but the echo of his noble friend's.

"I tell you what it ith, Herbert," continued his second; "I have contrived the meth on thith occasion."

"Well?" anxiously ejaculated the captain.

"They thwink, and I thwink tho, too, that ath we are bound in conthequente of our lathth affair, the duel muht come off in Franthe or Belgium, or thome plathe of that thort."

The duellist began to breathe more freely: it was at least a respite.

"I've then Vandeleur, who lithenth to reathon—that'th why Gwaham and I did not call before!"

"I am in your hands," observed the captain, "and must submit!"

"Of courthe you muht! tho it'th thettled that in eight dayth we meet at Calath: it giveth time for leave of abthenthe, and all that thort of thing! The old boy wath obthinate at firth," added the lordling, with an air of conceit; "but I talked him over!"

"My dear fellow, I am eternally your debtor!"

"Not at all!" said the peer; "you have been ecth-twently ill-uthed—made to look quite widiculouth—the wothth thing that can happen to any man—ith it not, Gwaham?"

"Certainly, my lord!" answered the echo.

"Thoote the fellow, by all meanth, Herbert: it will make you popular!"

"I'll do my best!"

"And come and dine with me," added the peer; "I ecthpect Alvary, and a few more; quite a quiet thing: we feed at eight!"

The captain was glad of any excuse to fly from his own thoughts, and promised to be punctual.

"Eight days!" he muttered, as he retired to his room to dress; "much may turn up in eight days!"

(To be continued in our next.)

ENSIGN SIMMONDS, OF THE TENTH.

WHEN railway travelling was undreamt of, and mail coaches were "alone in their glory," the ancient and sooty town of Sheffield rejoiced in the possession of an inhabitant named Mr. Samuel Peach. To have inquired for him, however, by that appellation, would have been next to useless. Not only in Sheffield, but throughout the length and breadth of the three Ridings of Yorkshire, he was known, and familiarly spoken of, as "Sam Peach, of the Angel coach-office," just as people speak of "Tom Waddell, of the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham," or "Isaac Taylor, of the Lion, at Shrewsbury."

Eccentric in many things, yet with a dash of quiet humour, and a most catholic spirit of humanity in his nature, was this same Sam Peach. He was wealthy, of course—for eccentricity is too great a luxury for a poor man to indulge in. Of the importance of his position, as autocrat of the mail and stage coaches which travelled to and from Sheffield, he had a high opinion. Not having any connection with the Statistical Society, it would be impossible to state, with the requisite fulness and particularity of detail, how many of these coaches he possessed—how many horses he had "on the road"—how many quarters of oats and loads of hay his cattle annually consumed—how many miles *per diem* his carriages travelled—to how many families his calling gave bread. Enough is it to say, that Sam Peach, engrossing the "conveyancing department" in and from Sheffield, was considered a very wealthy personage—the rather, perhaps, because he studiously avoided the display of riches. He had purchased some land in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, extensive enough to be called an estate. He always spoke of it as "the farm," though the house he had erected thereon, was of sufficiently imposing appearance and extent to make it sometimes taken for the country seat of one of the squirearchy. With that "order" Sam Peach had no desire to be identified. Plain and somewhat brusque in his manner, he was proud of the business by which he had acquired an independence; and it is yet remembered as a fact, that on one occasion, when a distinguished commoner in the neighbourhood (since become a peer and a Cabinet minister) addressed him as "Samuel Peach, Esquire," the recipient, who knew the writing, returned the letter to the postman, with an indorsement, "not known at the Angel coach-office!"

Wealth and integrity, backed by his eccentricity, had made Sam Peach quite a popular character in Sheffield. Never did any one care less for popularity. His rule of conduct was to pursue the right, whatever should betide. His very peculiarities "leaned to mercy's side!" It was as much as any of his coachmen's place was worth, for one of them to see a tired foot traveller on the road, and not immediately "pull up," and invite the wayfarer to a seat. The sterling character of the man was estimated from the fact, that most of the people around him had been in his employment for upwards of twenty years.

It is more than probable that Sam Peach had never heard of the name and system of Lavater, and yet it is certain that he had a habit of taking likes and dislikes to people's faces, which involved the putting them "inside for outside fare," or for no fare, or the stout refusal to take them inside or outside of any of his coaches, at any price.

It happened, one sunny day in September, 1815, that Sam Peach was sitting in his coach office—"his custom ever of an afternoon"—engaged in examining a ledger; for he used to say that, by attending to business, he was pretty sure of business attending to him. A gentleman came in and asked what was the coach-fare to London?

The booking-clerk, with pen across his mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear exceedingly busy, answered, "One pun' fifteen out; two pun' ten in."

The traveller desired to be booked for an outside place, if there were room.

"Not one seat taken," said the booking-clerk.

"I suppose I had better pay you here?" inquired the traveller.

"Just as you please," was the reply; "only, until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach, nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plenteous purse.

"What name?" asked the booking-clerk.

"What name?" echoed the traveller.

"I thought I spoke plain enough," said the clerk, sulkily. "What name are we to book you by? You have a name, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller, with a smile; "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last thing required from him. Put me down Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the book, and thence in the way-bill?—Indeed he was not!

The moment that the traveller had described himself as "Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth," Sam Peach closed the big ledger, with an emphasis which sounded not unlike a pistol-shot—pushed the fat-headed booking-clerk aside—took his place, with a countenance quite radiant with excitement—and, in his blandest tone, asked what name he should enter in the day-book.

"Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth."

"Well!" said Sam, in the subdued manner of a man holding a confidential conversation with himself. "Well! my ears did not deceive me! What a singular thing this is, to be sure!" Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, "In the army, sir?"

"Why, considering that I bear his majesty's commission, I think I may safely say that I am."

"Seen any actual service?"

"Yes; two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam Peach. "Got a Waterloo medal?"

"Ay, and a Waterloo wound. Indeed, I have been at home since my return, getting cured; and now that I am on my legs again, I am off to town to report myself at the Horse Guards for duty. Our second battalion is to be disbanded; and as we are likely to have a long peace, I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment."

"Then," said Sam Peach, rather anxiously, "I suppose you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?"

Mr. Simmonds replied that he was not.

"That being the case, sir," said Sam Peach, "it can't make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon?"

"Not go? after paying for my seat!"

"Afraid not. All the seats are engaged."

Here the fat-headed book-keeper chimed in with "Not one on 'em! Only look at the way-bill!"

But Sam Peach pushed aside the officious underling, and declared that he "was a stoopid, who did not know what he was saying." Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added:

"The fact is, sir, all the seats *are* engaged. But as you have paid your fare, I am bound to send you forward in a post-chaise, or make the delay of no loss to you. My house is only a few miles out of town. I shall feel gratified by your coming out to dine with me to-day. In the morning I shall drive you in, if you like, and you can start for London by any coach you please."

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay; that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality; that he would prefer remaining at the Angel. Vainly, too, did he endeavour to ascertain why (when there evidently was no real impediment to his immediate departure for London), Sam Peach should wish to detain him. But Sam, determined to play the host, steadily declined giving an explanation; and the result was, that, at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had not campaigned in the Peninsula, and had hospital fare at Brussels for some weeks after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge" (except at the Lombard Arms), was not thought of at that time; and therefore a few glasses of old wine did them no essential harm. Much they talked: Ensign Simmonds of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service; and Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the ball by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last—but this was about the conclusion of the second bottle of that incomparable port, which tasted like nectar, and smelt like a bouquet—Sam Peach grew communicative about himself; told how he had risen to opulence by industry, from a small commencement; and boasted how, far above his wealth, he prized his only daughter.

"You shall see her in the morning," said he; "for I did not like to introduce you until I saw whether my first impressions would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary!"

A capital breakfast the next morning; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted in such social duties (as her mother had been dead for many years), by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor shrewish.

"Pleasant weather!" observed Sam. "Are you much of a sportsman?"

"Rather!" said Mr. Simmonds. "We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges in the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them when he had nothing else to do!"

"Well," said Sam, "unfortunately I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London; and if you can only make up your mind not to start until to-morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall. I happen to own the preserve across yonder valley, and I can tell you that that a gun has been fired there this season."

Mr. Simmonds remained for that day? To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been on foreign service for three years, with a heart beating quick and strong within his bosom, and (at that time) not engaged in any particular love affair!—fancy him suddenly thrown into the society of Mary Peach—really a well-educated and pretty, if not quite a beautiful girl; pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarters surprisingly comfortable! Fancy all this, and wonder, if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he had ever disbursed "one pun' fifteen" for the outside fare to London. Then there were such beautiful snatches of scenery all along that Glossop Road, which Mary Peach recommended him to look at, and to which she kindly accompanied him, as he might not be able to find them out without her assistance; and she had so much to ask, and he to tell her, about foreign countries, and the perils he had been in; and she made him tell her again and again how he had got his wound at Waterloo; and she had such a pretty way of seeming to *listen* with her dark-grey eyes, and—but I need not go on. It was a clear case!

"Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,

And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft."

In short, it had come to pass that Mr. Simmonds had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him or looked at him.

"In love with her?" you will say. You know how it will end: a scene with the lady—a blush or two—half a dozen tears—the whole to conclude, with a whispered, "Speak to my father!"

Not exactly so; for when our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach, before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

You will think that he was in a pretty passion, no doubt?

Wrong again. Sam told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, having full use of his eyes and ears; that, under this expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds and his prospects;

that he was satisfied with what he had heard; and, if Mr. Simmonds could obtain the lady's consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united—*she* being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had was never exactly known; but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot-and-four, which Sam Peach had presented "to the happy couple;" and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride, all beauty and blonde, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows:

"Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when first we met, to take a fancy to you, and bring you home with me. Know, then, that in the five-and-thirty years I have been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, to be booked for places—generals, colonels, majors, and a crowd of captains—but *you* were the only ENSIGN that ever came across me! For the singularity of the thing, I thought that phenomenon worthy of a good dinner; and your own good qualities have done the rest. Good bye, now! God bless you! and let me hear from you and Mary every day!"

ISABELLE DE CROYE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

ON, soldiers of St. Louis!—On, gallant youths of France! Ride for the Boar of Ardenness—upon him with the lance! Upon him—spur and spare not, until his blood be spilt;—And he—the curs'd of Heaven—lie as deep in gore as guilt!

Think of our noble Prelate—that white anointed brow, All cloven by the brutal axe—and spur for Vengeance now!

Think of the murderer, De La Marck, and of his ruffian horde—

And on them, like a thunderbolt, with arrow, spear and sword!

And fast and far—from hall and tower—prince, peer, and knight sweep by,

The banners of the fleur-de-lis rush, like a storm, on high! And many an upward gaze is cast—as rank by rank march on,

Where crowd the fair and beauteous o'er the gateway of Peronne.

There, lovely as the face of morn, when light hath kissed its cheek,

And golden clouds around its brow in grace and beauty break;

The love of every minstrel lute—the theme of every lay—Fair Isabelle de Croye appeared, and bore all hearts away!

Yet she—for whom e'en royalty had sought, and sued in vain,—

She, whom the Prince of Orleans had perill'd life to gain; The shrine of every soldier's hope, the star of every glance,

Prefers a knight of Scotland to all the peers of France.

While, swiftly 'neath the battlements, in chivalrous array,

Advance the spears of Crawford, of Crevecoeur, and Dumois;

The thoughtful cheek of Isabelle waxed pale as if with woe,

Till Quentin, and the Scottish guard, sprang forth in gallant show!

Then flushed her brow with crimson—then throbb'd her snowy breast—

And love, in every glance and grace, came beauteously confest;

Oh, scarcely could her trembling breath the simplest word command,

When Quentin's favour'd lance convey'd a letter to her hand!

"Farewell, love, ne'er to see me more—or see me crown'd with fame!

To win thy hand I first must win a Hero's lofty name; And I have vowed by Scotia's saint!—by Honour's sacred shrine!

That you bright orb shall see me dead—or Conquest see me thine!

"Farewell! thy hand is still the prize for which I venture all!

And if—oh, if—dear Isabelle, despite of hope, I fall! Forget not 'mid the courtly throng, when others bend the knee,

The heart that 'mid the battle died—and died still loving thee!"

THE PROMISING DAUGHTER.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

ONE sunny morning in August, a lady might been seen walking upon the "glorious Battery," apparently enjoying the coolness of the sea-breeze, as it came on its viewless steeds over the brightly sparkling waters of the bay, and bore to her whose cheeks it kissed, as it wantonly disarranged the ringlets of the beautiful child who was walking with her, a vivid remembrance of the cold mountain-waves over which it had passed.

The scene was enlivening to the lady, and as she seated herself to gaze upon those green islands which gemmed the blue waters stretching far away, and bearing on their bosom a countless variety of sea-craft,—from the ship-of-

war and steamer to the ferry-boat and the tiny skiff—she seemed to inhale the refreshing air of the morning with positive delight.

Oh, how delightful to leave the dusty, noisy streets of the metropolis, and enjoy the refreshment of the ocean-breeze. It is wisdom—true wisdom—which dictates to any people the propriety of setting aside a particular spot where the rich and the poor can alike enjoy the shade of the trees, the cooling breeze, the sparkling fountain, and the green grass and beautiful flowers. Thus is the country, with its healthful influences, allowed a little space within the busy city, that the care-worn and the sickly may turn aside from the city's din, and dust, and wickedness, and commune for a season with the good, the excellent, the lovely, as they revel in the free air and sunshine gathering health of body and of mind.

But to return to the lady, whose name, let me inform you, is Mrs. Maitland. She looks quite happy, as she thus enjoys her promenade, but more joyous still is her light-hearted daughter.

Beautiful as a little fairy, Eudora Maitland was almost idolised by her mother, who, since her own widowhood, had lavished upon her all that wealth of affection which was once bestowed upon her husband. Eudora was as affectionate and intelligent as she was beautiful, and having naturally a poetic temperament, she enjoyed exceedingly a ramble with her mother amid the scenes of nature. She would choose a beautiful flower instead of a golden ornament, and a smooth, white pebble from the mossy brook near the house of her grandfather, in the country, was of more value than the prettiest toy to her. It was not strange, then, that, though so young that few would suspect her to feel so much, she yet greatly enjoyed this morning walk upon the Battery with her mother. No cloud of sorrow had ever darkened the sky of her youth, and all her pathway was illumined. With loving friends, and neither care nor poverty to steal the roses from her cheeks or the light from her eye, Eudora continued for years as joyous as on this fair morning.

While Mrs. Maitland, as we before remarked, was sitting, Eudora skipped with lamb-like agility and grace around her; and ever and anon her merrily-ringing laugh was to be heard, while her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes evinced also the delight she was experiencing.

A gentleman and lady, passing near them, paused a few moments, and heard her say:

"Oh, mamma, how happy I am this morning!"

"Would that you could ever remain so!" exclaimed the gentleman, almost involuntarily, yielding to the impulse of the moment.

"And why may she not?" inquired his fair companion, in a tone of surprise.

"You must be almost perfect, Emma," was the gentleman's reply, "or you could not have asked. Experience teaches us many a hard truth which we might otherwise never learn."

And then he told her why he thought a shadow might come over the pathway of the beautiful little girl—even such a shadow as might make her mother wish that she had been taken to the angels ere the gloom of that shadow settled around her.

Let us trace the earthly progress of Eudora, and learn if the gentleman was wise in his remarks, and could predict with any degree of success the scenes of the far-o and mysterious future.

Some ten years passed away, leaving their usual impress upon those who were but mere children when they commenced their rapid flight; and upon none more than upon Eudora.

In the brilliantly-lighted saloon of a city mansion, were assembled the gay and fashionable, the wealthy and the beautiful, the aristocratic and the intellectual. It was a birth-night ball which gathered such a multitude together, and Eudora was the star of the evening. Attired in tasteful and rather costly style, though not extravagantly, she looked as beautiful as when, with the elastic step of early childhood, she gambolled amid the birds and flowers. Since the hour when we spoke of her as being on the Battery with her mother, she had improved in appearance as well as mentally. She had been the inmate of a boarding-school, where the accomplishments which so enhance the charms of youth and beauty were imparted to her.

And few who had seen her on this her birth-night ball—given "because," as she said, playfully, "she was emancipated from boarding-school slavery"—would have been unwilling to acknowledge that her instructors had been eminently successful. Gracefully did she glide through the changes of the cotillon and the routine of the contredanse, and captivated all who are charmed by the "poetry of motion," by her inimitable waltzing.

At last the music ceased, and, leaning on the arm of Orville Raymond, who felt himself highly honoured by her preference, and was disposed to triumph over his less successful companions, she entered the supper-room, and there delighted all within the sound of her voice by her sprightly tones and animated conversation. She had been the belle of the ball-room, for the gracefulness and ease of motion; she was now the "observed of all observers," for her conversational powers. But still more were the gathered friends interested when, as they adjourned to the piano, she proved to them that the instruction of her music-master had not been rendered in vain. And they who had failed to applaud her dancing or conversation, bowed to the mighty spell of her music, and acknowledged her to be the centre of the brilliant circle in which she moved.

It is true, there were some present who, knowing the influences which had ever been around her—the fond indulgence of her mother, the fashionable and sometimes heartless associates of the boarding-school—feared that the mind had been cultivated at the expense of the heart; and

they received, as they thought, evidence of the fact in Eudora's conversation.

Oh, how can mothers sever their children from healthful home-influences, and place them where the influences, if not actually pernicious, are at least of a doubtful character?

The evening glided imperceptibly away, and the stars grew pale ere the last of that brilliant assembly sought their homes and their pillows. Orville Raymond lingered long enough to impress a kiss on the fair hand of Eudora, and then departed, to dream of her as the queen of fairy-land.

How was it with Eudora? She sought her chamber that night with a joyful heart, and when her mother, the next morning, inquired of her how she enjoyed the previous evening, she declared it the most delightful she had ever known, and wished it could always have lasted.

Then the thought arose in the mind of her mother—"Will all her life be as joyous as the past? Will there ever come a shadow?" Let us watch and see.

We will change the scene to the country residence of Eudora and her mother. It is several months later than the evening of the birth-night ball, and it is evening again; the moon is beaming brightly, and two forms may be seen by its mild light passing out of the little gate which led into a quiet path, shaded by the tall trees on either side, and leading to a beautiful lake. It is Eudora and her lover, Orville Raymond.

We call him her lover, but he had never asked to be considered such until this evening. The lovely twilight hour was chosen by him for the utterance of those words which conveyed to Eudora his desire for her companionship through life; and in that hour he had received with joy, from her mother and herself, the assurance that, when the appointed time arrived, Eudora should become his bride. Was it strange that, loving each other as they did, ardently and truly, their hearts should throb with joyous emotion, as they strolled forth together on that beautiful moonlight evening? Was it strange that no thought of a coming shadow, flinging deep gloom over her path-way, entered Eudora's heart?

Upon the brink of the placid sheet of water at last they stood. The tall forest-trees came in some places quite down to the water's edge, and were there mirrored, as the thoughts of Orville and Eudora were now mirrored in each other's hearts. In some places they apparently receded, leaving a small sandy beach, upon which stood the beautiful Eudora and her betrothed.

For a long time did they converse of the future, which seemed spread out gloriously before them, and many were their plans for future enjoyment.

At last they returned to their homes, but the same road was frequently trodden by them during the month of Orville's stay—and, alas! the sad result was, that the tempter's wiles were too powerful, and Eudora fell from the serene heights of virtue, and the shadow fell on all her earthly, and perhaps on all her eternal future!

Looking forward as Eudora did to a speedy marriage with the idol of her young heart's affections, she saw not before her the sad consequences of her fault; and therefore imagined but little how deep, dark, and dense the shadow would become which now rested on her conscience.

Ere we advance farther, let me ask, dear reader, *what made the shadow?* Like the cloud slowly rising from the horizon to the meridian, so was this gloomy shadow creeping over her path. It has reached her conscience, and, from the fact that it first enshrouded that, I answer to the query—*what made the shadow?*—thus: *it was sin.* Let us follow still farther, and see if this shadow mars Eudora's happiness only by resting on her conscience.

One month only had glided away since Orville's departure, and Mrs. Maitland was suddenly taken ill. Physicians of eminence and skill were summoned—but alas! in vain; and soon Eudora was an orphan. Once only, from the time of her seizure, did Mrs. Maitland recover her senses so far as to inquire for Eudora, urge her to be virtuous, and ask her forgiveness, if she had ever been harsh towards her.

Oh, mistaken mother! She had been too indulgent—for, had she but always urged her daughter to pursue the onward and upward path, she would have spared that daughter the bitter pangs of a wounded conscience, as she cast herself, with many tears, upon her knees at her mother's bed-side, and asked that she herself might be forgiven. And if that dying mother had known all the sad consequences of her false kindness—had she realised that the dark shadow caused by sin was resting on that daughter's conscience—her last hours would have been hours of deep repentance and untold anguish of spirit. But there was no confession mingled with the wild cry for pardon which burst from Eudora's lips; and, too ill to notice that her daughter's agitation was any greater than she might naturally expect at such a time, Mrs. Maitland pronounced her forgiveness, and added words of blessing.

On the morning of her mother's funeral day, Eudora arose early, for she could not sleep, and, descending to the parlour, gazed once more on the countenance of that loved, loved parent, whose features, though still familiar, were now placid in the repose of death. Then a tide of emotion swept over her soul. The dark shadow which had already, as we have said, settled on her conscience, now reared, in all the gloom of bereavement, upon her affections. She had loved her mother as she had loved but one other—and that other her future husband; and she could plainly see that her sin had rendered more terrible the affliction which was now her portion; and the tears that fell from Eudora's eyes that morning were not for her bereavement only, but for the sin which caused so dark a shadow.

Still crept the shadow on rapidly—too rapidly for Eudora's happiness. Already had it settled on her con-

science and her affections—soon it enshrouded her hopes.

After her mother's death, it was found that very little remained of her property which could be rendered available for Eudora's need, and she aroused from the stupor into which she sank at the time of her mother's burial, in order to devise some plan for her future support.

Orville came to her as soon as he heard of her bereavement, and with him she devised a plan which, as they were so soon to be married, seemed to be the best.

Eudora possessed, as we have before seen, great talent for music, and she proposed to teach a class of young girls, if she could obtain such a class in a place not too far for her to meet Orville frequently, and make, with him, the requisite preparations for their marriage.

Orville left her to seek such a class. His own home was in a manufacturing village, not far from the city, to which he had repaired on a visit at the time he first met Eudora, when he had accompanied his cousin to her birth-night ball. He returned thither, and after a conversation with his parents, who were already apprised of his engagement, and fully approved it, it was decided that, if a class could be obtained in that village, Eudora should reside with them, and become a teacher.

Orville then sought pupils, and succeeded admirably. To his own great joy, Eudora would now have a home beneath his father's roof, and ere long he hoped to call her his bride.

It was a lovely evening when Eudora, accompanied by Orville, rode out from the city in the family carriage, and arrived at his early home. The house of his parents was spacious and somewhat elegant, though not very new. Beautiful woodbines and honeysuckles twined around the pillars of the front piazza, and a variety of trees and flowers filled the garden in front.

"This is a lovely spot!" exclaimed Eudora, "and if I am as happy here as the place is beautiful, I shall indeed be happier than I have been for many weeks that are past!"

"Do not reflect upon the past, dear Eudora," said Orville; "but look forward into the future. We shall be united in marriage soon, you know."

They had arrived at the gate by this time, and saw on the piazza the father and mother of young Raymond.

"Cheer up, now, dearest!" was Orville's only remark, as he drove up to the steps, and they alighted.

Eudora's reception was very cordial, and since she had lost all her nearest relatives by death, she soon learned to regard these good old people as her best and dearest friends. It was evident to others, as well as to herself, that Mr. and Mrs. Raymond regarded her already as their daughter, and they ever treated her as such.

Time passed on. Her class made rapid progress, and Eudora gave universal satisfaction. She became quite cheerful, being thus constantly in the society of her intended husband and his excellent parents.

Orville was engaged in a manufacturing establishment, and was so successful in business that he looked forward with confidence to the hour when he should place Eudora in a comfortable and elegant home. But the shadow was deepening and advancing.

One morning it became Orville's duty to attend to some repairs, and in so doing he was obliged to take a very dangerous position among the machinery. The machinery, however, was not in motion, and therefore at first there was no real danger. Suddenly the means which had been used to arrest the motion of the machinery failed to perform the desired object, and Orville was caught by an ascending band and carried over a wheel, which would have crushed him instantly to death, had it not been speedily stopped. As it was, Orville was taken from the awful situation in which he was placed, and carried, bruised and senseless, to his home. He lingered a few hours in extreme agony, and then died.

Before his death, he requested all but his parents to retire from the room, and he then solemnly and earnestly requested them to provide for Eudora, and receive her as their child—"for," said he, "she is my wife in the sight of heaven."

With deep repentance he then called for Eudora, and, though in great pain of body, seemed in yet greater anguish of mind, as he implored her to forgive him, and, placing her hands in those of his father and mother, he said:

"Take her for your daughter." And, after a few words in a low tone to Eudora, he passed away from earth.

Poor girl! she was almost beside herself during the time intervening between his death and burial. Here was an end to all her bright anticipations of a happy home, with Orville as her husband. Now, that dark shadow had fallen on her cherished hopes, and rendered her misery in parting with her lover still more intense. Their communion had been pleasant—but, oh! it was like the apple of Eden—sweet but destructive—and therefore she could not bear the thought that he who alone could offer any atonement for his sin, had departed, and left the shadow still resting and darkening upon her. Conscience, affection, cherished hopes, had felt its blighting influence, and yet one other hour of suffering was before her: then it might, perhaps, brood over a dishonoured grave.

For the first week after Orville's burial she felt no energy of body or of mind, and seemed scarcely to notice what was passing around her. Then she turned to her music-class, and strove in exertion there to rise above the depressing influences around.

Very kind were all the actions and words of Orville's parents and his other relatives. All the neighbourhood pitied her and sympathised with her, and as she passed through the village, or sat in the village church, arrayed in the habiliments of mourning, many a kind heart ached in sympathy for her who was now a widow in all but the name.

Orville's parents would have had Eudora relinquish her music-teaching—but no: she felt that at present she could not be a burthen on them, and must endeavour to obtain her own support. She was abundantly successful, but, as her health began to fail, her adopted parents began to urge her more and more to leave her duties, and seek health and repose in retirement from every effort to teach. She at last consented—for indeed her health required it; and bade farewell to her class with many tears. They loved her, and were sad at parting; but her sadness was greater than theirs, inasmuch as they had no grief preying upon their spirits, and no dark prospect before them. They bade her adieu, leaving with her various little gifts as tokens of their affectionate regard; and she left the room in which they had so often met, never more to enter it again.

She sought her home, and for weeks and months after that she never left her room. The house she never left, save to walk in the adjoining grounds for exercise, till she was carried out of it to her grave.

Ere long there was another grave by the side of Orville Raymond, and its tombstone bore the name of Eudora Maitland.

Reader, mine has been a sad story, but, alas! it is but too frequently that such a record might be given; and the truthful historian must at times present the dark side of human nature, and the dense shadow which hangs over the path of sin, that they who read may be warned in season to escape a fate as sad and mournful as Eudora's.

J. H. H.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

LEGUMEN CHEESE.—The Chinese prepare an actual cheese from peas, called "tao-foo," which they sell in the streets of Canton. In preparing this cheese, the paste from steeped ground peas is boiled, which causes the starch to dissolve with the casein. After straining the liquid, it is coagulated by a solution of gypsum. This coagulum is worked up like sour milk, salted, and pressed into moulds, to make cheese.

EXPORTATION OF BEER AND ALE.—From returns lately published, it appears that large quantities of beer and ale were exported, in the month ending June 5. The value of beer and ale exported was £186,147—whereas the value of the same articles exported in the same month of 1852, was only £74,933.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The ocean, accepting the supposed average depth of it as 1000 feet, contains 29 millions of cubic miles of water; and to fill its basin would require all the rivers of the earth pouring their waters into it for 40,000 years. The amount of heat received from the sun every year would suffice to melt a crust of ice 32 feet thick, enveloping the whole earth. According to the technical reckoning, the solar heat which annually raises the sea-water in the form of vapour, corresponds to the enormous sum of sixteen billions of horse power.

BALMORAL.—We understand that the work of building the new mansion-house for the Queen and Prince Albert at Balmoral, is now proceeding rapidly. The snows among the mountains kept back the operations till a very late period of the season; but latterly a large force of men has been engaged by the builder, who is adding to their number. The walls are now considerably above the level of the ground, and the work will no doubt go on with celerity as the season advances.

CURE FOR CANCER.—Col. Ussery, of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the *Caddo (U. S.) Gazette*, that he fully tested a remedy for cancer, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it, pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it, stir them together until the salve is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy twice in his own family, with complete success.

FLORIDA PAINT ROOT.—This root grows in great abundance in the flat woods, near the streams, and in the savannahs of the counties of Levy, Marion, and South Florida. It has a top similar to the flag, and a root about the size of a man's thumb, of various lengths, running horizontal, not far below the surface. It is very juicy, and of a deep red colour. Hogs are exceedingly fond of it, and fatten on it rapidly, if they are black, or have black hoofs. It is said by the old settlers that hogs with white hoofs seem to founder, and their hoofs come off, which causes them to perish unless fed well till they recover. Even when the animal has only one white hoof, and the others black, the white hoof comes off. The root colours the flesh, bones, and marrow of hogs that feed upon it. There is no doubt this root may be substituted for madder, and become a source of no inconsiderable traffic. Like the arrow-root or compta, it grows spontaneously in great abundance, and may be cultivated, if thought advantageous.

ANATOMICAL DISSECTION OF ALLIGATORS.—A Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, amuses himself with the anatomical dissection of alligators—his object being, as he alleges, the demonstration of certain new physiological views that he entertains. On a recent occasion he cut up three of these monsters in the presence of a large number of scientific gentlemen, with the following results, according to a reporter: He divided the spinal marrow in three places—at the base of the neck, in the middle, and at the base of the back; nay, he divided the nerves emerging from the spine—and still, on irritating the nerve between

the section and the extremity, he demonstrated that the animal possessed a diffused sensibility, a capacity to recognise pain, and even an intelligent power to act against or attempt to escape the cause of the pain. Cutting off the head of the animal, jobbing out the spinal marrow, dividing the nerves coming from them, and irritating them along their distal portions, they still retained this independent sensibility, and the mutilated limbs of the headless animal would make intelligent motions for getting rid of the local torture. These are curious and important discoveries. Dr. Cartwright contends, against long odds, it is true, that in the lungs, not the heart, resides the motive power of the circulation; that literally, as Moses asserted, the blood is the life of the flesh, and the air the life of the blood. He affirms, that after death, when the pulse has stopped, the heart is still, and the body is insensible to pain; by producing artificial respiration, by inflating the lungs, the blood can be started anew, its life revived, and the body resurrected absolutely from the cold abstractions of death. Both of his alligators had their windpipes tied, and one of them had his chest opened; with his heart, lungs, stomach, &c., exposed. In the course of two hours both animals were dead, pulseless, and quiet over flames of fire. Then, a bellows-nozzle being inserted into the trachea, inflation was begun, and continued for some minutes. We saw the motionless heart throb, the blood beginning to flow from the lungs to that organ—the eyes of the alligator opened, and the hapless “victim” lived again! The alligator whose chest was exposed, had his carotid artery accidentally cut—thereby losing a considerable quantity of blood: and hence it was not made so briskly alive as the other, which retained all its vital fluid.

USEFUL INVENTION.—A M. Berard, of Paris, by taking unburnt bricks from the field in layers, builds up a block of any required size, and then burns it like an ordinary brick, merely filling up crevices as the mass sinks in burning. For building bridges, docks, quays, &c., these blocks are particularly suitable, being indestructible by either sea or fresh water.

GLOVE-MAKING MACHINE.—A complete revolution is about to take place in the manufacture of gloves. Two inhabitants of Grenoble invented about the same time a machine for sewing gloves; but instead of competing with each other, they agreed to unite the advantages of each invention. One found means to sew mechanically the fingers of gloves, while the other, after sewing the remainder of the glove, was compelled to employ operatives to sew the fingers. The inventors, by combining the two machines, have produced one which sews gloves perfectly. This discovery has produced a great sensation at Grenoble, where the manufacturers were not able to supply the demand, for want of a sufficient number of operatives.

ACOUSTICS AND VENTILATION.—An architect of Canterbury, Mr. Marshall, has patented a method “for the diffusion and conveyance of sound in churches and all buildings,” which depends entirely, as it is explained to us, on the regulated transmission and emission of air. Air is brought in at the bottom and led away at the top into the tower, if there be one, or a turret formed for the purpose, if not. Some churches are spoken of as having been improved for hearing by partial application of the system—Faversham Church, and that of St. Mary, Bredin, at Canterbury, but we have not seen them; the patentee, however, is about to operate on St. Dunstan's in the West, and we shall then be able to test his system. His plan rests mainly on what he calls his “Phonette,” the object of which is to prevent a down-draught. This is a small box, open at both ends, but so contrived within as to give an easy passage to the air one way, and offer a complete stoppage to it the other. Thus, by a pair of bellows applied to one end, a candle at the other may be easily extinguished. But when you reverse the two, you cannot make the slightest impression upon the flame. This effect is obtained by the intersection of thin blades of wood within the box. This arrangement is one of great value. He applies his patent, too, to the improvement of musical instruments.

MR. HOBBS AND THE ENGLISH LOCKSMITHS.—It is now pretty generally known that until the year of the Great Exhibition nobody had succeeded in obtaining the “200 guineas” offered by Messrs. Braham to any person who could pick their celebrated lock. This piece of mechanical ingenuity was at last performed by Mr. Hobbs, from America, who was not a locksmith, but a lockpicker; since then the art of picking locks has become somewhat elevated, and has attracted the attention of several of our first-rate engineers. The Society of Arts, in John Street, Adelphi, desirous of promoting the skill of English locksmiths, issued a circular last year for premiums on various articles of manufactures, among which was one “for the invention of a good lock,” combining strength, and great security from fraudulent attempts, cheapness, freedom from disarrangement by dirt, and requiring only a small key. The conditions upon which the prize of £10 was to be awarded, seem to be somewhat inconsistent with the object required; but nevertheless the offer commanded attention, and the successful competitor was Mr. Saxley, of Sheerness; and to him the prize was awarded by the committee, the chairman being Mr. Chubb, the locksmith, in St. Paul's Churchyard. By a letter from Mr. Hobbs, which appears in the “Journal of the Society of Arts” of the 24th of June, we find that Mr. Hobbs's curiosity, which was only equalled by his modesty in not competing for the prize, induced him to inspect this piece of mechanism which the committee, presided over by Mr. Chubb, had pronounced to be one most in accordance with the prescribed rules of the society: when, so far from its possessing that “great security” required, he discovered that it was constructed on the principle of the

“Yale lock,” such as are manufactured by Mr. Cotterill, of Birmingham; and to prove to the persons present that it possessed no “security,” Mr. Hobbs, taking a small straight iron wire from his pocket, and a thin strip of steel, opened it in the presence of several members of the society in three minutes! Without offering anything of a personal insult to Mr. Chubb, it is impossible not to question the accuracy of his judgment on this branch of mechanical art. There can be no doubt that the first requisite in a lock is perfect security; but if the public are misled by the mistaken judgment of men who decide upon the merits of the question, it will undoubtedly throw great suspicion upon the character of public scientific institutions.

POWER'S PATENT FOR SILVERING ALL SORTS OF METALS AND OF GLASS.—The patentee's process is performed as follows: He takes one ounce of crystallised nitrate of silver, dissolves it in twice its weight of distilled water, and adds 9½ per cent. by weight of nitrate of liquid ammonia. He then adds six times the weight of the nitrate of silver, of spirits of wine, agitates the liquid, and adds 15 per cent. on the whole volume of resinous spirit (composed of one part of resinous matter, by preference, gum galbanum, to five parts of spirits of wine). The liquid is then left to settle, and filtered, after which it has added to it nine times its quantity of spirits of wine, with the further introduction of 8 per cent. of liquid ammonia, and a quantity of spirits of wine equal to its whole volume. The solution will then contain about 5 parts nitrate of silver to 1000 parts of liquid. The liquid thus prepared and filtered may be used immediately in connection with a galvanic battery, in the manner usually practised by platers—but it is better to let it remain quiescent for some time. The anode, or thin sheet of silver in connection with the positive pole, acts perfectly in this liquid, and gradually dissolves in the bath; the deposition commences immediately on the objects to be plated being introduced into the bath, in a white and brilliant form, and the thickness of coating can be regulated at pleasure. To insure its more perfect adhesion, in certain cases the metals may be first passed through a solution of nitrate of mercury. When glass is the material to be coated, a thin film of silver is previously formed on it, by adding to the liquid a few drops of spirits of cloves in a separate bath, and the quantity of ammonia used in preparing the bath is only from 2 to 8 per cent. By precipitating copper on the silvered glass, and then detaching the two metals, plates may be produced suitable for daguerreotype or photographic purposes.

COLD WATER SAFETY STEAM-ENGINE.—The Cincinnati *Nonpareil* says that it has examined a new machine, invented by Mr. H. Triplett, of Washington City, which he calls “The cold water safety steam-engine.” This engine has occupied the attention of the inventor for twenty years past, and he now seems sanguine that his invention will surpass all others. When we saw it in operation it worked very smoothly and well, fully equal to any high or low pressure engine we have ever seen. The principle by which Mr. Triplett's engine is propelled, is as follows: A jet of cold water is injected into the generators, which is formed immediately into steam, highly rarefied. The steam having no space to exist in the generators, has to form an existence in the cylinders by the departure of the pistons—which power of departure is equal to the amount of water injected into the generators. The generators are formed of two cylinders each, the external one is neatly bored out, and the internal one is turned off, so as to fit the external one within the distance of one-sixteenth of an inch. So these cylinders form a thin heated surface between. The fire passes through the external and all round the internal cylinder, keeping both their surfaces continually heated. The water then injected, passes all around this heated surface, and is converted into steam acting on the piston. There are two pistons and two cylinders, acting as two cannons, one firing, the other loading, in Mr. Triplett's present model; but the same principle may be applied to one cylinder, on both ends, as in the ordinary manner of high-pressure engines.

THE WAX-INSECT TREE.

In a late flower-show of the Royal Botanic Society, there was exhibited in one of the tents, by Messrs. Rolleston, a by no means conspicuous-looking shrub, labelled—the “Wax-Insect Tree of China.” By many, doubtless, the shrub in question was passed unnoticed; lost in the blaze of floral splendour by which it was surrounded. But all those who are in any measure acquainted with the controversies to which it has given rise, and its great value in an economical point of view, will like to know more about it.

The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have, it seems, great use for candles. Their gods cannot be worshipped acceptably without them, and no one ventures abroad after dark without a candle and lantern. Hence the consumption of these articles is very great. As among ourselves, both tallow and wax-candles are used: the latter being the more costly. Prior to the thirteenth century, wax-candles were made in China exclusively from bees' wax; but at that time a discovery was made of a new kind of wax, the product of another and very different insect from the bee. This, from its superiority, gradually and in the end entirely superseded the former material, and came to be exclusively used—being known under the name of *Pe-la*, or insect wax.

In the spring, the cocoons containing the eggs of the insect are folded up by the cultivators in leaves—sometimes of the ginger-plant—and suspended at various distances on the tree which is to be stocked. After having been thus exposed for from one to four weeks, the eggs

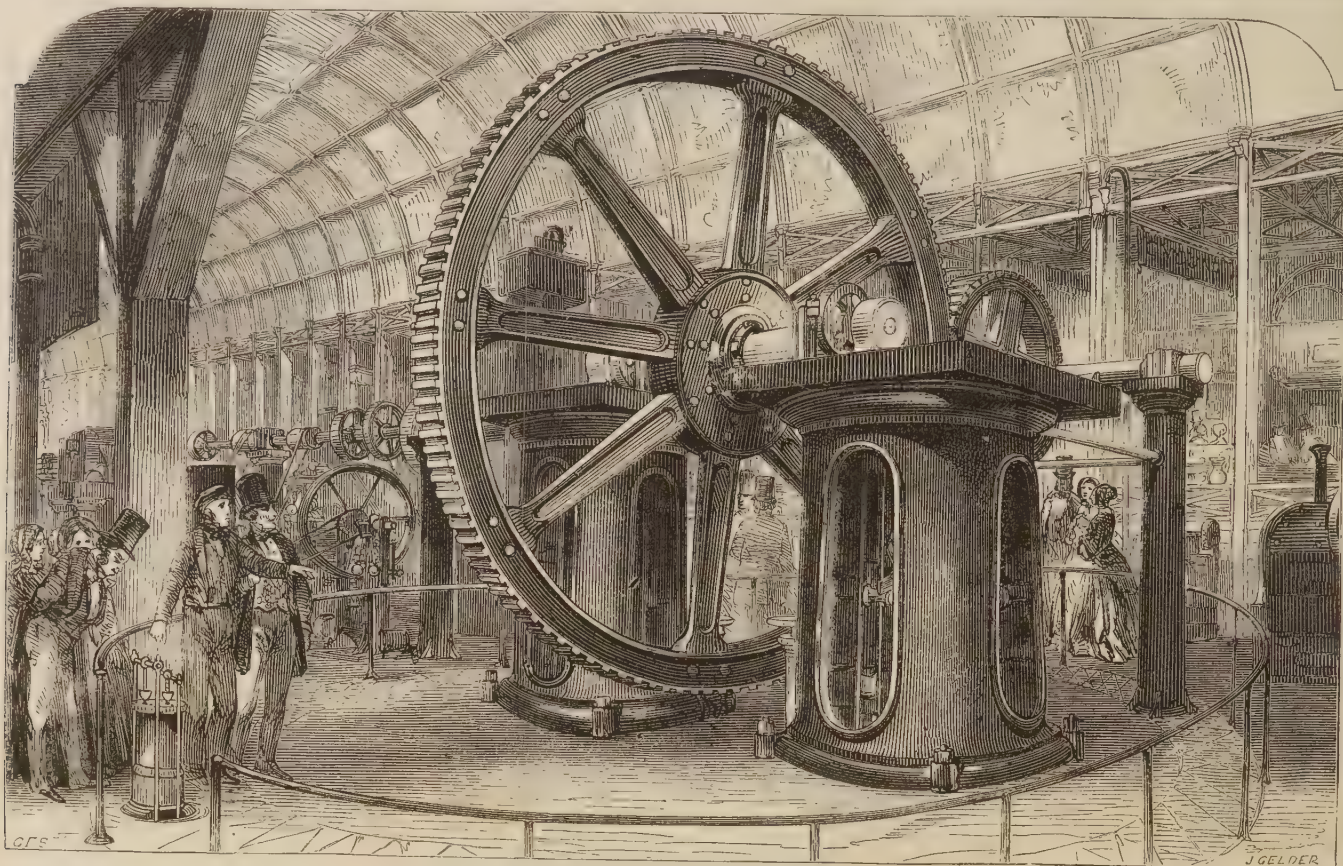
are hatched, and the insects, which are white, and of the size of millet seeds, emerge and attach themselves to the branches of the tree, or conceal themselves beneath its leaves. Some authors state that the insects have at this period a tendency to descend the tree; and to obviate this difficulty, the Chinese keep the gravel perfectly bare, so that they are induced to ascend. Fixing themselves on the branches, the young insects speedily commence the formation of a white waxy secretion, which, becoming harder, suggests the idea of the tree becoming covered with hoar frost. The insect becomes, as the Chinese say, *changed into* (gradually imbedded in?) *wax*. The branches of the tree are now scraped, the collected matter forming the crude wax.

Dr. Macgowan estimates the annual produce of Chinese wax at not far short of 400,000lbs. The only considerable importations into England that we are aware of, were in the years 1846 and 1847, when nearly three tons were imported into London. Some of this wax, sold in April, 1847, fetched 1s. 3d. per pound—a price too low, we believe, to be remunerative; and no further importation, that we know of, has since taken place.

In China, candles are made of the insect-wax *per se*, but more commonly of a mixture of it with some softer fatty substance. To give to these softer candles a hard coating, they are dipped into melted insect-wax—often coloured red with alkanet root, or green with verdigris. As a medicine, the insect wax is used by the Chinese, both externally and internally, for a great variety of ailments. •Grozier—besides mentioning its employment as an application for wounds—states that it is sometimes swallowed to the extent of an ounce at a time, as a stimulant, by those about to speak in public.

A STRANGE AND IMPRESSIVE CUSTOM.

I WITNESSED one night a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression on me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing, where their boat was waiting for them, I passed a low-roofed house, in whose well-lit room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed, and was just passing on when the door opened, and two men came out. A third one was just going to shut the door again, when he saw me, and, addressing me, asked, in the most friendly way, to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could, wherever I got a chance, I followed on this kind invitation, and found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light, but in a very small room, crowded with people. Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed rather poorly furnished, with whitewashed walls, only here and there ornamented with small and coloured pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine-wood—the latter with cane bottoms; and one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains, instead of a mosquito net, but the curtains thrown back at present, to afford room for those guests who would not dance themselves. Aqua-ardeute and dulces were handed round, while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner, opposite the bed, consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a small quantity of small lighted wax candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well made wax figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock: the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft, rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her and invited her to the dance—and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbours at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure, or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity, in fact, was only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully, and my neighbour, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacaes commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world, at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes—for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Journey Round the World.*



[THE GREAT DRIVING ENGINE IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION
IN DUBLIN.

OUR illustrations in the present number comprise two subjects which may truly be said to be representatives of agents that are not only ruling the world, but actually daily creating in it conditions of the most revolutionary character. Machinery is changing the aspect of society, gold is accumulating for the purpose of being used as a medium for facilitating the manifold operations that are required by, and which arise out of, the necessities of society. Machinery is the productive power—gold the agent; and any intelligent visitor to the Dublin Exhibition can see this eloquently exemplified.

Our first illustration is the great driving engine which moves all the machinery that gives animation—we might add, intelligence—to the brilliant display of the products of native and foreign manufacturing industry which graces the Exhibition in Dublin. It was erected by the well known firm of Messrs. Fairbairn and Sons, and the new feature in its construction, apart from the magnitude of its machinery, is, that it is fitted with Mr. L. B. Pitcher's motive regulator. Without entering into the minutiae of a scientific explanation, we may state that this engine gives the motive power to the enormous spindles that work the various machinery in the halls assigned to the exposition of the more active operations of industry, and that the regulation is applied to the highly requisite purpose of distributing, equalising, and checking the power given to the spindles—the one, for instance, that runs the entire length of the Machinery Hall: so that when one machine—a loom, let it be supposed—is thrown out of play, the power thus given back to the spindles—or rather unemployed—shall not be imparted to the other machines at work, so as to disarrange them; but, as it were, be wasted, or returned to the spindle, without its turning faster or slower than before. It is a very nice as well as accurate arrangement, and does great credit to the inventor. The engine itself amply sustains the world-wide fame of its builders, and is justly considered not the least interesting attraction of the rich collection of objects of art and industry which now adorns the Irish capital.

For ourselves, we always prefer either to philosophise a little, or to look at such matters through a poetical medium. To us there is something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play—how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—of mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements. And how exquisitely complete is every detail—how subordinate every part towards the one great end—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth of an inch too long or too short, and the whole

fabric is disorganised. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay on unity of design and completeness of execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of the cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind, as he sat and, in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea-kettle. And then to think of the great minds that have been employed upon its creation—upon the hours, days, years, of nervous, brain-throbbing study it has cost, the money and industry that have been expended upon its erection, and the manifold uses to which its services are applied: and thus thinking, it must be cheerfully conceded that it is one of the most poetical of subjects; and, in a practical sense, the great champion of the rights of intellect, and the illustrious forerunner of a time when the majority of mankind shall not labour like the yoked beasts of the field, but equitably and generously participate in the good things which Providence has spread before his industry, tact, and cultivated capacity.

And as Ireland has hitherto been far behind in her appreciation of the value of machinery, we must be allowed to indulge in the opinion that she never will be a happy and prosperous country, until she takes to her bosom those means and appliances which exalt industry to "the highest heaven of invention." But, say the ignorant, machinery competes with labour—and so depreciates the condition of the labourer. That is absurd—it is the unequal distribution of the products of machinery that presses heavily on the labouring community: have better institutions, and the public themselves would be the very first to rally round machinery as their best friend—the staunch conservator of their dearest interests. To those who dread the innovations of machinery, we will take the liberty of addressing a few serious words on the dreaded, but much misunderstood subject of competition. To develop our intention, we take the subject *per se*. What is competition? What are its attributes, either for good or evil? When we hear of a number of displaced or unplaced labourers striving to insinuate themselves among others who are employed, we hear at the same time that competition lowers wages. When we hear of manufactories starting into existence under the auspices of enterprising capitalists, we hear at the same time that competition raises wages. In like manner we are told that competition lowers rents, profits, and interests, and also that it raises them. Ought we to believe all that we hear? Are all these wonders that are attributed to the influence of competition, possible and credible—or are they contradictory and impossible, and therefore incredible?

One would fancy it must be found a little strange to those who have habituated themselves to the notion that competition is largely instrumental in producing misery, to hear that competing men are not only acting in different directions, but that they are always acting in a direction opposite to that of their own wishes. But

something yet stranger remains to be presented to them. Amidst what is called the strife of competition, a good harvest causes the price of corn to fall, as a bad harvest causes it to rise.

A population rapidly increasing in civilisation and numbers causes rents to rise, as a population retrograding in civilisation and numbers would cause them to fall. Capital increasing more rapidly than the numbers of a people, will make wages rise; while an increase of the number of the people more rapid than the increase of capital, will make wages fall; where capital earns large profit, the rate of interest is high; and where capital earns but small profit, the rate of interest is low.

Man, in whatever part of the world we find him, is as much a competing animal as we know him to be at home. But his competition seems to be exercised in the midst of very different results. If, for example, we compare the United States and Australia with the United Kingdom, we observe competition in the two first accompanied by low rents and low prices of raw produce, and high prices of manufactured articles; while in the United Kingdom competition is accompanied by high rents and high prices of raw produce, and by low wages, low rates of profit and interest, and low prices of manufactured articles.

The preceding facts and reflections must, we should think, lead to the suspicion that the phenomena of high and low prices, high and low rents, high and low wages, and high and low rates of profit and interest, are all the effects of causes among which competition acts a very subordinate and insignificant part. All men compete, more or less; by their very nature they must compete. They compete to make themselves comfortable, agreeably to what their notions of comfort may be. When actively engaged in any department of productive or professional industry, they compete to make their efforts successful and profitable. But their success or want of success cannot be correctly attributed to competition; and if it be really attributable to other causes, a knowledge of which is indispensable to our well-being, there must be danger if we allow the word "competition" to act as a charm upon our thoughts, to distract them from that course of inquiry which is likely to lead us to the discovery of those causes. When an engineer, a physician, a surgeon, or a lawyer, has established a character for usefulness in his profession, the public compete for his services, and his emoluments are large. The cause of his success is his professional merit, or rather the public competition.

When one belonging to any of these classes has failed to establish a character for usefulness in his profession, the public feel no desire to compete for his slender services, and his emoluments are small. The cause of his success may more truly be said to be the deficiency of his own merit, than the want of public competition.

A working man unpossessed of capital, or whose capabilities can be turned to the best account, in alliance with the capital of others, has, through a long course of active service, established a character for usefulness among the employers in his department of industry. They compete for the purchase of his labour—he obtains comparatively high wages.

If the employer, either through mismanagement or some vicissitude of trade, is obliged to suspend his work

and to discharge his workmen, other employers are eager to secure the services of so valuable a man. Surely this workman's success is owing to his own merit rather than to the competition of employers.

Again, other working men, either through indolence, ignorance, unskillfulness, dishonesty, unpunctuality, drunkenness, or recklessness, fail to inspire capitalists with a notion that their labour can be regularly turned to account. Some of them, however, will obtain employment, but will soon lose it by their ill conduct. When they look in, the cause of their so looking in being no secret, other capitalists are slow to purchase what has little or no value. The whole class of such men become the casual labourers of society—the labourers who, in the convulsive movements of industrial employment, are apt to be thrown aside, unthought of and uncared for.

They compete among one another for the scanty and casual wages that are still hoped for, although difficult to be obtained. Their competition may assume a most hideous form—it may resemble the ferocious struggle of a pack of wolves for the small scraps of a single carcase. The wages, when obtained, are miserably low; constant employment is obtainable by none, and not even casual by all; and misery is general among them. Surely this misery is more correctly attributable to the character than to the competition of the workmen.

A difficulty will suggest itself here to most inquirers, who will remind us that workmen of good as well as those of bad character will sometimes find themselves in the position of temporary supernumeraries. This is undeniable, and the difficulty must be investigated.

On close inspection it will be seen at once that workmen can no more be divided into two classes—good and bad—than they can be bisected into tall and short, and weak and strong. The individual workmen of whom the whole body is composed descend by insensible gradations from the best to the worst. An uncivil or an ill-tempered man will part from his employer, when a civil or a good-tempered man will not. From one extreme to the other, it will be found that those workmen who combine in themselves the largest number of good qualities have high wages and constant employment, and those who are most nearly destitute of all, will have the lowest wages and the least certain employment. It is true there are branches of business, the employment in which is necessarily uncertain and intermittent; but the good workmen attached to this department of industry will either combine other re-



[QUARTZ-CRUSHING AND GOLD-CLEANING MACHINE.]

have been blessed with industrious and provident parents, who have known their duties to their offspring, and have striven to perform them—parents who have provided themselves with the means of developing the strength and intelligence of their children, and of forming their habits so that they may be able, when men, to take their share of active duties of life with comfort, respectability, and usefulness; while it was probably the lot of the worse workmen to be prematurely turned adrift from parental protection, or to have their undeveloped strength, unenlightened intelligence, and unformed character, sold to the higher bidder by their own wretched parents, as a means of relief from a distasteful duty.

But people who have been long accustomed to pronounce and to think that low wages, low prices, and low profits, are caused by competition, cannot readily rectify the association which has established itself in their understandings. What is called competition lies on the surface of society, much as the hands on the surface of a clock, of which the spring and regulator of movement are hidden from view, but must be studied and understood. Equally necessary is it to study and understand the less apparent fixings and regulators of industrial enterprise.

IMPROVED SAFETY RAILWAY SIGNAL.

Not the least interesting features of the Dublin Exhibition are the railway signals that are laid before the public, for their inspection. Speed on a railway can be obtained to almost any extent. We ourselves have travelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour on the Great Western; but comparative safety is an advantage still to be introduced. The various companies have exerted themselves in the matter; but what they have hitherto done has not been sufficient to prevent the occurrence of the most lamentable accidents. It must be evident that stationary signals cannot effect much; but what they do contribute to the protection of the travelling public is considerable.

Our illustration shows a signal which can be worked by one man, and with great rapidity. This is effected by turning a handle; and by the same movement of the hand directing either the semaphores by day, or the slides in the lamp by night. This is considered a wonderful improvement over the old system, and we do not doubt, if it came into general use, that it would not only afford some extra protection to the public, but greatly facilitate railway travelling. But our own impression is, that safety at high rates of speed will never be realised until the management is changed. There must be a more stringent check, not only on the engine-drivers, but the managers, and directors; and competing lines must be restrained in their anxiety to obtain dividends by cutting down the salaries of workmen. A stringent supervision of railways by the government has now become a national necessity, and the proprietary of the companies would consult their best and most lasting interests by urging upon their respective directories to submit to the most generous proposition that may be

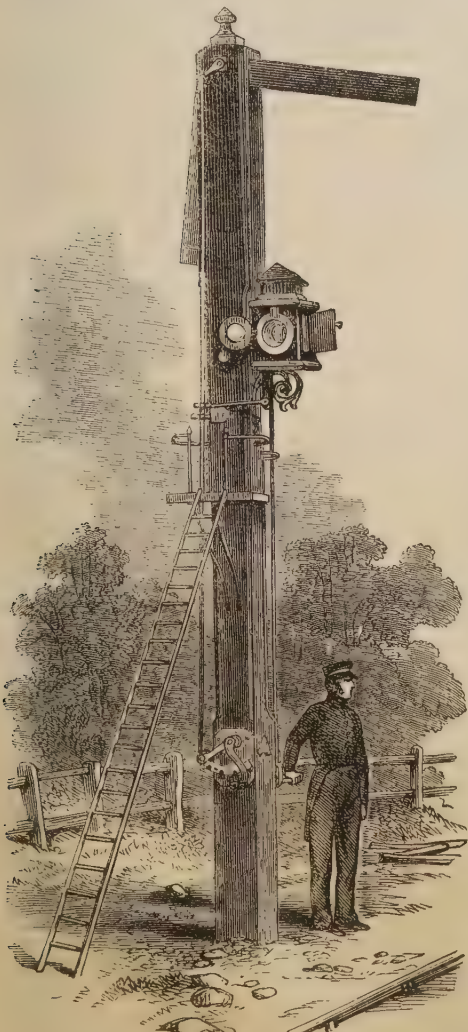
thrown out, either by the executive of the country, or some one capable of advising in so serious a matter.

QUARTZ CRUSHING AND GOLD-CLEANING MACHINE.

Our second illustration leads us from the discussion of the principles involved in the national acceptance of machinery, as the second active industrial agent in existence: to gold—bright, shining, glistening, yellow gold—gold, dug from the bosom, or gathered from the surface, of bountiful earth. It is a quartz-crushing and gold-cleaning machine, the invention of Mr. P. J. Klasen. To enable our readers to become better acquainted with its merits and uses, we must indulge in a short disquisition on gold, and where it may be found. The celebrated traveller, Humboldt, informs us that "gold is a constant in meridian-directed mountains;" and recent facts have amply proved the correctness of this observation. Both in California and Australia, as well as the Ural, the general bearing of all those mountains in which gold is found is meridional, or north and south. But it must be borne in mind that, though it is generally true that the auriferous mountains—such as the Ural, the Californian, and Australian ranges—all lie in the line of the meridian, yet there are several slight deflections, or deviations, from this general rule,—since, from all these leading ranges, especially from our Australian Cordillera, there proceed, in various directions, several spurs, or on close to which pepitas—vulgarily called *nuggets*—of gold have been found.

There is nothing peculiar in the appearance of the gold country. Stunted vegetation, broken ridges, and continuous hills of quartz or clay slate, are the chief characteristics. The general aspect of our gold-fields is barren. The prevailing rocks are quartz and slate. Quartz—which, *par parenthese*, we may mention is silica, or flint in its crystalline form—is said to be the *matrix* of gold—that is, its original position, from which it has been removed by some violent concussion, when the fragmentary ruins were washed down by the rains, and scattered over the plains below. In Argyle, gold has lately been found incased in granite—and hence it has been said that there it has a *granitic matrix*.

It may here be asked, how comes it, since quartz, or granite, is the matrix of gold, that so small a proportion of it has been found in these rocks, compared to the quantities dug out of clay slate? In Victoria the richest yield of gold is obtained from a stratum of blue clay, situated at a depth varying from two to ten feet. At Mount Alexander, from which more gold has been dug than from all other places in Australia put together, the precious metal has been found in the greatest abundance between strata of clay slate, standing nearly perpendicularly to the plane of the horizon. It is among the cleavage fissures of those slaty rocks that the experienced digger looks for his rich nuggets. In such a position gold is found battered, abraded, and water-worn. That gold should be found thus situated, and in such quantities, is clearly explained in the following manner:



[IMPROVED SAFETY RAILWAY SIGNAL.]

munerative labour with it, or will, by economy, provide against the vicissitudes inseparable from their business. Another security against suffering from temporary suspension of employment is always to be found among the better workmen of society—a security which should teach us in what direction to look for the amelioration of the lot of the worse workmen. The better workmen, as a rule,

"The clay slate laminae are perpendicular; and, striking upright as they do, they catch the gold that has been detached by the breaking up of the quartz veins, and that has, in the gradual wearing down of the hills, been carried over them."

The largest specimen of gold hitherto discovered in Australia has been found imbedded in quartz.

Gold is found in quartz, or schists, or granite; but it has also been found in other rocks. In the Ural Mountains gold is found in limestones, as well as in quartz and schists. On Mr. Wentworth's property, at Frederick's Valley (near Bathurst), gold has been found in ironstone; and at Shoalhaven gold has been found, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, in argillaceous iron clay; and a specimen of gold incased in ironstone is now in England.

Gold has also been found buried in alluvia, on both the banks and bars of creeks, whither it was washed down by the rains.

Gold has also been picked up from the surface of the ground, chiefly in fragmentary quartz; and it is evident that the gold thus found cannot have been removed far from the rock in which it originated, as it is not abraded or water-worn. We are informed that lumps of rock have been taken at random in Australia and sent to Sydney; where, on being carefully examined, they were found to contain 5 per cent. of pure gold; and yet this is the very metal with which, for years past, the roads and bridges in that neighbourhood have been paved! Truly we may well boast of our geological learning, when we remained half a century ignorant of the boundless treasures which we were daily kicking away with our feet!

As in the Ural Mountains, gold is found in Australia at all elevations—from a few hundred feet to the height of at least two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It is evident, from this slight *resumé* of the aspects of the gold-fields of the world, that the largest quantity is still imbedded in quartz, and that the amount hitherto gathered bears but a small proportion to that which may be anticipated. In 1843, the entire annual production of gold from all sources was estimated at £1,290,000; in 1848, by the aid of the Ural Mountain mines, £4,160,000; in 1850, by the aid of California, £14,790,000; in the present year the yield from all sources is expected to be not less than £40,000,000. But if quartz-crushing—that is, delivering the gold from its hard imprisonment in crystallised flint—can be prosecuted with advantage, that quantity, in the course of two or three years, must be doubled. Mr. Klaser, by the facilities which his machine affords, should it be adopted to any extent in Australia and California, promises this result. As will be seen by the engraving, it is worked by water power; but of course, should it be found necessary or more advantageous, steam power could easily be brought into requisition.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Sincerity, thou first of virtues, let
No mortal leave thy onward path,
Though from the gulf beneath destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

TRULY have our great moralists observed, that crime is ever the parent of crime. No sooner do we take one false step in the path of virtue, than it entails on us a perilous descent: the second and succeeding ones are all but the inevitable consequences of the first.

Elizabeth appears, through her long life and reign, to have been haunted by a fixed terror—the claims of those who stood in succession to her crown. She was conscious, perhaps, of the defect in her own title; and hated those who, in the eyes of legists and many grave authorities, possessed a better. Her cruelty to Lady Katherine Grey, whose children she had branded with illegitimacy—her persecution of the royal line of Lennox, and ignoble conduct towards the captive Queen of Scots, are indelible stains upon her memory. Posterity has judged her for cruelty and treachery, and condemned her.

Every engine which her unscrupulous policy could devise was set in motion to obtain possession of the infant King of Scots, who, after his mother, was the direct heir of her throne. Overtures were first made to Murray and the rebel lords who had deposed their sovereign—but the wily traitors knew Elizabeth too well to trust her with so precious a hostage. In vain did she promise to leave them in undisturbed possession of the regency of their distracted country—to assist them with men and supplies to maintain their authority against the partisans of the queen: they were neither to be bribed nor cajoled. Attempts were made to carry off the infant James, but they failed. The northern foxes on this occasion were too much for the English lioness, with all her address and power.

Had she succeeded, Elizabeth would have held within her grasp every being in the line of succession. Happily for her fame, the project failed. History, in recording the events of her reign, has one dark page the less to be inscribed with its pen of iron.

Elizabeth was far too shrewd not to perceive the great political advantages which the downfall of Mary gave her. Her unhappy kinswoman, accused of the double crimes of adultery and murder, agreed, as well as the triumphant leaders of the faction which had driven her from the throne, to submit the entire question to the judgment of the English queen, who might have made

her own terms as the price of restoring Mary to her crown; but no—the woman triumphed over the politician. The unworthy pleasure she felt in keeping her rival a captive, prevailed over the advice of her counsellors and the dictates of prudence and honour.

The crime, however, like most crimes, carried its punishment along with it. The interest excited amongst her nobility and the people of the north, by the misfortunes and beauty of Mary, tore her heart with jealous forebodings. She was like some foolish person who had wantonly grasped a serpent by the neck, and feared to relinquish her hold, lest it should turn and sting her.

The commissioners appointed to decide between the parties assembled at York, where her enemies produced a number of letters and sonnets, said to have been written by her to Bothwell. In vain the captive Mary demanded to be confronted with her accusers—the boon was denied her; but so convinced was the Duke of Norfolk of her innocence, that he made her an offer of his hand—a project which was at once revealed to Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, to whom he had foolishly confided it.

Mary was soon afterwards taken from the custody of Lord Scroop, and sent to the safe keeping of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, from that day, never knew a peaceful hour. Although considerably advanced in years, and already a grandfather, his termagant wife either was, or pretended to be, jealous of her royal captive, whom she treated with the greatest indignity and harshness.

Elizabeth was not even a generous gaoler; for although she thought fit to keep an independent sovereign, who had sought refuge in her dominions, captive, her parsimony was such that she could not bring herself to provide for her necessities.

Curious letters are still extant, in which the earl makes dreadful complaints to Cecil of the great charge he is at for the keep of his illustrious captive, and begging for remittances.

The delusion under which the Countess of Lennox laboured, that Mary was the murderess of her son, was speedily dissipated. She saw through the artifices of her persecutors, and not only absolved her in her own mind from all participation in the crime, but manifested as much sympathy as she dared to show towards her.

From this dark shade in the character of the great Protestant queen, it is cheering to turn to a brighter side of the picture. The persecutions of the reformed church in the Low Countries excited her warmest sympathy. Many of its members, forced by the cruelties of the monster, Alva, to abandon their homes and country, were honourably received in England by Elizabeth, who accorded them not only protection but assistance—a proceeding which naturally embroiled her with the Spanish court.

Hostilities were commenced in the Gulf of Mexico, where several English ships, engaged in the slave-trade—which Elizabeth, for the sake of the gain it brought, greatly encouraged—were taken by the Spanish vessels.

Bitterly did the haughty daughter of Henry VIII. resent this insult to her flag. Orders were given for reprisals, and four ships belonging to the King of Spain, laden with treasure, being driven by pirates for shelter into the English ports, her majesty ordered them to be detained, and confiscated the money to her own use, under pretence, as war had not yet been formally declared, of borrowing it for a short time.

Alva—for whose service in the Low Countries the money was destined, and who felt that it was absolutely necessary for the prosecution of his infamous designs—wrote a most insolent letter, demanding its restitution. Elizabeth treated it with the contempt it merited.

It was one of those cool circumstances in which the maxim that "the end justifies the means," may be admitted—since the loss of the gold crippled the power of one of the most infamous persecutors that ever disgraced the Church of Rome.

Don Guerran d'Espes, the Spanish ambassador, was one of the most finished courtiers and adroit flatterers of his time. By his delicately turned compliments he had gradually worked himself into favour with Elizabeth—which favour, however, did not prevent her causing his letters to be intercepted, and every movement well watched: despite her vigilance, a portion of his correspondence reached its destination, and Alva, acting on the advice of the writer, laid an embargo upon all English property and subjects in Antwerp, then one of the first commercial cities in the world.

Elizabeth was in her closet, previous to holding her usual morning reception, when Cecil brought her the news.

The mincing, affected, girlish air of Elizabeth vanished in an instant as the secretary read the communication, as well as the additional proofs of Don Guerran's advice to Alva. The blood flushed over her temples and neck—which, according to the custom of unmarried English ladies, was exposed—and even showed through the thick coating of rouge upon her cheek.

"God's death!" she exclaimed, striking her hand sharply upon the table; "are we to be braved with impunity by this persecuting duke—our subjects imprisoned—their property, which we are equally bound to protect, taken from them? If I cannot handle my father's sword, I at least sway his sceptre! We must take measures with this fire-brand!"

"May it please your majesty," replied the minister, "orders have been issued to urge on the works at Plymouth and the ports as speedily as possible."

"Right, Cecil—right!" observed his mistress. "Should the King of Spain sanction the conduct of Alva, or the insolent letters of his ambassador, we must prepare for war!"

"The King of Spain has sanctioned it, madam!" an-

swered Cecil; "here," he added, "is a letter, written by Don Guerran to the duke, in which he alludes to the instructions he has received from His Catholic Majesty, and even ventures to—to—"

"To what?" impatiently interrupted Elizabeth; "do not mince your words—I am no child; speak out!"

"To characterise your majesty by an expression which loyalty and respect forbid my lips to repeat!"

So saying, he bent the knee, and handed the queen the last dispatch which he had intercepted.

The letter, amongst other matters, contained an infamous libel on the character and life of Elizabeth, under the title of "Amadis Oriana."

Cecil, who, in the course of his correspondence with the English ministers of the different courts of Europe, had to encounter their representations of the scandalous reports spread concerning the queen in foreign countries, secretly was not displeased, perhaps, at the lesson which the discovery of the ambassador's treacherous libels conveyed to his coquetish sovereign, who stamped and swore with rage.

So greatly was she incensed, that the prudent minister began to doubt the wisdom of the step he had taken.

"Give orders," she said, bitterly, "to arrest every Spaniard in our dominions: not one exception! mark me, not one!"

"Madam, I —"

"Obey!" interrupted the queen, fiercely, "of course! no need of words! A British sovereign, who has been insulted, has no need to look far for a minister to vindicate the honour of the crown he serves! The traitor!" she added, bitterly; "the double-faced, smooth-tongued traitor! but he shall find, if I have the red hair of the lioness"—this was in allusion to one of the ambassador's expressions concerning her—"I am not without its fangs!"

Elizabeth, even as an aged woman, was particularly tenacious of any slight to her personal charms, and affected a girlish, coquetish deportment—which only served to render her ridiculous in the sight of the foreign ambassadors; but at the period of which we at present write, she was in the very prime of life, and not an unhandsome personage.

"However great—however justifiable your royal indignation," observed the secretary, who now began to feel alarmed at her violence, "your majesty, I am sure, will remember what is due to the character of the ambassador of Spain, whom, as I passed to the royal closet, I saw, with the nobility and foreign ministers, in the great hall, waiting to offer his respectful homage!"

"His homage," exclaimed Elizabeth, scornfully, "in the great hall! 'Tis well! I'll shame the knave in the presence of my court! Not a word, Cecil," she added, with a frown, "even from your lips, my trusty, faithful counsellor and friend! I cannot bear it now!"

So saying, with a most unroyal step she marched, or rather ran, from the apartment in the palace of Hampton where the above scene had taken place—forgetting, in her anger, to take a glance at her attire in the large Venetian mirror which she had previously been consulting: the surest possible indication of her having entirely lost all control over her temper.

Cecil followed, anticipating the scene which was to ensue.

CHAPTER XLV.

No scandal against Queen Elizabeth, I hope.

THE CRITIC.

THE great hall at Hampton Court, which Wolsey had caused to be adorned with rich tapestry from the looms of Arras and Beauvais, was crowded with the highest nobility of the realm, who had assembled to pay their morning respects to the virgin queen. The ladies—although court mournings were not yet *de requier*—in imitation of their sovereign, were in black, on account not only of the death of the young and beautiful Queen of Spain, but of the Lady Knollys—Elizabeth's near kinswoman—one of the few females who were promised her friendship, and whose loss she appears to have mourned with more sincerity and affection than she generally entertained towards any of her own sex. But Lady Knollys, not being of the blood royal, and consequently removed from all chance of the succession, was not an object of jealousy to her on the point upon which she appears to have been most susceptible. Amongst her courtiers were the noble Earl of Sussex, her old admirer, Arundel, the favourite, Leicester—who at this time had given up all hope of obtaining her hand—the gallant Raleigh, and the adventurous Drake—names which shed so much lustre on the annals of her reign.

Don Guerran d'Espes, the Spanish ambassador, was also present, little dreaming of the storm about to burst upon him. His excellency was in conversation with Throgmorton, who had just returned from Scotland, when the lord chamberlain, seeing the gentlemen ushers throw open the great doors, and hearing the clank of the partisans borne by the yeomen of the guard, upon the floor in the antechamber, announced, in a loud voice, "Her Majesty the Queen!"

Conversation in an instant was suspended, as Elizabeth—her countenance flushed with rage—entered the apartment. Several of the nobility, who had favours to solicit, or suits to promote, bent the knee as she passed; but the royal virago took no notice of them. She was in no mood for sweet words or hollow promises. Directing her steps towards the great painted window where Don Guerran was standing, she paused directly opposite to him, and eyed him for an instant with a bitter, sarcastic smile. The wily diplomat saw in an instant that he was the object of her anger, but, with habitual self-possession,

howed; not a feature moved, although he must have guessed the storm about to break.

"So, sir," she exclaimed, "your master's agent, Alva, has, I hear, laid an embargo on the merchantmen of my subjects! Anon I will send him ships not quite so peaceful in their character! How long is it," she added, laughingly, "since a subject, duke though he is, has arrogated the right to make war upon the ally of his master?"

"Doubtless, madam," replied the minister, calmly, "the proceedings of the duke can be explained! Your harsh conduct to him, touching the treasure destined to pay his troops, and the reception you have afforded to the rebel subjects of the king, his master, who have fled to England, justify him, in his own mind, for the steps he has reluctantly been obliged to take!"

"Let him thank his own cruelty for the latter!" retorted the queen. "As a Christian woman, I cannot but feel for those of my persuasion whom he hath persecuted and plundered! As a sovereign, I shall neither ask of the duke, nor the king, his master, how I shall receive those who seek shelter in my dominions—which ever have been, and whilst I live ever shall be, free from the control of any foreign prince! But, thank God," she added, "we are neither unadvised nor unprepared!"

The ambassador replied again by a low bow and somewhat ironical smile. Knowing how the country was divided—the great embarrassment caused to the government of Elizabeth by the presence of the Queen of Scots in her dominions—he was not prepared for the rigorous measures which Elizabeth, with great promptness and courage, had decided upon.

"And pray, Sir Minister," continued her majesty, "tell me—who you are a gallant cavalier—the pink of courtesy and breeding—what does the envoy of a foreign state deserve, who slanders and libels the sovereign to whose court he is accredited—and that sovereign a woman?"

Don Guernan was thunderstruck.

"God's death! answer me, knave! If I am a red-haired lioness, beware my fangs! Amadis Oriana! to the queen of England! Did I wear a sword, I should know how to use it—as it is, I must content myself with my woman's sceptre!"

"If your majesty has been insulted," exclaimed the Earl of Sussex, drawing near, "it is for the nobility of England to avenge your quarrel upon this insolent Spaniard!"

The high spirited noble was about to draw his sword, when Cecil, who had followed Elizabeth into the great hall, laid his hand upon his arm and restrained him.

Several other peers, amongst whom were the Dukes of Norfolk and Leicester, drew nearer to the circle in which the singular scene was being enacted.

"Not so, Sussex," said his royal mistress, gratefully; "we can avenge the double insult offered to us, both as a queen and a woman, without the service of your loyal arm! We have already given orders," she added, in a calmer tone, "for the arrest of every Spaniard in our dominions! If Spain wishes for war, England will not shrink from the contest!"

"Every Spaniard!" repeated the ambassador, seriously; "your majesty surely forgets one native of that country who must be exempt from such an outrage!"

"And who may he be?" carelessly asked the queen.

"The ambassador of its monarch!" answered Don Guernan, proudly; "my office, madam," he added, "is sacred!"

"And what is mine," firmly demanded the daughter of the Plantagenets and Tudors, "that thou shouldst insult and brave me? or the Duke of Alva, that he writes an insolent letter demanding restitution of treasure not his own? Am I so little, or he so great, that no more ceremony is necessary between us? To your lodging," she added; "those of my guard will attend you. Fear not, man—they will answer for your safety!"

So saying, she turned upon her heel, and left the discomfited diplomat overwhelmed with confusion and shame at the discovery of the double treachery of which he had been guilty.

On leaving the palace he was arrested by the captain of the royal guard, and conducted to his residence in London, where three gentlemen were appointed to guard him: despite her indignation, Elizabeth not thinking fit to inflict the additional disgrace of sending him, as she at first meditated, to the Tower.

Extraordinary as this step was, it has been considered justified by the treatment which her own minister, Dr. Man, received at the court of Spain: that ridiculous person, in the excess of his Protestant zeal, having thought proper to publish an insolent defiance and challenge to the Pope, whilst accredited to his most Catholic majesty—for which offence he had been banished to a village some miles from the capital.

Although the decision of Elizabeth had been hastily taken, she was too haughty, too confident in the support of her subjects in a war with Spain, to recede. Preparations were commanded and pushed forward with uncommon vigour; every port and arsenal in the kingdom resounded with the note of warlike preparation.

Shortly after the arrest of Don Guernan, the Duke of Alva had the insolence to accredit an envoy to Elizabeth, as if he had been a sovereign prince; but before he could present his credentials, she caused him to be arrested, commanded that he should be shown the great arsenal, and the ships of war which she was building; then had him conveyed to London, separated from his attendants, and kept in strict confinement.

The unfortunate messenger, unable to communicate with the ambassador, employed a Spanish gentleman to present his letter to the queen; but Cecil, who was determined that he should declare the object of his mission before he saw Don Guernan d'Espes, forcibly took possession of the letter, even in the presence-chamber of his

sovereign: a step he would never have ventured to take without her previous sanction.

The prospect of a war with Spain was exceedingly popular with the Protestant party throughout the kingdom: so greatly had the impolitic conduct of Philip to his subjects of the reformed church in the Low Countries, and the atrocities of his instrument, the infamous Duke of Alva, incensed men's minds against them.

Persecution is the least likely means of crushing a sect or party—the seed which is sown in blood is almost sure to ripen.

ESSAYS.

NO. CXCV.—TEMPLE BAR.

EVERY resident in the metropolis is familiar with Temple Bar—that memorial of an age and of opinions of which the England of the present day is justly ashamed. Visitors from the country recognise it as a very ugly arch, with a room overhead, said to be in the occupancy of a banking firm, and lent on such grand occasions as a royal visit to the City, or the burial of some hero in St. Paul's Cathedral, to eminent personages, who delight in spectacles to which London, *per se*, furnishes its contingent—Gog and Magog, the twin deities of Guildhall, to the great grief of all the 'prentice boys of the metropolis, being of late not exhibited in *propria persona*. The drivers of cabs and omnibuses indulge in awful expletives over the stoppages to which they are subjected at its grim portals, and on sundry and divers occasions, both the servants of the public and the public itself exclaim: "Take it away! why don't the corporation remove it?"

"It's not no manner of good, whatsoever," cries a cockney tradesman; but, notwithstanding this fierce popular indignation, Temple Bar stands, and is likely to stand. And why should it not? Is the City to be stripped of every vestige of the past, and go down to posterity shorn of every ancestral honour? Turtle and venison forbid it! Let us, for the sake of the unities, so long as there is within sight of Bow Church a very respectable *triumphal arch*, preserve this one monument of a period of which we have so many stirring and solemn lesson-teaching traditions. Temple Bar is instructive. It points significantly to now and then. In its dim windows, and on its beetle brows and mud-plastered gates, we can read stories of the past. The present is alive, and speaking in organ volumes—so it can answer for itself; but Temple Bar, all smoke-begrimed as it is, must tell its own tale—or why is it allowed to stand? "I ask you with a tear, let that old bar stand," is the pathetic entreaty of Alderman Gobbie—and let it stand! Who wants it down? Stand, then, old bar, as black and ugly as of yore—but tell us why thou standest? Suppose one of thy statues, Orson-like, to be endowed with reason, what would be the round, unvarnished tale its loosened tongue would unfold? Would it not be something after this fashion? In the good old times of Charles II., King James, King William, Queen Anne, and the blessed Georges, it was the custom, even "my father's custom," not to bid the guests to a feast of cakes, and nuts, and rich grapes from sunny Spain—but to a banquet of skulls and grinning fleshless jaws. London Bridge, in the olden time—the fog days of England's heart and head—enjoyed the privilege of being host on these convivial occasions: but after the massacre of the Fifth Monarchy zealots by that exemplary gallant, Charles II., the honour was transferred to Temple Bar—because, being placed between the liberties of the cities of London and Westminster, it sets to each a limit. Thenceforth its historical renown became imperishable. Stand or fall, its associations must survive while there are eyes to read and printers to give vitality to intelligence. Who, then, brought the venerable City gate into notoriety? Not Sir Christopher Wren—for he blushed at his own design—but one Sir Thomas Armstrong, whom the unscrupulous government of that day had entangled in the pretended Rye House conspiracy. All the world knows that on this awful occasion—awful, because God's life was sworn away by a hired informer, and the majesty of law and justice was polluted—we say that on this dreadful occasion, Lord William Russell, the husband of the incomparable wife, Lady Rachel Russell, died on the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Algernon Sidney—in morals and politics *sans peur et sans reproche*—prayed for his murderers on Tower Hill; Holloway, dragged from the West Indies, suffered at Tyburn; and Sir Thomas Armstrong, basely delivered up by the Dutch, and adjudged, in his absence, of complicity in the alleged plot, was hanged at the same place. Sir Thomas was a staunch royalist, but he was a Protestant, and a friend to the Duke of Monmouth, the son of Lucy Waters, who was believed to have been lawfully married to the infamous Charles II. This provoked the vengeance of the heir apparent—the papistical, vindictive, and stupid Duke of York—and Sir Thomas fell a victim to his fears and cold-blooded hatred of every one who viewed his accession to the throne with apprehension. After his mock trial, the mission of Temple Bar was inaugurated. But let the diligent historian tell the story without embellishment.*

During Sir Thomas Armstrong's absence in Holland, an indictment had been preferred against him in London for high treason, upon which he had been outlawed. On his arrival, the government resolved to proceed against him upon this outlawry, without allowing him the benefit of a trial. On the 10th of June, therefore—the day on which he reached London—he was committed to Newgate under a warrant from the Secretary of State; and on the 14th of the same month was carried to the King's Bench at West-

minster, when the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, moved the court for an award of execution upon the outlawry. The scene that followed between the prisoner and the Chief Justice (the inhuman Jefferies) is of a character too remarkable to be slightly passed over. The Clerk of the Crown having arraigned him upon the outlawry, Sir Thomas Armstrong addressed the Chief Justice:

"My lord, I was beyond seas at the time of the outlawry, and beg I may be tried!"

Lord Chief Justice: "That is not material at all to us. We have here a record of an outlawry against you, Sir Thomas!"

Sir Thomas Armstrong: "I desire to be put upon my trial, my lord!"

Lord Chief Justice: "We cannot allow any such thing. We have nothing to do upon this record before us, but to award execution! Captain Richardson, which are your usual days of execution?"

Captain Richardson: "Wednesdays and Fridays, my lord!"

Sir Thomas Armstrong, having afterwards called the attention of the Chief Justice to an Act made in the sixth year of Edward VI., which allowed a party a twelvemonth to surrender to an outlawry, contended that that period had not expired. In doing this, he was repeatedly interrupted by the Chief Justice, who manifested the greatest impatience to pronounce sentence upon him; and Sir Thomas, having finally urged that he should have the benefit of the law, "That you shall have," jeeringly exclaimed the Chief Justice, "by the grace of God! See that execution be done on Friday next, according to law! You shall have the full benefit of the law!"

Thus terminated a proceeding, alike disgraceful to the judge that pronounced, and to the sovereign that could permit such a sentence to be carried into effect.

On the 20th of June, about nine in the morning, he was placed on a sledge, and, attended by the sheriffs and a numerous guard, conducted from Newgate to Tyburn. On his way, he employed his time in reading the "Whole Duty of Man;" and having reached the appointed place, he laid aside the book, and requested that Dr. Tension might be permitted to come near him—to whom he delivered a paper for the sheriff, and knelt down with him for a few minutes. He then resigned himself, with perfect composure of mind, into the hands of the executioner. After hanging about half-an-hour, he was cut down; and, pursuant to his sentence, his heart and bowels were taken out and committed to the flames, his body divided into four parts—which, with his head, were conveyed back to Newgate, to be disposed of according to his majesty's pleasure—and were afterwards publicly exposed. His head being set up upon Westminster Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, one of the quarters upon Temple Bar, two others on Aldersgate and Aldgate, and the fourth was sent down to Stafford, which borough he had represented in Parliament.

Shortly after this event, when Jefferies had an interview with the king at Windsor, Charles took from his finger a diamond ring of great value, and gave it to him. This ring was ever after called the "bloodstone." His majesty prudently added this advice—to be careful not to drink too much wine on circuit.

Thus did Temple Bar acquire fame as a city monument, and this accumulated so rapidly, that for nearly a century it presented to grieved, astonished, and gaping London and Westminster, the ghastly spectacle of a human head—sometimes three, but always one—grinning dumbly on the passers-by below.

After Armstrong's brutal murder, twelve years had elapsed, and the Stuarts had been kicked out of the country. Still they had partisans. The loyalty of some Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welchmen of that day for the House of Stuart, was a passion that misfortunes, persecution, even death, readily kindled into a flame. Sir John Friend and Sir William Parkins were tried and found guilty of being concerned in a conspiracy to assassinate William III. The quarters of Sir William Parkins and Sir John Friend, together with the head of the former, were placed on Temple Bar. Evelyn, in his "Diary," quaintly remarks: "A dismal sight, which many pities. I think there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles the Second—viz., Sir Thomas Armstrong."

After the good Queen Anne—good, we imagine, because the rigid exigencies of the state, during her reign of thirteen years, did not contribute a single skull or limb to Temple Bar—came George I.: and the old bar once more "grinned ghastly a terrible smile." The troubles of 1715 contributed to Temple Bar the head of Colonel Henry Oxburg, a Lancashire gentleman devoted to the interests of the exiled family. Tower Hill, in the same year, was stained with the blood of the youthful Earl of Derwentwater—Her Majesty Queen Victoria gains small credit for withholding the title from his legitimate descendant. The aged Lord Kenmore, a Gordon, true to the badge of his clan—the ivy—also suffered, as did the Earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdington, round whom gathered the prestige of the glory gained by his ancestor at the battle of Chevy Chase. Scant was the mercy in the bosom of a Guelph for these chivalrous and unfortunate men. They all perished; and in their deaths were as illustrious as their lives had been pure—for even their enemies admitted, that "by their bounty, the poor and needy had been fed, and to them the widow and the fatherless had never appealed in vain for protection." But what mercy could the adherents of the house of Stuart expect in a reign tarnished with such *Newgate Calendar* atrocities as these?

"James Shepperd, executed for high treason at Tyburn, the 17th March, 1718, at the age of eighteen."

"John Matthews, a printer, for printing and publish-

* See a well written little book, entitled, "Temple Bar, the City Golgotha," published by Mr. Bogue, Fleet Street.

ing a seditious libel, executed at the age of nineteen, at Tyburn, November 6, 1719."

Women were also burnt to death. The law assigned this horrible punishment for the crime of high and petty treason.

For the latter crime, the last to suffer in London was Catherine Hayes, burnt to death at Tyburn, for the murder of her husband—for the former, Catherine Murphy, for colouring a piece of metal to resemble a shilling—made high treason by the 15th and 16th Geo. II. c. 28.—was burnt in the Old Bailey, on the 18th March, 1789; by the humanity of the sheriff, however, she was first strangled. By the 30th Geo. III., c. 48, this revolting mode of punishment was abolished, and hanging substituted.

The next sacrifice to the appetite of our modern Gogotha, was one Christopher Laver, a lawyer. His head, we are told, frowned longer from the summit of the arch than that of any other occupant. He was more a cavalier than an attorney; for he was addicted to wine and women. The latter betrayed him. His crime was rashly undertaking—no doubt at the instigation of some of his noble clients—to overturn the Hanoverian succession.

He died with remarkable firmness, habited in a court suit and a tie-wig. At the place of execution he openly declared his adherence to King James, and offered up a prayer for the restoration of the exiled royal family. He had not accommodated himself to the opinion that the idea of the divine right of kings was only adapted to Milton's "Paradise of Fools;" and for his want of that wisdom, on the day subsequent to his execution his head was placed on Temple Bar, as a warning to all politicians of the same class; and there it remained, blackened and weatherbeaten with the storms of many years, until it actually became the oldest occupant. It remained fixed on the summit of the arch for thirty years—a whole generation, according to the average rate of mortality that then prevailed. It was one of the sights of London for that dreary period; but one stormy night—there was heavenly mercy in that gust of wind—it descended from the arch into the Strand. The head, begrimed and black with the smoke and rain of thirty years, was picked up by a Mr. John Pearce, who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which it was interred. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

But before it fell, the "rising of '45," and the decisive defeat at Culloden, brought it some companions. Francis Townley and George Fletcher, with 114 other Englishmen, surrendered at Carlisle, on the 30th December, 1745; and on the 29th July, in the following year, perished on the scaffold. The execution, on Kennington Common, was a disgusting spectacle. While the executioner was burning the still palpitating heart of one of the victims, a woman, young and beautiful, gave one hysteric shriek—one loud, long-drawn cry of agony—and died on the spot. Her heart broke, and her loving spirit mingled with that of her lover. The heads of Townley and Fletcher were placed on Temple Bar, and so brutalised were the public of that day, that glasses were let out on hire, "that the morbid feeling of the masses might be indulged by a closer examination."

These were the last profanations of the holy temple of intellect permitted in England. The French revolution and the march of knowledge put an end to these inhuman exhibitions. The history of the "Bar" here should terminate; but we cannot avoid informing our readers that on the 31st March, 1772, one of the remaining heads was swept from its lofty position, and very shortly afterwards, on a very windy night, the other fell; and Temple Bar has been unoccupied by such ghastly tenants ever since. Such is the veritable history of a building which the City of London preserves with dogged veneration. Does it fear to offend the Crown by its removal? Or is it, being like all other corporations, destitute of a conscience, indifferent to public opinion.

We fear such is the case, and that Temple Bar will stand, to be a nuisance and a reproach to London, for many years to come. As a memorial of the past it is repugnant to the instincts of the present day. It serves to revive memories which had better be buried in oblivion; and to the imaginations of those who can feel for men who perished nobly for conscience sake, it is robbed in horrors. But if the all-potent corporation of London say it must stand, stand it must. So let it stand, invested with every tradition that can render it an object of loathing and abhorrence.

LEGEND OF BLARNEY CASTLE.

How many have heard of Blarney, and how few know how and why this appropriate term has originated. How could they, indeed, unless they had made a pilgrimage to the Castle, as I did, in order to manœuvre Tim Cronin into a narration of its legends. They may go to Blarney whenever they please, but the *genius loci* has vanished. Tim Cronin has been gathered to his fathers. By no lingering or vulgar disease did he perish; he died—of a sudden.

Scarcely any part of Ireland has attained more celebrity than the far-famed village of Blarney, in the county and near the city of Cork. At Blarney may be seen the mysterious talisman, which has the extraordinary power of conferring remarkable gifts of persuasion on the lips which, with due reverence and proper faith in its virtues, invoke the hidden geni of The Stone to yield them its inspiration. The ceremony is brief;—only a kiss on the flinty rock, and the kisser is instantly endowed with the happy faculty of flattering the fair sex *ad libitum*, without

their once suspecting that it can be flattery. On the masculine gender it is not less effective. Altogether, it enables the kisser, like History,

"To lie like truth, and still most truly lie."

Immortal poesie has already celebrated the locality of Blarney. The far-famed *chanson*, written by Richard Alfred Milliken, and called "The Groves of Blarney," has been heard or read by every one: in these later days the polyglot edition, by him who has assumed the name of Father Prout, is well known to the public.

Blarney Castle is surrounded by the Groves mentioned in the song. It stands four miles to the north-west of "the beautiful city called Cork," and, of course, in the fox-hunting district of Muskerry. All that can now be seen are the remains of an antique castellated pile, to the east of which was rather incongruously attached, a century ago, a large mansion of modern architecture.

The Castle stands on the north side of a precipitous ridge of limestone rock, rising from a deep valley, and its base is washed by a small and beautifully clear river, called the Aw-martin. A large, square, and massive tower—a sort of Keep—is all that remains of the original fortress. The top of this building is surrounded with a parapet, breast high, and on the very summit is the famous Stone which is said to possess the power, already mentioned, of conferring on every gentleman who *kisses* it the peculiar property of telling anything, in the way of praise, with unblushing cheek and "forehead unabashed." As the fair sex derive this gift from nature, the oscular homage to the Stone conveys no power to *them*. From the virtues which it communicates to the masculine pilgrims, we have the well-known term *blarney* and *blarney-stone*.

The real Stone is in such a dangerous position, from its elevation, that it is rarely kissed, except by very adventurous pilgrims of the Tom Sheridan class, who will do the thing, and not be content with saying they have done it! The stone which officiates as its deputy is one which was loosened by a shot from the cannon of Oliver Cromwell's troops, who were encamped on the hill behind the Castle. This stone is secured in its place by iron stanchions—and it is this that the visitors kiss, as aforesaid, and by mistake.

Between Blarney Castle and the hill whereon Cromwell's troops *bivouacked*, is a sweet vale, called "The Rock Close." This is a charming spot, whereon (or legends lie!) the little elves of fairy-land loved to assemble in midnight revelry. At one end of this vale is a lake of unfathomable depth, and Superstition delights to relate stories of its wonders.

In the summer of 1825, Sir Walter Scott visited Blarney, accompanied by Miss Anne Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Loekhart. A few days after he was there, it was my fortune to tread in his steps to the same classic shrine.

The bare-footed and talkative guide who *would* accompany me over the Castle, thus described the "Aristo of the North" and his companions:

"A tall, bulky man, who halted a great deal, came here, with his daughter and a very small lady, and a dash of a gentleman, with a bright, keen eye, that looked here, and there, and everywhere in a minute. They thrust themselves, ransacking, into every nook and cranny that a rat would not go through scarcely. When the lame gentleman came to the top of the Castle, wasn't he delighted, and didn't he take all the country down upon paper with a pencil, while one of us sang 'The Groves of Blarney.' He made us sing it again, and gave me a crown-piece, and said that he'd converse a poem on the Castle, himself, maybe!"

While I am thus gossiping, I am neglecting Tim Cronin, "the best story-teller (to use his own words) within the whole length, and breadth, and cubic mensuration of the Island!"

After my visit to Blarney Castle, I met this worthy. I had struck from the common path into that which led through the Rock Close. This valley is divided into several fields—all of which are extremely fertile, except that immediately washed by the waters of the lake. It was now in the month of June; and although the mowers had begun to cut down the rich grass of the other fields, there was scarcely a blade upon this. It was as smooth, green, and close-shaven as the trim turf before a cottage *ornée*. While I was remarking this, I was startled by a sudden touch upon the shoulder; and, turning round, I found myself *vis-à-vis* with a Herculean-built fellow, who doffed his hat with a sort of rude courtesy, made an attempt at a bow, and, before I could say a word, struck into conversation.

"Wondering at this meadow being so bare, I warrant you, sir?"

I confessed that it had surprised me.

"Didn't know the why nor the wherefore of it, maybe? It's Tim Cronin—and that's myself—that can tell you all about it, before you have time to get fat!"

I ventured to exhibit my ignorance, by asking who Tim Cronin might be?

"Faith, sir, you may know a great deal of Latin and Greek—and 'tis easy to see that the University mark is upon you; but you know little of *real* literature in old Ireland, if you don't know *me*! Not know Cronin, the renowned philomath, that bothered the Provost of old Trinity in Algebra—from the Saxon *al*, noble, and the Arabic *geber*, the philosopher! Never once heard, perhaps, of the great Cronin, that does all the problems and answers for the 'Lady's Diary' in mathematics—from the Greek *mathema*, instruction? Nothing like getting at the roots of words—the *unde derivatur*!"

Even at the hazard of appearing as an ignoramus in the eyes of Mr. Cronin, I was fain to admit that I had not

previously heard of his name and erudition. I ventured to intimate, as a sort of half-apology, that I was a stranger in that part of the country.

"Strange enough, I'll be bound!" said he, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Know, then, that I am that same Tim Cronin—our ingenious correspondent, as the 'Mathematical Journal' calls me, when it refuses one of my articles, 'from want of space'—bad luck to 'em, as if they could not push out something else to make room for me! Curious, sir, not to have heard of me, that keeps one of the finest academies, under a hedge, in the Province of Munster? Just sit down on the bank here, and I'll soon enlighten you so, about that good-looking lake before your two eyes, that I'll be bound you won't forget me in a hurry!"

Complying with the request of this august personage, I had the satisfaction of listening to his legend, thus.

"Once upon a time, and there was no lake here, at all. In the middle of the place where that lake is, there stood a large castle, and in it dwelt an unbaptised giant—it was before blessed Saint Patrick came into the country—and this giant had martial rule over all the country, far and near.

"In his time, the Aw-martin, nor any other river, did not flow near us. Indeed, though there was plenty of wine in the Castle, there was a great want of water. This was very inconvenient for the ladies—the fellow had as many wives as a Turk—because they were always wanting to wash their clothes, and their pretty faces, and their white hands, and their well-shaped bodies; and, more than that, they could not make themselves a raking cup of tea by any means, for the want of good, soft water. So, one and all, they sent a petition to the giant, praying that he would have the kindness to procure them a well of water. When he read it, he made no ado, but whipped off through the air—just like a bird of Paradise—to his old aunt, who was a fairy, and had foretold that, some day or other, water would be the death of him. Perhaps that was the reason that he always took his liquor neat.

"Well, he told her what he had come about, and after a world of entreaty—for she had a foreboding that something unfortunate would come of it—the old fairy put a little bottle into his hands. 'Take this,' said she, 'and drill a hole in the rock at the foot of the Castle barbacan, where the sun throws his latest ray before he sinks into the west. Make a stone cover for the top of it—one that will fit it exactly. Then pour the water from this bottle into that hole in the rock, and there will be a well of pure water, for the use of yourself and your family. But, when no one is actually taking water out of this well, be sure that the close-fitting stone cover is always left upon it—for it is the nature of the liquid to overflow, unless it be kept confined.'

"He gave her a thousand thanks, and shone he went. The first thing he did was to drill a hole in the rock (and he did not find that a very easy job), then to fit it with an air-tight stone-cover, and, lastly, to pour in the water out of the little bottle.

"Sure enough, there immediately bubbled up an abundance of bright, clear, and sparkling water. The giant then assembled all his family, and told them how the stone cover must always be kept over the well when they were not using it. And then his wives agreed, as they had been so anxious to get this water, that one of them, turn about, should sit by the well, day and night, and see that no one left it uncovered. They were content to submit to this trouble, rather than run the risk of losing the water.

"Things went on very well for some time. At last, as *must* be the case when a woman is to the fore, there came a tremendous blow-up. One of the giant's ladies was a foreigner, and had been married, in her own country, before she fell into his hands. Mild and pale she always was, pretty creature! lamenting the land she had left and the lover she had lost.

"It happened one day, as she sat by the well, that an old pilgrim came to the gate, asked for a draught of water, in God's name, and held out his pitcher for it. Her thoughts were far away, never fear, but she had a tender heart, and she raised the cover from the well, to fill his vessel. While she was doing this, the pilgrim pulled off his gown and his false beard, and who should he be but her own husband! She sprang off her seat towards him, and then, faint with joy and pale as death, she sank back into the oaken chair on which she had been sitting as the guardian of the well. A bird never flew through the air faster than *he* towards *her*. He seated himself beside her in the chair, held her lovingly in his arms, kissed her cheeks and lips twenty times over, called her all manner of fond names, and sprinkled her with water until the fresh colour came again into her face, and the warm life into her heart.

"All this time the well was left uncovered, and the waters rose—rose—rose, until they surrounded the Castle. Higher and higher did they rise, until, at last, down fell the gates, and then the stream rushed in, drowning every living soul within the place, and settling down into the very lake that we sit by now.

"The moral of the story is, that the lady and the pilgrim escaped—for the oaken chair supported them and floated them until they safely put their feet on dry land. All the rest perished, because they had willingly consented to live in sin with the giant; but this one lady had been kept there entirely against her will. The two thanked God for their escape, and returned to their own country, where they lived long and happily. It had been the giant's pride to put all his best jewels on whoever kept watch over the well, in order that all who passed by might notice them, and pay respect to his wealth. As this lady had them all upon her when the Castle was

swallowed up, she and her husband had money enough, out of the sale of them, to keep them in a very genteel way of life at home. Some people say that, at times, the walls of the drowned Castle can be seen through the waters of the lake—but I won't swear to the fact, as I never noticed it myself."

AN HEIRESS FOR A SIXPENCE!

A BEAUTIFUL young heiress had become so disgusted with the flattering set of soft-pated, pomatum-haired, moustache-lipped, strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable (?) world—turned all her property into money—deposited it all in banks—donned a cheap wardrobe—put on a mask, and she went, pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet, and sued for her hand. They knew her not, and, casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face, and coarse wardrobe, bade her "begone!" She entered the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow-creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer's day a large company met on — Beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress, from some cause or other, had wandered there. She asked alms of one or two, termed "upper tens." They spake tauntingly, but gave nothing. What they had said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed, or looked as if they thought it "served her right!" The beggar woman turned about, and was walking sadly away, when a well-looking gentleman stepped forward, and, catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

"Stay, my good woman! Tell me what you want?"

She replied in a low, trembling tone:

"I want a sixpence—only a sixpence!"

The gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him.

The mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentleman.

That they were afterwards married, the reader has already imagined—for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband; and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise."

The happy husband is often heard to say, that he got an "heiress for a sixpence!"

FARMER'S WEATHER-OMETER.

BY A RURALIST.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning,
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

A rainbow in fair weather denotes foul: if foul, fair weather will follow. A double rainbow indicates much rain.

A predominance of the purple colour on the rainbow, shows wind and rain; dark red, tempest; light red, wind; yellow, dry weather; green, rain; blue denotes that the air is clearing.

If the Aurora Borealis appears after several warm days, it is generally succeeded by a cloudiness of the air. If the Aurora Borealis has been considerable, either an increased degree of cold is immediately produced, or bodies of clouds are immediately formed.

If in a very wet season, the sky is tinged with a sea-green colour, near the bottom, where it ought to be blue, it shows that rain will speedily follow, and increase; when it is of a deep, dead blue, it is overcharged with vapours, and the weather will be showery.

When the sun appears white at the setting, or goes down into a bank of clouds, which lie in the horizon, they indicate the approach or continuance of bad weather.

When it rains with an east wind, it will probably continue twenty-four hours.

The harvest rains, when of long continuance, generally begin with the wind blowing easterly—which gradually veers round to the south—and the rains do not cease until the wind has got to the west, or a little north-west.

While rain is falling, if any small space of the sky is visible, it is almost a certain sign that the rain will speedily cease.

If the clouds that move with the wind become stationary when they arrive at the part of the horizon which is opposite to the wind, and appear to accumulate, they announce a speedy fall of rain.

A frequent change of wind, with an agitation of the clouds, denotes a sudden storm.

A fresh breeze generally springs up before sunset, particularly in the summer.

The weather usually clears up at noon—but if it rains at midnight, it seldom clears till sunset.

The winds which begin to blow in the day-time are much stronger, and endure longer, than those which begin to blow only in the night.

A hollow or whistling wind denotes rain.

If the wind follow the course of the sun, air weather will follow.

Weather, either good or bad, which takes place in the night time, is not generally of long duration—and, for the most part, wind is more uncommon in the night than in

the day-time. Fine weather in the night, with scattering clouds, does not last.

Violent winds prevail more in the vicinity of mountains than in open plains.

A Venetian author says, "A sudden storm from the north does not last three days."

If it thunders in December, moderate and fine weather may be expected.

If it thunders at intervals in the spring season, before the trees have acquired leaves, cold weather is still to be expected.

Thunder in the morning denotes wind at noon; in the evening, rain and tempest.

If in summer there is no thunder, the ensuing fall and winter will be sickly.

LENDING AND BORROWING MONEY.

NEVER lend money to a friend, unless you are satisfied that he does wisely and well in borrowing it. Borrowing is one of the most ordinary ways in which weak men sacrifice the future to the present—and thence it is that the gratitude for a loan is so proverbially evanescent; for the future, becoming present in its turn, will not be well pleased with those who have assisted in doing it an injury. By conspiring with your friend to defraud his future self, you naturally incur his future displeasure. Take to heart, therefore, the admonition of the ancient courtier:

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

To withstand solicitations for loans is often a great trial of firmness; the more especially as the pleas and pretexts alleged are generally made plausible at the expense of truth; for nothing breaks down a man's truthfulness more surely than pecuniary embarrassment.

An unthrift is a liar from all time;
Never was a debtor that was not deceiver.

The refusal which is at once the most safe from vacillation, and perhaps as little apt to give offence as any, is the point blank refusal, without reasons assigned. Acquiescence is more easily given in the decisions of a strong will than in reasons which weak men, under the bias of self-love, will always imagine themselves competent to controvert.

Some men will lend money to a friend in order, as it were, to purchase a right of remonstrance; but the right so purchased is worth nothing. You may buy the man's ears, but not his heart or his understanding.

I have never known a debtor or a prodigal who was not, in his own estimation, an injured man; and I have generally found that those who had not suffered by them were disposed to side with them; for it is the weak who make an outcry, and it is by the outcry that the world is wont to judge. They who lend money to spendthrifts should be prepared, therefore, to suffer in their reputation as well as in their purse. Let us learn from the son of Sirach:

"Many, when a thing was lent them, reckoned it to be found, and put them to trouble that helped them. Till he hath received he will kiss a man's hand; and for his neighbour's money he will speak submissively; but when he should repay, he will prolong the time, and return words of grief, and complain of the time. If he prevail, he shall hardly receive the half, and he will count as if he had found it; if not, he hath deprived him of his money, and he hath gotten him an enemy without cause: he payeth him with cursing and railing, and for honour he will pay him with disgrace."

It is a common reproach with which mankind assails mankind, that those who fall into poverty are forsaken by their friends.

Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

But before the friends of the poor be condemned, it would be well to inquire whether their poverty be honestly come by; and I believe it would very rarely be found that a person in a fair condition of life is allowed to sink unassisted into extreme indigence, without some serious fault or offence; and the person having so sunk, it will be found to be still more rarely the case that the pressure of poverty is not too strong for his character. It is when the character has given way, that poverty is deserted; for pity and affection divorced from respect, lose the main element of their strength and permanency.

The ordinary course of things, then, is as follows:

A. becoming embarrassed, through some—perhaps venial—imprudence, is kindly assisted by his friends, B., C., and D.; who, however, do not altogether approve his conduct, but think it would be ungenerous in them, under the protection of the favours they are conferring, to assail him with reproaches. So far all goes smoothly between A. on the one hand, and B., C., and D. on the other. But A., having, by the loans he has received, staved off any immediate consequences of his imprudence, is under a rather stronger temptation than before to forego the severe self-denial which would set him right again. He has now broken the ice in the matter of asking favours: he has incurred whatever humiliation belongs to it; and having begged once, it costs him comparatively little to beg again. This process of begging and borrowing goes on, therefore, becoming continually more frequent and less efficacious; and as the borrower grows less and less scrupulous, he nourishes his pride—the ordinary refuge of those who lose their independence—and resents every repulse as an insult. B., C., and D. then discover that they are not to be thanked for what they have lent, but rather reproached for not lending more and more: whereupon they with-

draw their friendship; and those who ignorantly look on, or perhaps hear the story of A., whilst B., C., and D. are silent, out of consideration for him, make remarks on inconstancy in friendship, and the manner in which men are forsaken in their adversity and distress.

The desertion by friends, however well-merited, leads the embarrassed man to consider himself as a castaway, and throw himself into still more reckless and shameless courses; and on the part of men in this condition there is sometimes seen a perfect infatuation of extravagance, which seems to proceed from the delusions of a disordered mind and a sort of fascination in ruin.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT JERUSALEM.

THE following, from a letter dated Jerusalem, May 16, 1853, has been sent by Mr. James Cook Richmond, for publication. "I was spending a couple of days in Artas, the *hortusclusus* of the monks, and probably the 'garden inclosed' of the Canticles, when I was told there was a kind of tunnel under the Pool of Solomon. I went and found one of the most interesting things that I have seen in my travels, and of which no one in Jerusalem appears to have heard. I mentioned it to the British Consul, who takes great interest in these matters, and to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, who has been here more than twenty years, and they have never heard of it. At the centre of the eastern side of the lowest of the three pools, there is an entrance nearly closed up; then follows a vaulted passage some 50 feet long, leading to a chamber about 15 feet square and 8 feet high, also vaulted; and from this there is a passage, also arched, under the pool, and intended to convey the water of a spring, or of the pool itself, into the aqueduct which leads to Jerusalem, and is now commonly attributed to Pontius Pilate. This arched passage is six feet high, and three or four feet wide. Each of the two other pools has a similar arched way, which has not been blocked up, and one of which I saw by descending first into the rectangular well. The great point of interest in this discovery is this. It has now been thought for some years that the opinion of the invention of the arch by the Romans has been too hastily adopted. The usual period assigned to the arch is about B.C. 600. We thought we discovered a contradiction of this idea in Egypt, but the present case is far more satisfactory. The whole of the long passage of 50 feet, the chamber 15 feet square, the two doors, and the passage under the pools in each case are true 'Roman' arches, with a perfect key-stone. Now, as it has never been seriously doubted that Solomon built the pools ascribed to him, and to which he probably refers in Ecclesiastes ii. 6, the arch must of course have been well known, about or before the time of the building of the first temple, B.C. 1012. The 'sealed fountain,' which is near, has the same arch in several places; but this might have been Roman. But here the arched ways pass probably the whole distance under the pools, and are therefore at least coeval with them, or were rather built before them, in order to convey the water down the valley, 'to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.' What I saw convinced me, at least, that the perfect key-stone Roman arch was in familiar use in the time of Solomon, or 1000 years before the Christian era."

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—There is a cedar tree growing in the mountains of Calaveras county, about 20 miles north-east of Murphy's, which is said to be the largest tree in the world. A correspondent of the *Sonora Herald*, who recently made an excursion to see it, thus describes it: "At the ground its circumference was 92 feet; four feet above that it was 88; and ten feet above that it was 61 feet in circumference; and after that the tapering of the shaft was very gradual. Its height, as measured by Captain H—, is 300 feet, but we made it but 285. This tree is by no means a deformity, as most trees with large trunks are. It is, throughout, one of perfect symmetry, while its enormous proportions inspire the beholder with emotions of awe and sublimity. Elegance and beauty are inseparable concomitants of its grandeur. I have said that this is the largest tree yet discovered in the world. It is so. The celebrated tree of Freemont would have to grow many centuries before it could pretend to be called anything but a younger brother. It is said that a tree was once found in Senegal, in Africa, whose trunk measured 90 feet in circumference. But no one has ever been able to find it since its first discovery. It is called by the natives 'baobab'; by botanists, 'Adansonia digitata.' But it is admitted that none can now be found with a circumference greater than 81 feet. There is a tree in Mexico, called the 'taxodium,' which is said to be 117 feet in circumference, but some have said that it is formed by the union of several trees. The height of all these foreign trees is not more, in any case, than 70 feet; and none of the trunks are more than 10 feet. The age of the mammoth cedar of California, if each zone may be reckoned one year, is about 2520 years. A section of the wood which I brought home with me, exclusive of the sap, which is but little more than one inch thick, numbers about 14 zones or grains to the inch. At that rate, if it were permitted to grow, it would increase its diameter one-seventh of an inch every year. In 84 years its diameter would be increased one foot; in 840 years 10 feet—so that it would then be 40 feet in diameter, and 120 feet in circumference. This giant of the woods and of the world is to be flayed, literally. The patriotic process has already commenced. We understand that the bark, which is at the base 14 inches thick, is to be taken off in sections to the height of 20 feet, and sent to the World's Fair in the city of New York."

FACETIE.

WHY is new bread like a caterpillar? Because is the grub which makes the butterfly.

AN INNOCENT QUERIST.—"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing; only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

PATIENCE AND LATE HOURS.—Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of very few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

A LANDED MAN.—"I say, Mr. W., I am seriously thinking of going out to Australia." "The very best thing you can do, John, for the moment you arrive there you will be a 'landed' gentleman."

RETORT.—"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

WHY are soldiers like clocks? Because their first duty is to "mark time."

A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil, or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to put on spectacles.

ALLOW a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

The latest novelty in the way of business is furnishing a man with a hat, and his own daguerreotype on the inside of it. A hatter advertises to do so.

The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tip-toe.

NAOMA, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. Courage, ladies.

PAY AS YOU GO.—This is a charming proverb. A sixpenny loaf of bread without butter, and no debt on it, has a better relish than your best dinner that is to be paid for to-morrow.

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay young wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, ducky; but a little too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

PILL OR POTION.—During a recent performance of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, the fair Juliet's question in the soliloquy, before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit with, "Then take a dose of pills!"

LIGHT SUMMER HATS.—The ladies of South America, during the hot weather of July, wear cabbage-leaves for bonnets, trimmed with radishes. What a horticultural idea!

THERE is an anecdote of Sheridan and a certain baronet, that, both being drunk in the streets, the baronet fell into the gutter; and Sheridan, having in vain endeavoured to get him upon his legs again, stammered out: "My dear friend, I cannot help you; but I'll do all I can for you—I'll lie down in the dirt with you!"

WITCHCRAFT.—A party residing in a pretty little village near Elgin had a cow taken ill some time ago; and as neither the head of the house nor any of the junior branches could understand the nature of the complaint, the opinion of one of the patriarchs of the village was asked; and he being equally at fault as to the malady of Crummie, it was sagely concluded among the parties that she was bewitched. Without delay, quantities of the "rowan tree and the red thread" were distributed through the "neuks and cranies" of the byre; and the female members of the family got bits of the charmed wood to carry in their pockets, in order to protect them from "cantrip wit." As neither the rowan tree in the "crap o' the wa," nor the horse-shoe "aboon the doorhead," seemed to bring any relief to the distressed quadruped, there is no saying what might have been the next resolve of the "wise men of Gotham" who had the case under consideration, had not a less superstitious neighbour suggested a more substantial remedy, which eventually proved effectual, and saved them from further absurdity.

EFFECTS OF A DRAUGHT.—An anti-teetotaler, who had his load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house, which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and then exclaimed: "Well, that are a darn'd careless trick in who-ever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for the people to run against!"

WEDDING DIVINATION.—Being lately present on the occasion of a wedding, at a town in the East Riding of Yorkshire, I was witness to the following custom, which seems to take rank as a genuine scrap of folk-lore. On the bride alighting from her carriage at her father's door, a plate covered with morsels of bride's cake was flung from a window on the second storey upon the heads of the crowd congregated in the street below; and the divination, I was told, consists in observing the fate which attends its downfall. If it reach the ground in safety, without being broken, the omen is a most unfavourable one. If, on the other hand, the plate be shattered to pieces (and the more the better), the auspices are looked upon as most happy.—*Notes and Queries.*

A fellow who wished to obtain an introduction to a young lady he saw in the street, one evening got a companion to go and offer his company, and while he was thus engaged, he came up and knocked him down for insulting the lady, and of course "protected" the fair one home.

WHILE a miser was on his death-bed, a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire-place. He watched the candle and then the fire. Suddenly he called his son: "Come here." The son approached his bed-side, when the old man whispered: "Blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

GROCERS who sell burnt peas for "old government Java" should remember their latter end, and bear in mind that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Things are not judged by their "labels" in the next world.

A wag, at an evening party, was introduced to a lady whom he afterwards described as being so large that he could not get near enough to speak with her.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Fifty winters, fifty summers, fifty autumns, fifty springs, Will rise like flocks of birds before us, fluttering on their airy wings.

And when that time does come, then comes "rheumatiz" and head-ache, long nights and short sleeps, anxiety about the stock market, and decided conviction that chickens and turkeys are less tender than they used to be.

ONE of the first things that seizes upon the attention of the traveller in Egypt is the queer dishes which he meets with. A person writing from Luxor, says that his first dinner on the Nile consisted of stewed hippopotamus and a broiled ibis. The next morning's breakfast consisted of cold crocodile, hashed camel, and the fossil remains of a donkey.

A farmer who was known to be a tight-fisted and parsimonious man, went to his landlord to pay his rent. Putting on a long face to correspond with the times, on entering the house, he said the times had been so hard, he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of bank-notes on the table: "There," said he, "that's all I can pay!" The money was taken up and counted by Mr. —, the landlord, who said: "Why, this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang'ee, give it to me again!" said the farmer; "I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket!"

MRS. CHAPONE was asked the reason why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is no part of my religion to disturb the religion of others."

PROVOKING.—To kneel before your goddess, and burst both pantaloons straps.

EPIGRAM.

Joe hates a hypocrite, which plainly shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

COUNTING THE PIGS.—"Dick," said a master to his servant, "have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed um." "Did you count them, Dick?" "Yes, massa, all but one—dare be one little speckled pig, he frisk about so much, me couldn't count him."

A SINGULAR FORGIVENESS.—Sir Walter Scott, in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, on the Culloden papers, mentions a characteristic instance of an old Highland warrior's mode of pardon. "You must forgive even your bitterest enemy, Kenmuir, now," said the confessor to him, as he lay gasping on his death-bed. "Well, if I must, I must," replied the chieftain; "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning towards his son, "if you forgive him!"

LOSS OF TIME.—A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gaming. "Ah, madam (replied the priest), it is a grievous sin—in the first place consider the loss of time." "Yes (replied the fair penitent), I have often begrudged the time that is lost in *shuffling and dealing*."

CANDID.—"You have visited my daughter a long time," said an anxious mother to a young gentleman of our acquaintance, the other day. "What are your intentions, sir?" "Honourable—entirely so!" said the gentleman. "I intend backing out, as the coachman say!"

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the *façade* of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following, as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse—"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

SAM SLICK'S NOTION OF REFORM.—A good man don't talk of his religion for everlasting, and a good subject finds he has as much liberty as is good for him or his neighbour. Piety ain't found in pot-houses, nor patriotism in mobs or mass meetin's. Don't trade with a man that is over sanctimonious, or you will be taken in; or be too thick with a demagogue, or you may be taken up. Fermentation throws up scum, and agitation brings rascality to the top of the pot. For my part I hate politics. There are cleaner things to handle, and pleasanter to smell. There are two kinds of reforms in the world—personal reforms and reforms in the state. Now, personal reforms can be made at any time we like—so we just put them off until it is convenient; and sometimes we consait we can do without them at all. At all events, it's like takin' physic: it's hard to swallow, and causes vry faces. Reforms in the state are pretty things, and show wisdom. I never met a man yet that hadn't some little pet scheme of reform for the public—the most disinterested one, too, in the world—for statesmen are very disinterested cattle.

In Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, we find the following pleasant sally, descriptive of a hot day: "Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go, in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloe, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now, jockeys, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach, hate the sixth fat one, who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large! Now bakers look vicious, and cooks are aggravated."

FONTENELLE.—An agreeable young lady having addressed Fontenelle thus: "Can you explain, sir, the difference between myself and a clock?" the gallant old philosopher immediately replied: "The difference is, that a clock enables us to remember the hours, whilst you, fair lady, cause us to forget them."

LAWYERS.—"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham—in a facetious mood—"is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

GASCONADES.—A Gascon and a Parisian having quarrelled, their friends endeavoured to reconcile them, which having accomplished, the Gascon, turning to the Parisian, congratulated him on the result, "for," said he, "had I been in a bad humour I should have seized you, and thrown you so high that the flies would have had time to devour you before you came down again."

LOST IN A FOG.—"Suppose you are lost in a fog," said Lord C—to his noble relative, the Marchioness, "what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," replied her ladyship.

PRINTED SERMONS.—In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party, one evening, turned on a volume of sermons which had just been published, with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited, and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said: "My dear, I see nothing to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too!" "They were a' printed lang syne!" said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

JOCKEYSHIP.—An auctioneer, speaking to a horse-dealer about the situation of an estate he was to sell, in a level neighbourhood, said: "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a *rich flat*." "So do I sir!" said the grinning jockey.

AN HIBERNIAN M.P.—An Irish member, whose name we will not mention, having risen, was assailed by loud cries of "Spoke! Spoke!" meaning, that having spoken once already, he had no right to do it a second time. He had evidently a second speech struggling in his breast for an introduction into the world, when seeing, after remaining for some time on his legs, that there was not the slightest chance of being suffered to deliver a sentence of it, he observed, with imperturbable gravity, and in a rich Tipperary brogue: "If honourable gentlemen suppose that I was going to spake again, they are quite mistaken! I merely rose for the purpose of saying, that I had nothing more to say on the subject!" The house was convulsed with laughter, for a few seconds afterwards, at the exceeding ready wit of the Hibernian M.P.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—The *American Wheeling Gazette* gives the following, as an extract from the recent address of a barrister "out west," to a jury: "The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honour of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion and reflect, with pleasure, that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasserful of new milk."

A couple of sharpers took lodgings at a hostelry in the country, and fared sumptuously, drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day a dispute arose about the speed of their horses, and they at last agreed to enter on the proposed contest. The landlord was appointed judge, each being the rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge, like those at the Olympic games, gave the words, "One, two, three, and go!" Off they went, and have never been seen or heard of since—leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honour to be their judge.

SAM SLICK'S CAUCUS MEETING.—"Thinks I to myself: Sam, you'd better be a movin' too. You're gettin' over head and ears in love as fast as you can, and are as soft as if you never seed a gall afore. So says I: 'Sophy, sposin' Mary and you and I take a walk down to the beach, and I will send a note on board to the captain.' And I took out a pencil, and wrote to him an invite. Well, as soon as she went to get ready, I called a council of war, and held a regular caucus meetin' between my head and my heart. So I puts my elbows on the table, and clasps my face in my hands, and opened the session. 'Sam,' says I, 'what do you think of this gall?' 'She's hand-ome enough to eat.' 'Will she do for transplanin' to Slickville?' 'The identical thing.' 'What do you intend to do?' 'Well, that's exactly what I want to know.' 'Will she take you?' 'It's more than I can tell.' 'You ain't a Bluenose.' 'I am glad of it.' 'You're a clockmaker.' 'I ain't ashamed

of it: and if she is, she's a fool." "You ain't young." "That's a fact." "Not much looks to brag on." "That's true." "And talk Yankee into the bargain." "I can't help it." "Well you've wrote some books?" "Let her take the books then, and leave me." "But ain't she the finest gail you ever did lay eyes on?" "And the sweetest?" "Lick!" "And modest, and all that?" "Yes, all that, and the double of that multiplied by ten." "Up, then, and at her like a man." "What, give up all my prudence? Offer on half-a-day's acquaintance, and have all the rest of my life to find out her faults. Women ain't hosses, and they want to be put thro' their paces, and have their wind tried. If I'm took in, it will be myself that did it; and that ain't like Sam Slick, is it?" "Well, it ain't, that's a fact." "What a cursed thing love is! It puts you in a twitteration all over just when you ought to be cool, and turns a wise man into a born fool. "Sleep on it." You've just hit it, says I. Now you talk sense; you are gettin' to be yourself agin."—*Sam Slick's Wise Sawes.*

A LAWYER'S PETITION.—A young aspirant to legal fame, residing not more than twenty miles from Doncaster, being anxious to be appointed a perpetual Commissioner for taking the acknowledgments of deeds by married women, pursuant to a late Act of Parliament, petitioned the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the purpose, and concluded his petition in the following words:—"Solemnly declares it to be his wishes and intention to marry as soon as he can take advantage of an eligible choice, and go through such an important ceremony reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and soberly!"—*Doncaster Gazette.*

SENSIBLE YOUNG LADIES.—The young ladies of Rochester have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:—"That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of THE LONDON JOURNAL; for we have thus not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

YANKEE INGENUITY.—In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most of them we do; and where it is agin law, it is two dollars fine in a general way. Well, Sassy went down to Boston, to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on, smoking like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable, and says, "I'll trouble you for two dollars, for smokin' agin law in the streets." Sassy was as quick as wink on him. "Smokin'!" says he, "I warn't a smokin'." "O, my!" says constable, "how you talk, man! I won't say you lie, 'cause it aint polite, but its very like the way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?" "No," says Sassy, "you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes—they can't be depended on more than other people's. I never trust mine, I can assure you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I liked the flavour of tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and is his own subject, too. No I warn't smokin', and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it aint so. It hain't got no fire in it." Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anythin'. "I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff's representative," says Sassy, "for smokin' in the streets: do you under-stand, my old 'coon?" Well, constable was taken all aback—he was finely bit. "Stranger," says he, "where was you raised?" "To Canady line," says Sassy. "Well, says he, 'you're a credit to your brightens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even, I guess.'"—*Sam Slick.*

SAM SLICK HOOKING LUCY'S GOWN.—Well, just as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the 'keepin' room, with both arms behind her head, a fixin' of the hooks and eyes. "Man alive," says she, "are you here yet? I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?" "Gunnin'?" says I, "Lucy, my gunnin' is over; I shan't go no more now—I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there —" "Get out!" says she, "don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the other hook and eye of my frock, will you?" She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but arth and seas! my eyes fairly snapped again; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out o' the breast and shoulder, full round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes! I jist stood stock still—I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. "What ails you, Sam," says she, "that you don't hook it?" "Why," says I, "Lucy, dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact; I can't handle such little things as fast as you can." "Well, come," says she, "make haste, that's a dear—mother will be a comin' directly," and at last I shut too both my eyes, and fastened it: and when I talk dore, says I, "There is one thing I must say, Lucy." "What's that?" says she. "That you may stimp all Connecticut to show such an agnelliforous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most —" "And you may stimp the State, too," says she, "to produce such another bold, forrad, impudent, onmannerly tomme as you have! So there now—so get along with you!"

A CASE IN PINT.—On what model has the India Bill been formed? On that of a pale ale bottle, one would think—for it seems to be a very insufficient measure.—*Punch.*

PENUCIARY DEMANDS.—Of all men it must be confessed that the tax-gatherer has the most calls for his money.—*Ibid.*

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.—Westminster Bridge—the new one—is, according to Sir William Molesworth, to be built of stone from Ireland. Another evidence of the eagerness of the Saxon to trample upon everything Irish.—*Ibid.*

LAYING IT ON THICK.—Of a certain author—or artist—or actor—or somebody else—who had acquired much notoriety by laudatory criticisms—it was said that his reputation was built of plaster.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE TEACHING OF NECESSITY.—A grand necessity elevates man; a small one degrades him.

A REFLECTION FOR THE GREAT.—We are little by being seen among men: because that phasis of us only is visible which is exposed towards them, and which most resembles them; we become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the horizon. Strange reflection! humiliating truth! that nothing on earth—no exertion, no endowment—can do so much for us as a distant day.

ADMIRATION AT DEATH.—The sun colours the sky most diffusely when he bath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!"

AGREEMENT.—He who agrees with himself agrees with others. It has struck me that I believe in the truth of those ideas only which are productive to my mind, which assimilate to my modes of thinking, and assist my progress. For it is not only possible, but also very natural, that such an idea does not assimilate to other minds—that, instead of assisting, it impedes their progress, and that they think it wrong and erroneous. Any one who is convinced of this will never engage in a controversy.

ENMITIES AND DIFFERENCES.—As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage their earlier animosities.

LIFE AND DEATH.—When we are born we are the same as others; at our decease, we may induce our friends and oblige our enemies to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say death levels the whole human race—for it is only when he hath stripped men of everything external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent; a little while longer and ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly fly off the fumes of party-spirit—the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us, and contemplate calmly, the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury; and surely not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLANG EXPRESSIONS.—It would be curious to investigate how some odd forms of expression have crept into, if not the English language, at least into every-day parlance; and by what classes of men they have been introduced. I do not, of course, mean the vile argot, or St. Giles's Greek, prevalent among housebreakers and pick-pockets; though a great deal of that is traceable to the Romany or gipsy language, and other sufficiently odd sources: but I allude more particularly to phrases used by even educated men—such as "a regular mull," "bosh," "just the cheese," &c. The first has already been proved an importation from our Anglo-Indian friends. *Bosh*, used by us in the sense of "nonsense," "rubbish," is a Persian word meaning "dirty;" and *cheese*, a corruption of a Hindostani word denoting "thing," which is exactly the sense of the expression I have quoted. "Just the cheese," "quite the cheese"—i.e. just the thing I require, quite *comme il faut*, &c.—*Notes and Queries.*

A STRANGE STORY.—A workwoman lately went to a boarding-school for girls, in the Rue des Fontaines, and said that she was sent by the mother of a little girl, named Adèle Gage, aged eight years, to require her to be sent home. The child was given up to her, and she took her to her own residence. She fastened herself with her in her room, and then tied the child's hands behind her back, put a gag in her mouth, and endeavoured to strangle her; but the child broke from her. She then said, "Well, I will not kill you in that way; but you shall die with me in another!" She thereupon unbanded the child; and, after carefully closing every crevice by which air could enter,

lighted two pans of charcoal. In a short time the woman became insensible; but, as often happens, the fumes produced little effect on the child; and when she saw the woman fall she opened the window. The air caused the woman to revive. She appeared greatly surprised at seeing the child alive. She then intimated that she would abandon the idea of killing her, and took her home to her parents, saying that she had taken her out for a walk. Seeing that Adèle was very pale, her mother interrogated her; and she told all that had passed. The commissary of police made an investigation; and the result of it was, that the child's tale was confirmed. The woman was arrested. It appears that she had had an intrigue with the child's uncle; and that, having been abandoned by him, had resolved to kill her as an act of revenge—she knowing that he was very fond of her.—*Paris Paper.*

CURIOUS POSTHUMOUS OCCURRENCE.—If the following be true, though in ever so limited a manner, it deserves investigation. Notwithstanding his twenty-three years' experience, the worthy grave-digger must have been mistaken, unless there is something peculiar in the bodies of Bath people. But if the face turns down in any instance, as asserted, it would be right to ascertain the cause, and why this change is not general. It is now about twenty years since the paragraph appeared in the London papers. "A correspondent in the *Bath Herald* states the following singular circumstance: 'Having occasion last week to inspect a grave in one of the parishes of this city, in which two or three members of a family had been buried some years since, and which lay in very wet ground, I observed that the upper part of the coffin was rotted away, and had left the head and bones of the skull exposed to view. On inquiring of the grave-digger how it came to pass that I did not observe the usual sockets of the eyes in the skull, he replied, that what I saw was the hind part of the head (termed the *occiput*, I believe, by anatomists), and that the face was turned, as usual, to the earth. Not exactly understanding his phrase, 'as usual,' I inquired if the body had been buried with the face upwards, as in the ordinary way: to which he replied, to my astonishment, in the affirmative, adding, that in the course of decomposition the face of every individual turns to the earth, and that, in the experience of three-and-twenty years in his situation, he had never known more than one instance to the contrary.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

WALKING UNDER WATER AT PARIS.—Among the marvels of the day must be reckoned M. Saint-Simon Sicard's invention of an apparatus which permits the possessor to take a half-hour's promenade at the bottom of a river, and there occupy himself as fancy suggests—from flirting with mermaids to rescuing "moist bodies." M. Grandchamp made a public experiment the other day, and remained thirty-five minutes at the bottom of the Seine. This is all we can learn of its construction: A complete clothing of caoutchouc from head to foot, including helmet and sock, allows the wearer to descend below the water without danger of contact; the helmet has a valve, which allows the air to escape at the moment of submersion; and no sooner is the submersion complete, than the pressure of the water closes the valve hermetically. A provision of air to be inspired is carried in a box, placed like a hump in the back of the cuirass of caoutchouc. This box has a tube which carries the air into the helmet, in order that the breathing may take place without effort; and a little stop-cock enables the distribution of air to be regulated at pleasure. No sooner is there a difficulty of breathing than a signal is given, and the experimenter is brought to the surface once more.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF OUR SYSTEM.

WHEN the little snowdrop, which in our garden-walks we may see raising its beautiful head, to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres even of this little plant. Botanists tell us, that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place, which is necessary, in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again, and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different. In that case, the strength of fibre in the snowdrop, as it is, would have been too much or too little. The plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time: fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted; because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not re-produce itself. Now, if we see such perfect adaptation—such exquisite adjustment in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere—upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends, not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world. When the east winds blow for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the gulf-stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere. The invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill; because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which incumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused to be deposited there, that this atmosphere may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot: we feel that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realises the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls it "parching!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. B. would be glad to be informed of the best authorities for further information as regards the Celtic races—especially that portion which inhabited Ireland. We could refer him to a hundred, but in the hope of having our attention directed to some rare French or German works, we publish his request.

JOE BEANS.—Neither the Prince of Wales nor the Duke of York have been gazetted to any military honours. In the Royal Navy they would have to serve the stated periods, like other boys, before receiving responsible appointments.

X. Y. Z.—A man born in Ireland is of course an Irishman—but that is the local idea; for, in point of fact and law, he is as much an Englishman as one born in the belfry of Bow Church would be. We are happy to perceive that there is a promise of the stupid distinctions, English, Irish, Scotch, Welch, &c., being destroyed. All belong to one family, and the correct designation is "British."

A. Z.—Any polished metal or wood may be lacquered so as to impart the appearance of gold. The following will give a deep-coloured gold: Seed-lac three ounces, turmeric one ounce, dragon's blood a quarter of a pound, alcohol one pint. These ingredients must digest for a week, be frequently shaken, and then decanted and filtered for use.

C. A.—The nails may be whitened by using the following wash: Diluted sulphuric acid two drachms, tincture of myrrh one drachm, spring-water four ounces. The nails must be first cleansed with white soap, and then the fingers are to be dipped into the wash.

RICARDO, CREMORNE, & J. W. L. each love a lady, but have not courage to declare their passion. Modesty in such cases is rather a fault than a virtue. If nice etiquette in such matters were always to be observed, our young men and women would be monks and nuns. Our correspondents must be informed that making love is as natural and proper as eating a dinner. All that a lover requires in the presence of his lady-love, is a little of what the French term *abandon*. Too much formality quakerises and debases the passion.

J. C.—If a woman is always looking at you, what does she mean? Why, something either very complimentary or very disparaging. But generally a staring woman is insufferably vulgar. Avoid her, unless you are smitten in return. If you are, pop the question, and be married off-hand.

AUNT CHLOE.—It would be unkindly, unkind, and cruel to desert your lover now that misfortune has overtaken him. Your friends give you bad advice.

J. W. L.—The lady smiles at times—does she? Your friend ought to be a happy man. According to your account of him, he is very bashful. Do not be afraid of him—for if the lady continues smiling, he will soon conquer his timidity. The ice has been broken.

ANNIE L. naïvely asks: "Is it really so unusual a circumstance for a young lady to have attained the age of nineteen without having loved?" Some girls are very wise. They are not caught by every fly that glitters in the water. But when caught, they love fiercely. Annie, we suspect, is one of these elect—circumspet. Her turn is fast coming.

J. GRO. RICHER.—In polite circles, unmarried ladies are not addressed as "Miss," after a negative or an affirmative. The practice is decidedly boorish. Your name is of English origin.

PAULINE.—1. No. 2. Should a lady who has declined an offer of marriage, return the gentleman his letter of proposal? No; such an action would be improper and unladylike. 3. The men who stare at women are almost invariably disreputable in their manners and habits.

C. E. Z.—The charitable hospital for the treatment of distortions and spinal diseases, is 84, Norton Street. Patients are received into the house, but they have to pay a small fixed weekly sum for their board. There is also an asylum at Eastbourne, for those requiring sea air. The secretary is Charles Verral, Esq.

P. L.—SHAVING PASTE: Melt together an ounce of almond oil and an ounce of white wax, and add gradually an ounce of rose-water, and an ounce of shavings of Castile soap.

A FOREIGN HEIR.—All law cases involving nice, obscure, new, or interesting points of law, are faithfully reported in the serials devoted to legal matters.

MANFRED.—Yours is calf-love, and your sister treats it as such. Still she should not tap at the window when you are paying a visit to your adorable. Tell her she is very rude. When your whiskers have budded, and your strut has become a stride, you will know what love is. Boyish love is boyish nonsense. The girls laugh at it.

JUNE 30.—With your mother on your side, what have you to fear? Your father will be sure to yield. Besides, you ought to pay some deference to his authority. At all events, avoid a clandestine courtship—it is both disgraceful and dangerous.

CANTERBURY BELL is something of a male coquette. He loves and he does not love. He commits an indiscretion, and because the girl will not yield to his solicitation to afford him an explanation of her shyness, he forthwith pays his addresses to another, and wins her heart. He has the soul of a costermonger or a vagabond gipsy. Perhaps he would like to be a butterfly. Unless he alters, he will live to earn the contempt of his wife—and then what would be his fate?

IGNORAMUS takes us to task for saying that polygamy was only a sin in the countries that had accepted the Christian dispensation. As we like both sides of a question stated, we quote a few of his remarks. "If polygamy," he writes, "is a sin in England, it is also a sin in Turkey; unless there is one (Divine) law for the Jew and another for the Greek. If it be admitted that polygamy is not a sin in Turkey, must we not admit that polygamy is not a sin in Utah? If we justify Mussulmen in this practice, may we not grant the same boon to the 'Mormons,' seeing they consider it a 'natural' as well as a 'divine' institution? Again, if it is natural in India and China, and the people of those countries can practise it with impunity, may it not be equally as 'natural' in France and England?" Our correspondent has fallen into the common error of paying too little attention to the natural law. For ages monogamy has been the practice of Western and Northern Europe. Polygamy for ages has been the practice of the East, where, owing to the deteriorations in the population, the females far exceed the males in number. Dr. Walker, the physiologist, in a valuable treatise, satisfactorily disposes of this subject.

L. E. L.—The origin of the freemen, or old burgesses, in our towns and cities, may be briefly explained. For centuries the people, in the modern sense of the word, were in political abeyance—the majority were serfs, and the management of the government continued to descend through series of kings and nobles, without their acquiescence being ever in the slightest degree considered necessary. But as estates became to be divided and population increased, serfdom decreased, and the towns sprang into existence. This led to the earliest creation of a popular franchise. These towns formed themselves into corporations for defensive purposes; and those who were entitled by birth, residence, apprenticeship, or election, to have a voice in the management of their local affairs, were called burgesses or freemen—and this hereditary franchise subsisted until the passing of the Reform Act, when it was modified, with the view to its ultimate extinction; but the original institution still exists, to the no little scandal of all grades of politicians.

H. B.—A lady whom you have long known, breaks off the friendly acquaintanceship, without deigning to offer the slightest explanation. What are you to do? Why, accept the "cut" with the best possible grace, and show that if you have not deserved it, you do not care about resenting it. Can you lay the flattering unction to your soul, and say you have committed no action which would oblige her, as a respectable woman who valued her reputation, to shun your society? In all such affairs there are wheels within wheels.

X. Y. Z., of Hollings Green, is one of those pests to the press and literary gentlemen—a would-be contributor. He belongs to a class that would do any dirty work, lie, slander, or steal, rather than earn a living by laborious and responsible industry. Under the evaporation of gin, and no doubt some chagrin at his numerous and deserved failures, he takes us to task for proving, as we have incontestably done over and over again, that this is the 53rd year of the century. He says it is the 54th. If his foggy, gin-muddled head can dissect the year 1, he will find it was not concluded until the 31st of December, 1. Time, as represented by the numeral of the year, is cumulative, and for the purposes of our era, the present notation commenced 1st January, 1—so that the numeral representing the year must be prospective. Our era did not commence with the assumption—we might say the deliberate falsehood—that a whole twelve months had elapsed before counting began. But it would be useless to attempt to reason with such slothful, crawling creatures. His missive teems with vulgar abuse, but as we have not the slightest desire to coax him from his natural obscurity, we can only hope that it is not infamous. As an eminent statesman, in replying to a titled dame, said lately, "when the bolts are rusty and the quiver battered, there is not much to fear from the attack."

ALICE AND JOHN.—The government proposition on Savings Banks presents commendable features. It is provided that the National Debt Commissioners shall have the power to appoint receivers to all these banks, independent of the trustees and managers—and who are to be paid such salaries as the said commissioners may determine; these receivers are not to pay or receive without the presence of a manager, and the trustees and managers are prohibited from receiving or paying; and on these conditions the country will be liable for the acts of such receiver; and unless the depositor's book is signed by the receiver, the depositor will have no claim in case of default. It is likewise provided that four days a year shall be set apart for depositors to produce their books to the auditors for examination, and that all those who do not so produce them shall forfeit their interest, and a list of such absentees be forwarded to the National Debt Office, and that interest shall not be restored without their consent. It is also provided that, from and after the 20th of November, the interest payable on deposits is to be two-and-a-half per cent.; but the depositors are allowed to direct the trustees to invest their savings, if above £50, from time to time with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, and the interest to be payable through such savings banks. Another clause authorises the government to appoint receivers where there are no existing banks—and in such cases he would act alone, without the presence of managers. From this it will be seen that the depositors receive more security than they have hitherto done; but we think the government act unwise in not taking all these banks into their own hands. Let the nation be the working-man's banker.

JAMES M. LUCK.—You improve. The two verses are by no means poor.

REPLY TO AN EMIGRATING FRIEND.

Oh! cloud not yet thy youthful brow:
Bid gloom awhile depart;
For life but little tells thee now,
Its trials for thy heart.
Who'll guide thee with a gentle hand—
Fond hope, alas! how vain—
When lost to sight is that dear land
You ne'er might see again?
Soon o'er thy course might sorrow lour,
With no fond kindred nigh,
To soothe thee in a lonely hour,
Or heed thy troubled sigh.
No distant clime, nor glittering store
Can ease the heart of pain,
Tho' sever'd from the well-loved shore
You ne'er might see again.

A. D. M.—Let your solicitor prepare your will. A nuncupative testament—that is, a declaration of the testator in his last hours, in the presence of witnesses, is void. But the law allows what it terms a *donatio mortis causa* (a gift in anticipation of death): that is, when a person in his last sickness, apprehending his dissolution near, delivers, or causes to be delivered to another, the possession of any personal goods, to keep in case of his decease. It is accompanied with the implied trust that, if the donor lives, the property shall revert to himself, being only given in contemplation of death. But, independently, a *donatio mortis causa* must be unconditional—the donee must take a beneficial interest. It is a very unsatisfactory mode of disposing of property, and should only be resorted to in a very extreme case. We may mention that this gift is liable to the legacy duty, and to the payment of debts on a deficiency of assets; but is exempted from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts.

T. H. E.—As you have sown so you must reap. You winked at crime as long as it suited your purpose, and now, when you find your position embarrassing, you would ask for compensation. Your conscience is in an unsatisfactory condition, and as no jury would give you more than a farthing, you had better let your disgrace die away.

ZERO.—You have lost all chance of obtaining the young lady's affection, as your own story sufficiently attests. You fondly loved a young lady who is only seventeen for some time, but felt until lately that it would be improper to talk of love to one so young, and foolishly hoped that what you considered your discretion and self-denial would meet with their reward in the end. Alas, you have been woefully undeceived! At your last visit, you found she received the kind attentions of a young gentleman with great apparent satisfaction, and your eyes were fully opened on his addressing her as *dear*. You remarked quietly to her that Mr. — was "very familiar" on which she blushed, walked straight to him, took his arm, and asked him to take her for a walk in the shrubbery. Of course you felt like a demon at the moment—just like the naughty spirit in the tree in the garden of Eden. Your emotion betrayed you—for ever since the girl has treated you with marked coldness. You say your rival is handsome, richer, and more talented than yourself, and no flirt. Truly your case is hopeless—and we warn all young men similarly situated, to strike while the iron is hot. In love as in war, dull delay is fatal. Distant devotion pleases no young woman, however far-sighted and shrewd she may be. The soft clasping of hands, the music of vows oft repeated, and brilliant day-dreams of the future—these are what win the sex; and it is in the knowledge of this fact that lies the whole secret of the comparative boobies being more than a match in courtship for the men of susceptibility and talent. Most women prefer men of tact, courage, and audacity, to the timorous fools who think them angels, when they themselves well know they are only women who regard marriage as an obligation to be discharged as promptly as is practicable under the circumstances.

WILLIAM BAILEY.—Your opinions are precisely ours. We would not close any parks, gardens, or other place of public resort of the kind, on the Sunday afternoon; but we want the legislation to inform us what is Sunday? Opinions vary on the subject; and we seriously ask, is it a day of worship or a day of recreation—when does it commence and end? The latitudinarianism on this subject is not very creditable.

ANTONIA, an orphan, kindly provided with a situation in a shop, discovered by accident that the foreman was an immoral man—in short, that he was villainously ill-using a young woman whom he had betrayed. Since then Antonia has been subjected by him to every annoyance short of downright cruelty. Antonia must make her mistress acquainted with the facts. She owes that to herself; and as regards the man, it is a false sense of honour that would attempt to screen him.

A.—Cloth may be rendered waterproof in the following manner: Dissolve Indian-rubber in naphtha, so that it feels rather sticky between the thumb and finger, then stretch the cloth on a flat board or table, and with a hard clothes-brush, brush the surface clean, then dip a soft brush slightly into the varnish, and lay on the cloth as thin a coating as you can—the thinner the better. If you prepare a piece of linen or cotton, of the same shape and size, in the same way, and while the two surfaces are wet, lay them together and press them well—it will last much longer, and be more impervious to the wet.

MINNIE loves a young gentleman who formerly paid her great attention, but of late he has quite slighted her. She has had an offer from another gentleman. Is she to accept it or not? The last lover is very steady and industrious, but has not the same gentlemanly appearance as the former. Minnie clings to appearances—she thinks a fine exterior a charming recommendation. The partiality is natural, and she must wait awhile. It would be unjust to marry the second lover while doting on the first.

SANDY.—Self-worship is the most vain of all devotions, and the people of this country have grievously sinned in this respect. The Englishman boasts of his institutions and his own indomitable energy—the Scotchman of his industry—invariably, *en passant*, making the wild assertion that in his corner of the island there is "health in the breeze and shelter in the storm"—the Irishman glories in his courage, and indulges in the poetical exclamation that his country is "the first gem of the sea—first isle of the ocean." All three have a shrill trumpet on which to sound their individual praises; and there is this serious objection to their trumpeting, that they exult over traditions, rather than their present advanced condition. Why don't they brag about the ripe fruits that they are the means of throwing into the lap of industry—of their science, literature, and their unbounded contributions to the formation of a new and more brilliant era in the world's history?

BEN BRUST.—Scotch snuff sprinkled about the holes of resort will destroy crickets; another plan is to put the parings of cucumbers in their way—these they will greedily devour, and then soon die.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Hugh C. Christie (Sewing machines are at work in several establishments in the metropolis. It is a British, not an American invention)—Florence Haywood (The index finger of the right hand is what young ladies call the engaged one)—J. Graham (Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary)—An Artist (Too technical)—Scotius (Asks for some account of the Highland clan "Fraser")—D. B. (A portrait of himself)—J. Y. (Apply to a shipping agent)—Clackmannon (Yes)—Edward (The price is one shilling. Order from a news-agent)—Cyro (You must improve your handwriting, and learn to spell correctly)—C. Ferguson (Useful, but not exactly new)—Douglas (Must search out a Kitty for himself)—W. H. A. (No)—B. (The property, after the widow's death, is equally divisible between the son and daughter)—S. H. Bradford (Use tweezers—that is the only way to effectually and safely eradicate superfluous hair)—A. X. W. (No)—C. J. C. P. (Purchase an English Grammar and Dictionary)—G. Luck (The picture is a valuable one—send it to the National Gallery)—Lionel Lincoln (Cannot you give your children the rudiments of a plain education in your leisure hours?)—A. M. ("Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL, 334, Strand")—P. O. B. (Is afflicted with bashfulness)—Fair Rosamond (Must advertise in the daily Times)—S. J. R. (A good specimen of handwriting)—Independence (The climate of Texas is humid—and therefore not suited to a person labouring under an affection of asthma)—Mortlake (Deeds of apprenticeship may be ante-dated)—Ursa Major (Eight miles)—W. Gall (There is no board of longitude. Write to the Astronomer Royal, Observatory, Greenwich)—J. Bashford (Consult a medical gentleman)—G. S. (A Greek Testament of the time of Henry VIII. would command a good price)—Barnett Stuart (A useful invention. Send us the full and exact particulars)—Orion Norman (In the Heavy Dragons, the men are five feet ten inches, and upwards; in the Light Dragons, five feet eight inches, and upwards)—Baby Leroy (We do not return manuscripts)—Joe Beans (Sheep, in England, outnumber foxes, in the proportion of a thousand to one)—Inquisitive (Hume, Macaulay, and Miss Strickland)—Hugh (The pain after bathing is caused by too rapid a flow of the blood to the head)—W. B. (Bad habits can only be destroyed by moral firmness. Begin quietly)—R. B. S. (Your claim is good—employ a solicitor)—Young Rowley (We must refer you to Professor Faraday's explanations of the hat and table-moving experiments)—W. N. (Tom of Lincoln is the largest bell in England)—J. O. (Application for leave to appoint new trustees, must be made to a judge in Chancery)—J. S. Moody (Declined, with thanks)—R. Broughton (Order the book from a news-agent)—Annie S. W. (The troupe has returned to America)—F. D. (Apply at the Herald's College, London)—J. B. M. (Purchase a treatise on Photography)—M. E. (The deed is perfectly legal. Being of age, you may marry without the consent of your father—but marry wisely. Reflect a little. Marriage is like a steep chase—you may break your neck in leaping the first fence)—Concave (Write to the gentleman)—Joseph Martin (Situations in the Customs are in the gift of the Lords of the Treasury)—Prestissimo (Write to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music)—R. O. J. (A court of equity would compel you to account. Be honest)—H. B. (No)—Amicus (Both are correct, but each is ruled by the application, or rather the antecedent)—James Anderson (You had better order your coffin, and die in peace—for, venturing on the stage without a suitable education, would be nothing but a living death)—Ela (A memoir of Mr. Charles Kean was published in Vol. VII. of this Journal)—G. H. P. (Of no value whatever)—Thomas Bailey (Advertise in a New York newspaper—the Herald would be the best)—Miss B. Orton ("The Will and the Way" commenced in No. 398 of this Journal)—Ashton (Farthings of the reign of Queen Anne are by no means scarce. There are hundreds in London. Yours is worth about a shilling)—B. A. (The executor can recover)—Thomas Twyford (Received, and declined, with thanks)—E. N. R. L. (Some friendly counsel would be useful)—A. B. Kent (Your master may be sued for damages)—G. P. (An apprentice should not work for any other than his master)—Don Quixote (A Queen Elizabeth sixpence is worth, probably, half-a-crown—certainly not more)—C. Hamilton (Prevention is better than cure. Live temperately. Cosmetics are dangerous to the health).

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[THE NORWICH TIMES CROSSING LEXDEN HEATH.]

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER I.

Women, by whom ye are—the source of joy—
With cruel wiles ye labour to destroy;
Vainly we fly—our ruin ye pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.
MARLOW.

THIRTY years ago, when railroads had only just commenced tracing their iron wrinkles on the fair face of merry England, the road between Colchester and London—the main artery connecting the eastern counties with the metropolis—was one of the most frequented in the kingdom, and certainly not the least beautiful, as a specimen of quiet English scenery.

The lands on either side of it were highly cultivated—snug, cosy, comfortable, fat-looking farm-houses nestled in shady nooks—neat villages, with their old-fashioned gable roofs, and picturesque churches, met the eye of the traveller at each fresh point of view. The whole country presented an image of content sleeping in the lap of plenty.

The farm-houses, villages, and churches, we are happy to inform our readers, still remain—but the road is comparatively deserted: the coaches, with their high-bred, mettlesome horses, glittering harness, and sleek, bustling drivers—an important class of persons in those days—have disappeared: the latter, "fallen from their high estate," as Dryden hath it, in many instances have degenerated into landlords of village ale-houses—or worse, been reduced to drive the "busses" which ply between the towns upon the line and the nearest stations.

The only exception to the beauty of the road was that portion of it which ran through Lexden Heath—a barren, wild, uncultivated waste, which commenced a short distance from Colchester: for miles it produced nothing but stunted grass and furze, or here and there a solitary tree, which, instead of relieving, rendered the desolation of the scene more apparent.

Considerable portions of the heath have since been reclaimed and planted; but sufficient remains in its original state to convey an idea to our readers—should they ever visit the spot—of the dreary, wretched waste it must have been at the period our tale commences.

On the fifteenth of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-three, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Norwich Times, driven by Dick Gurney—"Honest Dick," as he was called—whose exterior was rough and unseemly as the shell of the cashew nut, but whose heart resembled the ripe, melting kernel within—was seen making its way over Lexden Heath. A cold, easterly wind had seized upon the faces of the outside passengers, pinching and puckering the features of the old, till they resembled frost-bitten pippins, and changing the ruddy glow of health upon the cheeks of the young to a sort of stagnant, purple hue.

The rain, too, fell in torrents; down it came—splash, splash—upon the oil-skin umbrellas, with a dull, monotonous sound, then poured off in continuous streams upon the roof and seats of the coach, or, by way of agreeable variety, over the shoulders or down the necks of the passengers, who were too wretched even to grumble at each other, but sat with desperate resignation, patiently enduring the discomforts they could not escape.

The day was indeed a bitter one: the sky presented a dense, unbroken mass of clouds—not a rent in them for a ray of sun to peep through—and the heath looked more than usually desolate. No living thing was to be seen—not even a solitary rook returning to its nest—all had sought some shelter. Charity herself had scarcely ventured forth on such a day, upon her errand of love and mercy.

Still Dick continued to drive steadily on, till he reached a sharp turning in the road, about a mile distant from the house where he changed horses, when he suddenly drew up: several frost-bitten noses emerged from the thick woollen comforters of the passengers, and more than one voice demanded if anything was the matter.

"I should think there was!" answered the coachman, in a tone of commiseration; "look there!"

He pointed with his whip to the figure of a female, decently but thinly clad, crouching at the foot of an old oak tree, whose leafless branches groaned and sighed, as they waved in the blast over her head, as though instinct with human love and pity.

"What are you doing there, my poor woman?" inquired Dick; "have you lost your way?"

"No!"

"Waiting for the coach?"

"I have no money to ride," answered the emale.

"Hang the money!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man;

"jump up! I wouldn't leave a dog on the road such day as this—much more a human being! So jump up, say, and welcome!"

"I am going with my child towards Colchester," replied the forlorn creature, for the first time looking up "every hope I have in the world depends on my reaching it! But I thank you for your kindness," she added, gratefully, "although I cannot profit by it!"

If Dick, who had seen much of the world, had been struck by the language and manner of the speaker, he was still more so by her countenance. Although her delicate features were sharp and pinched by want, sufficient traces remained, amid the wreck of suffering and passion, to tell how beautiful she once had been: her long hair, black as the wing of night, had escaped from the shawl drawn over her head to protect her against the pelting rain, and fell upon the neck and shoulders of the wanderer, in thick, limpy, half-curved masses, resembling clusters of torpid snakes; her face was pale as the impress of death's seal; but the eyes—the large, lustrous eyes—relieved its ghastly, corpse-like hue. There was a tale of misery and suffering in their eloquent expression.

It was a countenance which, once seen, would haunt us like a dream—pursue us through the blanket of the night in after years—and never be forgotten.

Carefully sheltered beneath the folds of her shawl was a female infant, about four years old. There was no mistaking the parentage of the child, so closely did it resemble its mother, who held it nestled to her aching breast, in the hope of imparting the warmth she had ceased to feel herself.

"You will never be able to reach Colchester to-night!" observed the coachman, at the same time dismounting from the box; "but I'll tell you what you can do! About a mile from hence is a lone house upon the heath, known by the name of the Travellers' Rest. It is a decent place enough—and, although the landlord does not bear the best of characters, his wife is a good-hearted, kind creature, who will take care of you. Every one speaks well of Mabel."

"Mabel," repeated the woman, "who formerly lived in the family of Lady Briancourt?"

"The very same," replied Dick; "she left the hall five years since—no one knew why or wherefore—turned away for some slight fault, I suppose—and shortly afterwards married a dissipated fellow, named Ned Cantor."

"Did she marry him?" exclaimed the female, in a tone of painful surprise; "she merited a better fate! He is a bad—bad man!"

"You know him?"

"No—but I have heard of him!"

The outside passengers began to grow impatient, and a white handkerchief was seen rubbing the steam from the window on the inside of the coach; shortly afterwards, a pair of sharp, grey, ferret-like eyes appeared, peering through the glass.

"I must be off!" said Dick; "but first let me see your child."

The wanderer drew aside her shawl to disclose the features of her infant, which looked up piteously into the pale face of its mother, and faintly smiled.

"Poor little thing!" said the kind-hearted man, placing a crown piece in the little outstretched hand; "there—no words—I hate 'em! Good bye! Make the best of your way to the Travellers' Rest, and if Ned Cantor makes any difficulty in admitting you, tell him Dick Gurney sent you."

Whistling to avoid hearing her thanks, the speaker remounted his seat.

"Pretty time you have wasted!" testily observed a stout, comfortable-looking person who was riding on the box; "where's her parish?"

"A wide one, sir—the world."

"Humph! You had better have left her there, then!" was the churlish reply.

"I'll thank you, sir," said the coachman, "for that rug!" pointing to one he had lent the passenger to throw over his shoulders; "can't spare it any longer."

"Nonsense, Dick—I shall get wet through!"

"Can't help it, sir—so will that poor creature!"

"Why you don't mean to give it to her?" exclaimed the gentleman, in a tone of indignant surprise.

"Indeed but I do!" answered the coachman, firmly.

"Of course you can take it!" said the passenger, slowly pulling it off; "I had some thoughts of giving her sixpence, but now —"

"You have thought better of it!" interrupted Dick, finishing the sentence for him; "here my good woman," he added, throwing down the rug—a large and thick one—to the wanderer; "wrap your child in that, and take care of yourself."

Crack went the whip, and off started the horses at a brisk pace—for they had got chilled in the rain by the delay; their benevolent driver not waiting even for an instant to receive the thanks which the object of his bounty faintly murmured forth.

When the coach drew up at the post-house to change horses, one of the inside passengers—the gentleman with the grey, ferret-like eyes—got out, and, to Dick's surprise, informed him that he should proceed no further.

"Why you are booked to London, sir?"

"I know it, my friend—paid one pound six for my place—not likely to forget it! The fact is, I have forgotten some deeds and papers of importance—left them at the house of a client of mine—I must return directly."

"Nothing sooner than the mail!" observed the landlord of the posting-house, who had drawn near, whilst the luggage of the speaker was being removed. "Excellent accommodations—this way, sir!"

"Anything more, sir?" inquired Dick, pointing to the packages—which consisted of a carpet-bag, dressing-case, and a tolerably large portmanteau.

"Nothing!" said the gentleman; "thank you—all right! Take them in, waiter! By-the-bye," he added, "what were you saying to that beggar-woman on the heath, just now?"

"She was no beggar, sir—but a poor creature on her way to see some friends in Colchester. I directed her to a house where she could obtain shelter till the morning—that was all."

"To Ned Cantor's?"

"Yes—do you know him?"

"No," replied the possessor of the remarkable grey, ferret-like eyes; "but I heard you name him. It was very kind of you! Poor wretch—I really felt for her!"

"Did you," said Dick; "where?"

"Where?" repeated the gentleman, "why in my heart, to be sure!"

"Ah, I thought it wasn't in your pocket!" drily observed the coachman, "or I should have noticed it!"

And away stumped the speaker on his wooden pin—for Dick Gurney some years previously had lost his leg, from the upsetting of his coach by a flock of sheep. Betag a man of some property and independent spirit, he did not wait to receive the usual half-crown, which the passenger was reluctantly drawing from his well-filled purse.

The character of the benevolent coachman is not an imaginary one. Many a time, when a boy, have we ridden on the box with him, and witnessed acts of his charity as kind and eccentric as the one we have described.

No sooner had the Norwich Times driven off, than the passenger informed the landlord that he should require a messenger to ride a few miles for him over the common.

"Let me see," said the host, deliberating with himself; "who can I send?"

"It must be some one you can rely upon."

"Of course, sir!" replied the man; "is it far you want to send him?"

"About eight miles. He will have two notes to deliver: one to Sir Charles Briancourt—the other to a tenant of his—a fellow named Ned Cantor—who lives somewhere upon the heath: I will write them directly. Meanwhile, order me some dinner—the best you have in the house."

"Certainly," answered the landlord, with an air of alacrity; "Bandy-legged Jem shall take the brown mare, and be ready in five minutes."

"That will do!"

Lawyer Quirk—the name of the passenger—seated himself in the coffee-room, and wrote the two notes. The first he carefully sealed with his family crest—a snake in the grass, with the motto "*Cave*" beneath it—it was addressed to his client, the baronet; the second he merely wafered. Just as he had finished, the messenger entered. He was a thin, short, sharp, vixen-faced looking old man, with iron-grey hair, combed smooth as a terrier's coat over his forehead. His eyes were quick and piercing, but furtive in their expression—for you no sooner caught their glance than they avoided you. His legs—from having passed at an early age the greater portion of his days in the saddle—were bowed like a parenthesis. Hence the *soubriquet* by which the landlord had designated him, and by which he was generally known for miles round the country. Jem's walk, in consequence of his deformity, was slow and ungainly. Perhaps the consciousness of it gave him an awkward, heavy air; but once on horseback, he was a different being—all life and animation. He was not only acknowledged to be the best, but the most fearless rider in the county.

"Who are you?" inquired the lawyer, raising his head from the table.

"Jem!" was the short and not over civil reply.

"Generally called 'Bandy-legged Jem,' I believe?"

"Yes, by fools!"

"Hem!" said Mr. Quirk, not over pleased with the retort; "now, Jem, here are two notes for you. I suppose you can read?"

"I suppose I can!"

"Of course so much intelligence could never have been acquired without the art of reading—unnecessary to ask the question!" added the lawyer; "merely a habit of mine. Do you know Ned Cantor?"

"I know no good of him!" answered the post-boy.

"No matter, Jem—it is not necessary that you should know any good of him. All I require for you to know is his place of abode—his domicile."

"I know that."

"Ride there, then," continued Mr. Quirk, "as fast as you can—deliver him that note—the one with the wafer—then cut across the heath to the hall, and ask to see Sir Charles Briancourt."

"He will be at dinner."

"No matter for that; tell the butler that you come from me, and he will at once admit you."

"How am I to tell him your name," demanded the messenger, "unless you first tell it to me?"

"No matter," said the man of law, who had private reasons for not wishing to be known; "you can describe me."

"Oh, yes!" answered Bandy-legged Jem, with a satirical grin; "I can describe you! Iron-grey, rising sixteen hands, slightly spavined, no quidder, but devilishly inclined to shy—sire, a broken-down hunter, turned out of a good stable—dam, a roan filly, rest of the pedigree unknown."

While the post-boy was thus describing the appearance of the lawyer, the latter secretly winced and withered—for he felt assured that the satirical old man knew him, and had taken the occasion to avenge himself upon him for the observation he had made about his legs.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, somewhat confusedly, "that will do—they cannot fail to recognise me!"

"I should think not!" replied Jem; "the picture is as like you as if it had been put in the *Hue and Cry*."

"Away with you!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, looking very red in the face—for his name in early life had appeared in the respectable publication alluded to, although he deemed the circumstance forgotten; "and when you return, I'll give you a sovereign! But, hark ye, no more portrait-painting," he added, with an uneasy look, "if you please! I have no wish to sit a second time for my likeness!"

"Just as your honour pleases," observed Jem, whose anger was considerably mollified by the promise of the sovereign. "I'll soon be back!"

The next instant he rattled past the windows of the room in which the conversation had taken place, mounted on the brown mare.

"Hem!" muttered the gentleman, looking after him; "that fellow knows more than I suspected; but I have no time to think of him, when the web I have been weaving in solitude and patience for years, is threatened to be swept away! How fortunate that I met her! How changed she is!" he added; "all but the eyes of hate had failed to recognise her. She can't live long: once in the grave, the rest is clear and easy!"

With this Christian-like reflection, Mr. Quirk drew his chair towards the fire, and rang the bell for dinner. He was one of those heartless beings who could have eaten it had it been spread upon his mother's coffin-lid. And yet all the world spoke well of Lawyer Quirk: his voice was so very soft, and his manners—he often used to boast that his manners had been a fortune to him.

CHAPTER II.

I talk to stone—I'll talk to it no more.—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE little public-house on Lexden Heath, known by the name of the Travellers' Rest, was one of those humble places of accommodation which decent poverty selects. It was frequented chiefly by pedlars and packmen, now almost an extinct race, since the rail has brought the goods of Manchester and Sheffield to every village door. As we before stated, it was kept by a man named Ned Cantor, formerly a gardener in the family of Lady Briancourt, who, by dint of perseverance, to say nothing of his good looks, had persuaded the pretty Mabel, her ladyship's own maid, to take him for better or worse—but not till she had lost her situation. Many had been the speculations

upon the subject, but none knew the cause of her dismissal: from the day of her leaving, her mistress was never heard to mention her name or inquire after her fate.

Ned was a tall, rakish, good-looking fellow, with long, black, curly hair and dark eyes—it was generally supposed there was a half-cast of the gipsy in him. Although capable of great exertion, he detested work—a day or night passed in the woods, poaching or ferreting the rabbits on the common, fatigued him less than an hour's regular labour; although he had been brought up as a gardener, he took no delight in flowers: the little patch of land round his cottage, which, properly cultivated, would have supplied him and his family with vegetables throughout the year, appeared little less desolate than the rest of the heath from which it had been reclaimed.

Mabel—a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, the very type of patience—on the contrary, was as industrious as her husband was idle and dissolute. Although she had no one to assist her, the house was remarkable for the extreme neatness and propriety with which it was kept: the brick floors were daily scrubbed and the furniture dusted—much to the annoyance of her husband, who disliked so much splashing and washing. Like most lazy people, he had an antipathy to water.

Mabel was seated by the fire, patiently plying her needle. From time to time she would raise her eyes to watch the gambols of her child—a sparkling, gipsy-like little fairy—who had inherited not only the flashing eyes and dark hair of its father, but much of his wayward, passionate disposition.

If Ned loved anything on earth, it was this child; he idolised and spoilt her. Whenever Mabel scolded her for any little act of mischief, the father would take her upon his knee, smother her with kisses, and bid her do it again if she liked, and pay no attention to her mother. But the child, despite his lessons, did pay attention; and would often watch the first opportunity of sliding from his knees, and, creeping to the side of Mabel, kiss away her tears, and whisper:

"Don't cry! Meg good girl now!"

Although so young, the infant appeared to comprehend that the love of her father was a selfish love; for, despite his indulgence, she evidently preferred her mother. Ned was proud of her beauty—she amused him. Often would he observe to his wife, as he stroked the long, silken curls of the child, that she would one day give some fine young fellow the heartache; and conclude by expressing a hope that she might play her cards well.

Mabel, when she heard him, involuntarily used to shudder, although she was far from divining what he meant.

"What a fearful day!" thought the mistress of the Travellers' Rest, looking through the narrow casement; "at all events we shall have no guests to-night, to disturb us with their drinking and riotous debauch. Would to heaven Ned had chosen any other way of living!"

There was a faint knocking at the door of the cottage.

"Come in!" said Mabel, in no very amiable tone; for she supposed it to be one of the usual frequenters of the house whose absence she had rejoiced in.

The door opened, and the wanderer, drenched to the skin, notwithstanding the protection of the rug which Dick Gurney had thrown her—walked, or rather staggered, into the room.

Despite her poverty-stricken appearance, the kind-hearted woman rose, and placed her in a chair near the fire.

The stranger threw aside her shawl and hood. For a few moments the two females sat and regarded each other in silence. The poor wanderer was the first to speak.

"Mabel, have you, too, forgotten me?"

At the sound of her voice, a sudden light, a flood of recollection, broke upon the hostess of the Travellers' Rest. She started from her seat, threw her arms round the speaker, clasped her with passionate fondness to her bosom, crying and sobbing like a child. The woman permitted rather than received her caresses with the utmost impassibility.

"My dear young lady! my sweet, kind, good mistress! you in such a state! You, whom I have seen the idol of your father's house—followed, worshipped by every one!"

"Even so!" said the outcast, calmly; "indebted for the rags that cover me to charity! There are those in the escutcheon vault at St. Botolph's that would burst in indignation from their cements, could they behold me."

"They would—they would!" sobbed Mabel.

Little Meg, awed by the appearance of the stranger, and terrified at the grief of her mother, began to cry and cling to her.

"Is that your child?" inquired the stranger.

"It is!" replied the hostess.

"And are you happy?"

"Happy!" repeated the woman, with a burst of feeling. "I have never been happy since you left! Ned does not ill-use me, as yet; but he is not the husband I expected to find him. Your kindness and indulgence had spoiled me for a poor man's wife. I looked for a companion and friend—a guide and staff through life—instead of which I gave myself a master! All he required was a drudge to prepare his food and work for him—a sort of human house dog, to watch his home in his absence, and welcome him on his return; but no matter! You are drenched, weary, hungry, perhaps? Thank God I have still the power of serving you without Ned's knowing it!"

Mabel conducted her guest to the inner room, taking the children with them. As soon as she had changed their dripping garments for such clothes of her own

and little Meg's which she thought her husband would not recognise, she desired her own child to leave the room.

"I won't!" answered the infant, saucily; "and I'll tell father!"

"What will you tell him?"

"That you have given the woman with the big eyes that pretty gown—and then he'll beat you!"

The mother coloured to the very temples. She would willingly have concealed the extent of her misery from her former mistress.

"I thought, Mabel," said the latter, reproachfully, "you told me Ned had not ill-used you yet? I can comprehend now all you have endured—coldness, unkindness, blows! Heaven help us!" she added; "we are both very wretched!"

"It is the first time," exclaimed the mother of little Meg, bursting into tears, "that I ever deceived you! Forgive me—pray forgive me!"

No sooner did the wayward child perceive the grief of its parent, than its ill-humour vanished in an instant. Springing into her lap—for Mabel had sunk upon a chair—she threw her little arms about her neck, and began kissing away her tears.

"Don't cry, mammy—don't cry! and Meg will be a good girl, and do as you bid her! Father shan't beat you!"

"Go!" said her mother, taking both the children by the hand, and leading them to the door; "go and play together!"

The stranger's child looked wistfully in the face of its parent.

"Go, my love!" she said.

And the two little creatures left the room.

The instant they were alone, Mabel barred the door, to prevent interruption, should her husband or any of the usual frequenters of the house suddenly arrive.

"Do you recollect it?" she said, pointing to a curiously carved, high-backed oaken chair, covered with faded tapestry.

"Ay," said the stranger, mournfully, "it stood formerly in my dressing-room at the hall. I have heard say that my grandmother worked it."

"When I married," resumed the mistress of the Travellers' Rest, "I brought it with me. If you remember rightly, the back is made to open: we discovered the secret when children. See if you can find the spring."

After some little effort, her former mistress succeeded. The chair, which was carved in massive oak, and as old, probably, as the reign of Elizabeth, had been contrived with a double back, which unfolded like the leaves of a book, on pressing the fingers in one of the interstices of the open-work.

No sooner had she touched the spring, than the outer division flew back, and a small green silk purse fell, with a clink, upon the floor.

"Take it!" said Mabel; "it is yours—your parting gift! Ned dreams not that I possess it! And even if he did, who has so good a right to it? I kept it from him," she added, with a sigh, "thinking one day to give him an agreeable surprise; or as a resource, should poverty and sickness overtake us."

"I shall not require it," observed the outcast, mournfully. "My days—nay, my very hours—are numbered; but this discovery has relieved my mind from a deep anxiety. Mabel, I intend to make one last attempt to soften the heart of my mother!"

"Of Lady Briancourt!" interrupted the woman, bitterly. "She has no heart! It is stone—stone!"

"Still it shall be tried! Whether I succeed or fail, I feel I have not long to live! To your care, therefore, I confide the only treasure I possess—the proofs of my marriage and the legitimacy of my child! Guard them," she added, seizing her by the arm, and fixing her dark eyes upon her, "as you would the life of your own offspring! Let no bribe—no temptation—induce you to give them up! They will be sought for far and wide, high and low, by my unnatural brother!"

"Not even Ned's ill-usage—poverty—starvation, my dear young mistress, shall wring the secret from me!" exclaimed Mabel, sinking on her knees, and confirming her promise by an oath. "Never will I resign them, but to those whom you appoint!"

"To George Stanley, if he lives," whispered the stranger, faintly. "If not, to my child, when she has a husband to protect her!"

The papers were carefully placed in the little recess, which was just large enough to contain them, and the chair restored to its usual appearance, when they were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door of the chamber.

"It is my husband!" whispered Mabel. "For heaven's sake take the purse, and pay for whatever you require! Alas!" she added, "that ever such a word should escape my lips to you!"

"Poor Mabel!" sighed her mistress. "I understand you!"

"Mistress Cantor! Mrs. Cantor!" exclaimed Bandy-legged Jem, who had just arrived, upon the brown mare; "is your husband at home?"

"No!" replied the hostess of the Travellers' Rest, opening the door of the inner chamber. "What do you want with him?"

"I don't want him," replied the snappish little old man; "but there is one at the post-house that does!"

"At the post-house! Who?"

"That's a secret!" said the post-boy, glancing at the same time significantly at the row of bright pewter mugs suspended against the wall. Mabel took the hint, and, filling one of the largest with her best ale, placed it before him.

"I said it was a secret," repeated Jem, after taking a hearty draught "but of course Ned has no secrets from

you! It is Sir Charles's lawyer, Mr. Quirk! He thought I didn't know him!" added the speaker, with a chuckle; "but he was mistaken!"

At the name of Quirk, the two females exchanged glances. It was evident that the name of the lawyer had produced a painful impression upon them.

"Here is a note for Ned!" said the messenger, pointing to the one with the wafer. They were both lying, with the address downwards, upon the table.

"And the other," observed the wanderer, "is for Sir Charles Briancourt!"

Jem looked at her with surprise, as much as to ask how she could have guessed that.

"I see it all, Mabel!" whispered the unhappy lady. "Quirk has recognised me, and this letter is to put my brother on his guard, to prevent my obtaining access to the hall! I must accompany him!"

The inducement of a few shillings which the landlady offered, easily prevailed upon Jem to give the poor woman, as he called her, a "lift" to the great house.

"It's a bargain!" he said. "But make haste!"

Mabel brought her former mistress her own cloak and hood—which not only promised to afford her protection from the storm, but effectually concealed her features—and began to set out her humble table with the best food in the place.

"I cannot eat!" said the object of her care. "My heart is too full!"

"A glass of wine, then?"

The outcast raised it to her parched, thin lips—then set it down again, having barely moistened them.

"I'm a goin'!" exclaimed Jem. "Can't wait!"

"One moment—only one!" replied the unhappy woman, terribly excited. "I cannot part with my child without a kiss—a word—a blessing!"

Catching up the infant, who was playing on the hearth with little Meg, she pressed it passionately to her breast and imprinted a fond kiss—a mother's kiss—upon its cheek.

"Take it, Mabel," she said, "and guard it till my return—should I return! If not, God of the fatherless protect my child, and bless you, Mabel—bless you, as you keep your oath!"

The last words were uttered in a tone so low, that the post-boy could not hear them.

"Thee beest as light as a feather!" observed Jem, as he lifted the stranger on the rug which Mabel had assisted him to arrange by way of pillion behind the saddle. "Brown Bess will scarcely know that she is carrying double! Mind and give the note to Ned," he added, turning to the landlady, "the instant he returns!"

Poor Mabel's heart was too full to reply. She remained standing at her cottage-door till Brown Bess was no longer in sight; then returned to look after the infant, whom she found overcome with fatigue and hunger, upon the hearth—little Meg watching beside her.

"She says she is hungry, mother," said the child; "give her some bread. Is the woman with the big eyes gone away?"

"Yes."

"And will she come back?"

"I hope so."

"She shan't take the little girl, if she does!" exclaimed Meg, petulantly; "bad woman, to let her be hungry and give her no bread! I should hate you," she added, bitterly, "if you served me so!"

Despite her sorrow at the fate of her former mistress, and the embarrassment she would be in to account for the presence of a strange child, should Ned return before its mother came back to claim it, Mabel could not avoid feeling pleased at the sympathy which Meg expressed towards the little stranger.

"Her heart," she thought, "is all right, if evil counsels do not pervert it!" And then her thoughts involuntarily reverted to her husband.

Raising the sleeping infant in her arms, she gently woke it from its slumber, and then set it down to the table to eat. The eyes of the helpless creature sparkled at the unusual sight of food; but after the first mouthful it began to cry, and ask for its mother.

"She will soon be back."

"Marian will wait, then," said the child, "for mamma."

And, young as she was, she kept her resolution, although from time to time her eyes glanced longingly towards the food upon the table.

"Did you hear that, Meg?" said her mother, willing to inculcate a lesson; "would you wait for me?"

"Not if I was hungry," said her daughter, bluntly.

In about half an hour Ned returned. No sooner had he read the note, which Jem had brought, than he asked after the woman who had called.

"Gone," said his wife, with a look of marked surprise; "but how did —?"

"No matter. Is that her child?" he added, fixing his eyes upon the little stranger.

"It is Ned," replied Mabel; "for God's sake, do not harm it!"

"Harm it, you fool! what should I harm it for?" answered her husband, brutally. "No, no! Take care of it till I come back—it's worth its weight in gold!"

So saying, he left the house, and took his way across the heath.

CHAPTER III.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good;
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood—
Cold are those lips which warned the world before,
And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more.

Pope.

THE Dowager Lady Briancourt was the only child and heiress of one of the most ancient as well as wealthy families in the county. Her father—a ox-hunting squire

—who doated upon her, indulged her in every whim: the natural consequence of which, as might be expected, was that she became headstrong, proud, and capricious. At the age of eighteen her father informed her that he had contracted a marriage for her with his neighbour, Sir Charles Briancourt.

"Never, papa!" exclaimed the spoiled beauty; "he is old!"

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Squire Broadlands. "He is rich—his covers join mine—so say no more about it."

It was the first time the heiress had ever been contradicted, and it is impossible to say how far she might have carried her opposition to her hitherto indulgent parent, had not a circumstance occurred which rendered it a matter of indifference. This was nothing less than the marriage of Captain Stanley, on whom she had long placed her affections, and fondly imagined that they were returned. The day after the intelligence, the young lady sought her father in the library, and, with a pale countenance but a firm accent, announced her intention of accepting the husband he had proposed for her.

"Of course you will, Clara!" observed the old gentleman, who was just preparing to beat the home cover. "I knew you would! Bless me!" he added, "how pale you look! Kiss me! there, you silly puss—Sir Charles will make you a good husband. If he doesn't, I'll shoot him, and you will have all the family diamonds."

And Clara Broadlands had the diamonds—for within a month after the conversation we have narrated, she gave her hand to Sir Charles Briancourt; who, five years afterwards, obligingly left her a widow, with one son—the present baronet—and a daughter named Clara—the former mistress of Mabel—the outcast and wanderer of Lexden Heath.

Lady Briancourt—like all proud and passionate natures—was extremely fond of power. Her feelings towards her daughter received their first shock from the fact of her father bequeathing to his granddaughter the reversal of his estates. It was a fatal legacy—from that hour her brother hated her, and her surviving parent scarcely regarded her with a mother's love.

But indifference became hate when, at the age of eighteen, Clara Briancourt eloped with George Stanley, the son of her mother's former admirer, whose preference for another had so deeply wounded her pride and vanity. She not only forbade her presence, but returned her letters, supplicating forgiveness, unopened.

In the hope of bettering his fortune, young Stanley had been induced to accept a situation in one of our colonies. His wife, whom it was arranged he should send for, never heard of him from the day of his departure; neither could she discover the address of the friend who had so interested himself in his favour as to procure him the appointment.

Vainly did Clara struggle, in the little cottage in Devonshire to which she had retired, to maintain herself and child. She had a school first—that failed; next took in needlework—it was all in vain; a withering influence seemed to surround her—slander had been at work. Those who once spoke kindly, turned aside at her approach; the landlord seized upon her furniture for rent.

Without a shelter, and only a few shillings in her pocket, the heart-broken girl, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, started on foot for Essex, in the hope of melting the obdurate heart of her stern mother.

We have already described her arrival at Lexden, and the meeting between her and her former attendant, Mabel, whose dismissal from the family of Lady Briancourt had been occasioned by the assistance she had rendered her young lady at the period of her elopement with the son of the man whose memory her ladyship hated.

The baronet and his mother were seated in the magnificently-furnished drawing-room of the old family mansion. The shutters were closed, and the velvet curtains carefully drawn, so as to exclude the least breath of air.

The person of the dowager was tall and stately—retaining, even at the advanced age of fifty-three, considerable remains of personal beauty. Although richly attired, and surrounded by all that wealth could give, the expression of her countenance would have convinced the discriminating physiognomist that she was anything but happy. She was cold and reserved in her manner, like one continually on guard against herself. Her household, which was numerous, obeyed her least look; but there were few—very few—who either loved or esteemed her.

Her son resembled his father. He possessed a good, gentlemanly figure, but a face devoid of all expression. He was devoted in his attentions to his mother, who, in addition to her own paternal estate, had a very considerable jointure upon that of her late husband; hence the baronet was anything but rich.

Often would Lady Briancourt, when alone—in allusion to her offending child—murmur to herself:

"Had she chosen any other than the son of him who won my affections and then slighted them, I could have forgiven her; but never shall his grandchild inherit the broad lands of my forefathers!"

Even at the moment she made the declaration, a secret monitor whispered to the haughty woman that "never" was a long word.

"Charles," said her ladyship, addressing the baronet, "I have been thinking that this is but a dull life for one of your age!"

"I do not feel so!" answered the sycophant, pressing her hand respectfully to his lips. "I am never dull where you are!"

"I often wonder you never felt disposed to marry!"

Sir Charles winced, like one who feels that he is about treading upon treacherous ground.

"There are the Howards, for instance," continued the lady. "Fine girls!"

"Too fine for me!" replied her son. "Besides, there is another reason!"

"What is it?"

"Their mother was related to one who, I have heard, offended you deeply!"

Lady Briancourt coloured through her rouge, so sensitive was she still at any allusion to the Stanleys.

Fortunately, at this moment the butler entered the room.

"Well, Harrison," said the baronet, with a look of surprise, "I did not ring!"

"I am aware of it, Sir Charles!" said the servant; "but there is a person below, with a letter for you!"

"Let him send it up!"

"He refuses, Sir Charles!"

"Bid him take it away, then!"

"That he equally declines doing! He says that he has ridden over from the post-house with it; and from what I can gather, it is from Mr. Quirk, who has met with some accident! I thought it best, therefore —"

"You are right, Harrison—quite right!" said his master. "Show the fellow into the breakfast-room! I'll see him instantly!"

So saying, he followed the butler out of the room.

Although Lady Briancourt did not choose to express it, she felt equally anxious with her son to know what could possibly have happened to Mr. Quirk, who was no less deep in her confidence than the baronet's.

"What can have occurred?" she mentally thought; "has the wretched young man returned?"

A tremulous hand was heard upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Who is there?" demanded the dowager, angrily. She knew it could not be Sir Charles, and she had a great objection to being intruded on.

The door opened, and a spectre, such as had sometimes haunted the unnatural parent in her dreams, entered the room. It was her daughter Clara; her face so pale and thin, there was no mistaking death's impress. Clapping her hands, she advanced, uttered the name of "mother!" and sank at her feet.

"Well!" said the haughty woman, steeling her heart against her, "what would you—gold? You know the conditions on which I will supply you!"

"I am dying!" said the poor girl.

"And you come to ask my forgiveness?" interrupted her ladyship; "there is only one price at which you can obtain it!"

"I know—I know! the inheritance of my child!" murmured the dying Clara; "but no! you cannot ask it! Your heart is human, though your speech is cold and harsh! If I have been disobedient, am I not punished? I have been driven from my home, reduced to eat the bitter bread of charity; I have braved the night-wind and the storm, that I might hear you whisper sweet words of pardon ere I die! Mother," she added, "I am dying at your feet for want—for food: will you not pardon me?"

Lady Briancourt trembled violently. Hard as she was, there was something in her child expiring in her presence for want which shocked even her iron nature, when her son hastily entered the room, followed by two of the servants.

"Take that woman away!" he said, pointing to the prostrate form of his sister. "How dare you let Lady Briancourt be thus intruded on?"

Clara clung frantically to the folds of her mother's velvet robe.

"No—no!" she shrieked; "not till she has forgiven me!"

"Charles," said her ladyship, "take her away; but let her not be harshly used!"

"Mother—mother!"

"She is mad!" exclaimed the baronet, not wishing the domestics to suspect the nearness of the tie between them.

"Remove her at once!"

No sooner had the hands of the menials touched the person of the unhappy outcast, than she started to her feet, and, with a gesture of great dignity, waved them from her.

"Back!" she said; "I shall be carried hence, but not by such hands as yours! The escutcheoned pall will cover my remains, and the plume be borne before me! How the fiends will laugh, and angels weep, to see those who starved the heiress of Broadlands—hunted her to the grave—mourn—ah! ah! mourn for her—and follow her to the grave! Back!" she repeated; "I claim the right to die beneath my father's roof!"

"Charles!" whispered the horror-stricken Lady Briancourt, "she is dying—send for assistance!"

"Too late, madam—too late!" said the baronet.

"Ay, too late!" repeated the dying girl, whose reason began to wander. "Ye cannot save your victim, if ye would! Too late! But I forgive you," she added; "mother, I forgive you, if you will only let me lay my head upon your bosom, and breathe my last sigh there!"

The servants looked at each other, and drew back: from the agitation of their mistress, they felt convinced that the wretched woman who had obtained access to her presence was no impostor—but the young and once beautiful girl, whose name, despite her ladyship's prohibition, was still whispered with regret by the old domestics of the family.

"Leave the room!" said Sir Charles. Addressing his mother, he added, as soon as the domestics were gone, "shall I remove her to my chamber?"

Taking her silence for assent, he clasped his sister by the waist, and attempted to carry her from the drawing-room. The dying girl shrieked and struggled so violently, that in the effort she burst a blood-vessel; and in an instant the unnatural brother was deluged with the crimson stream.

Lady Briancourt fainted.

"On you," said Clara—"on you and on your race! The inheritance you have sinned for shall escape your grasp! My image haunt you! My child—my poor, motherless girl!" she exclaimed, with a burst of feeling, "who will protect her?"

"God will protect her!" she added, after a pause.

"Hear it, Charles, and tremble! To Him I leave her!"

With these words, the outcast, whose last thoughts were of her child, sank upon the richly-carpeted floor, and expired at the feet of her stern and cruel parent.

Despite his habitual self-possession, the baronet was bewildered by the sudden death of his sister. It would be impossible, he felt, to hush up the affair. An inquest, in all probability, would be held, and much transpire which it was his interest should be buried in oblivion. His first care was to see Lady Briancourt conveyed to her apartment; the next, to send for Quirk.

Jem was started off upon Brown Bess, with strict orders to return with the lawyer. On his way, he called at the Travellers' Rest, to inform Mabel of what had happened.

"Only to think!" he added. "The poor young lady dead!—starved, I heard one of the servants say, by her own mother, and Sir Charles, the baronet!"

Poor Mabel! Her heart beat wildly at the intelligence; and, without considering the folly of such a step, she started off on foot towards the hall. When she arrived there, the servants would have refused her admittance; but she broke through them, and made good her entrance to the drawing-room, where she found Sir Charles directing the servants to remove the body to some outhouse—for it was that of an impostor.

"She was no impostor!" exclaimed Mabel, resolutely; "but your sister, and, after the death of her cruel mother, by her grandfather's will, the heiress of Broadlands. You have murdered her between you," she added; "but God, in His own good time, will avenge her!"

There was no disputing the testimony of one who from girlhood had been the favourite attendant of Clara Briancourt. Muttering a curse for her officiousness, Sir Charles retired, and the faithful Mabel remained to perform the last office of affection towards the dead.

During her absence from the Travellers' Rest, not only the child of Clara disappeared, but her own. Ned's rage and grief were so real or so well affected, that they disarmed even his wife's suspicions; for, whatever his feeling might have been towards the offspring of the outcast, he could have no interest in harming little Meg. Whether he really had a share in the abduction of the infants, time, perchance, will show.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE LOADSTONE MOUNTAIN AT SANTO DOMINGO.

How tenaciously cling to memory the tales which in our childish years made the literature of the nursery! Neither the earnest duties of life, nor its events of grief or of joy, efface the images which these have left. Thus, I remember yet the impression made on my childish mind by the tale of the "Loadstone Mountain."

"It rose," said the nurse, "bold and solitary from the ocean's bosom; and every vessel that came within its baneful influence was irresistibly drawn by an unseen power towards its shores, lashed by the raging sea. When the doomed bark had come within a certain distance, so great was the magnetic attraction, that every iron bolt and nail which held her together, in those days when naval architecture was unacquainted with copper and copper-fastened vessels, flew from its hold—the planks broke asunder—down came the masts—and, with a hideous crash, the fate of the ship and her inmates was fulfilled!"

The nursery-tale arose fresh to my memory when, during my journeyings in the Dominican territory, I heard of a remarkable hill of magnetic iron ore: not standing in the sea, but on the banks of the Yuna—a river flowing peacefully enough during the dry season along its western foot, but a fearful and wide-spreading torrent during the tropical winter. My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to visit and examine the mountain.

An opportunity for putting my resolve in execution offered itself last May. I left Bonao—where, at the discovery, a powerful Cacique of that name resided, and where Columbus, as early as 1494, established a town—with my companion, on the 15th of that month. The morning was cloudy and oppressive: not a breath of air moved the feathery leaves of the numerous palms which adorned the valley. We reached in safety Piedra Blanca, a solitary hut lying at the foot of the hill on the left bank of the River Maymon.

Naturally, this hill with magnetic iron was to me of the greatest interest. It rose above the savana to a height of about 600 feet, crowned at the summit with a majestic palm-tree, of the species called Palma Real. The hill extends from north to south about 600 feet, and is bathed on its western foot by the River Yuna. Its northern part is covered with rugged black rocks, of all sizes, from that of a pigeon's egg to masses a ton in weight—every one of which, great or small, is more or less magnetic.

I ascertained, in the first instance, the true north point upon the adjacent savana, far from all influence of the magnetic ironstone, and marked it by stakes. I then ascended the Loadstone Hill with our host. The blocks, as already observed, are of different sizes; some are very black in appearance, with metallic lustre—others are more or less coloured red by oxidation. A magnifying-glass shows that the forms of the crystals are those of the octohedron—others are rhomboid.

The influence which these rocks exercise upon the needle is scarcely credible. I used for my observations

one of Cary's prismatic, and one of Troughton and Simms's pocket compasses. The needles were placed in violent gyrations when approaching the ground. In some instances, they whirled round with great rapidity before ultimately settling with the north point to the south. When placed on other blocks, the motion was less rapid; but the poles were invariably reversed. Raising the compasses gradually above the rocks, the magnetic influence lessened; and when from three to four feet above the rocks, it ceased altogether. Nevertheless, I found that the deviation was not fixed. Cary's compass differed from $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to 4 degrees east from the true north point.

The ore attracts, with the greatest ease, sewing-needles; and a piece which I possess, only two inches in size, and five inches in its largest circumference, weighing 2294 grains (apothecaries' weight), raises up a small key of iron, weighing 32 grains.

The German mineralogist, G. A. Netto, as Senor Vazquez informed me, dug for about six feet into the ground, where he found that the quantity of the magnetic iron ore diminished. I am inclined, therefore, to think that they are erratic or travelled fragments. A trace of the ore occurs again near Cotuy, traversing the high road; but the blocks have much less magnetic power than at the Hatillo.

With regard to its value, I will observe that Netto considered the ore equal to the best iron ore of Danamora, in Sweden, and Arendahl, in Norway. If it be considered that the Yuna waters the foot of the hill, and that the surrounding heights are clothed with pine-wood, what advantages would accrue to the persons who should work this mine! Here, tropical lassitude has tied the arms of Industry.

The southern part of the hill consists of mountain limestone—the direction of which appears to be S. 39 degrees E. Where this rock lies exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, it is much worn—having numerous cavities on the surface, smooth, as if drilled; and in other instances it is perfectly contorted—so that such a piece broken off might be taken, when not seen in contact with the other rocks, for a stunted piece of root from some old tree in the primeval forest.

At a short distance from this hill is another, with white marble. There is likewise veined jasper in the neighbourhood.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SLOWLY the melancholy day,

In cloud and storm passed o'er;

Fearful and wild the tall ships lay,

Off the rude Northumbrian shore;

'Mid the thunder's crash—and the lightning's ray

And the dashing ocean's roar!

And many a father's heart beat high,

With an aching fear of woe:

As he gazed upon the ghastly sky,

And heard the tempest blow!

Or watched with sad and anxious eye,

The warring waves below!

Oh! many a mournful mother wept;

And closer, fonder prest

The babe, that soft and sweetly slept

Upon her troubled breast!

While every hour that lingering crept,

Her agonies confest!

And one upon her couch was laid,

In deep and helpless pain;

Two children sought her side, and played,

And strove to cheer—in vain:

Till breathlessly, and half afraid,

They listened to the rain!

"'Tis a rough sea your father braves!"

The afflicted mother said;

"Pray that the Holy arm that saves,

May guard his precious head!

May shield him from the wrecking waves,

To aid ye,—when I'm dead!"

Then low the children bended there,

With clasped hands, to implore

That God would save them from despair,

And their loved sire restore:

And the heavens heard that quiet prayer,

'Mid all the tempest's roar!

'Twas eve!—and cloudlessly at last,

The sky in beauty gleamed;

O'er snowy sail and lofty mast

The painted pennon streamed;

The danger and the gloom had past,

Like horrors—only dreamed!

Swift to the desolated beach

The Fisher's children bled;

But far as human sight could reach,

No boat swept o'er the tide!

Still on they watched—and with sweet speech

To banish grief they tried!

Long, long they sat—when, lo! a light

And distant speck was seen,—

Small as the smallest star of night,

When night is most serene!—

But to the Fisher's boy that sight

A sight of bliss had been!

"It comes!" he cried, "our father's boat

See—sister—by yon stone!

Not there—not there—still more remote—

I know the sail's our own!

Look!—look again!—they nearer float!

Thanks!—thanks to God alone!"



[THE TWO CHILDREN FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.]

THE AZTECS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

ANY contribution to the history of the human race must always be welcomed with a feeling deeper than cordiality; for, with all our manifold attainments, we are still groping blindly in the dark as respects ourselves, our origin, our mission, and probable destiny. The science of geology, now received by the divines of all classes, having utterly destroyed the Jewish chronology in its physical aspect, every addition to our knowledge of the past—or rather that multitudinous assemblage of antecedents in our career which constitute the experience of the world—cannot but be received with eagerness, and, we should trust, grave anxiety. Knowledge of the past assists us in forming opinions as to the complexion of the future. Indeed, practically, without the accumulations of the past, we should be mere creatures of instinct—totally destitute of that sentient power which so remarkably distinguishes us from the brute creation. Therefore every addition to our knowledge of the past is a great gain: it is an invaluable jewel rescued from the gloom of a cave, the entrance to which had been blocked up for ages. But of all the acquisitions that throw any light on the history of the world, those in ethnology are the most interesting. The discovery of another variety of our species is of greater importance than the interpretation of Hindoo, Egyptian, or Assyrian hieroglyphics; for it presents to us a book which physiology can faithfully translate, and at the same time affords room for the speculations of more theoretic philosophy. The latest discovery of this kind—or rather alleged discovery—for it has not yet been cast into the furnace of rigid criticism—is one that created quite a sensation both in this country and the United States of America. It consists of the startling statement, that a city hitherto unknown to the rest of the world has been discovered in Central America, and that an enterprising traveller managed to escape from it, and carry along with him two children, as specimens of its inhabitants. These children are now being exhibited in the metropolis, and we subjoin the account of their discovery, as furnished by the exhibitors:

In 1843, Mr. Huertis, of Baltimore, and Mr. Hammond, of Canada, attempted to explore Central America. They had read Stevens's account, in his "Central America," of a conversation between himself and a priest residing at Santa Cruz del Quiche, relative to an unexplored city on the other side of the Great Sierra range, the glittering domes and minarets of which the priest averred having seen from the summit of the Sierra. The people, manners, and customs of this city were supposed to be precisely the same as in the days of Montezuma. Messrs. Huertis and Hammond arrived at Belize in the autumn of 1843, and, turning south-west, arrived at Coban on Christmas Day. They were there joined by Pedro Velasquez, of San Salvador, a Spaniard. From Coban they proceeded in search of the mysterious city. From Velasquez alone is any account of their travels to be obtained. Huertis and Hammond have never returned to tell their tale. According to the statement of Velasquez, on the 19th of May they reached the summit of the Sierra, at an altitude of 9500 feet, in lat. 15 deg. 48 min. N., and beheld in the distance the domes and minarets of a large city, apparently of the Egyptian character, and about 25 leagues from Ocoingo, in the same latitude, and in the direct course of the river Lugoartos. This city they eventually reached. Ve-

lasquez describes it to be of vast proportions, with heavy battlements, full of temples, gigantic statues, and pagan paraphernalia; the people having Peruvian manners combined with Assyrian magnificence, and bound to remain within the walls, seeking no intercourse with the world around. The name of the city is Iximaya. The travellers were informed that white men had previously entered it, but that no white man had ever returned. Hammond and Huertis were both slain—the former on entering the city, the latter in endeavouring to make his escape.

Velasquez being more wary, lulled his captors into security, and not only escaped himself, but brought with him two children belonging to the priests—the two now in England.

They are under the care of Professor Anderson, the well-known "Great Wizard of the North;" and he has arrived at the conclusion that the boy is seventeen years of age, and the girl eleven. Our illustration conveys an excellent idea of their singular *physique*; but we may add, in explanation, that the boy is three feet in stature, the girl twenty-six inches. Although so diminutive, neither of them is in the slightest manner deformed. Their bodily development, although so unique, is perfect—so that their claim to be classed among the *genus homo* is unquestionable.

The boy is the type of the pair. His forehead is retreating; and this, with the size of his nose, which is a strongly-marked acquiline, gives the face a bird-like appearance. The upper jaw projects, while the lower jaw recedes: so that when the mouth is closed, the under teeth do not touch the upper, but approach the middle of the palate. The countenance produced by this strange combination of features is at the first glance idiotic; but the impression of idiocy is soon removed by the bright intelligence which sparkles in the large eyes, and by a restless curiosity, which is visible in every gesture of the little creatures. The hair is black and glossy, and falls in small ringlets. The girl has the same characteristics, less strongly marked, and her aspect is more Jewish than that of her companion.

Of their educational accomplishments, as might be expected, very little can be said; but they have each evinced an aptitude for drawing, and are by no means indifferent to the charms of music.

And now for a few words as to their origin, rendered very remarkable by an historical theory which is connected with them. They are said to be descendants of the aborigines of Mexico—the Aztecs; and the region whence they are brought is said to have been the place of refuge chosen by the Aztecs when driven from Mexico by the conquering sword of Cortes; and it is supposed that they are among the last-surviving relics of that ill-starred race, with whom we have recently been made familiar by the researches of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Stevens, both Americans.

This suggestion, as we shall presently show, has no foundation in fact. The children bear the strongest resemblance to sculptured figures, which are unquestionably not of Aztec, but of more ancient origin; and on one occasion, when an ancient Mexican idol was brought to them, they recognised it, and embraced it at once. It seems, that while they were at New York, this idol was accidentally broken, and that the boy burst into an agony of grief at the calamity. The smallness of the children's stature is accounted for by a well-known cause of degeneracy—namely, a prohibition against marriage

with strangers, or members of an inferior caste. It is to the sacerdotal caste, which would rank like that of the Brahmins in India, that the children are assigned; and so rare have the individuals of this race become, that it is said they have been advanced from the position of priests to that of gods—no very difficult advance under a system of theocracy. The fact that when the children sit down, they fall into a posture which is general among Mexican idols, and which would be extremely difficult if it were not the result of early training, is in favour of the supposition that they belong to some aboriginal race of Central America. The exhibitors assert that they are Aztecs. Now, to satisfactorily meet such a question, we must ask—Who are the Aztecs? They are a portion of that Indian population of Mexico which, when the Republic was in a comparatively flourishing condition, was estimated at two millions and a half: so that it is all nonsense to talk about these poor children being the last of their race. The copper-coloured Indians of the pure race, when Humboldt visited Mexico, actually formed two-fifths of the entire population; and as the subject introduced by this exhibition will most certainly be severely mystified by the *savans* devoted to ethnology, we think we ought to put our readers in possession of a few facts.

When the Spaniards conquered the country, they found few inhabitants in the region north of the parallel of 20 degrees. These provinces were occupied by two pastoral nations, whose hordes were scattered over an immense territory. From the seventh to the thirteenth century of our era, population seems in general to have continually flowed from north to south. The Toltecs first appeared in 648; the Chichimecs in 1170; the Nahuatlacs in 1178; and the Acolhuans and Aztecs in 1196. The Toltecs introduced the cultivation of maize and cotton. They built cities, made roads, and constructed those great pyramids which are among the most interesting remains in that country. They had a solar year, more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans.

Of the appearance and characteristics of these various races, we must avail ourselves of the contributions to our knowledge on this subject of that great man and extraordinary traveller, Humboldt. He describes the Mexican Indians as bearing a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil.

"They have the same swarthy and copper colour, flat and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye, with the corner directed upwards towards the temple, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, and an expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly contrasted with a gloomy and severe look." There is, however, a considerable diversity of feature and physiological character among the different nations, which, though not detected by the hasty observation of the European stranger, is not less essential than the difference between the Circassian, the Moor, and the Persian. Thus, the Indians of Tlascala differ widely in their form from the Chichimecs of the northern provinces. It is remarkable that the natives of Mexico have a more swarthy complexion than the inhabitants of the warmer climates of South America. The Mexicans—particularly those of the Aztec and Otomite race—have more beard than any of the southern tribes, and almost all the Indians in the neighbourhood of the capital wear moustachios. To a great degree of muscular strength, the copper-coloured natives add the advantage of being rarely subject to any deformity. In Mexico they generally attain an advanced age, especially the women, who frequently reach a hundred years of age; and both the Mexican and the Peruvian Indians preserve their muscular strength to the last. Humboldt states, that their hair scarcely ever turns grey—that it is far more rare to find an Indian than a negro with grey hairs; but this is at variance with the testimony of Ulloa. He adds, that the Indians would undoubtedly attain a very great longevity, were it not for their excessive use of intoxicating liquors. In New Spain, drunkenness is most common among the Indians who inhabit the valley of Mexico and the environs of Puebla and Tlascala, wherever the *mayaguey* (or *agave Americana*) is cultivated on a large scale. The Mexican Indian is described by Humboldt as grave, melancholic, and silent, so long as he is not under the influence of intoxication. He loves to throw a mysterious air over the most indifferent actions. The more violent passions are seldom painted in his features; but there is something terrific in the change when he passes all at once from a state of absolute repose to violent and ungovernable agitation. The Peruvian Indian displays more gentleness of manners; the energy of the Mexican is apt to degenerate into ferocity. This is especially the case with the inhabitants of Tlascala, who are still distinguished by a certain haughtiness which seems to bespeak a remembrance of the independence of their ancestors. No race of men appear to be more destitute of imagination. There cannot, Humboldt says, exist a more marked contrast, than that which is presented by the impetuous vivacity of the Congo negro, and the apparent phlegm of the Indian. Yet, when the latter attains a certain degree of civilisation, "he displays a great facility of apprehension, a judicious mind, a natural logic, and a subtlety in seizing the finest differences in the comparison of objects." The Mexicans display a great aptitude in the arts of imitation, and a much greater skill in those which are purely mechanical. Humboldt was astonished at what they were able to execute in carving, with a bad knife, and on the hardest wood. They are fond of painting, but have been servilely imitating, for these three hundred years, the models which the Europeans imported with them at the conquest. Their music and dancing partake of the want of gaiety which characterises them. Their songs are terrific and melancholy. The Indian women show more vivacity than the men; but they take no share in the dance—their only business on such occasions being to present their lords with *pulque*, or other fermented liquors. The Mex'

cas have preserved their fondness for flowers, which was noticed by Cortes. This taste, which indicates a relish for the beautiful, one is astonished to find in a people among whom a sanguinary worship, and the frequency of human sacrifices, might be thought to have extinguished all sensibility and kindly sentiment. In the great marketplace of Mexico, the Indian fruiterer appears seated behind an entrenchment of fresh herbs, and garlands of flowers and nosegays are suspended round his shop or stall, which are renewed every day. The European, says M. Humboldt, cannot fail to be struck with the care and elegance which the natives display in distributing the fruits, which they sell in small baskets of very light wood, ornamented with odoriferous flowers.

Upon the whole, the state of civilisation among the Mexican Indians may be considered as very nearly akin to that of the Chinese and Japanese, to whom, in many respects, they bear a resemblance. In the colour of the skin and hair, the defective beard, the high cheek-bones, and the direction of the eyes, they present the marks of an affinity to the Mongol race. "We cannot refuse to admit," continues the learned traveller, "that the human species does not contain races resembling one another more than the Americans, Mongols, Manchous, and Malays." There are, however, some essential peculiarities by which they are distinguished from each other. The cranium of the American differs materially from that of the Mongol, exhibiting a facial line more inclined, though straighter than that of the negro; and there is no race in which there is so slight a projection of the forehead. The cheek-bones are almost as prominent as in the Mongol, but not so sharply angular, and the under-jaw is larger than in the negro. "Perhaps," adds M. Humboldt, "this race of copper-coloured men, comprehended under the general name of American Indians, is a mixture of Asiatic tribes and the aborigines of this vast continent; and it is not unlikely that the figures with enormous aquiline noses observed in the Mexican hieroglyphic paintings preserved at Vienna, Veletri, and Rome, indicate the physiognomy of some races now extinct." Where the aborigine came from, the learned author does not attempt to inform us. The paintings in question undoubtedly suggest the idea of a race distinct from the present indigenous tribes; but, as the figures distinguished by the peculiarity referred to, appear, for the most part, to be either priests or other dignified personages, it admits of a question whether those extraordinary individuals might not be foreigners, in representing whose appearance the painter would naturally exaggerate the more prominent features. Or if not, they are less likely to have belonged to the ruder aboriginal race, than to the Asiatic ancestry of the conquerors or intruders. It is possible that the Aztec priests might be of a different race from the present Mexican Indians; and few, if any of them, escaped the exterminating sword of Cortes.

Now, the question that arises out of this review of facts, is, are these children the descendants of a race hitherto supposed to be extinct, or are they Aztec Indians—or rather Aztec dwarfs—a kind of Tom Thumb and his sister, imported from Mexico. Their enormous aquiline noses would support the presumption that they are the former: if so, they are not Aztecs, because historians have, with some certainty, fixed the date of the invasion from the north, and the Aztecs themselves tell us, that they know not with certainty what tribe had inhabited the country before the Toltecs. So, if these children belong to a race that flourished previous to the invasion of the Toltecs, it was not the Spaniards that drove them from the plains and valleys of Mexico, but the Toltecs and Aztecs themselves—races which we are, by a curious contradiction, told, these very children are intended to represent. Their facial peculiarities are not Aztec—that is very clear. The Aztec corresponds to the Asiatic, Mongol, and Malay; he is a transplanted Chinese, or Japanese—or, in other words, he belongs to the same common family, the members of which were first separated by distance, and then, in the lapse of time, the memory and tradition of each other's existence gradually faded away on both sides. Besides, the Aztec races have admitted that they were aggressive; and Humboldt, with his usual clearness, shows how they might have passed from one continent to another. He says: "In order to conceive that Asiatic tribes, established on the table-land of Chinese Tartary, should pass from the old to the new continent, it is not necessary to have recourse to high latitudes. A chain of small islands stretches from Corea and Japan to the southern cape of the peninsula of Kamshatka, between the thirty-third and fifty-first degrees of north latitude. Asiatic tribes might have gone by means of these islands from one continent to the other, without going higher on the continent of Asia than the parallel of fifty-five degrees, and by a passage of not more than twenty-four or thirty-six hours." And while indulging in this suggestion, he himself advances the opinion, that the Aztecs might be a part of those Hiong-nues, who, according to the Chinese historians, emigrated under their leader, Punon, and were lost in the northern parts of Siberia, from which they might easily reach the north-western coast of America. Now, if these children are not of Aztec origin, and if there is no imposture in the affair of their alleged discovery, if they are not miserable abortions of some hardy race of Mexican Indians, they are certainly the most interesting beings that have ever been presented to the notice of the scientific, philosophic, and religious world. They represent the race to whom the mounds of both North and South America may be referred; also the ruined cities which the axe and the spade occasionally bring to light, and the older monuments and hieroglyphics of both Peru and Mexico—a race persecuted by, and made the slaves of, the Toltecs, Chichimecs, the Nahuatlacs, and the last invading variety of the same warlike people—the Aztecs

—a race who, liberated by the disruption occasioned by the Spanish invasion, fled into the wilds and recesses of Central America, which were unknown even to the Aztecs; and, there living and marrying amongst each other for ages, unknown to, and unknowing of the rest of mankind, have dwindled down to mere pigmies, possessing the instincts and some of the intelligence, but scarcely a vestige of the higher attributes of our common nature.

ARAB LAW OF BLOOD REVENGE.

ONE of the most remarkable laws in force among the wandering Arabs, and one probably of the highest antiquity, is the law of blood, called the *Thar*, prescribing the degrees of consanguinity within which it is lawful to revenge a homicide. Although a law rendering a man responsible for blood shed by any one related to him within the fifth degree may appear to members of a civilised community one of extraordinary rigour, and involving almost manifest injustice, it must nevertheless be admitted, that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment, however severe, could tend more to the maintenance of order and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the desert. As Burckhardt has justly remarked, "This salutary institution has contributed in a greater degree than any other circumstance, to prevent the warlike tribes of Arabia from exterminating one another." If a man commit a homicide, the *cad* endeavours to prevail upon the family of the victim to accept a compensation for the blood in money or in kind, the amount being regulated according to custom in different tribes. Should the offer of "blood-money" be refused, the "*Thar*" comes into operation, and any person within the "*khoms*," or the fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim. This law is enforced between tribes remote from one another, as well as between families, and to the blood revenge may be attributed many of the bitter feuds which exist amongst the Arab clans. It affects, in many respects, their social condition, and has a marked influence upon their habits, and even upon their manners. Thus an Arab will never tell his name, especially if it be an uncommon one, to a stranger; nor mention that of his father or of his tribe, if his own name be ascertained, lest there should be a *Thar* between them. Even children are taught to observe this custom, that they may not fall victims to blood revenge. Hence the extreme suspicion with which a Bedouin regards a stranger in the open country, or in a tent, and his caution in disclosing anything relating to the movements or dwelling-place of his friends. In most encampments are found refugees, sometimes whole families, who have left their tribe on account of a homicide for which they are amenable. In case, after a murder, persons within the "*Thar*" take to flight, three days and four hours are by immemorial custom allowed to the fugitives before they can be pursued. Frequently they never return to their friends, but remain with those who give them protection, and become incorporated into the tribe by which they are adopted. Thus, there are families of the Harb, Aneyza, Dhofyr, and other great clans, who for this cause have joined the Shammar, and are now considered part of them. Frequently the homicide himself will wander from tent to tent over the desert, or even rove through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money. I have frequently met such unfortunate persons who have spent years in collecting a small sum.—*Layard's Ruins of Nineveh*.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLVI

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

OLD FLAX.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of sovereigns, have there been two greater adepts in the art of dissimulation than Elizabeth and the Queen Mother of France—the infamous Catherine de Medicis, who directed the government of her son, the ignorant fanatic, Charles IX. This astute princess had two objects in view. The first was to bring about an union between the English queen and the king her son, or else his younger brother, the Duke D'Anjou; the next, to procure the liberty of the unhappy Mary—not from any generous desire of serving the royal captive, whom she had persecuted and driven from France soon after her widowhood—but to embarrass Elizabeth, whose dread of her heir she well knew.

La Motte Fénelon, the French ambassador, was directed to urge the latter point on every occasion—a duty which he did not neglect; for we find, in his correspondence, that on more than one occasion he boldly remonstrated with her majesty in person, not only on the cruelty but the impolicy of detaining her cousin a captive in the very heart of her dominions; representing such conduct not only as dishonouring to herself, but offensive to every crowned head in Europe.

Besides the imprisonment of Mary, Elizabeth had other causes of embarrassment. Philip II. not only approved of the conduct of the Duke of Alva, but demanded restitution of his treasure—a concession to which the

avarice of the queen was decidedly opposed. She had embroiled herself not only with Spain, but with France. The Catholic party, which was still powerful, were indignant at the heiress of the crown being treated like a common felon; and the commercial part of the community were beginning to suffer from the uncertain state of things.

Her haughty spirit and fierce courage supported her through all—even the difficulties and consequences of her own error. Elizabeth not only evaded the payment of the money, but refused to make the least alteration in her treatment of Mary, whom she accused of being ungrateful for the protection she had afforded her.

About this time she wrote the following hypocritical letter to her prisoner, condoling with her on her recent ill-fates.

"May 25, 1569.

"Madame,—To my infinite regret I have learned the great danger in which you have lately been, and I praise God that I heard nothing of it until the worst was past for, in whatever time or place it might have been, such news could have given me little content; but if any such bad accident had befallen you in this country, I believe, really, I should have deemed my days prolonged too long, if, previous to death, I had received such a wound.

"I rely much on His goodness who has always guarded me against mal-accidents, that he will not permit me to fall into such a snare, and that He will preserve me in the good report of the world till the end of my career. He has made me know, by your means, the grief I might have felt if anything ill had happened to you; and I assure you that I will offer up to Him infinite thanksgivings.

"As to the reply that you wish to receive by my Lord Boyd, regarding my satisfaction in the case touching the Duke of Anjou, I neither doubt your honour nor your faith, in writing to me that you never thought of such a thing; but that perhaps some relative, or rather some ambassador of yours having the general authority of your signature, to order all things for the furtherance of your affairs, had adjusted this promise as if it came from you, and deemed it within the range of his commission.

"Such a matter would serve as a spur to a courser of high mettle; for, as we often see a little bough serve to save the life of a swimmer, so a slight shadow of claim animates the combatant. I know not why they (*the royal family of France*) consider not, that the bark of your good fortune floats on a dangerous sea, where many contrary winds blow, and has need of all aid to obviate such evils, and to conduct you safely into port. And if so be they are able to serve you in aught, still you can in honour deny the intention (*of transferring her rights to young Anjou*); for if this right abides in them, then to me pertains the wrong.

"Forasmuch I entreat you to have such consideration for me (to whom the like right only pertains, who have merited, on your part, true guerdon and honourable opinion), with such deeds as may preserve the true accord of harmony with mine, who, in all my actions towards you, will never fail of right dealing.

"Howbeit, this bearer will declare to you more amply what I wish in this case. Moreover, if you desire some reply as to the commission given to my Lord Ross (*the Bishop of Ross*), I believe that you forget how near it touches me if I tamper with aught that I am satisfied touches your honour and my safety. Meantime, I will not fatigue you with this letter longer than that, with my cordial commendations, I pray God to preserve you in good health, and give you long life. From Greenwich."

Elizabeth was too well informed of everything which passed, not to be aware that Mary, whilst in France, had made a will, transferring her claim to the crowns both of England and Scotland, to the royal house of France. Soon after this letter, the young Duke D'Anjou chivalrously executed a deed, by which he renounced all expectations and rights in the event of Mary's death before him. But even this concession did not lessen the implacable hate of the English sovereign towards the heiress of her throne.

The project of marrying the Queen of Scots with the Duke of Norfolk was warmly supported by the Catholic nobility. Even Leicester pretended to approve of it. At the same time he treacherously communicated it to Elizabeth, who first gave an indication of her jealousy and suspicions by observing, that one of the greatest of the realm might shortly be shorter by the head, for meddling in her affairs: a hint which the duke was either too much enamoured or too ambitious to take.

On one occasion, she openly taxed him with his design. But simple as the duke was, he did not permit himself to be caught with the pretended frankness of his cousin. He firmly and positively denied it, adding, that he had never entertained, or could entertain, any serious idea of marrying a woman who was not only the enemy of her majesty, but whose husband could not hope to sleep in peace.

This degrading observation for awhile lulled the suspicions of the queen; but they soon broke forth again with redoubled violence.

Shortly after this, the duke retired from court to his seat in Norfolk, where he remained till summoned to return by the queen, by whose order he was arrested on his arrival at Burnham, and committed to the Tower.

When there, he was severely questioned by the commissioners appointed by the council, amongst whom were the Lord Keeper Bacon and Cecil. But even they, devoted as they were to the interests and projects of Elizabeth, could not find any legal offence of which he had been guilty.

Never had the virgin monarch displayed her revengeful, obstinate disposition so strongly as at this period. Her hatred of Norfolk amounted almost to insanity, when the

report was presented to her, in which the commissioners declared that they could not find the duke guilty of any offence which the law could reach. She fell into a violent rage, and tore the paper with her own hands.

"All alike!" she exclaimed; "all leagued against me!"

"But how, without some crime committed," demanded the Lord Keeper, "will it be possible, please your majesty, to convict the duke, who is of too high a lineage and supported by alliances too powerful to be treated like a common personage?"

"What the law fails to do," replied the queen, with a vindictive smile, "my authority shall effect! If those to whom I have intrusted the safeguard of my throne prove lukewarm, I must supply their place with more faithful councillors! What, my lords," she added, "shall this duke conspire against his sovereign—deceive her with a foul, degrading lie—and yet escape unpunished? He would marry the Queen of Scots: ere I permitted such an act of treachery and rebellion, not only the head of Norfolk, but a loftier one shall fall!"

Those present regarded each other with consternation: it was the first time, perhaps, that Elizabeth had glanced at the possibility of bringing her cousin and heir to trial and execution—crimes which she afterwards accomplished with the assistance of some of those very men.

So great was the violence of Elizabeth on this occasion, that it is recorded she fell back in a fit, and had to be taken by her women to her chamber, and her physician sent for.

The hint of changing her ministers was not unnoticed by the Commons, who appear, however, on this occasion to have acted with consistency and honour.

The imprisonment of the Duke of Norfolk in the Tower was followed by a rebellion in the north of England, headed by the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who were both Catholics. Their object was not only to restore the ancient faith, but to procure the liberation of Mary, whose patience and misfortunes had made her very popular in the north, where the Catholic religion still prevailed. The rebels were quickly dispersed: Northumberland fled to Scotland, but was quickly given up to the vengeance of Elizabeth by Murray, and brought to the block; his more fortunate colleague escaped from the kingdom, and died in exile, in great poverty.

Sussex was, it is to be presumed, compelled to disgrace his reputation on this occasion by his implacable mistress, who ordered him to massacre the insurgents without pity or remorse—an office which he fulfilled but too well: the country was deluged with the blood of the deluded yeomen and peasantry.

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth indulged her poetical vein, in the following lines. The threat conveyed in them was executed to the hideous letter.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom wove the web;
But clouds of toys untied do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope, supposed, the root of ruth will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as ye shall shortly see.
These dazzled eyes with pride which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseated by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood binds.

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.

No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort;
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gaze for joy.

The daughter of debate shows how fiercely she resented the least discussion on the subject.

Early in May, that same year, a bull of excommunication was found affixed to the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, emanating from the Pope, Pius V., whose zeal was stirred by the sufferings of the Catholics, and the captivity of the Queen of Scots and Norfolk. The gentleman who had the hardihood to affix it, was discovered and put to death.

The bull not only excommunicated Elizabeth, but pretended to release her subjects from their oaths of allegiance; and when it is remembered the influence which such a sentence still exercised over the Catholic portion of her subjects, the consternation of the queen can scarcely be wondered at. She even forgot her dignity so far as to solicit its revocation—but in vain.

One good effect at least may partly be attributed to it. It was one of the means, backed by the representations of her ministers, which induced her to consent to the release of Norfolk from the Tower, who was permitted to take up his abode at the Charter House, where he remained, a sort of prisoner at large, under the ward of Sir Henry Neville.

This is one of the darkest epochs in the reign of the Protestant queen, who even outdid her father in cruelty. Sussex, by her command, burnt and destroyed upwards of three hundred villages in the north: so pitiless was she in her rage—so vindictive in her resentments.

Three hundred villages destroyed—mothers, infants, driven from their homes and slaughtered—to gratify the resentment of their sovereign at the rebellion of their misguided sons and husbands! It exceeded the cruelties even of the reign of Mary. The following letter, from the Earl of Sussex to Sir George Bowes, whose very name is a dishonour to the gentry of England, proves not only the orders of the queen, but the rigour with which they were executed.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES,—I have set the numbers to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness for example; so as, in the whole, you pass not of all kind of

such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy, for so is the queen's majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569-70. T. SUSSEX."

Humanity turns with loathing from the recital of these horrors. Other letters published on the history of the northern rebellion, prove that the earl wrote again several times to his instrument, urging on the executions. "I received last night," he says, "letters from the court, whereby I perceive that the queen's majesty doth much marvel that she doth not hear from me that the execution is yet ended, and that she is disburthened of her charges that were considered for that respect; and therefore I heartily pray you to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both."

Who, after reading these letters, from undoubted historical sources, will sigh for the return of the days of "Good Queen Bess?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

A mother's heart foresees and guards 'gainst all.

OLD PLAY.

WHATEVER may be the variety of opinions of the guilt or innocence of the unhappy Queen of Scots, there can be only one as to the cruelty of Elizabeth, in holding her for so many years, while still in the prime of life, a captive; or of her unnatural brother, Murray, whom she had trusted and loaded with benefits, betraying her.

Like most bold and ambitious men, the crafty regent calculated little on the desperation—the reckless daring—which outrage will sometimes inspire, even in the heart of the timid—how much more in the brave and resolute man!

A noble gentleman, whom Murray had persecuted because of his adherence to the fortunes of his legitimate sovereign—driven his wife desperate, by luring her from the shelter of her home, in the midst of an inclement night—assassinated him, as he made his public entrance into Stirling: an act which, although it can never be palliated, yet those who reflect on the character of the age will not wonder at.

This change in the government of Scotland appeared to open a better prospect for the long-captive queen; whose friends—both in her own kingdom and in France—entreated Elizabeth to restore her to liberty and her crown: a concession which she promised, under certain conditions, to make; but she well knew Mary would rather consent to pass the rest of her days in prison than accept it.

This promise was made to the friends of Mary in France.

It was nothing more than the gratification of her old scheme of obtaining possession of the infant James, whom she desired, she said, "to hold as a hostage for the fidelity of his mother."

Mary, who by this time knew her dissimulating cousin, nobly refused to listen to her offers, and the Scottish lords of the congregation were equally indignant at an attempt to obtain possession of the person of their infant king. They felt that, independent of the danger to the child, it would be the destruction of their own power; for the indignation of the nation would be sure to punish them, even if the English queen did not deprive them of their authority, under pretence of administering the government for her ward.

Elizabeth was courted and mistrusted by all parties in Scotland. They feared her power, whilst they hated and despised her character—which was branded throughout Europe for dissimulation, avarice, and cruelty.

On the 23rd of January, 1571, Queen Elizabeth proceeded in great state to the City, to dine with Sir Thomas Gresham, and open the magnificent building which he had erected entirely at his own expense, as a place of meeting for merchants—called, in the language of the day, a *Bourse*, or *purse*.

Her reception in the City appears to have been one continued triumph, so well was she received by the citizens. After dining with the munificent founder, she visited the new pile, which was brilliantly illuminated in every part; and so gratified did she feel, that she caused the heralds to proclaim it, by sound of trumpet, the Royal Exchange.

In our own day, we have seen the sovereign lady who so worthily fills the throne of this commercial and free country, open, in similar state, the noble edifice which stands upon the site of the princely merchant's exchange which was destroyed a few years since by fire.

The natural fickleness of Elizabeth appeared yet more strongly at this period of her life, from the renewal of the negotiations for her marriage with the youthful Duke D'Anjou—who might well have been her son, as far as age was concerned. To those of her ministers who ventured to oppose so preposterous a match, she showed herself resentful, instead of being grateful for an advice which saved her from such folly. Even her favourite, Cecil, now Lord Burleigh, came in for a share of her displeasure. At one period the experienced statesman doubtless wished his sovereign to marry, as a means of terminating all dissensions on the subject of the succession; but now, when the probability of her having issue was at an end, he pertinaciously opposed it: possibly he dreaded the influence of a young husband over the heart and understanding of Elizabeth—therefore he laboured to prevent it.

The minister's plans were unexpectedly furthered by the resistance to the match made by the French prince himself.

Whilst the treaty was in progress, the Duke D'Anjou, deeming that it would end like all other negotiations on the same subject, took but little interest in the matter; but no sooner did he hear that they had advanced to a point when it was necessary he should take a share in the proceedings, than he drew out a declaration that he would never consent to marry the English queen.

Amongst his other objections was, that she had a sore leg, adding, that Elizabeth was ugly and old. He even appealed to the king, his brother, and urged such grave objections against the character of the proposed bride, that the match was broken off, to the dreadful mortification of the English queen.

Catherine De Medici, the Queen Mother of France, tried to persuade Elizabeth to accept the younger brother of the duke instead—the Duke D'Alençon—which proposition, preposterous as it was, the virgin queen for some time secretly entertained, and corresponded with the artful Catherine on the subject.

The prince proposed was only sixteen years of age, and, as his mother observed, in one of her confidential epistles to her minister, La Motte Fénelon, "little of his age!"

What a contemptible idea she must have entertained of the vanity and weakness of Elizabeth! The wily Florentine was not far wrong, judging her merely as a woman; it is as a sovereign only that the heiress of the Plantagenets and Tudors is entitled to the epithet of "great."

The lords of the congregation arrived at last in England, and were admitted to her presence. She received them at first with much affability, expecting, no doubt, that they would commence by an attempt to prove the guilt of Mary.

But the Earl of Morton chose a higher ground. He was a fanatic of the school of Geneva; and, when Burleigh asked him, in the presence of the queen, upon what grounds the lords of the congregation justified their deposing of their natural sovereign, made answer:

"That Scotland was an independent nation!"

"We know that!" interrupted Elizabeth; "and have no wish to question the independence of our neighbour—or that of its nobles!" she added, somewhat sarcastically.

Doubtless she remembered the large sums which most of the great lords had received at her hands.

"We possess the right," continued the earl, "to depose the sovereign, for misconduct, unquestioned by mortal power—being amenable only to God."

"And where find you this pretty authority?" demanded the queen, impatiently—for, with all her hatred of Mary, she could not bear to hear such doctrines advanced in her presence.

"From the authority of Calvin!"

"Were your authority—your Calvin," she replied, haughtily, "in my dominions, and to broach such doctrines, I would have his tongue torn from the root of his mouth, and his body shortened by the head! Get from my sight!" she added; "such doctrines are subversive of all authority—offensive alike to God and man: compose your differences as you may—I will interfere no more between you!"

A RIDE DOWN THE NILE.

HERE, where I expected to ride through a wilderness, find a garden. Ethiopia might become in other hands the richest and most productive part of Africa. The people are industrious and peaceable, and deserve better masters. Their dread of the Turks is extreme, and so is their hatred. I stopped one evening at a village on the western bank. The sailors were sent to the houses to procure eggs and fowls, and after a time two men appeared, bringing, as they said, the only chicken in the place. They came up slowly, stooped and touched the ground, signifying that they were as dust before our feet. Achmet paid them the thirty paras they demanded, and when they supposed the Turk had no disposition to cheat them, they went back and brought more fowls. Travellers who go by the land-route give the people an excellent character for hospitality. I am informed that it is almost impossible to buy anything, even when double the value of the article is tendered; but by asking for it as a favour, they will cheerfully give you whatever they have.

On the third day I saw the hippopotamus. The men discerned him about a quarter of a mile off, as he came up to breathe, and called my attention to him. Our vessel was run towards him, and the sailors shouted, to draw his attention:

"How is your wife, old boy?" "Is your son married yet?" and other like exclamations. They insisted on it that his curiosity would be excited by this means, and he would allow us to approach. I saw him at last within a hundred yards, but only the enormous head, which was more than three feet across the ears. He raised it with a tremendous snort, opening his huge mouth at the same time, and a more frightful monster I never saw. He came up in our wake after we had passed, and followed us for some time. Directly afterwards we espied five crocodiles on a sand-bank. One of them was of a greyish colour, and upwards of twenty-five feet in length. We approached quietly to within a few yards of them, when my men raised their poles and shouted. The beasts started from their sleep and dashed quickly into the water, the big yellow one striking so violently against the hull, that I am sure he went off with the headache.

SELLING A WIFE.—A case of selling a wife actually and *bonâ fide* happened in the provincial town in which I resided about 18 years ago. A man publicly sold his wife at the market-cross for 15*l*. The buyer carried her away with him some seven miles off, and she lived with him till his death. The seller and the buyer are now both dead, but the woman is alive, and is married to a third (or a second) husband. The legality of the transaction has, I believe, some chance of being tried, as she now claims some property belonging to her first husband (the seller), her right to which is questioned, in consequence of her supposed alienation by sale.



[THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.]

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH the exception of the Temple of Solomon, of which no authenticated traces exist, probably no edifice in the world has experienced greater vicissitudes or witnessed more revolutions than the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. It has survived the fall of the Eastern empire, the growth and decay of the Ottoman empire, and been the dumb spectator of the rise and progress of that colossal power in the north which first received Christianity from its bosom, and now not only aspires to restore it to its original purpose, but menaces the powers which have their foundations deeply fixed in Western Europe. This is an age of transition; and as we have seen many changes, no doubt it is our destiny to see many more; but the changes which have occurred in the world and in society since the Mosque of St. Sophia was first erected, border on the marvellous. It has witnessed the rise and progress of the Christian religion, its unnatural and fatal schisms, its overthrow in the East by the barbarous Turk, and the almost simultaneous discovery of a new world; it has also witnessed the invention of printing, the extraordinary development of civilisation in the West, almost magical discoveries in science, and their application to the industrial arts, and those innumerable revelations in knowledge which, we trust, are safely conducting the whole family of mankind to a happier as well as more brilliant future. Thinking over all this, and firmly believing that, sooner or later—perhaps sooner than even the enemies of Turkey anticipate—Christianity, as interpreted by the Greek church, will once again be the dominant religion in the East, with its metropolis at Constantinople, we deemed it would be acceptable to our readers to have presented to them an engraving of the material features of the renowned church of St. Sophia.

The present building, however, is not the original Christian edifice. Constantine the Great was the first that erected a chapel, bearing the name of St. Sophia, to the "Wisdom of the Uncreated Word." Constantius, his son, either enlarged this chapel, or caused a new one to be erected on its site. The sanctuary and the greatest part of this building were destroyed during the tumult which had been excited against St. John Chrysostom. It was again burnt under Honorius, and re-established by young Theodosius, only to be again destroyed in the fifth year of Justinian, during the insurrection which placed Hypatius on the throne, against his own inclination. Justinian, however, having quelled the sedition in the next five years, caused the present stately edifice to be erected. On its completion, the emperor was so elated that he exclaimed: "I have outdone thee, O Solomon!" But in the thirty-second year of his reign, an earthquake threw down the dome, and crushed the altar in its fall—so that it had to be re-edified and consecrated anew. The Emperor Basil, the Macedonian, caused the western dome to be strengthened; and in the reign of Anne and John Paleologus, the church was so injured by an earthquake, that it had to be repaired out of the marriage portion the emperor received with Helen, daughter of Cantacuzenus. This was the last reparation it received at Christian hands; and it may be remarked, that during the whole time it

stood as a Greek church, it, like the spiritual church it was intended to accommodate, was always in trouble. One day it was a revolution, another an earthquake—but always something to disturb the equanimity of both the visible and invisible edifice.

But its trouble was yet to come. It was used as a Christian edifice until the 29th of May, 1453. On that day the accomplished and execrable Mahommed II. converted it into a Mussulman mosque.

The Turks, having conquered all the provinces of the Greek Christian empire—a policy the Russians of the present day are faithfully and significantly imitating—advanced to the gates of Constantinople. On the 6th of April, 1453, the imperial standard of the besiegers was planted before the gate of St. Romanos; and after a siege of fifty-three days, the city, which had defied even Tamerlane, Bajazet, and the Khalifs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahommed II. "Her empire only," says Gibbon, "had been subverted by the Latins. Her religion was trampled in the dust by her Moslem conquerors."

Rapine and cruelty prevailed in Constantinople until the eighth hour of the same day, when Mahommed, attended by his viziers, bashaws, and guards, each of whom, says a Byzantine historian, was robust as Hercules, dexterous as Apollo, and equal to ten of any of the ordinary race of mortals, proceeded through the city to the principal door of St. Sophia, where he alighted from his horse, and entered the dome. Such was his zealous regard for that monument of his glory, that, on observing a zealous Turk in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished with his scimeter—a peculiarity still observable in Turkey—that if the spoil and captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. So commanding, he seated himself on the great altar, Turkish fashion; and, after saying his prayers, he caused himself to be shaved, then smoked a pipe, and, after due meditation, rose, and fastened to one of the pillars of the archiepiscopal throne a fine piece of embroidered cloth, with Arabic characters on it, which had served as a screen in the mosque of Mecca. On the same day, the muezzin or orier ascended the most lofty turret, and proclaimed the *exan*, or public invitation in the name of God and the Prophet. Thus fell the church in which the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars. Well might Mahommed exclaim, as he did, when he entered the palace of the unfortunate Constantine:

"The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Agramsiab!"

The building is very finely situated—being placed at the top of the ancient Byzantium, on an eminence that descends down to the sea, by the point of the seraglio. In size it is next to St. Peter's, at Rome, but it has a very unwieldy appearance. There is massiveness, but little or no beauty. In construction it is in the form of a Greek cross, which almost makes it square, and the dome—its great feature—rests outwardly on four very thick towers, which of late years have been added, to strengthen this vast building, and render it more secure,

in a country where whole cities are often overthrown by earthquakes.

Although, when viewed by strangers, it disappoints the expectation—no monument of a remote Christian era exceeds it in dimensions and integrity. The Turks, barbarous as they were, only destroyed the ornaments and objects of superstition; the building they preserved entire, and ever after held in religious veneration. What they might do, should the Russians be in the act of storming Constantinople, we cannot tell; but this is certain, that there are thousands of fanatics among them, who, rather than see it fall into the hands of the detested Muscovite, would gladly volunteer to send it, along with themselves, in broken and crashing fragments to the smoke-begrimed and gunpowder-stained sky. Some Italian patriots, (?) within the past four years, threatened to bestow the same fate on the Vatican—so that no relic of antiquity is safe in these days of change, fear, and perplexity in the political atmosphere.

However, to descend from the regions of speculation to those of detail, as our readers will have perceived from our illustration, the Mosque of St. Sophia, in its external appearance, is that of a vast building whose construction requires a proportionate heaviness of mass, to preserve it standing and entire. The weighty buttresses, and the attached compartments of the temple, falling, in a succession of pent-houses, from the spring of the arch to within a few feet of the ground, nearly conceal and totally ruin any effect which might otherwise be produced by the height and expanse of its far-famed dome. The interior, to which you descend by five steps, seems at first sight magnificently spacious, and not broken with the aisles, choirs, nor deformed by the railings and tombs of modern churches; but your admiration diminishes as you proceed with your inspection. The beauty of the variegated, marble floor is concealed by a covering of mats; and the dome, as well as the body of the building, is spoiled by thousand little cords depending from the summit, within four feet of the pavement, and having at the end of them lamps of coloured glass, large ostrich eggs, artificial horse-tails, vases and globes of crystal, and other mean ornaments. The columns appear too large for the arches which they support, and the carving of their capitals can scarcely be more painful to the eyes of an architect than to those of a common observer. Architects knew not to what order they belonged, or by what name to describe their style, unless a sort of Gothicised Greek. From a change in the arrangement of the sanctuary, the line of the nave does not seem at right angles with the large circular recess, called in former times *Ochelon*, in which the Christian altar was placed; for the marble pulpit of the Imam, with its attached flight of steps, projects from the left side of it, and the mats, together with a descent of two steps, being so arranged as to give another direction to the cord of the arc, the whole of one wing, and the grand diameter of the base, have an appearance of distortion. The alteration has been caused by the desire of the Mahometans to point the centre of the sanctuary directly towards Mecca, which, being formerly due east, is, by the above contrivance, drawn a little to the southward of that quarter. At this new centre is a niche, with a large chandelier on each side, called the *Mirabe*, or *Maharabe*, which is the repository of the Koran. The upper part of the walls is defaced by little squares of red, white, and blue paint. The great eight-winged seraphims are fading fast away. The tessellated mosaic with which the concave above the windows and the dome are incrustated, and specimens of which, taken from the ceiling of an adjoining oratory, are sold to strangers, is not visible to those standing in the body of the mosque. It is composed of very minute squares, formed of some vitreous substance, gilded and tinged with paint. The upper part of the walls is heavy and dark, and the *heaven-suspended vault* scarcely rises into an arch, but shows, indeed, an inward depression from the summit towards the centre of the cupola. With a diameter of one hundred and fifteen feet, it is only eighteen in depth, and not more than one hundred and eighty from the pavement. The closing of the arcades of the upper *Gynaikonion*, or female gallery, where there is now only a railed ledge large enough to enable the servants of the mosque to walk round and light the lamps, has contributed to the heavy darkness of the dome. The general impression is, that the skill of the one hundred architects, and the labour of the ten thousand workmen, the wealth of an empire, and the ingenuity of presiding angels, has only raised a stupendous monument of the heavy mediocrity which distinguished the productions of the sixth century from the perfect specimens of a happier age. The general style of its ornaments showed that it was calculated for nocturnal illuminations. All was gilt and gaudy colouring; and the emperor would have inlaid the pavement with solid gold, if his astrologers had not warned him that the building would be diapidated by his needy successors. It must indeed have a brilliant appearance, when lighted by its myriads of lamps, and its vaults may glitter like the firmament; but this is the excellence of a theatre, rather than of a temple, and may be found where the skill of the architect and sculptor is required in vain.

Such is the Mosque of St. Sophia, which it does not require the power of vaticination to foretell, is destined to play as important a part in the affairs of the Greek Christian Church in the East, as St. Peter's has done in the affairs of its great antagonist, the Latin Church. What the ultimate issue will be none can foretell; but it appears certain and irrevocable that Turkey must fall as much from collapse as pressure from without, and that the re-establishment of the Greek metropolitan church, on the ruins of the material faith and discipline of the Moslems, can scarcely fail to prove advantageous to the civilisation of the whole world.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE JESUIT, "THE PRELATE," "MINNIGREY," ETC.

CHAPTER CXXXIII.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH Captain Herbert was one of the least superstitious persons in the world, he could not dismiss the presentiment he felt that the approaching encounter would prove fatal to him. It followed him like his shadow—haunted alike his sleeping and his waking hours.

As the day of meeting approached, the impression became stronger, and the evening before he started for Calais, he passed several hours in writing: when he had done he carefully sealed the papers, and placed the packet in the breast pocket of his travelling coat.

At an early hour the following morning he was to breakfast with his uncle, previous to starting for Calais with his second.

"Upon my honour, George," observed the general, when he saw him enter the room, "but this is ridiculous! You look as pale as a young recruit who has never stood fire! I should be sorry to think that you were afraid."

The captain replied, that from any other party he should resent even the supposition of such a weakness; adding, that he never felt in better nerve in his life.

"Well, well!" continued the old *roué*, whose amiability was not increased by his early rising; "it may be as you say. By-the-by," he added, in a careless tone, "have you ever seen your antagonist?"

"I have seen him!" replied the ex-Guardsman, with a shudder. "He is the living counterpart of his dead brother."

"That's unfortunate!"

His nephew looked as if he thought so, too.

"On me," continued the general, "it would make little or no impression—yet I can understand your feeling: it is like shooting the same fellow over again—for you must shoot him," he added, with a marked emphasis on the word "must." "It is the only way of extricating yourself from a false position. You should have been more careful."

"Careful, general?"

"Yes," continued the heartless man of the world; "careful. Never, in affairs of this kind, give a chance away. You ought not to have suffered Mottram to book the bet—that was your first error. Your second was in repeatedly refusing to see his servant when he called. You ought to have known that such visits were not visits of ceremony."

Herbert reflected for an instant. He could not understand how his uncle became so thoroughly acquainted with his affairs.

"You have seen Colonel Vandeleur?" he said.

"No."

"Captain Mottram, then?"

"Neither one nor the other," answered the old man, drily. "A little more maraschino in my coffee," he added, at the same time passing his cup to his nephew. "There—thank you—that will do! George!"

"Well, sir?"

"You certainly want tact."

The captain had sufficient tact to understand at last how the general was so well informed; and he mentally resolved to discharge his valet the instant he returned from Calais.

"Not so much as you imagine, sir," was the reply.

"Ah! I know to what you allude," exclaimed the general; "your arrangement with Colonel Vandeleur, that the memorandum-book should be at the disposal of the survivor. That would be all very well, if—not that I presume there is much doubt upon the point—if we could be certain which will be the survivor!"

"By heavens!" said his nephew, nettled at the cool, easy tone in which he alluded to the possibility of his falling by the hand of Captain Mottram, "you speak as if my death would please you!"

"By no means, George," was the reply; "it would inconvenience me sadly; and you know how much I detest being put out of my usual way."

"Heartless egotist!" thought the captain.

"Conceited puppy!" mentally observed the general; "to suppose for an instant that he has any other merit in my eyes beyond being my nephew, and, to avoid trouble, my heir!"

How many men are there in the world who both feel and act like General Bouchier—reckless of the feelings and happiness of others, whilst they are instinctively alive to their own. The evening preceding the above conversation he had received a letter from the unhappy Isabel, in which she betrayed and cruelly abandoned wife appealed to his honour and generosity—explaining her apparent dereliction from duty with the major, and informing him that she was soon likely to become a mother.

"Brand not my unborn child," she concluded, "with illegitimacy! Let not my innocent babe suffer for its mother's folly!"

As well might the despairing mother have appealed to the statue of Moloch, at whose blood-stained shrine her infant was about to be offered an unconscious sacrifice—the hideous idol could not have been more insensible.

A similar letter had been sent to her husband—what effect it produced upon the captain time will show.

The breakfast dispatched, the hour of parting arrived. Lord Ilford and the cornet called for their principal in the travelling chariot of the peer.

"Do you require any money?" demanded the general,

as the groom of the chambers announced them, at the

opening his pocket-book.

A dry negative was the response.

The old man looked surprised—it was the first time in his life his nephew had declined such an offer.

"Stay!" said the ex-Guardsman, recollecting himself; "there is no knowing what may occur—and a hundred or two—"

"There are five!" replied his uncle, handing the notes with a smile.

The young man drew the letter which he had written the previous evening from his pocket, broke the seal, and inclosed them. Just as he had re-sealed the packet, the peer and Cornet Graham entered the breakfast-room.

"We must be off, George," observed his lordship; "the packet thirtieth at eight; and it would be very inconvenient to mither the tide—fortunately I have ordered hortheth on the woad!"

"Very fortunate!" echoed the cornet.

The duellist answered, with a sigh, that he was ready.

"Your pistols are in order, I suppose?" observed the general.

"Yes."

"Manton's, of course? Be cool!" he whispered, as he shook hands with his nephew, "and hit him in the head or heart—no matter which—but avoid a flesh-wound: in nine cases out of ten, your man recovers—and Mottram must not quit the ground alive!"

"He shall not, if I can help it!"

And so they parted—no word of sympathy—no gush of feeling between them: as the general said, his nephew was a convenience. The tie which bound them to each other, was interest on one side and selfishness upon the other.

"The fool is sure to get hit!" muttered the affectionate uncle, as soon as the captain and his seconds had taken their departure. "I never knew a man meet his antagonist in such a humour, that he came back alive! I wish the fellow had my nerve!"

With this cool observation, General Bouchier rang the bell, and directed his valet to bring fresh coffee.

About the same hour the following day, the parties met upon the sands at Calais. Whatever the feelings and presentiments of Captain Herbert—pride enabled him to repress them. He appeared as indifferent and self-possessed as if engaged in a party of pleasure; the countenance of his antagonist was scornful and resolute.

"He ith very like hith brother!" observed Lord Ilford, raising his glass, and eyeing Captain Mottram—for, in addition to his lip, the peer appeared to be short-sighted.

"Very!" echoed the cornet.

Herbert replied only by a slight shudder—the resemblance to the major appalled him.

"Hit him in the thame plathe, George," continued his lordship; "moth likely he ith weaketh there: thome people are vewy weak in the head!"

"Exceedingly!" said Graham, not without a sly glance at the speaker.

Colonel Vandeleur and the peer retired to arrange the preliminaries. It was proposed that the parties, at a given signal, should fire at a distance of twenty paces; that if the first shots missed, the distance should be reduced to fifteen; and on a second failure, to ten paces.

"Thith ith vewy mudmouth!" observed Lord Ilford to the colonel—from whom the proposition had emanated, and who pertinaciously adhered to his point.

"Your lordship forgets," was the reply, "that the provocation has been deadly!"

"Don't egthactly know what to thay," continued the peer; "we never fight tho in the Guardth!"

"I dare say not!" drily observed the old soldier; "but you can refer to your principal, my lord! If he objects, it will then be for me to state the reasons which induce Captain Mottram and myself to insist upon them!"

"Yeth—yeth! vewy pwoper!" said his lordship. "I'll hear what George thayth!"

"Anything!" impatiently exclaimed Herbert, when his friend had conveyed to him the proposal of Colonel Vandeleur; "it signifies little—there will be no occasion for a second shot!"

"I hope not!" ejaculated Graham; "you can't fail to hit him!"

"Of courthe not," observed the peer; "it would be, tho ektheedingly widiculouth for a Guardthman to be thot by one of the line—contwary to all etiquette; and I'm a gweat thtickler for etiquette!"

The terms were finally agreed upon; and the two seconds agreed to throw a guinea in the air, to see which of them should give the signal.

"Shall I call to your lordship?" demanded the colonel.

"No! Let me call to you!" lisped the peer, who had a great objection to taking off his gloves. "Head!"

"Chance is against you!" said the old soldier.

"Vewy odd!" said the Guardsman; "but headth are alwayh againtth me!"

The grim smile which flitted for an instant over the features of Captain Mottram's second was the best commentary upon the observation of the noble speaker.

The antagonists at last were placed upon the ground, facing each other—their hands ready for murder. However society may palliate the custom, or sophistry cast its veil over it, duelling is murder—humanity abhors it, and only false honour can justify it.

"Ilford!" said Captain Herbert.

"Well?"

"Should I fall?"

"Fall!" interrupted the peer; "how vewy widiculouth!"

"Still it is possible," continued his principal; "you will find a sealed packet in my pocket: promise me to deliver it with your own hands to—" He would have said Isabel, but somehow the word quivered upon his lips—so he substituted for the name of the woman he had so cruelly injured, "to Mrs. Herber!"

"Thertainly—if you with it!"

"I do wish it, most sincerely—remember, with your own hands; and above all, do not let General Bouchier know of it!"

The peer nodded, to intimate that he perfectly understood him, and withdrew with Graham to a short distance, whilst Colonel Vandeleur gave the signal. Both raised their arms, and fired deliberately.

"Good gwaithouth!" exclaimed Lord Ilford, as Captain Herbert, who had received his antagonist's ball through his heart, bounded several feet from the sands, and then fell back a corpse. "George ith hit!"

"By one of the line, too!" added Cornet Graham, with an expression of intense disgust; "quite a discredit upon the Guards!"

"Quite!" answered the peer, emphatically.

The victor had not entirely escaped—the bullet from Captain Herbert's pistol had pierced his side: he was severely wounded, but not mortally.

"Is he dead?" he demanded, as he leaned on the shoulder of Colonel Vandeleur for support.

"Shot through the heart!" was the reply.

"My brother is avenged!" said the wounded man, with an air of satisfaction. "I have done my duty!"

The difficulties which would probably result from the duel had been foreseen. Lord Ilford, after directing his servant to convey the body of his friend to Calais, stepped into his carriage, followed by Graham—but not till they had both taken a ceremonious leave of Vandeleur and Mottram—and started for Ostend. As their passports were perfectly *en règle*, and the postillions well paid, they reached the frontiers of the Netherlands before the French authorities could intercept them.

It would be fruitless to try such a project now. The electric telegraph performs the functions of the police, and the fugitive is arrested at the very moment he deems that he has escaped the laws he has braved. From Ostend the two seconds sailed to England.

When the general was informed of his nephew's death, he appeared unusually excited. It was not sorrow he displayed, but annoyance. Miss Pepper rose like an ill-omened shadow before him.

"Curse the fellow!" he muttered; "had he only married her, all this might have been spared!"

At the thought, his hatred to the unhappy Isabel increased. Although possessed of little feeling, General Bouchier was a strict stickler for the proprieties of life. He dined that day alone. Whether it was that he had indulged too freely, or that the vexation he had undergone had affected him, he complained to his valet, as he assisted him to undress, of an oppression about the head—in any other man, probably, it would have been at the heart.

"Shall I send for Sir Henry Halford?" demanded the domestic.

"No; the morning will do. I feel sleepy; doubtless it will pass away."

The valet, however, was far from being satisfied, and ventured to remind his master that he had not lately been cupped—an operation which the general was in the habit of indulging in every month.

"No matter!" exclaimed the old man, pettishly; "it will have passed in the morning!"

The speaker was right. In the morning it had passed away, and with it the life of the heartless voluptuary—who was discovered, cold and dead in his bed, by his valet.

As he died intestate, his immense wealth, which would have descended to Captain Herbert, eventually fell to his unborn heir, which Isabel died in giving birth to—but not till she had seen her reputation fully established by the confession of her husband, which Lord Ilford delivered into her own hands.

The mercenary grandmother of the helpless infant—the widow of the infamous Colonel Mowbray—tried every scheme to get appointed guardian to the child; but, being defeated, finally retired to Boulogne, where she lived, miserable and dissatisfied, upon the annuity which her first husband had left her, despised by all who knew her.

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

Peace—the charm's wound up.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH the suit between Sir William Mowbray and the executors was in every sense of the word a friendly one, yet—thanks to the proverbial delay of the law—nearly three months elapsed before the right of our hero to the name of which he had been so long deprived was firmly established, beyond the possibility of any future litigation. The time, however, was not passed unhappily. In the society of Ellen the hours flew lightly, poised on the wings of love and hope.

The important decision was at last pronounced, and nothing remained but the formal consent of the Chancellor to his marriage—which, as there was no longer any inequality of birth or fortune to be alleged, that high functionary, after some little hesitation, gave.

Not to have hesitated would have been, in the late Lord Eldon, to have done violence to his conscience, and belied the precepts of his life. His was made up of doubts and hesitations; he doubted everything—his own judgment—even himself, at last.

It was the wish of Ellen that her marriage should be celebrated at Carrow—and as it was one of those few points in which the will of the lady is law, Sir William acceded to it. Orders were accordingly given for their return to Carrow—the Duchess of Devonshire, whose stay in England was limited, accompanying them.

What a picture of felicity did the happy lover draw from a life of usefulness and virtue, passed in the midst of

the inheritance so unexpectedly become his. Improving the condition of his tenantry, emulating the virtues of his father, Ellen for his wife—Ellen to be the mother of his children. At times he felt intoxicated at the prospect of his bliss—it seemed too great to be real.

If the happiness of the fair girl who had endured so much was of a more tranquil nature, it was equally deep and real—for her heart went with her hand—her pure, unsullied heart, rich in woman's truth and love's first sympathies—sweet as the flower fresh with spring's earliest dew, ere the sun-god's rays have drunk their perfumed breath.

Such a heart is the most precious gift heaven can bestow, or man receive.

It was arranged that Joe Beans—the faithful Joe—and Susan should be married at the same time: the worthy rector willingly agreeing to tie the nuptial knot for both.

The evening before their departure, Sir William Mowbray was informed that the Khan wished to see him: and, descending to the library, he found his long-supposed parent prepared for a journey. A chaise, too, was waiting at the door.

"What!" said our hero, "do you start for Carrow before us?"

"Not for Carrow!" replied the old man, mournfully; "but India."

"India!" repeated the baronet, in a tone of disappointment and surprise.

"Yes. I have paid the debt to honour and to justice!" resumed the old man; "the debt due to gratitude and friendship still remains! The widowed mother of Meeran Hafaz must learn from my lips that she is a childless woman! Her husband was my benefactor—my friend—need I say more? Do we part in peace?"

"In peace!" exclaimed Sir William, extending his hand; "more—we part as friends. In the circumstances fortune placed you in, many would have consulted their own interest and safety, rather than the eternal principles of justice and truth. Whenever my thoughts revert to you," he added, "they will be kindly ones!"

"Thanks!" said the renegade, deeply moved.

"Can I do nothing for you—nothing to prove my esteem—my gratitude?"

"Nothing!" was the calm reply; "you have removed the last reproach from my heart! As for worldly means, I am rich—rich even to loathing. Think not my design," he continued, "ill-considered or unkind—my brother already knows and approves it! Farewell! Be as happy as you merit—and I can wish you no greater recompense!"

Raising the hand which he still retained in his to his lips, he left the room; and before the baronet could recover from his surprise, the rattle of the chaise past the windows told him that he was already beyond recall.

Neither Sir William nor his brother ever heard of or from him afterwards.

The next day, according to arrangement, the party started for Carrow.

Far different was the reception of Sir William and his widowed mother on the present occasion, from his tenantry and friends, to the one they experienced on their first arrival. Then respect and sympathy for their long-suffering lady kept them silent, and the claims of their young landlord were unknown; but now their joy was unbroken. A large body of tenants on horseback met them several miles from the common, to escort them to the abbey. A hearty, joyous shout broke from them as the carriages appeared in sight, mingled with cries of "Long live Sir William Mowbray!" "Long live the heir of Carrow!"

"Long live Mister Beans!" roared Red Ralph—who, mounted upon a colt as rugged and shaggy as himself, had joined in the procession.

Knowing how faithfully he had served his young master, the farmers responded to it with a hearty cheer, which increased rather than lessened the embarrassment of poor Joe—who consoled himself by mentally promising to pull the ears of the little urchin, whose exuberant gratitude had drawn such unlooked-for attention upon him: which resolution, we are happy to say, the events of the day caused the honest rustic to forget.

"Where are the farmer and his wife?" demanded our hero, of Chettleborough, the sexton, who was one of the foremost of the crowd.

"At the abbey, Sir William!" replied the old man, delighted at being the first person whom the baronet addressed.

"Right!" said the young man, with a smile; "they have but anticipated my wish!"

As the procession moved on, the crowd increased. The entire population of the village was gathered round the park-gates, which opened wide to receive them.

Farmer Ashton and his dame, together with Jarmy and the old servants, were assembled under the old porch.

No sooner had he alighted, than Sir William shook the armer by the hand, and kissed his wife upon the cheek, which was stained with tears of joy and gratified affection. Taking them by the hand, he led them, despite their resistance, into the drawing-room, where his mother, Ellen, the duchess, and Dr. Orme had already preceded them.

"No—no, Harry—Sir William, I mean!" faltered the old woman; "the housekeeper's room is quite good enough for us!"

The baronet, however, had his way, and the quiet kindness of Lady Mowbray and her friends soon put the worthy couple at their ease.

The rejoicings were continued to a late hour, and the bonfire on the common, which Ralph and a troop of boys about his own age took under their immediate superintendence, was for many a day the talk of Carrow.

"Uncle," said Sir William, who had called upon

Matthew Ashton and his wife, "I have two favours to ask of you." He knew the best way to gratify him was to use the old familiar words.

"Of me!" exclaimed the old man, delighted.

"You must not refuse me!"

"Refuse you!" repeated the dame; "well, I should like to hear him refuse you anything! If he does, Harry—Sir William, I mean," she added, correcting herself, "only say 'I will,' and farmer will give in."

"I may not do that!" replied our hero, with a smile; "what I wish is, that you should give up the Home Farm to Joe Beans, who is to be married to Susan."

"Give up the Home Farm! Bless me! Yes—if you really wish it!"

"I do wish it!"

"But where are dame and I to live?"

"With your son, to be sure!" said the baronet, taking the old man by the hand. "We must not be separated, and as I cannot conveniently come and live with you, the next best thing is for you to take up your abode with me! My mother and Ellen," he added, seeing that the old couple hesitated, "both wish it, and I shall not be happy without it."

A request so pressed it was impossible to refuse. Their adopted son, in making it, had hit on the only means of repaying the care and affection they had lavished upon his youth. Wealth they required not—for, as the dame frequently used to boast, "they were rich, and it wor all for Harry!"

It was instantly agreed that the farm should be given up.

"But these said two favours, Sir William?" said the farmer, vainly striving to conceal his tears; "this be one to me and dame."

"Not less than to myself!" observed the young man, kindly; "but the next is not exactly my request, although I most heartily join in it—it is from Ellen."

"Lor!" exclaimed the dame; "what can farmer do to serve Miss Ellen? So rich, and beautiful, and happy!"

"We are about—but remember this is a great secret," said their visitor, with a smile—for he knew how little chance there was of its being kept—"to be married! Now Ellen is an orphan. The rector will perform the ceremony, and the bride wishes the farmer to give her away."

"What, I?"

"Matthew stand father to Miss Ellen!"

"From whom better can I receive my wife, than from him, who has acted as a father by me?" replied the baronet.

It were needless to say that the second favour was granted, even more readily than the first; and their visitor departed, leaving the hearts of those who had watched over his infant years overflowing with gratitude and affection.

"He be our own boy, dame, after all!" exclaimed the delighted farmer; "at least I love him as dearly as if he had been our own."

"I am sure I do, Matthew!" replied his wife, wiping her eyes; "only think—to live at the abbey!"

"Hang the abbey! It isn't that I care about—it's living with Harry—Harry again! But I can't help it—it do come so natural, loike! But, dame," he added, seriously, "we mustn't abuse his goodness—mustn't feel that we are a tie upon him. So, when the gentry come to visit him, we'll just keep to the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Jarmy will be company for thee, and I'll smoke my pipe wi' butler."

"Humph!" muttered his wife, who did not exactly see the necessity of the proposed arrangement, into which, however, she naturally fell after the first few days; confessing that she should pine herself to death, if forced to sit with her hands before her in the drawing-room.

Besides, she was still looking after things for her dear boy Harry—as she invariably called the baronet, when speaking of him in confidence to her husband or Mrs. Jarmy.

The morning at last dawned which was to reward the manly virtue of Sir William and the long-sufferings of Ellen. Although an attempt had been made to conceal from the tenantry the exact day, yet somehow the secret got whispered; and great was the devastation committed in consequence, not only in the garden of the rectory, but in those of the neighbouring farmers. The entire church was decorated with flowers, and the secluded path which led from the park to the sacred edifice decked with evergreens.

The baronet and Ellen were married first—then Joe Beans and Susan.

Farmer Ashton's affection, and the pride of his wife, were amply gratified; for their adopted son received from the hands of the former the band of the fair orphan.

As the carriage containing the newly-wedded pair drove from the porch of the old abbey, a hearty shout was given by the crowd which thronged the lawn, and many a prayer was breathed for their happiness.

And they were happy—happy as a life of usefulness and love could make them. Sir William dispensed the fortune he had so unexpectedly inherited in promoting the welfare of all around. The farmer and his wife resided with him to the last—the contentment of the good dame receiving its completion at being requested to stand godmother to the baronet's second son, who received the name of Harry.

The Home Farm, too, prospered in the hands of honest Joe and his industrious little wife, who were frequent visitors at Carrow. The only occasion on which he neglected his work, was when he heard the report of Sir William's gun in the preserves: then, despite the pouting of the pretty Susan, and her hints about plunging and harrowing, the sturdy yeoman would sally forth to join

his dear young master—he had always a fresh covey of birds to show him.

As time rolled on, these little interruptions became of less consequence—for Red Ralph, who remained with him, became fully competent to supply his place in the fields and farm-yard. Under the instruction of Susan, he gradually lost much of his uncouth manners, and married an industrious girl, the daughter of a small farmer—who, quite as much to his own astonishment as that of every one else, took a violent fancy to him.

As Ralph used to say, when sitting by the hearth of his own cottage—a gift from the baronet and his lady:

"It wor a happy day for I, when I first met Mister Beans!"

The duchess, soon after the marriage of our hero, returned to Italy; but the widowed Lady Mowbray remained with her children—blessed, after so many cruel trials, in the contemplation of their happiness, which reflected back, as in a mirror, the dreams of her own youth.

Our task is ended, and yet the pen will linger in our hand. But we must not abuse the sympathy of our readers by longer delaying them. One moral at least we trust they have gleaned from our tale—namely, that it is not sufficient for any of the great purposes of life to possess, like Meeran, the "Will" alone; as the happy husband of Ellen proved, honour, integrity, and truth must find the "Way."

[END OF "THE WILL AND THE WAY."]

LADY HATTON.

In this huge London there is one spot, nearly in its centre, into which many close-alleys, and crowded courts, and narrow lanes, and long passages, and murky yards daily pour out a rush of population, like the arteries sending life-blood to the human heart. Not one of those places but has some sad memory associated with it—some story of sin or sorrow, of silent suffering, or of deep crime. Many such places are there within the space which we call Holborn. A populous world is that long street, with its continuous line of busy traffic—its hum of many voices—like the murmur of the angry waves when they dash into white froth and tawny spume upon a rocky coast. But it was not always thus. There was a time when it was a houseless space, where the citizens of London met for sports, the very names of which have passed away, like the memories of those who practised them. Afterwards, one of the kings who held sway in London inclosed these city meadows with a wall, and bestowed them as a gift upon some cunning courtier, who had found his way to the royal heart by flattery. Next, when king and courtier had passed away, the fair fields came into the possession of a brave old soldier, who had won fortune and fame in the wars with France.

This was the Lord Hatton. He built in the centre of this estate a grand chateau, like what he had seen abroad. He had a gardener from the Low Countries, to lay out for him a beautiful place, with terraces and fountains, winding walks and green swards, fruit-trees and flowers, quaint sculptures in stone, and curious devices, fancifully cut out of the trees which grew there. There also were grottoes of spars and shells, which gleamed like precious stones when viewed by torch-light. And, in gilded cages—as if splendour could diminish the pain of captivity—were rare birds from lands far beyond the sea. The palace and the pleasure-grounds are gone—the most searching antiquarian would fail to find a trace of them. But the place which we now know as Hatton Garden shows where they once were. They were the marvel of their day, and their owner was so proud of them that it would be hard to say which he cared more for—them, or the fair youth, his only son. Well and tenderly, piously and fondly, he had brought up this youth. In time, however, the old lord died, and the dwelling and the garden, the jewels and the gold, the honours and the title descended to his son.

There was a gorgeous funeral, and the king attended it, with all his court. The young Lord Hatton wanted some months of being of age, but preparations soon began to be made for the rejoicings. They ransacked foreign lands for whatever was rare and costliest, to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. They brought arras from the tapestry-makers of Artois, and fine linen from the looms of Flanders, and rich wines from the valleys of Burgundy, and cloth of gold from the storehouses of Genoa, and tall mirrors from the island manufactories of Venice, and spices from the fragrant groves of Arabia, and transparent tissues from the labour of the dusky dwellers in India, and royal carpets from the merchants of Persia, and gold and silver plate, rich with chased adornments, from the goldsmiths of Paris and the carvers of Florence. For the Lord Hatton had succeeded to wealth capable of answering almost the utmost demands of extravagance, and he had resolved that his coming to man's estate should be celebrated in no niggard manner.

The gala-day arrived. The King himself was among the earliest guests, anxious to judge for himself, whether Rumour had exaggerated the fortune and luxurious tastes of his wealthy subject. The magnificence of that day was never to be forgotten by those who saw it. Far and near, it was spoken of as eclipsing even the most royal splendour. The poets of the day made many a ballad about it, which for a long time were sung in rich men's palaces and poor men's lowly dwellings. Rich wines spouted from the fountains, from dawn of day to the set of sun. There were refreshments laid out in tents, including the substantial fare which men liked then, as well as delicate luxuries culled from many a distant clime. There were crowds of servitors inviting, pressing all to partake

of the rich viands and the sparkling wines. There was sweet music from skilful players, concealed among the leafy shrubberies. There was a long portion of the green sward pressed down and closely mown, on which the youths and maidens might dance. There was a field-at-arms for the bold knights who attended the festival. There was an extensive range in which the yeomen might exercise their sports. There was something to suit the taste and rank of all, rich and poor, old and young, gentle and simple.

The place was thrown open to all who pleased to visit it, as well as to the distinguished specially invited by the Lord Hatton. Among the lovely visitors was one who had more beauty than the brightest of the fair ones present. She was very lovely indeed, and exceedingly proud in the consciousness of that surpassing beauty. She was among the crowd, not of it. Her father was an humble, honest man, earning a hard living by hard labour. She was discontented with her lot in life. Many gallants of the Court, who had noted her remarkable beauty, had attempted to draw her from her father's humble roof: pride, rather than principle, had as yet prevented her fall. She was heart-sick with discontent. There was this aggravation also—she had been educated above her station. Adjacent to her father's cottage, close to what we now call St. Martin's Lane, there was a convent, where she had been taught to read and write—unusual attainments, at that time, for one of her age and sex—and increase of knowledge had been as fuel to feed the flame of discontent which was swelling in her heart. She was thus exactly ripe for temptation. Be sure that the Evil One ever watches the hour and seizes the occasion to do his will.

It would be difficult to determine what impulse had brought Edith Lee—for that was her name—to the great festival given on Lord Hatton's birthday. It is true that most of her neighbours went, but theirs was no example for one who ever had scorned to follow in the common track, and had hitherto avoided exhibitions of grandeur; for when they were over, it made her very sad to think, as she sat in the poor cottage of her father, that others should be splendidly attired and luxuriously surrounded, while she was subject to the lowest wants, yet feeling that her capacity for enjoyment was as high as theirs. Surely she had not gone among the crowd at Lord Hatton's to display her beauty—she was too proud to be vain—for she had half-hidden her face beneath the large wimple which she wore, according to the custom of her humble condition in those days, and had concealed her figure in her ordinary plain attire. A mixture of curiosity and impatience had brought her thither. If she had endeavoured to define the impulse, she might have failed. There are times and circumstances which lead us to act, we know not why, as if some viewless finger of resistless fate beckoned us on, and impelled us to obedience.

As Edith Lee stood, pale and still as a Sibyl, in that scene of gaiety and mirth, perhaps her bosom was the only one in the crowd which covered a heavy heart. Naturally of a temperament more lively than grave, her musings had turned of late into that thoughtful meditation from which tears would be a great relief, but to calm which tears do rarely flow. Her beauty gained more in expression than it lost in force by this change. The light of her glance was not dimmed but softened, and her voice now had a subdued sweetness, like that born of the gentle kiss of the southern breeze upon the voiceful chords of the Æolian harp. She now bore a deeper beauty than that of common life—a beauty over which Thought had gently passed, and softly left a trace of its shadowy presence. So, in the world's elder days, might have appeared a daughter of earth, after her first entrancing interview with one of the Sons of God, earthward descended, enamoured of her beauty; and so might she have stood in listening mood, after having gazed at the purple pinions of the heavenly visitant on his returning flight, thinking that, after the visible Presence had passed away, she yet heard the rustling sounds of those ether-cleaving wings, and wondering whether she should ever again bask in the light of the radiant countenance which beamed with glory from the far and golden empyreal!

Thus Edith Lee stood, almost concealed in the shadow and by the huge trunk of an ancient tree—her mind far away in the land of dreams, as she gazed upon the changing brilliancies of the sky, fancying each cloud an island in which it would be happiness to live and love. Who among us has not watched the sky, when its blue beauty is diversified with glorious piles of many-coloured cloud, in which Fancy can trace islets, domes, minarets, and mountains, blended yet contrasted? Who has not sometimes yielded to the softening influences of the subduing even-tide, and, gazing on this glorious Cloudland, wished that he had wings to fly away and be at rest among one of its many mansions? So stood and gazed Edith Lee, and so she thought, until there came the sweet voice of music, and the sound of approaching footsteps, and the happy harmony of light laughter, and the joyful murmur of mirthful language. There was one voice, among the many that were audible, which thrilled through her very heart. It was musical, clear, and low as the pleasant sound of a well-played instrument. As the crowd of gallants came in view, she recognised one face, one form, the moment she saw it—a recognition which, though none but herself was or could be aware of it, caused a heartquake which covered her brow, cheeks, neck, and bosom with a sudden flush. Voice, form, and face were such as, night after night, had haunted her in dreams, ever since her proud spirit had rebelled against her lowly condition in life. Have I not said that the Tempter had marked that discontent?

Never before, never before had she thus seen him—breathing, living, speaking in her presence. But he had been vividly with her in the dream by night, and, though

less distinctly, in her waking thoughts by day. Her heart had been filled with new and deep sensations—so powerful that the blessed daylight sometimes became wearisome to her, and she longed for night, because then again she should behold this spirit-love of hers. So overpowering was this new sense, thus strangely operating, that often, in the clear noon-day, she would shut her eyes, in the hope that in this semblance of sleep, when external objects were shut out, she would palpably arise before the vision of her mind. And it was a strange and strong peculiarity in this life-in-sleep, that while in dreams she traced and passed through a successive series of adventures with this creation of her fancy, her waking thoughts had but a vague and uncertain impression of him and them. Now she saw him—speaking, smiling, walking proudly amid a group of gallant gentlemen—as glorious as ever he had appeared in the fair and boundless world of sleep.

The crowd of gallants passed on—Lord Hatton in the midst—and Edith Lee remained leaning against the old tree, straining her sight after them long after they had gone beyond her view. She did not heed his companions. She had not noted how many nor how few they were, or what their appearance. She only felt that she had seen him—that he was a creature of life like herself, and that his evident rank removed him from her by a gulf which she could not pass.

Edith Lee's mind was so much the prey of these conflicting emotions, that she did not note how long she remained by the old tree. After a time, she became aware that somebody was standing opposite to her, carefully reading her features. She saw a middle-aged man, well-dressed, and dark-featured, with a countenance such as you could not give a plausible reason for not liking, and yet its expression such as one does not like to look upon. There was a sneer upon his thin, pale lips, and a sardonic gleaming in his glance, which, as their eyes met, made her feel uncomfortable. She would fain have moved from him—for his glance troubled her; but it seemed as if she had lost all power of voluntary motion and speech. He held her there with his glittering eyes, as the serpent fixes the wild birds in the depths of the Indian woods. He laid his hand upon hers, and the touch, light as it was, thrilled to the bone, and chilled her blood.

He spoke to her. His voice, though not unmusical in itself, grated harshly on her ear. He spoke in a tone low enough for a whisper, yet every syllable fell distinctly upon her ear, and sank into her heart.

"You soar high, lady-bird!" said he. "It is a bold dove to seek a mate in the eagle's eyrie! You love that gay young lord—you would wed him?" He bent his face close to hers, as he added, "and you *shall*!"

She shrank back from him with unconcealed dislike, and the expression of his features became terrible in its demoniac beauty.

"What, pretty one," he continued, "you shrink from your friend, who has the power and the will to remove the cottage flower, and place it in the glory of the palace-gardens! Why, trembler? I have known your wishes—I have fashioned your dreams, until sleep has become for you a life more beautiful than any reality you have yet known! Your heart rebelled against the lowly state in which you are placed, and that rebellious discontent gave me power over you! Lo! now you shrink from my words, and you never shrink from my works! You even stand upon ground which is my own! Your foot rests upon the grave of a suicide. You need not start! By his pride of heart he killed his mother! He stained a name which never, until then, had been tarnished by the breath of dishonour. He betrayed his country, denied his God, and came back a broken man, to hang himself from the very tree you lean against! In childhood's innocence he had played beneath its shade, and the huge branch that bore his quivering body withered from that hour! See, it hangs above you, leafless and barkless!"

Edith Lee heard the words of mockery, and her spirit quailed beneath the scowl of that dark and mysterious man. She fell in a heavy faint, yet heard a whisper in the air:

"If you would wed this young lord, meet me, at midnight, in the churchyard by St. Martin's monastery!"

It was dusk when she awoke. She left Lord Hatton's garden, unnoticed amid the crowd, and sought the solitude of her own little chamber. Here she thought upon what had passed, and shuddered as she thought. Then she wept, and tears relieved her. Then she knelt down and prayed. That night her slumbers were peaceful as the repose of an infant.

But the morrow came, bringing back the old discontent which had vexed her spirit, together with new and stirring desires, which the sight of Lord Hatton had excited. Day after day sped on, and there was an end now to the bright dreams which had made night so longed for. The very lack of these sweet visions made her day-thoughts turn upon their living object. As she often saw him pass her door now—sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback—always superior to his companions, and never bestowing upon her even the scanty homage of a transient glance, she was in no chance of forgetting him.

Weeks thus passed on. Then came the rumour that the young Lord Hatton was about to wed a royal ward. The news unvaried Edith Lee. That night she did not pray. So the Tempter resumed his power over her, and she dreamed that she saw a bridal throng, and that she stood at the altar, with Lord Hatton as the bridegroom. Then she awoke, and the moonlight glancing coldly in through the dull and narrow casement, dimly revealed the squalid poverty of her chamber. And then, once again, clear and low came the remembered whisper:

"If you would wed this young lord, meet me at midnight, in the churchyard of Saint Martin's monastery."

She started from her bed, for the hour was at hand. She wound up the contention between the evil spirit and the better angel in her heart, by resolving to try whether the Stranger would, indeed, be at the rendezvous. No necessity, she thought in her pride, for compliance with his demands, should he make any—and she deemed—foolish girl!—that he might be able, perhaps, to unfold or influence her future.

It was not difficult to leave her father's cottage, for Poverty has occasion for few bars and bolts. She stole out, with noiseless steps. She came back in an hour, with pale cheeks, and wild eyes, and a throbbing brow. Whom she met, what passed, what pledges she received, what promises she returned, none ever knew; but it was said, in after times, that she had signed a contract—signed it with a pen dipped in her own blood—with the Great Enemy, to give herself to him, body and soul, at a future day, if he would procure her marriage with Lord Hatton. She returned to her bed. She could not pray now.

Next day, as Edith Lee was standing at her father's door, a noble company of gallants rode by. One of them, the chief, bent low to the beauty of Edith Lee, cap in hand, until his forehead touched the mane of his Barbary charger. That evening, and often after, he came to the cottage, unattended and disguised, vainly striving to gain the favour of Edith Lee—for the cunning of her sex taught her how coyness wins better than submission. That day month, to the wonder of all, Edith Lee became the bride of the Lord Hatton.

Who ought now to have been half so happy as Edith Lady Hatton? Her beauty was so exquisite that even the ladies of the Court admitted it to be scarcely wonderful that she wore the coronet so many had contended for. As if intuitively, she immediately assumed the manner of her new and exalted station, becoming it as if she had been born to it. All hearts admired, all eyes followed her. The breath of scandal never approached her. She was a faithful and a loving wife. She was the idol of her husband, who thought nothing that wealth could procure half good enough for her. So liberal was she in her largess to the poor, that wherever she went their gratitude loudly poured out prayers for blessings on her head. Yet, with all her beauty, state, and wealth, Edith Lee was *not* happy. One fatal remembrance cast its shadow upon her path.

In due time, an heir was born to her noble lord. Then the shadow upon Edith's brow appeared less dark, and her eyes lost some of the troubled expression, which it sometimes had grieved her loving husband to look upon. Now, more than ever, she gave great aims to the poor; but, even in the West Minster, to which she sometimes resorted with her husband and her household, neither her heart nor her lips were moved with prayer. Something heavy was upon her mind, forbidding her to pour out her troubled spirit before her Maker. But her aims to the poor were constant and ample, her gifts to the religious houses were great: and hence it appeared that the common voice spoke loudly of her piety, shown through her works—as if Charity could atone for the lack of Faith. Yet, oftentimes, persons profess to believe, never showing that belief by their actions towards their fellow-men—as if Faith could atone for the lack of Charity! It is then the casket without the jewel.

As years rolled on, Edith Lady Hatton appeared of lighter and livelier mood. For the most part, she now thought of the past as of an unpleasant memory, which might best be cast into forgetfulness. But there were times when she had awful forebodings, and terrible fears, and dread despair; when her eyes would have a fixed and stony glare, as if they saw in vacancy that which they hated to behold, yet could not avoid—when the bloom of beauty would leave the face, and an unnatural paleness succeed—when her lips would try to utter faint and hurried words of awe and supplication—when all the living, breathing world around her, would seem as nothing before the compelling power of that dreadful Presence, invisible to all but her! At last, when a passion of tears had relieved her, she would anxiously inquire what she had spoken, and whether they could glean meaning from her words; and then would she hide her face in her husband's bosom, and wonder at herself, or affect to wonder, for being so weak and womanly.

She had but the one child, a boy of great promise, who was barely fifteen when her husband died. She bestowed great care upon his education, and had him brought up in the fear and love of God. For herself, she now frequented the minster more than ever. She was constant at matins and vespers; but she never knelt in the confessional; she prayed no prayer to God for pardon and succour. It seemed to her that she was secure from her enemy in the house of God—though even there she could pour forth no supplication for His grace, either in spoken words or spiritual thought.

The youth rose to manhood, as his father had done, and Edith made ample preparation for celebrating his twenty-first birthday.

Who can describe all the splendour of that brilliant festival?—the smiles and the glitter, and the beauty of the glare! The choicest of the company assembled in a stately saloon, which extended the whole length of Hatton House. At the top of this saloon was a chair of state for the Lady Hatton, who seemed almost as beautiful as in her early days of youth and maidenhood. Who so proud as that fond mother, looking lovingly upon her graceful and gallant son?

Upon the verge of midnight—the latest time, according to the etiquette of that epoch, to which the festivities could decorously be continued—the young Lord Hatton went to his mother, and entreated her to dance the last measure with him, and thus wind up a celebration which, he said, his heart could never forget. And, as he spoke, he took her hand in his, and pleasant tears filled his mo-

ther's eyes, as she looked upon him, and drank in the music of his low and earnest voice—soft and low in its gentle pleading. For, as she looked and listened, there came before her the dreams of her youth, and their glad fulfilment; and she joyed to see by her side such a fair image of that father whom she had loved with a love which seemed as if it were indeed a portion of her very life.

The Lady Hatton smiled upon her son through her pleasant tears, as she told him that years had taken away the buoyancy of her spirit and of her motion; that she was loth to refuse him anything upon that happy day, and that she would even join with him in the dance, if he could not find a more suitable partner. As she spoke, she looked round upon the bright company of ladies who were present; but her son said, with a smile, that in truth he had already danced with every other lady in the room: so that she had no further pretence for declining to gratify him. Then he led her to her place.

The dance was renewed, and the Lady Hatton and her son stood at the end of the saloon, that they might close the festival by treading the last measure. Merrily sounded the music. Mirth filled all hearts, and flashed from every eye, and spoke from many a lip. Thus all went on pleasantly—even noisily, perhaps—until now was almost time for the lady and her son to lead off the merry galliard, and with it conclude that joyous festival.

Hark! a loud crash at the outer door, as if a hundred rude hands were loudly striking upon it at once! A sudden pause in the music and the dance! A silence, as if a voice of command had sounded through the room—"Speak no more!"

Men looked inquiringly into each other's faces, as if to learn what could cause this strange noise at such an hour. Women stood, with pale faces and anxious eyes, in utter fear and wonderment. And then, after a minute's pause, all smiled at the interruption, and renewed the dance.

Presently an attendant glided in, almost unperceived; but the Lady Hatton saw his quivering lips, white cheeks, and frightened eyes. He told her, in awed and broken words, so low that no ear but hers could hear, that they had opened the door to a Stranger, who demanded instant audience with her. The lady sent back for answer (but her heart sank within her as she spoke), that he must be told this was neither time nor place for any but invited guests.

The attendant speeded to deliver this message, but quickly came back with a more terror-stricken countenance than before, to say that He would take no denial, for his second and more imperative message was, that "there was One below who *must* have instant parley with the Lady, and his token was—their last meeting in the churchyard, by St. Martin's Monastery."

Paler grew the Lady's cheek as she heard this second message. There are times when the thoughts and the fears, the anxieties and the remorse, the pains and the regrets, the griefs and the despair of a lifetime, can crowd upon the heart in one brief moment of intensest agony. Such a moment was that in which the Lady Hatton's mind—awed, unnerved, horror-stricken—was rent by pangs such as never can be described. She grasped the chair which stood near her, and endeavoured to steady herself by its support. The room seemed to swim around her. Strange sights glanced before her eyes. Strange voices made unearthly sounds for her ears. But this bewilderment was brief, and her mind soon cleared, the terrible consciousness remaining, in fullest reality, that dreadful evil was about to befall her.

Meanwhile the merry dance went on. It seemed as if no one had noticed the alteration which, in little more than a minute, had taken place in the aspect of the Lady Hatton. Her cheeks were pale as marble; her eyes were dulled into a fixed and death-like stare; her lips had lost all colour; her frame was shaken with emotion. Her son, who stood a little behind her, was speaking gaily to a smiling maiden, with whom he had danced earlier in the evening, and, thus occupied, he did not observe, and could not note, the strong heart-quake of emotion which so greatly agitated his mother.

A heavy tramp of feet upon the stairs; yet no ear heard it except hers. The door was burst open, as if a mighty whirlwind had dashed it in. No one noticed it, and the dance went blithely on. A tall figure advanced to the Lady Hatton. Her cry of terror was stifled in her throat. The well-remembered glittering eyes were upon her, with their demoniac leer. She had now lost all power over herself, but retained consciousness and sensation. The dark Stranger, with a smile of mock courtesy which iced her life-blood, took her jewelled hand, and led her forth to dance. Then, for the first time, the guests noticed his presence. A thick yellow cloud gradually filled the room, and, as its density increased, the pestilential vapour blinded the eyes, and rendered difficult the breathing of all.

When the cloud dispersed, in a few minutes, all looked on the Lady Hatton. But none could see her in the room. Her chair was crashed into many fragments. The carcanet which she had worn around her neck was found, shattered, on the floor. Of herself there was no further trace—but the attendant who had announced the fearful Stranger, declared that he had seen him lead her forth to dance, that he had whirled her round and round with resistless force, and that thus they had glided out of the saloon together.

In the midst of the wonderment, while they were yet listening to the broken sentences of the attendant, there suddenly arose a dreadful confusion in the disquieted air. High and shrill was heard a piercing shriek of bodily anguish. Then came unearthly laughter, as of a demon; and thus yell followed yell, while wild laughter, the dreadful merriment and mockery of a fiend, alternated with woman's shrieks of hopeless agony and dread despair. After a time all again was silence. Then, as with a sudden and simultaneous impulse, the guests rushed out

of the house in a body. The young Lord Hatton, who had fallen into a swoon, was attended by skilful physicians, but many days elapsed before he awoke to consciousness.

In a remote part of Hatton Garden (beneath the very tree which shaded the grave of the suicide, where Edith Lee had first seen Lord Hatton, and by which the Evil One had first spoken to her), were found, the day after the festival, one lock of long, dark, silky hair, and a human heart rent in twain and bleeding. Fragments of flesh were found in various parts of that extensive garden, as if, indeed, a human being had been torn to pieces in the air, and scattered piecemeal on the earth. But it was beneath the old tree, and upon the mound which covered the unhallowed dust of the suicide, that the Bleeding Heart was found.

The young Lord Hatton, struck with awe at the terrible event, never more took his wonted place in the world. He became a brother of the Cistercian order of St. Martin, and gave his estates for the benefit of the monastery, on the condition that they gave a perpetual mass for the repose of his unhappy mother's soul. After a time, these estates were sold. The mansion was demolished, for none were willing to reside in it—the popular belief being, that at certain times, strange scenes were re-enacted within its walls. As the city increased, the land was built upon, and one portion, now a populous street, retaining the familiar name of all, is called Hatton Garden to this day. Even yet (although the particulars of the story have nearly fallen out of memory), the place where the heart of the Lady Hatton was found, bears the name of BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

VEGETABLE DIET.—An animal diet, especially in temperate climates, is more wasting than a vegetable, because it excites, by its stimulating qualities, a fever after every meal, by which the springs of life are urged into constant and weakening exertions; on the contrary, a vegetable diet tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgment seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat.

NAILS GROWING INTO THE FLESH.—A late writer in the *Ohio Cultivator*, gives the following remedy: "Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides. It cured mine after I had suffered weeks with its festering."

THE OLD MOON IN THE NEW MOON'S ARMS.—It has been stated that the moon is invisible when out of sunshine. This is strictly true, although a word of explanation may be needed to prove the fact. Often, within a day or two of the time of new moon, the dull surface of its body may be seen faintly traced out on the twilight sky. Not only the crescent of the shining portion is visible—the entire face of the hemisphere turned towards the earth is also obscurely perceptible. The old moon lies, as it is said, within the arms of the new. Now the light by which the old moon makes its appearance under these circumstances, is really sunshine, notwithstanding the position the solar orb holds beyond the lunar sphere; but it is twice-diluted sunshine—the silver has been transmuted into lead by the touch of earth. The sun-light does not penetrate through the moon's substance, but comes to the earth, is thence thrown back to the moon, and from the moon returns to earth again. At the time of new moon, the earth, it will be remembered, is on the opposite side of the moon to the sun; consequently, the illumined half of the earth is shining on the moon, and the leaden hue we perceive is the moon seen by the earth-shine. This earth-shine is thirteen times stronger to the moon than the moonshine is to us, on account of the comparatively larger dimensions of the terrestrial sphere. Some astronomers state that this earth-shine on the moon changes its ash-grey tint into a green one, when the part of the earth opposite to the new moon is that which contains the verdant and forest-covered plains of South America. There can be no doubt that this earth-shine on the moon is more vivid when the terrestrial atmosphere through which it has to pass is clear, and that it is made dull when that air is laden with clouds and mists. Arago believes that we shall, some time or other, be able to ascertain the mean state of our atmosphere's transparency, by watching the ashy tints that appear on the obscure portion of the moon.

HOW TO GET HONEY FROM BEES WITHOUT SMOKING.—Mr. McLeod, head gardener at Altyre, has introduced a system in the management of bees into this part of the country, which bids fair to supersede entirely the long-practised plan of smoking hives at the end of harvest, and destroying the bees. Mr. M. has succeeded in obtaining a larger quantity of honey from a given number of hives, and of better quality than ordinary, without the loss of any of the bees. The multiplying process, too, goes on as uninterruptedly as under the old mode. In one week, a short time since, there were no fewer than six top swarms added to the former number of stools. Mr. M. uses various shapes and kinds of hive. One, which may be regarded as a model, made from one seen by Lady Gordon Cumming in the Great Exhibition—is of wood, painted green, and of a cottage shape. It has glass panes in different parts, through which, on removing a shutter, the bees may be seen working. At the upper part behind, a hinged board opens and shows six bell glasses, which hold about three pounds of honey each. The bees have access to these glasses through a small aperture in the board over which they are set, and as the honey is deposited here first, the bees work downwards, and

when the glasses are full, they can be removed and emptied at pleasure. When they are replaced, a fresh supply of honey is again deposited. Although this process goes on so as to leave the hive very little for winter provision, Mr. M. says he never had occasion to feed the bees. He assured as of the seemingly anomalous fact, that the larger the hive and the greater number of bees, the less sustenance through the winter do they require. The same process, slightly varied, goes on with the other ordinary skeps. There is a small hole made in the top of the straw hive, on which a lath box, eight inches and a half square and six inches deep, with a bit of window glass in front, is set. When this box, which will contain about fourteen pounds of honey, is full, it is removed and emptied, and filled a second time. Twenty-eight pounds, and sometimes thirty-two pounds, of the finest virgin honey may be thus abstracted from a hive in a season, still leaving as much in the body of the skep as will be sufficient maintenance for the bees through the winter. Smaller hives have smaller boxes; the quantity of honey taken of course is proportioned to the strength of the hive. Every precaution is adopted by facilities for observation, that no abstraction of honey, beyond what the industrious communities can afford, takes place.

DAGUERRE.—Dumas says, that while a lecturer on Chemistry, in the Theatre de Sorbonne sometime in 1825, he was accosted by a lady, at the close of one of his discourses, who anxiously inquired: "Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?" "In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it." This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his idea out, and fixed the images; but many a man so haunted by a possibility has been tormented into a madhouse.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Half a dozen specifics for its cure have been given to the public from time to time, yet we do not remember that one single case of confirmed rabies has ever been cured within the last dozen years. Still, we are confident that, in the Providence of God, there is for every bane an antidote, and it becomes men to "prove all things" until the remedy for hydrophobia shall have been discovered and universally made known. A correspondent of the *National Era* writes from Milbury, Massachusetts, as follows: "I am now in my eightieth year, and have obtained what information I could, both from observation and critical study. It has lately been discovered that a strong decoction made of the bark of the roots of the white ash, when drunk as medicine, will cure the bite of a mad dog. This, undoubtedly, is owing to the fact that rattlesnakes can be made more easily to crawl over live fire-coals than white ash-leaves; and they are never found in the forest where the white ash grows. Would it not be advisable for druggists in our large towns and cities to keep constantly on hand a medicine prepared from the roots of the white ash? It might be the means of saving some valuable lives from a sudden and painful death."—*American Paper.*

TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—Arrangements are said to be actually in progress for laying down a submarine telegraph between the United Kingdom and America. It is intended to connect the two countries, or rather the Old and New Worlds, through Galway and Halifax, the two nearest points of communication. The distance is about 1600 miles. The practicability of the scheme has been guaranteed, it is said, by nearly all the eminent engineers of the day, and various firms have sent in estimates for the execution of the work. These estimates vary from £800,000 down to £300,000, and some of the lowest estimates are said to have been sent in by some of the most respectable firms in the country.

COTTON ROPES FOR SHIPS.—There is a novelty about the *Sovereign of the Seas* that doubtless will be soon imitated by other vessels. The ropes which form the running rigging are of cotton, which we understand is not only capable of a tighter twist, but is not liable to become deteriorated by friction in the same degree as hempen cords. After they have been in use, too, for years, they can be sold for nearly as much as the original cost. These ropes are quite smooth, and run with great rapidity through the blocks. The sails also of this vessel are of cotton, two sets of cotton sails costing only the sum paid for one set of linen.—*Liverpool Times.*

A very interesting Parliamentary return respecting the Post Office has appeared, from which we cull a few facts illustrating the gigantic advance of the system. In the year 1839, the estimated number of chargeable letters and franks which passed through the post offices of the United Kingdom was 82,470,596. The next year the total was doubled; and it has constantly increased, till, in 1852, the aggregate had swelled to 379,501,499. For the year ending 5th January, 1840, the gross revenue was £2,390,763; the net, £1,589,486. On the reduction of the postage there was a great falling off; but in the year ending 5th January, 1853, the gross revenue had increased to more than it was under the old system—£2,434,326; while the net receipts—in 1841 only £410,028—have advanced to £965,442. In 1837, the Post Office paid £1743 to railways; in 1852, £329,963. In 1839, 188,921 money-orders, for £313,124, were issued; in 1852, the totals were 4,947,825 orders, for £9,438,277. In 1848, the loss on the money order system was £5745; in 1852, the profit was £11,664, the commission received having been £82,333; while the expenses were £70,669.



[THE ARTILLERY CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE.]

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

THE future heroes of England have had a surfeit of the pomp, glory, and circumstance of war. Scarcely a day has passed without their having been called out on active service. What between the desire of the commander, Lord Seaton, to render the ten thousand men at his disposal a model army, the pardonable pride of the officers to show off in the presence of royalty and the illustrious foreigners who have been attracted to the camp from all parts of the continent—even from republican America—and the enthusiasm of the troops themselves, it may safely be asserted, that in all her Majesty's wide dominions, no men have worked harder during the present summer. It has been all work and no play. One day it has been a regular pitched battle, with an uproar sufficient to frighten the very thunders that in summer-time reverberate among the Surrey Hills; the next day, the storming of a fortress; the following, a forced march—the most harassing of military duties; and probably on the succeeding day, an engagement which involved the daring, as well as delicate operation of crossing a river by means of a pontoon bridge.

This hazardous manoeuvre we witnessed. It took place on a small arm on the eastern side of that beautiful lake in Windsor Park—Virginia Water. The length of the bridge was 350 feet; and its breadth, or carriage-way, 12 feet.

But before we make our readers familiar with the particulars of this modern feature in warfare, we must inform them what a pontoon bridge is, and how it is constructed. We believe that the world is indebted for the suggestion to the mechanical genius of Sir Howard Douglas, formerly member for Liverpool, and highly distinguished for his scientific attainments. But Paisley, Blanchard, and others, have improved on the original idea, and it is quite wonderful to observe how rapidly a bridge of this description may be formed, so as to enable a large army—even one the Emperor of France or Russia could bring into the field—to cross the widest and most rapid streams in comparatively a very short space of time.

A pontoon is a hollow cylinder about twenty feet long, and nine in circumference—lined, in most instances, with a thin casing of wood about an inch thick, and covered carefully upon the outside with sheet copper, the edges of which are firmly rivetted together. In comparison with its size, its weight is a mere trifle, and herein consists its value, as a portable buoyant power.

On its outside surface, there are a number of rings and bars set in the copper, for the purpose of allowing the rafts to be lashed to it; while upon either end of the pontoon itself are strong metal rings, to which cables and small stream anchors are attached, to moor, as it were, fore and aft, in the centre of rapid rivers. Two of these pontoons having been placed at the required distance, a timber raft, about twelve feet broad and twelve feet long, made of strong planks, is placed upon it, and firmly secured in its position, so as to form a little bridge of the length we have mentioned, and rising by the buoyancy of the pontoons about three feet from the surface of the water. When a general is about to effect the passage of a river by means of these pontoons, the Sappers and Miners, who always have charge of them, form a number of these rafts in the manner we have indicated, and when the materials are at hand, the time for forming one raft is about seven

minutes. Six privates or the Sappers and Miners, and one corporal in charge, to steer, is appointed to every raft, which is fitted at each outermost side with three rowlocks.

When these preparations are completed, the first raft, supported at both ends by a pontoon, is pushed out into the river, where the men in charge of it, from long practice, manage and direct its course with perfect ease. The proper situation having been reached, the stream anchors are instantly thrown out, and the first raft is firmly secured by stakes and ropes to the shore of the river. By the time this has been effected the next raft has been anchored in its place, and the men on the first raft instantly proceed to bolt the plankings of the first and second rafts together; the men on the second raft being similarly employed in securing theirs to the third, and so on. In this manner a perfect bridge is formed with marvellous celerity. Some commensurate idea may be formed of the rapidity of the operation when we state, that a bridge capable of transporting an army of 100,000 men, with all their heavy baggage and artillery, could be thrown across the Thames at Greenwich in half an hour. The time occupied at Virginia Water—a distance, as before stated, of about 350 feet—was something less than twenty minutes. It was pulled to pieces, and packed up on the waggons in thirty minutes.

To prevent the fire of an enemy's artillery taking much effect, each of the metal pontoons is subdivided inside into seven distinct water-tight compartments—so that should they be struck, and two of the compartments staved in, it would barely make the difference of an inch and a half in the rise of the pontoon from the water. The pontoons are arranged in what is called "intermediate order," for the passage of the general baggage of an army, with artillery and cavalry. When thus disposed, the pontoons are moored eight feet four inches apart. In open order, for the passage of infantry only, they are placed twelve feet apart; while in close order, for the transmission of the very heaviest descriptions of baggage, they are moored at intervals of about from one foot to eighteen inches—but this mode is seldom used. We may mention, that there are on the ground rafts of India-rubber pontoons, which are made buoyant by inflation. They are so portable as to be capable of being packed up and carried in a small case.

We should think shredded cork would answer the purpose. One pound of it will support a man in the water for an indefinite time, and the pontoons, when not wanted for the chief purpose for which they were intended, might be used as mattresses. In the latter capacity, the sanitary and domestic uses which cork-fibre may be made to serve, are now being tested in the camp. Cork-fibre mattresses have been liberally distributed throughout the encampment.

But all such suggestions will receive the maturest consideration from the competent authorities; and we hasten to state, that on the day we witnessed the pontooning—if we may so call it—the arrangements were admirable. There was not a hitch anywhere. An army marched to the borders of the lake, and seemed to concentrate itself before a bridge, supposed to be defended by a formidable enemy. The great guns opened their deafening roar, and the blue smoke rolling away in dense volumes, among and over the ancient trees of Windsor Forest, partially concealed the simulated contest from view. Never before had such echoes been awakened within the royal demesne. Had a Norman or a Plantagenet been permitted to have revisited the earth on the occasion, he would have fancied

that the dread Scandinavian gods, in whom his piratical ancestors believed, were engaged in furious battle, to the hurricane howlings that mocked the roarings of the Paphian deity, when launching his lightnings down upon the rebellious children of the earth. However, as spirits do not now walk the earth—the progress of intellect has effectually exorcised them—they won't appear even at the bidding of spirit-rappers—her Majesty's lieges were right glad to behold her smiling face, instead of the grim visage of a king of war and violence; and while the contest at the bridge was raging dreadfully, and the idea made fully apparent that the foe had been coaxed into the belief that that was the principal point of attack, her Majesty's barge dropped quietly down the lake, and those who were lucky enough to detect the movement followed its course, and beheld the formation of a pontoon bridge, at a point screened from observation by a bend in the river, and the clouds of smoke which the dread artillery incessantly belched forth.

A signal was given, and the brigade of Sappers and Miners commenced their proceedings. While looking on in amazement, the bridge grew. So rapidly were the red pontoons brought together, that they seemed to drop into their places by magic. In twenty minutes a bridge was formed for the passage of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Everybody was delighted, and, we are well assured, cordially echoed the praises which the Queen bestowed on this arm of the service.

We publish the exact words of the memorandum "Her Majesty did not fail to observe the order, the silence, and the perfect acquaintance with every detail which prevailed throughout all ranks of the Sappers and Miners. Her Majesty highly appreciates the services of this portion of her army. From the date of its original formation, this corps has been remarkable in the annals of the British army, for the scientific attainments of its officers and the practical knowledge of its men, and has justly acquired the confidence and esteem of the army, by its skilful arrangements, and being at all times foremost in the perilous duties of war; in peace upholding its high reputation by the useful labours which it so cheerfully performs."

This is high praise, but it is richly deserved by the excellent and very intelligent corps of Sappers and Miners; for no men in the British army are harder worked, or have to encounter greater dangers. They are supposed to be ubiquitous, and to be capable of doing anything, from the undermining of a fortress to the repair of a camp kettle.

Well, the bridge having been completed, some riflemen dashed swiftly across it, realising to the imagination one of those scenes in an American forest in which Fenimore Cooper loved to revel. The dark figures, stealing so swiftly yet so silently along, might have been taken for Indians marching to surprise a foe as subtle as themselves. After the Rifles came the Foot Guards—true British grenadiers—who acknowledge no such "dictionary words" as fear and danger; some brave Highlanders, and, the opposite side being gained, and a smart action commenced with the now undecieved enemy, the Sappers and Miners rushed on to the bridge, and strewed it with fern. Then came the black, deep-throated cannon, and the foe, now no longer able to resist, fly in confusion, and a ringing cheer, in which the spectators heartily joined, proclaimed that the victory had been won. After a brilliant review, the word was given to march home again. Strange, for the England of this day, that a camp should be a home! but so it is: foreign politics and our colonial exigencies necessitate our keeping a sharp look-out; and if we must fight,

It would be madness to neglect the means, appliances, and due economy to be used in battle. The march homeward was very interesting. The troops, after leaving Windsor Forest, were allowed to do so almost as they liked. Some bivouacked in the fields, or on the road-side, to empty their tin cans and smoke their pipes. Not so the Highlanders. They, as if despising fatigue, and disdaining to acknowledge such a weakness as hunger, sternly went on their way, and reached camp without having once halted by the way.

FACETIÆ.

THERE are two reasons why we don't trust a man one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—The following question now under debate before the Perkington Lyceum: "Which will sooner make a man rich—minding his own business, or letting other people's alone?"

WARNING TO FIDGETY WIVES.—If anything can justify a man for sometimes thinking of putting away his wife, it is when, despite of continual entreaty and admonition, she is always putting away his things.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—There is a tight-rope dancer, who offers to walk across the ocean, provided somebody will chalk the equinoctial line for him.

FULL OF LAW.—An editor, down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

HINDOO LAW.—The Hindoo law says, "strike not, even with a blossom, thy wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults."

WITTY RETORT.—Home Tooke, during his contest for Westminster, was thus addressed by a partisan of his opponent, of not a very reputable character: "Well, Mr. Tooke, you will have all the blackguards with you to-day." "I am delighted to hear it, sir, and from such good authority."

HERTFORDSHIRE BOORS.—The Hertfordshire peasants are notorious for their want of urbanity. Indeed, as regards all that relates to the *bien-séances de société*, they are as great brutes as any gentleman alive. A lady, while on a visit to a friend residing in the county, had, during her rides on horseback in the neighbourhood, become perfectly aware of the hardness of the peasantry. One day, when riding unattended, she came to a by-gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A chubby boy was swinging to and fro upon it. She ventured to beg that he would open it while she passed. To her utter amazement he did so! Delighted with his complacency, she gave him a shilling, observing, "It is quite clear, my lad, from your civility, that you are not a native of Hertfordshire." The reply was, "Thee'rt a liar—I be!"

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her? "Why, massa, she no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do." The minister: "But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse." "Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good at all."

SOUND REASONING.—"How could you do so imprudent thing?" said a curate to a very poor Taffy. "What reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the slightest prospect of provision?" "Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason. We had a blanket a-piece, and as the cold weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

LEGAL BOTHERATION.—In "Maddock's Chancery Practice," vol. 1, p. 125, we find the following beautiful specimen of legal perspicuity: "When a person is bound to do a thing, and he does what may enable him to do the thing, he is supposed in equity to do it, with the view of doing what he is bound to do."

A DUTIFUL CHILD.—"How old are ye?" said Mr. Major Kiplins to a dwarfish young man. "Twenty."—"I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten."—"All comes of being a dutiful child."—"How so?"—"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head, and said 'Stop there,' and he then ran away; I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

CLERICAL PUN.—A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture: "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that that individual had got a habit of swearing."

POWERS OF MEMORY.—Boys are sometimes endowed with remarkable memories. The Keen family, of the state of Texas, consisted of three girls and a boy—the latter only four years old. They were all sitting round the fire one evening, engaged in telling how far back they could recollect. One of the girls recollected when she had "a doll that winked with both eyes." Another recollected when she was "a little baby at the breast, and Nancy tickled her feet." Johnny Keen, who was the last and least of them all, said he recollected "*uwss than that*." "How *uwss*?" said all the girls in a breath. "Oh, I recollect three weeks afore I've born, and how I cried all the time for fear I'd be a gal!"

QUERY.—Are not the persons who are praised for their taper fingers apt to be light fingered?

PALPABLE HIT.—A young farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his box, and, strutting across the floor, says to his wife: "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it will not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know of a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our old meal-barrel. I'm sure no one will think of going there to disturb it."

NOTHING NEW.—A paragraph is going the round of the papers, stating, as a singular fact, that some consolidated cream has passed safely through the post. We are surprised at the newspapers considering this worthy of remark, since so much milk-and-water is daily sent in their columns by the same conveyance!

PAPPY. I know what makes some folks call pistols horse-pistols. "Why, my son?" "Because they kick so." "Mary, put that boy to bed: he is so sharp he will cut somebody."

When neighbour Jones went in to dinner, the other day, he found one of his apprentices in the kitchen, quietly rolling up his sleeves. "What are you going to do?" said Jones. "Oh," quietly responded the boy, "I am going to dive down into that pot, to see if I can find the bean that soup was made from."

A QUANT SMILE.—Methinks, to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring out of the love they have to the apple.

A LAWYER'S NAME.—A lawyer wrote *rascal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

QUAKER WOOLING.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ay, Martha; but does not thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth: I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

"Ma," said little Katy, "I don't think Solomon was as rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" asked the astonished mother. "Because he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

GOOD-HUMOURED WIT is the elixir of life. Your genial, jovial, comic, graphic talker or writer does more to postpone the summons of grim death, than ten colleges of doctors and a thousand cords of drugs. Laughter serves as oil to our intricate machinery, keeping mind and body from dangerous friction by the cares of earth, and so enabling our systems to run smoother, perform better, and wear longer.

"It is good to feel humble, and to be humbled sometimes," as the donkey said when he undertook a race with a stage-hoss.

A ROYAL DODGE.—Musical performers who receive brooches and rings from the Czar, are able, without impropriety, to turn them into money, his majesty having instituted in his household an officer, whose special duty it is to buy back, at the full price, all the presents, he offers. Thus, "in Russia there are certain rings, brooches, bracelets, and snuff-boxes, which have been given away times without number."

HOW TO GET THE MEN TO PROPOSE.—It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be kept by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill up the blanks; and of course no sensible man can refuse signing them.

A RING.—A sarcastic bachelor, in his random notes on men and manners, says: "Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery." Married people may best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

TABLE-MOVING A CRIME.—According to some of the German papers, several Jew rabbis have declared that the experiments of the turning tables are contrary to the law of Moses, and constitute a crime.

A NAME.—A witness in the Court of Common Pleas gave her name as "Elizabeth Martha Selina Georgiana Augusta Cuham Burrows." "This," she said, "was her 'Christendom name,'" but she did not in general write it in full.

A LITERALIST OR A JOKER.—The Bishop of Oxford, having sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was—"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"—the churchwarden near Wallingford replied: "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

HOW COULD HE?—A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman, as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," says Johnny, "bat you have made a mistake!"—"Oh, no," said the gentleman, "*I never give less!*"

A SURE HIT.—A sporting gentleman passing by a house, observing on the door the separate names of physician and surgeon, facetiously remarked, that the circumstance put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun—for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

A SHORT SERMON, by a QUAKERESS, runs as follows: "Dear friends, there are three things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and brickbats into fruit trees to knock down fruit: if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other: if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women: since, if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

ANTI-WEATHER COMPANY.—A company has just been started, designated the "Umbrella Association," for the purpose of hiring out umbrellas and parasols in wet and sultry weather—the botrower to lodge a shilling for the safe return of the article; and pay one penny an hour for the loan. The company have already laid in a stock of 25,000 umbrellas and parasols, and intend forming several district depots in London.

LAUGHABLE ADVENTURE.—During the past winter, a reverend clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of the snow upon the roof of the barn might do some damage, resolved to prevent it by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and, giving the other to his wife, he went to work; but, fearing still for his safety, "My dear," said he, "tie the rope round your waist!" No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus, on the one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung; but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dangling at the other end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman luckily passed by, and delivered them from their perilous situation.

A barber once headed his advertisement with the following parody on Goldsmith:

Man wants but little beard below,
Nor wants that little long.

ROMANCES generally end with a marriage. And many young girls, when they leave school, would wish to go through the romance of life, as they do most romances, by beginning at the end.

"I want to borrow a hundred pounds," said a fast young man to a Jew usurer. "What security can you give?" "My own personal security, sir." "Very well—go in here," says the Jew, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment; "what for?" "Why that is the place where I always keep my securities."

Is pig-iron anything like pettified pork?

The business hours of birds differ from our own, their notes being mostly given out before 10 a.m.

The following complimentary conversation once took place between Balzac, the novelist, and Dumas, the dramatist. Balzac: Monsieur Dumas, when I am worn out, I will take to writing plays. Dumas: Then you will do well to begin at once. Balzac: If I begin to-morrow morning, you will be forgotten to-morrow night.

Why are pantalons like wells? Give it up, eh? Because they have spring bottoms.

MARTIAL, the witty Roman poet, speaking of a lazy barber of his time, complains that while he was tediously going over the face of a customer, another beard grew out.

DEFINITION OF HUMBUG.—A severe instance of the use of the term "humbug" occurred in a court of justice. A female in giving her evidence repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel (a very plain, if not an ugly person) observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation; to which she replied: "Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?" The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

THE TREE OF LOVE.—During the early settlement this country, when Boloxe—now a little watering-place on Lake Pontchartrain—was garrisoned by the French troops, a young officer, who had been refused leave of absence to return home, solemnly vowed that he would marry the first woman who should come over from France, be she young or old, provided she would have him. Soon after an emigrant ship arrived, and the passengers were disembarked in boats, which, on account of the very shallow water, grounded some twenty yards from the shore. The young officer, who had been watching the proceedings, rushed into the water and approached the boats. Casting his eye rapidly around at the females, he soon discovered a very beautiful young girl, and, with his native politeness, he greeted his countrymen and women, and informed the latter that they would have to be carried ashore. He then offered his services to the young girl, which were at once accepted, and he carried her to the beach. They walked along the sand until they came to a beautiful grove of catalpa-trees, and there sat down to enjoy the grateful shade. Here the young soldier told his vow, and declared his love, which the dark-eyed beauty accepted, and, on account of this incident, the catalpa-tree was called *l'arbre d'amour*—The Tree of Love!—*American Paper.*

MATHEWS MISGUIDED.

DURING an Irish debate, Mathews was a constant attendant at the House of Commons. He took his station under the gallery, by permission of the Speaker. These debates being frequently carried on to a late hour, his friend Mr. Parratt, of Millbank, gave him a bed at his house. One night, on his way to Millbank, having got

half way home, he was, from fatigue, arising from his lameness, compelled to rest against a post.

It is pretty well known that Mathews had many antipathies—such as one year hating mutton and eating nothing but beef, and the next, disliking beef and eating nothing but mutton. Amongst other things, he had a great dislike to the jingling of keys, or the rattling of money in another person's pocket. On the present occasion, he had partially recovered himself, and was hesitating whether it were better to proceed, or to return (that is, to return to the coach-stand in Palace Yard, or go to Mr. Parratt's), when he heard a sound like the rattling of keys close to him; and, turning round to see whence it came, he beheld a tall man, with a great coat reaching down to his heels, who civilly inquired if he was ill, and whether he could afford him any assistance. Mathews told him where he was going, and that he was lame. They had not proceeded many yards, when the same jingling noise arrested his attention, which his new friend perceiving, advised a slower pace. This being adopted, the unwelcome sound ceased, and they got on remarkably well till they arrived at the Horseferry Road.

The moment they came in sight of the Thames, up went his conductor's arms suddenly and violently, and the keys again rattled; they were then immediately under an immense gas-lamp of a gin-palace, and Mathews looked down to see where the noise came from: his new friend's coat having blown open, he saw—oh, horror!—appendages to his legs that clearly proved he had just broken out of prison. Expecting he should be murdered, and that the raising of his hand was a signal for assistance, spite of his lameness, Mathews took to his heels, and ran every step of the way till he reached his friend's door, never venturing to look back, until the use he had made of his friend's knocker had not only roused the inmates, but half the neighbourhood; then, looking towards the water, he saw his fettered acquaintance limp into a boat, and row off with all possible celerity.

THE term "Putting your foot in it," it seems, is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it!"

THE SEAT OF WOE.—We never witness a tragedy from the upper boxes of a theatre, without feeling strongly inclined to drop a tier.—*Diogenes.*

THE FIRST STEAM-VESEL.—A kettle.—*Ibid.*

THE STRAITS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—The present case of the Sublime Porte.—*Ibid.*

A PROBABLE HYPOTHESIS.—If the Sublime Porte had acknowledged the Czar as Protector of the Greek Church, we suppose that respectable community would have been styled the veritable Russian Bear's Greece.—*Ibid.*

THE MILITIA.—Whatever the fact may be, it seems reasonable to expect that the agricultural counties should supply the best soldiers, considering the experience of the rustic in field practice, and the knowledge they must have of drilling.—*Ibid.*

LANDLADY: Mr. Rapid, without you immediately settle your rent, I shall be compelled to — Mr. R.: Mrs. Wiggins, if you pester me, with so little reference to my personal comfort, I'll bring an action against you for assault: I'll issue a *commissio de lunatico inquirendo*, upon which I'll certify for a *scire facias*, or a *nolle prosequi*; and I'll send you into a *primâ facie certiorari*, and sign a judgment of *quis clavis ambulator*, and make you pay your own costs! Landlady: Oh! oh dear, sir, if that's the case, I—I—I'll gladly w—w—wait!—*Ibid.*

THE BABES OF BABYLON.—We flatter ourselves that we have discovered an omission in the recent Cab Act, which sufficiently demonstrates our acumen, as well as the interest which we take in the trials of poor cabbies. Our astounding discovery is this—does a baby come under the head of a passenger, or as luggage? and how should it be charged?—*Ibid.*

CAMP INTELLIGENCE.—The yellow fever prevails among the troops stationed at Up Park Camp, Jamaica. The Blues prevail at Chobham. There is a division in the Mormon Camp. The troops at Chobham will not go again to Virginia Water: so much water having come to them, they will be able to study aquatic manoeuvres on the spot. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge slept at the camp a few nights ago. His tent was illuminated with camphine. It is reported of many of the officers at Chobham, that they are so much involved, they can scarcely keep their heads above water. During a recent review, one of the London swell mob picked a pocket, and immediately decamped.—*Ibid.*

ACCOUNTED FOR.—Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, London housewives affirm that meat keeps better this year than any of the preceding. This is indubitable, when we consider that all "cousins" of the cooks are encamped at Chobham.—*Ibid.*

BEWARE OF THE SELLER.—In addition to the fines inflicted on dishonest tradesmen, the Leet jury might adopt a species of epithetical punishments peculiarly fitted to the peculation committed. For instance—a cheating corn-dealer should be branded as a rogue in grain; a butcher with false weights as a gross impostor; and an amalgamator of sand with sugar a grosser!—*Ibid.*

ADVICE TO GABBLING M.P.'s.—When you resolve upon making a speech, copy the cook who, preparing a sheep's head, never dishes up the tongue without the brains.—*Punch.*

DIGESTIVE APPARATUS.—The best "grubber" obtained a prize at the late agricultural gathering at Gloucester; but we are not informed whether the successful competitor was a citizen, who emptied a tureen of turtle, or a ploughman, who devoured "a leg of mutton and trimmings." In such a contest town would be likely to beat country; at least if the grubbing-match were open to the corporation of London.—*Ibid.*

STRENGTH APPARENTLY ACCOUNTED FOR.—Notwithstanding the small size of the Aztec children, they are exceedingly strong. An incurable punster says they doubtlessly derived this strength from Gymn-aztecs, from whom it probably descended in a straight line.—*Ibid.*

WHAT IS A CABMAN'S MILE?—The question of "What is a mile?" is likely to take its place by the side of the important question, "What is a pound?" in the annals of political—or some other kind of—economy. Since the new act has come into force—or rather into operation, for its potency is not yet much felt—there has been a fearful conflict of opinion between the cab-drivers and the public as to what is a mile. It is evident that there must be an appendix added to all the books on arithmetic, for the purpose of including cab measure, which is quite distinct from any other measure we have yet met with, and is about as diametrically opposed to long measure as chalk is to any caseal or curdy compound. In the eyes of a cabman, "a miss is as good as a mile;" in fact, anything is as good as a mile for him—that is his passenger's—money.—*Ibid.*

GEORGIAN AND CIRCASSIAN SLAVES IN TURKEY.

ANOTHER source from which vacant harems are filled is the market of Georgian slaves; but it is by no means so popular. These unhappy creatures, who are embarked at Trebisond on board of the regular steamers, reach Constantinople in a very sad and pitiable state. We can imagine an European reader almost envying the captain under whose care is placed so poetical a cargo; but, alas! the truth is, that the Georgians are looked upon almost as suspiciously as a hundred cases of leeches for the Marseilles market. It is true they are separated as much as possible from the rest of the passengers, penned in like a flock of sheep, and hidden by dirty clothes; or, in bad weather, crammed below, like negroes in the middle passage. In spite of these precautions, the whole vessel suffers from their presence. Without exception, every one brings away a colony of native vermin. This is easily accounted for. The poor things resemble not a bevy of English maidens going out voluntarily. They are sold, from poverty or avarice, by their parents or friends, and are handed over, nearly naked, to the purchaser. To dress them would eat up all the profits. Such is the costume in which they crowd by day, and huddle together at night, whispering or dreaming of the splendour which has been promised them, to dispel their sorrow, and perhaps giving a passing thought to the home which has cast them forth, like the pet lamb when it has outgrown the fondness or the patience of its mistress. The merchant, with the uncalculating stupidity which characterises all dealers in human flesh, fattens these future sultanas during the voyage on water and millet-flour porridge. They arrive at their journey's end in such a state, that few connoisseurs in incipient beauty would venture to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes, when the owner is in haste to realise, he drives his Georgian flock to market in the unseemly condition in which they come ashore; or at most throws around them a feringeh—the mantle of the Turkish women. Chance for the most part presides over the sale. The purchaser keeps at a respectful distance from his acquisition, as a doctor might from a plague patient; and drives her before him to what may be called a preparatory school for the harem. A number of old women, indeed, gain their living by polishing up this rough material; combing their hair into shape, scrubbing them, and exterminating the reminiscences they have brought with them from their native hovels. From the class of women I have thus described most of the consorts of persons high in rank are taken. Such are the mothers of the ministers of the Sublime Porte—ay, and of all the sultans that have ever reigned on the shores of the Bosphorus.—*The Turks in Europe.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE ANGEL'S WHISPER."—The admirers of that popular song will be surprised to find that there prevails in India a tradition very similar to the one on which that song is founded. The other day our Hindoo nurse was watching our baby asleep, and, noticing that it frequently smiled, said: "God is talking to it!" The tradition, as elicited from this woman, seems to be here, that when a child smiles in its sleep, God is saying something pleasing to it; but when it cries, He is talking to it of sorrow.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE TURKS AND THE FLESH OF THE FIG.—There is a race of wild bears in Egypt, of the flesh of which, though it be insipid, the Europeans, from perversity, are fond. I once saw a cage containing four little ones sent to an English lady. It was carried through the streets by two great shamed-faced porters, whom a crowd of urchins and idlers followed and hooted. They were so annoyed that they dropped their burthen, and began cursing Christianity, whilst the sucking bears took to flight, pursued by a shower of stones and slippers. I remember, however, that on one occasion a fine Gratz ham was boiled for our use on board the boat. There were rumours among the crew whilst the cauldron was over the fire. They seemed to

consider themselves almost as accomplices of a sacrilege. But when the steaming ham was fished out by a hook at the end of a pole, and deposited with respectful contempt upon the dish, the men collected round at a certain distance with expanded nostrils, sniffing in the unholly odour; and one of them, in a moment of gastronomic conviction, exclaimed: "Wallah, how nice it smells! What a pity it is a sin!"—*Bayle St. John's Turks in Europe.*

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?—The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travel or instruction, by philosophy or vanity; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay: they whose aggregate constitutes the people are found in the streets and villages, in the shops and farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken.

EXTRAORDINARY MONOMANIA.—A landed proprietor in the Gironde, M. de Coers, died, a short time since, bequeathing to his heirs a fortune amounting to two millions of francs. The old gentleman was a great friend to the poor of his neighbourhood, and also acquired a high reputation from his theoretical labours on the subject of agriculture and drainage of land. Towards the latter part of his life, in consequence of a brain fever, he laboured under a singular kind of monomania. If he happened to see a knife, a dagger, or an old National Guard sabre, he spared nothing to possess it, and would even do so by unlawful means, taking advantage of any favourable opportunity to carry it off unseen by its owner. In the space of six months he had cleared the half of the houses of his commune of all their cutlery, the owners winking at his petty larceny, as they were amply remunerated for their loss by his family. At his death there were found in one cabinet, the key of which he always carried in his pocket, two thousand knives, swords, and sabres, ranged in order on stands, and each having a ticket attached, with the name of the person to whom it had belonged, and the date when the old gentleman had become possessed of it.—*French Paper.*

SULTANAS ABROAD.

NEARLY all Turkish women sally out every Friday to take the air, away from the town, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or to some of the places where water and shade may be found. The wealthy go in carts without springs, of unwieldy and primitive construction—six or seven heaped together—and sometimes their husbands lead the oxen or horses to the chosen spot, and then go away, leaving the women perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they please. The most popular amusements are the singing and music of the gipsy women, who repair thither for the purpose—music which is amorously languid, and singing which is detestably indecent. A lunch is generally brought out, and when this is dispatched, smoking and drinking commence—drinking, not of sherbet, but of good brandy, or other strong liquors, which soon induce a boisterous gaiety, so that the sultanas, whom we often imagine as pining away imprisoned, may be seen rolling in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter on the turf, or huddled up in a still more advanced stage of intoxication, like bundles of rags. The Montenegrin servants, who are the privileged beholders of these scenes, are often compelled to haul them into their carts, in which they are jolted back to the harem. Those who are not too far gone frequently pull up in passing through the Christian quarter, at the doors of taverns, to get more drink and a file of a hundred carts may often be seen stopping in one street, all full of women, some made bold and chattering by their excess, others hanging sleepily about and murmuring to be taken home.

There is a walk planted with elm-trees, not far from the city, where only women are admitted. Two or three thousand assemble there at a time, and, sitting upon a verdant slope, enjoy the indescribable pantomime of a comedy, which some infamous Jews, hired for the purpose, perform on the limits of the forbidden ground, for their amusement.

Europeans, of course, cannot enter the walk itself, but they may see the crowds collected at a distance, and hear the shrill applause which every act more than usually beastly of the mountebanks creates in the female crowd. On these occasions it would scarcely be possible for a stranger to recognise eastern life from the descriptions he is accustomed to read. The free conduct of the women has more than once attracted the attention of the government, which not very long ago published an edict, complaining that they remained out late at night, that they rode forth in coaches with young Christian drivers; that they ventured into shops, especially those of apothecaries; and even pushed their audacity so far as to eat ices in the Frankish coffee-houses of Galata and Pera. The edict accordingly recommended that early hours should be kept, and forbade women to enter shops of any kind, or be driven about by young coachmen. These interferences with manners which were supposed to be great advances in civilisation, and which seem strangely accompanied by proclamations giving permission to women to appear on the public promenades, were of course ineffectual. The women continue their old customs, though some have been hanged or drowned for being found in the back shops of Christians. It will require something else besides repressive measures to bring about a reform in this respect. All laws in the East, moreover, have the temporary character of proclamations. They are applied for a day and forgotten. It is forbidden, for example, most expressly for shopmen to have any other than old men as servants and they, almost without exception, have spruce, dashing young attendants.—*The Turks in Europe.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNCLE SAM.—The three best tragic actors on the British stage at present, are—Mr. G. V. Brooke, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Charles Keen.

GRIEF.—Why register the child by a wrong name? That would be foolish and criminal—for, under the Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act, the parents' names are required to be faithfully stated. The wish of the mother to conceal the fact of her marriage, shows that she has little womanly self-respect.

MADELINE.—Presents, as tokens of esteem or friendship, should not be costly, neither should they be articles of apparel—gloves alone excepted. Books or jewellery offer the most suitable selections—taste must determine the choice.

J. D. READ.—You have misunderstood the intention of our notice. What we aimed at saying, and did say, was that the Legislature could not consistently sanction the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday, unless it repealed the acts against Sunday trading, and explicitly declared how Sunday should be observed.

NAUTICS.—The tonnage of the commerce of the Port of London is considerably less than that of Liverpool; but, on the other hand, the number of ships engaged in the commerce of the Port of London considerably exceeds that of Liverpool. The explanation is, that the ships that frequent and leave the Mersey are of very great tonnage.

SIRIUS.—Under the new act, all dogs are taxed—there are no exemptions; and very properly—for the dog-mania has become an intolerable nuisance.

MARY.—The kings of England quartered the arms of France with those of England from the year 1330—when Edward III. laid claim to that kingdom as the son of Isabella, sister of Charles the Handsome, who died without issue—until 1801. Of course all pretensions on the part of England to France had long ceased. The force was terminated on the union of this kingdom with Ireland, when the ensign of Ireland was inserted in the place which the arms of France had occupied.

T. H. TROLLOPE.—Table and hat-moving would seem to indicate the existence of a power of which at present we have not any adequate idea, and for the present we must decline giving an opinion either way. The general impression is, that Professor Faraday's explanation of the phenomena is the true one.

EMMA LOUISA.—Your engaged lover, who is in Australia, sent his portrait to a young lady acquaintance—not to you. Such conduct is very unlover-like, and we should think Mr. P. somewhat of a scamp. But such perversions are all owing to emigration. How can a man be the same, when under the influence of the gold mania?

JAMES, aged thirty-seven, with a good business, knows two ladies—one twenty-five years of age, the other thirty-five; either, he thinks, would make a good wife. In fortune, expectations, and attractions they are equal. Which should he prefer? Why, the one that will have him. But if he has yet to choose, let him take the best-tempered. To a man in business, a sweet-tempered wife is worth more to him than all his best customers together. But if the ladies are quite on a par in this respect—just as like each other as two peas—we should say the youngest; for, after a woman has turned forty, she is not quite so active in business as she was between twenty-five and forty. Still it must be said that some women at thirty-five are younger-looking and sounder in constitution than many at twenty. In choosing a wife, health should be considered.

INDEX EXPUN.—The majority of our assurance companies are proprietary, others are mutual, and some are mixed. The law regulating joint-stock companies requires these societies to subscribe to a form of registration—that is, they are to state the amount of their capital, paid and unpaid, the number of the shareholders, and the shares held by them respectively. Now, this is no protection whatever to the public; for, as regards the capital, the returns may be fictitious—and with reference to the shareholders, a company of five hundred may be limited, as to solvency, to half a dozen. But it is notorious, as regards the registration business, that all sorts of tricks are resorted to. This is positively all the guarantee provided by the law for the safety and soundness of institutions whose operations extend over an area of upwards of thirteen hundred millions of pounds, and involve, in their working, the very stability of the empire. It says much for the respectability, prudence, and good management of the majority of these companies, that no disaster has occurred; but immunity in the past is not to be accepted as security for the future. Our insurance companies have been successful, but they are not safe. The public require some guarantee against fraud, of a preventive character.

S. D. K.—Your case is a pitiful one, but the blame rests with the system. Imprisonment for debt had become so tremendous an evil in the reigns of the three first Georges, that charity attempted its correction by building prisons for debtors: the state lent a helping hand—Acts of Parliament were passed to relieve the goals of their pressure of inmates, imperfect classification was adopted, eleemosynary relief encouraged—but all to no beneficial purposes: debtors multiplied *ad infinitum*, and county rates for their support had to be levied. This touched the pockets of the whole community, and led to the passing of acts under which insolvents might be liberated by application to a court that was established at an enormous expense. Still there was no inquisition of prisoners: those who had money or friends passed through the court very readily—those who had neither, remained in prison. And that is the law of England to this very day. There are no means by which a debtor can be discharged from prison except by his own petition, supported by money, the death of the claiming creditor, or a discharge by the latter, after he has thought to have taken sufficient satisfaction. For felons and misdemeanants there are assizes and sessions—a fair trial and no favour; and what we ask for is, that the same measure of justice should be extended to the debtor.

S. A. C.—Capital should be free as the winds. It cannot be coerced with safety. Being merely the representative of the productive power, it is a fluctuating medium, valuable only for its representation of material interests and the facilities it affords for those exchanges of which labour is the base. It is sufficiently trammelled by the necessities of banking, without being subjected to any other restrictions; for, after all, capital is but a system of credit, based on unlimited confidence, which, if once shaken, not only becomes weakened in itself, but injures all the interests it is intended to accommodate. The history of our manufactures furnishes abundant evidence in favour of this trading and commercial treasure. When the despotic governments of Europe chose harshly to interfere with the consciences and pursuits of their subjects, the latter fled to England in considerable numbers—when they laid the foundation of our present manufacturing greatness: thus proving that money and industry had no particular affection for any land, but liked that best where they were least meddled with. Capitalists are no patriots, in the political sense of the word; their country is that which allows them the most elbow-room. Capital is simply credit, wielded by a few, and its solvency imperatively requires that it should be unfettered—that its owners should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets: and this rule, upon due examination, will be found to apply equally as well to labour as to the iron or cotton upon which that labour is exercised.

J. H. G.—It is usual, but not necessary, that before a gentleman can be ordained for the ministry of the Church of England, he must have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

J. JOHNSON.—Any person styling himself, and practising as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, when not authorised to do so, is liable to be prosecuted.

W. J. L.—The young man's opinion of you was correct. You have a very soft place in your head. Your foolish criticisms must render you very disagreeable to your acquaintances.

JOHN HOLDS.—Your mother must take out letters of administration for her deceased husband's effects—and after payment of the debts, take one-third, and divide the remaining two-thirds between yourself and brother.

R. N.—1. On entering a company composed of persons you are not acquainted with, you must only shake hands with the hostess. Her duty is to introduce you to such of her friends as she desires you to know. 2. A tiff—nothing more. Renew the courtship as speedily as possible.

GENEVRA loves a middle-aged gentleman, and is almost certain she is warmly loved in return; but he appears to hesitate to avow his passion—she thinks from a dread of being refused. What shall she do? Wait. This apparently timid man is evidently a shrewd man of the world. He is studying her character and disposition—buying her with as much coolness as a butcher would buy a sheep. The feeling on neither side is love. On hers it is a penchant—on his, a cold wish to have the sanction of the law and religion to a marriage of convenience.

DE VERE having married under a professional name, and having a small property, which is left by will to the eldest son, wishes to know whether the child can substantiate his claim to the property, and the most advisable course to pursue under the circumstances. The marriage is good, but it will have to be proved by the declaration of the pair themselves, by that of the minister who officiated, and of the persons who were present. This comes of deception. In this instance there is a probability that the child will never be put into possession of the property.

E. COOPER.—All the higher departments of literature have an excellence peculiarly their own—all are great and ennobling; but biography and history take the first rank—they are the *duces* of the armies of books. History takes precedence, because it chronicles the doings and elaborates the characters of nations. Biography gives us the lives of individuals, and if history could only be rendered as graphic and poignant, there would be but small demand for the labour of the romancist.

THE LILY, BY M. M. M.

Should the rude wind too roughly blow,
Then would you gem of living snow
Droop o'er its parent bed!
And though the mildest breeze should play,
Nor evening's dew, nor morning's ray,
Could raise its weeping head!

Ah! thus by dark suspicion's breath,
The rose of love was chilled to death,
Never to blossom more.
In vain did hope contend with fear,
Nor sweetest smile, nor softest tear,
Could e'er that rose restore.

ADAM DAWES.—The Japanese group of islands extends from the 31st to the 42nd degree of north latitude, and from the 157th to the 175th degree of east longitude. It is composed of three main islands, with innumerable smaller ones, which, strutting the sea along its coasts, render them dangerous and difficult—and therefore protect the empire from the sudden invasion of foreigners. The existence of the Japanese islands was revealed to Europe towards the close of the thirteenth century, by Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveller. For three centuries after his time Japan remained in obscurity, or was only referred to as an invention of the imagination. The Portuguese, the great navigators of the sixteenth century, once more brought it to light; and the Jesuits, always the enterprising missionaries of the Roman Catholic church, had nearly completed the conversion of the whole nation, when an accident interrupted, and eventually destroyed their labours. The Dutch followed in their wake, and have still a settlement on the coast. The intercourse of the Japanese with the rest of the world is very limited; and their policy, like that of the Chinese, is strictly to prohibit any at all. The population is estimated at 40,000,000, and the country is considered very rich. A trade with Japan would of course open up a new channel of commerce to the British and the people of the United States of America.

GOODWYN BARNEY.—Your song has rather pleased us, but we object to your insinuation about there not being equal rights and laws in this country.

FILL UP THE CUP.

Fill up the cup of human bliss,
And let its brim with toasts be crowned,
And while its beaded froth we kiss,
Oh, let us pass the bliss-cup round!

The scales of justice!—May they weigh
In balance fair the people's cause,
Until we measure out the day
By equal rights and equal laws.

The light of truth!—Oh, may it shine
On palace gate and cottage door,
Until it makes all souls divine,
And green earth sunny more and more!

The ring of love!—Oh, may it wed,
Not only loving heart and heart,
But distant shores to one great head,
Until there is no foreign part!

Then fill the cup of human bliss,
And let its brim with toasts be crowned,
And while its beaded froth we kiss,
Oh, let us pass the bliss-cup round!

A. R. B.—The military Order of the Bath was first instituted by Henry IV. On the day of his coronation, he conferred the honour on forty-six esquires—who had watched all the night before, and had bathed themselves. After the coronation of Charles II. the order was neglected until the year 1725, when it was revived and re-organised. In January, 1815, it was ordained that, "for the purpose of commemorating the auspicious termination of the long and arduous contests in which this empire has been engaged," the order should consist of three classes: the first, not more than seventy-two Knights Grand Crosses, exclusive of the sovereign and the princes of the blood; the second to be Knights Commanders, to take precedence of Knights Bachelors. With the exception of twelve, who may be appointed for civil or diplomatic services, those only are eligible to these first two orders who are not below the rank of major-general in the army, or rear-admiral in the navy. The third class are called Companions of the Order. They take precedence of esquires, but are not entitled to the appellation of Knights Bachelors—which, as all our readers are aware, is the oldest, and was formerly the most distinguished order of knighthood. It is chiefly borne now by men who have obtained civic or literary honours; but a true author rarely accepts the distinction—artists are not so nice.

M. M. M.—The planet-ruling prophet, and the "seers" of all grades, are unmitigated impostors—their pursuits are criminal.

DIALLUS.—We do not think the government of Russia would proceed to the extreme barbarism of inflicting injury on British subjects in Russia, in the event of a war between the two countries. No doubt they would be subjected to the surveillance of the police, or possibly ordered to leave the country; but we do not think that probable—for the English in Russia are useful—they are chiefly employed in educational and scientific capacities.

SIDUS.—The library of the British Museum is mismanaged. As regards the admissions, every obstacle is thrown in the way of obtaining them. You must write to Sir Henry Ellis, and will direct a printed circular to be forwarded to you.

JAMES LYNN.—A marking-ink may be made very cheaply. Press the juice from a sufficient number of ripe sloes to make half a pint, then burn two ounces of horse-beans in a tin shovel or old saucapan-lid, and putting them into a linen rag, simmer them in the sloe-juice for half an hour. Strain the decoction thus made through a muslin bag, and it is ready for use. The article to be marked must be perfectly dry before doing so.

PICKLES is in a pickle. Cut by the girl he really loves, and courted by the one he does not, he is at a loss how to act. The wisest thing he can do is to run away from both. There is honour as well as discretion in avoiding a distasteful engagement.

E. J. W. The three-half-pence per pound duty on paper, is one of the iniquities of our fiscal system—for it is an obstacle in the way of the education of the mind, and the moral training of the nation. To a certain extent it is a complete prohibition of the dissemination of useful information, and healthy, humanising sentiment. For the press, after all, is the greatest instrument in the elevation of the human family. The public generally have scarcely any perception of the evil nature of this incumbence on literature. It not only cripples the producing powers of publishers, but confines the works of our best authors to the limited circles of the affluent, and entails upon those who have the courage to cater cheaply for the mental palate of the age, the positive risk of certain ruin, should their undertaking—as in the case of this Journal—not be rewarded by the most extraordinary success. It is clear that in no business is capital a greater essential than in literature. In its pursuits, from beginning to end, nothing can be done without money; and we consider the £800,000 per annum collected on paper, to be nothing more or less than an abstraction from the pockets of those who contribute more largely to the welfare of their species, than the senate and church combined.

B. Y. Z.—The existence of volcanoes in the moon being admitted, could those stony substances which have fallen on the earth from the air, have been projected from the moon? It is a nice question, but not one to ridicule, when we know that no greater velocity would be required for a body—say a stone—to be shot beyond the moon's attraction, than five times and a half that of a cannon-ball: and as our volcanoes have projected rocks with a greater velocity than that, the idea is more probable than it appears at first sight. That eminent man, M. Arago, says: "It is the most probable opinion of all, and hitherto the only one that satisfies all the phenomena observed."

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Susan Mayday (All deplorable are dangerous. Superfluous hair can only safely and effectually be removed by using tweezers)—N. W. H. (Under special circumstances, patents may be renewed)—Sally (In Bermuda)—X. U. P. (The house belongs to you—that is, if your brother died without issue—which you have not stated. Should he have left children, they would be entitled to a full moiety among them)—J. W. (The ship arrived safely at her destination)—Parquharson (Excellent handwriting)—A. W. N. (Is requested to communicate with her aunt)—M. N. O. (The skin cannot be whitened without injury to the health)—Charles B. Gilbert (We regret being unable to comply with your request. The MS. has vanished—gone the way of all rejected communications. Writers should keep copies of their contributions)—Pauline (Apply to the agents, Messrs. M'iver and Co., Liverpool)—Stanhope (Declined, with thanks)—A Would-be Soldier (Think of what is due to your parents. Do not be wicked as well as foolish)—F. W. B. (Purchase a treatise on artificial incubation)—Jacobus (The promise made was fulfilled to the letter)—H. Williams (Every chemist keeps distilled water)—J. Robinson (Apply at the Herald's College)—Julius Cox (Not destitute of merit, but unsuitable)—Matty W. (Chewing orris-root will sweeten the breath)—W. Morton (Order from the nearest dealer in periodicals)—M. J. F., Olney (The best cookery-book we ever perused is Soyer's)—Jasper Carew ("The Will and the Way" commenced in Number 398 of this Journal)—Cantab (Too vulgar)—J. C. and W. B. (We have some faith in Faraday's exposure of table-moving, but prefer biding our time. Even he may be wrong)—Nihil (You could not have better elementary works than the Eton Grammars)—Junius (The original edition of Milton's "Defence of the Commonwealth," would be prized by an admirer of that great man. Take the book to a collector)—T. W. O. (You would be entitled to have a lien on the goods, for rent and taxes paid)—Inquisition (Be a machinist)—Trio (We have no "best" comedian in England—all are alike stale, flat, and unprofitable)—M. B. (From the registrar of the court of the diocese in which the deceased died)—E. S. (At the Office, 334, Strand)—F. E. M. (Your teeth require scraping by a dentist)—Alice E. (Even to oblige a lady, we cannot discuss mere points of doctrinal theology in our pages)—Alfred Jones (Purchase a work on the steam-engine. A history would be the best).

****** We must again request our Correspondents to avoid using such signatures as "A Reader," "A Constant Reader," "A Subscriber," "A Constant Subscriber," &c. They create such confusion that we have found it impossible to reply to them satisfactorily, and for the future have determined not to notice them in any way.

NEW NOVEL IN "THE WEEKLY TIMES."

On Saturday, August 23, will be Commenced Chapters I and II. of a NEW TALE, entitled

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



CANTOR ENTERING THE BED-ROOM OF THE MISER, AT THE TRAVELLERS' REST.]

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall,
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearers shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say,
Whilst the long funerals blacken all the way:
Lo! these are they whose breasts the furies stealed,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.

POPE'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

ALTHOUGH the domestics at Briancourt Mansion—or the Hall, as it was more generally called in the neighbourhood—lived in considerable awe of their haughty lady and her crafty son, still, servant-like, they would talk. The footmen who had been commanded to remove the unfortunate Clara from the presence of her unnatural mother, had repeated the words she had uttered in the housekeeper's room—from the housekeeper's room they had been whispered in the kitchen. The following morning it was generally known throughout the establishment that the wretched, half-starved wanderer, whose corpse still lay in the gilded saloon above, was the long-banished daughter of their unforgiving mistress—and many and bitter were the comments on her vindictive nature.

"Dear young lady!" said the housekeeper, wiping aside a tear; "her sorrows are ended! Poor as I am, I would not have her mother's heart, her mother's dreams, for all the wealth she has inherited."

"It will never make her happy!" observed the butler, emphatically; "it can't."

"Never—never!" chimed in several of the upper servants.

At that moment the library bell rang twice: the usual summons for the house-steward, Mr. Barnes—a tall, thin, silent personage, who glided about the mansion like a shadow, and performed his duties with the methodical regularity of a machine.

He was one of those men whom an earthquake would scarcely have moved. In early life he had been the personal attendant of the late baronet, who held him in great esteem. It was generally said of him that he heard and saw everything, but said little.

"Your bell, Mr. Barnes!" observed the housekeeper.

The old man rose from his seat, and, without uttering a word, left the room.

"If he would only speak," said the butler, looking after him, "he could tell why her ladyship was so inveterate against Miss Clara, for marrying young George Stanley. Though poor, he was a gentleman, and brought no disgrace upon the family; but she never could endure to hear him named."

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Sarah Tubby, Lady Briancourt's own maid—a sour, unamiable spinster, who was hated by the rest of the servants—not so much on account of the influence she exercised over their mistress, as for the use she made of it, to render every one in the house as uncomfortable as she could.

No sooner did she enter the room, than the butler suddenly remembered that he had the plate to clean—the head cook retired to her sanctuary in the kitchen. All but Mrs. Brandon, the housekeeper, who disdained to show any fear of her, made their escape.

"Chattering again!" said the domestic spy, with a sneer.

"Did you listen?" demanded the old lady, bristling up.

"Listen, ma'am!"

"Listen, miss!" repeated Mrs. Brandon; "I spoke the word plainly enough! If so, you know the old proverb, about certain persons seldom hearing any good of themselves! And how should they," she added, bitterly, "unless from those who are as false and deceitful as themselves?"

Miss Tubby's naturally bilious complexion changed to a sickly red, and her deep-set grey eyes, which were unusually small, sparkled like an enraged viper's. It was very seldom that she mastered her temper—but on the present occasion she did contrive to subdue it. It was not her cue to show fight—her errand was to conciliate.

"My observation, Mrs. Brandon, was not intended to apply to you!" she made answer.

"Nor mine to you, Miss Tubby!" said the housekeeper, cooling down, "any more than yours to me—of course not!"

Satisfied with these mutual concessions, the severity and equivocal of which neither felt disposed to question, the ladies sat down, like two belligerents who respected each

other's powers, and did not wish to provoke an encounter there having been too many drawn battles between them.

"Oh, Mrs. Brandon," sighed the spinster, "my nerves have been horribly shaken!"

"Have they?"

"I don't feel at all like myself this morning."

The old lady mentally observed that she at least looked most unpleasantly like herself; but, peace being established between them, she confined the observation between her lips.

"This wretched woman," continued the speaker, "managed to rush up into the drawing-room, nearly frighten my lady out of her senses, and then to die! How exceedingly distressing! Shocking!"

"Very!" said the housekeeper, who was determined to see the drift of her visitor's conversation before she committed herself.

"Of course she was mad!" added the waiting-maid.

"Was she? Poor thing!"

"I heard Lawyer Quirk tell Sir Charles that there must be an inquest."

"Must there?" said Mrs. Brandon, with a well affected air of unconcern.

"Oh yes!" continued the female diplomat! "it's the law, when people die suddenly."

"Not always!" quietly answered the housekeeper; "for I have heard that when my lady's husband died there was no inquest—and his death was, I believe, a very sudden one!"

Again the complexion of Miss Tubby changed; but this time, instead of the ruddy hue of anger, it assumed a sickly, wax-like colour, which did not improve the appearance of Lady Briancourt's confidential attendant—whose influence over her mistress was as unbounded as it was unaccountable to all who knew the haughty, impatient disposition of the wealthy widow.

"I believe you were in the family when the late baronet died?" continued the speaker, without appearing to take the least notice of the singular effect her words had produced upon her visitor.

"Yes, yes—you know I was!"

"Died of apoplexy, I believe?" continued the querist.

"Yes, yes!"

"Found dead in his bed?"

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed the waiting-maid, starting from her seat and walking towards the window, where

she stood for some moments wiping away the drops of cold perspiration which stood upon her forehead. "I can't bear to hear him named!"

"Dear me! why not?" inquired her tormentor, with the most innocent air imaginable.

"It was I who first discovered him," replied the woman, hastily. "So good a master! I am sure his death nearly broke my poor lady's heart! She has never been happy since."

The old lady looked as if she really believed her.

"As the lawyer says," continued the speaker, "there must be an inquest. Of course," she added, "the servants will never be so foolish as to repeat any ridiculous ravings which the poor creature uttered in her madness; at least, I should hope not—it would not be to their interest!"

"Did my lady desire you to say so?" inquired the housekeeper.

"My lady, indeed!" repeated Miss Tubby, with a disdainful toss of her head; "do you suppose that my lady would trouble herself about any such folly? It is merely my own speculation."

"Which will doubtless be attended to!" observed Mrs. Brandon, rising to leave the room. "Your suggestions generally are—will hint as much to them."

No sooner was the waiting-maid left to herself, than she opened the door of the closet in which the liqueurs were kept, and half filled a tumbler with kirchenwasser, which she swallowed at a draught. Her features gradually recovered their usual expression of calm malignity.

"What a fool I am," she murmured, "to be startled by the gossip of an old fool who did not live with the family at the time, and has only heard—heard," she slowly repeated; "what has she heard? But it is like the world! The rich are sure to be slandered. Not that I have anything to fear, thank heaven!"

While thus soliloquising, Mr. Barnes had glided into the room, with his usual quiet step. When Miss Tubby turned and beheld him, with his keen, grey eyes fixed upon her, she started as if an adder had stung her. There was something in the old man's look which seemed to give the lie to her words: it was not the first time she had encountered the same menacing glance, and, without exactly knowing why, it terrified her.

"La, Barnes!" she said, "you steal about the house like a ghost!"

"Whose?" demanded the house-steward, in a quiet tone.

"Whose!" replied the waiting-maid; "why, any one's ghost!"

"Oh!"

"Whose should I mean?" she added, with desperate courage.

"You know best—perhaps Miss Clara's! She was no favourite of yours!"

"I defy your words, Mr. Barnes!" said the spinster, with a vivacity which showed how perfectly she had recovered her self-possession. "It was not my fault," she added, "if my lady disapproved of her running away with Mr. Stanley! I only did my duty!"

"And I must do mine!" observed the old man. "Sir Charles has directed the body of the unknown female, who so suddenly expired here last night, to be removed to the lodge. There is to be an inquest this time! Thank heaven," he added, "I did not see her die!"

Miss Tubby looked the speaker hard in the face, but not a muscle moved. The house-steward was one of those men whose countenances seldom betray their thoughts.

"Perhaps," she observed, with an air of indifference, "they may summon you to appear."

"Perhaps!"

"And if they do, what will you say?"

"The truth!" answered Barnes; "I never lie!"

Either the waiting-maid fancied the observation of the speaker was levelled at herself, or chose to take it—for she bounced out of the room with a disdainful toss of the head, muttering something about certain persons being in their dotage.

"Dotage!" repeated the old man; "time will show whether I doat or not."

In the course of the day, the inquest was held before the coroner from Colchester, and a jury composed entirely of the tenants of the Briancourt estates. By a singular coincidence, the summoning officer had picked out those who were in arrears with their rent.

Everything was passing to the satisfaction of Mr. Quirk, who anxiously watched the proceedings. The servants had been duly tutored. Not a word was said of the visit of Mabel, or the testimony she had borne to the identity of the poor, persecuted girl, who was styled in the proceedings as a female, name unknown. As they were drawing to a close, a noise was heard at the door of the room: it was occasioned by Mabel forcing her way through the crowd of tenants and servants, who vainly tried to impede her entrance. The poor, heart-broken mother had been absent from her home all the previous night, in search of her child, who had been so unaccountably taken from her. But her sorrows had not rendered her forgetful of the fidelity she had vowed to the dead.

"Make way!" she cried; "I will be heard! I have a right to be heard!"

"Silence in the court!" said the coroner.

"Keep that woman back!" whispered Mr. Quirk to one of the servants, at the same time turning very pale. "She is mad!"

Before the man could execute the order he had received, the landlady of the Travellers' Rest had forced her way through the crowd, and approached the table.

"You had better retire, my good woman!" observed the coroner.

"I shall not retire, sir!" answered Mabel, firmly, but respectfully. "I am here to speak the truth—God's holy truth—in face of those who would stifle it!"

Mr. Quirk began to look very uneasy. Approaching the unexpected witness, he tried to whisper something in her ear. She only partially caught his meaning—it was something about rent and money.

"Back, Judas!" she exclaimed. "I will not sell my soul for bread! Will you hear me, sir," she added, turning towards the coroner; "or must I go to Colchester, and make oath before the magistrates that the evidence I have to give has been wickedly stifled and rejected?"

"If you are determined," said the coroner, hesitatingly.

"I am determined! Worlds should not bribe me to conceal the truth."

Barnes, who was standing with several of the servants at the bottom of the room, nodded approvingly whilst the oath was being administered.

"Your name?" said the coroner.

"Mabel Cantor, sir."

The officer deliberately wrote it down; casting, as he did so, furtive glances at Mr. Quirk.

"Formerly," continued the witness, "waiting-maid to Miss Clara Briancourt—since Mrs. George Stanley—whose death you are here to inquire into."

"This is malice!" exclaimed the lawyer, with a malignant scowl; "rank malice! This woman was dismissed from the service of the family whose honour she would wound, for—for—" he hesitated; for once the lie was not ready to his lips—so he concluded by adding, "her vile and ungrateful conduct!"

"My good woman," said the coroner, in his most insinuating tone, "you must be mistaken!"

"Mistaken!" repeated Mabel, bursting into tears; "did I not live with her for years? Did she not come to my cottage a few hours before her death—drenched with the pitiless rain—starving—starving," she added, "and broken-hearted?"

"But Lady Briancourt would have recognised her?"

"She did, sir."

"Sir Charles, too? No, no—you must have been deceived!"

The faithful Mabel would not for an instant admit the possibility of such a supposition, but persisted in her former statement—relating everything which had passed at her cottage the previous day, except the trust reposed in her, and the oath she had taken.

Pity and indignation were depicted on every countenance, except those of the lawyer and the coroner. Even the servants, who had been schooled in the tale they were to tell, felt ashamed at having consented to repress the truth—so deep was the impression which the description Mabel gave of the sufferings and sorrows of her former mistress produced.

"Permit me to observe," said Mr. Quirk, "that this woman's evidence is entirely unsupported. I can prove that she has several times spoken of Sir Charles Briancourt and his mother with the most vindictive feeling."

The coroner shook his head—he was too respectable to risk his position and character any further.

"I shall certainly recommend," added the speaker, "my respected client to prosecute her for perjury—wilful and corrupt perjury!"

Mabel looked anxiously round the room: her eyes at last fell upon the impassible countenance of Mr. Barnes, who had been silently watching the proceedings.

"There is a witness!" she exclaimed; "one who well knows the truth of all I have stated!"

Every eye was turned upon the old man, who continued perfectly unmoved by the appeal.

After an approving nod from Mr. Quirk, who fancied that he could rely upon the house-steward—whose situation was most lucrative—the coroner directed him to be sworn.

"Now, sir," said that gentleman, as soon as the oath was administered, "were you present at the death of the deceased?"

"No."

"Have you seen the body since?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When it was removed, by order of Sir Charles, from the hall to the lodge."

One or two of the more respectable tenants—who had paid their rents and had nothing to fear—muttered the word "Shame!"

"And did you, who have lived so long in the family," continued the coroner, "and must have known the daughter of your mistress from infancy, recognise it?"

"I did!"

"For whose?"

"For that of Mrs. George Stanley—formerly Miss Clara Briancourt—whom I have carried, when an infant, a hundred times in my arms!" replied the house-steward. "I knew it, despite the faded features, and the sad change which want and misery had wrought, by a scar upon the right shoulder, occasioned by a fall from a pony, in the long walk, when a girl. If I remember rightly," he added, "you, sir, attended her upon that occasion! I wonder you did not observe it!"

The coroner, who was a medical man, slightly changed colour—observing, that it was singular the circumstance should have escaped him.

In consequence of this additional testimony, it became necessary that the jury should once more view the body. Mabel, who accompanied them, would permit no hand but her own to turn down the sheet which covered it.

"There!" she said, pointing to the proof; "there is a witness which cannot lie—my dear, sweet young mistress! starved, persecuted to death, by her unnatural mother and selfish brother—aided," she added, at the same time pointing with a gesture of horror and contempt to the lawyer, "by that bad man!"

Mr. Quirk immediately took down her words, observing that they were actionable.

Although there was every inclination on the part both

of the jury and coroner, to return such a verdict as might prove agreeable to the baronet and his haughty mother, the evidence was too strong for them. They felt that there was no getting over the testimony of Mr. Barnes. Still they stretched their complaisance as far as they could with safety, by finding "that the deceased, Clara Stanley, died from natural causes;" and then hastily dispersed, as if ashamed of their want of moral courage.

The verdict should have been, "from want of that bread which her hand, whilst living, had so often distributed to the poor!"

"God will avenge her in His own good time!" sobbed the faithful Mabel, as she stooped and imprinted, for the last time, a kiss upon the brow of her former mistress. "Her sufferings are over—those of her persecutors are to begin. Poor, blighted flower—the light of her old father's eyes—the joy of his kind heart—poor Mabel's only friend! cold—cold as my broken heart!"

"Get up!" exclaimed a harsh voice near her. "You have done mischief enough for one day!"

The unhappy woman rose from her knees—for she recognised the voice of her husband, who had been scouring the country in every direction, in search of their lost child.

"Meg—Meg!" she said, clasping her hands. "Oh, say that you have found her, Ned!"

"But I haven't found her!" answered the fellow, brutally. "I have been tramping about the woods all night! Had you kept to your home, instead of meddling in the affairs of your betters, she would not have been lost, and we should have secured a friend instead of an enemy. Find her," he added, "if you wish to pass a peaceful hour again!"

The look which accompanied this threat, made poor Mabel shudder.

"I will find her, Ned!" she eagerly replied; "believe me, I will! But don't strike me now! I can't bear it—indeed I cannot!"

The man replied only by an inarticulate growl; and the poor domestic slave, with a heavy heart, prepared to return with him to her home upon the heath—perfectly aware of the treatment she might expect when she arrived there.

Strange that man should choose for a mate something to tyrannise over and oppress—to exhaust his ill-humour on in secret—a sort of human conductor, to dissipate the spleen which cowardice or interest prevents his venting on his fellow-man! The inferior creation, as animals are unjustly called, might teach him a lesson.

"Nonsense!" some of our male readers will probably exclaim. "Is there not the law?" Of course there is—law for the blow—law for the broken limb; but where is the law for the broken heart—for the cold word, the bitter sneer, the daily outrage of unkind looks, which mock the sufferer's patience? There is none. She is his property—his slave.

In puritanical, Christian England, we affect to pity the women of the East, who are bought and sold in the public markets. But they at least possess one advantage over their sisters of Europe: their husbands treat them well—*They know the price of them.*

How often have we heard the careless, brutal husband observe: "Yes, Mary was a nice girl!" Was! Such men first uproot the flowers in their garden, and then complain that it is a desert.

When Quirk returned to the hall, and informed Sir Charles of the verdict of the jury, the rage of the baronet became furious. In the first transports of his passion, he ordered notice of ejectment to be served upon Ned Cantor, who was his tenant—vowing, with a bitter oath, that he would starve the rascal for not having taught his wife better.

"Mabel was not the only witness!" observed the lawyer.

"Who else?" demanded his furious client.

"Barnes, the house-steward."

"Barnes!" repeated Sir Charles, in a tone of astonishment; "the hypocritical, lying rascal! To turn like an adder, and sting the hand which fed him! The election coming on, too? Why, I shall be hooted from the hustings!"

His adviser shrugged his shoulders, to intimate that he thought such a circumstance not unlikely.

"At least," continued the speaker, "the authors of this precious mischief shall suffer for it! Barnes shall not sleep another night under this roof, I am determined!"

So saying, he rang the bell twice. In a few minutes the house-steward made his appearance, with his usual quiet demeanour.

"Did you ring, Sir Charles?" he inquired.

"I did ring!" replied the baronet, bursting with rage; "are your books made up?"

"You know," said the old man, respectfully, "that they are always made up!"

"Then leave my house at once—give your books to Mr. Quirk! He will check them, and pay any balance which may be due."

"Have you anything further to say, Sir Charles?" inquired Mr. Barnes, not in the least moved by his abrupt dismissal.

"No—only that you never sleep another night under this roof—that I am resolved on!"

"I shall not go!" replied the house-steward, firmly.

The lawyer and his client looked at each other in speechless indignation.

"From no love to you," continued the old man, "or respect to your service! I stay because it is my pleasure to stay! Whilst Lady Briancourt lives, this house is hers. If you wish for any further explanation, I refer you a once to her ladyship!"

So saying, he turned quietly upon his heel, and left the room.

"The insolent old rascal!" exclaimed the baronet, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise; "does he imagine that my mother will countenance him in his bravado? We shall see!"

"Better not be too impatient!" observed Mr. Quirk; "your mother sometimes takes strange fancies!"

"Ridiculous!"

"He has lived many years in the family."

"What of that?" demanded Sir Charles Briancourt; "does it give him licence to insult and brave me?"

"Certainly not; I merely thought—but you know best. Perhaps, after all, you had better see Lady Briancourt."

His client left the room, determined to have an explanation with his parent. It was not the first time he had wished to get rid of the house-steward, and been thwarted by his mother, whose haughty tone and manner invariably became kind and considerate when she addressed the steward of her dead husband.

"Barnes knows something!" murmured Mr. Quirk; "I am sure he does! and I would give a hundred—more, a thousand—to possess the clue! What can it be? Infidelity to the late baronet—eh? No! She has always been too proud for that! Her father's will? That could not have been tampered with, seeing that it disappointed her dearest wishes! I must find it out," he added; "then all will be easy!"

In about half an hour the baronet returned to the library, his countenance flushed with anger and mortification.

"Barnes does not leave?" observed the lawyer, with a smile.

"He does not," replied Sir Charles. "My mother's infatuation is unaccountable. But here she is mistress while she lives. I cannot contend against a will like hers!"

"I thought not!" muttered Mr. Quirk; "I thought not!" A few days afterwards, there was a pompous funeral at St. Botolph's. The body of the unfortunate Clara rested by the side of her father, in the family vault of the Briancourts. Her brother, clad in all the mockery of woe, followed the victim to her final resting-place. As he left the ruins of the old priory, where the ashes of many of the principal families of Essex repose, there was first a suppressed murmur amongst the crowd, then a groan, which rang for an hour afterwards in the ears of the unnatural brother.

CHAPTER V.

The aged wretch still sought for gold,
Base gain was all the miser's care.
He thought not once of growing old,
His hope, his fear, his heaven was there.

In the old town of Colchester, not far from the Church of St. John, there formerly stood a solitary mansion, the front of which was separated from the street by lofty walls, which, extending from wing to wing, formed a species of courtyard. The house, though fallen into decay, still bore traces of former respectability. There was a coat-of-arms, not inelegantly chiselled, over the principal entrance, and the coigns and lintels bore traces of having once been curiously carved. Most of the windows, at the period we are writing of, were closely boarded up, to avoid the tax. So desolate was the place, that even the neighbours would have deemed it uninhabited, had not, on rare occasions, a thin, curling smoke been seen to rise, as if it were ashamed of itself, from the tall stack of chimneys.

This house had for many years been tenanted by one Nicholas Arden and his daughter.

Although immensely rich—for the old man held mortgages upon half the estates in the county—he denied himself not merely the necessities of life, but the attendance of servants: the household work and the cooking—such as it was—were done by his daughter Alice—a fair, beautiful girl—who never quitted the house, unless to visit the neighbouring church, where she always went alone—her father never accompanying her.

A poor, half-starved boy, named Goliath Obie, whom Mr. Arden had taken from the poor-house, as a drudge, was the only inmate of the house besides himself and Alice.

The truth was, that Nicholas Arden was a miser. To his ears there was no music like the chink of gold. He lived upon the sound—it was his idol—for his heart had never known any other worship. If he loved his daughter, it was because she was his—a species of property—something that belonged to him: and upon everything that did belong to him, the old man set a certain value.

Although Alice Arden was remarkably beautiful, her features bore that resigned and hopeless expression which marks the countenances of those who have never known the joys of childhood. From infancy she had been both motherless and companionless. In her tenderest years the merry laugh had been a stranger to her lips—her whole existence had hitherto resembled that of those wondrous recluses which are sometimes found imbedded in the block of marble—dull, cheerless, hopeless—almost senseless.

The snow was falling fast, and the sleet which mingled with it beat with a sharp sound against the creaked panes of glass in the only window which had not been boarded up, in what was once the drawing-room of the mansion. This window had strong iron shutters, which the miser never failed every night to close and bolt with his own hands before he slept.

There was neither fire in the wide, gaping grate, nor a carpet on the floor—and yet winter had set in with more than usual rigour. The furniture of the apartment consisted of several oaken chairs, and a sofa to match, covered with faded tapestry. Directly opposite the window was a quaintly-carved cabinet, iron-bound, and guarded by a massive lock: it contained the title deeds of many a fair

estate—the bonds of the spendthrift heir, and needy merchant: all who wanted money in the good town of Colchester, and had security to offer, came to the miser for assistance. Once in his grasp, few ever were known to extricate themselves; ruin followed them like their shadows.

Nicholas Arden was seated at a long table, covered with deeds and papers. He was a tall, spare man, between sixty and seventy years of age. His eye had all the fierceness of the vulture's—to which rapacious bird his aquiline nose gave him a fanciful resemblance. He was attired in a loose dressing-gown, which Alice had made for him out of one of the faded curtains of the drawing-room—and to keep his long, grey locks from straying into his eyes, he wore a black skull-cap on his head.

The old man was busily employed in counting a large sum in gold—which he dropped piece by piece into an iron casket which stood upon the table. How his eyes sparkled as he listened to the chink of the yellow metal! The voice of love never spoke to his withered heart so eloquently. Whenever he met with a coin of unusual brightness, he gloated over it like some ardent lover gazing upon the portrait of his mistress; toyed with it, by balancing it upon the tip of his long, bony finger, to ascertain that it was full weight—then dropped it, with a sigh of satisfaction, to rejoin its fellows. Thrice had he counted them over: not one was wanting to complete the number. As he closed the lid of the casket, which shut with a spring, he began to sniff the air and knit his bushy eyebrows close together; for, like the carrion-bird to which we before compared him, he had a keen scent.

"More extravagance!" he muttered; "that girl will ruin me!"

This exclamation was occasioned, not, as our readers might suppose, by any savoury odours rising from the kitchen, which was situated directly under the apartment in which the speaker sat, but from the circumstance of a thin, vapourish smoke issuing from the unswept chimney of the drawing-room. He knew that his daughter Alice had ventured to light a fire in the chamber below.

"What if the glass does stand at freezing point?" he added; "she might keep herself warm with exercise! There will be sad waste when I am gone—sad waste!"

Finding that the smoke increased rather than diminished, he opened the door of the drawing-room, and, advancing to the head of the staircase, called several times, in a loud, angry tone

"Alice, Alice!"

"Coming, father" replied soft, silvery voice from below.

In a few moments his daughter made her appearance, bearing a small tray, on which was a basin containing a thin, watery broth.

"What is this?" demanded the miser, with a look of horror.

"It will do you good, father," answered the poor girl. "For several days past you have been ill—very ill—scarcely broken your fast—and—"

"And where did you get the meat?" interrupted the old man, sharply. "I shall be ruined—beggared, by such extravagance!"

"Eat, and never mind where it came from, so that it came honestly!"

"Honestly!" repeated her parent. "Have you robbed me, Jezabel?"

"Heaven forgive you, father, for that thought!" exclaimed Alice, with dignity. "Since I must tell you—when Sir Charles called yesterday respecting the mortgages, he threw me a crown piece. Doubtless he took me for your servant."

"So much the better, Alice!" said the miser, somewhat mollified. "I would not have my child dressed like a painted butterfly! And so he gave thee a crown piece—eh?"

"Yes."

"And how much hast thou spent of it?"

"Nearly two shillings, father."

"Two shillings! Two shillings, in one day! The wealth of India would not support such extravagance! Oh, my gold—my precious gold—gained with so much toil and pains! What will become of it when I am gone? Thou shouldst have given it to me," he added, "and I would have paid thee interest for it—that is, legal interest!"

Alice made no reply, but silently drew the little tray opposite to where he was seated. As the savoury steam greeted his senses, he became somewhat less irascible.

"Well—well!" he muttered; "as the meat is bought, and I do not feel quite well, it would be a sin to waste it! but no more such extravagance, Alice, as thou vauest my blessing! And see," he added, "that Goliath does not steal any of the meat: that boy has a stomach like the maw of death—there is no filling it!"

His daughter received the reproof and caution submissively, and sat contentedly watching the old man, as he indulged in the unusual luxury of a meal. As he concluded, a loud rapping was heard at the door.

"See who it is," he said, "and let me know before you admit any one."

Alice left the room.

"A good girl!" muttered the miser; "but does not understand the value of money—that a penny is the seed of a pound—the pound the seed of hundreds—thousands! Had I my life to commence again, what could I not achieve with my present knowledge? I shall die poor," he added, with a sigh; "very poor!"

By way of commentary on his assertion, he lifted the iron casket which contained his gold, and, staggering under the weight, placed it in the old oaken cabinet—the doors of which he carefully locked, and thrust the key into his bosom—nearest his heart. He liked to feel it there.

His daughter returned and informed him, that Mr. Quirk wished to see him.

After carefully looking round to ascertain that no paper, coin, or bond had been left upon the table, the miser directed that he should be admitted.

"Well, Mr. Arden," said the lawyer, as soon as he had closed the door of the room, "I have come for your answer. Are we to have the money?"

"Money!" repeated the old man, testily; "every one comes to me for money! I have none—scarcely enough to keep life and body together!"

Mr. Quirk smiled incredulously. It was not his first visit to the miser.

"This is childish folly!" he replied. "Your answer. With our securities, we need not go begging in the market."

"This was true."

"It is a large sum—a very large sum!" observed Nicholas Arden; "twenty thousand pounds!"

"The rental is eight thousand a year!" was the rejoinder.

"And when did you say you must have it?"

"In ten days."

"Well—well!" said the old man, with a groan; "tell Sir Charles that I will pleasure him. Draw up the deeds, and when they are signed, the money shall be counted down. Where do we meet?"

"At the post-house on the heath," replied the lawyer. "My client would not have his mother suspect such a transaction for the world! You will bring the money with you?"

"I will pay it into the bank," replied Nicholas Arden, suspiciously; "it might be dangerous to travel with so large a sum."

"It seems to me," observed Mr. Quirk—first rubbing his hands with considerable satisfaction at having completed a long-pending arrangement—"that you have not exactly that sort of confidence, my dear sir, which ought to exist between gentlemen of our standing and yourself!"

"Very likely not!" was the blunt rejoinder. "I trust no one, and cannot be deceived!"

"This is positively unamiable!"

"Look ye!" said the miser; "I know my fellow-creatures. They are like wolves, seeking whom they may devour—hungry and greedy!"

"Not all men, Mr. Arden, surely?"

"All!" continued the man of gold. "At least all that I have ever dealt with! Sir Charles Briancourt destroyed his sister that he might inherit her wealth; and her mother cast her off, that she might gratify her revenge upon the son of the man who slighted and scorned her; you pandered to your client's vices and necessities, and when you had him securely in your power, forced him into a secret marriage with your daughter—to ennoble her!" he added, with a chuckle; "ennoble her!"

"How know you that?" demanded his visitor, turning exceedingly pale—for he well knew the consequence, should the haughty Lady Briancourt discover the unequal alliance which her son had been betrayed into.

"I know many things!" was the dry rejoinder.

"Of course you will be secret?"

"As long as the interest of my money is duly paid," replied the money-lender; "I meddle not in such matters. To the very day, the sum your client requires shall be ready. I will not fail you!"

So saying, the miser rose to conduct his visitor from the house.

Mr. Quirk begged that he would spare himself the unnecessary trouble; adding, that "he knew the way."

"Possibly!" was the ungracious observation of Nicholas Arden; "but you are one of those visitors whom I prefer seeing from my house myself!"

CHAPTER VI.

Around it twined in many wreath
The nightshade dank, the deadly yew;
Poisoning the hurtless flower beneath,
Which under its cold shadow grew.

ALTHOUGH more than a month had elapsed since the abduction of the two children from the Travellers' Rest, and both Ned and Mabel had traversed the country in every direction, no tidings of them could be obtained. The house—which it had formerly been the pride of the bereaved mother to keep clean and neat—was neglected; and the garden, left uncultivated by her husband, soon became, from the rank nature of the soil, overrun with noisome weeds. The natural consequence was, that their business fell off—especially as it was generally known to all the country that they had fallen under the baronet's displeasure, and received notice to quit—which circumstance bettered neither their condition nor reputation.

Mabel had suffered much. Ned, whose temper had never been one of the best, was continually reproaching her for the loss of his child; and when maddened by drink, blows were added to unkind words. The poor, suffering creature bore them patiently. She felt them more upon her heart than upon her body. The former was almost broken.

Sometimes Ned would be absent for whole days, in company with a wild, reckless youth, known by the name of Black Will, whose acquaintance he had lately made. Reports of robberies, too, became frequent, and Lenden Heath obtained an evil name. This latter circumstance occasioned Mabel many hours of painful reflection. She could not account for the means by which her husband contrived to indulge his growing passion for drink; added to which, he had lately bought a new coat and gun.

"Where could he get the money?" she mentally asked, and as frequently shuddered at the reply which suggested itself.

One evening Mabel was seated alone, by the fire in her desolate cottage, brooding over her sorrows, when the latch was raised, and the gaunt form of the miser, carefully enveloped in a faded cloak, strode into the kitchen.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, starting from her reverie; "Mr. Arden!"

"Humph! so you know me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," said the old man, sharply, "that being the case, you can have no hesitation in accommodating me with a bed for the night. I am to meet Sir Charles Briancourt to-morrow, by ten o'clock, at the post-house. I should have slept there, had the rascally landlord been reasonable; but he wanted half a crown for a room. Half a crown!" he repeated; "all I had about me! What do you charge?"

"A shilling, sir."

"And enough, too!" was the reply.

Seating himself at the table, Nicholas Arden—the possessor of countless thousands—drew from his pocket a mouldy crust of bread and a hard-boiled egg—for he was far too economical to pay for a supper when travelling; and, requesting Mabel to give him a glass of water and a little salt, commenced eating his evening repast.

"You keep a good fire here!" he observed; "though, if you charge a shilling for a bed, you can afford to do so!"

"It is not many travellers that we have now."

"Ah! the times are hard?"

"Very hard!" replied the hostess, wiping away a tear.

"I find them so," continued the old man. "Pay! pay! my hand is never out of my pocket—the world is always robbing me! Not that," he added, with a hypocritical sigh, "I have much to lose!"

Despite her grief, Mabel could scarcely suppress a smile. From childhood she had been accustomed to hear people talk of the rich miser of Colchester, who was supposed to have more gold in his possession than both the banks in the town contained.

Although the monstrous charge of half a crown for a bed had been one of the motives which induced Nicholas Arden to pass the night at the Travellers' Rest, instead of the post-house, it had not been the only one. Rumours had reached him of the extraordinary disappearance of two children—one of which, it was whispered, was the granddaughter of Lady Briancourt—and he determined to ascertain the truth from the lips of Mabel herself.

His reasons for wishing to do so were plain enough. The existence of such a child, and her claims to Broadlands, affected the value of the securities on which he had advanced the large sum of twenty thousand pounds.

"My good woman," he began, in a soft tone of voice—for he could be very kind in words upon occasion—they cost him nothing—"you must be very lonely here?"

"At times, very, sir!"

"Have you no husband?"

"Yes—yes!" answered Mabel; "but he is absent: he—he works at a distance!"

"Any children?"

"God only can tell," exclaimed the bereaved mother, bursting into tears, "whether I have a child or not! I had one, sir—a fairy, joyous thing—the solace of my existence! but she was taken from me—stolen about a month ago—and I have had a weight at my heart ever since!"

"It is true, then!" thought the old man; then, speaking aloud, he continued: "Was she stolen alone?"

"No!" answered Mabel, with a look of surprise; "the child of a dear friend was taken with her! Oh, sir," she added, struck by a sudden hope, "if you have any clue, in mercy give it me! Feel for a mother's agony! I will bless you—pray for you! Can you give me any tidings of my little one?"

"No!"

"Any of the child who was stolen with her?"

"Not at present," replied the miser, cautiously; "I must first know the name of her parents."

"There needs no secrecy," said Mabel; "it was the granddaughter of Lady Briancourt—the child of my former mistress, Mrs. Stanley!"

"Formerly Miss Clara Briancourt?"

"Even so!"

"Tell me," continued the querist, in his most insinuating manner, "was she really married to Mr. Stanley?"

"Really married!" repeated Mabel, with indignation; "I could as soon doubt heaven as her unsullied purity!"

"Where—where?" eagerly demanded the old man, at the same time drawing his chair closer to her side.

"That," replied the woman, for the first time struck by the suspicion that his questions were prompted by something more than curiosity, "I cannot tell you, sir—for I did not accompany her in her flight from the hall—I remained behind, to avoid suspicion; and I never saw my dear lady afterwards, till the day she died—and then for a few minutes!"

Mr. Arden threw himself back in his chair, satisfied that he had gleaned from the hostess all she knew, and sat for some time musing over the intelligence. Once or twice a quiet smile played upon his thin lips—then disappeared like a fleeting shadow; at last he requested to be shown to his bed.

Mabel took the candle from the table, and conducted him to the best room in the house.

"There is no bolt to the door!" observed the miser, uneasily, after having taken a survey of the apartment.

"There is little need," she replied; "though poor, I am honest!"

"Humph!" growled the old man; "maybe! But it signifies little—I have nothing to lose! Good night!"

"Good night, sir!"

With these words she left him to repose, and returned to the kitchen, to await the arrival of her husband.

She had not long to wait before Ned made his appearance—half drunk, as usual. Black Will accompanied him—both appeared to have been walking very quickly.

"Any one here?" demanded Ned, in a tone which sent the blood to the heart of his wife.

"Yes—a traveller."

"I know—old Arden, the miser?"

"You would not harm him, Ned?" exclaimed the terrified Mabel.

"Harm him!" repeated her husband, with an oath; "what should I harm him for? He never did me any injury! What folly will you get into your head next, I wonder? I shall not stop long enough to harm any one," he added; "Will and I are about to try the warren. If we have any luck, we will bring you half a score of rabbits by breakfast time."

This was a positive relief to Mabel. For once she rejoiced in the absence of her husband and his dissolute companion.

Shortly afterwards they took their leave, repeating their intention to try the warren.

"Strange—very strange!" murmured the unhappy woman, as soon as she was alone, "that Ned should return, and leave again so suddenly! Should he—but no—the idea is too terrible! I will not wrong the father of my child by such a thought!"

So saying, she carefully fastened the door of her cottage, and retired to the little chamber at the back—but not to rest. Strange thoughts came over her, and sad presentiments. There was an oppression at her heart—a choking sensation at her throat. Although the night was a cold one, she opened the casement to breathe the air—fancying that it might revive her.

Her eyes glanced over the heath, and she distinctly recognised the figures of her husband and Black Will stealing round the hedge which skirted the garden, towards the back of the house. In an instant their intention flashed upon her. It was to rob—perhaps murder—her guest.

"God help me!" she exclaimed; "for what misery am I reserved? Ned shall not commit this crime, if I can prevent it!"

Gently closing the window, Mabel, scarcely aware of her purpose, crept to the chamber of the miser. The old man slept; his dream, most likely, was of his gold—for one long, bony hand clutched the pillow with a vulture-like grasp; the other was buried beneath the clothes.

"Perhaps I may be deceived!" thought Mabel; "he cannot be so lost! At least I'll watch till morning."

She had not long to wait—the sickening presentiment was soon confirmed: the window of the room gently opened—and the wretched wife, who had concealed herself behind the great oaken chair, saw her husband enter the room.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

On the Alameda, or public walk of Malaga, such a variety of colours meet and dazzle the eye, as to make the stranger at once conclude that, whatever attractive qualities Spanish women may possess, taste in dress cannot be considered among them. The most striking novelty, on first landing in Spain, is the *mantilla*, or black veil, which is generally worn, although here and there bonnets are creeping in, and Spanish women are sacrificing the only becoming peculiarity they have left, in order to imitate the fashions of their neighbours. There is an elegance and a dressy appearance about the mantilla which create surprise at its not having been adopted by other nations; and if Spaniards could only be made to feel how unbecoming bonnets are to them—the rich masses of whose splendid hair prevent the bonnet being properly worn—they would cherish the mantilla, as conferring on them a peculiar charm, in which they are safe to fear no rivals.

I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment on landing in Spain, was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women. Poets have sung of Spain's "dark, glancing daughters," and travellers have wandered through the country with minds so deeply impressed with the preconceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imaginations so fondly pictured; and in their works have fostered, what I cannot help maintaining is a mere delusion—one of the many in which people still indulge, when they think and dream of Spain.

The women of Spain have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful, and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figures and their walk which they formerly possessed, have disappeared with the high comb which supported the mantilla, and the narrow basquina—which gave a peculiar character to their walk. With the change in their costume, those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colours which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanied black, in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is required than to see the same people at church, where black is considered indispensable, and on the Alameda, with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colours equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste.

Although I have not yet discovered the beauty of Spanish women, I must say that the Malaguenians are fairly entitled, in all that does exist, to dispute the palm with the inhabitants of any other town we have visited.

There are some very pretty faces, and very characteristic of the Spanish countenance. They are generally very dark, and almost all have that peculiar projecting brow which gives to the face quite a character of its own.

The women have a universal custom of putting fresh flowers in their hair. It strikes one much, upon first arriving, to see those of every class, even the poorest, with some flower or another most gracefully placed in their rich black hair; the beauty of which is not a little enhanced by the bright red rose or snowy jessamine, contrasting so well with their raven tresses. The hair is generally worn plain—curls being seldom seen, for they do not suit the mantilla; and if flowers cannot be procured, some bright ribbon is invariably worn as a substitute. The love of brilliant and showy colours appearing to form a ruling passion in the present day, offers a singular contrast to the fashion twenty years ago—when a lady who would have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black, would have been mobbed and insulted by the people. Our first visit to the theatre at Malaga confirmed my impressions of the exaggerated accounts generally given of Spanish beauty.—*Lady Louisa Tenison's Castile and Andalusia.*

THE FEMALE ATTIRE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

It is upon the whole in as favourable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, lol gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size, the skin to its natural purity, the waist at its proper region, the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we can see, fair play. In former days what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry VIII.'s time—or of her forehead under her hair in George III.'s time—or of the fall of the shoulders under a welt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time—or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward I.'s time—or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop sleeve—even in our own time? Nowadays all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downward along a fair, sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder, whence, from the pendent calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding "at their own sweet will," and specially contrived by Nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.—*Music, and the Art of Dress.*

AN ECCENTRIC PUBLICAN.—Towards the close of the last century, there lived in Kidderminster an eccentric person of the name of Orton (not that Orton, the friend of Doddridge, who passed some time in the town, but "Job Orton," the landlord of the Bell Inn). During his life-time he erected his tomb in the parish churchyard, with this *memento-mori* inscription, graven in large characters on the upper slab:

Job Orton, a man from Leicestershire;

And when he's dead, he must lie under here

This inscription remains unaltered to this day, and may be seen on the right hand of the broad walk on the north side of the spacious churchyard. His coffin was constructed at the same time; and, until it should be required for other and personal purposes, was used as a wine-bin. But, to carry his eccentricity even to the grave, he left strict orders that he should be buried in an erect posture; and tradition (of course) says, that his request was complied with. Your correspondent says that tradition assigns no reason for the peculiarity of the Harcourt knight's burial; but tradition has been more explicit in Job Orton's case, whose reason (?) for his erect posture in the tomb was, that at the last day he might be able to rise from his grave before his wife, who was buried in the usual horizontal manner. Job Orton appears to have had a peculiar talent for the composition of epitaphs; as, in his more playful moments, he was accustomed to tell his better half that if he outlived her he should put the following lines on her tombstone:

Esther Orton—a bitter, sour weed;

God never lov'd her, nor increased her seed.

He seems, however, to have spared her this gratuitous insult. As a further illustration of the character of this singular couple, the following anecdote is told. Esther Orton having frequently declared that she should never die happy until she had rolled in riches, Job, like a good husband, determined to secure his wife's happiness. Having sold some land for a thousand pounds, he insisted that the money should be paid wholly in guineas. Taking these home in a bag, he locked his wife up in a room, knocked her down, opened his bag of guineas, and, raining the golden wealth upon her, rolled his Danae over and over in the coin. "And now, Esther," said Job Orton, "thee mayst die as soon as thee pleases, for thee'st had thy wish, and rolled in riches."—*Notes and Queries.*



[HINDOOS PERFORMING VOWS MADE TO THE GODDESS KALEE.]

HINDOOS PROPITIATING THE GODDESS KALEE.

THE Hindoo mythology has been well described as a mixture of sublime truths, wild fictions, and the most degrading superstitions. In its higher attributes it inculcates doctrines of which Christians cordially approve, but its lower manifestations and barbarous discipline put a slime on all its beauty, and impart to the whole scheme a distorted and hideous appearance. The idea of Brahma as the Supreme Being, is a lofty one, but in the character of a destroyer, the doctrines of the followers of the Pagan deity become horribly repulsive. Juggernaut puts quite an extinguisher on the glory of Vishnu the Preserver.

However, the deified philosopher must not be held responsible for the conduct of the inferior divinities who have been grouped around him.

Some Hindoos still adore the sun, under the name of Surya; others offer up their vows to Sieva, the Destroyer; others to Yamen, the God of Death; some to Cama, the God of Love; to Suradeir, the Goddess of Wine; and some to Kallee, the very lowest idea of power in the whole system. Kallee represents rapine, slaughter, cruelty, and crime. And here we may certainly be allowed to remark, that in all the mythologies extant, a woman is introduced as the principal symbol of sin, or as the first cause of sin and woe. The heathens, in the estimation of philosophers, were, no doubt, wiser men than the frenzied champions of women in the present day. Be that as it may—we have certainly an opinion of our own on the subject, which we reserve for a more suitable occasion—we say, be the philosophic fraternity right or wrong, it speaks eloquently in favour of the Divine origin of the Christian scheme of religion, that it was the first and last to clothe woman in the attributes of good—to make her a ministering angel, instead of a demon—the mother of hope and salvation, not the daughter of Satan and destruction.

The Hindoo mythology repudiates—or is incapable of entertaining—this divine revelation; and, accordingly, it presents us with ideas of all kinds of wickedness in the form of a woman. Kallee is one of these infernal incarnations; and her image is that of a very ugly woman, with a black face, skull chaplet, and many hands. The period of her reign on earth has been fixed by the Hindoos at three thousand years. Poets, in their allusions to her, are justifiably fierce. One of them apostrophises her as the

Dark goddess of the azure flood,
Whose robes are wet with infant tears
Skull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
Of man delights three thousand years.

Dark, indeed, when all over India there are traditions that, in ancient times, at particular shrines, a man was sacrificed to her every day. A goat was afterwards substituted, and the custom is observed in many places in Bengal and Western India to this very day.

Clothed with such attributes, it is not surprising that Kallee should find favour in the eyes of thieves, murderers, and the scum of Hindoo society. In Bengal she has been elected the especial patron of thieves; she is the presiding divinity over theft. The timid and the ferocious also hold her in high esteem, and make vows to her, and perform them with punctilious regularity.

Our illustration represents a scene of this kind, at which the artist was present. The tortures inflicted by and on the devotees were disgustingly horrible. Bishop Heber graphically describes one of these Hindoo profanations of both soul and body:

"We were awakened," says the bishop, "before day-break, by the discordant sounds of native musical instruments: we immediately mounted our horses, and rode to the Meidan. The crowd was great and very picturesque. The music consisted chiefly of large double drums, ornamented with plumes of black feathers, like those of a hearse, which rose considerably higher than the heads of the persons who played on them; large crooked trumpets, like the *litui* of the ancients; and small gongs suspended from a bamboo, which rested on the shoulders of two men, the last of whom played on them with large, thick, and heavy drum-sticks, or cudgels. All the persons who walked in the procession, and a large majority of the spectators, had their faces, bodies, and white cotton clothes daubed all over with vermillion: the latter to a degree which gave them the appearance of being actually dyed rose-colour. They were also crowned with splendid garlands of flowers, with girdles and baldrics of the same. Many trophies and pageants of different kinds were paraded up and down, by stages drawn by horses or bullocks. Some were mythological, others were imitations of different European figures, soldiers, ships, &c.; and, in particular, there was one very large model of a steam-boat. The devotees went about with small spears through their tongues and arms, and still more with hot irons pressed against their sides. All were naked to the waist, covered with flowers, and plentifully raddled with vermillion, while their long, black, wet hair hung down their backs, almost to their loins. From time to time, as they passed us, they laboured to seem to dance; but, in general, their step was slow, their countenances expressive of resigned and patient suffering, and there was no appearance, that I saw, of anything like frenzy or intoxication. The peaceableness of the multitude was also as remarkable as its number. This is one of their most famous festivals, and the people had assembled from all the neighbouring villages. The noise of the music continued till about noon, when the devotees retired to heal their wounds. These are said to be dangerous, and occasionally to prove fatal. One of our servants, a *musalchee*, or torch-bearer, of the lowest caste (for it seems that none of a higher sort practise these cruelties), ran about the house with a small spear through his tongue, begging money from his fellow-servants. This man appeared stupefied with opium, which, I am told, is generally taken by these poor

wretches, to deaden their feelings; and the parts through which the spears are thrust, are said to be previously rubbed for a considerable time, till numbness ensues.

"In the evening, the bishop walked to the Boitaconnah—the part of the city where the trees for swinging are erected: they are not suffered to be placed near the European residences. He arrived in time to be a spectator of the whole ceremony. The victim was led, covered with flowers, and without any apparent reluctance, to the foot of the tree; hooks were then thrust through the muscles of his sides, which he endured without shrinking, and a broad bandage was fastened round his waist, to prevent the hooks from being torn through by the weight of his body. He was then raised up, and whirled round; at first the motion was slow, but by degrees was increased to considerable rapidity. In a few minutes it ceased, and the by-standers were going to let him down, when he made signs that they should proceed: this resolution was received with great applause by the crowd, and, after drinking some water, he was again spun round."

The British government in India have exerted themselves to the utmost to suppress these barbarous exhibitions; but their efforts have hitherto been only attended with a very small amount of success. The Hindoos are so wedded to their customs, that they cling to them with vice-like tenacity; and it is the deliberately-expressed opinion of persons acquainted with their dogged persistency of character—the result of an hereditary training more than two thousand years old—that it will take many generations before the mass of the population can be brought to accept and accommodate themselves to those liberal and elevating conceptions of human nature which speedily root out the ideas and habits inspired by the belief in such a monstrous being as the goddess Kallee.

A D R I E N N E

A ROMANCE OF SAVOY.

CHAPTER I.

In the early years of the present century, two millers had established themselves in the beautiful vale of Chamouni, which, with a rivalry of pursuits and similarity of interests, was almost sure to produce envy, hatred, and malice. On one side, at least, these results were decided and violent.

Gabriel Balmat, the occupant of the dwelling whose crumbling ruins are now the only visible records of his existence, was a man of dark and gloomy character. Unmated and solitary in the world, he had no check, in domestic associations, to the baneful passions of an ill-regulated mind. He was poor, and had from early youth maintained a hard struggle against fate. But there was neither dignity nor virtue in the contest. He worked his way through life in bitterness and shadow, finding congenial associations in the desolate rocks and glaciers, and seeking none with any of his own species, beyond what was prescribed by the actual necessities of his calling.

The evil disposition of this unhappy man was chiefly excited against his rival in trade, Jean Carrier, who was, even earlier than he, established in the mill that was his father's before him: so that Balmat had really no excuse, much less a justification, for his enmity. The man he hated so much was simple and honest in his manners and dealings; a fair competitor in a business which afforded ample employment for two persons, and a fair chance of respectable provision for at least two families.

It was not, however, wonderful, that the amiable and kindly bearing of Carrier made him the favourite with the small farmers and peasantry. Nothing "brings grist to the mill," literally or by analogy, so much as an easy temper and a mild disposition. The consequence, in the present instance, was, that the possessor of these happy qualities had generally more corn to grind than his hopper could accommodate—that his wife and children were well dressed, and his little household in a state of great comfort; while his unpopular neighbour got but little employment, and was continually forced to expend his indifferent profits in law-suits with those customers whom he was so much in the habit of ill-treating and quarrelling with. The vexations and injuries he on many occasions caused to poor Carrier and his property, were considerable. But the latter never would follow the example of others, by retaliating or going to law—trusting to his own industry to repair the mischief, and benevolently hoping for a change of character in his disagreeable and dangerous neighbour.

The wisdom of this conduct was in some measure justified by the result; for in the course of time a feeling did accidentally rise up in the breast of Gabriel, which, if it did not altogether change his disposition, at least modified it in some measure, in respect to its injurious effects upon the interests of the Carrier family.

It happened one morning, early, that "the repulsive personage" who is the hero of this story, was taking a solitary walk up that side of the Arve—the little river that waters the valley of Chamouni—on which his own mill and dwelling-house were situate, his mind fixed, as usual, on some project of ill, or occupied with some reflection of discomfort, when his attention was suddenly attracted to a group of children on the opposite bank, whom he at once recognised as the junior branches of the Carrier family.

He had never before been so near those young creatures, for they had such an extreme dread of him, that they on all possible occasions avoided his neighbourhood. He now stood gazing at them with folded arms and scowling aspect: at sight of those living reproaches to his misanthropy and malice, his bad feelings were still more excited, and they at length arose to absolute fury, on ob-

serving that, as soon as the children saw him, they fled towards their home, uttering piercing screams, and throwing behind them looks of terror. The first impulse of his passion made him also run in the same direction, shouting and uttering imprecations, so as to increase their fright; and at last one of the little urchins—a mere infant—was tripped up by a stone on the path, and it fell headlong from the bank into the stream. Shallow as it was, there was quite water enough to drown a child of that helpless age; and such might have been the fate of the little victim, had Balmat left it to itself. But, urged by his impetuous temper, and acting from impulse more than design, he rushed into the river, over the rocky impediments, and was just within arm's length of the struggling innocent, and on the point of either plunging it deeper into the water and so suffocating it, or raising it up to dash it to certain death against the granite blocks around, when he was arrested in time to save him from the commission of this ferocious and cowardly crime.

It was no stalwart arm which seized on his—no powerful man who threw himself, shield-like, before the helpless object of his rage. It was only a little girl of about thirteen years old, the eldest sister of the child, who, while her two younger brothers continued their flight towards home, had intrepidly stopped on her path, and immediately ran into the water, to interpose between the double death which seemed to menace her little sister—heedless of the risk she herself ran of sharing her fate.

"Oh, sir, kill me—kill me! but not little Josephine—that would break my mother's heart!" cried the pale and agitated girl, piteously looking towards Balmat's terrible countenance, while her hands were employed in raising the child from its perilous position.

Almost every mind does homage to the quality of courage. None more so than those in which it degenerates into ferocity. If all people knew this well, in many trying scenes they would seem to be brave, even if they were not so. In the instance now before us the cruel Balmat was struck with astonishment and admiration, little common to one so generally insensible to sudden emotions. The boldness of this girl—herself a mere child—in rushing to what she evidently believed a self-sacrifice to save her sister's life and her mother's feelings, appeared to him an act of such sublimity, that even the callous heart of Gabriel the Cruel, as he was usually called, was touched by it in a way unknown to him before.

"No; I'll not kill either you or her!" said he, with a grim smile, as he took the children one in each hand, and helped them out of the water. And as he lifted them up the bank, he asked the eldest what was her name.

"Adrienne Carrier!" replied she, firmly, yet turning towards home, as though unwilling to trust herself longer in such doubtful company.

"You are afraid of me?" said Balmat.

"Not for myself, but for my little sister, sir!" answered Adrienne.

"You know me, then? Who am I?"

"The wicked miller of Chamouni, sir!"

Balmat could not help laughing at the candour and the civility combined in this rough answer. But before he could continue the conversation, his attention was attracted to the approach of a group from the rival mill, consisting of Carrier, his wife, and two men-servants, who had hastened on hearing the screams of the runaway children, and now rapidly approached with menacing air.

Balmat, having quite recovered his calmness, proceeded to ascend the broken and rocky bank, helping up his dripping companions; and as he reached the level ground, the hostile group arrived on the spot. The children immediately disengaged themselves from his hold, and rushed into the open arms of their parents, both of whom anxiously gazed to see that all was safe and well; and the father being the soonest satisfied, he stepped close up to Balmat, and exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"What does all this mean, neighbour Gabriel? What have you been doing to my children?"

On hearing this, Adrienne turned again quickly; and, taking hold of her father's hand, she said, with much earnestness:

"Oh, nothing—nothing—father, but what was very good and very kind to us! Little Josephine fell into the river, and M. Balmat ran in to save her from being drowned."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Carrier; "then I am more obliged to him than I should have been to any man in the district! One expects a good turn from a friend, and no thanks; but when an enemy does it, he deserves our gratitude. Come, Gabriel, give me your hand, and let us be good neighbours henceforward."

"Not so fast, Jean Carrier!" replied Balmat, in a tone more serious than sullen, and folding his arms across his breast; "I cannot give my hand to a man who has not some share of my heart. I am an open enemy, at any rate. But I have no objection to be friends with little Adrienne there! Will you let her embrace me?"

"To be sure I will, if she likes it. It would be hard to refuse that to him who saved her sister's life."

"Tut, tut, man! I didn't save the child's life, and had no notion of doing it—and Adrienne knows that. But she is a brave and a good-hearted girl; and there's something about her that has struck a new light into my mind altogether; and so will you give me a kiss, Adrienne?"

Half reluctant, half willing, and blushing deeply, the little girl received the proffered embrace.

"Thank you—thank you! and heaven bless you! You are a good child!" said Balmat, abruptly; and he turned away and walked rapidly down the river-side, till he

came to the rustic bridge of planks just opposite the source of the Aveyron, at the foot of the *Glacier des Bois*, and which led close up to his own house.

The Carriers looked after him for some time, and then turned towards their home again, being anxious to get the children quickly relieved from their wet garments. While they walked along, the mother questioned Adrienne as to the recent adventure, Jean being deep in reflection on the strange character of his neighbour; and one of the men, turning to his companion, remarked, that it was the first time that Cruel Gabriel was known to do a good action, embrace a fellow-creature, or say "Heaven bless you!"

CHAPTER II.

The effect produced by this occurrence on the wayward mind of Balmat was powerful. It was like that caused by some heavy substance flung into a dark and stagnant lake. It seemed to heave it up in wild convulsion from its very depths, without purifying its nature, or changing its hue. The colour of Balmat's character was the same as ever; but one beam shone upon and trembled in it, like the reflection of a single star in the water's gloom. Unloving and unloved, he felt suddenly as though it were possible for him to feel and to inspire regard. The courage shown by Adrienne in braving his rage, her goodness in interposing between him and her father, the fine expression of her countenance as she received his embrace, were all stirring in his memory during the whole of that day; and without his knowing it, they had sunk deep and softly into his heart.

The first actual proof which spoke to him in conviction of this effect, was a wish that he had happened to marry young, like Jean Carrier; and that, like him, he had had such a daughter as little Adrienne. Balmat was then about thirty years of age—Carrier only a few years older: so that the wish, which thus took the form of a regret, was only extravagant, as being unattainable.

His next notion was, that he would immediately marry, on the chance of having a child that he could love, and who might love him. But the impossibility of this, without also having a wife, and the repugnance with which he had ever considered such an incumbrance on his freedom, soon removed that thought. A hundred other cogitations—one wilder and more complicated than another—occupied him for hours on this eventful day; and as it closed in, he was himself convinced that he had never passed one so free from evil thoughts or unkindly feelings. His workmen and his old woman-servant could not imagine what had come over him. He neither cursed, nor swore, nor frowned, nor looked vicious, from morning till night; and on retiring to bed, he actually muttered: "*Bon soir, Jeannette!*" He even dreamed pleasantly—he confessed it to the old woman, as she gave him his coffee the next morning: and that was even a greater proof than the tenor of his waking thoughts, that his mind was imbued with a happy influence, which shone through its most shadowy mysteries.

But, as he awoke to a full sense of all that had been passing in his brain, another change came rapidly through it, forcing him back to almost his original state of feeling. Pride flashed fiercely upon his relaxing violence of character, and he felt as though degraded by the incipient tenderness which had been stealing on him. The re-action was desperate. His ferocity wholly returned against all mankind, with one exception. Little Adrienne came in for no share of it. Had his resentment fixed upon her, as the object which had caused the weakness he now revolted from—had she attracted the heat of his angry self-contempt—he had been completely lost. But happily her gentle influence remained unbroken, to humanise him, and give him at least a chance among his fellow-men.

Some weeks passed by without any outward change being evident in Gabriel Balmat. An overture towards a better acquaintanceship had been made to him on the part of Jean Carrier by one of the farmers, with whom they both had dealings. It was peremptorily rejected; and as a report of his having saved a child from drowning spread in the neighbourhood, Balmat seemed resolved to give it the lie by every practical contradiction. He showed all his usual symptoms of cruelty to animals, and moroseness to human beings. Private quarrels, prosecutions before the village magistrate, and threatened law-suits, were the consequences; but these had no terrors for Gabriel, to whom they were the familiar circumstances of his uneasy life.

Yet still, mixed with all this odious perversity, and now, perhaps, by some possible caprice of nature exciting to it, was the extraordinary sentiment of affection—or something like it—towards Adrienne Carrier. There was no positive evidence of this beyond Gabriel's own consciousness—for he made no attempt to see the child; but negative presumption was afforded in his abstinence from all acts of arrogance towards the father of the little peace-maker, whose mill-stream was now unobstructed, the banks unbroken, and the wheel left free from those nightly assaults which had, on many occasions, disturbed its machinery, and caused cost and loss of time, besides manifold feelings of vexation, to the honest owner.

Balmat several times took a solitary stroll up the river's side—early in the morning, at noon, or in the evening; but if he sought for Adrienne, or hoped to meet her again, he was disappointed—for her mother, blessing the Virgin for her children's late providential escape, strictly watched their movements now, that they might not again encounter such a risk. But, from another point of view—often reached in the course of his wanderings—he frequently saw the happy little girl. It was one of the elevations near the *Glacier des Bois*, and from which travellers sometimes are indulged with an imperfect view of the *mer de*

glace, that Balmat used, unobserved himself, to gaze down upon Adrienne, sporting about with her young brothers and sister, and the goats, which it was part of her duty to attend in their pasturage, close to the precincts of her father's mill. And it was in the solitude of this isolated spot that Gabriel resolved on the execution of a plan—which was, to combine with his own gratification the sure infliction of such misery on Jean Carrier, his hatred for whom seemed to increase in proportion with the intense but unaccountable fancy he had taken for his child.

It would seem that, before putting the plan alluded to into execution, he considered it necessary to have at least the sanction of a recognition, a look of regard, a negative acceptance of his proffered friendship, from the innocent object so unconsciously implicated in his project. It was therefore that, one Sunday morning—that which was fixed on for Adrienne going through the ceremony of her "first communion"—five or six weeks after the river adventure, Balmat was seen—a most unwonted circumstance—lounging in the close neighbourhood of the village church, as the congregation were pouring out after the conclusion of the service. The rigid figure and sullen look of "the wicked miller" formed no pleasant object for the rustics, who, after piously praying, were now going forth to their day's enjoyment, with light hearts and quiet consciences. Several of the females muttered an incantation, or cautiously made the sign of the cross on their breast, as a preservative against evil. But when the Carrier family appeared, more indications were shown of their abhorrence and alarm. One of the little boys, who first perceived Gabriel, ran screaming back to his mother, who, catching a sight of this cause of terror, immediately clasped the child closely with one arm, at the same time snatching little Adrienne towards her, and calling for protection to her husband, who followed her. The latter, also perceiving Balmat, at the same instant stepped forward between him and the beloved group, and stood without speaking, but with a look expressive of his determination to defend them against any attempt at ill-treatment.

Balmat regarded all these symptoms with a smile of deadly contempt—but it vanished in a moment from his countenance, to give way to an earnest and insinuating look fixed on Adrienne, who, contrary to the absurd custom general in continental countries, of disfiguring children with an unseemly display of tawdry finery, was dressed with modest simplicity. Balmat's look, fixed on the handsome and interesting child, spoke, almost as plain as words could have done:

"Do you remember me? You do not hate me, in spite of all this hostility?"

Adrienne certainly caught the spirit of the look, if not quite the letter of its meaning; and she answered by a smile full of sweetness, sensibility, and good feeling.

"Enough!" said Balmat, aloud; "now good morning to you, neighbour Jean! You and your wife may keep your angry looks until there is occasion for them!"

With these words he turned away, and poor Carrier and his wife, alarmed more at the tone and look of the speaker than at the words themselves, walked silently home to the mill, keeping the children within arm's length all the way, and throwing many a wistful glance around, apprehensive of some hidden treachery at every turn of the road. And deeply did they bewail, during that Sunday evening, the chance which had given them for a neighbour so ill-disposed a man as Balmat: one who had not even a cause for his vindictiveness and spite—who returned evil for good, and seemed to hang like some black cloud, darkening their path of life.

A month more passed by. This untoward rencontre was almost forgotten. The continued absence of local annoyance gave hopes to the Carriers that Balmat's hostile feelings were, after all, subsiding; and honest Jean, and even his less confiding wife, relaxed their strict measures of precaution, and began to think that they had judged too hastily, and probably looked too harshly on the memorable day, which now began to be distinguished in the recollection and conversation of the villagers, as "Gabriel's Sunday"—from the uncommon circumstance of his having been then seen at the church door.

CHAPTER III.

It was now summer. The snows had melted from the mountain pastures, and the flocks and herds resumed their wonted station, driven carefully up the hilly paths at dawn, and down again at sunset, to the cadenced monotony of the *Ranz des Vaches*, or the other common gathering calls of a deep-sounding horn. Gabriel Balmat being a mountaineer as well as a miller, followed, in the summer season especially, the idle and rambling pursuits that he was born to, in a more absolute degree than the steady and regular habits of the calling to which he was brought up. He often took his rifle and joined the chamois hunters of the Breton or the Buet—or straggled alone to the glaciers—or wandered off to the mines of Touilly, and wasted precious hours in looking listlessly at the operations of the workmen. His long absences from home were therefore nothing remarkable; and nobody wondered—just at the open now in question—that the business of the mill was almost completely neglected by its wayward master; nor did any one trouble himself with conjectures as to the particular motives which led him thus away. But a faint light soon broke on the darkness of his recent doings.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Balmat returned to his solitary and unsocial home, and found the old woman fatigued with her night's watching, and wondering at the unusual circumstance of his having slept abroad.

"Slept!" echoed Gabriel, in a tone of savage jocularity. "Did the sun sleep, old Jeannette, before it rose up into

heaven erewhile, and lit the mountain-tops? So much did I, and no more. Sleep! no—no! I am not the man to sleep when an enemy is to be injured, or a service rendered to myself, old girl!"

"Holy Mary! you have not done any harm to Jean Carrier?" asked Jeannette, in alarm.

"Make your mind easy, my good old friend; I have not seen him."

"Nor done him a mischief in the dark?"

"Humph! you question me too closely, Jeannette; but nothing can make me angry to-day—so give me a cup of coffee—I must prepare for business."

"For bed, you mean, my master: you want repose, even more than I do, it seems."

"Repose! not I, Jeannette; I am as light and refreshed as though I had slept since sunset. More so than neighbour Jean will be, perhaps, when he rises by-and-by."

"Well, that is strange!" exclaimed the old woman, looking out of the open window. "The old saying holds good—no sooner do we talk of old Master Carrier than he appears."

"The deuce he does!" cried Balmat; "is he here so soon? Let me to bed now in earnest! Prudence, prudence, Jeannette, as you value your own place, and dread my anger!"

So saying, he hurried into an inner room, threw off his clothes, and flung himself on the bed. In a moment more Jean Carrier had reached the house, walked round to the front door, and struck loudly at it for admission. The old woman hobbled towards it, and slowly let him in.

"Where is your master?" asked Carrier, with a voice almost choked from agitation.

"Good morning, Master Carrier! It is indeed as strange to see you in Gabriel Balmat's mill, as it would be if the Buet had paid a visit to the Breven! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Crone! torture me not with your nonsense—where is Gabriel Balmat? I must speak to him!"

"Lord love you, neighbour, he doesn't talk in his sleep! He is in his bed, to be sure! What's the matter?"

"The matter, old woman? You know that, methinks!" answered Carrier, with a scrutinising glance.

"In good troth, I do not—and I hope from my heart that no evil has happened to you, Master Carrier."

"It is very odd, if you speak truly—and yet there is a tone of truth about you. Tell me, then, Jeannette—and as you hope for mercy, tell me truly—where is what I seek for this cruel morning?"

"As I hope for heaven, I know not what you mean, nor what brings you here!" replied the old woman.

"Ah, Jeannette, have you then known me so long, and to so little purpose? and does your experience of life not tell you that nothing could bring an injured man into his enemy's den, short of a search after his dearest treasure? Jeannette, I have lost my child!"

"Gracious powers!"

"My eldest girl—my Adrienne—she whom her mother and myself love better than all the rest! God forgive us, if it be a sin! Perhaps this is for punishment. You know nothing of her—she is not here?" uttered the father, in rapid agitation.

"No, so help me heaven!"

"Then I must instantly have speech with Gabriel. Let him arise immediately—tell him I am here."

"Assuredly, good Master Carrier, that would not be the most likely way to make him rise quickly; for you can have no welcome to expect from him."

"Woman, it is my child I expect from him. Ay, and that I will have, or his life's blood!"

"Hush—hush, Jean Carrier! You are rash in this violent talk. If he hears it, this will end badly for one or both of ye. What can he know of your little girl? I tell you she isn't here!"

"And I tell you that no one knows of her but him, and I will tell him so, too; and I will not be baffled by your cunning, nor browbeat by his brutality. I am sure that Adrienne is concealed here. Adrienne! Adrienne! speak out, my child! Don't be afraid to answer me! It is your father that calls you! Adrienne! Adrienne! Adrienne!"

As Carrier cried forth in this wild manner for his lost daughter, he stalked up and down the little hall, striking his stick against the doors and presses. The old woman clasped her hands, gazed at the half-distracted father, and burst into tears of honest sympathy.

"Hollos! what does all this mean?" roared Balmat, from an inner room; and, at the noise of his leaping out of bed, Jeannette screamed nervously, fearing the consequence of some terrible collision between the men. The parlour door was dashed open, and Balmat plunged into the passage, undressed, his blue cotton night-cap on his head, and a drawn cutlass—his constant weapon—in his raised hand. As he appeared, he exclaimed:

"What—robbers in the house! Ha! is it you neighbour Carrier? How's this? Is Mont Blanc turned upside down? Is this really you—and to what do I owe the honour of this early and unlooked-for visit?"

"Gabriel Balmat!" said Carrier, stopping, leaning on his walking-stick, and looking sternly in the face of him he addressed, "those sarcastic words, and that sneering smile, come from a bad heart! You know well what brings me here! It needs no miracle to make a half-maddened father seek his child in the place where he is convinced she is hidden. Give her back to me instantly!"

"Pray, Master Carrier, do me the favour to sit down," said Balmat, coolly, and at the same time offering a chair to his angry visitor, who had followed him into the parlour; "I will be ready to receive you in a fitting dress presently; but really you broke my dreams so suddenly, that I know not what to think of all this. I don't quite understand you!"

As Balmat retreated into the inner room, Carrier mechanically sat down, overcome with astonishment, and

shocked by his air of sullen indifference, which the unhappy parent could not suppose coupled with the monstrous guilt of which he suspected and accused him.

"Oh, God! where is she, then?" exclaimed Carrier, starting up again. "What has become of her?" and he was on the point of rushing out of the house, when the well-intentioned but timorous old woman interposed between him and the doorway, saying, significantly:

"Don't be so hasty, good Master Jean! don't throw away a chance of finding what you seek!"

"She is here, then, after all? Gabriel has hidden her?" sternly whispered the father.

"No, she is not here; nor do I say he has hidden her," replied Jeannette, in a muttering, under-voice; "but," added she, aloud, "the counsel of a neighbour is worth having in such a case, and it is better to take my master's advice than to provoke his resentment. You have accused him rashly—he is not a man to bear a wrong tamely."

"Well, well, I'll wait till he is ready," said Carrier, a gleam of hope flashing across his mind, which grew dark or bright in equally rapid shifts. He returned into the parlour, and was immediately joined by Balmat, wrapped up in his coarse morning costume.

"Now, neighbour Jean," said the latter, both seating themselves, "let me hear what you have to say to me, and remember that a drowsy man, roused suddenly out of his sleep, is rarely in a temper to bear hard words—particularly from an enemy! What has happened?"

"Gabriel," replied Carrier, "we have no need to be enemies. Our fathers were friends before we were born; and God knows I have done nothing to provoke your hatred! Have I?"

"Never mind—that has nothing to do with what you are now come about."

"I think it has a great deal, Gabriel; and if you would but answer me according to your conscience, my visit would not be for nothing. But I will forgive you everything, freely, amply—all the evil you have done me for years past—if you will now give me —"

"What?" asked Balmat, fiercely.

"Your advice as to the best means of recovering my poor child!" sobbed the unhappy father, held in check by the warning of the old woman, and by Balmat's ferocious tone and look.

"Why, what do you take me for, neighbour Carrier? A conjuror is it, or a gipsy fortune-teller? What should I know of your children, any more than I do of yourself? Which of them have you lost?"

"Which! she that is worth all the rest—my own darling pet, and her mother's, too—little Adrienne!"

"Adrienne—which is that?"

"Not the one you saved from drowning, Gabriel, but the eldest; she whom you kissed, and who spoke so well of you; she with the black eyes and long, plaited hair. Oh, Balmat, if you have the feelings of a man, think what I suffer! and, for the love of heaven, and in mercy to my poor heart, tell me—what would you recommend me to do?"

"What put it into your head that she was here?"

"What! why, because—really I cannot well answer that question; but I suppose it was because I thought you had taken a fancy to her—and —"

"Did you suppose I kidnapped her?"

"Oh, no, no—not at all; but I thought she might have strayed here from the mill, and that you kept her out of a frolic—that's all—that's all!" said Carrier, with a forced smile, and scarcely able to restrain his tears.

"I am such a frolicsome fellow! eh, Jean?—Now, did you ever know me to play a funny trick in your life?" asked Balmat, with a diabolical grin.

"Why, I cannot say I ever did before. But this time you have done so—confess that you have! Oh, Gabriel, put me out of pain! Do, like an honest, good-hearted fellow, as I am sure you are, after all! Come, come—she is here—you have her safe for me! Call her forth, Gabriel—do—do!"

But Balmat never wincing under the touch of poor Carrier's palm, which lay on his shoulder, entreatingly; nor did he shrink from the brimful look of supplication sent from the eyes of the agitated father. On the contrary, he stared him full in the face, and coolly asked him:

"What does your wife say to all this?"

"Oh, thank God, she knows nothing of it—she would be distracted, if she did! But she was asleep when I left the mill—for she has been up nearly all night, nursing the youngest boy, who is sore ailing. No, no—my good Christine knows nothing of it!"

"Perhaps she will be able to put you on the right scent—for you are grievously out of it here, friend Jean!"

"You don't really say so, Balmat—you don't in earnest deny that Adrienne is here! I shall go stark mad under this suspense!"

"Bah! bah! That would do you no good whatever! Go home quietly to your work, neighbour, and laugh over this little affair with your wife! The stray lamb will no doubt come back of itself!"

Poor Carrier did not know what to think of this bantering tone, accompanied by a fiendish sneer which made him shudder. What could he do or say? It was useless to break out into reproach or menace—he had probably gone too far already in that way. He had no proof. Balmat was not a man to be bullied into anything, right or wrong. Nor was it possible to affect his feelings on the score of compassion. What was the poor father to do? How could he face towards home, and tell the sad tidings to his wife?

Such were the thoughts that passed through Jean Carrier's mind, as he rocked himself to and fro on his chair, moaning heavily the while; and as Balmat sat, with his arms folded, calmly studying and deeply enjoying this picture of intense distress, they were interrupted by old Jeannette who exclaimed, as she entered the room

"Well, well, here's a pretty business! As I live, if Christine Carrier and two of her children are not coming straight into the house!"

"Two! oh, which—which? Is Adrienne one of them?" cried Carrier, starting up and rushing forth.

"Very well, Jeannette," said Balmat; "so much the better! Let Madame Carrier come in, and as many of the family as she chooses to bring to my hospitable door! Ha! ha! ha! I shall be glad to see how she bears this business!"

The old woman gazed in wonder, turned aside, and blessed herself. She never before had known Gabriel Balmat to laugh aloud.

Jean met his wife at the threshold of the house. She rushed, sobbing, into his arms; while he, on seeing that she whom he sought was not in the group, turned deadly pale and faint.

"God help us!" said he; "I thought she had been found!"

"Oh, Jean—oh, my husband! where is our dear child? When they told me just now that she had disappeared in the night, and that you had gone forth to seek her, I made sure I should find you here, and her with you; but that pale face, those haggard looks, tell me that you have not found her! She is not, then, with Gabriel Balmat?"

"He says not—he will not give me any real answer! Heaven knows what I ought to think or believe!"

"Oh, let me speak to him! He will not be deaf to the prayer of a mother, with her weeping children!" exclaimed the wife, quickly seizing the half-frightened boy and girl, one in each hand, and passing into the house. She went on through the open door, into the parlour, where Balmat still sat, with a dogged and imperturbable air, the old woman bustling about, to restrain the emotion she could not quite repress, and was afraid to betray.

"Oh, Monsieur Balmat! will you not tell me the truth about my dear Adrienne?" was her first question.

"To be sure I will, Madame Carrier!" was the reply.

"I told you he would—I knew it!" exclaimed the delighted woman to her husband, who was now by her side.

"Well, M. Balmat?"

"Well! she is lost, and it seems you have small chance of finding her—that is the real truth."

"Good God, what a mockery! How can you smile so at our wretchedness? How can you sport so unfeelingly with us? Have you a notion of what we suffer?"

"How should I—I am not a parent?"

"But you are a human being—you cannot be quite dead to all feelings for others?"

"Very true—and to prove it, let me tell you you are now really losing a great deal of precious time. Have you looked well into the mill-stream and the river?" said Balmat, as if to work upon the unhappy parents to the greatest excess of fear. With the mother he succeeded; but on the father his words and look had the contrary effect.

"You may be satisfied, Christine, that all is right," said Carrier to his wife; "nothing short of a demon could have uttered that sentence, if he was not sure of the child's safety!"

"And how do you know that I am not a demon?" said Balmat, in his most savage manner, furious at having failed to agonise his victim more completely. "How do you dare attribute any feelings to me but what I choose to express? or deceive yourself with hopes about my knowing anything about your girl? You may be sure of one thing—that if I did know anything about her, I would not tell it to you—so you may now leave me to my business, and go about yours!"

So saying, he rose from his chair, and attempted to leave the room; but Madame Carrier threw herself between him and the door, and, dropping on her knees caught him by the coat-skirts so fast, that he could not disengage himself. The two children, full of terror at the scene, clung to their mother and wept aloud, while she broke out into a burst of supplication, the eloquence of which was in her looks and gestures.

"Gabriel! Gabriel! as you have a soul to be saved, tell me the truth—do not sport with me thus—look at these little ones—on this one whose life you saved—on me, a distracted mother—oh, take pity on me! Think of your own mother, Gabriel—think what she would have suffered in my place, had she lost you, as I have lost my child! Oh, what have you done to her? Have you murdered her?"

"Mur-der-ed her!" repeated Balmat, slowly drawing out the terrible word—while his scowling look, and the livid hue which suddenly overspread his visage, made his aspect altogether frightful. The children hid their faces in their mother's dress. Carrier turned his aside. Even the accustomed old woman shrank away. But the mother quailed not.

"Ay, murdered her! on my oath and on my conscience I believe you have! I read the truth in your guilty looks!"

These words, uttered with the fierce emphasis of conviction, were followed by a hoarse scream, as the mother started to her feet, and pushed Balmat from beside her.

"Yes, yes!" she continued in frantic accents, "on have murdered my child! Villain, I see the truth! Murder! Murder! Justice on the murderer! Husband, hasten to the magistrate—denounce the monster—bring the gen-darmes to seize him—he shall not escape—I will cling to him and hold him fast! Oh, my child—my child! my poor Adrienne! Fly, Jean—fly! It is too late to save our daughter, but not too late for revenge!"

As she spoke, she attempted to seize Balmat, who calmly kept her off, and only answered this rhapsody by a look of diabolical contempt. The husband endeavoured to calm her. Old Jeannette interfered for the same purpose. The result of her overstrained agitation was a flood of tears and violent hysterics. While Carrier

trained her fondly in his arms, old Jeannette, more accustomed and with more presence of mind, loosened her dress, placed her stays, and called out to Balmat:

"Water—water! oh, my good master, you won't refuse a small service to the unfortunate woman?"

"Refuse it! no, Jeannette; she may have the whole ill-stream, if you will but fling her into it!"

So saying, he left the room, and the house immediately afterwards, and was seen no more at the mill till nightfall. Jean Carrier did not observe him going out, so occupied was he with his suffering wife; and, on her recovering from the fit, he led her and his children to their now intrusted home, thence to proceed on other inquiries, which he felt, by anticipation, to be as vain as those we have just recorded.

CHAPTER V.

We must now go back for a month or more, and account for what may appear doubtful in the circumstances of this case.

The very day after the Sunday on which Adrienne made her *première communion*, Balmat began a series of operations, all intended to lead to the result which produced the painful scenes just recorded. He took his way to the mountains, and wandered far up into the recesses of that mighty series of ravine and rock which lies beyond the Montvert, and between the *mer de glace* and the stupendous basis of granite pyramid, called the *Aiguille de Chamois*. Accustomed from early life to those intricate paths, he went quickly on, and soon surmounted the first light obstacles which seem so formidable to lowland travellers. In a little more, he was in a region of romantic savagery, of which description can give but a faint notion, and to the glorious enjoyment of which few have the curiosity or energy to penetrate. After a two hours' walk, he arrived at the spot previously fixed on for the scene of the labours which he now commenced in earnest.

It was in a small, deep glen, ramparted with huge piles of granite, so sequestered and so nearly inaccessible, that no coward ever led his troop to feed in its rich pasturage; and it was rare indeed that ever an adventurous botanist rifled it of the Alpine plants which profusely covered its sides. The ruins of a small chalet, which had, with its inmates, been destroyed by an avalanche several years before, was the only mark of man in this wild spot. That catastrophe, and the superstitious belief attached to it, kept the native mountaineers away; and even the guides, who led strangers to view more beaten, but less beautiful scenes, carefully avoided a descent into "the haunted gorge"—the name by which this oasis was known.

Gabriel Balmat, with the prompt vigour which characterises men like him when they have one important object in view, fell to work, on his first visit, to clear away the interior obstructions which made the ruined chalet quite uninhabitable. After a whole day's labour, he found he had done almost nothing; and he was moreover convinced that small progress could be made, until he was provided with sufficient instruments to effect his purpose. A pickaxe, hatchet, spade, and shovel, were absolutely necessary; and these he procured in the valley, and conveyed at intervals to the scene of his secret doings.

By constant application he in a few days succeeded in making the dilapidated hut assume a habitable look; and he brought up, from time to time, unobserved and unsuspected, various articles of domestic use, and a few even of ornament, somewhat incongruous with the aspect of the place. A table and a bench, just large enough for two persons, were roughly hewn out of some recovered planks; a couch of dimensions suited to one—and that one but of small growth—was constructed of the same materials, and covered with moss and leaves, over which was spread a coverlet, white as the snowy mantle of the eternal peaks that threw their long shadows down the glen. A few books, meant for the capacity of a child, and some well-daubed prints, just fit for rustic taste, lay on the table, or were nailed against the walls. Branches of pine-wood, ready for firing, were placed in the chimney of the one room thus made habitable. A few cooking utensils and eating necessities were ranged on a couple of shelves. The roof was repaired with care and skill; and, from the light sods which covered the branches forming each patch, tufts of many-coloured flowers sent forth odours which the scented saloons of a palace could not rival.

To complete the internal comforts of the place, a soft, thick carpet, of the same materials as the couch, concealed the inequalities and hardness of the floor; and a web of printed cotton was fastened in gay festoons across the window space: which, be it mentioned, was without glass or frame, but defended by cross-bars of vine-branches, so closely and so firmly nailed together, that the light was admitted through spaces scarcely wide enough to allow the passage of a clenched hand; and it must have been the arm of a Hercules that could have wrenched those defences away. Two old boxes, dug out of the ruins, cleaned, lined, and differently filled, lay ready for the use of the intended occupant. The door was renewed, placed on its hinges once more, and provided with a solid lock. And thus did Gabriel Balmat finish the construction of this mountain prison, this romantic cage, to which he meant to commit, in pursuance of his strange experiment, a being of as innocent, as virtuous, and as original a mind as ever dwelt in the wild freedom of the Alps.

Having actually completed his laborious task of preparation, he looked around the little chamber thus snatched into a new existence, as he sat one evening on the moss-covered bench, shone upon by the beams of the setting sun, which streamed gloriously between the wooden bars of the window.

"Well, the work is done!" soliloquised Balmat; "and a hard job it was! How odd it is that I should have made so light of all this labour, for the sake of a simple child, that I would not have undertaken for all the finest women of the world—nor for the proudest men, either. Men and women! No, by the glorious sun, and the bright heavens he shines in, I would not do a day's work to save the created world, except little Adrienne—for I am resolved to make her an exception—and something tells me that she will love me, after all! I wonder if she will like all this; if she will take a fancy to this home—this house of houses; if she will be satisfied with what I have done for her; if she will love me!"

"Well, this is a curious world we live in, and men and women are curious things, that's certain! Here I am now, alone, like the first man, looking out, as it were, for the creation of a being who can be a second self to me; who can at least sympathise with and let me love her. This little girl is the only person that I ever took the least fancy to; I have felt a repugnance to every other being I ever knew; ay, even old Jeannette is disagreeable to me, if I don't actually hate her; and I suppose I should hate her, like the rest, if I didn't find her absolutely necessary to me.

"Well, it is not my fault that nature formed my mind after this fashion. I suppose I would have been like my fellow-creatures, if I could. But, after all, I doubt if I differ much from the others. I firmly believe they detest each other quite as much as I abhor them; only just that they have more cunning in hiding their feelings, and I more courage in acting on mine. Are they not all filled with hatred, and malice, and uncharitableness? Out on them! Mankind is, after all, an odious combination. It is a great point gained for me to have fallen accidentally on one living thing that I can love without envying, and wish well to, without selfishness. Such, I verily believe, is little Adrienne to me—but what shall I be to her? We shall see—we shall see—and quickly!"

There are probably few people who have not at times had flitting notions like those shooting across their brain. But whether it is the "cunning" that Gabriel thought of, or a higher feeling of conscientious indulgence for that unworthiness of which every one feels himself a part, it is fortunate for the world that individuals who despise their fellows quite as much as he did his, most frequently make a tacit compromise with them, in consideration of their own imperfections.

Gabriel had never in his life felt so proud and buoyant as during the three weeks of laborious secrecy just described; and, when all was over, he proceeded with a bold, light step down towards Chamouni. After the soliloquy above recorded, he enjoyed all the excitement of one who feels that he has laid a foundation on which to build a fabric of fortune, fame, or happiness. Yet he had, as has been seen, some misgivings as to what Adrienne might feel towards him and his doings; but he never had a qualm as to the suffering he was about to inflict on her parents. He had, therefore, just enough of uncertainty to give a zest to his hopes, and none of the anticipated remorse which might have turned them into pain.

It must be here remarked, that Balmat had followed up the momentary church-door glance of acquaintanceship, by two or three stolen peeps at Adrienne, observed only by her, while she sported about her father's mill of an evening, with the little herd of goats and the children under her care. On one of these occasions he even spoke to her from behind a rock, to which he had crept, quite unperceived by her play-fellows. A very few words passed between him and her on this occasion. But a great advance was made in their intercourse by two or three sentences. He asked her if she would walk with him one evening up the mountain. She cheerfully assented.

"And you will not be afraid to trust yourself with me?" said Balmat.

"I am not afraid of anything," said Adrienne. And such was the positive truth. She was a child of intrepid spirit. There was a dash of adventurous courage in her character that would have been almost unfeminine, had it not been tempered by a generous and gentle spirit, essentially and wholly womanly.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

METALLIC COMPOSITION FOR MOULDING, &c.—M. Chameroy, of Paris, has taken out a patent for melting one part of some easily fusible metal in a crucible, and then mixing with it four parts of a metal far less readily fusible, steeped in ammonia and reduced to powder. Such a compound is stated to be of great solidity, hardness, facility of soldering, melts at a low temperature, and has great tractability in moulding to any form, and in casting takes the sharpest impressions, while in its nature it is peculiarly unchangeable.

SUPPLY OF COAL TO THE METROPOLIS.—The following abstract of authentic documents shows the quantity of coal and coke brought by railway within the London district, and entered at the London coal-market during the half year ending the 30th of June, 1853: By the Great Northern Railway, 181,152 tons, 3 cwt.; North Western, 73,005 tons, 9 cwt.; Eastern Counties, 30,264 tons, 6 cwt.; South Eastern, 5923 tons, 8 cwt.; Great Western, 6016 tons, 10 cwt.—making a total of 296,361 tons, 16 cwt.: being an increase over the corresponding period of last year of 9315 tons. Deducting the decrease by canal from the increase by rail, the total additional quantity of coal brought into London during the past half year, compared with the corresponding period last year, is 106,975 tons—or an increase of about 34 per cent.

TREATING BITUMINOUS SUBSTANCES.—A patent has been secured by Mr. Wm. Brown, of Glasgow, for an improved method of treating coal and other bituminous substances and their volatile products. The coal, or other bitumen, is first distilled in conjunction with steam; the volatile products are similarly re-distilled, when a variety of oils are produced, some containing paraffine, pure and impure, naphtha, &c.—which, on further refinement, are rendered fit for commercial purposes.

MINES IN EGYPT.—Mr. Bryant, in the *Evening Post* (U.S.), says: "When I was in Upper Egypt, I fell in with an Indian who was employed to obtain sulphur from a mine among these mountains. They are incredibly rich (said he) in beds of ore of various metals and other mineral productions; but these cannot be worked for want of fuel. Egypt has no mines of coal; all that is used in her steamers and manufactures is brought from England. She has springs of mineral oil, the indication of beds of coal, and wherever they are to be found the government has made excavations to a great depth and at great cost, but without success. An Arab, in wandering among the mountains near the Red Sea, not long since, found a little pool of quicksilver, where it had flowed from the rocks. He attempted to scoop it up with his hands, but it slid through his fingers; he then drew it up into his mouth, filled with it the leather bottle in which he carried water, and brought it home. He was taken ill immediately afterwards, and died, probably from the effects of the quicksilver he had swallowed—so that the spot where he found it is still unknown, though diligent search has been made for it."

DECIMAL COINAGE.—The committee on decimal coinage have concluded the examination of witnesses, and the result, it is understood, will be a unanimous report in favour of the adoption of the system, making the pound sterling the integer, and dividing it into 1000 units or farthings. Dr. Bowring's Chinese experiences of the facility of the system are said to have been most satisfactory, and he produced an instrument (abacus) by which arithmetic is taught in the schools of China; and stated that a Chinese youth, after a month's instruction, is far more competent to apply all the rules of arithmetic to the business of life, than a learner on our plans of instruction would be after the teaching of years. Its use in our elementary schools was suggested to the committee.

PREVENTION OF THE POTATO DISEASE.—The *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* mentions a mode of preventing the malady in potatoes, and which, it says, comes from Russia. It simply consists in drying the potatoes completely, and then planting them in the usual way. The discovery, it says, was the effect of chance. A farmer, in 1850, had placed a quantity of potatoes in an exceedingly warm room, and in three weeks they became completely dried up. He then set them in the usual manner, and was quite astonished at obtaining, not only a more abundant crop, but one completely sound. He repeated the experiment in 1851, and had the same result, the yield being nine for one.

BISCUIT OVENS.—Carlisle, the great seat of the biscuit manufacture, has here furnished us with a most important improvement in the apparatus for baking. This contrivance, which is now in full operation at the extensive biscuit works of Mr. Slater, has been devised for baking all articles of this class, as well as bread, and even earthenware, by traversing them through a heated earthenware tube. This tube forms the oven; it is of considerable length; and the biscuits or other articles are slowly traversed through it, from end to end, at such a rate as will allow of the baking being completed during the passage. The biscuits are carried on trays, set on travelling chains; or the trays may be made into an endless web or chain. The oven is thus entirely self-acting, and the baking articles demand no attention whatever from the attendants, whilst the system involves superior economy and better baking. A pyrometer, or heat indicator, is also attached externally—so that the attendant can regulate the heat with very great facility. The object of such improvements is to reduce the cost of baking, and to improve the appearance of the baked articles; and the apparatus is applicable as well to the baking of clay or earthenware articles, as to bread or biscuits.

HORTON AND WYLDE'S PATENT STEAM-GENERATORS.

—The steam-generators are modifications, in some few particulars, of the arrangement described in the enrolled specification of Messrs. Horton and Wyld's patent of April, 1852; the difference being merely in matter of detail, not at all affecting the general plan: the second of these is considered to be the more economical, and is undoubtedly more simple in its construction than the first. In both these arrangements the prominent and novel feature is the application of steam generated in an inner vessel, to vaporise water in an outer one; heating surfaces, consisting partly of tubes, being in each vessel the mode in which the heat is applied. From this arrangement a great advantage is derived as regards the safety of the boiler, and a very much smaller degree of attention is called for on the part of the engineer: as a constant succession of vaporisation, condensation, and re-vaporisation is going on between the fluid contents of the two vessels. Boilers of this construction occupy little space; the more than ordinary heating surface, and the great strength being obtained by the tubes, and the manner of fixing them. Although the receptacle for the sedimentary deposits is here immediately over the fire-grate, the usual objection is now done away with: as the same water being returned over and over again without the introduction of feed, the sediment is in a short time removed by the mud-cocks, the water becomes perfectly pure and smooth, and clear surfaces are maintained in the boiler, insuring the absorption of the full effect of the fire, without incrustation and consequent damage to the plates.



[VIEW ON THE BANKS OF THE BOSPHORUS.]

THE BOSPHORUS.

In the present condition of politics in the East, and in the presence of the strong probability that the dismemberment of the Turkish empire cannot be much longer postponed, we have thought it due to our readers to make them familiarly acquainted with some of the most prominent features of Constantinople and its vicinity—in short, with some welcome artistic assistance, to afford them a lively idea of the country and the people.

The Turks, once the most formidable warriors in the world, first claim our attention; and the question is naturally asked—Who are the Turks, that they should have made, and are making, such a noise in the world? We regret that we cannot convey any very precise information as to their origin. They are supposed to have been a branch of the great Sarmatian family, known to the ancients under the appellation of the Scythians beyond the Imaus.

Their original country appears to have been the Altaian Mountains, whence they spread as far as the Lake Mæotis and the banks of the Oxus. It was towards the middle of the sixth century, according to the indefatigable and eloquent Gibbon, that Europe felt the shock of that revolution which first revealed to the world the name and nation of the Turks. But the fact is, that their name, like that of the Huns, is too vague and general to determine the identity of the people to whom it is applied. The word "Turk" is said to signify Wanderer—its signification is extremely vagabondish—but by the Ottomans it is spurned with disdain. It is clear, however, that the term was used ages ago to designate the various hordes inhabiting Eastern and Western Tartary: and from this it has, with some show of reason, been inferred, that the Mongols and Tartars ought to be classed as two branches of the great Turkish family. This theory receives some countenance from the circumstance that in the hostile correspondence between Tamerlane and Bajazet, the Mongol emperor distinguishes himself and race by the name of Turk, and stigmatises the race and nation of the Ottomans as Turkmans. But as the *physique* of the modern Turks contradicts this statement as to their affinity to the Mongols, it must be mentioned that the Turkish language, in its radicals, approaches nearer to the dialects of the Tartaric than to those of any other class; and that the wide difference in structure at the present day is explained by the fact, that the Turkish language has received so large an admixture of Arabic and Persian, as to be called Mulemma, or the pied horse. And as regards the people themselves, they are not less mixed than their language. For centuries they have been blended with the nations they have subdued. Persian, Circassian, Greek, Slavonian, and Gothic blood all course through the veins of a true Turk of the present day: and this clearly accounts for their differing so much from other nations of Tartar origin. They are in general a tall, robust, and well-formed race, with a tawny complexion, dark-brown hair, and fine facial development. Your true Turk looks every inch a gentle-

man by nature, and, with his natural gravity and long moustaches, quite as capable of freezing a *parvenu* as any English nobleman who foolishly fancies that the haughty exclusiveness of the middle ages is still tolerated in English middle-class society.

However, be the origin of the Turks as a nation what it may, the foundation of the Ottoman empire dates no further back than the days of Othman,* a Turcoman chieftain in the service of Aladdin, Sultan of Iconium, who firmly established himself on the banks of the Sangarius, in Asia Minor, at the base of the Great Olympus. He was situate on the verge of the Great Empire, and as the Koran sanctified a holy war against Christians, he availed himself of their political errors, to penetrate through the famous passes of the classic mountain, and overrun the plains of Bithynia. On the 27th of July, 1299,† he invaded Nicomedia, and rapidly approached the Bosphorus, the boundary between Asia and Europe. Othman reigned twenty-seven years, the whole of which were spent in conquest and rapine. He induced his hereditary troops to renounce the pastoral life for the excitement of war on a comprehensive scale, and the luxuries of an infant capital. In 1330, his son Orchan took Nice, and, after defeating and wounding the emperor, Andronicus the Younger, subdued the whole province of Bithynia, as far as the shores of the Bosphorus and Hellespont. So that in his reign the Turks were only separated from the Greek empire in Europe by the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, or the Hellespont of classic description.

The insane rivalry of the Latin and Greek churches favoured the designs of Orchan—for, being alternately the ally of one or the other, he steadily pursued his own schemes of aggrandisement. In his reign the Turks crossed the Hellespont, and fixed themselves at Gallipoli: so that they were approaching Constantinople by two routes—by the Bosphorus, which had yet to be crossed, and the Chersonesus, the land highway to the imperial city.

Amurath I., the son of Orchan, extended the Turkish conquests in Europe by fatally—for the eastern empire—chastising the warlike inhabitants of the Slavonian provinces between the Danube and the Adriatic. He was succeeded by the renowned Bajazet, and with him, it we may use the phrase, the romance of Turkish history commenced. His reign forms one of the most splendid epochs in the Turkish annals. Pursuing the plans and policy of his father, he led his triumphant armies from Boursa to Adrianople, and from the Danube to the Euphrates. No sooner had he imposed a regular form of servitude on the Bulgarians and Servians, than he passed the Danube, to seek new subjects in Moldavia. Whatever yet adhered to a Greek empire in Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly, acknowledged a Turkish master. An obsequious Greek bishop led him through the gates of Thermopylæ into Greece. Wherever he directed his arms, he was trium-

phant; and, no longer contented with the humble title of Emir, he proclaimed himself Sultan. His ambition being thus inflamed, he turned his arms against Hungary, the perpetual theatre of Turkish victories and defeats. Sigismund, the Hungarian King, was the son and brother of the emperors of the west; his cause was that of Europe and the Church: accordingly, on the report of his danger, the bravest knights of France and Germany were eager to march under his standard, and that of the cross. But Bajazet proved too good a general for the allied army. In the dreadful Battle of Nicopolis, he defeated the hundred thousand Christians, who had boasted that, if the sky should fall, they could uphold it on their lances. The majority were slain, or driven into the Danube. In this battle, it may be said that the spirit that animated the historical occurrences called the crusades was utterly destroyed. Thenceforth, politics and the exigencies of the age were to determine the boundaries of empires, and give a complexion to the wars and treaties of nations.

But Bajazet, after this overwhelming victory, had reached the term of his greatness. His conquests in Armenia and on the banks of the Euphrates had brought him in immediate contact with a Moslem conqueror of an ambition equally restless and insatiable, united to superior genius and exhaustless resources. This was the famous Tamerlane, who, resenting any conquests on the Asiatic continent, save by himself, soon provoked a quarrel with his rival in renown; and, after such interesting middle-age exploits as erecting a pyramid of 90,000 heads on the ruins of Bagdad, marched right into the heart of the Ottoman kingdom, and on the plains round the City of Angora, fought that memorable battle which led to the captivity and death of Bajazet, and placed his kingdom at the disposal of the Mogul conqueror. Very speedily all Asia, from the Irish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago, was in the possession of Tamerlane, and he panted to penetrate into Europe. Had he done so, it is unquestionable that the destiny of Europe would have been changed, and the march of civilisation arrested for many a dreary age. Providence, however, willed that it should be otherwise.

Tamerlane had touched the utmost verge of the land, but an insuperable, though narrow sea rolled between the continents of Asia and Europe; and the lord of so many myriads of horse was not master of a single galley. The two passages—the Bosphorus and the Hellespont—were possessed, one by the Christians, the other by the Turks; and on this great occasion they forgot their difference of religion, to act with union and firmness against the common enemy. The mighty Mogul was baffled: and here we have an example in illustration of the present danger by which the Sultan—or rather the present possessor—of European Turkey is menaced. The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, are now, as they were then, the keys of Constantinople; and had Tamerlane obtained possession of either, the Imperial City would have fallen, and he would have poured his irresistible cavalry over the face of Europe.

Thus arrested in his career, this ruthless exterminator of the human race would appear to have behaved gene-

* In time, Othman became softened into Osman—whence Osmanlee, the national appellation of the Turks, which we translate into Ottoman.

† From this it would appear the Turkish power is just 554 years old.

rously. He reinstated the sons of Bajazet in their hereditary dominions, and the Ottoman empire in Asia, under its ancient name of Roum, or Roumelia, was numbered among the twenty-seven kingdoms which acknowledged the sovereignty of the mighty Tamerlane. Soliman, however, the eldest son of Bajazet, escaped from the field of battle into Europe, and was enabled to preserve the Ottoman name from the ignominy of total submission. After the death of Tamerlane, the division of the empire among his sons, their discord, and the ambition of his great captains, relieved the Turkish provinces from the Mogul yoke.

Eleven years, however, elapsed, in the mutual endeavours of the sons of Bajazet to supplant each other, before Mahommed I. effected his final triumph, and assumed the title of Sultan. His successor, Amurath, whom Voltaire panegyrises as "*Le Philosophe Turc*," not only re-united the broken fragments of the empire, but subdued Serbia, Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, and the whole of Greece, to the north of the isthmus. In his reign occurred the Battle of Varna, in which Ladislaus, King of Hungary, lost his life, and 10,000 Christians were slain—being the last combined effort of the Christians to check the progress of the Turkish power.

The magnanimous Amurath was succeeded, in 1451, by the conqueror of Constantinople—the accomplished, but cruel Mahommed II. Within two years after his accession to the throne, he took the last vestige of the Roman empire by storm, and completely subverted the Byzantine monarchy. By the fall of Constantinople he obtained the command of the Bosphorus, and became the most powerful monarch in the world. Indeed, it may safely be admitted, that he established the Ottoman empire on its present basis. His successors enlarged the empire. Selim I. subjugated Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Kourdistan, on the borders of Persia; and effected the conquest of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Soliman I. captured Rhodes and Hungary, and, after sacking the capital of Persia, obtained a considerable augmentation of territory beyond the Tigris; he also obtained the submission of Moldavia and the homage of Algiers; but the key to this magnificent empire was obtained by Mahommed II., when he became possessed of Constantinople. Thenceforth Turkey became consolidated, and attained the culminating point in its greatness under Soliman and his two immediate successors. With the reign of Murad III., which commenced in 1574, the Ottoman power began to decline. And here, in this year 1853, we are presented with the remarkable fact, that the rise and decline of this once colossal empire occupied about the same periods of time. From 1299—when Othman founded a Turkish kingdom in Bithynia—to 1574, when Murad was involved in damaging hostilities with Persia and Austria, is a period of 275 years; and from 1574 to the present year is a period of 279 years: so that, should Turkey be dismembered this year, or next, or within the next quarter of a century, her rise and her fall may practically, or at all events, in a political sense—for the year 1299 is only fixed by the invasion of Nicomedia—be said to have occupied pretty nearly the same divisions of time.

However, we are not about to enter upon discursive theories that may lead to something like a chapter on destiny, or engage in speculations as to the probable duration of the Turkish empire. Our present object is to point to the historical fact, that Constantinople fell through the Turks having crossed the Bosphorus, and obtained a footing in European Turkey. Had they been restricted to Asia, as Tamerlane was, the Greek empire might still have been in existence; but, having effected the passage of the Bosphorus, the fall of the Cæsars became only a question of time.

As in the days of Constantine and Tamerlane, whoever has the possession of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, has virtually the possession of Constantinople. This is admitted by all classes of politicians; and as Russia—a power which it would not be ridiculous to say has, within two centuries, grown up to be a giant at the back and neglected door of Turkey—now menaces the integrity of that country from the Black Sea, of which it has the undisputed sovereignty, we must explain the exact position of the Ottoman capital and of its navigable approaches.

Constantinople stands on a neck of land which runs into the Sea of Marmora, at the point where the latter receives the waters of the Bosphorus: so that it has the Bosphorus on its eastern boundary, the Sea of Marmora on its southern, the harbour of Perami on the northern, and the continent of ancient Thrace on the western. The Sea of Marmora is connected with the Greek Archipelago, and, as a matter of course, the Mediterranean, by means of the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, a great natural canal; and with the Black Sea by means of the Bosphorus, also a natural canal. The situation is considered the best in the world, for the two canals give Constantinople a share in the commerce of both the east and the west.

Before the discovery of the passage to India—by way of the Cape of Good Hope—Turkey enjoyed almost a monopoly of the commerce between the eastern and western hemispheres; and no doubt that discovery hastened her decline, and largely contributed to pave the way to her ultimate downfall. But with all the advantages attending them, these two canals or gates to Constantinople may be opened by an enemy. No danger menaces Turkey from the west—so that the Sublime Porte is under no apprehension of a foe forcing the passage of the Dardanelles; it is on the east that all his tribulation lies. The Bosphorus is the watery link between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea.

Little did Constantine think, when he founded what he considered an impregnable capital on the shores of the Propontis, that on the territories bordering the dismal and turbulent Black Sea, a people would accumulate in such numbers as not only to be able, in the absence of the interposition of powers equally great, to demolish his pet

city in a month or two, but, if they chose, to overrun every inch of territory Rome formerly possessed in the East. But so it is; and as the western powers—especially England and France—do not consider it safe, or consistent with their policy, to submit to the sacrifice of European Turkey, and so admit the Russians into maritime competition with them on the waters of the Mediterranean, coalesced to prevent such an aggression, the Sultan, of course, entering into their views, had no objection to open the Dardanelles gate to his friends—so that they might, with their big ships, tremendous cannon, and brave men, prevent the enemy from approaching the gate of the Bosphorus, with the ambitious intention of battering it in with the sledge-hammer of war, to enable him to snuff out the Turkish empire as easily as a lady would extinguish a candle. The game of Turkish politics is to let a friend in at one door, to keep out an enemy knocking lustily at another. When it will be played out, it is, perhaps, not our business to inquire; but as the public attention has been attracted to this part of the eastern world by the alarming occurrences of the summer, we thought it our duty to make our readers acquainted with some of the pictorial features of this celebrated and—for Turkey certainly—alarmingly dangerous outlet from the Black Sea, of which the Czar of Russia is undoubted master.

The length of the Bosphorus is about twenty miles, and at the Constantinople terminus the depth of the water close on the shore is so considerable, that line-of-battle ships may be anchored so as to touch the wooden wharfs. The classical student ascending this interesting channel, will have pointed out to him the precise spots where the Persians, Goths, Latins, and the Ottomans, successively effected a passage. A sail on its waters would, indeed, carry him on the wings of imagination into the regions of the romantic and mystic past; but as he passed by villages, ruined fortresses, and majestic-looking palaces, he could not fail to observe the extreme beauty of the scenery. Here nature is arrayed in some of her loveliest garments. In some places the Bosphorus appears like a majestic river winding between banks as high and woody as those of the Wye, and not less lively and cultivated than those of the Thames.

With regard to the origin of the word Bosphorus, we incline to the opinion that the strait derived its name from the passage of the Persian elephants, which the Greeks and Thracians, having no other appellation for, called *bos leucos*—white bulls. The ancient poets, as all our young readers know, attribute the derivation of the name to the passage of the metamorphosed Io.

Our illustration gives a view of the mouth of the Bosphorus and the capital, taken from a point on the Asiatic shore; probably one of the very points on which Tamerlane stood, mentally exclaiming: "A galley—a galley! my empire for a galley, to wait me over to that capital whose gilded palaces, churches, and towers sparkle so gloriously in the mid-day sun!" The scene is as brilliant in the present day, with the additional attraction of the presence in the channel of hundreds of galleys, large ships laden with merchandise from every part of the world, and men-of-war looking the defiance they, perhaps, could not hurl. The innumerable minarets, the domes, the towers skirting the water's edge, most of them gilded; and the houses, whose roofings, terraces, balconies, and gardens form a variety of amphitheatres, constitute an ensemble which, for beauty and splendour, is without a parallel in the world.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

There is no pain like love to hatred turned
Or greater fury than a woman scorned.

OLD PLAY.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, the Queen Mother of France, was not only one of the most ambitious but one of the most unscrupulous women of the time, and would willingly have sacrificed the happiness of her son—the handsome, gallant Duc D'Anjou—by forcing him into a marriage with Elizabeth, despite the repugnance which the high-spirited youth felt at the idea of espousing a woman old enough to be his mother. A letter was sent by the French king, and delivered to Elizabeth by his ambassador, La Motte, making a formal tender of his brother's hand: which said letter, according to Fénelon, she received with great apparent satisfaction, and referred him to those members of her privy council who were in her confidence, to arrange the conditions.

This time the royal spinster appears to have been serious in her intention of changing her state. She even consented that the duke should have the title of king, and in the event of a child being born of the marriage—after the death of her majesty—he should bear the title of king-father; and if no child should live to succeed, king-dowager.

We have before spoken of the repugnance of the young Duc D'Anjou to the match—which, from the known fickleness of the English queen, he trusted would be broken off. In private he never hesitated to speak of her not only in the most opprobrious but contemptuous terms—which licence was speedily reported by Elizabeth's spies, and filled her with bitter mortification and anger. Unfortunately, the name of her prisoner, the beautiful and unhappy Mary, was mixed up in these reports. When the wily Frenchman waited upon her majesty at Hampton Court, he saw, from the coldness with which she regarded him, that some-

thing had occurred to ruffle the temper of the royal fiancée. La Motte could flatter, perhaps, better than any man of his time; but for once his oily compliments were ill received—particularly one in which he alluded to the approaching happiness of the Duc D'Anjou.

"What, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, with an ugly old creature, who for the last year has had the evil in her leg! You jest!"

These were the very words which her spies in France had reported to her: and some sort of credibility was given to them, from the fact of her having lately suffered severely from lameness.

La Motte was thunderstruck, and Elizabeth heartily enjoyed his confusion.

"A noble project—was it not?" she continued. "The duke to marry me, in the hope of my not surviving a year!"

"Ah, madam!"

"Or if I do," added the royal vixen, "a potion is to be sent from France, that the honourable widower may espouse my cousin, the Queen of Scots! Never stare and look, my lord, as if you had heard these things for the first time! They are commonly spoken of in France. If I blush at repeating them, it is not on my own account, but for the honour of the regal house of France."

A few days afterwards, Elizabeth—to vindicate the honour of her insulted leg—danced, on a Sunday, at the Marquis of Northampton's wedding: of which she took care to inform the ambassador at the next interview.

It was at this period of her life that the maiden queen displayed that relentless cruelty of character which she inherited from her tyrant father. Walsingham—who was her minister in France—informed her that, dissatisfied with her delays, the court of France was in treaty for a marriage between the Duc d'Anjou and the captive Mary, and that the Pope had already granted a dispensation on account of their propinquity. Our readers can well imagine the rage, mortification, and jealousy of the royal spinster at the intelligence. Mary, whom she both feared and hated—a captive—preferred to her! She manifested her resentment by such harsh treatment of her captive, that the nobility of her own kingdom began to murmur, and the different courts of Europe cried shame on her proceedings.

Whilst things were in this state, the French and Spanish ambassadors both demanded an audience. Elizabeth appointed an interview on the following Sunday, after prayers. She was then residing at her favourite palace at Greenwich.

Elizabeth encountered the two diplomats in the Prince's Gallery—which connected the chapel with the royal apartments—as she passed in her usual state, attended by the highest nobility in the realm. All those on whom she cast a look, bent the knee before her—to persons of very great distinction she gave her hand to kiss. Her appearance at this period—judging from her portrait, by Zuccherò—must have resembled the old figure which formerly adorned the Church of St. Dunstan in the West.

Her petticoat, of cloth of gold, worked with pearls, stood out in all the dignity of hoop and whalebone—the stomacher, which matched the purple cut velvet of her robe and bodice, being thickly studded with diamonds. Like most unmarried ladies, she wore her neck and bosom exposed in front—but the shoulders were hidden by the enormous ruff, which it is supposed she first affected to hide a deformity in her throat. As for the head-dress, the structure must have been the result of no small labour and patience on the part of her tirewomen.

A huge mass of artificial red hair, bespangled with jewels, linked together by small chains—each curl gummed to keep it in its place—and surmounted at the top by an arched crown.

In addition to her other jewels, Elizabeth wore the garter, and the matchless collar of rubies so long the ornament of the regalia of England, but which was broken up and sold during the civil wars.

The moment her majesty perceived M. La Motte, the smile left her face, and a dark frown succeeded. Although the ambassador, from his elegant manners and courtly tongue, was a personal favourite with her, she would willingly have received him in the royal closet; but the Frenchman had his instructions, and, bowing profoundly, he stood full in her passage, and presented a letter. It was impossible for her to do otherwise than take it.

"A strange communication," observed the gaoler of Mary Stuart, "from our brother Charles!"

It had not been the wish of Elizabeth that the subject of the letter should be discussed so openly; and scarcely had the words escaped her lips, than she regretted them. The wily Frenchman saw the advantage, and was too much of a tactician not to seize it.

"Your majesty cannot be surprised," he observed, "that my royal master should feel pity and sympathy for his captive sister-in-law, or forget that she has worn the crown of France; and that, unless Mary were treated in a manner suited to her dignity, he would be compelled, by the indignation of his nobility, as well as the consideration of the honour of his house, to send an army into England for her deliverance."

"God's death!" exclaimed the thoroughly incensed majesty of England; "let them come! Little we fear or heed them!"

Cecil, who was standing close to his mistress, whispered a few words in her ear. The effort which Elizabeth made to restrain her anger was apparent to all; but she did restrain it, and added, in a tone of hypocritical sentimentality:

"No wonder, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that I am vexed, when I find my brother of France—whom I so highly esteem—prize the friendship of my enemy before mine! It is that which moves me!"

"The Lady Mary," observed La Motte, "is the sister-in-law of his most Christian Majesty!"

"And am I so very far," adroitly replied the royal coquette, "from becoming so, that he prefers her interests to mine?"

This was in allusion to the treaty of marriage between herself and the young Duc D'Anjou, which she affected to consider as not entirely broken off. This time, however, the diplomat, who had long felt assured that the union would never take place—not only on account of the prince's disgust, but her own fickleness of character—looked blank, as if he did not comprehend her.

"Besides," continued the speaker, "the Queen of Scots is my most bitter enemy! At the time of my accession, she openly assumed the title to my crown; and both previous to her coming into my kingdom, and since, hath plotted continually against me! Still," she added, "for the sake of our good brother of France, we will put it to our council what we can do, consistent with the safety of our realm, to pleasure him touching this matter."

With these words, which prudence dictated, and hypocrisy uttered, the speaker would have passed on; but behind La Motte stood the minister of Spain, to present a letter from his sovereign.

The cause of dispute was the right of executing Dr. Storey—then in his eightieth year—on a charge of magic and treason. This zealous divine, in the reign of Mary, had openly preached in convocation—where the means of extirpating the new heresy had been debated on—that it was useless attempting to destroy the branches, whilst the root of the evil remained. This was an attack which Elizabeth—whom the preacher had imprudently alluded to by name—never forgave. Aware of his danger, Dr. Storey, on her accession, fled to Spain, and entered the service of Philip; but, after a lapse of many years, he was captured on board an English vessel, and, upon a ridiculous charge of magic, as well as treason, condemned to death.

"What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with a burst of indignation, as soon as she had perused the letter which the Spanish minister had presented to her. "Philip claims my subject! Was he not born in England? Answer me that!"

"Doubtless, your majesty!" replied the envoy. "But the number of years he has been in Spain give him the rights of naturalisation. My royal master, therefore—"

"May have his head, if he wishes it!" sarcastically interrupted the royal virago, whose spirit was thoroughly roused—for she felt that this time she was standing upon her right; "but his body shall remain in England, where he hath been lawfully judged and tried! What!" she added, scornfully, "if the hound escapes the leash, may he not be reclaimed? Am I to lose my rights over my own born subject, because, forsooth, he prefers the service of Spain to mine? No—no! God's death! We are not feeble yet! The aged traitor dies!"

She kept her word; and, despite the entreaties of the ambassador, who descended to employ them, when he found menaces of so little avail, Elizabeth caused him to be beheaded. His fate excited little sympathy; and perhaps merited none—for he had been a relentless persecutor of the Protestants, when in power. Still it would have been wiser and nobler to have pardoned him. The ridiculous crime of magic, mixed up with the real charge on which he was tried, leads one to suspect that the evidence of treasonable practices was anything but clear.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The statesman's cunning beats not woman's wit.
SPANISH PROVERB.

WHETHER the reluctance of Elizabeth to a wedded life in her youth was real or affected, one thing at least is certain—that she was sincere in her wish to espouse at the age of thirty-nine, the Duke D'Anjou, who was reported to be one of the handsomest men of the age. Perhaps she was led to this desire from a threefold motive: first, a personal predilection—as she had expressed herself exceedingly satisfied with his portrait; next, a desire of having issue of her own—which would put an end to all dispute touching the succession to her crown—a continual source of uneasiness and annoyance to her; and, lastly, the desire of mortifying and humbling the captive Queen of Scots, to whom the young prince had offered his hand. Such an union would have deprived Mary of her best friend—for the interests of the French and English courts would then have been one.

The great difficulty appears to have been in granting to the intended husband the exercise of his religion—which he obstinately persisted in demanding, contrary to the advice of his mother, Catherine de Medici, who repeatedly urged him to waive his scruples, and exchange the mass for the crown matrimonial of England. But the temptation was by no means strong enough—and so the negotiations flagged. But, on the Emperor of Germany, Maximilian, offering his eldest son as a suitor for the hand of the virgin queen, and a favourable answer being returned, all that intrigue or ambition could devise was put in practice by the court of France, to renew the half-broken treaty. Elizabeth caught at the bait, and expressed a wish that her suitor should visit England—which the young prince positively refused, as beneath his dignity, till the treaty should be actually signed: a resolution which, as will be seen by the following letter, greatly enraged and disappointed his ambitious, politic mother:

"Monsieur de la Motte Feneion,—"

"As I place particular confidence in you, I will not hide from you that the humour in which I find my son Anjou, has given me great pain. He is utterly determined not to go over to England, without having a public assurance for the open exercise of his religion; and nei-

ther the king nor I can prevail on him to rely on the word of the Queen of England. We suspect, very strongly, that Villegier, Lignerolles, or Saurer—possibly all three together—are the originators of these fantasies. If we could have assurance that such were the case, I can assure you that they should repent of it.

"For all this, I would not that we reveal it, since it is possible we may work something on his mind, or on that of the queen (Elizabeth.)"

"If, unfortunately, matters do not accord for my son (Anjou) as I could wish, I am resolved to try all efforts to succeed with my son Alençon, who would not be so difficult. Meantime, as we propose to make a league with this queen, to attach her the more to us, and distance the son of the emperor and others, let no hint of this appear; but burn this present, after having read it, and believe nothing that may be told you, and nothing that is written to you, save that which bears the king's signature or mine; and this you are told not without reason—for those who desire not that things should be as they are (thanks be to God), so well advanced and disposed to be successful, have artifices enough to write and publish which they think may hinder the good work. Praying to God for you, &c., &c."

"At Fontainebleu, this Thursday, xxv. day of July, 1571. "CATHERINE."

The Duc D'Alençon, who was remarkable for the plainness as well as the insignificance of his person, was not at all to the taste of Elizabeth. The negotiations were never brought to bear in his favour, even as far as they had been for his brother—whom she at last not only promised to marry, but to accord the free exercise of his religion in private.

It was the refusal of accepting this *private* arrangement—which Anjou considered as ill according with his honour—which caused the above letter to be written.

In the midst of these intrigues, the Duke of Norfolk had secretly resumed his treaty with the captive Queen of Scots—who, naturally impatient of the restraint in which she had so long been treacherously detained, lent a willing ear to any scheme which promised liberty.

In an evil hour, both Mary and the duke listened to the suggestion of one Rodolfi, a Florentine banker, whom they commissioned to apply to the Duke of Alva, in the Low Countries, for assistance in effecting the restoration of the former to her kingdom. The minister of Spain lent a willing ear to the proposal, and promised to send ten thousand men in the ensuing spring. This correspondence was intercepted by the agents of Elizabeth, who immediately ordered the arrest of the Duke of Norfolk, and the application of the torture to his two servants, Barker and Bannister, who were made prisoners with him, in order to extort from their agonies something to criminate their master.

The order, with detailed directions how the rack should be applied, we regret to say, was written by the queen's own hand.

When the cunning Florentine—the original cause of so much mischief—was brought before the council, he confessed that the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Bishop of Ross were the heads of the conspiracy—the purport of which was to assassinate Elizabeth: which accusation Norfolk indignantly denied, stating that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have consented to such an infamy.

This declaration may be looked upon as truth. The unfortunate nobleman possessed more chivalry than wit. He was a weak, not a bad man. There is little doubt that he loved the unfortunate Mary, who appears to have returned his passion.

It is an illustration to the whole line of Norfolk, for one of its members to have been beloved by such a woman, and partially redeems the nonentity and ridicule into which it has since fallen.

The Duke of Norfolk was at last condemned—but for once Elizabeth showed signs of mercy. The unfortunate nobleman was so nearly related to her, that, had he consented to put it out of his own power to fulfil the engagement of marriage between himself and Mary, by wedding another, his life, in all probability, would have been spared. The party selected was no other than the sister of Burleigh—who by this means would have allied his own blood indirectly with the crown. It would be curious to speculate on what politic schemes were passing in the head of the unscrupulous statesman, when he first decided on making the prisoner an offer of his life on the above condition. It was, however, firmly declined; and from that hour the minister became his deadliest enemy.

It was not, however, the influence or the intrigues of Norfolk's two great enemies, Burleigh and Leicester, which decided the death of that unfortunate nobleman—but a letter which the former intercepted, written by Mary to Alva, in which the captive queen recommended the Spanish duke to send a force from Spain to carry off her son, whom she wished to remain under the guardianship of the king, his master.

"This must be seen to," exclaimed Elizabeth, deeply moved, as her minister read to her, in the royal closet, the paragraph of the letter. "The infant King of Scots, in such hands, would prove a worse thorn in our side than any yet! God!" she hypocritically added, "what an unnatural mother!"

The inconsistency of this speech could not have escaped the observation of Burleigh—who, by her command, had proposed to the captive queen the surrender of her son, as one of the preliminary conditions of her liberty: a condition which Mary nobly rejected.

"It is not all," observed the minister.

"Proceed, my lord!" said the queen, impatiently.

"In England," continued Mary, "there are many who feel the cruel wrongs I have endured at the hands of Eli-

zabeth, and are favourable to my cause: some are in prison—but those she will not dare to touch."

"Will I not!" exclaimed the queen, starting from her seat. "We shall see whether I fear to take the head of the noblest or most powerful in my realm—if they merit death by conspiracy against my crown! Let orders be issued," she added, harshly, "for the execution of the duke to-morrow!"

This was the point Burleigh wished to bring her to but he was too politic to let the least trace of the satisfaction he felt appear upon his features. He merely seconded her majesty, and, advancing to the table in the centre of the room, took from it a sheet of paper, which he placed upon a portfolio, and held it upon his knees before her, at the same time presenting the pen.

"What is this for?" sharply demanded Elizabeth.

"The sign manual!"

"There!" she said, with a sarcastic smile, at the same time tracing the regal characters; "there is my reply to the insolent boast of my cousin Mary!"

The order, however, was, after some little reflection, cancelled, as were several succeeding ones: not from any real pity or reluctance to shed blood, but from that hypocrisy which had now become her second nature.

Elizabeth waited only till parliament should address her, to permit the execution to take place—she showed no reluctance then.

The following letter, written by the greatest of England's queens—as she has been called by lying historians and flatterers—addressed by her to her royal captive, is extracted from the Cottonian MS. Its authenticity has never been questioned.

What a picture of coarse, brutal harshness does it not present! Written to a woman whom she treacherously held prisoner—a cousin, and an independent sovereign, like herself!

Oh, the days of good Queen Bess!

"February 1st, 1571-2.

"Madam,—Of late time I have received divers letters from you, to the which, you may well guess, by the accidents of the time, why I have not made any answer, but specially because I saw no matter in them that required any answer, as could have contented you; and to have discontented you, had been but an increase of your impatience, which I thought time would have mitigated, as it commonly doth, where the cause thereof is not truly grounded, and that it be so understood; but now, finding by your last letter, the 27th of the last (month), an increase of your impatience, tending, also, to many uncomely, passionate, and vindictive speeches, I thought to change my former opinion, and, by patient and advised words, to move you to stay, or else to qualify your passions, and to consider that it is not the manner to obtain good things with evil speeches, nor benefits with injurious challenges, nor to get good to yourself with doing evil to another.

"And yet, to avoid the fault which I note you have committed, in filling a long letter with a multitude of sharp and injurious words, I will not, by way of letter, write any more of the matter, but have rather chosen to commit to my cousin, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the things which I have thought meet, upon the reading of your letters, to be imparted unto you, as in a memorial, in writing, he hath to shew you; wherewith I think, if reason be present with you, and passion absent at the reading, you will follow, hereafter, rather the course of the last part of your letter than the first, the latter being written as in a calm, and the former in a storm. Wishing you the same grace of God that I wish to myself, and that he may direct you to desire and attain to that which is meet for His honour, and your quietness, with contentation both of body and mind. Given at my Palace of Westminster, the 1st day of February, 1571-2.

"Your cousin, that wisheth you a better mind,
"ELIZABETH."

THE SECOND SIGHT.

A FEW years ago, in the Scottish Highlands, the chapter of accidents threw me into chance companionship with a gentleman, in whose society a wet evening passed on pleasantly and rapidly, in conversation upon a variety of subjects, which turned, at length, to The Second Sight, which even yet is claimed for a few ancient families—those of indisputable Celtic descent. It was not until he saw that I possessed some hereditary respect for the superstition in question, and was not much of a sceptic as to the grounds for crediting it, that I could get my companion to discuss it with the freedom which had previously characterised our discourse upon other topics.

"In my own family," said he, "the Second Sight has been exercised from time immemorial. In other Scottish families—or rather in the few which also possess this prophetic vision—the gift has descended from father to son; in ours, from a circumstance which it would be tedious to relate, it has been delivered by the succession from grandfather to grandson—there always being the lapse of one, in its exercise by the respective parties. Thus, supposing that your grandfather possessed this gift, it would not descend to your father, but the line of succession would be continued to you.

"My grandfather, who resided near Culloeden Moor, had taken a wife shortly before the second Jacobite outbreak. On the morning of the 16th of April, 1746, he sat down to breakfast with such a grave countenance, that his bride was induced to inquire what circumstance had gloomed it. He attempted to evade the inquiry, which her womanly affection and curiosity had made; but

she pressed him so closely on the point, that he confessed to having seen a shadow of coming evil—that, in a word, he had beheld, by anticipation, a bloody fight, close to their habitation, in which the defeat of the kilted Highlanders, by the red-coat soldiers of the Hanoverian Dynasty, clearly intimated the downfall of the Chevalier's cause.

"My grandfather was himself a well-wisher to the Stuarts, and the head of our clan had forfeited his earldom and estates, and had narrowly escaped with life, on account of his active participation in the Rebellion of 1715. 'But,' said my grandfather, 'I saw also, my Isabella, that we shall receive a gallant and Royal leader under our roof this evening. It can be no other than The Prince, and it behoves you to make the best preparation for him.' In Scotland, at that time, the wife's motto was to hear and to obey: and she who was thus spoken to, hastened to put her house in order, and make it ready for the reception of the visioned guest. A few minutes before midnight, the tramp of cavalry was heard approaching. It came near—nearer. The horses drew up at my grandfather's gate. A loud knocking brought out the inmates, and they received as a claimant on their hospitality one who certainly was a Royal leader, but not exactly him whom they expected. Instead of bonny Prince Charlie, it was the Duke of Cumberland, then a strong, active man, who was five-and-twenty on that very day."

"His advent," said I, "must have been something of a disappointment?"

"It was. The duke had ridden forward from Nairn, in pursuit, and he sat up during the greater part of the night, merely snatching an hour's sleep on the bed, without taking off his clothes. He quitted the house at daybreak, and the most noticeable thing remembered of him was, that he ate most voraciously, and took enormous quantities of snuff. He demanded the loan of a snuff-box, as he went away. The worst in the house—namely, a common Scotch mull—was filled and handed to him; for, sooth to say, independent of my grandfather's sympathies being with the Stuarts, he never expected to see his box again. Two or three days after the battle, however, a soldier rode up to the house, asked for its occupant by name, and restored him the box, with the duke's compliments and thanks! When opened, it was found to be filled with gold. In this manner, the duke had chosen to make his acknowledgments for the night's lodging which had been unwillingly afforded him. The box, thus honoured by having been used by the Duke of Cumberland, during the eventful day of Culloden, has been preserved in our family as a sort of heir-loom—and you may see it now, if you have the slightest curiosity."

In compliance with my desire, the box was produced. It was a very plain Scotch mull, without the slightest ornament, except a small silver tip on the cover, by which to open it, and a slight rim of the same material round the top. On the cover had been rudely scratched something like a shield, containing what I was herald enough to designate as "a stag's head, cabossed."

"I keep this box," said its owner, "precisely as it was delivered to me—the only portion of my father's property that ever came into my possession after his death. Not having the smaller vices of smoking or snuffing—indeed, having as much antipathy for 'the weed' as ever King James had—I yet keep it as a memorial of its last, rather than its original possessor."

"Yet," said I, "if it does not 'point a moral,' you are now making it 'adorn a tale.'"

"We have another memorial of the fatal contest at Culloden," said he, "to which the Jacobite feelings of my family have attached a value more relative than real. For my own part, I have always thought it fortunate that this country had a happy riddance of the Stuarts—a race at once weak and wilful, headstrong and tyrannic. The nation acted well in calling to the throne a prince of its own choice—thus establishing the principle of an elective monarchy. The Battle of Culloden, as you know, was the death-blow to the Chevalier's hopes. There is little doubt, now, that the unfortunate prince behaved, in that battle, with spirit and bravery. His earnest desire was to rally the Highlanders, broken by the first deadly discharge of the English artillery—to lead them on—and to risk all on that hazard. But Sir Thomas Sullivan seized his bridle, turned his horse round, and conducted him off the field. You know how many and what romantic adventures he passed through, before, with a sum of £30,000 on his head, he finally effected his escape to Brittany. On one of these occasions, it was my grandfather's good fortune to render him a signal service, at the risk of his own life; and, when they parted company, the Chevalier put his miniature into his hands, saying: 'If ever fortune should smile upon me, let me see this, and you shall find me not ungrateful!' This is the miniature, which we have carefully retained in our family, in memory of the Prince."

He handed me an oval miniature, plainly set in gilded brass—such as, in later days, was called *pinchbeck*, from the jeweller who introduced it. The resemblance was not to be mistaken. The light hair, blue eyes, and elongated features of the Chevalier have often been described, and are well known. There was the blue ribbon of the Garter, the star of that order on the breast, the lace cravat, the coat of greyish blue tartan striped with red, and the crimson mantle with ermine bordering. Such was the likeness, such the habiliments and adornments of the unfortunate Chevalier. I would prefer that portrait, in its humble setting, to the resemblance of any living royalty. What a moral did it suggest!

I inquired of my friend whether, having made such a successful first appearance as a seer, his grandfather had experienced any more visions.

"Certainly. Having made a commencement so promising, he continued to exercise the faculty. The last session, which was more than half a century after—for

he lived to extreme old age—was one which such of his descendants as heard of it were not likely to forget. My father, being of a 'truant disposition,' like Horatio in the play, took French leave of his birth-place when he had scarcely reached his eighteenth year. The fifteen years following witnessed his wanderings through all quarters of the globe; and during all that time he most undutifully neglected to hold any communication with his family by letter. It was generally believed by his kinsmen that he was dead; but his father constantly declared that he *felt* to the contrary, and his mother fondly clung to the same belief, with the trust which a mother's feelings alone can retain—for hers was that hoping against hope, which believes rather what it wishes, than what circumstances might make it fear as only too probable. At last, when his very memory was almost forgotten, except by his parents, the long absent re-appeared in the scenes of his youth. The manner in which he was received, as I have heard him relate it, was inexpressibly striking. The father, white with the snow and bowed with the ailments of more than eighty years, had maintained most of his mental faculties unimpaired, and was cherished, amid his children and his children's children, as a venerable patriarch—a living link between the past and the present. On the thirty-third anniversary of the birth-day of the absent son—which they had continued to celebrate rather from custom than from a belief in his existence—the old man suddenly exclaimed, fixing his eyes intently on the open window: 'I see the return of the absent: to-night—even to-night—his voice will sound in the house wherein he first drew breath!' Not a word more did he say; but his wife, who had the fullest confidence in his Second Sight, ordered that preparations should instantly be made for the reception of a guest. The day had far declined, and no visitor appeared. The younger members of the family smiled, in scepticism, at the non-fulfilment of their grandfather's prediction. At last, when it was now almost midnight, a step was heard outside. The window had been left open, and through it, though rather an unusual mode of entrance, bounded in the robust man, bronzed with foreign travel, who had left the place when a lad. No one recognised him, except his aged parents. He bent on his knee before his father, for a blessing; when the old man, laying his hands upon the head of the long absent, fervently blessed him, and then exclaimed, in thankfulness: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' Some time was spent in questions and replies, and, rather early in the morning, the happy family retired to rest. When they had arisen, and assembled round the breakfast-table, it was noticed that my grandfather's seat was vacant. One of his daughters went to summon him. Why need I prolong my story? She found him dead. By his side was his wife, sleeping in happy unconsciousness of her loss. If ever a heart had broken with joy, it was that old man's. Was I wrong in saying that there was something striking in the wanderer's return to his native hills?"

My companion did not much hesitate, at my urgent request, to state the instances in which, in his own person, the faculty of Second Sight had been manifested. They were related, as matters of fact, with such an apparent faith in their reality—and it should be remembered that the narrator was now drawing upon his own experience, in which there was scarcely any chance of a mistake—that Doubt itself would be almost silenced, if, even as I did, it had heard the story told so much more impressively than I can pretend to repeat it.

"According to what is understood to be the usual custom in our family," said he, "the faculty of Second Sight descends from grand sire to grandson, passing over the entire intermediate descendants. None of my grandfather's sons, therefore, could expect to be endowed with it; and of his many grandsons, there appeared little chance that I—born, too, out of Scotland, and from a Saxon mother—should inherit it. Least of all did such an idea cross my own mind for a moment. I was in my fourteenth year, and had proceeded to spend my school vacation with relations in the country. My father, when I left home, was in the enjoyment of that rude health which had always distinguished him, and made him then, though in his sixtieth year, a much stronger man than many who were his juniors by ten or fifteen years. I was in the country, when, one morning, it chanced that I sat alone—if I can say that I was alone, with one of Scott's novels in my hand—when, happening to raise my eyes towards the fire-place, over which was placed a large mirror, I saw my father standing by it, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece. My first impulse was to jump from my chair, throw aside my book, and hastily advance to him. He did not stir, and his eyes, as they looked at another object, appeared dull and glassy. I had scarcely taken a second step forward, when I noticed that I could see into the mirror, *through* my father, and that he cast no image or reflection on the glass. The thought that there was something strange in this, rushed into my mind. My advancing steps were suddenly arrested by this thought, and a horror struck through my frame. I remember nothing more, except that, late in the day, I found myself in bed, and was told by one of my cousins that I had been found senseless on the floor, and that I had been bled by the medical gentleman who had been called in to see me. I could not resist the impulse, even at the risk of being laughed at, of whispering to my cousin the cause of my sudden illness. As might be expected, she laughed at it, and said she hoped I would not be so foolish as to dream of such things. But, on the third day after, a letter from home told me that my father had died, at the precise time when I saw what I believed to be his actual presence. He had been visited by a sudden ailment, which rapidly terminated in his death. Why this should have occurred—for it *did* occur, as certainly as I am now telling it to you—I am unable to ex-

plain. I only relate a simple fact, which neither time, change, nor circumstances can obliterate from my memory."

After a silence of some duration—for there was subject for meditation in what I had heard—I ventured to ask on what other occasions he had experienced the faculty.

"The second, and only other instance, occurred," said he, "not very long ago, when I was in my twenty-third year. I cannot account for the impulse which prompts me to converse thus freely with a stranger, on a subject of this kind; but I feel that, even if you do not believe, you will not ridicule what I tell you: and the overloaded mind is sometimes glad to have an auditor respecting the superstition—if such it be—to whom, even if he do not share its peculiar shades of speculation, it may unburthen itself without reserve."

"When I had reached my seventeenth year—that age when the girl has softly glided into the woman, and the youth can scarcely be said to do more than stand on the threshold of manhood, though he yearns, most sinlessly, for the soft companionship which soothes, and softens, and refines his nature—it was my fortune to be thrown a good deal into the society of a very charming girl of my own age—a distant relative. I need not fatigue you with a description of the young lady. Beautiful she certainly was—at least, so I thought, and think—but the peculiar character of that loveliness I feel that words could never correctly make known to you. But, indeed, the mere attractions of form and feature would not by themselves have charmed me at any time. I found that she had a clear, thoughtful, well-informed intellect—and I have ever believed it is the mind that makes the body beautiful. In the strange old country-house which was her dwelling-place, and with no other being, of either sex, of an age at all near my own, it is scarcely wonderful—to say nothing of the young lady's own attractions—that I very speedily became enamoured of her. Nor was it a trifling consolation to know that the fancy, or the passion—for it was as much of sentiment as sense—was as reciprocal as heart could desire. Well do I remember, even as it were yesterday, when I first dared say in words—what my eyes had told long before—how dearly I loved her. And her reply: it was given, not in uttered language, but in the low and relieving sigh which speaks, even in its silence. The blush upon her cheeks—the heaving of her bosom—the sudden tears springing into her dark-blue eyes (like the dew trembling on the violets)—gave me the glad assurance that I did not sue in vain. Even yet, though years have passed away, the memory of that first hour of mutually-confessed affection is graven in my heart. Well, it is some consolation that, when Hope leaves us, Memory remains to solace us, however sadly."

"It would be a bad reward for the patience with which, my dear sir, you have listened to all this egotism, to try it further by inflicting upon you an account of all the tenderness of protestation and promise which followed the mutual confession I spoke of. The truth is, we were thrown much together, when we had nothing to do but fall in love with each other, at the most susceptible period of the threescore and ten years allotted to human life—and we certainly fulfilled our destiny. Vows of eternal constancy we exchanged, of course, and wisely agreed that, at a fit and future period, we should be espoused. And so we parted. My lot was speedily cast in the midst of the business and bustle of the world, in which I had to win subsistence and reputation; and *here* was destined to glide on in quiet, first in the home which is so haunted with recollections of the past, that it would be a positive pain for me now to revisit it, and finally in a sequestered village in the most beautiful part of the south of France. Our correspondence gradually became less frequent than it had been at first; and I must admit, on my own part, that at last, when I had formed new ties, it wholly ceased."

"I remember how—for our conversation was often on subjects beyond our years—we had often spoken together of that world beyond the grave, of which so little is known—so much vainly guessed."

"I believe," said she, who was fond of such speculations, 'that disembodied spirits may hover around those whom they loved on earth, and,' she added, with more solemnity than I fancied the occasion warranted, 'it should be so, be assured that I shall first use my privilege to watch over you, and—if it be permitted—even to be visitant visible to you.'

"I smiled at the promise thus made, half in sport. I knew not then how Truth may lurk amid the smiles of mirth."

"Many years passed on. The sanguine youth had gradually changed into the man of the world, struggling for fortune, and striving, in that struggle, to gain that fame which, when gained, is unsubstantial as the gorgeous domes, and towers, and mountains, and islands, to which fancy finds resemblance in the sky, on the eve of a bright autumnal day. I had taken unto myself a wife. I had 'olive-branches round about my table.' I had taken an active and leading part in the strife of politics, and the business of life. I had gradually become one of the last persons whom any one would think likely to be moved, even for a moment, by a superstitious fancy. I was known as a plain, matter-of-fact gentleman, troubled with few day-dreams, and holding a decided belief in the actual."

"One night, when absent from home on a visit to a friend, I retired to bed early, as was the custom in his well-regulated house, and lay in that pleasant, quiet state, which may be taken as the medium between thought and repose. Contemplation, which had been busy, was momentarily fading; but sleep had not yet put in his seal upon the phantasies. As the clock commenced striking the midnight hour, I heard—or thought I heard—the door of my chamber slowly opened, and footsteps—they seemed a woman's, by their light tread—pace stealthily along."

They came near—yet nearer. They reached the side of my bed, and paused. Then a dim light appeared through the curtains, as if some one were cautiously holding a lamp, half veiling its light, so as to allow a glance at my features, without dazzling me. The curtains slowly opened, and—and, by heaven!—for it was *not* a dream—I saw a woman's face, pale, melancholy, yet indistinct, gazing upon mine with intent and mournful aspect. Of the lineaments of that face, which yet appeared not wholly unknown to me—haunting me like the memory of something long since seen—I could gather little precisely in the brief and fleeting glance I had of them; for, as I have said, they were indistinct. But the eyes!—so lustrous, and yet so mournful in their brightness and expression—these I could distinctly see: these awakened memory within me, though I knew not what, or whence, or how was my knowledge of them.

"I started from my stillness. I spoke, to satisfy myself that I was not in sleep. I looked around, to see whether the light which had glanced upon me might not be that of the moon peering in through the casement; but it was a dark, starless night. I turned to the vision, if such it were; but as I was about addressing it, I saw it slowly vanish. I arose and followed it—in vain! As it retired, the light by which it was mantled grew less and less; but the unearthly lustre of those sorrowful eyes remained the latest in my view. Just as all had faded away, the clock pealed out its last stroke of midnight; and that clear sound fell on my ear like the knell for a departed soul. A shriek, too, more piercingly shrill and wildly horrible than any sound I had ever heard before, accompanied the exit of the shadowy visitant. All, from first to last, which I had seen and have described, had happened between the first and the last stroke of the midnight hour. An age of agony was concentrated into the compass of those few moments.

"When the morning came, breaking the troubled slumbers of the night, I found my door fastened within, precisely as I had secured it when I retired to rest. The circumstance appeared so startling, when I calmly considered it, that I made a memorandum that day, while each particular was vividly fresh in my mind, of what I had seen or imagined. Why should I longer delay the result? Within ten days I received a letter informing me that *she* who had long been separated from my very thoughts, had died in the foreign land where she had passed so many years. The startling coincidence was, that the breath of life had departed from her on the very day, and at the very hour, when those dark, unfathomable eyes met mine, as I have told you. She died suddenly, and by no lingering illness. I have no more to tell."

To wonder at this strange relation, and to repeat, with Hamlet, that there were more things in earth and heaven than our philosophy had dreamed of, was only natural. I ventured to inquire what the narrator really thought of the visit from the world of spirits—for it was clear that such he had conceived it to be—and the answer was: "I doubt not that it was *her* departing spirit, which, as it hovered between dust and immortality, thus gave its latest token of remembrance to him whom it had loved in life and until death—testifying, by that last farewell, the truth of that affection which the grave alone could terminate."

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.—Instantaneously, universally, the vast building and the long colonnades leaped from that soft, shaded light into living flame. It seemed that the sacred fire had descended upon the cross, which first blazed forth, or that it had been lit by lightning. Great, glorious lights burst out of the darkness in a thousand unsuspected places—some pointing steadily towards heaven, some streaming like red banners on the wings of night. They swung between the pillars of the colonnades, they throbbed among distant shadows, they flashed on near columns and cornices, they made the globe look like a globe on fire. There was something so marvellously beautiful, so almost incredible, in the sight, that I was quite overwhelmed and bewildered, half questioning if it was not some splendid illusion of the senses, some gigantic fairy phantom, some wondrous unreality. It was a singular thing that, the farther we went from St. Peter's, after this, the larger it appeared, till it seemed to have grown into a great mountain of light. Seen from the Pincio, it was grand and beautiful beyond all imagination. We remained on this height till very late, and left reluctantly at last, thinking, with real sadness, that those glorious lights would burn away into the morning, and we never see them more.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—THE SWALLOW AND THE SPARROW.—Under the eaves of a house in St. Owen's Street, in this city, a swallow's nest of last year, in which a young family had been reared, remained for occupation (probably by the same birds) on their return to this country from their continental winter sojourn. During their temporary absence, the nest was taken possession of and inhabited by some house-sparrows, who, from their loud chirrupings, seem to have found it very snug quarters. The swallows, wishing to regain possession, had several skirmishes with the intruders, one of whom appeared always to remain at home, to offer resistance from the interior; but they were unable to dislodge them until one day lately, when it was observed that a swallow pertinaciously attached itself to the outside of the nest, where it was seen late at night, evidently keeping watch on the sparrow prisoner. The next morning, however, the sparrow had deserted his post; but from the entrance to the nest the dead sparrow was suspended by one of its feet, which was firmly cemented to the outside of the nest, and where it still remains, as an admonitory warning to all other burglarious sparrows.—*Hereford Journal.*



[THE ITALIAN VIOLIN PLAYERS.]

VIRGINIA AND CAROLINA FERNI.

YOUNG ITALIAN VIOLIN PLAYERS.

At the upper end of the Rue d'Enfer, amidst that still and noiseless district of Paris—so favourable to solitude and study—in an *atelier* rather humble externally, but rendered curious within, by the large collection of the most interesting specimens of ancient and modern art which it contains, resides the painter, M. Devers, who is a patron himself. A short time ago he invited his friends and a select party of musical celebrities, to hear the performance of two young sisters, already known for the remarkable talent they have acquired on the violin.

The Demoiselles Ferni belong to those rare feminine organisations who are endowed with sufficient energy and spirit to brave the countless difficulties of an instrument which, simple as it appears, lends itself to the widest range of combinations in melody; and which, in spite of the new and ever-changing effects found in its chords by the great violinists, from *Tartini* to *Paganini*, is destined, perhaps, to produce others still more extraordinary, according to the different faculties of the artists, who must not, and will not, be daunted by the laborious study of the violin, so fertile in powerful results.

These young ladies, Carolina and Virginia Ferni, were born at Côme, in Lombardy, of a very respectable but not a wealthy family of artists, and received their musical education at Turin. From their earliest infancy these wonderful girls had already given signs of a natural aptitude for music, by their singular and strenuous perseverance to encounter and overcome the hard trials of this instrument, and emulate the glorious examples of the illustrious artists who have led the way in the same career. Fortified with the advice of Allart, of Beriot, of Vieuxtemps, and of all the most famous violinists they have met in the course of their artistic peregrinations, the sisters Ferni have already contrived to acquire a talent of an uncommon order, which time will develop and mature, and which has already secured for them both the approbation and encouragement of the skilful musicians before whom they have performed.

Carolina, the younger of the two sisters, exhibits a power over the bow, and an execution with the fingers, of a most marvellous character; Virginia, on the other hand, is remarked for the great purity of sound and the

elegance of her performance, in which there is equal taste and feeling. When they stand up together in the same *morceau*, these opposite qualities melt into each other, producing in their blended harmony a correct and masterly style, whose accuracy and method are astonishing, but do not exclude variety of effect.

If M. Devers intended, at his friendly party, to display the juvenile graces of his two *compatriotes*, as well as the sympathy of their musical execution—qualities which could hardly be appreciated in a public assembly, where they are lessened if not lost in the throng—his double object was obtained; for the Demoiselles Ferni, besides charming the audience by the candid playfulness of their disposition, proved themselves worthy, by their talents, to take their places among that glittering constellation of Italian violinists whose glory they are destined to increase.

CHINESE WOMEN.

THE wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them—and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever want of beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently, from their peculiar though not ungraceful costumes.

In the country villages, the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my horse, looked over the low walls at such a group, but the result was rarely complimentary; for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face, she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent; or sometimes the respectable, bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and, in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish, probably, "to eat them up." I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightened to alarm them very much, with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call; far different, however, was the case when "the foreign devil" happened to come upon one solitary matron, pursuing her way from one vil-

lago or farm to the other. Her fears were really terrible, and she fled as fast as her legs could carry her; if, however, the unprotected female happened to be of the small-footed kind, she staggered off with the aid of her bamboo, till an unlucky trip would usually leave her sprawling on the path, or not impossibly into the mud and water of a paddy-field. To rush to her assistance was the natural impulse; but the approach of the monster was a signal for the most tremendous shrieking, and one could only perceive at the risk of throwing the distressed matron into hysterics. It was a disagreeable dilemma, but it invariably ended in my walking on and leaving the lady to scramble out of the mud in her own way. If I had a Chinese attendant with me, I usually sent him on to conduct any fair one I might meet into a secure bye-path, or to assure her of the harmlessness of my general character and habits.—*Recollections of China.*

FACETIE.

LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying.

SELECTED ANAGRAMS.—Lawyers—Sly Ware; Parliament—Partial men; Astronomers—Moonstarkers; Intrigue—I get ruin; Organs—Groans.

TAKING WINE.—Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied: "Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the épergne, and bow to the flowers."

A SALAD.—According to the Spanish proverb, our persons are wanted to make a good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a councillor for salt, and a madman to stir all up.

I believe every created critter in the world thinks that he's the most entertainin' one on it, and that there's no gettin' on anyhow without him. *Consait groovs as natural as the hair on one's head, but is longer in comin' out.*—*Sam Slick.*

A STEAMER.—An American's description of a steamboat: It's got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot, boiling all the time.

HOW TO MAKE A DEBTOR OF A CREDITOR.—A Gascon meeting an acquaintance, asked him to lend him fifteen francs. "Fifteen! I have only ten in my pocket!"—"Oh, very well; give me the ten, and you can pay me the five at your convenience."

SELF-RICHES.—At an inn in Swenden, there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them with you.*" And this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.

WHY WIVES CAN MAKE NO WILLS.

MEN dying make their wills—why cannot wives? Because wives have their wills during their lives.

HAD Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence.

"Do you really believe, Doctor Johnson," said a Lichfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the 'Dead March in Saul!'" "You really believe, then, doctor, in ghosts?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I think appearances are in their favour!" The doctor was notoriously superstitious. The same lady once asked him if he ever felt any presentiment from seeing a winding-sheet in the candle? "Madam," said Johnson, "if a mould candle, it doubtless indicates death, and that somebody will go out like a snuff; but whether at Hampton Wick, or in Greece, must depend upon the graves!"

UNANIMITY.—A Scotch parson, in his prayer, said: "Laird bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant that they may hang together." A country fellow standing by, replied: "Yes, sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But, friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one!"

HOW TO BOARD AND LODGE IN AMERICA.—The *Philadelphia Chronicle* calls the hero of the following story a Yankee, but we will wager a sixpence that he was born in Pennsylvania. But no matter, it is a good joke: "What do you charge for board?" asked a tall, Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second-rate hotel in New York: "what do you ask a week for board and lodging?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! that's too much; but I s'pose you'll allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?" "Certainly; thirty-seven and a half cents each." Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of the two weeks, he again walked up to the bar, and said: "S'pose we settle that account—I'm going a few minutes." The landlord handed him his bill: "Two weeks board at five dollars—ten dollars." "Here, stronger," said the Yankee, "this is wrong—you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, two meals per day; 28 meals, at 37½ cents each—10 dollars 50 cents. If you've not got the fifty cents that's due to me, I'll take a drink and the balance in cigars."

RATTLESNAKES A DELICACY FOR THE TABLE.—A new addition has been made to the French *cuisine*—rattlesnakes. One of these charming reptiles, it appears, belonging to a travelling showman, died in Paris a short time ago from indigestion, caused by a tortoise which it had swallowed whole. An enterprising medical gentleman had a portion of it cooked, and he gave it to his dogs and cats. Finding that they sustained no ill effects, he tried it himself; and he declares that, with caper-sauce, it is as good as salmon, eel, or carp.

ON A MR. WINTER, A TAX-GATHERER.

There sits Mr. Winter, Collector of Taxes,
Whom everybody gives whatever he axes,
And though you may fancy what I say is all flummery,
Though Winter's his name, his proceedings are summary.

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA.—New sovereigns.—*Diogenes.*

A SENTENCE IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—If you wish for "Heart's ease," never look to "Marry gold."—*Ibid.*

IMPORTANT POLITICO-CULINARY-ORNITHOLOGICAL FACT.—We understand that Lord Malmesbury has announced his conviction that Turkey will not ultimately resist the demands of Russia: his lordship having been informed by his French cook that Turkey is not game.—*Ibid.*

THE MARRIAGE RING.—(See Police Reports.)—A black one round each eye.—*Ibid.*

An old maid who has invested all her money, says, facetiously, that she is one of the Vest-all Virgins.—*Ibid.*

DAMP SHEETS.—We see a newspaper advertised, called *The Gas and Water Times*. If this experiment succeeds, we believe it will shortly be followed by *The Gin and Water Advertiser*, *The Soda Water Daily News*, and *The Milk and Water Chronicle*.—*Ibid.*

A CONUNDRUM FOR ALDERMEN.—Why should turtles be pitted? Because theirs is a very hard case.—*Ibid.*

SIXPENNY GENT. I say, Cabby, if you don't make this animal go on, I shall get out! Cabby: Well, arn't I a trying to make 'im go? He never come none o' this nonsense afore the sixpence a mile business. Enough to spile the temper of hany 'oss!—*Ibid.*

NEW MATRIMONIAL TEST.—A paragraph is going the round of the papers, stating that a young lady—a believer in sympathy, magnetism, &c., &c., after hesitating between two aspirants for her hand, discovering that when one of her admirers joined her in the experiment, the table was moved ten minutes sooner than with the other, decided on accepting the hand of the former. The lady has made a fatal mistake. The gentleman's table-moving powers may be displayed under very unpleasant circumstances. Magnetic influences during courtship and after matrimony are widely different: they are in the relation of negative and positive. The lady will be shocked to see the facility with which her elect may move tables and chairs, and other domestic articles, under circumstances of excitement. She had better at once apply for a Faraday's detector, which, controlling the will of her spouse, may save her the unpleasant consequences of a domestic revolution.—*Ibid.*

QUERIES BY A QUEER ONE.

In giving a man the "cold shoulder," do you "cut" him when you "meet" him?

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

Are "spirit-rappings" provided by "tap-stirs?"

Would triennial Parliaments benefit the people by keeping them on "short Commons?"

Does the "Master of the Rolls" sit in "Baker Street?" Won't it be necessary to consult the celebrated "Miles's Boy" as to when you've had a "sixpenny ride?"—*Ibid.*

LOVESUIT AND LAWSUIT.—Promise of marriage is like precious China—a man has so much to pay for its breakage.—*Punch.*

WELL OFF FOR SOAP.—In consequence of the reduction of the Soap Duties, an eccentric gentleman, who likes a smooth-shaven lawn, has the lawn in front of his house lathered in order to be shaved.—*Ibid.*

THE AMERICAN CUPID.—A young lady calls Mr. Hobbs Cupid, because Cupid is Love; and Love, as the proverb says, laughs at locksmiths, and so does Mr. Hobbs.—*Ibid.*

AN APPROPRIATE AMENDMENT.—Seeing how extremely difficult it is to get a complaint listened to at almost any post-office, we think the old simile, "As deaf as a Post," might very suitably be altered into "As deaf as a Post-Master."—*Ibid.*

THE BILL OF THE SESSION.—A more important bill than any which has been introduced into Parliament this session remains to be brought forward. That is, the Bill of National Expenses, including the baker's bill, which will have been incurred on account of the paper war with Russia.—*Ibid.*

"TIME WAS MADE FOR SLAVES."—The present policy of Nicholas is an illustration of the truth of this. For all he wants for Russians is time: a commodity that our cabinet seems disposed to allow any quantity of.—*Ibid.*

MOVEMENTS IN CELESTIAL HIGH LIFE.—We are informed, by our fashionable reporter, that a *suite* of apartments on the first floor have just been bespoken at Mivart's Hotel, for the Emperor of China.—*Ibid.*

THE DISSATISFIED CREATURES.—Calmen should not complain of being paid at the rate of sixpence a mile; for, look at some of our best panoramas—they only charge a shilling, and they are generally "three miles long."—*Ibid.*

A CABMAN'S IDEA OF A FARE.—A cheque on a Banker.—*Punch.*

MARKET AND TRADE REPORT.—City.—The deportation of such large numbers of shirt-hands, to which we have before alluded, has caused an unparalleled rise in wages, amounting, we are assured, in some cases, to as much as a farthing per dozen on "gents' dress." It is rumoured that the "United Distressed Needlewomen" contemplate striking for a reduction of the hours of labour. Twenty-one hours a day, with three intervals of two minutes each for meals, except during the busy season, which comprises only about eleven months in the year, is spoken of as likely to be their stipulation.—*Ibid.*

STRIKE OF THE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

At the present moment, when everything is rising, it behoves the Wives of England to be up and doing, too. There are thousands—perhaps millions of my oppressed sisters this minute married to husbands in the human form who, with a meanness which ought to make them ashamed of themselves, allow so much and no more for the expenses of the house. No matter what are the markets—the weekly allowance is the same. Bread may rise—butter may go up—legs of mutton may advance—and still no rise at home.

Therefore, it is desired that all wives suffering in silence under the yoke of the tyrant, will take the remedy in their own hands—and strike.

All ladies willing to co-operate—that the blow may be aimed through the cupboards at the husbands on the same day—are requested to communicate (post paid) with
MRS. MARY ANNE HEN.—*Ibid.*

PEDESTRIANISM AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

MEMBERS of the House of Commons, being in the library, or elsewhere about the house, have to run for it in order to be present at divisions, and are sometimes too late. Lightness of heels, as well as of principle, appears to be a quality necessary to a representative of the British people. An election contest might be an actual foot-race. Why not? The candidate that is able to outrun his opponent is at least as fit and proper a man to represent a constituency, as he is who can outbribe him. However this may be, we expect soon to see some such arrangements as the following among the parliamentary notices:

Thomas Babington Macaulay will run Joseph Hume, or any other member, on the India question; or what not.

Frederick Lucas, the Scarlet Runner, will match himself with Phinn, the Bath Brick, to run any length upon the Nunneries' Bill; or as much further as the Pope chooses.

Colonel Sibthorpe will run any member of her Majesty's government (in which he has no confidence) at any time, on any question.

We shall also have Sir J. T. Tyrrell, the Farmer's Boy, challenging Lord John Russell, the Bedford Pet, to a trial of speed; the Attorney-General will be invited to a similar match by Sir F. Thesiger; Mr. Bright will be proposing to hop Lord Palmerston; and perhaps Mr. Benjamin Disraeli will want to jump Mr. Gladstone in a budget.—*Ibid.*

BRICKS.

The natural history of Bricks is interesting.

We are enabled to trace it without difficulty from very ancient periods, both with reference to its different structures, and with reference to building purposes.

It is pleasing to observe how the bitumen was first used, how it was moulded into form, and baked into hardness, by the heat of the Persian sun. We can trace it through many of its forms until we come to the great Roman Brick of nine inches long, three inches broad, and three inches thick. We now discover, with the satisfaction and pleasure of the antiquarian, how long these Bricks have endured; but, for many years, we were not aware of any application of the Brick, other than that of strength, stability, and support of edifices—edifices which, sometimes, might really raise the question: "To what extent the architect for *Time* meant to contend with *Eternity*?"

We think we are indebted to our Cambridge friends—it may be to our Harrow friends, we cannot tell—for the first moral or ethical application of the word Brick.

How common it has been of late years to say to a man, whose virtuous tendencies are of the first order: "My dear fellow, you are a Brick." It becomes, however, more emphatic in the usage of the third person. "Do you know Mr. So-and-So? Is he really a man I can trust? Is he a good fellow?" The answer, in one word, is: "He's a Brick." The answer is satisfactory, in all senses, to the propounder of the question—indeed, a more satisfactory reply cannot be uttered.

We have heard this kind of expression called *slang*—it really is not so. Gentlemen, take up your *Platarch*, turn to the Life of Agesilaus, and what do you read? You'll find, if you understand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning it immediately, for the purposes of history, as well as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the Ambassador from Epirus went to Agesilaus, to have a diplomatic chat with him, he said to him: "Where on earth are the walls of Sparta?" In other States of Greece the principal towns have walls—but where are yours, dear Agesilaus?" The Sir Stratford Canning, or Lord Cowley, from Epirus, was answered by that amiable monarch: "I'll to-morrow, at morning dawn, show you the walls of Sparta. Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the best black soup this Sparta can afford shall be put on the table; and I'll show you the walls."

They met; and Agesilaus had drawn out his Spartan army before him, and with exulting cheer and dignified mien, said to his friend from Epirus: "Look! *these are the Walls of Sparta, Sir; and every particular man you*

see is a Brick." How classical becomes the phrase! how distinct from slang!

We do not say we have translated the great *Plutarch* literally, but we have translated him in spirit; and if that great man had been now living, and could have seen this, he would no doubt have been delighted, and grateful to us for our application of history to the correction of vulgarisms, and to the promotion of sound and sincere classical literature.—*Ibid.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"MUSIC," says Addison, "is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess, without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

SUFFER not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

SILENCE is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.

THOSE who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THOSE who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of great ones.—*Roche-foucauld.*

SERENITY of mind is nothing worth unless it has been earned. A man should be at once susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

DECEPTION.—Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organisation one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—*Bulwer.*

VANITY is universal, and universally disowned.

In order to establish themselves in the world, men do all they can to appear established there. So Goldsmith declares: "If a man wishes to become rich, he must appear to be rich."

A man may be learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

TRUE policy says nothing—it does.

ROCHEFOUCAULD says, that "philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy."

We fancy we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

A LADY OF DAMASCUS.

WE will first describe the daughter of the host—a very fair specimen of her sex in Damascus. Her eyes are beautifully dark, her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair of a glossy,

black: the latter, tinged with henna, hangs down her back, and reaches nearly to the ground, in a succession of plaits, each terminating with black silk braid knotted and interwoven with various sized golden coins; her features (excepting the eyes) are all small, but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting, the chin dimpled, the form of the face oval, and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable, the arms comely, the wrists and ankles well turned, and the feet and hands perfect models for a sculptor; yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered with *izar* and veil in the street. Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and oriental costume. On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely flowered handkerchief, and over the latter strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of her red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord with a blue silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls; her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold lace; in winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. The vest is confined to the waist by a *zunnar*, in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf—in winter, by a costly cashmere shawl; and from under this a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lapels, lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles; the tasty mixture of colours, and the graceful arrangement, renders the costume a perfect study. Latterly, European shoes have been much used by the Damascene ladies, especially those gaily-flowered kid shoes imported into Syria from Marseilles.

This completes the young lady's toilet, and her walk and action are as graceful as her figure and face are prepossessing; but beyond the *naam* (yes) and *la* (no) of conversation, you can seldom get a word from her unless you are a very intimate friend of the family; and then these young ladies are as fond of a little romping or quizzing as their more accomplished and more elegant sisters of the north. It is a mistake to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of those countries—a tale

which has gained credence and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience.

Amongst the higher classes of the Greek, persuasion in particular, every freedom exists in doors; young ladies not only show themselves, but, after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join in the conversation. This state of freedom exists to a greater or less degree till the young girl is betrothed: then it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house, neither should she hear his name mentioned. Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mahomedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year: she is then excluded from the society of men; but womanhood has already begun to develop itself in the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are often wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence, love exists between the young couple before the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady-love as soon as she enters upon womanhood, though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old duennas; but not a single word or one bewitching kiss can the despairing lover hope for until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life: then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem. Even this feeling, in country places and villages, though the newly-married bride may be strictly guarded for a year or two, eventually wears off, and the women mix in the every-day occupations of the field or in the garden, unveiled and undistinguishable from their Christian neighbours.—*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AGED FRENCHWOMAN.—A female named Plet died some time since at Cambrai, aged 105. She never had recourse to medical assistance during the whole of her long life, except two days before her death. She died in the house in which she was born. She has left three sons, one of whom is 70 years old.

TELEGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.—The *Cologne Gazette* affirms that the telegraph director, Gintl, has discovered a means of making one telegraphic wire convey two messages in opposite directions at the same time.

DREAMING OF THE DEAF AND THE BLIND.—Dr. Darwin was of opinion that if a deaf person dreamed of hearing, the internal parts essential to the function were unimpaired. The same remark, it is said, is applicable to the blind. It is invariably found that the incurably deaf and blind never dream of hearing and seeing.

WALKING STICKS.—Walking-sticks were first introduced into fashion by the effeminate Henry II. of France, but did not become a requisite appendage to the gentleman of fashion in England till the year 1655, at which time they were formed with an indented head, in order to afford a more easy pressure of the hand which they supported. Ingenuity, which, in matters of fashion, is for ever on the alert, now crowned it with the addition of the round and hollow top, which sometimes contained nutmeg or ginger, to warm the stomach of the valetudinarian, and sometimes sugar-candy for the asthmatic; but snuff soon after coming into universal use among the *bon ton* of society, the cavity was exclusively appropriated to its reception; and the meeting of two friends was invariably marked, after the first salutation, by the unscrewing of the tops of their walking-sticks.

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN.—The profession of medicine seems to belong peculiarly to woman by nature: part of it exclusively. She is a nurse, and half a doctor, by nature. It is quite encouraging that medical schools are beginning to instruct women, and special schools get founded for the use of women; that sagacious men are beginning to employ women as their physicians. Great good is to be expected from that! As yet, I believe, no woman acts as a lawyer. But I see no reason why the profession of law might not be followed by women as well as by men. He must be rather an uncommon lawyer who thinks no feminine could compete with him. Most lawyers that I have known are rather mechanics at law, than attorneys or scholars at law; and in the mechanical part woman could do as well as man—could be as good a conveyancer—could follow precedents as carefully, and copy forms as nicely. And in the higher departments of legal work, they who have read the plea which Lady Alice Little made in England, when she could not speak by attorney, must remember there is some eloquence in woman's tongue, which courts find it rather hard to resist. I think her presence would mend the manners of the court—of the bench, not less than of the bar. In the business of theology, I could never see why a woman—if she wished—should not preach as well as a man. It would be hard, in the present condition of the pulpit, to say she had not intellect enough for that! I am glad to find, now and then, women-preachers, and rejoice at their success. A year ago I introduced to you the Rev. Miss Brown, educated at an orthodox theological seminary. You smiled at the name of "Reverend Miss!" She has since been invited to settle by several congregations of unblemished orthodoxy, and has passed on, looking further. It seems to me that woman, by her peculiar constitution, is better qualified to teach religion than any merely intellectual discipline. The Quakers have always recognised the natural right of a woman to perform the same ecclesiastical function as

man. At this day, the most distinguished preacher of that denomination is a woman, who adorns her domestic calling as housekeeper, wife, and mother, with the same womanly dignity and sweetness which mark her public deportment.

CATCHING A BEAR.—The following is a description of an Esquimaux bear-trap: "A thick and strong piece of whalebone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is bent double. While in this state, some pieces of blubber are wrapped around it, and the contrivance placed in the open air, where a low temperature renders it hard and compact. It is now ready for use. The natives being armed with bows and arrows, and taking the frozen mass with them, depart in quest of their prey, and, as soon as the animal is seen, one of them deliberately discharges an arrow at it. The bear, feeling the insult, pursues the party, now in full retreat; but, meeting with the frozen blubber, dropped expressly for it, swallows the lump. The chase, the exercise of running, and the natural heat of the inside, soon cause the dissolution of the blubber; the whalebone, thus freed from incumbrance, springs back to its old position, and makes such havoc with his intestines, that the beast discontinues the chase, and soon dies."

A GOOD-HUMOURED BASHAW.—The possession of arbitrary power seems to degrade man to a level with the beast. Emperors and slave-drivers, who may have smiled the smile of angels on their mother's bosom, soon degenerate into ferocity, when the sceptre or the lash is put into their hands. Why should we wonder, then, that a bull-necked, low-browed Turk, invested with the koorbash and scimitar, and specially charged with the task of acting as a kind of chronic Verres to his province, should succeed in galling everlastingly the feelings of the people placed under him? I remember an instance of the extent to which a pasha, quite *débonnaire* in his dealings with most people, was led by a momentary impulse of avarice. There was in one of the provincial capitals a man, whose reputation for probity was established on long experience, and who was intrusted by merchants, ladies, and others, with jewels for sale, without receipt of any kind. This fact came to the ears of the governor—the amiable functionary I have alluded to—and as the jewel-dealer was passing beneath his window one day, he beckoned him in, and asked him what he had with him. It happened that he had only a few coral necklaces and a large pearl. This was not worth while. He was told to come next day, and in the mean time he went from house to house, amongst people whom he knew, gathering a good stock. Every one could prove the delivery of the jewels, and every one was sure of the honesty of the agent. He disappeared, however, and the report soon spread through the city that he had been murdered. Presently one, and then another person, and so on, came forward to say that he had been seen to enter the pasha's palace; and indeed his corpse was found on the banks of the river, a few yards below. Of the jewels, however, there was no news. Public opinion accused the pasha; and the European representatives took up the matter. Their interference was effectual in one respect—the murderer restored some of the jewels with a shrug; but there was no proper inquiry, and of course no punishment.—*The Turks in Europe.*

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY is one of the meanest, but not the least powerful, of the unclean spirits that infest modern society. How rarely is it that we hear sincere, unqualified praise flowing from the lips of a rival! In order to beget hatred, it seems only necessary that two men should start on the same path. They may be friends at first; but in a very short while afterwards we are sure to find them foes: the success of the one being gall and wormwood to the other. Do you doubt this? Then look around you. Who are the most unmerciful critics of works of art? Artists. Who tomahawk incipient poets? Poetasters. Moot but a point on theology, and you straightway have reverend doctors abusing each other with a heartiness that would do credit to Billingsgate, and indicating in no disguised language the future destination of their compeers. Let a medical practitioner start a new theory, and his brethren are instantly down upon him. He is a quack—a rogue—an ass—an impostor. Even though the life of a patient be at stake, they scorn to hold consultation with one who is a disgrace to his order. Better that Mrs. Jones should die unaided, than that the noble faculty should be profaned.

Furnish a couple of rival tragedians with real Andrea Ferraras—let them fight it out in the last act of *Macbeth*; and to a moral certainty one of them will be pinked or hideously slashed. Did you ever know a reigning beauty who looked kindly on a young debutante? If such a spectacle was ever seen, you may be sure there was a mortal venom beneath the smile. Men say that the lawyers, as being constantly pitted against each other, are the least jealous of all professionals; but we have heard of such things as systematic snubbing from seniors.

Let no man charge us with inconsistency in these remarks. We expect not that professional competitors shall go about trumpeting each others' praises—that were, perhaps, a stretch of liberality beyond the power of human nature. But there is a wide difference between that and deliberately running down your rival. Why hate a man because he sells twice as many copies of his book as you do of yours? Has he injured you thereby? Not one whit. Has he depressed your genius? Clearly not. Even though he had never existed, you would not have achieved a greater success; then, why hate him? An early chapter of the Book of Genesis is suggestive of the reason. The first murder arose from hatred engendered by jealousy; and jealousy, at the present day, is as active and vigorous as ever.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ANXIOUS PARENT.—The birth of a child, two years of age, may be registered on payment of five shillings.

T. C.—A granddaughter can claim the share of the personal property her deceased parent would have been entitled to, if living.

LAYTON.—Rum is used to remove scurf from the skin. It is applied by means of flannel or sponge. Eau de Cologne is also used for the same purpose.

JOHN DOUGHER.—The best way to remove corns is to sew together about eight or nine pieces of flannel the size of a shilling, and then, cutting a round hole in the centre, place it on the corn so that the latter may grow out, and be wholly extirpated. All pressure on the affected part is thus prevented.

X. O. Z.—Steel mixtures, invaluable as tonics, may be prepared in a variety of ways. The following is one of them: Take of myrrh, finely pulverised, one drachm; subcarbonate of potash, twenty-five grains; sulphate of iron, one scruple; rose-water, eight ounces; white sugar, one drachm; spirit of nutmeg, half an ounce. Rub together the myrrh, subcarbonate of potash, and sugar, then add gradually the rose-water and spirit of nutmeg, and, lastly, the sulphate of iron.

HONESTAS.—Wait. Clandestine marriages rarely result in happiness. The parents of the lady suspect you. A proposal to them would remove every difficulty.

AN IRISH PRASANT writes an Irish letter. He is so temperate that he has plunged headlong into vulgar—very vulgar abuse. The weaker the cause the louder the voice, and the more ruffianly the gestures. Our readers, we are assured, will excuse our not following so bad an example; but we must tell him that, although not a "peasant," in the honourable sense of the word, he is extremely boorish—an unwashed hog in manners—and quite incapable of forming a correct opinion on any subject. He is wallowing in prejudice and darkness.

KATE.—The word Khan is of Tartar origin—it signifies lord or chief. The governors of the Persian provinces are called Khans.

FAIR PLAY.—We protested against some debtors not having the same measure of justice dealt out to them as felons. The latter cannot be committed to prison without a previous investigation before a magistrate; the former are unceremoniously lodged in gaol on *ex parte* statements, if the judgment went by default. That cannot be fair.

WILLIAM E.—The mode employed in blueing steel is merely to subject it to heat. The dark blue is produced at a temperature of 600 degrees, the full blue at 500 degrees, and the blue at 550 degrees.

C. M. S.—All bashfulness. The poor fellow will get over it in time; but you must not treat him haughtily, or he will get frightened, and run away. He is one of that class of lovers who approach near the precipice, but are afraid to look over it.

SARAH.—The best present a young lady could make to a young gentleman on his twenty-first birthday, would be a knitted purse, to give him the hint that, now he is about to make money, he must learn how to keep and make good use of it.

THOS. HAYS.—Lady Jane Grey was the eldest daughter of Mary, the younger sister of Henry VIII. Mary Queen of Scots was the descendant of Henry VIII's eldest sister, who married the King of Scotland.

LESLIE.—We publish your problem, as you so particularly wish it. Two gentlemen enter a room, and one of them, looking at a portrait, says:

Sisters and brothers I have none,
But that man's father is my father's son.

What is the relationship? or, in other words, whose portrait is it?

J. W.—There cannot be a question of the truth of the general principles of the science of phrenology. Those who contend for the contrary, are not gifted with an abundance of mental acumen.

J. WARR.—When the banns of marriage, owing to residence, are published in two different parishes, the marriage may be solemnised in either, but the officiating minister will require a certificate of the other publication.

M. R. A. B. C.—Marriages with a deceased wife's sister are prohibited by the English law—Act of Parliament law—but not the Canon law. Parliament, sooner or later, must remove the prohibition; but until it does so—which may be next session—you must respect your deceased wife's memory, her sister's honour, and your own self-respect and domestic peace, by refusing to inveigle her into an engagement which would be immoral as well as illegal.

ETHELINDA five years ago had a lover, and had every reason to think their love was mutual—but she listened to a person who spoke evil of him, and left the place where he resided, without leaving him the slightest clue to her whereabouts. She has since learnt what she heard of him was false: as she has now got a little fortune, she would like to marry; and as she does not think she could ever love another, she would like him to have the first choice. Could she with propriety write to him, explaining all the circumstances, and offering to renew the correspondence? Certainly, and with more than conventional propriety—for it would only be consistent with justice to make reparation. Our correspondent was wrong in listening to the voice of the slanderer—she was wrong in casting off her lover without a word of explanation; but we must say that she would make reparation in a generous and spirited manner.

O. E. M. prefers a request, which we regret we cannot comply with; but one portion of his letter is interesting to our ourselves, and we transfer it to our pages. He says: "Having read the LONDON JOURNAL in India, I feel I could shake hands with you as an old comrade—for if you only knew the many weary hours your Journal has dispelled, you could easily forgive my freedom. I do assure you the LONDON JOURNAL was eagerly looked for and devoured on the arrival of the Overland Mail." We lately received a letter from New Zealand, containing a similar statement.

LANCASTRIAN.—We cordially approve of the course you have pointed out for your self-advancement. The only difficulty would be in the judicious choice of a situation, and of the goods that would suit the neighbourhood. With your little stock, you are wiser than those who, with five or ten times the amount, are rushing to the antipodes. By the way, secure a piece of land on lease, and trust a good deal to frugality and industry, to make it profitable. A popular work on cottage gardening would be of great assistance to you.

MADELINE.—A gentleman (?) sent you the flower of the thorn-apple. What did he mean? He intended it either as a reproach or a rude insult. In the language of flowers, the thorn-apple means deceit. It languishes during the day, and avoids the sun. But on the approach of night the flowers revive, display their charms, and unfold their large bells—which nature has covered with purple, lined with ivory, and to which she has imparted an odour that attracts and intoxicates. It is a poisonous plant, and therefore dangerous to be allowed to grow where there are children. What flower shall you send him in return? A yellow pink, if you like—for that signifies disdain, contempt, scorn—on account of its being the least beautiful, the least fragrant of the pink tribe, and yet requires the most care. Or, if you wish to be very cross with him, you may send him a vine-leaf—for Anacharsis tells us that the vine-tree produces three kinds of fruit—toxication, debauchery, and repentance.

ZARA.—Single blessedness at twenty is double-distilled wretchedness at thirty. Be a sensible young woman, and marry, when you have the chance of marrying well.

****** The wages of an apprentice belong to his parents. As they are bound in law to feed, clothe, and lodge him, the law gives them his earnings by way of compensation. Why grumble at such a wise provision? You signed yourself "One of your Readers." Don't do so again—for, had you not been a son contemplating an unfilial action, we should not even have acknowledged your letter.

J. C. M.—The wife of a transported felon cannot legally marry again, unless morally satisfied of her husband's death. Under the circumstances stated, the probabilities are all in favour of the man being dead.

CHAS. JACKSON.—Your wife has been enticed from her home by her mother, and you, in consequence, have been plunged into several pecuniary difficulties and great mental distress. The mother's conduct is unpardonable, and the wife, having received no provocation, must see that she has been led from the path of duty. A few weeks' reflection will, perhaps, open her eyes to her absurd and equivocal position, and then she will be glad to return home.

W. S. E.—The heart-cries of the unmarried ladies, old and young, is—

Why don't the men propose?

That very neglect causes more old bachelorism, old maidism, and other miseries, than most people even dream of. You love, are highly respectable, the lady seems impressed, the parents allow you to visit the house—and what is there to prevent your proposing at once? Select a cosy hour—one of those radiant hours in which the mother's cheeks bloom like roses—and endeavour to obtain her consent. That done, the father's follows, as a matter of course.

ARCTIC.—"The Lost Ship," of which you have sent us a copy, is far inferior to "The Castaway Ship," by the poet, John Malcolm. The three first verses, however, are highly descriptive.

Deep in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now;
And spars and shining coral
Incrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine;
While in the deep hid hidden,
Are casks of ruby wine.

KATE ELLEN, with the sanction of her parents, has been receiving the attentions of a young gentleman about two years, and whom she had every reason to believe was sincerely attached. He now tells her he does not like her Christian name so well as many others he could mention. The man is demented. Why, Kate, next to Mary, is the most popular and best beloved name either in Europe or America. The poets have devoted on the name of Kate, Shakespeare often introduced it. Hotspur's wife was a Kate—"a gentle, loving Kate," and then there is Petruchio's Kate—"his 'super, super, dainty Kate'—his 'Kate of Calhall'—a true woman, from top to toe. Our Kate's lover, as the Persian proverb phrases it, had better submit his ears to the shears of discretion.

P. A. B.—Should you break off the engagement, you must expect to be dragged into a court of law. As you are so refined, and the girl so uneducated, why not endeavour to improve her? Women are more readily educated than the other sex. But if you are afraid that the girl is positively incurable, it would be better to submit to an honourable compromise, than to yoke to a wife whom you would fancy degraded you. But as you are so refined, you may have mistaken buoyancy of spirits and artless candour for vulgarity—so that the girl's feelings ought to be taken into consideration. In love, gathering flowers in haste and throwing them away at leisure, is not allowed.

MR. JAMES BRUTON has sent us a burlesque on a class of songs unfortunately very popular. Here it is.

THERE'S A SADNESS AT MY HEART, MOTHER.

There's a sadness at my heart, mother

A throbbing at my brow;

And little thought I, yesternight,

Of this affliction now!

To-morrow 'twill be so, mother

For many hearts now light,

But little reck of agony,

To reach them ere 'tis night

And yet my own rash hand, mother!

Hath wrought this heavy blow:

Yet do not curse thy erring child,

When thou the truth shalt know

Thy ear bend to my lips, mother!

Nor from me so recoil!

Know when I rose this morn I took

A dose of castor-oil!

C. J. T.—You could not be ordained a minister of the Established Church until you had attained your majority and obtained the degree of bachelor of arts.

JERSEY.—An old gentleman, aged nearly seventy, ten months ago buried the mother of his children, who was his second wife, and is now upon the point of marriage with a young lady about thirty years of age. At his former marriage, certain property was settled upon his late wife, he himself, in case of her death, retaining a life-interest in the same, with power to devise it by will entire to either of the children, or to divide it among them. This property he is about to settle on the young person who is about becoming his third spouse. Would the children be justified in seeking a remedy at law? As the property is personal, and therefore liable to be frittered away, they would be perfectly justified in taking such steps as would prevent their father being a knave as well as a fool.

E. T. J.—The origin of the beautiful substance, amber, has been, and continues to be, the theme of much discussion. Under the name of electrum, it was well known to the ancients—being so called from its possessing, in a high degree, with the aid of friction, the property of attracting towards it any light substances. It has as yet been obtained in the greatest quantities on the shores of the Baltic: on digging a few feet into the soil, or after a storm, it is found in large quantities, lying on the shore. We do not, however, hear of its being found inland, except at Fischenau, in Germany: the top stratum there is sand, underneath which lies a bed of clay; beneath that, again, there exist the remains of one of the antediluvian forests, in a state bordering upon coal, but still retaining the distinct marks of the woody fibre. This stratum is generally found to rest upon a bed of pyrites overlying a bed of sand, on which the amber is found in great abundance. Many of the ancient writers suppose it was derived from the same source as the resins and gums, to which they conceive it to be allied; but this story has been over-ruled, in favour of the more obvious one, that it is a species of pure bitumen, which, it has been admitted, is produced from vegetables which have decayed under peculiar circumstances.

BEIHAVEN.—We consider the whole to have been a delusion created by fear. The footstep was the echo of your own; the woman, some wandering lunatic; the light, the beams of the setting sun. The rest of the drama your own imagination filled up.

JOHN OWEN.—Another unfortunate instance of the results of clandestine courtships. The felicity of the lovers is about to be interrupted by the father bestowing the lady upon another. If the father will not change his purpose there is no help for it; but we must say, that disposing of girls just as if they were hardware, crockery, or bales of goods, is not very fatherly. Our correspondent must ingratiate himself with the mother—which he ought to have done in the first place; but let him try what virtue there is in "better late than never."

HERBERT L.—Disappointment in love never kills the wise. There are more daisies in the world than one. In your case, as the sentiment on the part of the girl is not decidedly strong, and there is a great disparity in your social positions, it would not be advisable to attempt to bias the parents in your favour. Improve your pecuniary resources, and convince the girl that if you can love well, you can also love wisely. Girls have a *penchant* for active and shrewd men of business.

MUSICAL A.—Refer us to what you deem the best modern songs, and we will give the list a liberal consideration. Our essayist treated of those that were popular; but as "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, &c." may be brought into the light, we shall only be too happy to facilitate the operation, if in our power.

J. WILSON.—The song of your friend "Will Wild," breathes a happier, a more hearty, and Scottish tone than the melodramatic emigration songs at present so popular in the country. The two first verses are the best. The last is slightly defective.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Sweet home or my kindred, and land of my fathers,
It may be for ever I bid thee adieu:
Through night's dusky veil which around me now gathers,
The land of my birth fades away from my view.
Farewell to its glens, with its snow-covered mountains,
That lift their white crests to each bright rolling star;
And where the wild music of clear gushing fountains
Is borne on the wind through the valleys afar.

Farewell to the scenes where so oft I did wander,
With her, the bright star of my morning of love;
With deepest emotion my fond heart will ponder,
When afar from those scenes, an exile I rove;
Through the dark cloud of years, and o'er the wide ocean,
My thoughts will return to my loved native shore,
And oft in my dreams, with the fondest emotion,
I'll stray o'er the hills where I wandered of yore.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Paul Jones (The merchant service is to be preferred)—S. P. (Out of print)—Doctas (Only by plucking them out)—J. A. G. (The personal property is divisible among the children and grandchildren of the brother and sister)—Rt. C. W. (The French Lessons commenced in No. 312 of this Journal)—Augustus Hardy (Order through a news-agent in Newry)—Songstress (Had better advertise in the daily Times)—F. L. Lyons (Write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject)—W. Simpson (Because their individual nature has been destroyed)—** (Articles on "General Etiquette," were published in Vol. I, those on "Courtship and Marriage Etiquette," in Vols. IX., X., and XI. of this Journal)—J. Hope (Your case is not hopeless. Try and do better)—A Youth (Stay at home—it would be wicked to thwart the good intentions of your parents)—Garraway (The Attorney and Solicitor-General do not receive salaries officially, but are well paid for conducting the business of the crown, and their positions command an extensive private practice)—Border Farmer's Son (Gotland, in the Baltic, is considered a good corn and flax-growing island)—Veritas (Temperance, and nothing but temperance)—Thomas Stanforth (Your son will be free at twenty-one—but if he then leaves you will be liable to an action, for breach of the covenant in the deed of apprenticeship)—F. S. Holloway (Works on gymnastics are numerous—apply to a book-seller)—R. S. (The will will have to be proved in the diocese of Durham)—W. Jones (There is no registry office in the metropolis, for clerks)—John Lynell (Stammering may be cured. Apply to a medical man.)—A Working Youth (A commendable effort)—A Suffolk Lad (In a week or two)—Gainsborough (The "Lives of the Queens of England" commenced in No. 387 of this Journal)—Anthony Skinner (In March, 1845)—J. A. D. (Any publisher or bookseller)—J. K. (The order of affiliation must be applied for within twelve months after the birth)—** (The period which regiments usually serve in India is ten years)—Malvina (Use a pair of tweezers)—W. W. S. (The "Ch" in Chobham is pronounced soft)—G. U. S. (Either Harding's, Gurney's, Lewis's, or Odell's will do)—W. Allam (We should prefer the edition just now being advertised)—A. E. (An apprentice cannot dictate terms to his master. His engagement is to obey all his master's lawful commands)—J. S. A. D. (Place yourself in the hands of a respectable lawyer)—H. O. (Ascertain the name of the regiment, and then write to the authorities at the Horse Guards)—J. Bruton (See the advertisements on the subject in the newspapers)—J. J. (We cannot offer advice to intending emigrants)—F. H. C. (There is no good work on education in existence. Such a one has to be written)—B. C. (Study attentively our French Lessons)—Paul Jones (Yes)—Ande (Landsmen are admitted into the Royal Navy—but strive to be re-admitted into the society)—Thomas Jones (Neither the handwriting nor the spelling would do for a merchant's office. You must seek about improving both)—J. P. G. (Yes)—W. H. Smith (No)—A. B. (The cousins are entitled to the property)—D. S. J. H. (Apply to the secretary)—Charles Brown (Yes)—M. W. R. (Not in this country)—Galen—Australian—Guilelmus—L. P. and G. R.—J. H.—P. S.—Fides—Euphonia—G. B. Craig—Inez—Margaret P.—Publicolus—Expectant—Richard le Ross—S. B. M.—T. Parkinson—Patrick O'Hare—B. B.—W. Elson—W. Jones—Cincinnati—R. W. D.—C. Stanley—A. L.

NEW NOVEL IN "THE WEEKLY TIMES."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MABEL ENTREATING THE MISER TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE OLD CHAIR AND THE BIRD AND CAGE.]

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER VII.

He sleeps—but not the calm and sunny sleep
Which on the brow of peaceful childhood lies.

WHILST violence and crime were thus stealthily approaching his bed, the miser dreamed; and his dreams were a strange mixture of allegory and truth—a lesson and a moral—a glass which reflected alike the present and the past.

He saw himself a child, wandering in a beautiful garden, planted with perfumed flowers, and trees laden with fruit. He thought that he stretched forth his hands eagerly to grasp them, but at his touch they turned to gold—to bright, yellow, shining gold; and his eyes were dazzled at the sight. Like a madman, he kept piling heap on heap, till not a bud or fruit remained. When all were plucked, he sat joyously down, but the beauty of the garden had disappeared; the stems and boughs were broken, the leaves turned to ashes, and a sense of loneliness fell upon him.

His dream was a warning and a punishment: that garden was an image of the world; the flowers and fruit the joys, the holy ties, the tender sympathies which he had sacrificed at the shrine of avarice. He felt hungry, but the gold was tasteless. A sickness came over him—the ingots were scentless. In his dream he would have given them all for a single grape to moisten his parched lips—for one flower to revive his drooping senses.

In this state he saw a hideous-looking being appear to rob him of his treasure—of that treasure for which he had bartered so many pure delights, so much domestic bliss—the smile of love, and friendship's manly grasp. With a loud cry of terror and despair, he started from his pillow. His dream, in fact, was realised—for close by his side he perceived Ned Cantor, one hand grasping the murderous knife, the other holding back the curtain.

Although Nicholas Arden was well stricken in years, his frame was still active and vigorous. With a single bound he started from the opposite side of the bed, and stood at bay like a gaunt wolf.

"What would you?" he demanded.

"Only a little of that superfluous gold you carry about you!" replied the husband of Mabel, who, half fainting with terror, still kept crouching behind the old oak chair.

"Gold!" repeated the old man, nervously. "I have not a coin upon my person, save the ones I received in

change from your wife, when I paid her for my lodging—ask her!"

Ned replied only by an incredulous smile—for he well knew that, to save a single maravedi, the speaker would have sworn the same thing upon the gospels, even though his garments had been quilted with the precious metal all the while.

"Make haste!" shouted his partner in crime, from the window, where he remained to watch; "it is getting late, and we must be miles distant before morning!"

"Dog!" exclaimed the miser, half mad with terror; "murder me you may—but, I repeat it, to rob me is not in your power! My gold is safe—quite safe—far beyond your reach!"

"We shall see!" said the ruffian, with a atrocious expression, at the same time cautiously advancing towards him.

Mabel could endure no more. To the astonishment both of her husband and Nicholas Arden, she rushed from her place of concealment, and, throwing herself between them, implored the former not to stain his hands in crime.

"If poor, Ned," she continued, "let us at least be honest! It is something to meet the world face to face—to fear no eye—tremble at no step! I'll work for you, toil like a slave, and never murmur again—only spare me the shame of knowing that the father of my child is a felon!"

For an instant the wretched man was staggered by the earnestness of his wife's appeal. The unhappy woman clung to him, embraced his knees, and, with streaming eyes fixed upon his face, kept whispering:

"For our child's sake, Ned—for our child's sake!"

"Too late!" said the ruffian, in a tone of desperation. "I must have money!"

"He has none, Ned—he has none!" exclaimed his wife;

"he has none!"

"Besides," continued her husband, "he has seen and recognised me! It's no use—I must be safe: dead men tell no tales!"

Despite his efforts, it was some time before the guilty man could disengage himself from the embrace of his wife, who clung to him with despairing affection. It was the struggle of virtue to save the object it had once loved from falling into the abyss of crime.

"Let me go!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth;

"let me go, I say!"

But Mabel only clung to him the more firmly.

Finding there were no other means of disengaging him-

self, Ned struck her a violent blow upon the temple. Severe as was the pain, it was not there the outraged woman felt it most—it was upon her heart. Her grasp gradually relaxed, and she sank sobbing at his feet.

A moment more, and the murderer would have reached his victim, despite the efforts of his wife.

"The gun—the chair!" she frantically exclaimed; "defend yourself, but for pity's sake do not fire till the last extremity!"

Nicholas Arden was not one of those who require a second hint, especially where their safety is concerned. He understood her meaning in an instant. Retreating behind the chair, he caught up Ned's gun, which Mabel had brought with her, and deliberately levelled it at the head of her husband.

"Another step," he said, "and I fire!"

Ned gave a whistle, and his companion sprang in at the window.

"It's no use!" he cried; "we are two, and you can only hit one!"

"And which will be that one?" demanded the miser, coolly. "Not you, Ned Cantor—at least, not willingly. You may have the courage to cut the throat of a sleeping man, but not to face death! You are a cur—from your very heart a cur—for you have raised your hand against a woman!"

The two ruffians appeared embarrassed, for the keen grey eye of the speaker was fixed immovably upon them, and his finger rested on the trigger of the gun, whose muzzle remained levelled at the head of the first of his assailants.

"Go!" continued the speaker; "for your wife's sake I permit you to depart. Try not my patience further!"

The baffled ruffians began to retreat slowly towards the window. All at once Ned, suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed:

"What fools we are! it is not loaded!"

His comrade, who stood between him and the miser, emboldened by the assertion, sprang forwards. The next instant he received the discharge in his chest, and sank upon the floor of the chamber, with a deep groan.

Seeing that one of his assailants had fallen, the old man, without a moment's hesitation, rushed upon Ned, who had already got one of his legs out of the window: to avoid the blow from the butt-end of the gun, which the miser dealt him, he threw himself bodily out, and fell heavily upon the ground.

"God!" shrieked Mabel, who, pale with terror, had watched the whole proceeding, "he is killed!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Nicholas Arden, doubtfully; "no great loss either!"

"He was my husband!" added the unhappy woman.

"Doubtless, or he would not have beaten you!"

"The father of my child!" she added.

"Who will live to be hanged!" continued the miser, who had advanced to the window, and could plainly distinguish Ned limping over the heath. Is the door fastened below?" he added, sharply.

"Yes!"

"Have you more powder and shot?" he demanded.

"He will not return!" replied the wretched wife; "I shall see him no more! Husband and child both gone—both lost to me!"

And she continued to rock herself to and fro on the chair, in which she had seated herself, wringing her hands in silent anguish.

A faint moan from the wounded man attracted the attention of Nicholas Arden, who began carefully to examine the body. Convinced that the hurt was not mortal, he tore the sheet from his bed into long strips, and began carefully to tie the hands and feet of the young ruffian. Having provided against the possibility of resistance, he next attempted to bandage his wounds.

Let it not be imagined that he was prompted to this by humanity—he had no such weakness. The idea had suddenly struck him, that Ned and his accomplice were the two thieves for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered: and the old man never neglected an opportunity of turning an honest penny.

"There!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction; "he will do now, till they take him to Chelmsford!"

[At the name of Chelmsford—the assize town of the county, where criminals were tried and executed—Black Will shuddered. The old man noticed it, and a cold, sarcastic smile played upon his thin lips.

The rest of the night was spent in painful watching. At daybreak, Nicholas Arden, after cautioning Mabel not to approach the prisoner, rose to keep his appointment with Lawyer Quirk and Sir Charles Briancourt, at the post-house.

"Heed not a word the knave may say to you!" said the miser; "there is a reward for him; and though I have taken him singly, and without the least assistance, you shall have something out of it. Yes—yes—I shall behave liberally to you! He will not remain here long," he added; "the instant I reach the post-house, I will send down those who will take charge of him."

Although this was uttered in a low tone, Black Will heard it distinctly; and he mentally vowed, if ever he escaped, that the speaker should pay dearly for attempting to consign him to gaol, bound like a sheep for the shambles. As for his wound, the ruffian felt assured that he should get over that. The gun, fortunately for him, had been charged only with small shot.

Mabel promised: harassed and broken-hearted as she was, she would have pledged herself to anything.

Still it was not without certain misgivings that Nicholas Arden left the house: so anxious did he feel about the reward—so fearful lest any one should step in and divide the claim with him.

For some time the wounded man and Mabel sat eyeing each other in silence. Will did not lack that peculiar species of cunning which serves the bad man instead of wisdom—the knave in lieu of honesty.

"This is a nice night's work!" he muttered.

The unhappy woman sighed deeply.

"For myself," continued the speaker, "I don't so much mind—I shall leave neither wife nor child to be disgraced by my death; but it's a very different case with Ned. It will be all over with him, if I am taken, poor fellow!"

"They will spare him, for my sake!" ejaculated Mabel.

"Of course they will spare him!" answered Black Will, ironically; "the law is so very merciful, and Nicholas Arden will be sure to recommend him to mercy, for attempting to rob and murder him! But who, I should like to know, will screen him on account of the pedlar who disappeared so suddenly, after sleeping at your house?"

"Wretch—you do not mean that!"

She could not complete the sentence. Horror and shame had nearly choked her.

"Indeed, but I do mean it!" continued the ruffian, with a chuckle; "Ned pledged the old man's watch at Burrow's, in the High Street. I wonder," he added, "if they were to dig by the old lime-kiln, whether they would find the body! Well, no matter—Ned and I have been faithful pals—I suppose we shall hang together!"

And to show his indifference at the prospect of such a fate, the wretch whistled the "Rogue's March," till the pain of his wound checked him.

"You would betray him?" said Mabel.

"Why not? He has deserted me! Why should I swing alone? No; since I am taken, it shall all out! Just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb—that's my motto!"

The woman reflected for a few moments—weighed in her mind the numerous robberies that had lately been committed, and the probability that her husband had been connected with them. The result of her deliberations was fearfully against his innocence.

"What do you wish me to do?" she said, despairingly.

"Cut these infernal swaddling clothes—that's all!"

Mabel, without speaking a word, left the room. The few moments of absence were full of painful suspense to Black Will, who well knew that his life depended upon the resolution she had taken. Presently she returned, with a knife in her hand. The heart of the prisoner bounded with joy.

The next moment his limbs were free. He stood erect, and shook himself like a water-dog.

"Where will you fly to?" she inquired, with desperate calmness.

"Where I shall be safe!" replied Will, with a laugh; "where neither beak nor shark will be able to find me! Give me but one quarter of an hour's start, and I defy the fiend himself to catch me!"

"Heaven will know where to find you!" said the unhappy woman; "hide where you may, Will, its eye will be upon you!"

With a laugh of mingled bravado and triumph, he left the cottage, leaving its mistress overwhelmed by the bitter sense of degradation, misery, and shame.

Nothing could exceed the rage and indignation of Nicholas Arden, when he found, on his return from the post-house, with assistance to secure his prisoner, that Black Will had escaped. He loaded his preserver with fierce invectives, and tore his grey locks in the madness of his disappointed avarice.

"Fifty pounds!" he screamed; "fifty pounds reward, which I had honestly earned at the risk of my life! Gone—stolen from me! Pay me that!" he added; "pay me that—or you shall hang in his place!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that Bandy-legged Jem and the village constable succeeded in removing him from the Travellers' Rest. His last words, as they forced him from the door, were:

"Pay me—pay me!"

"God!" exclaimed the wretched Mabel, as she closed the door after her unwelcome visitors; "is this my dream of life?" Tears came to her relief, and she wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Crime's ready tool; from choice a knave—not want.

OLD PLAY.

FEW men were more vindictive in their natures than Lawyer Quirk and his worthless client, Sir Charles Briancourt. Both bitterly resented the conduct of Mabel at the inquest, and eagerly seized the opportunity of reaching the wife through her guilty husband—for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, as well as that of his confederate, Black Will. As for Mabel herself, she was permitted to remain undisturbed in her cottage for the present: the legal notice had not yet expired—it wanted a few days to the time when the baronet would be enabled to turn her adrift upon the world, to starve, beg, or steal—he cared not which; though, if he had a choice, most probably he would have preferred the latter.

Few things escaped the notice of Mr. Quirk, whose long intercourse with the most worthless portion of humanity had given him a certain tact, not only in detecting, but in tracing out the motives of others. He had long been anxious—exceedingly anxious—that the marriage of his daughter with Sir Charles should be acknowledged; but the awe in which both he and his son-in-law stood of the Dowager Lady Briancourt, had hitherto prevented any steps being taken towards the accomplishment of his wishes—she had so much in her power.

The influence which Barnes possessed over his haughty mistress had given him food for cogitation. The lawyer reflected—surmised—supposed—cogitated—and then reflected again. There was a secret—he felt convinced of that—but the nature of that secret baffled even his ingenuity to discover. To have sounded the old house steward would have been at once to put him on his guard—he therefore wisely forbore; but he quietly made his observations—gossiping first with one servant, then with another. It was a general remark throughout the household, that they had never known Mr. Quirk so condescending and agreeable before.

Things were in this state, when news was brought, late one evening, to the hall, that Ned Cantor had been taken. The eyes of Sir Charles sparkled with satisfaction—his adviser merely smiled. One thought of the gratification of his revenge—the other of the use he could make of him.

The baronet being the nearest magistrate, the prisoner was brought before him for examination.

"Leave the affair in my hands," whispered the lawyer, as they descended to the library, for the purpose of committing Ned to the gaol at Chelmsford. "Have you any strong place where you can keep him securely for the night?"

"But why keep him?"

"I have no time now to explain that," replied the man of law; "are not our interests one? Surely you can trust to me! Enough, that by this fellow's means I can find the way to extricate ourselves from the embarrassing position we are placed in with your mother."

Sir Charles looked surprised, but said nothing.

On entering the library, they found the prisoner, handcuffed, in the custody of the village constable and Bandy-legged Jem, by whose joint exertions he had been taken. There had evidently been a severe struggle between them—for Ned's clothes were torn, and there was a fearful bruise upon his forehead, from a blow he had received from the staff of the officer. He looked doggedly—nay, even insolently—round him, well knowing what sort of favour to expect at the hands he had fallen into.

The constable and Bandy-legged Jem began by stating that, after a desperate resistance, they had secured their prisoner, whom they encountered near the old lime-kiln on the heath, and, after reading the hand-bill offering a reward for his apprehension, requested Sir Charles to sign his committal to Chelmsford.

The baronet looked at Mr. Quirk—leaving the initiative of the affair to him.

"Sir Charles cannot do that!" said the lawyer, coolly. "He must first have the deposition of Nicholas Arden."

"At least his honour can remand him," suggested the

constable: a proceeding which would have been equally inconvenient.

"Certainly," answered the man of law, "the magistrate can remand him—there is no doubt of that! In fact, it is his bounden duty, under some circumstances, to do so. But, in the present instance, would it not be advisable to send for the prosecutor to appear here in the morning?"

"But there are other charges!" observed the postilion.

"Which may be gone into at the same time," readily answered Quirk. "If I may advise, Sir Charles," he added, addressing his client, "the best thing you can do, will be to detain this man in the strong room at the hall till to-morrow. There is no possibility of his escape—and when Mr. Arden appears, the affair can be fully examined."

Neither Jem nor the constable approved of what appeared to them an unnecessary delay; but what could they object—both ignorant men, and poor? It was accordingly arranged as the speaker suggested. The officer was dispatched to Colchester, to summon Mr. Arden to appear at ten o'clock the following day; and Jem was dismissed to the post-house, after having first seen Ned duly consigned to the muniment or strong room of Briancourt Manor: which said room, being built entirely of granite, without window of any kind, and the door of iron, presented little chance of escape.

Still Jem did not feel satisfied; and after they left the house, it was agreed between them that Bandy-legged Jem should remain in the grounds and watch the mansion, to guard against foul play, whilst his companion proceeded on his errand to Colchester.

"Really," observed the baronet to his father-in-law, after they had retired to their wine in the drawing-room, "I cannot comprehend——"

"It is not necessary that you should!" said the lawyer, interrupting him. "I know your anxiety to punish this fellow. Very natural! But it is better to use him first and punish him afterwards."

"Use him?"

"Ay—make an instrument of him."

"But to what end—to what purpose?" demanded Sir Charles Briancourt.

Quirk filled a glass with wine, and nodded knowingly.

"Do speak plainly!"

"Plainly, then—to obtain not only your mother's forgiveness, but approbation of your marriage with my daughter."

"You do not know her!" said his client, with a sigh.

"She would sooner see me in my coffin!"

"Very likely!"

"She will look upon such an alliance with horror."

"Very probably!" answered Mr. Quirk, not at all pleased with the complimentary speech of his son-in-law; "but she shall consent to it, for all that! Nay, more—content herself with her marriage settlement, and forego all further control over the estates."

"And you will accomplish this by means of Ned Cantor?" exclaimed the baronet.

"Even so; but ask me no more questions. I am a man of action rather than words: you know what I have already achieved, and may surely trust to me for the rest!"

By this time it was midnight, and the household had already retired to rest—so the two worthies separated: the baronet to his own room, and the lawyer, as he said, to his.

As he left the drawing-room, he did not forget to take the key of Ned Cantor's prison with him.

The muniment or strong room of Briancourt Manor was situated in the northern wing of the building, which was comparatively uninhabited—for the apartments were gloomy, small, and inconvenient. This wing was the only remaining portion of a more ancient mansion, which had been partially battered down by the cannon of Fairfax, during the civil wars; the rest was modern, having been erected by the grandfather of the present baronet.

Although the prisoner had been left several hours to himself, he had not once closed his eyes, but, like a wolf caught in a trap, remained wakeful, and listening to every sound. The conduct of the lawyer had puzzled him, and he felt that vague kind of hope which sometimes sustains the criminal to the last moment. Something, he felt assured, would turn up, and his spirits rose accordingly.

The hall clock had struck the hour of two, when he heard a footstep cautiously approaching the door of his prison. The eagerness, the suspense of the ruffian became so intense, that he scarcely breathed; it stopped; the next instant he heard the ponderous key turn in the wards of the lock.

"All right!" he murmured, as he sank back, and pretended to sleep upon the straw which had been hastily thrown into one corner of the room, to serve him for a bed.

Presently some one touched him with his foot. He looked up, and, despite the pains which he had taken to disguise himself, recognised Mr. Quirk.

"Is it daylight?" said the prisoner.

"If it were," replied the visitor, "my presence here would be useless. Listen to me: I know that your sleep was a feigned one; men with halers round their necks seldom sleep!"

Ned clenched his teeth and groaned.

"What would you do, to stand free upon London Heath, with fifty pounds in your pocket, and three hours' start of your pursuers?"

"Anything!" replied the ruffian, his eyes sparkling with feverish joy at the hope held out to him; "risk my life—my soul!"

"Pooh—pooh!" interrupted the lawyer, with a quiet chuckle; "what should I do with your soul? If you have such a thing, it is mortgaged far beyond its value."

already! The service I require depends upon bone, muscle, nerve, and sinew."

"Ah! you do require a service, then?" observed Ned Cantor. "I thought as much!"

"Else why should I propose fifty pounds and your liberty to you?" was the reply.

"True—very true!" said the prisoner. "Well, sir, the service?"

"Are you acquainted with Barnes, the house-steward?" inquired his visitor, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Yes! Must I murder him?"

"Murder! Ridiculous! Do you suppose that a man of my respectability would suggest such a thing?" replied Mr. Quirk, in a tone by which he intended to convey an idea that his probity and humanity were much shocked. "No; all I want you to do is to contrive some means of procuring me a small box which he keeps in the cabinet at the side of his bed."

"What does it contain?"

"Papers."

"And how am I to obtain it?" demanded Ned, doggedly.

"That is your affair," answered the conscientious lawyer; "he sleeps in the little pavilion at the end of this wing of the hall."

"Should he awake?"

"Your affair again!" observed the tempter. "All I can do is to lead you to the door: of course you would never be so unprincipled as to offer violence, or so indiscreet as to let me know it, if you did! Should you succeed, the fifty pounds and liberty are yours."

"And should I fail?"

"In that case," said his visitor, "I should first blow out your brains, and then alarm the house, stating that I had surprised you in an attempt to escape!"

The coolness with which the respectable, rich villain uttered this fearful threat, completely subdued the poor, disreputable one—who replied, that he would not fail.

"I am sure you will not!" observed the lawyer, with a smile; "a man's energy seldom flags when every step he takes lessens the distance between the gibbet and himself."

Mr. Quirk drew from his pocket a pair of exquisitely-mounted pistols, carefully convinced himself that the charges were all right, and deliberately examined the triggers and caps. This was done, not so much for his own satisfaction, as to impress upon Ned the folly of attempting to escape.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"Quite ready!" submissively answered the ruffian.

"Remember it is the box in the cabinet, on the right-hand side of the bed," whispered the old man; "you cannot mistake it: there are two seals upon the lid. Bring it me, and not only your liberty, but the fifty guineas I promised you, are yours."

"I'll bring it!" muttered Ned, with dogged resolution, between his teeth; "but should the old fellow awake—"

"I have nothing to do with that!" interrupted the tempter. "It is not for me to suggest anything; of course not! All I require is the box: you know the price I set upon it! This way!"

Taking up the lamp, which had been left burning in the strong room, the speaker motioned to the prisoner to precede him, indicating the turns he was to take by a motion of his finger—for they were drawing too near the pavilion in which the house-steward slept, to venture to speak. At the end of a long, vaulted corridor, they perceived a door. It opened into the chamber of Mr. Barnes.

Ned Cantor turned, and looked inquiringly towards the lawyer, who nodded in the affirmative. They had reached the spot.

In the centre of the door was a single pane of glass, with a green silk curtain—by drawing which, the inmate of the room could watch the approach of visitors. The ruffian, after a few moments' reflection, made signs to Quirk that he required some implement or means to cut the glass.

"The idiot!" mentally exclaimed the lawyer; "he will never be able to creep through that narrow space!"

Ned repeated his signs, intimating that it was not for the purpose of creeping through that he wanted to remove the pane, but to introduce his arm, and unlock the door from the inside.

"Not such a fool as I thought!" added Quirk, as soon as he fully comprehended the intention; at the same time he drew from his finger a valuable diamond ring, and placed it in the hand of his accomplice.

In a few moments he heard a low, scratching sound—it was the diamond cutting the window; the next difficulty was to prevent the pieces falling on the floor on the inside, and so startling the sleeper. But the wit of the thief was equal to the emergency: applying his lips close to the glass, he drew his breath, thereby producing the same effect as a sucker: after several attempts, which required great nicety, he at last succeeded in detaching that portion of the pane which had been cut on the outside, and caught it in his hands as it fell—a feat which he accomplished with such dexterity, that the man of law, who stood silently looking on, was struck with admiration.

"Clever fellow!" he murmured—"Clever fellow! Fifty such talents should be thrown away!"

Ned introduced his arm, and cautiously opened the door: so plain had been his instructions, that he easily found the cabinet and the box, which he recognised in the dark, by the seals upon the lid: in a few moments he returned, bearing it with him.

No sooner was Quirk convinced of his success, than he cautiously retreated along the passage, leaving his accomplice to follow him: they soon reached the little breakfast-room: once inside, the lawyer locked the door.

"So," he said, "you have won your liberty!"

"And the fifty guineas!" added Ned.

"Doubtless!" replied the old man, after examining the seals. "Now, tell me," he continued, "and frankly, how do you intend to dispose of the money and yourself?"

"Make the best of my way to London."

"Good!"

"From thence I shall sail to America."

"Better!"

"And lead an honest life."

"Humbug!" ejaculated the lawyer; "it is not in you, Ned! Honesty, in your position, implies labour—which you have an instinctive aversion to—perseverance, endurance, courage—I mean moral courage: three qualities foreign to your nature! Listen to me," he continued; "in the park you will find one of Sir Charles's hunters—take it, and ride as if you were riding a race with death: once in the metropolis, I will provide for your safety!"

"You?"

"I!"

Ned Cantor looked at him doubtfully—hesitating whether or not he might trust him.

"I have a use for you!" added Mr. Quirk.

The doubt vanished; he felt assured he could: the respectable villain required the services of the poor one.

The tempter opened his pocket-book, and hastily wrote a few words in pencil upon one of the leaves, which he tore out and directed—"Mr. Snape, Serjeants' Inn:" it was the name of his confidential clerk.

"Find the person to whom this is addressed," continued the old man; "give him the note, and leave the rest to his care: he will provide you with a retreat where the strong arm of the law—and it is very strong, Ned—will fail to reach you! I will smooth over your little affair with Mr. Arden," he added; "in three days you shall see me."

"And what am I to do for this kindness?" demanded the astonished felon.

"All in good time, Ned—all in good time! Nothing wrong, of course!" answered the lawyer, with a chuckle.

"Of course not!" replied Ned Cantor; "you would not be the man to propose such a thing—certainly not!"

And the two men, so worthy of each other, smiled and jested at the prospect of their future villany.

Mr. Quirk, who was a person of business, felt that it was time for his agent and himself to part: carefully unbarring the shutters, he opened the sash with as little noise as possible.

"There lies your road!" he whispered, at the same time placing the promised reward in his hands; "remember, in three days!"

"In three days!" replied Ned; "I'll not fail you!"

So saying he disappeared, and his confederate, after closing the shutters, returned to his own room, carrying the box with him.

"How stupid!" he exclaimed, as he broke the seal, and sat down to examine the contents; "I forgot to ask Ned to return my ring!"

Great was the consternation on the following morning, when the flight of the prisoner and the robbery of the house-steward's room was discovered. The servants looked upon each other with suspicion—each doubted his fellow.

That Ned Cantor must have had an accomplice was evident to all—for the keys of the muniment-room were found in the lock on the outside of the door.

When the groom informed Sir Charles Briancourt of the disappearance of the horse, the baronet affected to be very angry, and spoke of offering a hundred guineas reward for the apprehension of the thief; but his anger gradually subsided.

Even Nicholas Arden, the miser, was pacified, after an interview with Mr. Quirk, and took no further steps in prosecuting Ned: in fact, every one appeared content, except Barnes and Bandy-legged Jem. The former, although he said but little, was evidently deeply chagrined at the loss of his box; and the latter clamoured for the reward of which he had been deprived.

"No matter!" the sturdy old man would mutter; "they haven't altogether deceived me: I shall have him yet! Thof I be a lawyer, nor a barrowite, I know a thing or two! We shall see!"

Those who heard the disappointed postillion vent his spleen in these and similar obscure threats, paid but little attention to what they considered his ravings.

"As if such respectable persons as Lawyer Quirk, or Sir Charles," they observed, one to another, "could have anything to do with a low ruffian like Ned Cantor! Ridiculous!"

And so the matter dropped.

Three days afterwards, Mr. Quirk left Briancourt Hall for London, promising his son-in-law that he would return within a week—when, he assured him, everything thing would be made pleasant with his mother, touching his long-concealed lawsuit.

Probably the baronet was not so sanguine as his lawyer—for he listened to his promise in moody silence.

CHAPTER IX.

The cold, wide world before me—heaven my guide—
Conscience my only prop.

ALTHOUGH Mabel had long since ceased to love her husband—for love, in a pure and gentle nature, cannot exist when once respect has faded—still her woman's heart rejoiced at the news of his escape. She was once more alone in the world—alone, in the completest sense of the word—heart-broken and desolate. The Travellers' Rest had obtained an evil name, and her former customers entirely deserted her. After much consideration, she re-

solved to sell the furniture of her little cottage, honestly pay the quarter's rent, and quit the place, in search of the two children—her darling Meg, and the orphan of her former mistress.

"God will guide me!" murmured the poor creature "and the dead watch over me! I am sure I shall succeed!"

Her design was easily put into execution. When trinkets, clothes—everything, save the old oak chair and Meg's goldfinch, had been disposed of, and her debts paid, Mabel found herself possessed of exactly three pounds ten shillings—no great sum to cast herself upon the world with; but her maternal heart was strong in its love for her lost child—strong in its trusting hopefulness.

"Holloa, missus!" shouted a well-known voice, as the late landlady of the Travellers' Rest slowly walked down the High Street of Colchester, with the bird-cage in her hand, and the heavy oaken chair upon her aching head. "Where are you a-goin' to?"

She turned and recognised the old postilion, Bandy-legged Jem.

"To Mr. Arden's!" she replied.

"He'll lend anything on them articles!" observed the man, in a tone of commiseration—for he was not a bad-hearted fellow in the main. "Besides, the bird would eat—and nothing that requires food was ever welcome within his doors!"

"Perhaps you are not aware that I saved his life?" answered Mabel, colouring deeply as she uttered the words.

"No, I ain't!"

"And he promised to do something for me!"

"So he will!" said the postilion, with a broad grin "pray for you; or, as a very great favour, ask you to rest yourself after your walk; but he will neither ask you to break bread nor moisten your lips at his expense! He would never forgive himself such a piece of extravagance!"

Poor Mabel looked very downcast.

"That chair appears monstrous heavy!" added Jem. "I should like for once to get a peep at the inside of the old miser's den: so, if you like, I'll carry it for you!"

The offer was gratefully accepted; and away they both trudged towards the house of Nicholas Arden—the old man with the chair, and the woman carrying the bird and cage in her hand. She might have sold them for half-a-crown—a serious sum in her circumstances; but her heart would not let her. As we said before, they had been her daughter Meg's.

Although it was a bitter cold day, and the snow was falling thickly upon the ground, there was no fire in the room in which the miser's daughter and the boy Goliath were both seated. The truth was, they dared not light one, even if they had had the means—so bitter were Nicholas Arden's remonstrances against such extravagance. Alice was busily occupied in mending an old cloth cloak, in which she sometimes ventured to the neighbouring church. The boy sat upon a stool opposite to her, watching with melancholy earnestness the quick motion of her hand.

As we have previously described his young mistress, it will be only fitting to add a sketch of her companion.

Goliath Obie was about thirteen, and not ill-grown for his age. Left an orphan whilst yet in swaddling-clothes, he had passed the first eight years of his life in the poor-house, from which pleasant place he had been transferred to the parish school, where the master employed him, during play-hours, in cleaning boots, sweeping out the school-room, and running of errands. For two years the poor boy endured this species of slavery, disguised under the name of schooling. True, his education was not altogether neglected—for, being a quick-witted lad, he not only learned to read and write, but the first four rules of arithmetic—which, together with his knowledge of the Catechism, made him regarded, in some sort, as the model scholar of the establishment: a distinction far more annoying than profitable—Mr. Satchel, the master, caning him rather more than less on that account.

When any of the parish authorities called to visit the school, Goliath was sure to be called up and examined. It might have made angels weep to hear the poor little trembling wretch declare, in answer to the question of what his godfathers and godmothers had taught him:

"To be content with that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me."

Content! as if that all-wise and beneficent Being, whose very essence is love, had ever ordained that infancy should be subjected to the kickings, cuffs, and cruelties of a parish schoolmaster.

At the age of twelve, the poor boy had been put out to service by the guardians to Mr. Nicholas Arden, who was to pay two pounds a year, clothe and feed him. The money really was paid—the authorities took care of that—for it went to liquidate a portion of the expenses they had incurred on his account. At least, it was presumed to do so; but, as for the feeding and clothing, the former was worse than the fare in the workhouse; and a respectable scarecrow would have felt itself insulted by a proposal to change garments with Goliath Obie.

"It's very cold, Miss Alice!" said the boy, in a humble tone. "Don't you think so?"

"It is cold!" replied his young mistress; "but we will have a fire as soon as my father leaves home—I know he has an appointment at four; and, Goliath, I have a treat for you!"

"Any dinner?" demanded the lad, eagerly.

"Yes," answered Alice, with a faint smile—"an egg! I found it this morning in the coach-house! One of Squire Miller's fowls flew over, and laid it!"

"I do wish it had been an ostrich's!" exclaimed the poor fellow, with a ravenous look. "Squire Miller's fowls

are nothing but bantams! What are you a-goin' to have?" he added.

"Nothing, Goliah! I am not hungry!"

"Not hungry!" repeated the boy, with a look of most unfeigned astonishment. "Well that is odd! I'm always hungry—master says it's because I'm a-growing—I wish I had done growing! He never eats—lives on air, I suppose, or the chink of his money! What a heap of bread all his gold would buy—wouldn't it, Miss Alice?"

As if overcome with the magnitude of the idea, Goliah ceased speaking, and sank into a deep reverie, from which he was awakened by a loud ringing of the gate-bell.

"I'll go!" said his mistress, rising from her seat: "do not disturb yourself!"

"An egg!" muttered the boy to himself, as soon as he was alone; "well, it is something! I wonder how a chicken would eat?" he added, with a ferocious expression. "Lord—Lord! how happy some people are! Squire Miller's boy boasts that he has dinner both in the parlour and kitchen every day! *Every day!*" he slowly repeated; "no—I can't believe that; and yet he looks quite fat enough for it to be true!"

Alice soon returned, followed by Mabel and Bandy-legged Jem, carrying the chair.

"Why won't it the butcher?" grumbled Goliah to himself; "but he never comes here—forgotten the way, I suppose!"

"Sit down," said Alice, in a gentle tone of voice—for Mabel had explained her errand. "I will inform my father you are here. I am sure he will see you, and grant your request. I am sorry—very sorry," she added, with a deep blush, "that I have nothing in the house to offer you; but my father dines out, and Goliah and I, we make shift with anything!"

"Nothing, you mean, miss!" muttered the boy.

The poor girl would not hear him, but instantly left the room.

"Well," said the postilion, "this is a queer place to live in!"

"Nobody does live in it!" observed Goliah, bitterly; "they starve in it!"

"No fire!" continued Jem, pursuing his commentaries.

"What's the use of fire when there's nothing to cook?" said the boy. "Master don't eat—Miss Alice don't eat—and when I complain of being hungry, they tell me it's nothing but growing pains! All I know is, that they grow worse and worse every day! Grumble—grumble," he added, rubbing his hand over his empty stomach; "I only wish you could feel 'em!"

Bandy-legged Jem looked as if he had not the slightest inclination to feel 'em; and Mabel, with her usual kindness, drew from her pocket a slice of bread-and-meat which she had brought with her, and offered it to the speaker.

Goliah did not require much pressing—but clutched it, like a hungry vulture, in his claw: it disappeared in an instant.

Nicholas Arden was busy, as usual, with his books, when his daughter entered the room to announce the visit of Mabel.

"And what does she want?" he demanded, in a harsh tone; "money—money, I suppose? Well, tell her she may keep the sixpence I paid her the night I stayed at her house for my bed, and did not use it—it is all I can afford!"

"She does not come for money, father," mildly answered Alice; "all she asks is, that you should take charge of—"

"Take charge!" interrupted the miser, eagerly; "has she any gold, or silver—of course I'll take charge of it—it is my duty as a Christian to do so! It will be quite safe with me!"

"Of a curious old chair," continued his daughter; "which her former mistress gave her—and a singing-bird!"

"A singing-bird!" repeated the old man, sharply; "I'll have no birds here, to eat me out of house and home! As for the chair, well and good—she may leave that—but no bird—no bird!"

"It will not cost much—merely a few crumbs!" urged the petitioner.

"Crumbs!" exclaimed the miser; "no business to have any crumbs! No—no—I say no!"

"Father!" said the poor girl, in a saddened tone—for she was grieved at the display of his ingratitude and avarice—"Mabel saved your life—you must not—*shall* not refuse her!"

"Shall not?" repeated Nicholas Arden, eyeing her with a frown.

"Shall not!" repeated Alice, firmly; "you forget that I am of age, and the right I have to speak!"

At the allusion to her being of age, the countenance of her father changed—a bitter scowl darkened his visage. It was seldom—very seldom—that his daughter ventured to brave him, but when she did, he invariably gave way.

"Alice," he said, after a momentary struggle, "you will one day urge me too far; but since you *will* have it so, send the woman in—I'll see her!"

The fair girl left the room without a word, in search of Mabel.

"This comes," continued the miser, "of having children—sullen and disobedient children—who would rob us of our gold whilst living, or squander it when we are dead! She shall never squander mine—I'll bury it first, where human hand can never find it! I should like to spread my winding sheet upon it! I could sleep soundly then—soundly," he added; "the grave would have lost its terrors!"

The old man resumed the examination of his books—the record of his gains—of a long life of grinding privation and oppression. One item sorely displeased him—it was the large amount of his wife's fortune—by right the inheritance of Alice—the miser had not even a life-interest in it: and yet he had used it—managed it, and considered it for so many years as his own, that he bitterly resented the slightest allusion to his daughter's claims upon it.

"Would she were dead!" he kept muttering; "would she were dead!"

CHAPTER X.

Forth to the world she goes! one only hope
Sustains her feeble steps—a mother's hope—
Which clings through time and distance to her child—
Trusts against reason, faithful to itself. CREON.

WHEN Alice returned, accompanied by Mabel and Bandy-legged Jem—the latter carrying the chair—her father was so absorbed by his books, that she was obliged to touch him on the shoulder, to call his attention to his visitors, who stood at a respectful distance from the table.

"Ah—yes! I recollect!" exclaimed the old man, pettishly. "Well!" he added, looking up, and eyeing his visitor sharply, "you have come to beg a service of me? Every one begs—few pay! Had you not connived at the escape of your rascally husband, I should have done something handsome for you, certainly—something very handsome!"

"Yes!" muttered Jem; "rattled his money in her ear, and paid her with the chink of his gold! That's all she would ever wring from him!"

"As it is," continued the old man, "we are quits! I have lost the reward for his apprehension—fifty pounds! Fifty pounds!" he repeated. "It would have been the making of me—for I am poor—miserably poor!"

"In spirit I'll swear he is!" mentally exclaimed the postilion. "His heart, like his money-box, is of iron, and opens with a screw!"

"I merely did my duty, sir!" replied Mabel, humbly. "And the service I ask will not cost you much. It is merely to take charge of an old chair, which I dearly prize! It was my young lady's gift to me—the only memorial I possess of her past kindness! You cannot wonder that I value it!"

"It's a weakness to value anything," observed Nicholas Arden, testily, "except money! Well—for the chair, I don't care if I oblige you, although it will take up a great deal of room, and ought to be paid for! There, you may leave it!"

"And this poor bird!" added his visitor, in a suppliant tone.

"Who is to feed it?" exclaimed the miser, angrily. "It will eat me out of house and home! I am beggared already, by an extravagant child and a hungry servant, whose appetite is as insatiable as the grave! Would it could be filled as cheaply! How am I to be repaid for its food?"

Mabel faltered something about its song.

"Song!" repeated the man of gold; "I hate songs! Take it away—make money of it! You will find some fool to purchase it!"

"Father," whispered his daughter Alice, "remember your promise! It shall be at no charge to you; I will gather the groundsel and seeds in the garden! Perhaps," she added, with a sigh, "it may cheer me in my solitude!"

Poor Mabel's heart was ready to break. It is the last drop which makes the cup flow over. The bird had been a pet—the plaything of her lost child: and the idea of selling it—she could have wanted bread first.

"Come, sir," said Jem, for the first time speaking aloud, "you can't refuse! The bird is a goldfinch!"

This was uttered in a half-sarcastic, half-persuasive tone, as if he fancied that the word "gold" was the only key to the old man's heart.

"Well, well," answered Nicholas Arden, at last, "you may leave it! I will trust to your honesty to repay me, if ever you have the means; if not, I suppose I must sell it!"

"Or eat it!" thought the postilion.

Ungracious as the permission was, the disconsolate woman thankfully accepted it, and was about to leave the room, when the miser called her back, and inquired, with an air of affected indifference, how she intended to dispose of herself?

"I am about to seek my child, sir," replied Mabel, bursting into tears, "who was stolen from me the night my dear young lady died! I'll seek her through the world, but I will find her!"

"The world is a wide place!" was the sneering comment.

"Is it wider than a mother's heart?" demanded his visitor.

"Women are strange beings!" ejaculated the old man. "That's true!" exclaimed Bandy-legged Jem; "and plagu' hard to drive! Uneasy with a curb, and apt to shy if you trust them in a snaffle! That's why I have always remained a bachelor! Know too much for them!"

"Miss Briancourt's child, I heard," resumed the miser, "was taken at the same time yours was stolen? At least I heard so—eh?"

"Mrs. George Stanley's child was, sir!" answered Mabel, colouring deeply—for she could with difficulty restrain her indignation.

Nicholas Arden smiled incredulously, and asked if she were simple enough to believe in the tale of their marriage.

"I am certain of it!" was the reply.

"Where?" demanded the old man.

Alice saw, from the vivacity of her father's manner, that he felt deeply interested in the question. Bitter experience had proved to her, that where money was concerned he had few scruples, either of honesty or conscience; and she made a sign to Mabel not to answer him.

"I cannot tell you where!" replied the woman. "I spoke from my knowledge of her purity and worth! She knew both misery and poverty—the thousand ills that wring and break the heart; but never shame!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Nicholas Arden, in a tone of disappointment; "she was a woman!"

The cynic little knew how much of goodness, suffering, patient endurance, and affection are comprised in that one word, "woman"—the name for slaves, whose chains are twined with flowers; and because they are so twined, man, the heartless taskmaster, expects his slave to smile, as if the iron did not corrode and fester in the soul, despite the wreaths which hide it.

"Well," continued the miser, "should you succeed and discover both the children, let me know: I will pay you," he added, reluctantly, "for your trouble; that is, provided I receive the first intelligence!"

"You, sir!" said Mabel, with unfeigned surprise.

"What interest can you have in the lost child of Mrs. Stanley?" demanded his daughter Alice.

"Interest! None, child—none! But we must do something sometimes, from humanity!"

"True!" observed the postilion, sarcastically. "Take half per cent. less when the security is unexceptionable! It's my belief that the children warn't stolen at all!"

"Not stolen?" replied Mabel.

"If they were," continued Jem, "your husband stole 'em! I took him a note from Lawyer Quirk, the very night the poor lady died; and I know that Ned was on friendly terms with the old rascal—for he assisted him to escape from the hall, after the constable and I had taken him: I was watching in the park, and saw it!"

"Saw Lawyer Quirk release your prisoner from the hall?" eagerly repeated the old man.

"At least I as good as saw him! It could have been no one else!"

Nicholas Arden made a hasty memorandum in a ponderous ledger, with brass clasps, which was on the table.

"There—that will do," he said; "you may go. I know where to find you, should I require your evidence."

All but Mabel were convinced that Bandy-legged Jem had spoken the truth; but she still doubted it. Her husband's grief and rage at the loss of little Meg, whom he idolised, had been too real to be affected. Ned had both cursed and beaten her for what he called her negligence and folly; and, bad as he was, her woman's heart would not suspect him of having invented an excuse for the mere pleasure of ill-using her.

She entered into no explanation, but took her leave of the miser, after once more thanking him for his kindness, and, accompanied by Alice, who carried the bird, and Jem, left the room.

"You have brought the bird?" observed Mabel to Miss Arden.

The poor girl coloured deeply, for she could not explain her reasons, without lessening, if possible, the opinion which her visitors already entertained of her father. The fact was, she was fearful lest the old miser, in his avarice, should wring the neck of the little songster, to save the ruinous expense of keeping it.

She murmured something, therefore, about its being better in her care than her father's.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA.

A RUSSIAN JOURNAL publishes a letter, dated the 14th May, from M. Fagergren, a Swedish physician in the service of Persia, which gives the following further details of the earthquake at Schiraz, on the 21st of April:

"You already know that the town of Schiraz no longer exists—having been completely destroyed by an earthquake. Up to this time the shocks have not completely finished, and God knows when we shall be relieved from our anxieties. It is impossible for me to describe the horror of the first shock, which lasted for five minutes. All the inhabitants were asleep—from which they were awakened by a noise louder than that of thunder, and by a mass of stones falling into their rooms. This, at least, is what occurred to me. My first idea was to fly; and I was fortunate enough to reach the centre of the large court, with those who resided in the house, when it fell to the ground. The immensity of this disaster was only visible when daylight appeared.

"On every side the eye could see nothing but a heap of ruins—streets blocked up with stones, and dead bodies being carried on litters without the walls of the town. It made the heart bleed to see the limbs of persons showing themselves from beneath piles of rubbish, and men, women, and children, endeavouring to withdraw the mutilated bodies of their friends and relations from beneath the ruins, which, in their despair, they were tearing away with their teeth, their hands, and their nails. Out of several thousand victims, the lives of only a very small number were saved. These scenes were repeated for five days—during which it is calculated that 12,000 persons perished. On the fourth day, large bands of brigands made their appearance, and plundered the unfortunate inhabitants—who were without defence and without asylum—of what little they had been able to save from the ruins. For three days the town was delivered up to the pillage of these brigands, whose numbers were increased by a report that Begler Bey, the Pacha of Schiraz, was among the dead. Shocks are still felt three or four times a day, and are so violent, that the houses which have resisted former shocks, are falling to the ground one after the other. My life, and that of my wife, have been saved; but all that I had made since my arrival in this country is lost. I purchased a house three months ago, which is now nothing but a heap of ruins."



[THE COMMANDER OF THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.]

LORD SEATON.

THE commander of the forces encamped on Chobham Common, is well-known to fame, as one of the most experienced generals of the age. He is, in almost every military respect, the exact counterpart of the late Duke of Wellington. We had occasion, lately, to refer in terms of eulogium to his tactics. He manoeuvres with the fixed object in view, of making the most of a small army. That was the great point in the soldierly character and career of the Great Duke. The generals of Napoleon in the Peninsula, always liked to imitate the example of their great master. They preferred to move to the attack in columns, just as the old Romans did. Wellington, on the contrary, always fought in line when he was able, but as much from choice as necessity: and by that means not only lessened the exposure of his troops to the fire of the enemy, but was able to impress them with an idea of his being in more formidable force than he ever really was. His astonishing victories in the Peninsula are partially accounted for, when we examine this favourite disposition of his army with attention. Having his flanks well protected, his lines—two or three deep, more frequently only two—when broken, were quickly re-formed in the rear. He had abundance of room in which to move and re-organise. With the French it was quite different. Advancing to the attack in column, they not only presented a solid block of human material—a living target to the murderous fire of artillery—but were assailable on the sides, and when broken or obliged to retreat, could only do so in disorder. In fact, when once the head of a French column was turned, and their flanks were torn by the cross fire of their antagonists in line, their defeat invariably followed; and then, as at Waterloo, Vittoria, and the great battle of Salamanca, it was not a retreat, but a total and hideous rout.

Lord Seaton having been bred in this Wellingtonian school of war, clings with fond fidelity to all its traditions; and during the past summer has shown us how battles may be won by little armies, when opposed to large ones. His displays at Chobham have been pronounced by competent authorities to be the very best of which the military science, as practised by Wellington, is capable. The able and experienced general was conspicuous in all his complicated arrangements. Leaving nothing undone, he took care not to do much. Risking nothing by impetuosity, he would gain everything by skill, intrepidity, and steady valour. In short, he has afforded us a very lively idea of what a British general is and should be. And in presenting our readers with an engraved portrait of his lineaments, which in the field bear a marked resemblance to those of his late great commander, we must state that Lord Seaton, both by birth and services, eminently deserved the distinguished position of being the chief of the first army assembled in England during the past thirty-eight years. He is descended from an old Devonshire family, and married a lady who was also a native of the same county. His family is large, con-

sisting of five sons and four daughters. Three of his sons are in the army—one of them is aide-de-camp to the present Governor-General of Canada. He himself is now in his 77th year, having been born in 1776.

He entered the army in the year 1794, being then in his 18th year, as Ensign Colborne. After passing through the usual military gradations with the highest distinction, and having been present in some of the most important battles in the Peninsula, this distinguished officer became familiarly known as Sir John Colborne. His services at Corunna, under Sir John Moore, won for him the honour of a cross and three clasps. At Albuera, he had the honour, in conjunction with Lord Hardinge, of retrieving the fortunes of the day, and regaining a battle which had been given up as lost. He was also in the battles of Ciudad Rodrigo, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, and Waterloo; and he wears one of the old war decorations so long withheld, and but lately distributed through the persevering exertions of his Grace the Duke of Richmond. But it is not in his own country alone that Lord Seaton enjoys the highest military distinctions: Austria has conferred on him the Order of Maria Theresa; Russia, the Order of St. George; and Portugal, the Order of the Tower and Sword; and he has received the honour of the Guelphic Order from Hanover. His lordship served in Holland, Egypt, the Mediterranean, the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands. In 1838, he was made lieutenant-general and colonel, at the same time, of the 26th Cameronians, on which occasion he was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

Lord Seaton has been no less distinguished as a statesman and civil governor, than as an able and successful general. As Lieutenant-Governor-General of Guernsey; as Commander-in-Chief, and afterwards Governor-General of Canada; and as Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, his lordship—on successive occasions, in each and all of these capacities—gave convincing proofs of the profoundest sagacity, and the possession of the higher order of governing power and administrative ability. It was reserved, however, for his career in Canada to procure for him the honours of elevation to the peerage, with a seat in the House of Lords, and a pension of £2000 a year. This took place during the Melbourne Administration, a period of great difficulty in Canadian affairs, and when the Home Government was considerably embarrassed by the unexpected return of the Earl of Durham from his post as Governor-General of Canada. The exciting debates which took place in both Houses of Parliament, on that extraordinary occasion, must still be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Lord Seaton was then commander of the forces in Canada, and was also appointed Governor-General and Vice-Admiral. So firm, yet conciliatory, was his administration in this double capacity, that, notwithstanding a great portion of both the Canadas was in open rebellion, he succeeded in establishing the permanence of British rule, conciliated the disaffected, and re-established peace. In 1839 he was created Baron Seaton, of Seaton, in the county of Devon-

A D R I E N N E.

A ROMANCE OF SAVOY.

CHAPTER V.

It was about a week after this snatched conversation that Balmat finished his work, and it was on the very evening that her prison was prepared for her that he met her, unattended, on a little path leading to the *Glacier des Bois*, and down which he was coming, in that elastic mood a little while ago described. It seemed as if she met him purposely, or as if fate had thrown her in his way.

"Why, Adrienne, how is this?" asked he, stopping short from sheer surprise, so strong as to check for a moment the current of pleasant feeling which this sudden meeting might have been thought to have confirmed. But such is human nature: the very presence of the object we long for, or the coming of the moment we expect with panting impatience, instantly—but for an instant—paralysing the sense of enjoyment. But the compensation soon follows.

Before Adrienne could reply, Balmat had more than recovered his previous tone. He glowed with one of the purest and finest feelings of which man is susceptible. He was, for the first time in his life, unrestrictedly alone with the only human being for whom he ever knew a sentiment of kindness.

Brothers, who grow up, or fathers, who (alas!) grow down with this every-day indulgence, can know little of the hearty rapture which our rude and ruffian hero now revelled in. He was too uncivilised to refine or fritter it away. He spoke not a word; but, holding little Adrienne by the two hands, he looked down on her face, which beamed brightly in the twilight mist, and, unconscious of what was working within him, he felt the warm drops chasing each other on his cheeks. Imagine the intense luxury of a first flood of tears, in mature manhood, and from excess of pleasure, in such a mind as Balmat's. The prophet's wand did not work a greater miracle nor touch so pure a source.

"What makes you weep, Monsieur Balmat? Are you unhappy, then?" asked Adrienne, with a compassionate voice.

"No, indeed I am not," said he, quickly; "far from it, my little friend; and I know not why I shed those foolish tears—the first I ever shed. But do tell me how it happens that I meet you here, so late in the evening, and alone?"

"Oh, I'll tell you that! My father is gone to Martigny, not to be at home till morning; mamma is watching beside poor little Florent; the other children are in bed, fast asleep; and Madelon, the servant girl, is gone to Chamouni, to see her sick aunt. So I thought I would walk out a little farther than usual—for, ever since you spoke to me about it, I am longing to go high up into the mountains."

"And you are really not afraid—not afraid of being alone?"

"No!"

"Nor of being with me?"

"Oh, no—no! I like to be with you!"

"How very extraordinary that is!" exclaimed Balmat, half aloud and half to himself; for he could scarcely believe it possible that an exception existed to the repugnance and dread he knew himself to inspire.

"Did no one see you leave the house?" was his next question.

"No one! They think I am asleep by this time!"

"Then, since you are not afraid of me, shall we now take the walk we talked of?"

"Yes, if you like! But you must bring me home again—because you know papa and mamma might be uneasy about me!"

"To be sure they might," said Balmat.

And so they walked along back, on that path which was perfectly new to Adrienne, and which her companion had little expected to re-tread so soon. Nothing could exceed the affectionate manner in which he conversed with her. It seemed as though the long-prisoned kindness, which exists in the roughest natures, like honey-drops in some coarse weed, had been hitherto garnered up to sweeten that mountain *tête-à-tête*.

Adrienne, on her part, was still more animated than he. Happily for her, she had not yet reached the age when sensibility is purchased at the price of anxiety and pain. But all enjoyments must be paid for one way or another—and that, like the rest, is worth its price. Our little heroine seemed to have taken a new step in life. The monotony of her former existence was broken, and she had reached one of those epochs so important in the career of every one, but which so many pass heedlessly over at the time, and lose the sight and almost the memory of, at more advanced periods. From this evening, if Adrienne reckoned rightly in after-life, she might calculate a whole host of sentiments that sprang at that moment into being.

As they wound their way up the rugged path, old Time seemed to fly to the mountain-tops. They knew nothing of his presence. Daylight was entirely gone, but the moon streamed out its radiance, and the grass and wild flowers glittered like liquid diamonds in the dew. The awful rocks piled perpendicularly up the sloping glaciers, and the deep masses of snow that crowned the hills, tinted with shades of violet-coloured light, wore a hue of brilliancy. Frothy cascades floated here and there down the side of the hoar granite, and the murmur they sent out harmonised with the fairy splendour of the scene.

The magnificent desolation, the mighty solitude through which she wandered, filled Adrienne's mind with a holy wonderment. She seemed to have reached another, a

loftier, a more ethereal world. She felt like a being of the clouds. Her soul was wrapped in folds of enchantment. But she attempted to give no expression to her doubt. Young as she was, she had tact enough to perceive that her companion had no sympathy with her vague rapture, and that any talk about it would have been but a check and an intrusion.

Balmat the while talked on, and Adrienne answered frankly and fearlessly every question which he put, and every remark he made. She was quite at her ease, and as familiar as he could desire with him; but she was too much impressed with awe at those far-hidden depths of romance to breathe even a word of the wonder with which she gazed around. Such was the double state of feeling inspired by this her first acquaintanceship with the ways of man and the mysteries of nature.

They reached the rebuilt hut. Balmat opened the door. Adrienne unhesitatingly entered; and when he struck a light from his tinder-box, and illumed the lamp, which he had already trimmed, upon the table, she, for whom his elaborate preparations were made, looked round with a pleasant astonishment, which repaid him amply for all.

"Adrienne," said Balmat, "everything you see here is yours—your own—the house and all that it contains."

What an announcement for an ambitious and an independent-minded child! Adrienne, in her turn, wept plentiful tears of joy.

"Yes, Adrienne, everything—you are not only tenant, but proprietor, just as much as your father is of his mill, or I of mine. And look here!" continued Balmat, opening one of the boxes, and taking out two or three dresses which he had bought at random in a neighbouring village; "and see, here are needles and thread, and other materials ready, to alter them if they do not fit you quite—for I know what a good workwoman you are, and how you make all your own clothes, and your brothers' as well. And see here—and here—and here!" as, at each new word, he produced shoes, stockings, and a silk handkerchief, and other little articles of finery, which he laid out on the table with an air of a shopman tempting a purchaser.

"And you have bought all these beautiful things for me?" asked Adrienne, through sobs and smiles.

"Yes, I have bought them for you, my little friend, and I am glad—very glad—to see you so pleased with them!"

"Oh, it is not with them I am so pleased—though they are all very beautiful—but with you, M. Balmat! How good you are! Ah, I wish my father and mother were here to see all this, and they would think very differently of you from what they do think!"

"Well, well—let us not talk of them now!" and a frown—a slight one—passed over Gabriel's brow as he spoke.

"No, not now, but another time—many another time—we must talk of them, for I am resolved to make you like each other."

"Very well—very well! we shall see that, Adrienne."

"We shall see it, certainly!" echoed the child, with her own emphasis: and it was strange that Balmat listened rather pleasantly than the contrary, to a tone of decision completely averse to his wishes and opinions.

The second box contained a slight store of provisions—bread, dried meats, eggs, and the like. A delicious spring ran, as in most Alpine chalets, close to the house, and was turned into it and through it, inclosed in a wooden frame, forming a constant stream for the purpose of keeping the milk-pails cool, and their contents fresh and sweet. The little rivulet had trickled and gurgled on for years, as though it mocked the desolation through which it took its course; but it was not furnished with the wonted contents of former times. Adrienne had not yet obtained the luxury of fresh milk in her retreat.

After every separate treasure had been examined by the new "proprietor"—the pictures and the books particularly—Adrienne, as if struck by a sudden thought, fixed her eyes on her patron, and asked him:

"What am I to do with all these things, M. Balmat? For what purpose have you fitted up this place so nicely?"

"Why, for your comfort and convenience, my dear little Adrienne. You are to enjoy yourself here, and make use of all these things to amuse and occupy you."

"But you are going to take me back home?"

"And I will, but not to-night, Adrienne."

"I thought as much!" said she, with a reflective, and by no means a reproachful or frightened air.

"Will you be afraid to pass the night here, Adrienne?"

"Not in the least, provided you will let my parents know in the morning that I am safe and well."

"Are you sure that you can be content to sleep here alone?"

"Quite sure; and I shall like it beyond everything, if you will promise me that you will remove my father's uneasiness at my absence from home."

"You shall do that yourself," said Gabriel, producing pen, ink, and paper; and Adrienne wrote, at his dictation, two lines, in her girlish and rude, but bold and original hand, just to say that she was perfectly safe and very happy. Gabriel folded the missive, and promised the writer that it should be safely delivered at the mill the next morning.

"And now, Adrienne," said he, "it is time for supper!" And she perfectly agreeing with him, they set about preparing their homely repast, with appetites sharpened by the new and wild excitement they respectively enjoyed.

Never was supper eaten with more zest, and the running spring, in temperate draughts of which they pledged each other's health, was not more animated than her feelings, nor more pure than his. The business of the table over, an increasing degree of spirit entered into the conversation, which flowed uninterrupted, except once or twice,

when the loud crash of an avalanche echoed like thunder through the moonlit glen. The sound was familiar to Adrienne's ears, for the frequent falls of the ice-blocks of the *mer de glace* was within close hearing of the paternal home.

"Not sleepy yet, Adrienne?" said Balmat, after full two hours' chat on many subjects of local and domestic tendency, and perceiving through the open door that the moon had shifted its position far to the westward, as if to make room for the sunbeams that were ere long to follow its track.

"Sleepy—no! it would be a shame for me to get tired talking with you, who have done so much to make me happy!"

"You must go to rest, notwithstanding, to enable you to enjoy all this the better. Tell me, then, before I leave you for the night, what is there you wish for besides?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Balmat smiled.

"Now, then, I must wish you good night, my little *propriétaire*!" said he, rising; "I hope you will sleep well and have nice dreams, and that I shall find you refreshed and in good spirits in the morning. I shall be with you early."

"And you will not forget the letter for papa?"

"No, no—you may depend on that!"

"Well, now, before you leave me, will you answer me one question, my good Monsieur Balmat?" asked Adrienne, with an arch and earnest air.

"Let me hear it first?"

"Then why did you take all this wonderful trouble with this beautiful little place, and for what purpose have you brought me here?"

"That makes two questions, Adrienne!" said Balmat, kissing her forehead, and smiling; "and, if you are a good girl, I will answer them both together, to-morrow morning, at breakfast."

A few words more of advice to her, not to be alarmed at any unusual sounds she might hear during the night, and assurances of perfect safety from any intrusion, with some replies of security and satisfaction on her part, closed the colloquy, and the two friends separated: she to stretch herself on her romantic couch, and he, after carefully locking the door outside, and carrying off the key, to wend his way once more along the oft-trodden path towards Chamouni.

But this was not the last time of his tracing the same road that night. Buoyed up by the intense fancy that had taken possession of his mind, and making light of trouble or fatigue, when the pleasure of his object was in question, he proceeded to the out-house in Jean Carrier's farm, where the goats were tethered, and, carefully selecting the favourite of Adrienne, he muzzled it with his handkerchief, so as to prevent an alarm, and, at intervals carrying and leading it by a piece of cord, brought with him for the purpose, and driving it along, he retraced every step of the two hours' road, till he reached the chalet again, and he fastened the abducted animal to one of the window-bars, with sufficient length of cord to enable it to browse plentifully on the abounding herbage that grew close up to the walls. Gabriel was, perhaps, in a great measure, induced to this enterprise, as well by the wish to astonish and delight his little favourite, as by having a good excuse for coming up again to see how she became reconciled to her prison. He accordingly peeped in through the window-bars—for it was now clear daylight—and he had the pleasure of seeing her fast asleep on the little couch.

He was soon again on the road, and, on gaining the valley, he first went to the village, where not a soul was yet stirring, and, popping Adrienne's letter into the receiving box at the post-office, he sought his home, with a free conscience and a light heart. What followed is already known to the reader.

CHAPTER VI.

It will be remembered that as soon as poor Carrier and his wife left Balmat's house, after the fruitless attempt to acquire tidings of their missing child, he who so brutally repulsed their entreaties for information, also disappeared from the scene. It need hardly be stated, that he had set out by a circuitous path, on a visit to his little prisoner. He had effected his object of leaving no proof in the hands of her parents, that she was concealed in his premises, or that he shrank from a prompt and minute search. While he took his upward way through the wood on the road to Montanvert, and was soon lost to the eyes of the most inquisitive or suspicious of his neighbours, the unhappy parents, baffled in their best chance of success, had repaired to the village magistrate, detailed their misfortune, and loudly demanded inquiry, assistance, and, if possible, redress. All that could be granted to them was granted—namely, a summons for the appearance of old Jeannette, with the men employed about Balmat's mill, and subsequently a strict search in the premises. This order was instantly obeyed; but the examination, which was forthwith proceeded on, produced no result. The men evidently knew nothing of their master's doings, and the old woman explained her somewhat doubtful expressions to Carrier, by the very natural and laudable feeling of a wish to give him at least the consolation of hope.

In the meantime, the report of Adrienne's disappearance had spread through the village, and reached the post-office. The attention of the antiquated female functionary who did the internal duties of that important branch of administration, was thus drawn to the billet found in the box to Carrier's address. On ordinary occasions it might and would have lain for days unheeded, in the narrow recipient of mountain correspondence; but the good-nature of the woman overcame the indifference of the postmistress, and her old, hobbling letter-carrier was dispatched

in all speed—and that was not of mercurial quality—to convey the document that promised a chance of relief to the afflicted father and mother. This announcement of her safety, in Adrienne's well-known handwriting, was indeed a world of comfort to them. And the strange fact of her favourite goat having also disappeared, seemed to carry conviction that both were somewhere together, and that not in any distant retreat. No one imagined the possibility of their both being a league up in the mountains. And so the matter rested for awhile, speculation and reflection utterly failing to throw any decided light on the truth.

When Balmat reached the chalet, which was during the magisterial inquiry just mentioned, he found everything as he had left it a few days before, except that the sun now lighted up with all its splendour the grey and misty beauties of the morning landscape. The goat browsed patiently in the rich herbage, and no sound save the murmuring of the rock-formed cataracts broke the stillness of the scene. Gabriel peeped once more through the window-bars, and saw that Adrienne still slept. Gently loosening the string which bound the goat, and unlocking the door of the hut, he let the animal walk in, and he watched the effect. It began at first to toss about the leafy and mossy carpet, and to nibble at some of its most tender materials; but in a few minutes it came up to the couch, and—whether it recognised its young mistress or not, is beyond the reach of our philosophy—it instantly set up its wonted note of tremulous bleating, standing close to the object which its voice seemed calling into consciousness. Adrienne suddenly started up, rubbed her eyes with both hands, looked round and round the chamber, fixed her gaze for a moment on the window, then let it fall on the still bleating animal, which she as instantly embraced with animated delight, while it licked her face and returned her caresses, with a thousand grotesque yet affectionate gambols. Adrienne next rose from her reclining posture, and Balmat as instantly retired, to allow her an opportunity of arranging her simple toilet unobstructedly. As he walked aside, he threw up his eyes and hands in wonder—not at the familiar objects of romantic grandeur which surrounded the scene, but at the amazing change in his own nature, which had never till then known a sentiment of delicacy.

In a little while Adrienne was out on the green sward which surrounded the hut, and she ran affectionately towards Balmat, followed by her recovered favourite, and, with looks beaming with gratitude, she thanked him again and again for the kindness he had done her. She inquired how he managed to bring the goat up so long and difficult a road. Balmat replied, that to come to those one loved such obstacles were as nothing: and though his answer was meant to apply to the animal, Adrienne did not fail to attach its meaning to Gabriel's self. She took it for granted that he had seen her parents, and obtained the goat with their consent—for though she had most pleasant dreams, she never dreamed of the fact of his stolen expedition, and the double journey he had made since supper-time. He admitted his having seen her father and mother, and assured her that her letter had quite satisfied them.

"And now, Adrienne, you must think of your house-keeping," said Balmat, turning from her homeward theme. "I will make the fire. Here is a packet of coffee which I have brought with me, and a few fresh-laid eggs which I picked up in my own hen-house: so that, with the bread, butter, cheese, and honey in store within, I think we shall make a breakfast that the Syndic of Sallanche might envy us for!"

In a few minutes more the labour thus suggested was acted on: and in due time they prepared and finished their repast, with a gusto only known to the inhabitants or visitors of high regions, and the possessors of high spirits. A walk into the deeper recesses of the glen was next proposed by Balmat, and gladly acceded to by Adrienne—for she longed to explore the beauties of the place, which she had as yet scarcely seen, except in the brilliant yet vague glimpses of the moon. They wandered along and rambled about, and talked in a desultory manner of many subjects—all of them nearly as new to one as the other. They were in many points on a par of very strange equality. It is custom alone which gives manhood the superiority over childhood in matters of taste and feeling. The full-grown inexperience of Gabriel, who had never known the advantages of reciprocated sympathy, reduced him quite to a level with his companion's girlish tone of reasoning, on every topic beyond the mere material occupations in which his life had been passed; while the animation of her more lively intellect actually took the lead in many points of the conversation, which turned chiefly on the nature of the new-formed and anomalous friendship which had so marvellously sprung up between them: and thus their talk was like that of two young and uninformed tyros, rather than the converse of a pair whose disparity of years and difference of sex were in keeping with their widely discrepant characters. They interchanged ideas, and mingled comments, and bandied questions and answers, with a total absence of the timidity of ignorance on one hand, and the assumption of knowledge on the other. Maturity and childhood met each other half way: and that morning's conversation—perhaps unparalleled in its kind—possessed all the wild freshness and vivacity of youth and innocence.

Balmat's constant exercise and total want of rest or the previous four-and-twenty hours, had tired out his robust frame, and his mental excitement during that period called for repose. So, after wandering about for an hour or more, he sat down on a tufted bed of wild thyme, in the shadow of a granite block, with Adrienne by his side, her apron filled with a dozen varieties of bright and fragrant flowers, heretofore unknown to her comparatively lowland experience.

"And now you will keep your last night's promise?"

and she carelessly tossing her floral treasures about, and archly looking up at the murky countenance of her companion. "You will now tell me why you brought me here, and how long you mean me to remain, and what I am to do, in this beautiful desert?"

"Certainly, I will tell you all that!" replied Balmat, with a smile which changed the expression of his face into something like good looks; "and I hope you will quite understand me, my dear little Adrienne! Now, in the first place, you know very well that every one in the world—except yourself, perhaps—hates me—and I must confess that I hate every one but you, Adrienne. I am, just lately, ever since your little brother fell into the river, thinking that it is a terrible thing not to love some one or other, and to have nobody that really loves me. I therefore have encouraged rather than repressed that fancy which I took for you so suddenly. I have found myself gradually, day by day, liking you better and better—and in proportion as I liked you better, I seemed to like myself better. There is something within me, Adrienne, that won't let me scatter my good-nature about the world upon every one, as the wind blows the flowers and buds in all directions; it is more like the sun, fixing its beams in this little glen—and—and—"

"Yes, Monsieur Balmat, but the sun shines upon the mountains and valleys also," said Adrienne, completely demolishing Gabriel's already broken metaphor.

"Well, that was not exactly what I meant!" said he, somewhat abruptly, and in a self-dissatisfied tone. "What I mean is, that my feelings, such as they are, are of a fixed and positive kind, and I can't bear to like more than one person; and now I find that I can like one, I am capable of going any lengths in my love for that one."

"And I am that one?" asked Adrienne, putting her hand on Balmat's.

"Yes, on my sacred word, Adrienne, you are—and there is nothing I wouldn't do for your happiness!" replied he, taking up the little hand in his coarse one, and putting it to his lips; but, astonished at this stretch of gallantry, he laid it down softly again beside him, without kissing it.

"Well, then," said Adrienne, briskly, "come with me now to our mill, and make friends with my father."

"No, Adrienne—no; I cannot do that—that is to say, not all at once! You must give me time. The first thing to be sure of, is your affection for me. If I can secure that, I am afraid I must come to better terms with your father and mother. That is the worst of it—but I have made up my mind, for even that."

"Then why didn't you at once shake hands with them weeks ago, and come to see us every day at the mill, and make us all happy? Surely that would have been the best way for all our sakes, instead of giving yourself the great trouble you have done here."

"Adrienne, I never could have brought myself to visit your father, on the chance of making you like me. My pride would not let me expose my weakness before him and the rest of your family. Besides, you would not have liked me there; you would have seen in me nothing but my bad qualities. But here I have you to myself. You have a proof, in all I have done here, how very much I must love you; and, by being here alone with me, you may in a little time with me, find out whether you really can like me, and how much."

"Well, but after all, I must by-and-by see you mixing with other people. We cannot always live alone in this place."

"Not here, Adrienne. But I have a notion that we may find a place still more lonely, though a great deal larger than this, far off—away beyond the mountains, and beyond the sea—in a strange country, where we should meet none of the odious people who live here! What would you think of that?"

"I can't bear to think of it at all. Nothing would make me give up my dear papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters—and I know no odious people! I am sure the neighbours all round us are very kind and very good!"

"Adrienne, you must not speak of them in that way! I hate them all!"

"Then, how can you like me, who like them all so much?"

"That I do not know!" said Balmat, seriously. "But it is certain that I do like you as much as I hate the rest!"

"Then, perhaps for my sake, you will like them by-and-by."

"Perhaps so! God knows what effect you may produce on me; but you must love me first, Adrienne—and it is for the chance of that, that I have brought you here. So let us forget all the stupid people who live elsewhere, and see what we can do for each other here!"

"I am sure I can never do enough for you, Monsieur Balmat, in return for all you have done for me already!"

"My dear Adrienne, you have done more for me, without knowing it, than, perhaps, I can ever do for you. You have opened my eyes on my own heart, and enabled me to see down far into its depths! God bless you, Adrienne!" he added, squeezing her little hands together in both of his. But he immediately loosed his hold, and covered his eyes with his broad palms; and, turning suddenly round, laid his face earthward, and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes.

Adrienne watched him quietly for awhile, then gently rose up, and waited away a little distance. She went once towards the goat and played with it, looking still at Balmat. She then stepped softly up beside him. His hands had fallen from his face; and while she saw that he was fast asleep, she observed the trickling mark of a tear, that had come from his closed lids, and moistened his snowy cheek.

It was full two hours before Gabriel awoke. His awakening was electrical. He sprang at once on his feet,

looked round in every direction, and, not perceiving Adrienne anywhere, he ran to the hut, then in a moment emerged from it, and was hastening along the path which he had himself formed, towards the opening of the glen, on the way to Chamouni, when he was arrested by a burst of childish laughter, faintly heard, and, looking upward, he perceived the object of his search sitting on a projecting ledge of granite, far above him, her goat by her side, her own head and the neck of the animal fancifully decorated with wreaths of wild flowers, a quantity of which little Adrienne amused herself by scattering down towards her astonished, pleased, but somewhat alarmed friend. For, mixed with his delight to find that she had not escaped from him, was an almost involuntary shudder, on observing the perilous position to which she had climbed, and sat perched on, with an apparent unconsciousness of danger. This absence of nervousness in situations of risk, arises from a reckless disposition, or a confidence in one's own resources. The latter was the case with Adrienne; and Balmat was already impressed with a sufficient insight into her character, to be convinced of it. He therefore made no ill-judged effort to hurry to her relief, nor did he show any anxiety; but, sending up a kind gesture or two, in token of recognition and satisfaction, he beckoned her down, with a coaxing air. Agile and sure-footed, because sure-headed, Adrienne made little difficulty about the means of descent. She stepped from stone to stone, and clung by whatever wild grass or weeds she could grasp at on her way; stopping from time to time to wait a salute to the admiring and expectant Gabriel, or to call her goat, who respectfully followed her track, as if taking a lesson from her prudent activity. In a few minutes she had come down from a height that it must have required an hour to ascend to; and when she touched the grass-covered earth again, Balmat could not resist the impulse to take her in his arms, and for the first time he impressed a kiss on either side of her flushed and animated face.

"I gave you a nice fright, didn't I?" said Adrienne, laughing.

"Why, certainly I was alarmed to see you in so dangerous a place; and really, my little friend, it was very imprudent."

"Come, come, Monsieur Balmat, it is not that I mean, and you know very well it was not that which frightened you so much—but you thought I had run away home! I know you did, and it was that which made me laugh at you!"

"No, I assure you, my dear Adrienne, I couldn't believe that, because—"

"Then why did you hurry off so fast, after looking for me in the chalet? Ah, Monsieur Balmat, you see it is no use—you cannot deceive me!"

"Nor do I wish it, Adrienne! But—"

"But what? You are afraid to confide in me: isn't that it?"

"No, not exactly that—but you are very young, and you do not yet quite know your own mind, and you know me scarcely at all, and so—"

"And so you are resolved to keep me as a sort of prisoner in this delightful place, notwithstanding that I am so happy in it I would not leave it for the whole wide world!"

"Not for the whole wide world, Adrienne—but perhaps you would for that little bit of it on which your father's mill is now standing? Eh! confess it now in your turn, Mademoiselle Adrienne—were you not very much disposed to run off towards home, when you thought I was sleeping just now?"

"Oh, fie, Monsieur Balmat! thought you were sleeping! You know very well you did sleep most soundly; and it is quite as true that I never dreamed of going home. I might easily have done so if I chose it!"

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I think it would be very dishonourable to you, after all the pains you have taken to make this place so nice for me; but I fairly tell you, Monsieur Balmat, that as soon as I get tired of being here, I will escape from it, unless you let me go away freely."

"Well, Adrienne, that is fair warning, and now we understand each other; and I promise you solemnly, that whenever you tell me you wish to go, you shall have my full permission."

Such was the convention between the friends; and for the rest of the day they talked it over, and many points arising from it, with an increasing confidence in each other. But even from this first day's unbroken intercourse, it was evident that the inevitable ascendancy to be gained by one of two minds so situated, was already inclining in Adrienne's favour. Young as she was, her inexperience was overbalanced by the natural strength and buoyancy of her character, and by the total artlessness of nature which put those qualities forth without any effort. Balmat, rough, bold, and cautious, had always an object to strain for in this intercourse. He was never quite at his ease, because never sure of himself; and his repeated projects for saying or planning something to gain influence over Adrienne, were constantly frustrated by some such abrupt remarks as I have already recorded. It may be taken as a fact, that in all such mental partnerships, the simple, straightforward intellect will be sure to take the lead, if both are on a tolerable par of equality in point of talent; and that it is not in any case a question of youth or age.

CHAPTER VII.

A fortnight passed over without any of those abrupt or startling incidents which form epochs in a life. Day after day Gabriel was sure to make his appearance, soon after sunrise, at the chalet, to quit it again at nightfall, and return home to inquire about the business of his

mill, which went on in its usual slovenly and imperfect way, under the management of his men. Old Jeannette saw with wonderment the great change in her master's manner and temper. Something had evidently come over him of a bright and soothing nature, like a sudden rain that makes a path of light through a dark wood. The old woman was pleased with this; for she liked him about as much as the keepers of a menagerie may like the beasts he feeds, and coaxes and strokes with a stick. But as soon would she have dared to question the mysterious workings of Balmat's heart, as the keeper of a menagerie would hope to know what passed in the brain of his savages. Gabriel had therefore that greatest of luxuries for a mind strong enough to bear its own happiness—the pleasure of enjoying a secret, without the want of a confidant or the intrusion of a friend—as inquisitive praters are in common parlance called.

The poor Carriers did not know what to think or how to act. Their feelings on the one hand, and their "friends" on the other, were a perpetual torment to them. What with unborn anxiety and unasked for advice, they had not a moment's peace. The thousand projects self-conceived or suggested by others, thwarting each other, and all one by one abandoned, baffled every attempt at detail from any source open to my inquiries.

I confess myself curious to know what parents could do or might feel in a case like this; but, as my readers are already aware that there was no actual danger hanging over our heroine, we may pass by all inquiries as to the fears and hopes of the father and mother. One little incident arising from them must, however, be recorded.

It was on the sixteenth morning of Adrienne's voluntary exile from her home, and just as the sun, rushing up to the topmost height of heaven, burnished the snow-covered peaks into a brightness that was too dazzling for Gabriel Balmat's eyes, that he turned them for a moment round, to see that no one followed or observed him, as he took the wood-path towards Montanvert, in his usual walk to the chalet. Keen as a hawk that has its heart fixed on its prey, and its glance on the look-out for the sportsman, Gabriel caught sight of a human figure crouched behind a pine-tree, and evidently in the attitude of one that watched. He doubted not for an instant that it was his movements which were thus observed. The doer of a secret deed has always a spy in his conscience. Balmat was as cunning as he was suspicious. He therefore paused a few seconds, carefully, and then lunged into the cover, with the air of one indifferent or thoughtless. But the moment he was concealed from view, he darted suddenly through the brush-wood, round in the direction of the hidden figure; and as he gained the rear of the position, he observed a man stealthily but quickly going in the line he had himself taken a few minutes before. He was instantly on the track of his imagined follower, whom he recognised as one of the youths employed at Jean Carrier's mill. His conviction of his being watched and dogged by order of the persons he still hated so cordially, threw him into one of those fits of calm fury, so terrible in a temper like his. In a few minutes he was close behind the youth, who paused on the path, with straining looks, to discover the object he believed himself to be pursuing. In a moment more, a powerful stroke from Balmat's staff brought the stunned and terrified youth to the ground, for, as he reeled and fell, he caught a view of the bloodless face of his assailant, whose desperate look was more frightful than his upraised weapon. Another and another blow fell quick on the prostrate and now senseless body, and a few seconds would have certainly left it a corpse, had not the appearance of another person, and the loud cries for mercy which broke on Balmat's ear, arrested him for a moment in his sanguinary work.

"Oh, spare him! It was not his fault! He acted by my orders; he only did the bidding of a mother seeking to recover her child!"

As Balmat turned round and saw Madame Carrier, all the desperate passions of his nature became at once concentrated. The rage of the tiger interrupted in his horrid feast—the revenge of the savage Indian who has tracked his enemy to his last retreat—the fiercest and most deadly feelings that could stimulate a man to murder—rushed all at once upon him. He gazed for a few moments on the imploring figure of the poor woman. But he saw her indistinctly, for the film of passion was upon his eyes. A confused murmur of words was in his ears; but he did not distinguish her plaintive entreaties for mercy to the helpless victim at his feet, accompanied with appeals for news of her lost daughter.

He deliberately strode forward, and at every step he grasped his weapon with more strength, while his lips became closer compressed, his eyes more fixed, and his brow more firmly knit. The woman, now for her own sake terrified to excess, marking the fearful look which glowered on her, and the appalling calm with which Balmat raised up his arm as if to strike, sank on her knees, with lifted hands and a loud shriek, that made him start and pause. That one wild sound brought him into complete consciousness. The image of little Adrienne seemed magically interposed between him and the mother thus miraculously saved. The rigid tension of muscle and mind was all at once relaxed. His right arm dropped slowly down by his side, a ghastly smile played over his pale lips, and, quietly waving his left hand in the direction of the valley, he said, in a calm tone:

"Go home, Madame Carrier—go home! You have no reason to be alarmed! Go home!"

Like a reprieved criminal at the scaffold's foot, she could not at the first moment understand the announcement of mercy. She still maintained her kneeling posture, and her words ran on in the same tone of supplication.

"Why, you don't suppose I was going to do you any harm?" said Balmat.

"Oh, no!" replied she, recovering at once her consciousness of safety, and a cunning which prompted an avoidance of anything likely to offend him. "It was only for that poor lad that I implored your compassion! He is punished sufficiently for my fault!"

Balmat threw a scowl at the now recovering youth, who groaned and writhed from pain. He then said, in a quiet, determined way:

"Let this be a lesson to you and to him, and keep this little adventure to yourselves. If I am further troubled by you or your people, I have my revenge in my own hands, Madame Carrier!"

"Alas, I fear so!" exclaimed she; "you have us all in your power, Gabriel; do, then, be merciful—for once, she was nearly adding, but she gulped down the words—and put me out of pain with regard to Adrienne!"

"What an extraordinary woman you are!" replied he, scoffingly. "What could I know of your daughter, more than everybody knows? She has herself told you two or three times, under her hand, that she is well and happy!"

"Ah, Gabriel, you do know more than that, and perhaps even that is not true!"

"True or false, it is none of my business."

"I ask your pardon; but that you had some hand in her concealment I am now certain!"

Balmat only answered by a laugh of mockery, and then added, as he pointed to the wounded youth, who now slowly raised himself from the ground:

"You had better look to that lout, and take him away!"

He walked off into the wood with a steady and resolute air, not deigning to reply to the entreaties for a few more words, for a few minutes' delay, which the afflicted mother continued to pour out, as long as he was within hearing or sight. She was afraid to follow him, and when he disappeared she turned her attention to the young man, staunch the blood that flowed from his head, and returned with him to the mill—from whence she had stolen out unknown to her husband, a couple of hours before, to lie in wait for and watch the proceedings of the object of her suspicion, and now more than ever, of her terror also.

Balmat, in the meantime, proceeded on his devious route, turning and twisting like a frightened hare; but not so much from dread of a renewed pursuit, as from the hope of escaping from his own agitating thoughts, ere he reached the chalet, and presented himself, as usual, with an unruffled aspect to his now dear-loved prisoner. Madame Carrier was not more terrified by the expectation of Balmat's threatened violence than he was at the recollection of it, nor more rejoiced at the escape which had saved him from the commission of the crime he was within an instant of committing. The wild shriek which had recalled him to a sense of his atrocity still rang in his ears. It was like a voice from heaven, sent direct to his heart. It was like a warning of a guardian angel, to make him pause on the brink of a precipice. He shuddered at the retrospect. He felt that if he had dealt one felon blow, and killed the mother of Adrienne, he was lost beyond hope. His next step would, as it seemed to his turbid mind, have inevitably been his own destruction. Picture upon picture rose up in his imagination—one more horrid than another. His suffering was intense. At times he stood still, and, placing his hand upon his eyes, strove, as it were, to shut out those frightful images. Then he would run forward for a space, as if to fly from his pursuing thoughts. Again he flung himself on the ground, and rolled about in mental agony. At last he gained sufficient self-command to enable him to continue his path with some show of calmness. It was a fixed determination to fly altogether the scene of his suffering, and the chance of its renewal, that thus gave him a respite from despair. To scrape together all the ready money he could lay hands on—to sell his property in his house and mill—to carry off Adrienne into the depths of the mountain chain, and farther, if their retreat should be discovered—were the abrupt but positive resolutions now formed. And, having thus made up his mind, he at length felt himself in a fitting mood to approach the chalet, and in appetite for the morning repast.

During the fortnight which had just passed with all the apparent speed which monotony gives to time, Adrienne had become a perfect enthusiast. As to the nobler beauties of nature with which she was in such close communion, she was day by day more enamoured with the romantic independence of her present life. A fortnight so passed, in such sequestered solitude, with scenes like those, without care or disquietude, and with an absolute equality of enjoyment, was like a day in the computation of life. On a child of Adrienne's temperament, it was, nevertheless, sure to stamp an ineffaceable influence. The opening vigour of her character expanded with maturity, like a flower shone on by the ripening sun. Her mind seemed every hour to take in lessons of strength and purity, from the observance of nature's grand simplicity. The sunrise and sunset, the march of the moon, the regulated anarchy of heaven's starry host—the stupendous mountains, and all their tributary forms of hill, vale, stream, and cataract—worked upon the intellect of this young creature, until she felt herself as more a thing of them than of the mortal world to which she appertained. Had education been at hand, to graft its miracles of knowledge on this stem of rude enthusiasm, our little Adrienne might have become a paragon of cultivated science, instead of the heroine of a simple mountain tale.

(To be continued.)

THE MOON.—Baer, a German astronomer, calculates that when we shall have an instrument nine times more powerful than Lord Rosse's, it will bring the moon within a German mile of us, so as to show an object as small as a man.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—Messrs. Bright and Bright have recently patented an arrangement for the simplification and general perfection of apparatus for obtaining currents of electricity on the magneto-electric principle. In the absence of diagrams, we can give but a general description. Two electro-magnetic coils are attached to the ends of a double arm, moving freely on its centre, and are placed near the poles of a series of powerful permanent magnets. These are connected with a lever handle, having a catch and ratchet wheels, having on their peripheries a series of cogs, between each of which are inserted pieces of non-conducting substances, as ivory. On the handle being moved either to the right or left, connection between the line and the earth is broken at the spring by one or the other non-conducting plates, while the other spring catch moves over the metallic or conducting plate, thus keeping up an uninterrupted current.

DISCOVERY OF AMBER.—Pieces of amber have for some time past been found on the coast of Courland, but in such small quantity that it was hardly considered worth while to collect them. In recently cutting a canal for draining a lake near that of Anserche, on the eastern coast of Courland, between 57 deg. 10 min. and 58 deg. 20 min. of north latitude, and not far from the Gulf of Riga, pieces of amber were found, and, on the search being continued, more pieces were picked up on the banks of the Lake of Anserche itself. At first the discovery was kept secret, as the lakes belong to the crown, and the amber was secretly sold for small sums by the persons who found it. But the inhabitants of the adjacent villages gradually became acquainted with the fact, and they made a practice of going *en masse* on Sundays to collect the amber. The priests, annoyed at seeing the churches abandoned, made inquiries as to the cause, and, on learning it, made it known to the authorities. The quantity of amber already sold by the peasants to Jew dealers has brought them in not less than 4000 silver roubles (the rouble is 4s. 5c.); but that is considerably less than its real value. The pieces of amber are for the most part transparent, and some of them are so large that they fetch from five to six roubles. In some of the pieces winged insects have been found.

TOBACCO SEED OIL.—A British resident in Russia, who is a member of the Imperial Geographical Society of that country, and gardener to his Excellency General Vsolodsky, near Kizlior, has found, by experiment, that the seed of the tobacco plant contains about fifteen per cent. of an oil that has superior desiccative qualities, which may be employed with advantage in paints and varnishes. The process of extraction is said to be simple and easy, requiring only a reduction of the seed to powder, which is to be kneaded into a stiff paste with a sufficient quantity of hot water, and afterwards submitted to the action of a very strong press. The oil, when expressed, is exposed to a moderate heat, which, coagulating the vegetable albumen of the seed, precipitates all the impurities to the bottom of the vessel, leaving the oil in a perfectly clear and limpid state.

PRODUCTION OF OXYGEN GAS.—M. Boussingault has lately described a process by which pure oxygen gas may be obtained from the atmosphere at a trifling cost, so as to enable it to be collected in unlimited quantities and preserved in gasometers, like coal-gas, for application to many practical uses in the arts. This process depends upon a peculiar property possessed by the earth barytes, of absorbing the atmospheric oxygen at one temperature and evolving it at another; or, rather, the ready conversion of hydrate of barytes into peroxide of barium, by a current of atmospheric air at a dull red heat, and the decomposition of the peroxide, by steam, at a lower temperature, even at 212 deg. F., with re-formation of the hydrate of barytes—the process being in reality a continuous one. It is found in practice advisable to mix the barytes with hydrate of lime or magnesia, so as to prevent the fusing of the first: this mixture, when placed in an earthen tube heated to dull redness, is to be oxidised by passing a current of dry atmospheric air over it. So soon as the oxidation is completed, the tube is connected with the gas-holder, and a jet of steam allowed to act upon it: this reconverts the peroxide of barium into hydrate of barytes, the excess of oxygen being given off and collected in the gas-holder. The barytes is then again oxidised by a fresh current of air, and deoxidised by steam as frequently as required, thus making the process continuous. Mons. Boussingault considers that about 1000 cubic feet of pure oxygen gas could be obtained every twenty-four hours, by the use of 10 cwt. of barytes, which will answer this purpose for any length of time.

VENTILATION.—The only ventilation practicable in the houses of the working classes is that which is termed natural ventilation; which is caused by the ascent of heated air; the air which becomes impure by the action of the lungs, or by the burning of candles, lamps, gas, &c., or by the fire, is heated, and rendered lighter than pure air—it therefore rises to the top, and cold, pure air takes its place. Thus, to ventilate a room well, it is essential that there should be two openings: one above, by means of which the impure, heated air can pass out, and another below, for the entrance of pure, cold air. In dwelling-rooms, as ordinarily constructed, the impure air is imperfectly carried away by the draught of the chimney: it follows that the whole of the room above the level of the fire-place remains filled with air in a partially impure state; and the openings by which air is admitted are usually left to chance, the cracks around and under the doors and windows being the means by which it gains an entrance. If these are not sufficient to admit a proper quantity of air to supply the draught of the chimney, the latter

necessarily smokes. A much better plan is, to admit the pure outer air by means of a plate of perforated zinc, placed, instead of a pane of glass, in the upper part of one or more of the windows farthest from the fire; the air entering through the zinc in small streams, becomes so mingled with the warm air of the room, that a draught is prevented, and when the windows are opposite the fire, the whole air of the room is gradually and imperceptibly changed. If to this mode of admitting pure, cold air, be added an opening in the chimney, near the ceiling, to allow the escape of the impure, warm air, much will be done for health and comfort; this opening in the chimney, however, requires a chimney-valve to prevent any downward draught of smoke: the utility of this mode of allowing air to enter and escape, for the purpose of ventilating rooms, is proved by its frequent and increasing adoption. Sheets of perforated zinc may be obtained from 6d. upwards, and chimney valves from 4s. to 5s. Where appearance is an object, glass perforated with circular holes or slits may be employed instead of zinc, and chimney-valves are made of a very ornamental character. Cold air, it may be added, should never be admitted under the doors or at the bottom of a room, unless it be close to the fire or stove—otherwise it flows along the floor towards the fire-place, leaving the upper foul air unchanged, and cooling most unpleasantly and injuriously the feet and legs, which are most susceptible of injury by cold.

NEW USES OF THE LEAF OF THE PINUS SYLVESTRIS.

Not far from Breslau, in Silesia, in a domain called *la Prairie du Humboldt*, exist two establishments, equally astonishing on account of their objects and of their connection: one is a manufactory in which the leaves of the pines are converted into a sort of cotton or wool; the other offers to the sick, as a salubrious bath, the waters left from the making of this vegetable wool. Both were founded under the head Inspector of Forests, M. de Pannewitz, the inventor of a chemical process by means of which, from the long and slim leaves of the pines, is procured a very fine filamentous substance, which has been called *wood-wool* (*laine de bois*), because it curls, felts, and may be spun like common wool.

The *pinus sylvestris*, or wild-pine, whence this new product is procured, is already much esteemed in Germany, on account of several valuable advantages which it presents; and, in place of abandoning it to its natural growth, extensive plantations of it have been formed, which are true forests. When planted on light and sandy soils, which it prefers, and in which it grows with the greatest rapidity, it gives them consistence and solidity. Associated with the oak, it becomes a shelter, under the shadow of which this latter acquires a great strength of development, until in its turn it rises above its protector. When the pine has reached its fortieth year, it furnishes very profitable crops of resin. Its wood is esteemed for buildings, &c. The employment which M. de Pannewitz has proposed to give to its leaves will, without doubt, contribute to spread still more the culture of a tree already so useful, and will perhaps give it some favour in other countries where it is scarcely known.

All the acicular leaves of the pines, the firs, and coniferous trees in general, are composed of a bundle of fibres extremely fine and tenuous, which are surrounded and held together by a resinous substance in thin pellicles. When by heat, and by the employment of certain chemical reagents, the resinous substance is dissolved, it is easy to separate the fibres from each other, to wash them, and to free them from all foreign bodies. According to the method used, the woolly substance acquires a finer quality, or remains in a coarser state: and in the first case it is employed as wadding; in the second, as filling for mattresses. Such, in a few words, is the account of the discovery due to M. de Pannewitz.

The first use which was made of this filamentous substance, was to substitute it for cotton wadding in quilted coverlets. In the year 1842, the hospital of Vienna bought five hundred of these coverlets, and, after using them for several years, renewed its orders. It was remarked, among other things, that, under the influence of the pine-wool, no kind of parasitic insect harboured in the bed, and the aromatic odour which they emitted was considered to be agreeable and beneficial. Soon afterwards, the penitentiary of Vienna was provided with the same kind of coverlets. Since then they have been adopted, as have been also mattresses filled with the same wool, in the hospital La Charité at Berlin, and at the hospital La Maternité, and the soldiers' quarters at Breslau. An experience of five years in these establishments has shown that the *wood-wool* is well fitted for use in coverlets, and for wadded goods, and is very durable.

At the end of five years, a mattress of *wood-wool* had cost less than one of straw, which required the addition every year of at least two pounds of fresh straw. Furniture in the construction of which this matter was used, was preserved from the attacks of moths. It cost three times less than hair, and the most skilful upholsterer could not distinguish an article of furniture in which it is used from a similar one stuffed with hair. We are besides assured that it may be spun and woven. The finest gives a thread resembling that of hemp, and is as strong. When spun, woven, and finished like cloth, it furnishes a product which may be employed for carpets, horse-furniture, &c.; when interwoven with a warp of linen, it may be used as bed coverings. The products of the manufactories of Zuckmantel and La Prairie du Humboldt gained for their present owner, M. Weiss, a bronze medal at the Exhibition of Berlin, and a silver medal at that of Altenburg.

THE DARK ARCHES UNDER CONSTANTINOPLE.

Now that the Turkish empire has manifested unequivocal signs of dissolution, seeing that its feeble authority has been upheld solely by the armed intervention of those western powers it once bearded and set at defiance, it would be as well—before indulging in sentimental regrets over its decay and final extinction in Europe—to study Turkish history, and endeavour to form a satisfactory opinion of the causes that have brought the once haughty Moslem to the humiliating necessity of suing for the protection of France and England.

Any one acquainted with the condition of the Greek empire after the fall of Rome, will at once be enabled to see that the rise of the Turks was casual. They were indebted for their greatness to three leading causes—the debased and fallen state of the eastern empire, the mutual animosities of the Greeks and Latins, and the decided superiority of the Turks over the bickering and degenerate nations of Christendom. The chief engine of their success was their military system, which, in point both of discipline and skill, was far superior to the tactics of Christian Europe.

In those ages war was the sole arbiter of the destinies of nations; and it is curious to observe that, as in earlier periods, the military science of the Greeks and the numerous armies of Persia had been forced to yield to the compact pressure of the Macedonian phalanx, and the phalanx in its turn was vanquished by the legion, so did the heroic but desultory system of warfare which succeeded the abolition of the Roman, yield to the enthusiastic discipline and headlong charges of those Turkish hordes who had crossed the Bosphorus, and overrun Europe to the borders of modern Germany. So that the Turkish empire, in its origin, was essentially an empire of the sword—and therefore could not possibly endure. Founded on decay, its vitality also decayed when Europe rose like a giant—strong and ardent, after a protracted slumber—and changed the aspect of the world.

The character of the Turks affords us a significant clue to their decline as a nation. The temperament of the Turk is phlegmatic—he is disposed to quiescence and indolence; but, under the influence of powerful excitements, he passes from a state of insensibility into the most unrestrained violence and excess. This habitual sedateness and inertness, in combination with a latent energy, may serve to explain some of the inconsistencies in the national character and history.

The Turk is habitually temperate—he never tastes the forbidden juice—but he can “get as drunk as a Christian lord.” He is mild and grave, but when provoked he is infuriated. He has little fanaticism—but when his religious fervour is kindled, it becomes a brutal frenzy. He is not habitually cruel—he is sometimes generous and humane; but he is of all men the most remorseless in his cruelty. He will not luxuriate in the agonies of an enemy, and trample upon his victim—he has little taste for the more exquisite refinements of revenge: in this respect he displays more of the demon in his worst excesses, than either Frank or Greek. But then he butchers with less compunction, and with a more entire contempt for human life; his eye never pities, and his heart never bleeds. Age or sex excites no commiseration in him, who, on slight provocation, or from policy, dooms the wife of his bosom to the death of a cat, and his children to the bow-string. The same insensibility to the higher attributes of human nature displays itself in the smooth-faced perfidy with which he can inveigle, in order to destroy, his unsuspecting victim—perhaps his old associate or guest. In fact, alike in his pleasures and his cruelties, the Turk is an impassible animal—coldly voluptuous, and coldly cruel; deliberate alike in good and evil, less to be dreaded when choleric than when concealing his emotions, not intolerant—far less so, as a Moslem, than either Greek or Latin; not ungrateful, not inhospitable, not unkind to his dependents, not incapable of generosity; but naturally arrogant, sensual, and implacable—knowing no medium between the despot and the slave—too generally a hypocrite in all things—so much so as to please the Frank, whom he despises,—in a word, exhibiting more or less the deadening and debasing effects of a despotic government, oriental prejudices, and a pharisaical and sensual creed.

The decline and fall of a people so constituted was inevitable. They had nothing to oppose to adverse circumstances beyond their control. Among these we may mention, that the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and a new route to India, was one of not the least influential causes of the decline of the Turkish monarchy. Previously to that discovery, the Venetians had formed establishments in the ports of Syria and Egypt, and had obtained the grant of various commercial privileges from the Mamelukes, which were confirmed by Selim I. To these ports the valuable commodities of China and India would have continued to be brought, or would have found their way overland to those of the Black Sea, and thence by a short navigation to Constantinople, had not a new channel been opened for that commerce, which in every age has been the richest source of mercantile wealth and greatness. About the year 1620, the voyages to the East Indies by the new route are stated to have lowered so considerably the prices of Indian merchandise, that the trade between India and Turkey, by the Persian Gulf and Red Sea, having much decayed, the Grand Seigniors were greatly lessened. The decay of the empire then commenced, and the importance of Turkey in the political system of Europe was thenceforth greatly diminished.

When Russia, as appears inevitable, marches to the gates of Constantinople, the struggle will be fierce and protracted. Under the banner of the Prophet, the Turks will fight valiantly; they will oppose the fiercest fanaticism

to the discipline of a foe as skillful as rugged. And who can doubt the result? However, should the enemy approach Constantinople, that city might be defended to an indefinite period—that is, supposing the fleets of France and England kept the communications by sea open and uninterrupted—for the walls of Constantinople are considered very good: those on the land side have a double range, twenty feet from each other, and are defended by a flat-bottomed ditch, some twenty-five feet broad. The outer wall, which is about twelve feet high, is defended by two hundred and fifty strong towers; the inner wall is above twenty feet high, with towers similar to those of the outer. Military strategists consider that if all these points were well fortified, and the sea approaches kept clear of the enemy, Constantinople might be defended against any force which the power of Russia could bring against it. But supposing the city was reduced to the last extremity, it might still be desperately defended. The population would be destroyed, but the military could hold out until famine swept them away. For the storage of provisions, the wonderful vaults of Constantinople supply ample convenience. One of them affords abundance of pure fresh water—in fact, it is a subterranean reservoir.

These vast under-ground edifices rank among the most remarkable monuments of old Constantinople. They were built by the Greeks as cisterns, and were always kept full, in case of siege. Through the neglect of the Turks, many of them are much decayed, and some are wholly blocked up, so that their positions are unknown. There is one vault, called “the palace of the thousand and one pillars,” which the Turks allow strangers to inspect. The entrance to it is from the centre of the city, down a narrow but substantial and well-preserved stone staircase. Instead of being a cistern filled with an immense body of water, it is occupied as a silk factory. It is about thirty feet deep, and the roof is about six feet from the surface of the street. This vault extends over about an acre of ground. But the greatest curiosity is the vault which still exists as a cistern. This vault the Turks guard with the greatest jealousy; very few, even of those who live above it, being aware of its precise locality. It is a subterranean lake, extending under many streets, and the former has an arched roof, supported by three hundred and thirty-six pillars of solid marble. An English gentleman, who was fortunate enough to obtain access to it, has supplied us with a very animated description of its appearance. He says:

“Having learned that there was a Greek reservoir in the city, in good preservation, and still partially full of water, I made many inquiries respecting it, but all in vain. At length, meeting a friend whose long residence in Constantinople had afforded him the means of knowing more than I could do about it, I asked him if the account of the existence of the reservoir was correct:

“Perfectly so,” said he; “though I never have seen it.” Expressing an earnest wish to behold it, he told me that, with a large bribe, he thought he could obtain me permission—for he was acquainted with an old Turk, whose house was said to cover one of the openings into it. I readily agreed to give the required douceur, and he arranged to call next morning, if successful. The following morning, my friend came with the news of his success. After passing through several streets, we reached the upper part of the city, and entered an old-looking house. We were received by an aged Turk, with a venerable beard, whose dress betokened neither very great wealth, nor very great cleanliness. After being invited to take coffee and a pipe, which we accepted—my friend serving as interpreter to the few words of conversation that passed between us—our host informed us he was ready to show us the way to the subterranean palace.

“We proceeded to the inner court of the house, and, turning sharp to the right, were ushered into a small room, the floor of which was a few steps below the surface of the ground. Here the guide provided two torches, and, putting one into my hands, and carrying the other himself, proceeded to raise a sort of trap-door, and, bidding us follow him, began to descend. My friend immediately stepped down after him, and I brought up the rear. After descending thirty steps, or more, of a strong stone staircase, we felt sure, from the cold dampness of the air, that we were in the immediate vicinity of water. Our surmises were soon verified, by the Turk (who was a step or two lower than either of us) calling to my friend to take his torch, while he unmoored a light boat that was fastened to the winding staircase. A step or two lower, and amid innumerable columns, rising on every hand, we discerned the water gleaming under the light of our torches.

“We were soon seated in the boat, and the Turk, equipping himself with a small pair of sculls, shoved us off. The splash of the chain that had moored the boat, as it fell heavily into the water, echoed throughout the vaulted cavern. I shall never forget the feeling of bewilderment that for the few first minutes crept over me. Rows of marble columns seemed to rise endlessly, while their polished surfaces glistened in the torch-light. The Eastern dress of our guide, his flowing beard, the dismal silence of this strange place, unbroken, save by the padding of the boat, and the gleaming of our unearthly lights, made me think of the poet’s description of the Stygian ferryman. After a time I began to look round more attentively. The columns are of marble; many of them with Corinthian capitals, though we saw some of the Composite, and others of the Doric order. Some retained all the sharpness of their exquisite finish, while others seemed to be undergoing dilapidation from the hand of Time.

“They appeared to me to be the spoils of more than one temple, appropriated by imperial builders to this use. We looked for an inscription, but could nowhere find one. The roof seemed in excellent condition, and appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the water. Unlike most other guides, ours was by no means com-

municative, and only by dint of questioning him could we learn anything from him. He said, “the water was unfathomable, and it was as it always had been.” I am of opinion there was from twelve to fifteen feet depth of water in the cistern. It extends under several streets, and, from the darkness and gloom which envelope it, its area seems of great extent. It may well be called a lake. After paddling to one extremity, which we found to consist of a wall faced with blocks of marble, and reaching nearly across it in the opposite direction, our guide, in spite of all our entreaty, determined to ascend. We could learn nothing of the mode by which the water finds entrance; most likely by some underground course, and obtains egress in a similar manner. We at length reached the staircase, and, much against our will, were compelled to leave this wonderful cistern, which we would gladly still further have explored.”

The reluctance of the Turks to allow these underground reservoirs to be explored, probably arises from the fact, that if their courses were known they would disclose many entrances to the city, and so facilitate the admission of a foe. Another reason may be given. The Turks are excessively superstitious. They believe in ghosts, goblins, and demons, and fancy that the powers of darkness and destruction take up their abode in places like these subterranean retreats. The traditions of the cruelties perpetrated on the Greeks in these artificial caverns have not yet died away; and when we add, that these excavations have been used by the Turks for the most detestable purposes, we shall be at no loss to account for the rigid reserve they maintain upon the subject. They have served the purposes of revenge, intrigue, and political necessity. The father of the present sultan once found the one given in our illustration very useful.

Selim had been dethroned and imprisoned by the Janissaries, and Mustapha IV. reigned in his stead. This arrangement did not at all suit Baractier—a general who marched to Constantinople at the head of forty thousand men. Having obtained possession of the capital, he hastened to the seraglio—but found the gates closed, and every preparation made for a determined defence. The general, disappointed, but not intimidated, gave orders for an immediate assault. The contest lasted only a short time, but the interval was fatal to Selim. On the sound of the first shot, the emissaries of the sultan were dispatched to the apartments of Selim—whom, notwithstanding he was at his devotions, they strangled. From the murder of Selim, the executioners proceeded to the apartments of Mahmoud, the youngest son of Abdulhamid, and the only remaining prince of the blood-royal. There was still some hope for the sultan, in the eventual death of his brother. Selim was no more: the audacious Baractier himself would respect the last of the Ottoman race. The mutes rushed into the chamber of the confined prince—but he was nowhere to be found. To the fond fidelity of a slave he was indebted for his life. At the moment that Baractier had rushed into the palace, Mahmoud, who had first been concealed in the furnace of a bath, guided by the slave, was cautiously threading some subterranean passages, until they gained an opening or recess in the wall, from which opened a door that concealed a flight of steps. The slave had brought a torch with him, and as he held it aloft, the future sultan gazed in some trepidation on a mass of darkly flowing water.

“Whither wouldst thou conduct me?” he demanded. “To life and a throne!” answered the slave, decisively. “These waters flow under the streets of Constantinople, and run from the harbour of Perami to the Sea of Marmora. Behold the means of safety I have provided!”

The prince, on looking down, beheld a small boat; and as he saw no other chance of escape, he stepped into it, followed by his faithful slave, who had previously taken the precaution to close the door on the landing. After rowing about for a few minutes, the prince endeavoured to pierce the gloom by which he was surrounded; but the feeble rays of the torch only enabled him to gaze in wonder at the massive and beautiful pillars that supported the cave, and which the slave dexterously avoided. The dull splashing of the water, the Stygian darkness, and his own peculiar position, would have weighed down the spirits of any but a Turk; but, falling back for relief on the hereditary fatalism of his race, he sat calmly in the stern of the boat, fully prepared for whatever might happen to him. Suddenly the quick ears of the slave caught the sound of oars, and, exclaiming, “We are pursued!” he dashed the torch overboard, and pulled with redoubled energy.

The sound of the other oars became louder, and on the prince looking behind him, he could plainly perceive a boat in their wake, with a torch in the bows. The slave, whose eye-sight was as keen as his hearing, relaxed in his exertions, and, letting the boat become stationary between two pillars, said:

“It is a woman and a man—we are two; let them pass!”

“An intrigue!” thought the prince, as he eagerly prepared to catch a glimpse of the fair one’s countenance. Nearer and nearer came the boat, until it approached the pillars; and the prince, with mingled admiration and surprise, saw that the lady—who was unveiled—was not only young, but supremely beautiful. Her companion was a tall, handsome-looking man, in the garb of a Turk; but his fair complexion betrayed a different origin. The light revealed the boat containing the slave and prince. The lady uttered a shriek, and quickly hid her face. Her companion, although rather surprised, undauntedly cried out, in excellent Turkish, but with a foreign accent:

“Holloa! Who’s there? Friend or foe?”

“I am Mahmoud the unfortunate!” said the prince proudly.

The Frank—for such we must call him—doffed his turban, and, making a profound inclination, said:

"No longer unfortunate—but great! An hour ago, the cannon from the seraglio announced to the people the dethronement of your predecessor, and the elevation of your sublime highness to the throne!"

"Allah be praised!" said Mahmoud, sententially. "But who art thou? Who hast thou for a companion? Speak freely—for thy good news inclines me to be generous!"

The Frank briefly told his tale—it was one of love; and his companion was a Christian girl, the daughter of a Greek merchant. She Sultan was satisfied, and the whole party returned together to the palace, where, as the Frank had stated, Mahmoud had been proclaimed sultan, and was being searched for everywhere. But it behoves us to describe the adventures of the Frank with some moderate verbosity.

In the Fanar quarter of Constantinople there dwelt a rich Greek. His gardens extended to the water's edge, but his mansion, externally, was mean enough to avoid exciting the cupidity of the Turks. Constantine Mavrocordato enjoyed, among his own countrymen, the reputation of being a miser and enormously wealthy. He had only one child—a daughter—whose sole companion was an ugly old negress. Now, Vakeen was an obedient child, but her father's idolatry of money had never induced him to win her affections. Added to this, Vakeen suspected her father of one of the foulest crimes—murder. She had observed many people enter the house who never left it, or were ever seen again. One day a stranger called, and she determined to watch, and if possible ascertain whether her suspicions were well founded. He never left the house; but at midnight, hearing a shuffling noise in her father's apartments, she stole out of her room, and, hiding herself behind an angle in the corridor, beheld, to her horror, her only parent dragging something heavy in a sack, along the floor. The outlines were those of a human being. Constantine, panting with the exertion, pulled his load to a door which his daughter had never seen opened before, but which was then wide open, and she could see some steps leading from it.

Determined to penetrate the mystery of her father's movements, as soon as he had disappeared down the steps with his burthen, she followed, and, peering after him, she could see nothing, but heard a sullen splash in some water, and her father mutter:

"The dark arches, like the sea, never yield up their dead!"

Vakeen saw nor heard no more—for, like a wounded bird, she flew to her chamber: and from that day the last remains of her filial affection disappeared. She could not love a murderer. A few days after this tragedy, Vakeen was seated in the garden, on a velvet cushion, holding in her left hand an ornamented pipe, with a tube of Persian cherry, and in her right, in a small stand of flagree gold, a porcelain cup, which the negress from time to time supplied with delicious mocha. Vakeen was an extremely beautiful girl of seventeen years of age. Her profile was pure Grecian. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, was parted over her temples, and, together with her large, dark eyes, served to bring out in matchless tints her clear complexion, and finely-curved carnation lips.

As she sat drinking her coffee, she formed a perfect picture of indolence and beauty. While thus employed and busied with melancholy thoughts, a shriek from the negress caused her to look up and immediately start to her feet with a crimsoned brow and haughty glance. A man had obtained access to the garden, which, in Turkey, even among the Greeks, is considered a flagrant breach of etiquette. He was not, however, calculated very much to alarm a Greek girl. Tall, robust, and handsome, he looked remarkably well in his Greek costume. But his fair complexion, light-blue eyes, and bold step, told of a more northern clime than Turkey. As he approached the agitated young girl, he said, apologetically:

"I expected to find my good friend Mavrocordato, and I behold—his—"

"Daughter," said Vakeen, blushing—for the glance of the stranger was ardent and admiring. After several common-place inquiries, he withdrew—not, however, without casting many a look behind him.

"A deuced fine girl!" he muttered to himself, in English; "too good for this country! And I dare say her old skindint of a father intends her for the Grand Sultan! Ah, after all, England's the place for a woman!"

"Fine man!" said the negress to her mistress. "He walks like a great warrior I have often seen in my own dear country!"

Vakeen did not reply, but walked into the house abstractedly. The next morning found her on the same spot; and by a coincidence the stranger came also, and her father was not at home. Her reserve thawed under his genial manner and winning smiles—his handsome, manly figure and looks were amazingly effective—and she allowed him to say something complimentary. The next day, and the next—indeed every day for a whole week—the stranger and she met on the same spot; and it is but fair to say that each was speedily heart-deep in love with the other. On the seventh day her father abruptly informed her that he had destined her to be the spouse of a rich effendi. He forgot to add that he had sold her for a large consideration. Vakeen was in despair. The next day, however, a revolution broke out in Constantinople; and, amid the roar of artillery, the crash of musketry, and the awful conflagrations raging in the city, Mussulman mobs began to pillage the Greeks. A villainous lot of unwashed Turks assailed the house of the old miser. He was not at home, but his daughter was; and while the yells and shrieks of the mob rang in her ears, she lay sobbing in the arms of her English lover. Death stared both in the face; and, as the Englishmen prepared for a desperate defence, suddenly Vakeen recollected the door of the secret flight of steps. The negress, who had long before known of its

existence, produced a key; and, leading the way with a torch, they were speedily in a boat, and cleaving the waters under Constantinople at a very rapid rate.

We have related the encounter with Mahmoud, and have only to add, that Vakeen and her Frank lover were married, and after a short residence in England they returned to the East, where John Stanley had agreed to take service with Mahmoud, as a superintendent in one of the departments of the navy of the Sublime Porte.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER L.

Murder—not justice—is their secret aim.—CREON.

LEICESTER and Burleigh, the undisguised enemies of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, were determined upon his destruction; and Elizabeth, who was well aware of their vindictive feelings, used them as blinds in the eyes of the world, for her cruelty in consenting to the death of so near a relative. At their instigation, parliament voted an address to the queen, praying her to consider the state of the nation, whose welfare was inseparable from personal safety, and demanding that justice might be dealt upon the mighty traitor, as they affected to call him.

After this address we hear of no more coquetting—no more hesitations: the order for the duke's death was signed, and the execution took place on the 2nd of June, 1572.

At the same time the obsequious parliament voted the address which consigned the premier peer of England to the block, it passed two bills: the first inflicted the punishment of death upon the unfortunate Mary, for her supposed share in the plot of Rodolfi; the second made it high treason in any one to assert the rights of the captive princess to succeed to the crown of England.

Elizabeth, who at that time was plotting the assassination of Mary, refused her assent.

The negotiations for her marriage with the Duc D'Alençon were still going on, when an event occurred which rendered the match decidedly unpopular in England: this was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the Protestants throughout the entire kingdom of France.

In England the intelligence was received with astonishment and horror: so much so, that the very name of a Frenchman was held in execration by the people. At the first audience which Elizabeth granted the ambassador, La Motte, after the perpetration of the disgraceful tragedy, she appeared in the deepest mourning, surrounded by her council, the highest nobility of her realm, and the ladies of her court. In a stern voice, she demanded if the horrible intelligence she had heard was true.

The ambassador endeavoured to vindicate the honour of his master, by stating that he had been driven to the course he had pursued by the treasonable conspiracies of the Protestants throughout his kingdom; but that his orders had been misunderstood and exceeded, and that no one more than the King of France regretted the accident.

In order to divert Elizabeth from dwelling upon the subject, the cunning Frenchman, who knew her vanity and weakness, presented her with a love-letter from the Duc D'Alençon, which, he states, in his despatches to his own court, her majesty received and read with infinite satisfaction and contentment.

But the lords of her council were far more difficult to be convinced that the massacre had, in fact, been the result of accident: they declared it to be the most enormous crime which had been perpetrated since the death of the Saviour of the world.

It is sickening to think that the manoeuvring and conduct of Elizabeth on this occasion was but the result of refined hypocrisy. The great Protestant queen, at the very time she publicly expressed her horror and indignation at the court of France, was in friendly correspondence with the infamous Catherine De Medicis, who planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew: the subject being neither more nor less than the means of eradicating from the features the scars left by the ravages of the small-pox.

It has frequently been observed that one crime serves as the excuse and justification of another. The Protestants of England, who were naturally indignant at the fate of their brethren in France, began to call for the blood of the Queen of Scots; and Sandys, Bishop of London, drew eternal infamy upon himself, by writing a memorial to Burleigh, which commenced with the following horrible piece of advice—horrible from any man, but most especially so, coming from a minister of the God of mercy.

It began: "Forthwith cut off the Scottish queen's head!" The entire epistle will be found in "Ellis's Royal Letters," second series, vol. iii.

As yet, Elizabeth shrank from shedding the blood of her royal kinswoman, who was fully justified in using every means short of assassination to effect her escape from the hard captivity in which she was detained. That this hesitation arose from no compunctious visitings of conscience, the inveterate malice with which she pursued her unfortunate rival, and the judicial murder of her, sufficiently proves she sought to effect her purpose by ways equally infamous and cruel.

She proposed to deliver Mary into the hands of the

Earl of Morton and the Scottish Regent, Mar, to be dealt with for her crimes—stipulating that she should be put to death within a few hours after trial; that, whether they tried her or not, she should die; and, as a guarantee for the murder which she feared to commit herself, the children of the Scottish lords should be placed in her hands.

This treaty failed through the avarice of the queen, who declined paying the yearly pensions which the northern lords demanded as the price of their compliance.

Burleigh and Leicester, the prime agents in this horrible scheme, were shortly afterwards exposed to the greatest alarm. Elizabeth caught the small-pox, and for some days her life was considered in danger. Had the sceptre passed from her hand to that of Mary, how different a page would have been written in the annals of England; but it was not to be: the queen slowly recovered, and the captive Mary, instead of ascending a throne, was reserved by her persecutors to mount a scaffold.

Shortly after her recovery, the treaty of marriage with the Duc D'Alençon was resumed. So perfect was her reconciliation with Catherine De Medicis and the French King, that she sent the Earl of Worcester as her ambassador to Paris, to represent her at the christening of the French princess, and refused all further assistance to the Protestants who still held out in Rochelle.

For the amusement of our female readers, we subjoin the following love-letter, written by the royal suitor. The original is preserved in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford:

"Madame,

"Whatsoever I have seen or heard of the declaration you have made, of your good affection towards our marriage, has given me extreme pleasure and contentment; and also, that it has pleased you to plan an interview between you and I, which is a thing that I have so much at heart, that I can think of nothing but to do all that may be possible for me to enjoy, instantly, this satisfaction, as I have had, for a length of time, the wish of offering very humble and agreeable service, in order to participate in your good graces: of this I have always assured you by my letters, but I desire to confirm it to you by word of mouth, if it be the will of God that this interview should take place, the which I hope will be in such a manner, and so favourable, that it will not pass over without the utmost pleasure to us both, as well as an advancement that will lead this negotiation to a good conclusion. The Sieur de la Motte Fénélon, ambassador of the king, my lord and brother, resident near you, has charge to inform you of some particular matters: to him I remit them.

"I will not make this letter longer than to say, that I kiss your hands very humbly, and to pray God, madame, that he will have you in his holy keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, the xx. of Februry.

"Your very obedient brother, to do you service,

"FRANÇOIS."

There is little doubt that the only real obstacle to her marriage was her fondness for Leicester, although she repeatedly declared to the ambassador of France that she would never bestow her hand upon one of her own subjects. This fondness was so apparent, and displayed in so public and indelicate a manner, that the scandalous chronicles of the time—even the diplomatic letters—are full of it. Certain it is that history has very grave reasons to doubt the purity of the maiden queen.

Although Elizabeth was avaricious in the extreme, yet in one year she bestowed upon her favourite gifts to the amount of fifty thousand pounds: the earl, in return, invited her majesty to his splendid Castle of Kenilworth, where she was lodged, together with forty earls, seventy noblemen of inferior degree, as well as the principal ladies of her court.

The admirable description which Sir Walter Scott has given us, in his fascinating novel of "Kenilworth," would render it presumptuous to attempt a description by an inferior hand. It is sufficient to state, that mythology was ransacked for devices in her honour—the elements were made to offer her tribute—and her majesty was further amused with bear-baiting, and equally barbarous sports.

From the revels and delights of Kenilworth, Elizabeth was soon compelled to return to London, by the state of her affairs. The Netherlands—or at least a portion of them—had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain. But, alarmed at the cruelties of Alva, they sent a deputation to England, to offer the sovereignty of their country to the great Protestant queen, whom they looked up to as their natural protectress. Elizabeth, although she prudently declined the offer, concluded a treaty with them, by which she bound herself to assist them by a loan of one hundred thousand pounds—besides a body of six thousand men.

Thus were the seeds of war sown between England and the then powerful monarchy of Spain.

In this treaty, Elizabeth not only acted prudently, but nobly. The persecutions of Alva, in the Low Countries—the horrible cruelties he inflicted on the people, for presuming to worship God after the dictates of their own hearts—must call forth the reprobation of every honest and enlightened mind, no matter of what creed or country. In supporting the Protestants abroad, she strengthened the reformed church at home, and carried division and civil war into the dominions of her enemies. Well would it have been for her reputation as a politician, if all the foreign wars and intrigues she entered into had been based on motives equally honourable and just.

Whilst on the subject of royal progresses, we shall speedily have to record one through the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, which was made with great splendour by the maiden queen. Fortunately, ample details have descended, and they convey a seriously interesting picture of the manners of the times.

That these progresses were looked upon in the light of a burthen, rather than an honour, by the unfortunate nobility who were compelled to entertain their sovereign,

sufficient proof remains in the correspondence of the times now extant. The Earl of Bedford, the ancestor of the present Duke, writing to Lord Burleigh, begs that he will contrive that her Majesty does not tarry more than two nights and a day with him. Rather an ungracious request, when it is remembered that the great wealth of the Russells was obtained from the plunder of the church, at the time of the reformation. The magnificence of this great family at the present day is owing to the increased value of the church lands, many of which belonged to the poor and old.

Neither Henry VIII. nor his successors acquired honour from the manner in which they distributed the enormous possessions of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER LL

The citizens do ope their greasy throats,
And shout for joy—the streets are lined
With faces.

OLD PLAY.

In her progress to Norwich, Elizabeth was received by a splendid array of Suffolk gentlemen, to the number of many hundreds—all clad in white velvet, out of compliment to their maiden sovereign—who conducted her through their county with great honour—her majesty reposing on the way at the seats of Sir Thomas Cullum, and others of the nobility and gentry, where she passed several days.

On reaching the borders of Norfolk, her guard of honour resigned her majesty to the care of the gentlemen of that county, who had formed a similar array. These conducted her as far as Braknash, at which place she arrived early in the month of August.

A great crowd was gathered at Harford Bridge, which forms the eastern boundary of the city, in expectation of the arrival of her majesty. In a space formed by the city guard, were placed the mayor and aldermen, in their gowns and chains. All looked extremely happy, save the former, who had undertaken to deliver a Latin oration, welcoming the queen to the ancient capital of the East Angles, and offering her, in the name of the city, a silver cup and cover, containing a hundred pounds in gold: no inconsiderable gift in those days, even for a wealthy place like Norwich.

The sun was shining brightly, and his burning rays did not tend to increase the comfort of the distressed magistrate, who, in addition to his mental anxiety, had to support the weight not only of his robes, but of a great silver mace, which he was to present to the queen, in token of her sovereignty over the city.

At the approach of Elizabeth, who appeared escorted by a gallant train, the mayor made his speech, and concluded by presenting the cup and cover, which the queen graciously accepted—observing to the servitor who took it, that it contained a hundred pounds. Perhaps she shrewdly suspected that the fellow had not understood his worship's Latin.

Amidst the pageants with which her majesty was greeted at almost every turn, the one most worth commemorating was the strangers' pageant, got up by the Flemish weavers—a colony founded first by Queen Philippa.

It consisted of a stage with seven looms, worked by female spinning weavers and knitters. A boy recited the following verses:

From combed wool we draw this slender thread,
From thence the looms have dealing with the same;
And thence again, in order, do proceed
These several works, which skillful art doth frame;
And all to drive Dame Need into her cave,
Our heads and hands together laboured have.
We bought before, the things that now we sell,
These slender imps, their work doth pass the waves.
God's peace and thine we hold, and prosper well,
Of every mouth, the hands, the charges saves.
Thus, through thy help and aid of power Divine,
Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine.

After listening to a second recitation, and witnessing a pageant in the market-place, Elizabeth, surrounded by the notables of the city, reached the cathedral founded by Bishop Herbert De Lozinga, who was chancellor to William the Conqueror: where she heard a *Te Deum*, and then retired to the bishop's palace, where she rested during her stay, which was daily marked by some festivity.

One day she hunted at Otterring, the seat of the Jeringham family—the same who had been such warm partisans of her sister Mary; another time she dined with the Earl of Surrey, the heir of the Duke of Norfolk, whom she had so cruelly beheaded.

A curious pageant of water-nymphs, who were made to rise from a hole dug by the river side, covered with canvas, to represent water, was spoiled by a sudden storm, which nearly drowned the boys who represented the aquatic deities.

From Norwich, Elizabeth proceeded to Kimberly, the seat of Sir Roger Woodhouse. Well pleased with the entertainment she had received, it is recorded that, after she had passed the city gates, she turned round, with tears standing in her eyes, waving her riding-stick in token of adieu, and exclaimed
"Farewell Norwich!"

Wearied by her procrastination, the French court, through its ambassador, at last demanded a formal reply to the offer of the hand of the Duc D'Alençon, who had now taken the title of Duc D'Anjou, in consequence of his brother, Elizabeth's refractory suitor, having succeeded to the crown.

Her majesty replied, that she could never decide on marrying one whom she had never seen. Upon this hint the royal wooer came to England, in order to urge his suit in person; and, although little and not handsome, his graceful address and gallantry made such an impression

on the susceptible heart of the royal spinster, that she at once made up her mind to the match, and referred the subject to her council.

The debates which ensued were long and stormy: some advocated the marriage, out of compliance to the well-known wish of the queen—amongst others, Burleigh and Leicester; others contended that her majesty was too old to have any reasonable hope of issue.

After seven days spent in deliberation, they proceeded to Hampton Court, to wait upon their sovereign, and receive her commands upon the matter.

Elizabeth, who heard the results of their deliberation with anger and impatience, burst into a flood of tears. She had expected a petition from the lords of her council to marry, and so end all dispute as to the succession. The form of respect under which they conveyed to her the judgment they had come to on the subject, humbled and mortified her exceedingly.

"What!" she exclaimed, "is this your loyalty and faith? Would it not be better for my kingdom that I should have issue to succeed me? I was a fool," she added, "for trusting to such men! Henceforth I'll take the affair into my own hands, and decide without you!"

It was in vain that Burleigh and Leicester tried to soothe her into a more gracious mood. The disappointed spinster was not to be consoled. The latter, since his marriage with the Countess of Essex, had lost much of his influence. His royal mistress, on the discovery of the alliance he had entered into, was so enraged, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could be persuaded not to send him a prisoner to the Tower.

Although she issued a proclamation, commanding that the subject of her marriage should neither be preached nor commented upon by her subjects, yet the impression the rumour made was highly unfavourable to the popularity which Elizabeth had hitherto enjoyed. Her cruel persecution of Mary was used as an argument against her.

"What!" men argued, "shall the heiress of the crown be held a prisoner, and declared incapable of ascending, because she is Catholic; and yet the queen wed with one of the French princes—the persecutors of our faith?"

In this dilemma, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney wrote a letter, at the request of his royal mistress, who desired his opinion on the subject of her people's discontent. The reply was worthy his high and noble character, as well as the confidence reposed in him:

"Think, madam," he says, "how the hearts of your people will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband—a Frenchman and a Papist—in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezebel of our age—that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion! As long as he is Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you; and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bare it!"

Although the maiden majesty of England respected the honest candour of the writer, who was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, her anger knew no bounds when a bencher of Lincoln's Inn presumed to publish a book against the marriage. It bore the following title:

"The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf; wherein England is likely to be Swallowed by another French Marriage; if the Lord Forbid not the Banns."

The luckless writer was condemned to lose his right hand, which was struck off with a butcher's cleaver, at Westminster. As it fell, he raised his hat with his left, and cried:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

The next moment he fainted.

Elizabeth, who was already turned forty-six, perpetrated this piece of cruelty to avenge the bitter disappointment she endured at not being permitted to marry a boy young enough to be her son.

ESSAYS.

No. CXCVI.—THE OLD AND NEW CRUSADES.

THE cross is marching, and will always march, until it has accomplished its mission. For eighteen centuries and a half it has been marching: first eastward, then westward, and afterwards made a grand march northward. Now it is marching southward, and mighty revolutions are pending in the theatre of the warlike glories of ancient Greece and old Rome. The new crusades are beginning to develop themselves. Already they show a firm, extended front. A new empire and a new people form the vanguard, but other powers cannot fail to be evoked to join in this third grand march on the subjugated territories of early, and at one time splendid Christendom.

The cause, the foe, and the pretexts are the same; after the lapse of seven centuries and a half, the Moslem and the Christian have the same quarrel to adjust—the same stupendous wrongs to redress. The subject is, therefore, the distinguishing one of the age, and, viewed in all its complicated aspects, the most menacing—because in its solution are interwoven consequences of the greatest magnitude and most sacred importance, not only to scores of generations of the human family, but even to the limited future of the present. We propose, then, to glance at a few of its antecedents, and indulge in some speculations upon its present and future prospects.

The material church established by that extraordinary man, Mahomet, spread with an activity that has scarcely a parallel in history. In one century it undid, in the fairest regions of the earth, what it had taken the Eastern

Church to build up in six centuries. First of all, the Christians in Arabia were exterminated—then the armies of the Caliphs, after wresting from Persia the dominion of the surrounding nations, subjugated Syria and Egypt, and at length planted their standard before the gates of the city of Jerusalem. The Caliph Omar, in 636, decided the fate of the renowned Hebrew city, and erected a mosque on the sacred hill on which the Temple of Solomon had once stood in all its imposing majesty.

Here began the quarrel between the churches of Christ and Mahomet. The desecration of the Holy City was a stab in the heart of the Eastern Church; and, as it was for a time—it proved a very long time—handed over the development of the religion of charity, love, hope, and eternal salvation to the Church of the West—which, in its earlier days, it must be admitted, gloriously performed its appointed duty. Had it not been for the enthusiasm, the devotion, and the faith kindled by the zeal of the Latin Church, Western Europe must unquestionably have been overrun by the Mahomedan, and Christianity must have retired to remote fastnesses, to linger in cold exile, until the star of the East should have once more glimmered over Europe. The battle of Christianity was bravely sustained on the banks of the Danube; and as we are too prone to declaim against the evil deeds of the Church of Rome, let us, out of common sense and gratitude, remember the good deeds she contributed to bring about, in days of great need, and desolation, and midnight darkness.

After the fall of Jerusalem, the prestige of the Greek Church had vanished; and it is astonishing, at this distant time, to observe the rapidity with which the doctrines of Mahomet spread. In the next three centuries and a half they had been accepted by Persia, had penetrated as far as India, invaded Africa, been established in Sicily and Spain, and savagely threatened Constantinople itself.

But here it must be remarked, that Mahomedanism was quite as much indebted to the dissolution of the Roman empire, the weakness of its eastern division, and the general emasculation that afflicted society at that time, as to its own vitality, or even peculiar fitness for the climate of the East: so that, when we come to review all the facts, there really is nothing unnatural in the gradual overthrow of the Greek empire, and the consequent propagation of doctrines adapted to an age of transition, of ferocity, and of headlong passion. Circumstances accomplished more for the followers of Mahomet, than their enthusiasm or martial courage. All the wars in which they were successful were waged with enervated and enfeebled races—nations more dissolute in manners than themselves.

Their aggrandisements, however, were ample and complete; and after the conquest of Jerusalem, notwithstanding their perpetual wars amongst themselves, they gradually advanced, until they had quite hemmed in Constantinople, the capital of the phantom Eastern empire. Europe being in the thrall of ignorance and feudal barbarisms for several centuries, paid little attention to the affairs of the Holy Land; but when, in 1076, the Seljukian Turks obtained possession of Palestine, and, reversing the liberal policy of the Caliphs, treated Christian pilgrims to the holy shrines with cruelties that pierced the very soul, popular indignation rose superior to feudal violence, and all Europe sounded the alarm of war against the infidel. The fanaticism of Peter the Hermit commenced the crusades—those marvellous movements of the middle ages which wrought so much good for woman and for society, and yet effected so little for the welfare of the Christian Church, that, after a few triumphs and a protracted struggle, the Moslem power became more deeply rooted in the East, and finally prevailed, and survives to this day.

The causes of this failure are not very remote. Setting aside the consideration that the period was one of advance rather than re-action, the treachery and pusillanimity of the government of Constantinople threw every obstacle in the way of the invaders, whom it feared quite as much as it did the Moslems; then the freebooting character of the majority of the crusaders, and the ambition and jealousy of their leaders, materially interfered with the success of their designs. Add to all these explanations the fact, that the crusades were nothing more than attempts to re-establish a spiritual church by the sword, and further inquiry is not needed. It is far easier to build up a new church by the power of the sword, than it is to patch up an old one, fallen off from its original purity, and disgracefully relaxed in its discipline. In this respect, as to eventualities, the Moslems had a mighty advantage over the Christians; and, as if to still further increase that advantage, the crusaders emulated—indeed, occasionally transcended—their foes, in barbarity and savageness. Under these celebrated men, Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, Robert of France, Bohemund, chief of the Normans in Apulia, and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, they advanced to Jerusalem, to the melody of hymns and psalms, and cries of "*Deus id vult*!"—"God commands it!" After a siege of two months, Jerusalem fell; and what do we gather from history? Why, that thrice pitiless were the conquerors. Ten thousand of the followers of Mahomet were slain on the site of Solomon's Temple; a greater number were thrown from the tops of the houses, and a fearful carnage was committed after the enemy had sheathed their swords. In a document still preserved, the victors boasted that, in the Mosque of Omar, they rode in the blood of infidels, up to the knees of their horses.

On the day after the victory, the Latins massacred three hundred men, to whom Tancred and Gascon de Bearn had given a standard as a pledge of safety. Nor was this all. The inhabitants of Jerusalem, women with children at their breasts, boys, and young girls, were dragged forth into the public squares, and slain as the beasts of the earth. No heart was touched with the Christian grace of benevolence. The streets flowed with blood, and the impurity was afterwards washed

away by Moslem slaves. So unrelenting was the passion of revenge among the crusaders, that they set fire to the Jewish synagogues, and many Jews perished in the flames. This second massacre is rendered more fearful from the circumstance that it was premeditated. The sun had gone down upon their wrath, and they arose with a fixed resolution of sparing neither man, woman, nor child.

After this horrible slaughter of the inhabitants of Jerusalem had ceased, and the warriors had performed their devotions, they proceeded to establish a form of government. Godfrey was chosen first Christian King of Jerusalem, and after a partition of territories among the other leaders, it appeared that their dominions extended from the confines of Egypt to the Euphrates, eastward, and to Mount Taurus, northwards—dominions co-extensive with those of David. But the triumph was polluted by blood and sin, and could not endure. It was an offence to the love and majesty of heaven.

However, as there was scant mercy in that age of remorseless fanaticism, all Europe exulted over the achievement; the Latin priests chuckled, and the Greek Church began nervously to imagine that the last shreds of its remaining authority were to be taken out of its hands. Then commenced those scenes of intrigue, rapine, and lawlessness which disgrace the page of history, and ultimately, to the secret delight of the Greek Church, the Christian empire in the East gradually crumbled away, leaving scarcely a vestige behind—most certainly not any extensive Christian community. The Moslems, after extirpating all the enemies that lay in their path, once more closed round Constantinople; and, on the 29th of May, 1453, that city fell into the possession of Mohammed II., who enlarged and consolidated what we now recognise as the Turkish empire, which, in its pristine vigour, was long the dread of Western Europe.

The Turk, fancying that he had a mission to conquer the West, and indoctrinate it with the new faith, under Solymán the Magnificent, attacked the Christian powers both by land and sea. He annexed Hungary to his vast dominions, captured Rhodes, and so terrified the Venetians, that they concluded an inglorious peace, by the cession of several important places in the Mediterranean. In fact, the tables were completely turned on the western powers.

The rage of Moslem made the Christian powers tremble at the name of Turk; and as the sultan could always advance through that open gate, Hungary, it began to be universally felt that the crusades, by indirectly contributing to the fall of Constantinople, had worked more evil than good for the Christian world. The cruelties of the crusaders had been amply avenged by the Ottoman power; it had rolled back the tide of western conquest, and even so alarmed the western popedom it had once so dreaded, that its tierced prince once seriously thought of fixing his throne amid the eternal snows of the tremendous Alps—when Providence laid its omnipotent hand on the Eastern potentate, and, chaining him to the shores of the Danube and the Bosphorus, fixed his destiny for ever.

The empire of the sword was soon to receive a most fatal wound. Some grand circumstances had changed the complexion of Europe. It was not the same as

When coward Asia shook in trembling bow,
And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star,
The wandering hermit waked the storm of war.

Some grand revelations had burst on the startled world. America and printing had been discovered to break the spell of ages, and fire the imagination with anticipations that made

The romance
Of many-coloured life that fortune pours
Round the crusaders,

look pale and dim in the promise of glories more bright and celestial than any that had ever before been accorded to mankind. Civilisation took to its bosom a great heart, and with one hand it kept the barbarous Turk at bay, with the other it prepared to assert the might and majesty of mind and industry over the terrors of the sword, the fanaticism of superstition, and the stone-blind ignorance that had so long bound the human soul in adamantine chains. A more intellectual, a more spiritual life was inaugurated by the most brilliant achievements in the whole range of history. The march of the true cross had commenced, and the rage of Moslem was thenceforth to boil harmlessly for Christianity, in a bosom that contained no traditions like those which, when placed on the honest brows of Time, bloom for ever.

The seal was set on the authority of Turk and Crusader. This is apparent—for, when feudalism was trampled under foot in the west, the church of Rome was humbled by the spread of knowledge, and the prestige of both destroyed. The fruits of this splendid dispensation have hitherto only been partially distributed—but there is rich promise of the dawn of a brighter and more blessed future.

At present the new crusade is only in its infancy, and must remain so until the preliminaries, far advanced in the west, are brought to some apparent order in the east. Turkey stands in the way of the march of the true cross—and the question has arisen, not how long she shall stand, but how and by whom she shall be removed? This difficulty receives some solution from the material aspect of the new crusade. Turkey is threatened with dismemberment by Russia, which received its Christianity from the Greek Pontiff, in the days when the Normans flourished, and laid the foundations of the Russian empire, and the Greeks themselves were plunged in anarchy and dissension. After Constantinople had been taken by the Turks, the Greek Church found a home and an asylum in Russia; and from that memorable 1453 began the natural antagonism which has ever since subsisted, and been fre-

quently manifested, between the Russians and Turks. And it is curious to observe that, as—upon the cultivation of knowledge in the west, and the withdrawal of the Indian commerce from Turkey, after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope route—the Ottoman power began to decline, Russia gradually advanced in importance as a nation. As if Providence had raised her up to chastise the Mahomedans, and not only teach mankind the lesson that the empire of the sword is the empire of sin and dust—but as if that, by her gigantic physical strength and rude sentiment, she was ordained to give the finishing stroke to a dispensation founded on rapine and violence, and upheld by sheer brute force.

That this is no idle speculation, the history of Russia amply substantiates. After the consolidation of the Russian empire, under the present dynasty, it became more than ever aggressive and conquering. Its march was southward. And when the war had commenced in earnest between the living head of the Greek Church and the descendant of its destroyer, Russia advanced—Turkey was driven backwards. And it may truly be said, that when Russia had fixed herself on the shores of the Black Sea, the prestige of Turkish domination had vanished. The hand of retribution had traced its doom on the wall of Time. Russia is still advancing. Her march southward appears irresistible. And in weighing the merits of this new crusade—this finish to those Christian and Mahomedan marches and counter-marches which lit up the middle ages with the lurid fires of war—we have to behold in the new crusaders, material and coarse though their mission may be—a nation young, vigorous, ardent, ambitious, and Christian; albeit its church is slimed over with superstition—a nation which, about the time the eastern capital of the Cæsars fell into the possession of the Turks, was like a chicken in its shell; but which in time resolutely broke that shell, and grew to be such a colossal bird that its wings stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. It absolutely fought its way to the sea, so as to possess maritime outlets, and is now one of the largest, most energetic, and best consolidated empires on the face of the earth. In audacity, and the will to work out great purposes, it is superior to what England was under Henry VIII. Possessing such an organisation and such impulses, Russia cannot be viewed through a Quakerised or peace-mongering medium, but in that wise, philosophic spirit which complacently regards English conquests as laudable acquisitions and active promoters of a grand scheme of universal peace and civilisation.

On the other hand, what is the condition of Turkey? Its aggregate intellect is marvellously poor, and its religion and institutions have laid a spell on its intellectual development. While the states of Western Europe have been progressing wonderfully, Turkey has been stationary. There is no mystery, therefore, in her debasement. It is not in the nature of things, that either the mind of man or the state of a community should remain stationary. When it ceases to advance, it must retrograde.

This is the history of Turkey in a sentence. And, now that her last days are approaching, let us ask, what has Turkey done to deserve the gratitude of the world? Has she given birth to any of the arts of civilisation? Has she repented of her fondness for war and its horrors, and applied herself to the cultivation of the works of peace? Has she attempted any internal improvements, or sought to raise her people in the scale of intelligence and morality? No! not one of these things has she done.

What, then, has Turkey done, that she should be retained in the constellation of empires? We will answer. She has worshipped war—it has been her passion—her god. She has reduced woman to the most abject, the lowest condition possible. She has been the most licentious, as well as the most ignorant of nations—stupid, barbarous, and sanguinary. She has wallowed in her degradation, and for generations has been a reproach and a blot on the accumulated enterprises, genius, and God-like tendencies of those nations of Europe who, having "taken time by the forelock," have carved out for themselves developments that must inevitably, in their appointed time, lift mankind nearer to that Divine perfection, which is at once the hope and the solace of all who believe in purer and more glorious existences than those by which we are at present surrounded.

The new crusade, therefore, to our apprehension, does not wear the ugly aspect in which it is regarded by politicians. To us it seems natural and pre-destined by circumstances. Old races must succumb to fresh and energetic ones—even as the Britons yielded to the Romans and the Saxons, and the latter to the Normans. Conquest of race is not extermination—it is a fusion to be effected by inter-marriage, the progress of industry, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and the operation of those new circumstances which arise among nations just as they do among families.

Granted that it will be violent and forcible—Mahomed the Second used much force and violence when he sacked Constantinople; so did Wellington and Napoleon, when they fought battles and stormed cities; but as our civilisation has not been so finely cultivated as to prevent our effecting conquests in India, Burmah, China, and everywhere almost, by force and violence, we do denounce that portion of the objection to the dismemberment of Turkey as squeamish and hypocritical, and do not hesitate to declare our belief that the re-establishment of Christianity in the East is one of the requisites of the age; and that, until that mission has been accomplished, the tendencies created in the dawn of our era, and since awakened by discoveries and evoked by knowledge, are manacled and prevented from travelling to those fair regions where man and science first saw the light, and the Divinity was often manifested in a fearful and wondrous manner.

J. P. H.

THE WIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Day, like a warrior, stood
Upon the western height,
And pour'd his bright spears like a flood
Against the hosts of Night;
While banner-cloud and gleamy crest
Grew crimson in the stormy West!

Night called her hosts of pride,
To mark the Sun-King die;
And threw her starry pennons wide,
In triumph o'er the sky.
The monarch of the world of light
Fell throneless 'neath the foot of Night

From morn to cloudy eve
One paced the castle-tower;
So beautiful—oh, could she grieve
Who looked as though each hour
Brought roses to her lips, her cheek;
As music stayed to hear her speak!

And yet she wept, as one
Whose happiness was o'er;
The sunlight of whose soul was gone,
Whose life might bloom no more;
Whose years had faded fast, though few;
Like leaves whose veins ran lightning through

For he—her loved, her lord,
Her husband, whose renown
Lent fame to Britain's state and sword,
Shed glory o'er its crown—
Learnt that the debts which nations owe
Find cancel brief in headman's blow!

He whose heroic hand
Proved ever first to guard
The bulwarks of his native land,
Unmindful of reward,
Save that illustrious spirits claim
Within the godlike rolls of Fame!

He, the observed of all
Amidst the courtly throng,
Whom laurelled Spenser once did call
The nightingale of song;
Whose gifts to win all hearts appear'd—
Was't he the rabble scoffed and jeered?

Oh, noble to the last,
And to his death resigned,
He smiled upon the world, and passed
To seek that World of Mind,
That bright, that intellectual spring,
Hid 'neath the Everlasting wing!

Nor murmur, nor complaint,
Nor sigh for hopes decayed,
Nor did his manly heart once faint,
When grasp'd the headman's blade!
"Tis a sharp medicine to endure,"
He said, "but rarely fails to cure!"

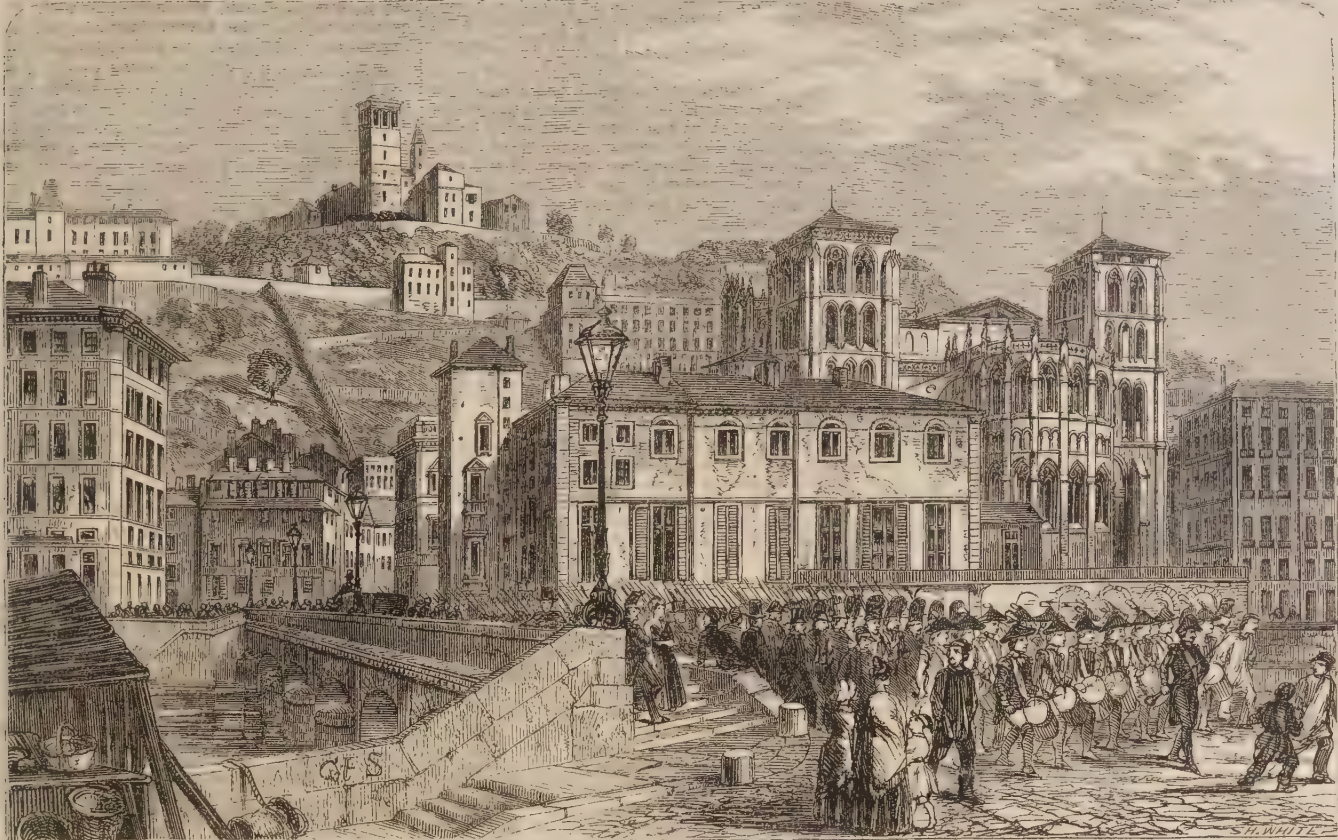
Long past the hour his head
Fell gory 'neath the steel,
His wife yet listened for his tread;
Some hearts would surely feel
All were not hardened as the throne;
Some rescue yet would save her own!

And still the castle-tower
She paced each dreary day;
She knew, she said, it was his hour;
He would not long delay:
He loved his child with love too strong,
Living or dead, to quit them long!

And thus she hourly pined,
Till winter o'er her breast
Shed paleness, and her bloom declined
Like rose some foot hath press'd.
The light which could that bloom renew
Shone only 'midst the angel dew!

How, like a broken reed,
All worldly trust departs!
There is no hope for earthly need,
No rest for weary hearts,
Save his whose trust the Cross hath blest,
Eternal hope! immortal Rest!

THE GRAVES OF ÁTILA AND ALARIC.—Átila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast plain, in a coffin, the first covering of which was of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron. Along with the body were buried all the spoils of his enemies—harnesses enriched with gold and precious stones, rich stuffs, and the most valuable articles taken from the palaces of the kings which he had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might not be known, the Huns put to death, without exception, all those who had assisted at his funeral. The Goths had previously done the same for Alaric, who died in the year 410, at Cosenza, a city of Calabria. They turned for some days the course of the river Vassento, and having caused a trench to be dug in its former channel, where the stream was usually most rapid, they buried the king there, along with immense treasures. They put to death all those who had assisted in digging the grave, and restored the stream to its former bed.—*Godfrey.*



[VIEW OF THE CITY OF LYONS.]

THE CITY OF LYONS.

THE city of Lyons is one of the most ancient in France. Its authenticated history goes back so far as ten years before the present era—for we are informed that it was founded by Lucius Munatius Plancus, ten years before the birth of Christ. This Lucius conducted a colony of Romans from Vienna, from which they had been driven by the Allobroges—so that Lyons is emphatically a city of Roman origin, and its situation shows that considerable judgment was exercised in the selection. It is built on banks skirting the rivers Saône and Rhone. The latter receives the Saône into its bosom, about two miles below the city. The Saône is a fine river, and twice the size of the Seine at Paris.

Lyons is second only in importance to Paris, and has a population of 160,000. Seen externally, it is an exceedingly fine town; but the streets in its interior are narrow and dirty, like those of most French towns. It is called the Manchester of France, being celebrated for its manufactures of silks, satins, and velvets. Some of its public buildings are on a scale of grandeur approaching magnificence. Our view embraces the cathedral, and the bridge that crosses the Saône, at its foot. The cathedral is an imposing edifice, but, like many similar buildings in England, it is so buried in a mass of shops and dwellings, that it cannot be seen to much advantage. But the only really fine buildings in Lyons are the Hotel de Ville and Palais des Arts. All the other public edifices are very poor. The character and uses of some of them are, however, really excellent. The Hotel Dieu is an hospital of vast extent. It has an income of two millions of francs, and contains more beds than the great hospital in Paris. But what most surprised as well as gratified us, on our flying visit to the capital of the department of the Rhine and Loire, was the fact, that the principal duties of this vast establishment are performed gratuitously, by upwards of three hundred "Frères et Sœurs de la Charité." Some of the attendants were young girls, and it is strange as well as affecting to see them in the sombre garb of La Charité. They receive no pay—being merely clothed and fed—make no vows on entering, and are not obliged to remain longer than they choose. The "administration" can dismiss them at a moment's warning; but after fifteen years of service, they obtain a black cross, which entitles them to a perpetual asylum, from which they cannot be removed without some grave misdemeanour.

After reflecting upon these acts of Christian devotion, every true Protestant must certainly admit that there is something very striking in some of the effects of the Roman Catholic Church. In what other religion, for instance, do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here, in Lyons, are upwards of 300 men and women, many of them submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. And unquestionably the majority act from higher motives than by way of atonement for past sins, or to seek in occupation a refuge from disappointed hopes. A man may go into the splendid churches of the Roman Catholic faith,

he may witness the gorgeous processions and the rich ceremonial of its worship, and exclaim, that all is vanity and empty pomp—that there is nothing betokening the influence of religion in the heart; but when he beholds the practical workings of the creed, as it is seen in the great hospitals and other charitable institutions, he must acknowledge that, if a sentiment of piety prevail less generally in France than elsewhere, there is no action on earth where, among a portion at least of its inhabitants, the visible fruits of religion are so zealously cultivated, and so richly developed. Except to the benevolent mind, no office is more irksome than that of an hospital nurse. In England it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties are grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick not elsewhere to be found. But probably this is not to be wondered at—for in every relation of life, what we do voluntarily is done with a better and readier grace than services rendered for gain. In the one case it is the heart that prompts, in the other, the love of money.

Of the population of Lyons we can only speak in terms of high commendation. The men are clever and industrious, the women pretty and amiable. Being of a warm temperament, they are naturally an excitable people. In periods of commotion they are the first to take arms, and fight desperately, sometimes for a very bad cause—the cause of turbulence and anarchy. In the pursuit of the abstract doctrines of the philosophers who view mankind through an impracticable medium, they are so vehement that they would change the aspect of society by a simple effort of the will, or one stroke of the pen. Their cultivated intelligence has led them into the sophisticated paths of overweening confidence in mere theories, blind devotion to quite a mythical form of government for France, and a species of self-glorification quite as ridiculous as it is mischievous. These characteristics require the permanent presence of a large armed force—in fact, Lyons is always garrisoned by an army of at least ten thousand men—being about one soldier to every sixteen men, women, and children. No English town would submit to such a state of control. The very stones in the streets would rise and mutiny. But in France the military are always immense favourites, and as they are not billeted upon the inhabitants, they are rather welcomed as countrymen than the armed guardians of the peace.

But the glory of Lyons is her manufactures—her costly satins, her glossy silks, her marvellous velvets. Those who visited the Great Exhibition of 1851, and who have been to the Exposition of Arts and Industry this year in Dublin, cannot have failed to have noticed the superior excellence of the productions of the Lyonnese manufacturers. They were unrivalled for beauty of design and excellence of workmanship. However, as we did ample justice to them in our notices of the grand display in Hyde Park, we will merely say, that silk has done for Lyons what cotton has effected for Manchester; and that the history of the silk manufactures would be about as interesting a volume as could well be compiled. The Chinese claim the merit of having originated the art, but as the Jews are the principal silk manufacturers in the empire, and are most numerous in the provinces in which

silk-worms are reared, it has been conjectured that it was introduced by Jewish emigrants, after the conquests of Alexander. This, however, is very inconsistent with the lofty pretensions of the Chinese, one of whose historians speaks of brocades as being in use nearly three hundred years before our era. Silk-worms were introduced into Europe in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. The story runs, that two Persian monks, who had travelled to China, acquainted Justinian with the way of manufacturing silk in that country, and the mode in which it was obtained, and that they further agreed to bring him back some of the eggs. They were accordingly dispatched by him on this mission; and, after the lapse of a year or more, returned quite successful, bringing their store of eggs carefully concealed in a hollow cane. The eggs were put into a dunghill at Constantinople, and hatched by its heat, and the worms fed with mulberry leaves. The monks then showed the way to make use of the valuable thread which they spun.

For six hundred years the rearing of silk-worms in Europe was confined to Turkey, or the lower Greek empire, as it was then called. From thence it passed to Sicily; and in the thirteenth century, an Italian, who had seen the processes of breeding and spinning, introduced them into his own country, and commenced the silk manufactures there. Two hundred years more elapsed before the manufacture of silk was established in this country—France and Spain having previously become acquainted with it.

Very many attempts have been made to promote the breeding and rearing of silk-worms in England, for the purposes of commerce; but all of them have signally failed. The spot now occupied by Buckingham Palace was formerly a garden of mulberry-trees, planted for the purpose of promoting one of these attempts. The climate is so unfavourable, that all hope of success in such an undertaking must be abandoned.

The rearing of the silk-worm, and the manufacture of silk, was not known in India until four hundred years after they had been introduced into Europe. Of late years, much attention has been bestowed upon this branch of commerce, in the British possessions in India. The quantity grown is rapidly increasing, and the quality is said to improve. In the Deccan, the mulberry-trees thrive with the most surprising luxuriance; and being in perpetual vegetation, may be deprived of their leaves six times a year; and this without injury to them, provided a few leaves are allowed to remain at the tops of the branches. The worm is also so rapid in its operations, that six crops of silk can be with ease obtained. In Italy they are obliged to have recourse to stoves and warm currents of air to heat the rooms, in order to hatch the egg, and rear the worm in its natural temperature. From sudden changes of atmosphere, also, the insect in Italy is liable to disease. In the Deccan, the producers labour under none of these disadvantages. The silk-worm there, being in its natural climate, requires no artificial heat at all. The climate of the Deccan, from its great elevation, from the mildness of the rains, from its temperature, dryness, and equality, is the most congenial to the silk-worm of any in the world.

Some of the silk produced in France is thought most highly of by manufacturers, and the quantity which is annually obtained there is said to amount to three mil-

Hon pounds; but this is not half the amount that is produced in Italy, the quality of which stands high in the market.

In Russia, too, large quantities are grown. From the year 1836 to the year 1840, it is said that the quantity of silk consumed in our manufactures amounted to four millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-one pounds. The very thought of the immense number of insects required to produce this, overwhelms the mind. Allowing each cocoon to weigh about three grains, to produce the quantity of silk consumed in Great Britain alone, during the above-mentioned space, would require as many silk-worms as would reach more than eight times round the world, if they were placed the one in a line with the other.

FACETIÆ.

FORTUNATE.—The two neighbours who "fell out," have got in again. Neither of them were injured.

COURAGE.—A traveller relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no great matter in it—"for," says he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

HOW TO RISE EARLY.—Live next door to a house where Cochon China fowls are kept.

Two men went to "California." One came back without a rag to his back, while the other came back with nothing but rags. Wanted to know which did the best?

"NANCY," said a girl to her companion, "which railroad train do you like the best?" "That one," replied Nancy, "which furnishes a spark-catcher!"

The man who minds his own business has a good, steady employment.

A benevolent gentleman was discovered holding an umbrella over the statue of the Queen, in the square of the Royal Exchange.

An irregular apprentice keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments, to convince him of the error of his ways. During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering, "You know best, sir—I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in the bed, to adjust himself for a new nap—"thank you, I never eat anything during the night!"

A lawyer, not over young nor handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said: "Miss, upon my word you are very pretty!" The young lady very promptly replied: "I would return the compliment, if I were not on oath!"

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The noted Chinese rebel-chief, who is overrunning the empire with his army of insurgents, and who threatens to overthrow the present dynasty, assumes a strange title: he styles himself *Great Tranquillity*. These Celestials are a droll people.

EFFECTUAL PREVENTIVE.—There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during Divine service. It runs thus: "any person drinking in an alehouse during Divine service on Sunday, or other holyday, may legally depart without paying."

A LEGAL JOKE.—"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

AN ILL-USED BACHELOR.—A bachelor is published in the papers of Perropolis, for having refused to pay his washerwoman's bill. He publishes a card, stating that he refuses to pay, because she washed all the white out of his shirts.

ELEGANT FLATTERY.—The Duke of Guise, after a battle fought between Francis I. and Charles V., reproached one Villandry that, though in complete armour, he had not been seen in the fight. "I will make it out," said the other, boldly, "that I was there, and in a place where you durst not be seen." The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to punish him severely, but he appeased him with these words: "I was, my lord, with the baggage, where your courage would not suffer you to go."

AN ARTICLE OF TRIFLING VALUE.—Montesquieu was disputing a point of fact with a man of very positive disposition, but one who was not overburdened with sense. The latter said to him: "M. Montesquieu, if the fact is not as I have stated, I'll give you my head." "I accept it," said M. Montesquieu; "for trifles show respect."

AUTHORS.—Hood, in an article of singular humour, states, that the phrase "*republic of letters*" was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them.

MRS. SMITH ON MAN.—In her lecture the other night, Mrs. Smith summed up her opinion of man thus: "If a man wishes a job of work done cheap, he employs a woman; if he has a bad bill to pass off, he gives it to a woman; if he has a fit of the sullen, he shows it to a woman; if he has any petty trick or low abuse that would cost him a libel suit, or a broken head, if practised upon a man, he gives a woman the benefit of it, because there is no redress for her."

THE REV. MR. GILLESPIE, OF AMERICA, in his "Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character," says very forcibly: "I can't do it" never did anything; "I'll try," has worked wonders; and "I will do it," has performed prodigies.

FUTILE CONSOLATION.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy of about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her, that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven." "Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy,—and they are all strangers there!"

A PALPABLE HIT.—One West, a stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a *soulless* man, said: "I have heard some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise moment after one human being dies, another is born; and that the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *there*, and I find that for some time previous to his nativity, *nobody died*. Fellow citizens, you may draw the inference."

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS BY FOREIGNERS.—The misapplication of English words by foreigners is often very ludicrous. A German friend saluted us once with, "Oh, good bye—good bye!"—meaning, of course, "How d'ye do?" It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered" salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word "kippered," and was told that it meant "preserved." The poor man, in a public prayer soon after, offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

DENNIS, THE CRITIC.—Among other peculiarities of this author was his intolerance of punning; such insurmountable antipathy did he entertain towards this species of wit, that he would quit the company where puns were made. The following is not generally known. One night at Button's, Steele was desirous of excluding Dennis from a party he wished to make, but which he could not conveniently manage, Dennis being at that time in the coffee-room. While he was at a loss how to get rid of him, he observed Rowe sitting on the opposite side of the box to Dennis, and asked the latter: "What was the matter with him?" "What do you mean by the question?" inquired the critic. To which the other replied: "You appeared to me like an angry waterman, for you look one way and *Rowe* another." The effect of this pun was successful; and the critic left the room, execrating all puns and punsters.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.—The course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and, as he thought, to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company asked, "Was it not very sudden?" I did not know that he was even acquainted with her." Upon some one answering, "He was a foolish fellow, and, being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met, in his pique," a young lady, who was present, innocently exclaimed: "Oh, dear me! I wish he had met me in his pique!" We never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud.

PROVING AN ALIBI.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon; but he stole it!" This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon: I find I was wrong—for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there!"

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said: "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole Catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful; "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, and threw the cat into the well!"

NEVER GIVE UP!—The following account of the pursuit of a partner under difficulties, is related by Southey, as being literally true. It pointedly illustrates the advantages of persevering: "A gentleman being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed was met by a lady. Their situations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon—that she was not as handsome as she might be good—and the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. He advertised a second time, appointing a different square for place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognised each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humour, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to the marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one."

A YOUNG BLADE.—"Would you not have known this boy to be my son, from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered: "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

HOPE.—Hope is a slender reed for a stout man to lean on; but it's strong enough, I do suppose, for them that's infirm of mind and purpose. The houses Hope builds are castles in the air. The houses of the wretched who are altogether without Hope are too dismal to live in. A slight infusion of Hope may be prescribed in bad cases but strong doses weaken the mind, loosen the morals, and destroy the happiness of those who indulge in them. The true rule is, perhaps, not to let Hope build a house for you, or to live with you in it; but he might come to visit you sometimes, to cheer you up a little by talking pleasant, and getting you to look on the bright side of things when you are in a solemnly mood. Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travelling companion, but he is not the man for your banker.—*Sam Stick's Wise Saws.*

RABBITS IN PARIS.—Under the head of "Rabbits in Paris," we extract the following, which is somewhat amusing. A gentleman relating the incidents of his travels while in Paris, says: "I entered a restaurant on the other side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green—verdant as the first cucumber—even as early peas—or I should not have done this. The rabbit came, and I offered the *Moniteur* to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my plate, but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. It was too much. 'Monsieur has not been long in Paris?' 'No, I have just arrived.' 'Monsieur is going to eat that?' 'Yes, may I offer you a slice?' 'Monsieur will allow me to make a small observation?' inquired the Frenchman, with a frightful grimace. 'Certainly,' I replied, becoming alarmed. 'Monsieur, that rabbit once *mewed*!' he replied, with the utmost gravity."

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

ROMIEU pays a visit to a grocer:

"Good day, sir."

"Sir, I am your humble servant."

"Have you candles, eight to the pound?"

"Certainly, sir, it is a good selling article, as, in this city of ours, the little purses much exceed the big ones in number."

"Sir, that remark of yours smacks more of profound observation than the mere shop."

"Sir, you do me the honour."

Romieu and the grocer salute.

"Monsieur was saying that he wanted —"

"One candle, eight to the pound."

"Only one?"

"One to begin with; we will then see about the rest."

"Here it is, sir."

"Please cut it in two; I hate to touch a candle."

"No wonder, sir—the smell is not pleasant; here is the candle out."

"Ah, by the way, will you have the kindness to divide each half into four parts?"

"Into four?"

"Precisely, I want eight pieces for a certain purpose."

"Very well, sir; here are the eight."

"I am really too troublesome, but will you oblige me by clearing the wicks of all?"

"The whole eight?"

"The whole seven: one piece has the wick already prepared."

"True enough."

"Now be so good as to set them in a straight line on the counter, three inches apart."

"But what is that for?"

"You shall soon see: please hand me a match."

And Romieu gravely lighted the eight candle-ends.

"What in the world are you doing, sir?"

"Sir, I am executing a practical joke."

"And then?"

"Then, as the joke is at an end, I beg to take my leave, with thanks for your civility."

Romieu saluted the grocer, and walked out.

"And are you going away without even paying for the candle? At all events pay for the candle."

Romieu turned round.

"And if I did, where would be the joke, let me ask you?"

AN EMPTY POCKET—A FULL POCKET.

Yes; and don't you presume to show yourself anywhere, until you get it filled. "Not among good people?" No, my dear Simplicity, not among "good people!" They will receive you with a galvanic ghost of a smile, scared up by an indistinct recollection of the Ten Commandments; but it will be as short-lived as their stay with you! You are not welcome—that's the amount of it. They are all in a perspiration, lest you should be delivered of a request for their assistance before they can get rid of you. They are "very busy;" and, what's more, they always will be busy when you call, until you get to the top of fortune's ladder! Climb, man—climb! get to the top of the ladder, though adverse circumstances and false friends break every round in it, and see what a glorious and extensive prospect of human nature you'll get, when you arrive at the summit! Your gloves will be worn out shaking hands with the very people who didn't recognise your existence two months ago. "You must come and make them a long visit;" "you must step in at any time;" "you'll always be welcome;" it is such a long time since they had the pleasure of a visit from you, that they begin to fear you never intended to come; and they'll cap the climax, by inquiring, with an injured air, "If you are near-sighted, or why you have so often passed them in the street without speaking?"

Of course you will feel very much like laughing in their

faces—and so you can. You can't do anything wrong, now that your "pocket is full." At the most, it will only be "an eccentricity." You can use anybody's neck for a footstool, bridle anybody's mouth with a silver bit, and have as many "golden opinions" as you like. You won't see a frown again, between this and your tombstone!

LONDON WITHOUT A POLICEMAN.—There is a threat of all the policemen striking. We doubt if London will perceive the difference, even supposing that they do.—*Punch.*

THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKING.—Light your cigar first, and, after you have taken one or two whiffs, turn round, and inquire, most politely, "If smoking is disagreeable."—*Ibid.*

DIETETIC RULE OF CONDUCT.—Never ask a favour of a man until he has had his dinner.—*Ibid.*

THE MAIMS OF MONEY.—You scarcely ever receive change for a sovereign, without finding that one of the shillings or sixpences has had a hole drilled through it, which—suggesting a painful doubt as to the exchangeable value of the coin—is altogether a bore. We are glad that Mr. Wilson has got leave to bring in a bill to prevent the defacing of the Queen's money; and we hope this measure will have the effect of remedying one of the greatest evils of change.—*Ibid.*

ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—Lady: "Your fare's sixpence, I think? Please to knock at the door. Cabby: Not if I know it, marm.—The hact 'bleeges me to take sixpence a mile, but it don't 'bleege me to knock at a door!—*Ibid.*

STRIKING CIRCUMSTANCES.

JOHN BULL may almost be described as a maniac with lucid intervals. He appears to be always suffering under some form of mania or other. A few years ago it was the railway mania—a very dangerous frenzy. Then from time to time occurs a poultry mania, or one of the similar and milder forms of insanity. The mania now prevailing is one which, if not attended to, may perhaps prove troublesome. This is the striking mania. Everybody is striking. The other day it was the cabmen; now it is the dockyard labourers; the policemen, even, have struck, and thrown down their staves. Our mechanics have so far become machines, that, like clocks, as clocks ought to be, they are all striking together.

Should this mania spread, we shall have striking become what might be called the order, but that it will be the disorder, of the day. The professions will strike; you will send for your lawyer to make your will, and your messenger will return with *non est inventus*—struck; or should you ask the legal gentleman a six-and-eightpenny question, you will discover that he has struck for 13s. 4d. The physicians and surgeons will strike for two-guinea fees; the apothecaries for ten-shilling mixtures. The clergy will all strike—as indeed some of them, the poor curates, might reasonably do—and pluralists will be demanding forty-thousand a year instead of twenty; whilst bishops will hang up the mitre, stick the crozier over the chimney-piece, and hold out against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for double incomes. In short, almost everybody will strike except the threshers, the smiths, and the pugilists.

With all this striking, though, we had better take care that we are not flogged.—*Ibid.*

AN OLD PROVERB MODERNISED.—It's a long table that has no turning.—*Diogenes.*

A CABINET QUESTION.—Lord Clarendon requested the Lord Chancellor to state what, in his opinion, was the difference (legally) between occupation and tenancy? The Lord Chancellor considered the present occupation of the principalities by the Czar was coincident with the acts of his generals therein, these being clearly acts of lieutenantancy.—*Ibid.*

AN ENGINEER'S INGENUITY.—An engine stoker's knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the coal on to prevent a full stop.—*Ibid.*

DRAWINGS IN CHALK.—The London milk-pails.—*Ibid.*

A HUE AND CRY.—When an advertised dyo turns your hair a bright green!—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

We frequently see a paragraph in the papers headed "Singular Coincidences," which upon perusal fails as often as not to furnish us with the most remote connection of subject. In order, therefore, that our readers may judge of what we consider a coincidence, we beg to present them with the following:

The occupant of a house happening to have stepped out just two minutes before the tax-collector called for the rates.

A tailor having a large bill to meet on the very day that he requests payment of your small account.

A friend, of whom you wish to borrow 5*l.*, happening, strangely enough, to be in want of the same sum himself.

And a relative in the country, whom you propose sojourning with next week, being unable to accommodate you, owing to an expected visit from an old maiden aunt, at the very same period.—*Ibid.*

SUNSET AND MOON ON MONT BLANC.

At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountains, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform expanse of brilliant gold, so brightly dazzling that, now our vision became so dazzled, we could scarcely bear the splendour. As the twilight gradually crept over

the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees, this metallic lustre was softened into tints—first orange, and then bright, transparent crimson—along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep, pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its colour from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations; such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Paulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter, as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers, until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still it drove the lovely glory of the sun-light before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Goûté and the summit itself stood out, ice-like and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light. * * *

The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily, that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes; and then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world.

Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness! And now I was lying there, in the very heart of its ice-bound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast, untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out far and away from us on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!—*Albert Smith's Mont Blanc.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A forward and talkative young man is not likely ever to become a great man.

SHARP jests are the most likely of all things to sever the delicate chords of affection.

ELOQUENCE consists, not in the spoken words, but in the feeling with which they are spoken, and their suitability to the occasion.

NONE are so hard to please as those whose satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

ONE great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live, when thrones are fallen, and the memories of those who filled them obliterated.

THOSE who are always mending the road to heaven, have no time to pursue it; as the man who carries the lantern stumbles oftener than he who follows him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENTLEMAN EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF A SLAVE.—Some time between 1800 and 1805, Lord Seaforth being Governor of Barbadoes, a slaveowner having killed one of his own slaves, was tried for the murder, and acquitted—the law considering that such an act was not murder. Thereupon Lord Seaforth came to England, obtained an Act of Parliament declaring the killing of a slave to be murder, and returned to Barbadoes, to resume his official duties. Soon afterwards another slave was killed by his owner, who was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for murder, under the new Act of Parliament. At the time appointed, the prisoner was brought out for execution, but so strong was the public feeling, that the ordinary executioner was not forthcoming, and on the governor requiring the sheriff to perform his office, either in person or by deputy, after some excuses, he absolutely refused. The governor then addressed the guard of soldiers, desiring a volunteer for executioner, adding, "whoever would volunteer, should be subsequently protected, as well as rewarded then." One presented himself; and it thenceforth became as dangerous to kill a slave as a freeman in Barbadoes.

RECOVERED GREEK ORATIONS.—Mr. Arden, whose archaeological pursuits are highly appreciated, having purchased from an Arab, at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, a roll of papyrus, has been instrumental in the recent publication of two pleadings at the Greek bar, deliciously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three centuries older than the Christian era, claim precedence in seniority before all known MSS. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator, Hyperides, and notices him most favourably; the Biblio-

theca of Photius records the existence then of forty of his orations; but we are now lucky in possessing a single brace of specimens, one referring to the defence in a case of *crim. con.*, and the other to a mining dispute. The first is quite deficient in either the prurency or the pathos which such indictments exhibit in modern days, and the latter is not so copious or intricate as the great argument in *Small versus Alwood*. Their main value is philological, in respect to a new use of a few terms; some light is thrown on marriage processions and legal process; and we learn that the gay Lothario was a cavalry officer in garrison at Lemnos, an island on which it will be remembered Vulcan fell, when put violently from his matrimonial suit in the courts above. Scanty as were the materials of this papyrus roll, Mr. Arden's zeal and efforts to secure the best readings of the text, and to engrave the precious original, are beyond praise. Mr. Arden paid 320 Turkish piastres to the Bedouin, who found the Greek scroll in a Theban tomb.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF CARRIER PIGEONS.—Several pigeons thrown up at Bordeaux, at 5 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 30, reached Brussels the same day. The first bird entered the dovecot at 40 minutes after 5 in the evening: thus accomplishing in 12 hours a journey of 211 leagues, or 18 leagues (about 54 miles) per hour, for 12 consecutive hours.

IMPORTATION OF EGGS.—There was an increase in the importation of eggs in June last, compared with the same period of last year. In the month ended July 5, 1852, the number was 12,079,915, and in the month ended July 5, 1853, 16,030,834.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A SHARK AND A TURTLE.—One day, while lying at anchor, and whistling for a breeze, the steward rushed in with the strange announcement that a shark and a turtle were engaged in a fight alongside. Doubtful and amazed at the account of so unusual and so unequal a combat, we all rushed on deck, and there, sure enough, we saw an immense shark and a turtle of venerable antiquity, if one might judge by his size, and the profusion of barnacles and other parasites with which he was decorated. Without respect for his age and Quaker-like habits, the shark made furious charges at poor turtle, who opposed the dangerous jaws of the enemy with the full front of his back, on which no impression could be made. On one occasion the turtle did not turn quite sharply enough, which cost him the greater part of one unlucky flipper. Indignant at the perversion of such an eldermanic banquet to the voracious and indiscriminating appetite of a shark, our skipper intervened with a harpoon, but with such ill-judged aim, that it fell butt-end foremost instead of on the point: whereupon, in our disappointment, we would gladly have pitched him after it. It, however, answered the purpose of scaring away the shark for a few moments, which the turtle made the most of to scuttle off to the bottom, where he was safe from the attacks of his ravenous admirer.—*Recollections of China.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A few evenings since, a most extraordinary phenomenon was observed on the river in this vicinity. Between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, p.m., while looking on the sea towards the opposite coast of Helensburgh, the whole water appeared to be one vast sheet of white flame. It was at first sight impossible to make out what was the cause of such an extraordinary phenomenon, but by-and-by on-lookers became aware that it must be caused by the play of phosphorescent light over the ripple of the waves. Standing on the shore, and looking north, the whole expanse of sea-reach, for four or five miles in breadth, and more than a dozen in length, was one vast sheet of silvery light, so bright that it was nearly equal to the lights exhibited by the shipping at anchor in the roadstead. Behind rose the dark and distant hills, while the density of the clouds, the dimness of the moonlight, and the moaning of the sea, all added to the beauty of this strange nocturnal scene. The tide was a half-ebb, with a stiff breeze blowing in from the north-west, causing a long, steady swell of waves while near the shore the darkness of the water was illuminated by their ripple casting up a foam of light, which broke into scintillations of prismatic colours. Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," or "Aspects of Nature," gives a description of such a scene, when speaking of geognostic phenomena.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

THE ERA IN WHICH JOB LIVED.—The time of Job's existence is not less remote than his situation and manners. It is involved in the highest antiquity. We must unroll the records of time beyond all other history, except the brief accounts contained in the early chapters of the Book of Genesis. Not only had the Roman empire not arisen, the Roman city not been founded, but even those Etrurian kings, whose tombs, after being closed from all human sight since a thousand years before the Christian era, have recently disclosed their crowned and sceptred tenants, to glitter a moment, and vanish into dust—even these had not yet learned to sway the sceptre, or their subjects to delve the virgin soil. The Grecian states were as yet unsettled by Pelops in the south, or the wandering Pelasgi from the north. The Egyptian monarchy, and its mighty rivals in Nineveh and Babylon, the warlike children of Ham, did alone divide the empire of the East; for Persia and Medea had not yet risen into notice. No great state had been formed from the sacred family of Shem; but petty kings ruled in Canaan, and over the free tribes of the East, who wandered far and wide for pasture and merchandise, without limit or restraint, over the yet unclosed regions between the Nile and the Euphrates, the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. The pyramids had probably not yet reared their all-enduring summits; and only the sun-burned masses of Babylon, and the scorched marbles of Nineveh or Calah, remain to remind us of those mighty nations which were contemporary with the patriarch Job.—*Hilbert.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALFRED R.—A person wishing to be married by banns, must have resided in the parish in which the banns were published, fourteen clear days before the performance of the ceremony.

BRAMPTON.—Take care. Although the ceremony was performed at Gretna Green, the marriage was valid, and neither you nor your wife can marry again. Employ the interposition of friends, to bring about a reconciliation.

T. D.—Such terms as "Lord Aberdeen's ministry," or "Lord John Russell's ministry," are employed to designate the set of men who are supposed to adopt and carry out the views of the premier. 2. The phrase "Conservative Party," is now very indistinct. To the public generally, it means the remnant of the old Tory party.

ANXIE.—Let the gentleman (?) come round of his own accord. If you place a half-drowned puppy-dog on the grass, it soon recovers.

FAITHFUL.—After being accepted by a young lady, you went to reside at a distance, and wrote twice to her, but received no reply to either letter. Hope for the best. Illness may have been the cause, or the letters may have been intercepted, or the young lady may be a negligent correspondent; there are a thousand things which may interrupt the course of true love. Take a trip to Reading. Remember, "to be once in doubt is to be at once resolved."

AMY ROBERT.—A fortune-hunter is one of the most despicable of men. He treats marriage just like a game at cards or a throw of the dice. It is fortunate for society that in this kind of gambling the losers are the vast majority of the blackguard fraternity. You ask us for our opinion. We give it. The man who would marry a woman solely for her money, would cheat a friend, pick a pocket in a crowd, break open a cash-box, embezzle, commit forgery—in fact, be capable of anything dishonest. The man that could cheat a confiding woman, would not hesitate to do anything bad or monstrous.

MIRANDA.—Two of your young lady (?) acquaintances smoke, do they? Depend upon it they have been keeping company with a couple of fast young men, and are themselves going too fast either for their health or reputation. Having fallen so far, remonstrance would be useless. Of course you have cut their acquaintance? Women who smoke must drink something stronger than tea.

ELIZABETH EDMONDS.—There are four St. Luke's Churches in the metropolis—viz., 1, Chelsea; 2, Weston Place, King's Cross; 3, Old Street, Clerkenwell; 4, Berwick Street, Soho.

ALPHA.—In France, all persons seventy years of age and upwards are exempted from arrest for debt. The English law, pertinaciously barbarous to the unfortunate, makes no such charitable distinction.

H. T. A.—To make a good red sealing-wax, take one pound of yellow resin, five ounces and a half of gum lac, five ounces and a half of Venice turpentine, and one ounce of vermilion. Dissolve the resin, lac, and turpentine first, and then stir in the vermilion.

W. S. P.—You wish to win a very handsome girl, with a "good amount of money," from another, whom she likes, but who is rather unsteady. You have no money. You are not a phenomenon—more's the pity; but there's some consolation in feeling convinced that you will be thwarted in your aims. Neither the handsome girl nor "the amount of money" will ever be yours. Coveting the grapes, you will pronounce them sour by-and-bye—very.

S. H. E. PREST.—Having given the young man encouragement, you are not now to cast him off like an old shoe. Address to him a mild, womanly letter, for the purpose of showing to him that your early girlish impression has quite disappeared. As you cannot reciprocate his affection, be firm and explicit, but kind. In these cases, girls will allow the men they don't like—or say they don't like—to dangle at their heels, and then, when the poor young fellows, thus slightly encouraged, persevere, they are complained of as bores and disagreeables. Girls should not be too kittenish with young men.

J. T. LILLEY.—Certainly the struggle is coming. The peace of Europe is not worth a month's purchase. We said so five years ago. The tempest will commence in the East—Turkey—then travel to the West, and not subside until the East and the West have settled their bitter quarrel of some centuries' standing. Don't be guided by the politicians—they are moles burrowing in the dark. They can scribble fluently, and that is all they can do. In vindictive power, they are below Zadkiel, the Ser, in contempt.

IN EARNEST.—Bashfulness is more a weakness than a habit. It is chiefly caused by parents foolishly secluding their children from society, checking their natural gaiety, and endeavouring to impose on them an unnatural artificiality. As regards your case, we should advise you to become a member of a literary society, and so have an opportunity of meeting young men *au fait* in the usages and affairs of the world.

R. SECONDS.—Once, twice, sometimes thrice—but always once in the life of a woman, she is radically whimsical, and will rather break her heart than yield, even should the motive be very trifling or very absurd. All such diseases cure themselves. Indifference is the best medicine. The sex can tolerate almost any behaviour in the men they regard, but that biting, stinging, and withering one—indifference.

HANNAH H. informs us that a gentleman, whom she likes exceedingly, pays her great attention, but, when out walking together, his conversation is invariably about parish affairs. Well, and why does not Hannah talk about parish affairs, also? That would show him that she took an interest in his favourite pursuits. The surest way to a man's esteem is to flatter his vanity; and when that position is once gained, and the parties are impossible and eligible, love follows imperceptibly, but as a matter of course. We will give Hannah, and all girls situated like her, a hint. The shafts of Cupid often—much oftener than is supposed—find their way to the heart of man through the aperture in the letter-box of business.

A. A., an apprentice, fourteen years of age, committed a trifling theft, and, rather than go before a magistrate, agreed to allow his master to whip him as often and as much as he liked. He has been whipped on fourteen Sundays, and on each occasion received twenty-five lashes—which makes three hundred and fifty lashes he has already received. His master says he has not yet whipped his crime out of him; and the poor boy dreads the coming of every Sunday—for then the wife is out—gone to chapel, we presume—and the servant is sent out of the way—and he is tied to a ladder, or fastened by the neck and legs to a table, stark naked, and whipped unmercifully. Being destitute of friends, he is afraid of running away. His master must be an unmitigated brute. It would seem that the blood of the boy spouting from his back on one Sunday, only whetted the monster's appetite for another private laceration on the following Sunday. The boy must make his pitiable case known to the public, through the medium of the police authorities or the nearest clergyman. After the tortures to which he has been subjected, he need not fear being punished for his error, of which he is truly repentant, and we trust will ever continue so, and be honest in thought and act. His offence of a master would be punished for his sly and ruffianly conduct to a boy who is so defenceless that he has not a single relative in the country.

J. H. COLE.—The Royal Veterinary College is in Great College Street, Camden Town. It was founded in 1791, by M. Charles St. Bel, a French professor of the veterinary art, for the study of diseases incident to the horse, and for the improvement of farriery generally, and a pharmacy for medicine.

M. A. EYRON.—The opinion of the solicitors is bad. The widow should have administered, and taken her third, reserving the remaining two-thirds for her children. Even now as regards the two-thirds, she cannot alienate them from her family, or make an improper distribution.

G. HARRIS.—The people of these islands, especially the men, have degenerated, so far as stature is concerned, during the past century. About the time Culloden was fought, little men were the exception, and provoked ridicule; now they—that is, men under five feet eight inches—constitute the majority of the male population. It is the same throughout Europe, with the exception of Russia. In that country the men are tall and large-limbed, but deficient in muscular power. But in nerve, breadth and depth of chest, and all the essentials of a fine physique, the healthy, well-formed Englishman of the present day is perhaps superior to his progenitor of a century ago.

J. HASLAM.—Keeping your hat on in a school-room appropriated for the evening to dancing, was extremely rude. You should have left the room, if the draught annoyed you. An attention to these little civilities shows the true gentleman.

W. L. AND JOHN JONES.—According to the census of 1851, the population of the City of London was 120,702; of Liverpool, 282,666; of Glasgow, 257,592; and of Manchester, 240,367.

THOMAS H.—Copper coins were first introduced into England in the reign of James I. Previously, brass, tin, iron, and leather tokens were freely circulated.

AUNT CHLOE tells us a tale of local bigotry and foolish aiming at exclusiveness. She is a native of a certain place, which is partly supported by an oyster-fishery, belonging to a certain number of men whose parents took possession of the ground thirty years ago. They lived in a kind of community, if not of goods, at least of spirit—for it was almost a treasonable affair in the eyes of the young men—who, adds our correspondent, were awfully ignorant—for a girl to be courted by or married to a young man belonging to a town. The man was generally pelted with stones, and both annoyed by the most insulting and brutal treatment. Aunt Chloe married a townsman—a pious, respectable man—and he being regarded as an interloper, is treated after the orthodox fashion. Being a religious man, he is patient, and his wife feels for him, and solicits our advice. We can understand their position: they are assailed by that dark, blind spirit of savage selfishness which inflicts so much injury on this poor world of ours. Here we have a miserable example of high Toryism on the margin of an oyster-bed. The same thing occurs in towns, but is not so apparent. It is a principle common to the brute creation, and those of mankind who have been reared in ignorance and short-sightedness. It is the keep-him-out doctrine they worship. If Aunt Chloe will forward us *all* the particulars, we will endeavour to read this exclusive, non-reading, oyster-fishing community a strong, practical lesson, and in the meantime recommend her consideration the splendid line:

Time and patience wear out the longest day.

J. M'SYMOM.—A few months ago, Lord Aberdeen stated to a large and influential deputation, that if any of their number, connected with the shipping interest, were willing to convey letters across the ocean under the four-penny charge—for which the government proposed to perform the transit service between Great Britain and its colonies—he was sure the Post Office would gladly accept the offer. And since that declaration, Lord Canning has intimated the intention of the government to put up the conveyance of the mails to some of the colonies, to the competition of private enterprise. These official statements have been widely published in the United States, and have elicited offers from many companies to carry the letters at one penny sterling per letter; so that we should say ocean penny-postage is not only considered practicable by competent authorities, but that its realisation cannot be much longer deferred.

G. H.—Among the initiated in the mysteries of the language of flowers, the garden daisy expresses reciprocated attachment. When the mistress of a knight permitted him to have this flower engraved on his arms, it was a public avowal that she returned his love. The garden daisy is the double field-daisy. The latter is expressive of innocence. Oasian beautifully describes it as a flower "with golden disc, marked with rays of silver, tipped with a delicate tint of crimson. Waving amid the grass in a gentle breeze, it looks like a little child playing on the green meadow." The ancient English name of this flower was Day's Eye—in which way it was written by Ben Jonson; and Chaucer calls it the "oe of the dale"; Shakespeare apostrophises it as the flower—

Whose white vestments figure innocence.

As to your other question, we can only say that the custom of using flowers as symbols of the sentiments of the heart, is exclusively of oriental origin. Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduced a knowledge of the custom into this country; but in the ages of chivalry, colours were adopted by the knights—hence, red was highly esteemed as the colour of love, and, accordingly, the rose was, on account of its tint, a favourite emblem.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—Rosabella G. R. (The public are tired of songs in praise of the "Greeks." There are no Greeks in the present day.)—James Wilson (Your sincerity is a virtue, but your opinions are adulterated by morbidness.)—John F. W. (We could not undertake to advise. You must trust a little to good luck, and everything to industry, energy, and tact.)—Michael O'O. (Back numbers, a month old and upwards, are three-halfpence each. An apprentice cannot be compelled to serve after he is twenty-one.)—Essays (We are already provided with a contributor.)—Ardwick (The club is illegal, and you have nothing to fear.)—L. O. T. (Run away from the engagement, and be grateful for the escape.)—T. M. H. (Send the lines to the young lady. We really could not publish such stuff.)—John T. Davies (Apply to some West India firm in Liverpool.)—Emmeline (A disease to be attacked by medicine.)—R. F. A. (The Commissioners of Inland Revenue.)—Sincerity and P. N. (Apply to a clergyman of the Established Church. You had better prefer another profession.)—A. E. W. (You are right—it is "doggerel." Very good handwriting.)—Decisive (Procure the numbers you require through the news-agent.)—Anne C. (The sentiment is good, but the versification irregular. A poor specimen of handwriting.)—J. S. D. (See the Royal Navy List, given in the WEEKLY TIMES, on the first Sunday in every month.)—L. O. U. (Write to the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages.)—Tyro (The reading, as given, is correct.)—Ellen De Vere (The novels published in this Journal have not been printed and circulated in separate volumes. It is not our custom to do so.)—G. Harris (The marks cannot be obliterated.)—H. J. (You could not safely undertake the task.)—Anxious (Depilatories discolour the skin.)—Fortunatus (The stamps have not been received.)—M. D. Grant (Very creditable attempts.)—John H. J. (A medal presented to an eminent professor of theology.)—H. S. ("Gueiph" is pronounced *weil*.)—J. M. (The largest quantity of spirits allowed to be imported free of duty, from Ireland or Scotland, must be under a quart.)—W. Bullock (Write to the Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Durham.)—M. B. (Declined, with thanks.)—T. H. E. (The first day in the week is Sunday.)—Ashera (No.)—A Young Tradesman (Ask for a bill. A surgeon cannot charge for visits.)—Henry B. W. Wills (The acoustic ought to subdue the saucy Miss N. Send it to her.)—A. S. R. (You are no favourite of the muses.)—Eudoxus

(You had better inspect the official lists of unclaimed dividends, kept at the Bank of England.)—Greenhorn (How could you ask us to facilitate a clandestine marriage?)—M. B. (Your suspicion is foolish as well as cruel. Quite possible, because natural.)—Nepertune (Must apply to one of the large shipping firms.)—Mails (Choose some other profession. The army is not suited to a young man of education, but limited means.)—B. B. (The man is not liable to any punishment—the woman is so. You had better not agitate the muddy stream.)—F. Williams (The description was quite correct. You are officious.)—Flora ("Sailors' home" is correct. It means the home of sailors—not one sailor.)—A Donor (The works of Lamartine, La Fontaine, or Fénelon.)—F. G. W. O. (The legacy is not payable till your sister is twenty-one years of age.)—Isaac Henley (Use the tweezers.)—L. M. G. (Livid marks under the eyes denote some functional derangement. You probably suffer from dyspepsia.)—John Gosnell (The notice is good, but you may remove the wooden stable.)—F. M. T. Cambria (Send five postage-stamps.)—R. G. Richardson (Declined. We refer you to Byron's poems, for the original.)—Henry Ashton (Having been engaged by the year, you would be entitled to a year's notice or a year's salary, before leaving.)—C. Swale (Apply to a collector of old coins.)—Mab (Your complaint is well founded—but does not the fault lie on your side of the channel?)—The only writers who represent "Paddy" as a blundering "goosoon," are Irishmen themselves. The English press imports its Irish jokes direct from Ireland.)—A Microcosm (Walker's pronouncing Dictionary is the best.)—A. L. (You are powerless without the advice and active assistance of an enterprising solicitor.)—J. L. (Employ a respectable patent agent.)—X. (See the book advertisements in the public press.)—Euterpe (In learning vocal music, always bear in mind the old adage, "practice makes perfect.")—Epanondas (A residence of fourteen clear days.)—The fees are about £2 12s. 6d.)—Alfred (A very good violin player may be almost sure of earning a respectable livelihood.)—Martingale (No.)—W. K. E. P. (Declined, not being correct.)—Zuleika (A good style of handwriting.)—Justice (A minor cannot make a will.)—J. Casartelli (We should be glad to give the most extensive publicity possible to your interesting invention.)—K. L. R. ("Amy Lawrence" commenced in No. 303, and was concluded in No. 345 of this Journal. The price of back numbers a month old and upwards, is three half-pence.)—John Williams (Not binding, because unstamped.)—J. P. (Wrong.)—J. H. (Put your communication in the WEEKLY TIMES, as an advertisement.)—W. R. Hyde (A very improbable story. For stopping decayed teeth, tin-foil or gold-leaf is used.)—A Questioner (Not a vestige of the Bastille remains.)—H. B. S. (The executors cannot be compelled to consent to the sale of the property until twelve months after the death of the deceased.)—Rosaline (Use a milder description of soap.)—Veritas (Purchase the book and judge for yourself.)—Albert Florence (Your wife has no claim on you. Can you marry again? No. Your wife, bad as she may be, is still your wife, in the eye of the law.)—S. Bridge (The bestest to "S. H." was absolute and unconditional. She may dispose of the property by will, or otherwise.)—George R. Greson (Enlistments in the Royal Navy are for five and ten years.)—J. Guilkin (Consult an experienced oculist.)—T. G. (Harding's system, as your friend advised.)—De Nevada (The real estate would go to the nephew—the personal property would be divisible among all your representatives.)—J. L. (Very good, but such compositions do not suit the reading public.)—B. Z. (Have the dog killed. The imagination has much to do in provoking the disease.)—E. J. Manchester (No. Your wife's claim is indubitable.)—Anxious (The children of the sister take the personal property—the eldest son, the freehold.)—S. Roker (Write to the registrar, and inquire the rest of a copy of the will and on receiving his reply, remit him the money, and he will send you the copy.)—Deamont (All would depend upon the respectability of the parties.)—S. E. F. (Yes.)—A. B. O. (Read the article on "Hats," in one of the popular cyclopaedias.)—J. M. (Quack doctors cannot recover their bills at law.)—Annie Williams (No.)—R. S. X. (Write to the Commissioners of Public Works.)—Rt. Johnston (Put an advertisement in the daily Times.)—W. O. N. J. (See the book advertisements in the newspapers.)—A. R. E. (The surviving children are entitled to the whole of the property.)—Enoch Hey (Very proper, very fallal, but not good enough for publication.)—George Rothwell (Bathe your eyes frequently in cold water.)—Olyner Rhymor (Declined, with thanks.)—E. T. Archer (Wrong. Time being an abstract idea, can neither be said to compete with, nor supersede anything.)—P. T. O. (Commissions in the Royal Navy are not purchased.)—Mat Cowls (No claim—the Injuries Compensation Act having been passed since.)—Francis Howes (The volumes of this Journal are issued half-yearly.)—Advanced Views (Any person may study and practise photography.)—J. M. L. (Declined. Too lachrymastic.)—De Stanfield (No.)—Lady Jerne (No MSS. were received. The nervous affection called St. Vitus's dance is curable.)—Pioneer (Cork will sustain the body in the water longer than any other substance.)—J. H. S. (Temperance.)—R. W. H. (Order the numbers in the usual manner.)—John Hammond (There is nothing to pay, but you must have interest in high quarters.)—Thomas B. (Quite correct.)—J. P. W. ("Spoonful" in the plural, is "spoonsfull.")—J. B. G. (The MS. has gone the way of all rejected copy.)—W. H. (The will is deposited at Doctors' Commons.)—M. L. (The law does not define the hours which an apprentice shall work. All depends on the humanity of the master.)—J. Pascoe (At the chronometer shops, Liverpool.)—James O'Rourke (No.)—Z. J. P. (A copy of Shakespeare's Plays would be a suitable present.)—Lawrence (We thank you for the proposal, but must decline acceding to it, on the ground of unsuitability.)—Alexander (Declined.)—J. Williams and Jno. H. C. (Declined. Too dismal.)—Taffeta (State the facts concisely, just as you would to a solicitor.)—G. A. (The £600 would be considered as partnership stock.)—R. J. Consult a solicitor. Nothing can be done without such assistance.)—Gallus—Nell Gwynne—A. Foad—F. M. Y.—Cornwall—John Plant—George Ross—Melvina—A. R. and W. B.—S. H. W.—E. A. S.—Chas. J. Cox—Alphas.

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A PANORAMA OF LIFE.

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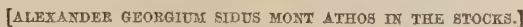
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"Not hungry!" repeated the boy; "that won't do. You've had nothing all day; everybody and everything

le hung in this house! Do you know what people call it? Starvation Hall!"

"Finish your repast," said his young mistress, rising to leave the room; "and for the future I will see that you have proper food! It will be a fearful struggle!" she mentally added; "but I must be firm with him; and, after all, the money is my own!"

"Hard lines!" muttered Goliath; "very hard! she has forgotten the egg—but I won't remind her of it now! I do wish some one would wring the old man's neck, and marry his daughter! Marry her!" he slowly repeated, with the air of a person who suspects that, in the heat of the moment, he has gone too far; "no! I don't think I should like any one to marry Miss Alice!"

CHAPTER XII.

He has everything that an honest man
Should not have. What an honest man
Should have, he has nothing. SHAKESPEARE.

NED CANTOR, on his arrival in London, easily found out the residence of Lawyer Quirk's confidential clerk, who took him to his own lodgings, and kept him till the arrival of his principal in town—which was not till three or four days after the escape from the hall.

"Well, Ned," said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands, with an air of satisfaction, as soon as he saw his old acquaintance ushered into his private office, "how has Snake treated you?"

"Well enough!" replied the ruffian; "only he is such an infernal hypocrite: says grace before every meal, and wanted me to go to a prayer meeting, then talked to me about the sinfulness of my ways! What have his been, I should like to know?"

"Well, well, Ned!" replied Quirk, "we have all our little weaknesses, and Snake has his; he has an idea of doing everything respectably: it looks well in the head of an office like mine to be seen regularly at church! I raised his salary fifty pounds a year on that account alone!"

"Did you, though?" exclaimed Ned, with a stare of astonishment; "well, I should never have thought of that!"

"Most likely not!" replied the lawyer; "but now to business: have you been able to discover any clue to the lost children?"

"None!" answered the man, with an air of vexation; "and that is what has set me so hard against Mabel: it was all her folly!"

"Listen," interrupted Quirk, "to what I have to propose: the great probability is, that the infants have been taken by gipsies, or some of the numerous tramps that wander about the country! I will supply you with the means to go in search of them: the instant you discover where they are—"

"I'll take care of them!" said Ned.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said the lawyer; "you must send for me—you understand?"

"Yes!" answered the ruffian, slowly.

"And will do as I direct?"

"Yes! that is, provided you mean no harm to little Meg! Look you, Mr. Quirk," he added, "I am a poor man, and I dare say a bad man, but Meg is my own flesh and blood—not a bit of her mother in her; I know I am in your power—that you could hang me if you pleased!"

"I certainly could!" quietly observed the old gentleman.

"And you might," added Ned, with a look of savage determination, "before I'd suffer you to harm a hair of my child's head!"

Quirk regarded the speaker for several minutes in silence: perhaps he was surprised to find so much human feeling in the degraded being before him, or speculating—for he was fond of abstruse calculations—the amount of resistance Ned's paternal affection would offer to a handsome bribe; for, like the poet, he had long since come to the conclusion, that all men have their price: the most worldly sell their feelings first—the best reserve them only till they have nothing else to part with.

"And what interest can I possibly have in harming her?" he at last made answer, with a smile. "No, Ned—no! I am one of those who keep as clear an account with heaven as is consistent with the weakness of our nature, and never commit even an equivocal action without first weighing the temptation!"

For once the man of law spoke the truth—he sinned on mathematical principles.

It was finally arranged that Ned should leave London on the following day—Quirk supplying him with the means; that he should traverse the country in various disguises, and communicate at regular intervals with the lawyer.

The affair being regulated to the lawyer's satisfaction, that very night he returned to the hall, in order to have the promised explanation, as he termed it, with Lady Briancourt, respecting the marriage of the baronet with his daughter.

In one of his calculations, at least, he was doomed to disappointment; but we must not anticipate which.

As Ned left the office of Mr. Quirk, in Serjeants' Inn, to his astonishment, more perhaps than satisfaction, he encountered his former companion in so many evil courses—Black Will: the fellow was dressed in the height, or rather the excess, of fashion. Making Cantor a sign to follow him, he darted down one of the narrow streets leading towards the Thames.

"So," he said, as soon as they had reached a spot where they were less liable to observation than in Fleet Street, "you have got off?"

"You see I have."

"How?" demanded Will, curiously.

"A friend!" replied Ned; "but no matter for that. How is it I find you in London, rigged out like any squire?"

"London, my dear boy," exclaimed Black Will, with an air of conceit, "is the only place for a man of talent! I was lost in the country—quite thrown away! I am glad I have met you—we can work together again! I want some one on whom I can really depend—such a plant?"

"A plant?"

"Yes," continued the young scamp—for he was little more than eighteen—"I have made the acquaintance of a goldsmith's assistant, and—but come," he added, "it's ill talking with dry lips. Let's drop into some house, where we can discuss our plans. Ned," he continued, surveying the dress of his friend with a critical air, "you really must get rigged out! I can never walk the streets of London with a man in a coat like that—it would disgrace me!"

"Would it!" replied his former pal, with a sneer; "perhaps my coat is better lined than yours!"

So saying, he pulled out the purse with the fifty sovereigns, which Quirk had given him on the night of the robbery and escape from the hall.

"What do you think of them?" he added.

Black Will smiled disdainfully, and opening his pocket-book, he displayed to the astonished Ned notes to the amount of at least two hundred pounds.

"Where did you get them?" he whispered.

"Where there are as many more to be obtained!" replied Will, "if you will only join me!"

The two worthies shook hands underneath the table, and the compact was as good as signed.

A day or two after the meeting between her husband and his former associate, Mabel, way-worn and fatigued, reached London—to the rich, gay, joyous, magnificent, glorious, crowded London; but to the poor—the stranger—cold, solitary London. Her first care was to inquire her way to Lombard Street, which she reached at last, and presented the letter which Miss Arden had given her to the wealthy goldsmith, who happened to be in the shop himself—his assistant having left on business.

"What is this, my good woman?" he said, without looking at the address. Doubtless, from the appearance of the bearer, he fancied it a petition.

"A letter, sir!"

"So I presume. But what is it about?"

"The young lady who gave it to me did not inform me of the contents. I must be right," she added, "for the same name is written on the address!"

Mr. Brindley broke the seal, and read the letter over a second time, as if to assure himself of the purport; and then, going to the till, he counted out twenty sovereigns to the astonished Mabel.

"There!" he said.

"For me, sir?"

"Yes!"

"No—there must be some mistake!" replied the bewildered woman; "all this money can never be for me!"

"Not for you!" repeated the merchant, carefully examining the features of the speaker, and then the signature of his correspondent's letter; "how came you by this note?"

"Miss Arden gave it to me, sir!"

"And your name is?"

"Mabel Cantor, sir!"

"Then the money is for you. I can comprehend your surprise," added the old gentleman, with a smile, "and admire your honesty! You cannot understand how the daughter of Nicholas Arden should possess the means of bestowing such a sum?"

"True, sir!"

"That is a secret between the young lady and myself; but you seem fatigued, my good woman!" said the goldsmith—for Mabel's joy had nearly overcome her; "step into the counting-house for a few minutes, and tell me how I can serve you."

The poor traveller did as she was requested. With infinite humility and modesty, she related the manner in which she had saved the life of Mr. Arden—making Ned's share in the transaction as light as possible—the loss of her child, and her determination, if possible, to discover it.

"Have you no clue?" demanded Mr. Brindley, who began to feel an interest in his visitor.

"None!" answered Mabel, with a sigh; "unless a mother's instinct."

"I fear it is a forlorn hope!" he said; "still it is one."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a customer into the shop, and the goldsmith left the counting-house to attend upon him himself, in the absence of his assistant.

Mabel started as she heard the voice of the man—for she knew it in an instant. Peeping cautiously over the blinds, she recognised Black Will, her husband's dissolute companion and associate. He was dressed as when Ned met him, and came to dispose of a small parcel of plate, doubtless the produce of some robbery. Presently Mr. Brindley returned. He came to look for some weights, to weigh the silver.

Although absent only for a few moments, those moments were quite long enough to answer the real purpose of his visitor; for no sooner had the merchant turned his back, than he thrust a lump of mastic into the wards of the lock of an immense iron safe, which stood directly opposite the window of the counting-house, hastily withdrew it, and placed it in his pocket. Little did the ruffian dream that the wife of his old comrade was watching him all the while.

Having received the price of the plate, Black Will left the shop with a swaggering air; and the goldsmith re-

turned to his visitor, whose pale, agitated countenance struck him immediately.

"You are ill, my good woman!" he exclaimed; "very ill! Let me—"

"It is passed, sir!" interrupted Mabel. "You have been kind to me, and heaven never lets a good action go unrewarded!"

The old gentleman looked as if he did not comprehend her.

"Did you notice the man who just left your shop?" she continued.

"I did! What of him?"

"He was the companion of my husband on the night of the attempted robbery of Mr. Arden."

"You must mistake—his dress, his appearance!"

"I am not mistaken! I cannot be mistaken!" replied the woman; "he has caused me too much misery for that! His evil counsel and example it was that first corrupted my husband, whose natural disposition was far from wicked. While you were absent in the counting-house, I saw him thrust something into the lock of the great iron door opposite. I cannot tell what it was, for he withdrew it quickly, and hid it in his pocket."

Mr. Brindley, however, had a very shrewd idea of what it was; for, without uttering a word, he left the counting-house, and carefully examined the lock of the safe in which he was accustomed every night to secure the most valuable portion of his merchandise. On the sharp edge of the outward ward of the lock he detected a piece of wax. It was evident that an impression had been taken for the purpose of making a false key.

"Of what use would the key be," he naturally asked himself, "unless there were some one in the house to open the door of the shop?"

This set him thinking; but, being a very shrewd as well as benevolent person, he soon came to a conclusion, which after circumstances proved to be not very far from the truth.

"My good woman," he said, "you have rendered me a more important service than you imagine; and it is fitting that I prove my gratitude by something better than mere words. Where do you intend to fix your abode while you remain in London?"

"I cannot tell," replied Mabel. "I am a stranger here."

"In that case," continued the goldsmith, "remain with me; but breathe not a word to my housekeeper of what has transpired: not that I doubt her honesty," he added, "but her discretion. She is old and garrulous. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered his visitor, gratefully; "I cannot tell what Black Will intends, but I am certain he means no good!"

The old gentleman rang the bell twice, and in a few moments the housekeeper—a very talkative old lady, who had been in his service upwards of thirty years—made her appearance.

"Susan," said her master, "you will provide a bedroom for this person for a few days. She has brought me a letter from my niece, Alice Arden."

"Would Miss Alice had come herself!" replied the domestic. "Poor young lady! her life must be a sad one with her father!"

"Hush, Susan!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reprovingly; "remember that Mr. Arden is her father!"

With that half-familiar, half-respectful air which all old servants feel themselves privileged to use, the housekeeper retired from the counting-house, followed by the weary Mabel.

Three nights afterwards, Black Will, Ned Cantor, and the goldsmith's assistant were detected by the City officers in an attempt to rob the shop of the master of the latter, and committed to Newgate for trial. Had the robbery been accomplished, nothing could have saved them from the gallows. As it was, they were sentenced, to the horror and grief of Mabel, to fourteen years' transportation for the attempt—which circumstance delayed for several months the search of the mother for her lost child.

CHAPTER XIII.

You are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtues gives you commission. SHAKESPEARE.

THE morning after the arrival of Quirk at the hall, he requested an interview with Lady Briancourt, which was immediately granted. What passed was known only to themselves—but it must have been a stormy one; for the lawyer's countenance was extremely pale when he descended to the library, where Sir Charles was anxiously awaiting his appearance.

"Well," said the baronet, "have you informed my mother of my marriage?"

"I have!"

"And how did she hear it?"

"Like most women who are proud and passionate," answered his father-in-law, "when they hear intelligence which is distasteful to them: stormed, raved, and vowed that she would never see or acknowledge you again."

"You have ruined me!" hastily interrupted his client.

"Pshaw!" resumed the old man, with a smile; "I never proceed but on sure reasons, and her ladyship must have been difficult to convince, indeed, if she had not listened to mine! I appealed, of course, to her maternal feelings—painted your passion for my daughter, whose beauty, virtues, and accomplishments—to say nothing of the fortune she will inherit when I die—merit her elevation; but the consideration which chiefly moved

her," he added, "was the existence of a grandson—the heir of her proud name. She quite longs to embrace him!"

"Does she?" answered the baronet, with a look of incredulity.

"Almost reproached me or having so long concealed his birth!"

"Quirk! Quirk!"

"And, as a proof of her maternal satisfaction at your happiness," concluded the wily lawyer, "your mother consents at once to resign to you the rents of Broadlands, and content herself with the jointure upon your estates."

"You must have dealt with the devil," exclaimed the astonished Sir Charles, "to have wrought Lady Briancourt to this! She has been laughing at you," he continued; "and you, with all your penetration, could not see it!"

"Lady Briancourt did not laugh!" observed the lawyer, seriously; "in fact, she is not much given to mirth!"

"I tell you you have ruined me!" added his son-in-law.

"Ruin comes, then, in a very pleasing form!" replied Mr. Quirk; "since it brings you an accession of twelve thousand a year! My dear Charles," he added—for the first time using so familiar an expression—"the matters stand just as I have explained them. You will first see the dowager, and then set out for London."

"London! For what purpose?"

"To escort your wife, Lady Briancourt, and your son, to the hall!" replied the old man, in a tone of triumph. "The acknowledgment can and shall no longer be delayed! Your mother is satisfied, I am satisfied—why should not you be?"

There was a gentle tap at the door of the library. It was Miss Tubby, with a message from her lady, desiring to see Sir Charles in her own room immediately.

"You hear!" whispered the lawyer, with a smile upon his thin, sneering lips.

"How is my mother?" inquired the baronet.

"Doing!" answered the Abigail, furiously. "That wretch"—pointing to Quirk—"has killed her!"

Sir Charles waited to hear no more, but rushed from the library, to seek the chamber of his parent. Miss Tubby was about to follow, when Quirk seized her by the wrist, and dragged her from the door.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the angry woman, struggling to release herself; "would you murder me?"

"I never do such things! I am too prudent, Sarah!" answered the old man; "for murder is a crime which the legislature wisely punishes by death—by hanging! Did you ever see any one executed?"

"Never!" almost shrieked the waiting-woman; "never!"

"The next time such a thing takes place at Chelmsford," continued the lawyer, "I would advise you to go—it might improve you! First, there is the scaffold in front of the prison—then the sea of heads—thousands of faces turned towards the criminal, who stands under the beam, while the hangman fixes the rope! It must be a shocking feeling, Sarah—the first grasp of the hangman's hand upon the naked neck—especially of a woman! How the nerves must quiver! Next," he continued, with a leer, "the cap is drawn over the eyes—the bolt drawn, and the wretch swings like a scarecrow in the wind!"

"For pity's sake, how can you terrify me so? Let me go, I say! Pray let me go!"

"There!" said Quirk, releasing her; "I have no wish to detain you! Why should I, when I *always* know where to find you? But for the future, Miss Tubby, a little more respect will be necessary towards your master's father-in-law!"

"Yes, sir!" answered the woman, submissively.

"That will do—you may go!" added the gentleman; "but do not compel me to repeat the lesson!"

"I will not, sir!" answered the Abigail, as she staggered rather than walked out of the room—her tormentor regarding her with a quiet smile; for he felt perfectly satisfied that henceforth she would be as pliant and respectful as he wished.

"Pshaw!" he said, with an air of contempt. "A likely thing, truly, that, after having tamed the lioness, I should submit to be snarled at by this she-jackal!"

So saying, he seated himself at the table, and wrote a long letter to his daughter, informing her of the *éclaircissement* which had taken place. For the first time he addressed her as Lady Briancourt—and the ambitions, shrivelled thing he called his heart, beat with pride and exultation at the triumph he had achieved.

When Sir Charles entered the dressing-room of Lady Briancourt, he found her, contrary to his expectation, calm and serious. True, her lips quivered when she addressed him, but there was neither passion nor reproach in her words, which were few and brief; the occasional flash of her dark eye alone betrayed the internal struggle to subdue herself.

"Mother—dear mother!" he exclaimed; "do you really forgive me?"

"Yes."

The look of loathing and contempt which accompanied the word, gave the lie to the affirmation, but the baronet did not see it. He was hypocritically kissing her unresisting hand.

"The joy—the gratitude!" he muttered, "the devotion of my life!"

"No words!" interrupted her ladyship, in the same unpassioned tone; "I know their value! You had better at once announce your marriage, and the birth of your son—the heir of your name! Of course," she added, his *dear* grandfather has taken due care that not a doubt should exist, either of the validity of his daughter's marriage, or the boy's legitimacy?"

"None, mother—none!"

"That is fortunate—very fortunate!" she continued; "that done, you will bring your wife—the new Lady Briancourt—to the hall, introduce her to your friends—the families of the county! The—there Charles—go, go! you need no advice from me—your father-in-law will instruct you—bring them home at once!"

Fearful lest she should no longer be able to control the real feelings which consumed her, she motioned to her son to leave the dressing-room; and the baronet, conscious of the unworthy light in which he must appear before her, hastened to obey her.

"Something connected with Clara's husband!" he mentally exclaimed, as he left the room; "nothing less could have given Quirk such a hold upon her!"

It was true that the lawyer had been employed by her ladyship to lure George Stanley from England, under the promise of an appointment in a distant colony: which promise, it is needless to say, was never fulfilled. But it was not that which gave him such influence over her.

To the great astonishment of all who were acquainted with the family, the announcement that Sir Charles Briancourt had been married for five years, appeared not only in the London, but all the country papers. It was followed by the certificate, as well as that of the birth of a son and heir, named Phineas, after his grandfather, Phineas Quirk, Esq., the celebrated conveyancer and solicitor.

Whatever other comments might be made, there were none on the propriety of the lady's conduct; for the licence by which the ceremony had been performed was a special one, and the dates, both of the marriage and the birth of the child, must have satisfied the most censorious.

Two days after these double events had been made public, the baronet and his father-in-law started for London, in order to escort the wife and child of the former to their future home.

From the window of her ladyship's dressing-room, Sarah Tubby and her mistress witnessed their departure, which was evidently a relief to both.

"Thank heaven, they are gone!" observed the Abigail. "That horrid lawyer—he nearly frightened me out of my wits! Were I in your place, my lady," she added, "I would rather everything should be known, than live the slave of that man!"

"I shall never live the slave of any one!" was the calm reply.

"Besides," continued the woman, "to give up Broadlands, and all the family diamonds! That I should live to see Lawyer Quirk's daughter wear the Briancourt jewels!"

"She never will wear them!" answered her mistress, passionately. "I am surprised, Sarah, that you should have been deceived! I thought at least *you* knew me better! The blow I deal is felt—not seen! Send Barnes to me!"

With a bewildered air her confidante left the room, to summon the house-steward, assured that her mistress had taken some desperate resolution—for Lady Briancourt avoided, as far as possible, all communication with the old man, whom she appeared to fear, as well as hate.

"I am punished!" murmured the mother of the unfortunate Clara. "My sin has found me! Hitherto I have sinned through pride—henceforth my life shall be devoted to atonement! Broadlands, my father's inheritance—that is their aim; but I will disappoint the avarice of the unnatural wretch who calls himself my son, and the villain who has schooled him! Living or dead, I possess the power to baffle their cupidity! But," she added, with a sigh of bitter anguish, "at what a price!"

The door of the dressing-room opened, and the confidential servant of her late husband made his appearance, calm and collected, as usual.

"So, Barnes," exclaimed her ladyship, as soon as he had closed the door, "you have heard the news?"

The old man nodded, to intimate that he had.

"Your suspicions are confirmed!" continued the speaker. "The fatal letter which you so long and obstinately refused to give up to me, has fallen into the hands of that pettifogging rascal, Quirk!"

"I was sure it had!" answered the house-steward, without betraying the least emotion; "and the fool thinks he has you in his power?"

A deep flush of anger and shame suffused the cheek of Lady Briancourt, as she answered in the affirmative.

"I see it all," continued Barnes, with a smile; "hence the avowal of your son's marriage with his daughter. Well, the punishment is just!"

"Just!" exclaimed the lady, in accents of strong passion. "Just! You tell me so! You, who know how deeply I have been outraged—wronged on the point where woman's honour is most vulnerable!"

"Wronged," repeated the old man, "and avenged!"

"True," said his mistress, sinking into her chair, and hiding her face in her hands; "fearfully but righteously avenged!"

"And what is it you propose to do?" he demanded.

"Leave this place!" answered Lady Briancourt, in a decided tone. "They would take Broadlands! My son—for whom I have sinned—and his sharp-witted father-in-law, would rob me of my inheritance, and leave me to depend upon my jointure! You know its value!"

"And when you have left?" added Mr. Barnes.

Lady Briancourt approached him, and whispered a few words in his ear. The effect was electrical—for the hitherto impassible countenance of the house-steward became animated with an expression of respect and sympathy.

"Right!" he said; "and I will assist you!"

"And accompany me?" inquired his mistress.

"No—follow you, madam!" answered the old man, respectfully; "your departure must not be delayed an instant! The family diamonds can be taken with you.

The plate, which is yours for life, I will see to the rest; you may trust to my arrangement!"

That same evening, to the astonishment of the household, Lady Briancourt, attended by Sarah Tubby and Mr. Barnes, started in a chaise-and-four for London. The latter personage, however, could only have gone part of the way to see his mistress on her journey—for, at an early hour the following morning, he made his appearance at the Hall.

The day at last arrived on which Sir Charles Briancourt was to return from town with his wife and heir: the tenantry had been duly summoned by the agent of the estate, to welcome and congratulate their landlord. On his arrival, a bonfire was made upon Lexden Heath, and an ox roasted whole in the park; but the affair passed off coldly. The baronet had never been really popular with his farmers, and the recollection of his treatment of the unhappy Clara was fresh in their minds. There is a natural sentiment of justice in the human mind which revolts at cruelty and heartlessness. The carriage drew up at the principal entrance to the hall, where Barnes, Mrs. Brandon, and the household were assembled to greet their new mistress—who appeared abashed at her elevation—and the party alighted.

"Where is my mother?" demanded their master, looking anxiously around.

The house-steward placed a letter in his hand, at the same time casting a satirical glance at Lawyer Quirk, who, radiant with smiles, had been holding up his grandson to the tenantry, as they drove through the park.

"Here is something to lessen your mirth!" exclaimed the baronet, thrusting the letter he had just received into his hand. "I told you you had ruined me!"

The communication from his mother ran thus:

"Charles,—you have deceived me, and degraded yourself, by a marriage with the daughter of that old villain, Quirk. The Broadlands shall neither be yours nor your son's inheritance; and my dower from the Briancourt estates I shall exact to the last shilling. The family jewels are in my possession, and I have given directions to remove the plate. Farewell—it is not my intention that we should ever meet again. Inquiry will be useless—my measures are too securely taken for you to discover my abode. Your deeply outraged mother,

"CLARA BRIANCOURT."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the lawyer, with a sneer; "I will discover her in three days!"

He was mistaken—years elapsed without his being able to obtain the least clue to the retreat of Lady Briancourt, who kept her word: her bankers in London received the rents of Broadlands—under a power of procuration, which they produced—as well as her dower from the estates of her late husband; nor could any inducement Quirk or his son-in-law held out, ever wring from them the secret of her abode.

The consequence was, that Sir Charles remained a poorer man than ever; his wife—whom he neglected and despised, on account of the baseness of her origin, and her having been forced upon him by his manœuvring father-in-law—wretched and discontented—her rank a mere burthen to her. In fact, so unwilling were the families of the county to associate with or receive her, that it was only on very rare occasions she could make her appearance in public—and even then her husband seldom condescended to accompany her.

The consequence of this ill-assorted marriage was, that the baronet—who had lost his seat in Parliament—after two years of humiliation and disgust, passed at the family seat, resolved upon taking a tour on the continent: which resolution, to the great mortification of Quirk, he put into practice, having first removed his wife, Master Phineas, and the boy's tutor—the Rev. Ebenezer Sneak—to a sort of hunting-box which he possessed on the borders of Windsor Forest.

Briancourt Manor was let for seven years, to the great satisfaction of the neighbouring gentry, most of whom had known and loved the gentle, persecuted Clara. Go where he would, cold eyes were turned upon him, and the heartless brother was punished by that moral reprobation with which society marks its abhorrence of crimes that the law cannot reach.

One evening, shortly after their arrival at The Retreat—such was the name of the lodge—Master Phineas and his tutor were walking, towards the close of a fine evening in summer, in the village which adjoined the lodge leading to the house, when their attention was excited by a tall, Bardolph-like looking man, attired with that semi-genteel, devil-may-care, knock-me-off style, which distinguishes the itinerant members of the histrionic profession. He was addressing the crowd of gaping rustics who had gathered round him, expatiating on the merits of two beautiful children—girls—apparently twins—and certainly not more than six years of age, who, dressed in a fanciful theatrical costume, were standing by his side.

The little dancers were both equally dark and interesting. There was a likeness between them, arising more, perhaps, from general characteristics than positive similarity of feature; but the expression of their countenances was widely different.

One met the gaze of the crowd with a bold, confident look, whilst the other, with intuitive delicacy, appeared to shrink from it. It was this peculiarity which had induced their worthy parent and instructor—who had been expatiating on their professional merits—to call them May-beam and Violet. Certain the names could not have been more appropriately bestowed: the first was all fire and courage, regarding the world boldly in the face, like a thing it knew and scorned; the other sought, like her modest namesake, to avoid the vulgar gaze—happy only in obscurity.

"I have the honour of presenting to this distinguished, enlightened, and discriminating audience," said the

mountebank, with that ready fluency which characterises his profession, "the twin phenomena, Mademoiselle Maybeam and her sister, Mademoiselle Violet, the first dancers in the world, from the Grand Opera de Paris! Many will doubtless be surprised," he added, "that prodigies of such excellent talent should choose this method of making themselves known to fame; but genius is above prejudice! Theopis acted in a car—Kean in a barn—Homer recited his Iliad in the streets—and I, Alexander Georgium Sidus Mont Athos"—here the itinerant made a low bow, by way of introducing himself to his audience—"prefer the free air of the streets to the stifling atmosphere of the playhouse. We make no charge—but trust to the generosity of a discriminating public!"

"Oh, do stop and see the mountebanks!" exclaimed Master Phineas to his tutor; "it is so very amusing!"

"Not now, my dear," answered the reverend gentleman; "mamma will be waiting for us."

"Let her wait!" replied the spoiled boy, petulantly; "I will stay and see them—if you don't like to stop, you can go home! Grandfather pays you," added the child, disdainfully; "to teach me, not to govern me: so if you don't like to see them, I do!"

The reverend gentleman looked as if he would very much like to have boxed the ears of his pupil, but dared not.

"Certainly, my dear," he said; "if you particularly wish it."

"I do wish it, and will stay!" was the ungracious reply.

By this time the father of the twin prodigies, as he styled them, had drawn a small kit from his capacious pocket, and commenced playing an air, to which the two children danced with much natural grace. The rude country-people, with their children, who had gathered round, were loud in their applause; and at the termination of the dance rewarded them with a shower of half-pence. It was Violet's turn to collect the offerings: when she approached the spot where the clergyman and his pupil were standing, the latter, impelled by his natural love of mischief, struck the little hand she extended towards him sharply, with his cane. The child uttered an exclamation of pain, and let fall the little bag containing the offerings. No sooner did Maybeam perceive the outrage offered to her, than she dashed to her assistance, wrenched the cane from the hands of the little tyrant, and beat him with it, amid shouts of approbation from the assembled mob.

Unfortunately for the itinerant, the beadle at this moment made his appearance. Like most of his vocation, he was imbued with an immense idea of the importance of his office, a profound contempt for poverty in any shape, and a corresponding respect, amounting almost to adoration, for the rich and great.

"Why, you little viper!" he exclaimed, rudely seizing Maybeam by the arm, and wrenching the stick from her hand; "a porpus vagrant like you to dare strike the son of a real barrowite! What will the world come to?"

"He beat my sister!" said the child, fiercely.

"And if he did," answered the pompous official, "she ought to have been proud of such a mark of condescension! The dear young gentleman! Are you much hurt, sir?" he added, addressing Master Phineas.

"Yes!" blubbered the spiteful urchin; "put her in prison!"

"I will!" said the beadle, attempting to drag her away.

"Base churl!" cried Alexander Georgium Sidus Mont Athos; "wouldst rob a doating father of his child?"

"What does the mad *vagrum* mean by robbing?" demanded the parish official, not in the least comprehending the inflated style of speaking used by the itinerant.

"I spoke hyperbolically."

"Diabolically, you mean, you ignorant rascal!" said the man of authority, interrupting him; "howsumdover, I hasn't been beadle for thirty years, without knowing how to deal with such characters as you: so come along with you!"

Without further ceremony, the speaker laid his broad hand upon the collar of the mountebank, and, despite his protestations and assertions that he was patronised by his majesty and the *whole* of the royal family, declared his intention of putting him in the stocks. The fellow, like most jacks in office, was glad of an occasion of displaying his little brief authority; perhaps, too, he felt that it would be imprudent to punish Maybeam for defending her sister—several of the villagers having called out to him that the boy struck the little dancer first, and desired him to let her go.

Despite his resistance, the mountebank was forced from the scene where he had lately harangued the mob, who followed, delighted at the idea of witnessing the sport.

The terrified and weeping children crept after them, at a short distance.

"Come along!" said Master Phineas to his tutor, "and let's see the fun!" For he delighted in witnessing anything which inflicted pain upon a fellow-creature.

"Courage!" whispered Maybeam to her sister, as they stood at a short distance from the scene, regarding their affectionate parent in the stocks; "dad doesn't mind it! It won't last long—not more than an hour!"

"He will beat us!" replied Violet, with a shudder.

"Not you!" said the little girl, throwing her arm around her; "I'll take it for both! Perhaps," she added, "they will put him in prison."

"Prison! What will become of us, then?" sobbed Violet.

"I will take care of you, my dear!" replied a coarse-looking woman, who for the last hour had been intently watching them, and had gradually crept towards the spot where they were standing. "This way—this way!"

The sisters looked at each other, and hesitated; but the angry glances which the infuriated mountebank from time to time cast on them, as the cause of his disgrace, decided them, and they slowly followed the speaker.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A SOFTENING thought of other years

A feeling link'd to hours

When Life was all too bright for tears,—

And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!

A memory of affections fled—

Of voices—heard no more!—

Stirred in my spirit when I read

That name of fondness o'er!

Oh Mother!—in that early word

What loves and joys combine;

What hopes—too oft, alas!—defer'd;

What vigils—griefs—are thine!—

Yet, never, till the hour we roam—

By worldly thralls oppress,

Learn we to prize that truest home—

A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd

Beside our couch of woes;

The wasting weariness endured

To soften our repose!—

Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—

Nor toils relaxed thy care:—

How, Mother, is thy heart so strong

To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid

Or could repay the past?—

Alas! for gratitude decay'd!

Regrets that rarely last!—

'Tis only when the dust is thrown

Thy lifeless bosom o'er;

We muse upon thy kindness shown—

And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold—

We mourn with late regret,

'Mid myriad memories of old—

The days for ever set!

And not an act—nor look—nor thought—

Against thy meek control,

But with a sad remembrance fraught

Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—

True to her sacred cause,

Fill'd by that effluence sublime

From which her strength she draws,

Still is the Mother's heart the same—

The Mother's lot as tried:

Then, oh! may Nations guard that name

With filial power and pride!

OLD THINGS MADE NEW.

WE see that an attempt is being made to revive the doctrine of "Transfusion." According to the advocates of this philosophy, the only reason men and other animals become debilitated, is because their blood has become old, and lacks vigour. To bring about perpetual youth, all that is required, they say, is to re-furnish our system every now and then with young blood. The doctrine of transfusion took its rise shortly after Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood. This philosopher laboured thirty years before he could induce the physicians of Europe to believe that blood had motion, and that the heart was made for some other purpose besides fluttering at the sight of a petticoat or chemisette. Harvey spent half a lifetime in making a truth popular, which required the labour of almost another life to prevent being carried to excess. The moment the circulation was admitted, a sort of delirium seems to have seized upon the profession; it was supposed that the means of curing all diseases, and rendering man immortal, were discovered. The causes of all our diseases were attributed to the blood. To cure them, therefore, nothing more was supposed to be required than to remove the bad blood, and to replace it with that which was pure, taken from a healthy animal.

The first attempts were made upon animals, and were very successful. A dog, having lost a large quantity of blood, received by transfusion the blood of a sheep, and was perfectly restored; another dog, old and deaf, recovered by these means the use of his hearing, and seemed to renew his youth. A horse, twenty-six years old, having received into his veins the blood of four lambs, acquired new vigour. The experiment of transfusion was now tried upon man. Denys and Emerez, the one a physician, and the other a surgeon, of Paris, were the first who made the attempt. They introduced into the veins of an insane young man, the blood of a calf, in a larger quantity than had been taken from him: he recovered his reason. A case of leprosy, and a quartan fever, were cured by these means; and many cases of transfusion were tried upon men in health, without any injurious results.

But some sad accidents soon calmed the general enthusiasm excited by these few successful experiments. The young man, soon after the experiment, became frantic; he was the second time subjected to transfusion,

and soon died with a discharge of blood, and in a state of stupor. A prince of the blood-royal having also fallen a victim to this practice, it was forbidden by the Parliament of Paris. A short time afterwards, G. Riva, having performed the operation of transfusion upon two individuals who died in Italy, the Pope forbade it. From that period, transfusion has been considered not only useless, but dangerous; but as it seems to have succeeded in some cases, it would be an interesting inquiry, for a person skilled in such experiments, to pursue the subject further.

Magendie, in speaking of the matter, says:

"I have had occasion to make a certain number of these experiments, but have never known any instance where the introduction of the blood of one animal into the veins of another was attended by any serious inconvenience, even when the quantity of blood thus introduced was much greater than before. But in order that the transfusion may be made without inconvenience, it is necessary that the blood should be passed immediately from the animal that gives to that which receives it. If the blood be first received into a vessel or syringe, and afterwards injected, it will be more or less coagulated, and often becomes the cause of death, by choking up the pulmonary vessels. All the experiments where this circumstance is not taken into account, have little value. I have seen the transfusion fail, and cause death, because the blood had to traverse a small tube two inches long, where it partly coagulated, before passing into the new circulation."

THE PROJECTED INVASION OF ENGLAND BY NAPOLEON, IN 1804.

THE following extracts from "Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire" will inform us that the British government were not deceived in regard to the information which was conveyed to them from France, as well in 1803, as also in the two following years: "Napoleon had resolved very speedily to execute his grand enterprise. He wished to cross the Straits in the month of July or August, 1804; and if the incredulous, who have questioned the reality of this project, could read his private correspondence with the ministers of marine, the infinite number of his orders, the secret communication of his hopes to the Arch-Chancellor Cambacères, they would no longer entertain any doubt as to the reality of that extraordinary resolution." "Napoleon received at Boulogne the melancholy intelligence of the death of Latouche Treville, commander of the Toulon fleet, at the moment when prepared to embark, August, 1804." With reference to the next year, the same publication proceeds to inform us, that "Napoleon arrived at Boulogne on the 3d of August, 1805: on the very morrow of his arrival, he had all his infantry mustered on the shore at low-water mark. These occupied above three leagues, and presented the enormous mass of one hundred thousand infantry, drawn up in a single line. In the evening he wrote these significant words to Admiral Decrès: 'The English know not what awaits them. If we have the power of crossing for but twelve hours, England is no more.' It is at the time when no panic exists, that calm reflections on antecedent periods of history may be formed with the best effect; and when we view fortresses once impregnable, now, from the progress of science, untenable for a single hour, it well becomes those who are intrusted with the destinies of an empire, to consider whether the provisions for national defence have kept pace with the new exigencies which arise."

THE EXERCISE OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.—The pursuits of literature, politics, or commerce, are often of so exciting a kind, that in place of the powers of the mind being exercised, they are too often overtaxed and fatigued. Honour, power, or praise acquired, stimulates to increased exertion; the ardent student, the ambitious politician, the eager merchant, forgetting all but the one object before them, labour and labour on; having recourse to artificial stimuli to recruit the wearied powers, taking no amusement, neglecting to take bodily exercise in the open air, until gradually dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and other ailments supervene, the mind becomes less vigorous, the memory less retentive, the perception less acute, the judgment less accurate, and a gradually increasing imbecility of mind and weakness of body compel the abandonment of those pursuits which, if they had been more wisely followed, might have led to fortune, fame, and honourable distinction. It is especially in the meridian of life, when the mental powers are perhaps most fully developed and demand to be most actively employed, when the mind is really capable of so much, that there seems no limit to its capabilities—it is then this fatal error of over-taxation, of too continuous labour, is most common. But let the man of superior genius, learning, or talent, pause well, ere he thus wears out the great gifts with which Providence has endowed him; let him remember that his duty to all mankind, no less than to himself, calls on him to preserve his great powers in their integrity for many years, not sacrifice them in a few; and how may they thus be preserved? Simply by not over-taxing them, by systematising their exertion, by allowing the mind periods of relaxation from deep thought and laborious exertion, by alternating pursuits of a less serious and exciting character, or even by joining in amusing frivolities. The relaxation of the mental powers must be found not in merely resting, in merely quitting for a time the absorbing and fatiguing employment, but in change to some other less severe occupation; for if no new occupation be entered upon, the mind still dwells on the old one, and ponders again and again on what has been done, and what remains to do.



[SCENE AT SMITHFIELD BARS.]

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," "AMY LAWRENCE," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER LII.

And yet this tough, impracticable heart
Is governed like a dainty-fingered girl's:
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures.
OLD PLAY.

In the midst of her graver occupations of governing the kingdom, Elizabeth displayed a childish tenacity regarding everything which affected her own royal person. Dress, with her, was a matter of state. In imitation of the sovereign, the wives not only of the nobility, but the richer class of citizens, disfigured themselves by the immense ruff which gives so peculiar a character to the portraits of the time. This was a liberty which the maiden queen resented, and parliament, at her desire, passed a law, appointing officers, named for that purpose, to stand at the corners of the streets, armed with shears, to cut down all ruffs to the prescribed standard, as well as to clip the swords of the gentry, which began to be worn of a most preposterous length.

This law occasioned much discontent amongst the citizens and their wives; as for the nobility, they generally contrived to escape it; but the chief obloquy fell upon those who were charged with its execution. One of their principal stations in the City was at the Bars of Smithfield, which presented a very different appearance from the Smithfield of the present day: it being frequented by the higher classes, for the purpose of exercise. Solemn occasions and tournaments were held there, also bull and bear baiting, for the amusement of the people.

At the bars—a sort of moveable barricade at the entrance to Smithfield—sat Jasper Kevering and Anthony Frimby, the two officers charged with the execution of her majesty's new law: one held in his hand a measure something like an ell wand, upon which was marked the prescribed length of the gentlemen's rapiers; the other, an instrument made of iron, with a fork at the end—which said fork was intended to fix upon the shoulders of the ladies: the handle, or piece rising from the centre, indicated the height of ruff which it was permitted to wear. Each had an enormous pair of iron shears dangling by a chain from his side.

As it was the first day of the new law coming into operation, a crowd of idlers, consisting of City 'prentices—at all times a troublesome class—scrivener's clerks, serving-men, and petty traders, had assembled at the barriers to witness the sport, and jeer at or condole with the victims, as caprice or sympathy inclined them. This mob—for such it speedily became—was augmented by the

number of those who had already suffered, most of whom thought fit to remain, and assure themselves that the officials executed justice impartially.

"Well," observed an old woman, whose ruff of Flanders lace had been unmercifully reduced, "this is a new thing in England! What shall we have next, I wonder?"

"A law, mother," replied a pert apprentice, "to measure the women's tongues as well as their ruffs; and those which are found too long will be clipped!"

A hearty laugh followed this sally.

"Stay!" cried the female; "here comes the rich clothier, Alderman Parley, and his daughter Rebecca. Now we shall see whether there is one law for the poor and another for the rich!"

"Now then, Master Frimby," shouted the mob, "do your duty!"

"No favour, Jasper Kevering!"

As the City functionary and his daughter—who were both mounted on a dark-roan-coloured Flemish horse, the lady on a pillion behind her father, as was the fashion in those days—approached the bars, the two officers advanced, and in the queen's name commanded them to halt.

"And what," said the alderman—a bustling, important-looking personage—"does her Majesty want with us? Do you not see," he added, touching his gold chain, "who I am!"

"The law," replied the two officers, "knows no distinction; so please you, worthy sir, and my young mistress, to descend."

"We are very well where we are," said the wealthy dealer in broad-cloth. "Tut, tut, man—the law was never intended to apply to the mayor and aldermen of the City, who are in some sort sovereigns within their own bounds! You should use more discretion in your office!"

The two men hesitated, for the speaker was a most important personage in the City. The crowd, seeing that they were disposed to show him and his daughter favour, began to hoot and hiss. Some cried shame—amongst the latter the city 'prentices were the most vociferous: many of them had frequently experienced the severity of the alderman, when brought before him by their masters for ill-doing.

This ebullition of popular feeling decided the two men to perform their duty: firmly, but respectfully, they called upon the recusants once more to dismount; adding, that in case of further resistance, they should be compelled to call the City guard—a party of whom, leaning upon their partisans, were looking on, amused spectators of the scene.

With an ill grace, the alderman dismounted from his steed, and assisted his daughter to alight. This act of submission was followed by a clapping of hands, and repeated shouts of "Bravo Kevering! Bravo Master Frimby!"

"Your sword, worthy sir," said the former, whose peculiar duty it was to measure the rapiers.

Alderman Parley presented it, muttering at the same time something about the privileges of the City.

"Too long by four inches," said the officer, after carefully measuring the weapon, "according to the standard."

And without a word, he broke it off to the required length.

"Now, my young mistress!" began his colleague, advancing to the lady, with his iron instrument, which he attempted to place upon her shoulder; "I am fearful that Mechlin ruff must fall under my shears!"

Mechlin! what female, however loyally disposed, could have endured patiently the destruction of a real Mechlin ruff? And, judging from appearances, Miss Rebecca Parley was not the Griselda of her sex. She screamed and resisted, daring the fellow to lay a hand upon her person, and called lustily upon her father to commit the fellow to prison. The worthy clothier, however, was too prudent to venture on such a step with two of the queen's officers, even if he could have prevailed on the City guard to have obeyed him—a circumstance exceedingly doubtful.

"Never mind, child!" exclaimed her parent. "Thou shalt have the best old Godman's shop will afford! We must 'e'en submit; but the affair will not end here!"

"There!" said the girl, tearing the ruff from her neck, and tossing it, with an indignant air, to the officer; "measure, and cut, and clip it as ye will; but no lewd, filthy fellow, were he twenty times the queen's officer, shall lay a finger on the person of Rebecca Parley! Her majesty should be ashamed," she added, "and so she ought, to permit such an outrage upon the modesty of her own sex. A pretty recompense for all the City have done to support and pleasure her!"

As there was no further question of dispute between the alderman and the officers, the former, after assisting his daughter to her pillion, mounted his horse, and rode off, amid the jeers of the mob—most of whom were rejoiced to see his well-known pride and arrogance thus humbled.

The commotion had barely subsided, when a grave-looking personage, richly dressed, followed by several servants on horseback, approached the bars. He wore a very long rapier, the belt of which was richly damasked, and curiously inlaid with gold. He was evidently a person of condition.

Kevering and Frimby, after having exercised their office upon the august persons of an alderman and his daughter, felt themselves courageous enough to measure the sword of the great Cham of Tartary himself, backed, as they were, by the guard and public opinion. The former advanced as he had previously done, and commanded the stranger, in the queen's name, to dismount.

"Eh, pourquoi?" demanded the gentleman, in French.

Foreigners happened at this time to be highly unpopular in the City, particularly Frenchmen. This was partly arising from the rumour spread abroad, that Elizabeth had renewed the treaty of marriage between herself and the Duke D'Anjou; but still more so from that innate antipathy between the two races, which appears an instinct rather than a passion.

"Clip the Mounseer's toasting-fork!" they shouted; "it is at least six inches longer than the law permits! Clip it—clip it! Ah, no favour to the French frog!"

The gentleman, seeing that speaking his native tongue procured him so much disfavour, carried on the rest of the conversation in English, which he spoke with great fluency, though not without that peculiar accent which distinguishes the foreigner.

"And pray, gentlemen," he said, with the most exquisite politeness, "what can her majesty require of me?"

"You know the law, sir," replied Jasper Kevering, "touching the wearing of swords?"

"I do! At least I have heard of some such thing!"

"You must resign your weapon, sir, to be broken to the required length," continued Jasper Kevering.

The countenance of the stranger flushed with indignation. Drawing his rapier, he threatened to plunge it into the body of the first who should attempt to pollute it by a touch; and called loudly on his servants to second him.

It now became high time for the City guards to interfere. Levelling their partisans, they prepared to charge the gentleman and his party, amid the cheers of the mob, who were delighted with the prospect of an affray, when Lord Seymour, who happened to be riding in the same place, dashed his horse between the two parties, exclaiming, as he did so:

"Back, knaves! respect the ambassador of France!"

The gentleman who had so gallantly resisted the ridiculous law of the maiden queen, was no other than Mauvissière de Castelnau, the representative of the French King at the court of England. He had doubtless endured much in order to facilitate the grand scheme of Catherine De Medici, to bring about an union between her son and Elizabeth—but there was a limit even to his forbearance: the resignation of his sword to two City officers was an indignity he could not brook.

At the name of the ambassador, the officers persisted no longer, but permitted him to pass on, to the great dissatisfaction of the people, who, but for the interference of the guard, would have vented their discontent in something more than words.

Castelnau complained bitterly to the queen, on his next audience—who caused the officials to be rebuked for not having better understood the privileges of an ambassador.

We have introduced this little episode as being highly illustrative of the manners and customs of the times. In the same year in which this extraordinary sumptuary law was passed, Elizabeth issued a proclamation prohibiting the erection of any more houses within three thousand paces of the gates of London. She was alarmed at the rapid increase of the metropolis.

What would her virgin majesty say, could she step out of her tomb at Westminster, and take a bird's-eye view of London now?

CHAPTER LIII.

Britannia rules the waves.

In the midst of her courtships and ridiculous sumptuary laws, the great effects of which were to cripple trade, and render the higher classes dissatisfied, Elizabeth never lost sight of the true policy of an English sovereign, which was and is, to maintain the naval supremacy of the kingdom. She not only encouraged ship-building, by wise and just laws, but maintained her own navy in a state of efficiency; no pleasures, no coquetries appear for an instant to have diverted her from this great purpose.

Amongst those who most distinguished themselves in the naval annals of her reign, was Sir Francis Drake, whose name was so long the terror of Spain. This gallant officer, born of an obscure family, had been apprenticed, when a boy, to a pilot at Upnor, who at his death left him the vessel in which they had been accustomed to navigate the seas together.

This enabled the yet undistinguished adventurer to accomplish a purpose on which he had long meditated—namely, a voyage round the world. The discovery of unknown countries was not the only object of Drake's voyage. He attacked and plundered many of the Spanish colonies, then gorged with the wealth of the New World, and accumulated an immense booty, with which he returned to England, not over satisfied in his own mind, perhaps, as to how he should be received. In order to conciliate the queen and make friends, he distributed a great portion of the wealth he had thus acquired amongst the ministers and the principal nobility: some of whom, however, declined receiving his gifts, affecting to condemn the manner in which he had obtained them. Elizabeth, however, was not so scrupulous: she not only accepted the gold and silver plate which the enterprising navigator offered her, but publicly displayed her favour towards him, by visiting him on board his ship at Deptford, where she was entertained with great magnificence.

As soon as the maiden monarch had set foot on the deck of his little vessel, its commander bent the knee, thanked her majesty for the great honour she had done him, and prayed that she would condescend to accept of a poor collation which he had prepared.

"Willingly, Master Drake!" replied the politic queen, who foresaw, perhaps, even at that period, the time must arrive when the service of the bold buccaneer might be necessary for the security of her throne and life; "and, God willing, before we depart, we will do you yet greater honour."

Descending to the cabin, the royal visitor not only partook of the collation offered, but promised Drake her royal commission to explore the coasts of the New World: in other words, to plunder the infant colonies of Spain.

There was a condition, however, annexed: it was, that she should share in the booty.

Many of the nobility who had declined receiving Drake's presents, began to repent their squeamishness, and would willingly have recalled their ungracious refusals; but the great navigator had no longer need of their influence or intercession. He had found a protectress more powerful than them all, and wisely kept what remained of the treasure he had accumulated to himself.

"What will Spain say to this public honour conferred upon the man who has so notoriously robbed her?" demanded the Earl of Leicester of Lord Burleigh—not that he had been one amongst the squeamish nobles; "it may lead to war!"

"Not yet," replied the astute minister; "although eventually it must come to that. Philip has too much upon his hands in the Low Countries at present, and my royal mistress is right to enfeeble him as much as possible by diminishing his resources from the New World. I did not think so at first," he added, "but reflection has convinced me that she has acted wisely."

The favourite smiled: perhaps he knew, or guessed, what additional reasons the wily minister had received, to induce him to change his opinions.

The yards of the ship were manned, and, amid the booming of the cannon and the cheers of the crew, the queen prepared to quit the vessel, at whose mast the royal standard was still flying.

Drake knelt upon the deck, and once more thanked her majesty for the honour of her visit.

"Thanks to you, Master Drake," replied Elizabeth, "for your cheer and good service! We told you, when we set foot upon your quarter-deck, that we intended you greater honour than our poor presence could confer: we are not unmindful! Leicester," she added, turning towards the Earl, "lend me your sword!"

The favourite drew his weapon from its scabbard, and, kneeling, presented it to his sovereign—who, in the name of God and St. George, the ice struck the adventurous navigator upon the shoulder.

"Arise," she said, "Sir Francis Drake!"

Three hearty cheers were given by the crew, to testify their joy at the honour thus publicly conferred upon their commander: an honour which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was considered no mean recompense even for years of distinguished service—for the maiden monarch was exceedingly chary of such favours. At the present day the dignity of knighthood has been so frequently prostituted by being conferred on sheriffs, mayors, quacks, and speculators, that it has fallen into ridicule: the only class excluded from it by the government of late years, have been the scholar and the poet. But why complain?

The exception is in itself a distinction, when Jews, Hindoos, and railway speculators are found eligible.

An amusing instance of family pride occurred on the occasion of Elizabeth knighting the fortunate navigator, and the queen's whimsical revenge.

The new-made knight assumed, as a coat of arms, a shield with three wiverns—the device of Sir Bernard Drake, a gentleman of very ancient lineage, and most irascible temper.

The first time he met Sir Francis, he demanded, in a haughty tone, how he durst claim kindred with him, and assume the cognisance of a family which repudiated all such alliance.

"I claim no such alliance," answered the rough sailor; "but took the wiverns as belonging to the Drakes generally!"

This reply so incensed the old gentleman, that he gave his namesake a sound box on the ears, observing, that "every goose was not a drake;" and threatened to repeat the chastisement every time he encountered him, till the cause of offence should be removed, by his assuming some other coat of arms than his.

Sir Francis appears to have received the insult with a patience perfectly unaccountable in one of his known bravery—probably on account of the age of his antagonist. But the queen took upon herself to avenge him—which she did by granting him a shield, on which was a ship, in the shrouds of which was a wivern suspended by the legs.

This was intended as an atonement for the indignity he had received at the hands of his namesake; who does not, however, appear to have been much mortified upon the occasion: since he coolly, or perhaps prudently, observed, that her majesty had a perfect right to grant the new-made knight what arms she pleased, so that he did not assume three wiverns, the peculiar badge of his ancient house: and there the matter, to the surprise of the whole court, ended. The probability is, that Elizabeth, who was so proud on the score of family and descent herself, was secretly pleased with the spirited conduct of the old man, and had privately warned him not to carry his resentment any further.

The keen perception of Elizabeth in selecting her ministers and servants, was one of the principal causes of her successful reign.

It is recorded, that on one occasion she happened to be in court, when Sir Thomas Egerton, a distinguished lawyer, pleaded against the crown on a civil action, and obtained a verdict in favour of his client.

"He shall never plead against me again!" she exclaimed, with her usual decision: and she kept her word, by immediately appointing him a queen's counsel.

This was the same Egerton whom she afterwards promoted to the office of Solicitor-General and Lord Keeper, which he filled towards the close of her reign.

That which Elizabeth had once decided upon, she adhered to firmly, as in the instance of Drake. Although the Spanish ambassador made strong and even menacing remonstrances, and demanded restitution of the treasure taken by the pirate, as he termed him, the queen turned a deaf ear—not a single ingot was given up: this circumstance tended still further to increase the ill feeling already existing between the two courts.

A D R I E N N E.

A ROMANCE OF SAVOY.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADRIENNE'S liking for Balmat grew rapidly, and took firm root as it grew. It was not a mere childish fancy for an attractive object, likely to be effaced by the new impression of another more attractive—but a solid regard, founded on one of those fixed principles which arise in early life from very brief occurrences. The soil of a young mind brings promptly to maturity any seed of sentiment which is chance-sown in proper season. It dispenses with all the culture of reason and reflection, which in more advanced years is required to justify an attachment or confirm a passion. It was gratitude that formed the basis of Adrienne's regard; and, in a generous mind capable of doing a service without selfishness, and receiving one without envy, that is the best foundation for affection. Neither was Balmat's one of those fleeting fancies which sports with its object as a plaything, to be changed, on some caprice, for a new toy. He looked upon Adrienne as the instrument of a higher power, intended to turn him into the ways of virtuous thought. In a more elevated mood, he at times considered her as a little missionary from heaven itself, sent on his path of life, to lead to his conversion. While with her he was ever alive to this notion, and he admitted, as if by right, in their daily intercourse, her supremacy on almost every matter of feeling, opinion, or sentiment.

All this was very flattering to a girl hitherto the associate of children, and treated only as a child. Unconscious of any merit that could entitle her to so much consideration on Balmat's part, she regarded it as the effect of sheer good-nature and benevolence; and knowing herself to be the only object on which he had ever exercised those qualities, she was grateful in a far greater degree than she would have been to any other person. With the usual mistake of the inexperienced or thoughtless, she made the great error of estimating Balmat's character according to his conduct towards her. That is the proper standard by which to measure men's affections, but not their opinions. We may very well love—and love very well—the object we do not esteem. We rob the heart of one of its best privileges when we insist on its rejecting the offerings of those who treat us well, merely because they act ill towards others. Love, in all its modifications, is, and ought

to be, an individuality. But Adrienne, had she been older or wiser, would have known that few men are everything to all men; and that each individual is entitled to form a distinct and separate estimate of each. As it was, she was as thoroughly satisfied of Balmat's worth as she had reason to be of his regard; and a few days of their intercourse wholly removed every previous impression in his disfavour. His delight at this result was unbounded and deep-felt. He viewed himself day by day as a better man. Adrienne's embrace was worth a dozen homilies. He felt as though baptised into grace without water. He was virtually recanting his errors, without the performance of penance. The shock produced by the incident I have awhile ago recorded was, therefore, violent in the extreme. He seemed to have at once relapsed into all his former ferocity. Had he not imagined that the form of Adrienne interposed between her mother and his uplifted arm, he would have believed himself abandoned both by heaven and her. But the wild workings of his mind all revolved round the conviction that she was his only chance of safety and happiness—the star by whose brightness he had alone to steer; and in that voyage of life which he now contemplated, he was resolved to carry her with him, as at once his pilot and his cynosure.

Adrienne could not rightly comprehend Balmat's manner, or reach the exact meaning of the vague hints dropped by him during this morning's visit. His mind was evidently troubled, and his words were at times unconnected and rambling. It was clear that his thoughts, like evening shadows, embraced some far and dim perspective, on which they threw a still deeper shade. Adrienne was yet too childish and inexperienced to send her mental vision into the space of abstraction in which her companion's wandered, but she had good sense enough to abstain from any attempt to pry into his secret thoughts.

The day was passed as usual by the two friends, sauntering in the glen, reposing in the shade, and at times retiring into the chalet, for purposes of refreshment or for the preparation of each homely repast. They talked pretty much to the same effect, as at other times, on subjects rather circumscribed, but full of local interest; but the particular tone of thoughtfulness which overcame all Balmat's efforts to conquer it, cast a heaviness quite unusual over the day's intercourse. He looked now and then with an air of regret at every object, as if a mental leave-taking was passing in his mind. He felt as if driven out by the necessity of fate from a paradise of his own making, and he was perplexed by doubts and fears as to Adrienne's feelings on the proposal he was so soon to make, and so resolved to enforce. As evening came on, and his mind was more made up, he grew proportionably more composed, and he took his leave for the night in his usual affectionate and disengaged manner. Adrienne had almost forgotten his former air of uneasiness, and she prepared to retire to rest as soon as he left the chalet, locking the door with his accustomed caution, which all his confidence in his beloved prisoner never induced him to neglect.

As Balmat took his downward course towards home, he felt the oppression of the sultry air hang round him like the heavy gloom which seemed as though it stifled his thoughts. Yet the unusual closeness of the atmosphere was not particularly remarked by one so little alive to exterior impressions, and not observant of changes of weather, to which he was at most times indifferent. For the last fortnight a succession of splendid days and nights had given an additional enchantment to the scenery of the Alps. Not a cloud had hovered on their sides, and yet the sunbeams were tempered by those delicious breezes which seem to steal out of the mountain's breast, for no purpose but to sport with the wild flowers, and wait their perfumes about. Adrienne, who had fully enjoyed those exquisite advantages of the season and the climate, had felt, as she lay down on her leafy couch, all the oppression of the thick and heavy contrast to the balmy breath of the preceding nights. She tossed about uneasily for awhile, envying the goat, which occupied a rude shed outside the chalet, and for the first time since she had taken up her present quarters, regretting and being discontented with the restraint which prevented her from rushing out into the open air, and seeking on a bed of grass the refreshing rest which was banished from her own. But youth and the impulses of nature make light of almost all obstacles of atmosphere or climate. Adrienne was soon asleep, nor were her ears disturbed by the distant growl of the thunder, nor her eyes affected by the pale flashes of lightning, which were like faint reflections from the snow-heaps that received the distant illumination.

As soon as Balmat reached his dwelling, he began in earnest to look into his accounts, and turn in his mind the various details of his affairs, necessary for the regulation of the removal which he contemplated for the morrow. Thus employed, he paid little attention to the oppressive heat, and less to the distant voice of the storm, which, as night set in, became more confirmed. It was evident to every one in a mood for observation, that nature was labouring in some great convulsion. Whirlwinds swept along the valley, raising up the dust in spiral columns, till it mingled with the misty shrouds that came down from the mountain's sides. Rolling masses of vapour pressed on those lighter mists, and sudden darkness covered the whole landscape. The trees were shaken to the earth. Even the gnarled stems became flexible, and bent their stubborn bulk before the blast. The waves of the little river were swollen and tossed in foam, far beyond either bank. The colossal battlements which hem in the valley were raked by the sudden storm-gusts, and huge fragments of rock were hurled down below. As the hurricane increased, the time-worn trunks of heavy pine-trees were snapped across, branches were whirled about like feathers in the air, and the ground groaned with the monstrous birth of uprooted roots, scattered to and fro like un-

buried skeletons. And then, while the hoarse wind galloped on, and the deep-mouthed caverns echoed its fierce moaning, the portals of heaven appeared thrown wide open. The clouds cast out their hitherto pent-up furies; vivid, streaming fires poured forth, and the rattling volleys of sound which followed every flash were like the shouts of mischief-loving fiends who sported in the elemental war.

Such is the moment when the mind that despises the mean home of human nothingness, flies panting through the thunder-shaken space, soars far above the sordid confines of worldly things, and, with the pride that suits the soul, feels that earth is not wide enough for man.

But he who now rushed out into the storm and braved its fury, was not moved by any such elevated imaginings. It was the more impulse of human passion, the powerful sense of affection, stirring the pulse of animal courage, which urged forth Gabriel Balmat to throw himself between the natural fears of his young prisoner, and the possible dangers to which she might be exposed. Not being a man of lively fancy, he was not tortured by the dread of what might have already happened. But, the whole force of his feelings being excited, he toiled along his path with the desperate confidence of a bold mind that believes itself, in the moment of action, invulnerable and invincible. His only feeling was, "Let me reach her!" Once on the spot, he had no doubts as to his ability to soothe, inspire, and save her. And so he laboured on, blown to the earth more than once by the wind, drenched by the flood of rain, beaten by the hailstones, half blinded by the sulphurous flashes, and almost stunned by the thunder-claps and the roaring of the storm.

When he was about half way up the path to the chalet, a sudden cessation of all those difficulties took place. All was still and calm, as though nature had sunk into a deep sleep. Not a sound was heard but the rushing of the mountain streams, now swelled into so many cataracts, and which here and there, sweeping across Balmat's path, formed new obstacles to retard, but without power to finally prevent, his progress. Never had he made so fatiguing a march, yet never had he felt less susceptible of fatigue. He was braced up to a power of physical endurance that nothing seemed capable of subduing. The calm which had so suddenly succeeded to the late furious agitation, left him time for reflection; and now, for the first time, his thoughts turned for a moment to the possible personal chances which might have befallen Adrienne in her solitude, and to the effect which so fearful a tempest might have produced on her mind. The mental shock of this reflection urged him electrically forward. He soon reached the entrance of the glen; and, pushing on through every impediment of mud and stones, forced onward by the rushing stream, he was making rapid progress, when a sudden flash of lightning, and a close-fol-lowing thunder-clap, told him that the storm had burst out anew, and near at hand. He sprang forward with breathless speed. A quick succession of flashes showed him his way clearly. He gained a view of the little hut. He threw up his hand towards heaven, and uttered a faint shout of joy, when at that instant another cloud, which seemed waiting over the spot, in order that he might witness the catastrophe, opened wide. A stream of fire shot out directly upon the chalet's roof: the crash of the thunder was so quick, that Balmat could not hear the noise of the shattered walls; but he was in no want of light to see that the little building was split open to the earth, and that it lay on it, a heap of ruins.

Who has not felt the heart-sickness of fear for a beloved object—the sense of powerful affliction at being unable to ward off a danger from the one best loved? It was such that now unmanned the fierce Balmat for a moment, even unto complete prostration. Then came the horrid thought that Adrienne must have been destroyed: and that was the spring that gave him instant motion again. His was a mind to rush into a knowledge of the worst. He sprang forward, leaped over the rugged barrier of ruined wall, and beheld Adrienne—pale, breathless, but unharmed—sitting on her little couch, and looking up with fixed gaze at the mountains, which were incessantly illuminated by the broad flashes, and might be supposed shaken to their very base by the terrific peals that rattled through the whole Alpine chain.

As soon as Adrienne saw Balmat, she rushed into his arms. He was completely overpowered by the varied emotions so rapidly excited, and so forcibly felt. He clasped her close, but did not speak a word in reply to her expressions of delight at having him with her, of astonishment at her escape, and of admiration of the awful scene which was still at intervals represented before her.

"Oh, Adrienne!" said Balmat, at length, "I have suffered much on your account; but most of all, from remorse at having exposed you to this! Thank God, you have escaped! You must now leave this wretched place! The storm is going down to the valley: we may safely follow it, Adrienne! Let us hurry away. The rain is still heavy: you must not linger here, nor on the road!"

"And where are we to go, Monsieur Balmat?" asked she, almost tremblingly.

"Where? Wherever your heart prompts to, Adrienne," said he.

"Oh, thank you—thank you a thousand times! To my father's—to my father's, then! Oh, think what my parents may have felt on my account, during this scene! How wicked I have been to have left them so long in suspense about me! You would have taken me home long ago, if I had required it! Oh, I am ashamed of myself! This frightful scene has been a punishment for my unnatural conduct! How good God has been, not to kill me outright! Oh, come—come, Monsieur Balmat! My dear, kind friend and protector, take me home!"

"Yes, Adrienne, I will indeed take you home; and much do I give praise to heaven for having spared you!"

Oh, dearest Adrienne, if you knew what agony I have felt about you, you would love me, I am sure!"

"I do love you, very, very much! I assure you I do!"

"And you will not let your father and mother turn you against me?"

"Oh, they will love you, too—depend upon it they will, when you restore me to them—when I tell them all you have done to make me happy, and the fearful danger you have snatched me from, and come to share—all out of love to me!"

"Well, Adrienne, I trust in you! I care not for any one else; but I hope the memory of this night will make you love me always, and in spite of every one!"

With these words, solemnly spoken, Balmat wrapped Adrienne's cloak about her, produced her bonnet from the rubbish around, and, hastily snatching a few articles of her dress, he took her under his arm, and carefully led her out. Once beyond the ruined walls, she stopped and anxiously looked about. Balmat knew what she sought for, and, leading her aside, he said:

"Oh, it is no matter for to-night! I will come up for her in the morning; never mind her!"

"Ah!" said Adrienne, quickly, and stopping as she spoke; "I understand you—she is dead! She is killed by the lightning!"

"Yes, my little friend, it is indeed true! Your favourite lies dead there! I saw her as we came out!"

A violent flood of tears was Adrienne's answer. Without speaking a word, she hastily drew her arm from under Balmat's, turned towards the shed, and there saw the lifeless body of her goat—the object of her last fortnight's constant attachment—the companion of her solitude—the link which seemed to keep up her connection with her family. She was sincerely and severely grieved. Balmat did not attempt to console her childish and affectionate regret. He would have patiently stood beside her all night, had she remained there weeping over her lost favourite. But she soon turned away again—for, child as she was, she had the higher object of home happiness strongly stirring in her heart.

Very few words were spoken on the way to the valley. They soon arrived at Jean Carrier's house. There were lights within, as if the family had not yet retired to rest; though the storm had gradually spent itself, and a fresh, delicious calm had followed upon its furious traces.

"Open the door!" said Balmat, striking against it with his stick.

"It is that monster, Gabriel!" exclaimed the mother's voice, from within.

Balmat's teeth were involuntarily ground together, and he blushed deeply; but there was no light to betray his agitation.

"Oh, my dearest mamma, it is I! Pray let me in!" said Adrienne.

A scream of joy was the answer; and in a moment the door opened, and both father and mother appeared, and clasped their recovered daughter in their arms. Balmat stood for awhile without moving, looked on, and seemed to enjoy the scene.

"What is all this? Whence came you, Adrienne? Where has she been, Gabriel? Tell me all about it! I can listen to everything, anything, now I have her safe again!" said Carrier.

"She will tell you, neighbour Jean!" replied Balmat, in a voice broken and almost inaudible.

"Oh, God bless you for this, Gabriel! You have saved my life, in restoring my child!" sobbed forth Madame Carrier.

"Come in—come in, Gabriel! You are drenched with the rain, and looking dreadfully tired! Come and have something to comfort you! Come in!" said Jean.

"No, Jean—not to-night! I really cannot!" replied Balmat, resisting his entreaties and his efforts to lead him into the house.

"Well, then, to-morrow you will come to see us, to let us thank you for this blessed relief—to explain all that has occurred—to be friends with us—in short, you will come to-morrow, Gabriel?"

"Oh, yes, you surely will?" added the mother.

"Ay, that he will! I promise for him. He will not refuse my invitation!" exclaimed Adrienne, embracing Balmat with the most affectionate air.

"Adrienne, you have performed a miracle! Yes, my good neighbours, I will come to see you to-morrow!" said Gabriel.

Then, cordially squeezing the hands of both husband and wife, and imprinting a warm kiss on Adrienne's forehead, he walked away; while they, after watching until his dark form began to disappear in the gloom, retired into their now happy home again. Gabriel looked back at them as they stood; but long before the distance between them was enough to conceal them from his sight, they were invisible to him, from the gushing tears that dimmed his eyes; and in stifling his sobs, he was almost choked by the emotion, that he would not for worlds have betrayed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE lapse of time between the close of the first part of this story and the opening of this, is like the chasm of a glacier, appearing almost nothing when the whole is taken in by the mind or the eye, but full of many a rugged point and rude projection, both difficult and dangerous when examined in detail. But this interval of six or seven years must now be bounded over, without our descending to the minuteness of scrutiny into feelings or events. Great changes had taken place, physical in the one instance, and moral in both, in the two chief personages of our story. The whole tenor of their life had received a new direction, and their beings purposely seemed fixed for ever.

Immediately on the reconciliation between Balmat and the Carriers, the former proposed, and they accepted the offer, that he was, from that memorable morning, to take upon himself the whole charge of Adrienne's education; and, without actually adopting her as his child—which the laws admitted, but which was a measure—he scarcely knew why—extremely repugnant to his feelings—he intimated that she alone should be the final possessor of all the property he then had, or might afterwards acquire: an inheritance of small positive value then, but which he hoped, by industry and perseverance, to make an object of more worth. In pursuance of the authority which this gave him over the pursuits of his young *protégée*, he decided, and her parents consented, that she was immediately to be placed at a boarding-school, at Martigny, her education to be conducted at his expense and under his control. There she was consequently placed, and there she remained, acquiring a store of such knowledge and accomplishments as were suited to her station in life; visited frequently by her father and mother, constantly by Balmat, and gradually growing up into a fine, well-informed and intelligent young woman.

Adrienne Carrier was in her eighteenth year, when, her education having been pronounced complete, she left the school where she had passed so long a time profitably and pleasantly, where she had made many friends by her good sense and good nature, and for which she felt all the mixed attachment inspired by the scene of childish joys, modified, as such enjoyments always are, by the feeling of restraint and the check of control which deprive them of that perfect buoyancy which is the fairy spell of happiness.

During this period of probation for her entrance into the busy scenes of the world, a considerable change had taken place, as has been already stated, and as might be divined, even without the statement, both in Adrienne's personal appearance and her way of mind. She looked, and felt, and thought as a woman; and it will not be considered unnatural that almost every feeling and sentiment had for its chief impulse him who had by degrees become to her the dearest object in life. The early but indelible impression of her mountain adventure had stamped her character with a deep enthusiasm, but not of that kind which sometimes runs wild in vague abstraction. Adrienne required and found an object on which it might become concentrated. The pride of having, as a mere child, effected a total revolution in such a mind as Balmat's, soon became blended with her regard for him from which it had its source; and, as she grew towards womanhood, she could not avoid seeing that her influence over him had increased in that degree by which the convert to an opinion becomes the martyr of a cause. He was wholly devoted to her, and health, wealth, and every human good was identified in his thoughts with the absolute possession of Adrienne Carrier. His conduct for upwards of six years was correspondent with this thorough attachment to a virtuous and sensible girl. He was a reformed man. He became attentive to his business, civil to, if not quite sociable with, his neighbours, indulgent to his old woman, and in all his ways unexceptionable in his bearing towards the members of the Carrier family, young and old.

I cannot undertake to trace the growth of the master passion which gradually advanced towards full development in the heart of this mysterious man. The progress from conception to maturity, from the seed to the full-blown flower, is an unathomable miracle, at which the inquiring mind stops short. So does the moral budding and blossoming of human feeling baffle research and defy analysis. Suffice it to say, that Balmat's affection for the artless child had grown into passionate love for the blooming girl; and as soon as he thoroughly understood his own sentiments, he could not help their forcing themselves into the observation of those most concerned. Adrienne had by some sure instinct discovered his feelings, even before he acknowledged them: and the father and mother only saw in the open avowal, the realisation of long-indulged hopes and expectations. In a word, Gabriel Balmat was the accepted lover of Adrienne Carrier; and some little arrangements of property and domestic accommodations were alone required to allow of the day for the marriage being fixed, and the engagement being made public.

Everything went smoothly with Balmat. He had no rival. The very superiority of Adrienne to the other village girls, while naturally attracting admiration, at the same time inspired a sentiment of respect which considerably damps the ardour of rustic pretensions. She was wholly free from the contemptible vanity that leads some women on to the encouragement of many admirers, in the hope of more closely attaching one favoured lover. Adrienne ran no risk of that most dangerous of female speculations; and Balmat's dormant, but well-remembered ferocity, was another considerable safeguard against any interference with his passion on the part of younger but less determined aspirants. He was, therefore, as yet unconscious of the existence in his soul of the meanest and most degrading of all the passions; but jealousy was there, deep-hidden and rankling, and only waiting for some real or imagined provocation to burst out in volcanic violence. Unhappily for himself, and for her whose well-being was now bound up in his, an opportunity soon occurred for the outburst, which swept before it the whole harvest of years of moral cultivation.

The French invasion of Switzerland and Savoy took place. It is not within the scope of this story to admit of political details; and the very mention of this great national event must be considered but as an episode to the narrow subject of personal adventure, the chief incident of which actually grew out of the transaction of history which is thus alluded to in subterfuge to it. French enterprise and Swiss patriotism are hackneyed themes,

and the gallant actions which arose from the collision are so widely known and so well recorded, as to leave no want of, and scarcely room for, their recital here. The great and abounding tragedies of war must be left untouched, to let us concentrate our attention on one deep drama of domestic life.

Gabriel Balmat's intellect was not broad enough to allow of his comprehending the grand motives of nationality. He was scarcely susceptible of the local attachment which is commonly and mistakenly called love of country, but which is, in ordinary minds, rather a love of self, and an instinctive pride in whatever they feel themselves to form a part of. It has been already seen that enmity was the natural growth of his disposition, which was almost insensible—except in one mighty instance—to affection. He therefore felt none of the stirring impulses which inspired many among the warriors who sprang forward to repel the invader. But he fought with bravery, and his hatred of the enemy made him strike home with as much energy as though a loftier inspiration had nerved his arm. Scenes of blood became familiar to him, and his main propensity was thus gratified and strengthened; while, from the general hatred against Frenchmen at large so naturally fostered among his compatriots, his vindictive feelings acquired a more extended sphere of action. Every native of the country which outraged and oppressed his own, was, in his eyes, an object of particular vengeance; and this generalised feeling became in some measure, to his distorted intellect, a justification for the individual enmity which he after awhile adopted.

When the sturdy mountaineers were driven before the French armies, the different portions of the country successively occupied were covered with depots of the sick and wounded, and, in many instances, several of those were placed in single billets, in the houses of the farmers and peasants of the valleys on the line of march. Chamouni had its share, and Jean Carrier and his family gave a cordial and comfortable shelter to one—a young man—who, with the rank of sergeant, possessed manners of a superior order to that station, and whose fine person and handsome countenance appeared to greater advantage, from the delicacy and languor consequent on pain and confinement. A rifle-shot through his shoulder, received a few weeks previously, quite disabled him of the use of his right arm; and frequent attacks of fever, which succeeded to the immediate severity of the hurt, left him in a state that could hardly be called convalescent.

Kind-hearted people, like the Carriers, required no inducement beyond the least complicated compassion, to insure their attention to the wounded stranger.

But refinement, education, and taste would be little better than worthless, had they not produced in the feelings of Adrienne a still tenderer interest for this new object of her admiration, as well as her pity. The vulgar benevolence which knows no distinction of persons in a crowd of wretchedness, is, after all, a less elevated feeling than that which instinctively selects its objects for peculiar regard. Adrienne Carrier would have succoured and served the meanest of God's creatures, from a feeling of duty; but there are few minds which could derive from that sentiment alone such a spring of alacrity as that with which she performed her offices of kindness towards Henri Lavalette.

This young Frenchman was, like thousands of his countrymen in those exciting days, an enthusiastic patriot—loving France, liberty, and glory; and, in that powerful passion for public things, having no room for any affection of a private nature, beyond the attachment so interwoven in the hearts of Frenchmen for their family connections. It was therefore, and not from any insensibility to softer emotions, or from an incapacity to appreciate Adrienne's merits, that the thought of making love to her never entered his heart—for, in spite of all theories of physiology, it is by that road that such notions reach the head. He was delighted to find a well-informed and intelligent girl in the house of a Chamouni miller; and perhaps her being very good-looking, rather added a zest to her great good nature.

Adrienne, unaccustomed to manners so accomplished and captivating, was naturally pleased with the society of her new acquaintance, and a rapid familiarity was the consequence between them. The absence on either side of any serious impression, gave fuller play to their mutual efforts to please. They knew none of the embarrassment which is always an obstacle to a perfect understanding between persons who are unconsciously about to fall in love with each other. They spoke freely together, and there was no reserve in the communicating of their opinions of others or of each other. How long it is before a man really in love can tell the object how highly he values—how much he loves it! A woman can never do so.

The young friends now in question, not having that formidable difficulty before them, the warmth of their mutual regard was proportioned to its rapid growth. Jean and Christine Carrier, becoming every year more matter-of-fact, and not a bit more worldly wise, never imagined any danger from their daughter's intercourse with the young soldier—believing her to be firmly protected by the solemnity of her engagement to Balmat, from any possible intrusion on the part of another. Their ignorant confidence was justly placed in the present instance. But it must be clearly understood that it was so by chance, and it must not furnish either example or excuse for dull and unobserving fathers and mothers in the general walks of life. Altogether, there was not anywhere to be found a more unembarrassed and confiding circle than that contained in the house of Jean Carrier; and the return of Gabriel from a roving expedition beyond the great St. Bernard was now anxiously looked for by the whole party, as the completion of a plan of social enjoyment rarely to be found in such troublous times and in all the circumstances of the case.

The wished-for day arrived. It was autumn time, and the assembled family were abroad in scattered groups by the river-side, and in the narrow pasture-ground which intervened between it and the mountain's base. The elderly couple were quietly walking arm-in-arm, the youths and the younger sister jumping and running about, while Adrienne and Lavalette lounged along the river's side, familiarly talking over her approaching prospects in married life.

A keen eye and quick perception may read in the gait and attitudes of a beloved object, even when the voice cannot be heard, or the countenance seen, the general state of the mind—though not, perhaps, the immediate subject of thought. How easy it is to discover the hurried step of agitation from the slower movement of despair or the broken and buoyant march of joy. How eloquent is each action of the human frame! The arms folded or tossed about—the head elevated or down hanging—the foot firm, fixed, or faltering. Nature is, in fact, in all its multiplied developments, a combination of languages; and this is one which the glance of affection reads with intuitive accuracy, as though it were written in a book. Such a glance was now steadily fixed on Adrienne Carrier—but it was affection of that kind which, while it reads rightly, is sure to interpret wrong.

When Gabriel Balmat now returned to his native village, after one of those roving expeditions on which he was a volunteer, animated with success and flushed with the indulgence of his sanguinary propensity, he did not choose, like his comrades, to come in the beaten road, in that species of irregular, but triumphant march which amused them by its picturesqueness and *éclat*. His unsocial spirit led him to prefer a solitary walk by a mountain path, and he wished to steal unobserved and unexpected into the midst of the family circle of his friends, to judge for himself of the effect which his sudden appearance might produce. Besides this, there was a latent feeling of suspicion always lurking in his mind, arising from the want of confidence in the sincerity of others which is the sure accompaniment of self-distrust, and which forms the most congenial soil for the growth of jealousy—and such a feeling strongly seconded this clandestine approach. Totally unperceived by the groups below, he reached a little plateau on the mountain side, and gazed downward with a stern and inquiring eye. He quickly singled out the figure of his betrothed; and he marked beside her, with a frantic pang of astonishment and fury, the figure of a man, in the well-known and detested uniform of the French armies. Willy as he was bold, he in an instant dropped on one knee, and watched. He clearly saw, in the easy gait and graceful gestures of Adrienne, that she was happy and pleased with the words of her companion, who assiduously, while he addressed her, suited his action to the speeches he poured forth. At one moment his hand was on his heart—in the next, it was stretched forth, while his head turned towards her, as though he would impress some observation, or some pledge—as Balmat read it—upon her. At the distance of a hundred yards, which separated them, he could not distinguish the expression of Adrienne's face. But nothing further was wanting to inflame him. And when he at length saw the stranger—enemy take one of his mistress's hands in his and press it to his lips, he was hurried away beyond all restraint. His rifle was in a moment levelled, and the trigger was instantly pulled.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Henri Lavalette, as he heard the well-remembered sound of the bullet, cutting the air close to his head.

"Ah, there is Gabriel!" cried Adrienne, starting at the report, and turning her eyes towards the place, where he had now risen on his feet again, anxiously watching the result of his shot. And, as she spoke, she ran forward, followed by her brothers and sisters, shouting welcome to him who had (though they knew it not), sent so ruthless a herald in proof of his close neighbourhood.

"Ah, that is the way Gabriel Balmat always announces his approach ever since he took up arms!" said Jean Carrier to Lavalette, as the latter joined him and his helpmate, both hurrying in the direction of their now descending visitor.

"He must be a keen marksman, to miss so closely the object he only wishes to pay a compliment to!" observed the Frenchman.

"Oh, he is one of the best shots in the valley!" said Jean.

"In that case I had a narrow escape!" thought the Frenchman—but he said nothing, being impressed with a painful suspicion that the bullet was certainly intended for his head, instead of the trunk of the pine-tree which stood before him, and in which it had lodged.

Gabriel instantly saw that he had missed his mark. His first impulse was to rush down and complete his ruthless purpose with the unloaded weapon; but the shouts of his young friends, and, above all, the animated figure of Adrienne, as she moved forward to welcome him, excited an immediate and almost miraculous impulse of self-control. In an instant his pulse was steady, his brow smooth, his air unembarrassed; but his pale cheek and livid lip showed that the blood had not yet returned from his heart with the rapidity which a few moments before had hurried it into that great reservoir. He left his place and stepped quickly down, with an easy and guileless manner, to meet his delighted Adrienne. At the first sight of her blooming countenance, he was quite overpowered. He had never known her to deceive him, and he at once acknowledged the full force of her long-experienced virtue and affection. The momentary doubts of her faith which had flashed across his mind on witnessing the incident of familiar gallantry which had raised his arm to murder the offender, vanished at the first glance he threw on her. But his deadly hatred of the

stranger was not for an instant shaken in the renewed confidence inspired by his mistress's manner; and, in the system of deep dissimulation which he presently adopted, there was no abandonment of the design that a sudden impulse had prompted him to attempt.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE INDIAN SANG-FROID.

THE inhabitants of the banks of the Orinoco and its tributary streams discourse continually on the dangers to which they are exposed. They have marked the manners of the crocodile, as the torero has studied the manners of the bull. When they are assailed they put in practice, with that presence of mind and that resignation which characterise the Indians, the Zambos, and copper-coloured men in general, the counsels they have heard from their infancy. In countries where nature is so powerful and so terrible, man is constantly prepared for danger. We have mentioned before the answer of the young Indian girl, who delivered herself from the jaws of the crocodile: "I knew he would let me go, if I thrust my fingers into his eyes." This girl belonged to the indigent class of the people, in whom the habits of physical want augment energy of character; but how can we avoid being surprised to observe, in the countries convulsed by terrible earthquakes, on the table-land of the province of Quito, women belonging to the highest classes of society display, in the moment of peril, the same calm, the same reflecting intrepidity? I shall mention one example only, in support of this assertion. On the 4th of February, 1797, when 35,000 Indians perished in the space of a few minutes, a young mother saved herself and children, crying out to them to extend their arms at the moment when the cracked ground was ready to swallow them up. When this courageous woman heard the astonishment that was expressed at a presence of mind so extraordinary, she answered, with great simplicity: "I had been told in my infancy, if the earthquake surprise you in a house, place yourself under a doorway that communicates from one apartment to another; if you be in the open air, and feel the ground opening beneath you, extend both your arms, and try to support yourself on the edge of the crevice."

Thus, in savage regions, or in countries exposed to frequent convulsions, man is prepared to struggle with the beasts of the forest, to deliver himself from the jaws of the crocodile, and to escape from the conflict of the elements.—*Humboldt's Travels.*

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.—Bayard Taylor writes thus, from Bombay, India, Jan. 1, in regard to certain of the peculiar habits of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers of India: "They are, as is well known, followers of Zoroaster, recognising one good and one evil principle, who contend for the mastery of the universe. They worship the sun, as the representative of God, fire in all its forms, and the sea. Their temples contain no images, but only the sacred fire; and though they have fixed days for the performance of various rites, they repeat their prayers every morning, soon after sunrise. The dead are neither buried nor burned; but exposed to the air, within a wall inclosure, on the summit of a hill. The bodies of the rich are protected by a wire screen till wasted away; but those of the poor are soon devoured by birds of prey. The children are generally married at from two to five years of age, and brought up together till of a proper age to assume the duties of married life. Most of the marriages are celebrated at this time of the year, and the streets continually resound with the music of the bridal processions."

UNSEALED CORRESPONDENCE.—Amongst other expedients adopted to avoid the present high rates of ocean postage, is the practice of sending letters across the sea by private hands, *unsealed*. A person may convey a portmanteau full of letters in this way, without charge upon them for the transit service. It is impossible to estimate the extent of this unsealed and unpaid correspondence, especially between the myriads of emigrants in the British colonies and other countries and their friends in the mother country. A gentleman, recently returned from a long residence at Port Natal, Africa, thus describes the extent to which this practice is carried by the inhabitants of that colony: "To show their disposition to correspond, I will mention the fact, that whenever a ship was about to sail with passengers home—for as such the emigrant still looks upon old England—they were pressed to take charge of numerous letters, and post them on their arrival. It was so on my leaving the colony; and if the anxiety shown by the emigrants to get their letters ready for me could have been witnessed by the inhabitants of this their fatherland, it would have aroused sufficient feeling and determination to abolish this unwise tax upon their correspondence. To avoid it, and still communicate with those they held dear, I had placed under my care numbers of letters unsealed, and written on sheets of paper without being folded, and the money given me to purchase the penny stamps and post them to their various destinations. Now, who could, or would, refuse to do this? No one who knew what the heart of an emigrant feels. Accustomed to respect and obey the laws, I yet felt it an act of duty and kindness to become thus an agent in avoiding them. Only reflect for a moment! The secrets of family correspondence to be thus exposed, rather than lose an opportunity of sending a line home! Now, had there been an Ocean Penny Postage, I should not have been solicited to bring a single letter: it would have been thought an imposition."



[VIEW OF THE CITY OF NANKIN.]

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

The Chinese and the Russians seem now to be the people who are mostly engaging the attention of the rest of the world; but each in quite a different way. While the latter are developing their views of conquest, the former are in the midst of the troubles, dangers, and sacrifices of a struggle for emancipation from one of the worst tyrannies ever established in any age or among any people. The Chinese of the southern provinces are in a state of revolt against their alien and frightfully despotic Tartar dynasty. And what renders the contest more remarkable is, that the revolutionary party appear to be Christians of the most ultra-Protestant description.

But before we make any comments on this startlingly new chapter in the history of the most mysterious empire ever founded, we must be introduced to a few facts about China and the Chinese. The territory which, until the occurrence of the recent startling events, was ruled over by the Manchoo Tartars, was divided into Northern and Southern China, or Tartarian China and China Proper. The former extended beyond the Great Wall to the Russian frontier; and in a south-westerly direction comprised the vast regions of Thibet, and was almost conterminous with the British possessions to the north of Bengal. Its south-eastern provinces brought it into direct contact with the Burman empire. This enormous extent of land formed, and will still form, the natural boundary between China Proper and Russia. On the boundary line of the two empires stands a small town, called Kiakta, which is distant from Moscow 4200 miles, and from the Great Wall of China 1500 miles: so that, if Russia wished to invade China by land, the best of her troops—the Europeans—would have to march 5700 miles before they could reach the northern limits of that China where anything like the *optima spolia* of war could be obtained. Why England would almost have time to build and equip a steam fleet, and send an army of a hundred thousand of the best troops in the world to Pekin, and have it encamped on either side of the Great Wall, in six months less time than it would take the Russians to march the same number of men through Siberia, and over the wide expanse of Tartary. The conquest of Persia would open up a nearer route; but as that has yet to be effected, we are sure that, for the present, Russian intrigues in China are nothing more than idle gusts of wind. In the present day, China, to be subdued by a foreign power, must be subdued by one having paramount dominion over the Eastern seas. Russia has not a particle of that authority; England and the United States of America have it all. Therefore, it is idle to talk about Russian aggression in China. Should the revolution now raging succeed in expelling the Tartars from China Proper, no doubt Tartarian China would be severed from the empire; but, as it is the poorer moiety, the loss would not be regretted. It would be only like lopping a huge carbuncle from the main body.

China Proper is comprised between about twenty degrees of longitude, and about twenty-one degrees of latitude—forming an area of 537,000 square miles. The population has been estimated at two hundred millions; but no doubt this is an exaggeration, and that Humboldt gave a more rational estimate, when he gave as the total population of China Proper, one hundred and fifty millions.*

* A portion of the press of this country—especially the diurnal—has fallen into the ridiculous error of estimating the population of China at three hundred millions! We recommend to the attention of such arduous leader-writers the works of Malte Brun, Humboldt, Morrison, Milne, Thom, and Murray's "Discoveries in Asia." It is pitiable to see such a well-known exaggeration put again into circulation.

Chinese Tartary is very thinly populated, and no reasonable approximation to the number of its inhabitants can be formed: so that, for the purposes of this article, we will assume that the population of China Proper, spread over the twenty-one degrees of latitude extending from the Great Wall on the north to the Gulf of Tonquin on the south, is, according to the illustrious German traveller and philosopher, no more than one hundred and fifty millions. And having done so, we will ask whether that is not an astounding number? Why it approaches closely to the population of all Europe; and, as regards its history, traditions, mythology, and character, has, until within the past century, been a mystery in all ages, and among all nations of the world. Even now, our information about this interesting country is only meagre and casual. But now that its seals of darkness are about to be broken, we may hope that sources of knowledge, not only respecting its present, but past, will be speedily opened up to the inquiring intellect of civilised communities.

Histories of China, now pronounced to be apocryphal, if not altogether fabulous, have assigned to the empire of China Proper an antiquity anterior to the commencement of the Jewish chronology. But this point we think Malte Brun has satisfactorily settled.

"In the last century," he observes, "China found her interested and ardent panegyrists in two powerful parties. The French philosophers and the Jesuits vied with each other in extolling the laws and the happiness of that country. The philosophers knew nothing of the subject on which they pronounced a judgment; the Jesuits knew a great deal. But those who reason with impartiality will never prefer the natural religion of Confucius to Christianity; nor will the free and high-minded nations of Europe admit the arrangements of a tyrannical police, the annoyance of a childish etiquette, and the 'great walls' which have been erected for interrupting the communications of the human mind.

"Among these opinions, dictated by enthusiasm and party spirit, we must particularise those which relate to the pretended antiquity of the Chinese empire. We know that the enemies of the Christian religion have made it an important object of research to discover a people whose records are more ancient than Noah's flood, and more ancient than even the common term assigned as the epoch of the Mosaic creation. The pretended antiquity of the Egyptians and the Babylonians having been reduced to its proper value, they recurred to that of India and of China. The wonders of distant countries were fitted to inspire a greater degree of veneration. China was represented as a highly civilised and flourishing empire 4500 years before Christ; and if due time is allowed for the formation of such an empire, it must have existed for a period of ten or twenty thousand years.

"Some ill-informed missionaries, wishing, from motives of vanity, to display the antiquity of an empire of which they pretended to have made a spiritual conquest, went blindly into the same system, without being aware of the consequences to which it led.

"A bad historical compilation, translated from the Chinese,* tells us, that Fohi founded the empire of China about 3000 years before Christ, and that, three centuries after this, Hoang-Ti reigned over flourishing states, which were 1660 miles long, and 1100 broad.

"Unfortunately for such narratives, China has produced historians candid enough to reject all the fables concerning Fohi and Hoang-Ti. They do not even venture to vouch for the traditions respecting the reign of Iao—probably an allegorical person—whose era is fixed twenty-three cen-

* *L'Histoire Générale de la Chine.* Trad. par le P. Mailla et l'Abbé Grosier. 12 vols.

turies before Christ. Let us consider in what the great actions of Iao consisted. He drained marshes; he hunted down wild beasts; he cultivated a desert country; and so narrow were the dimensions of his territory, that he surveyed the whole, four times in the year. Ten centuries after this (B. C. 1401), we find the princes of China moving from province to province, accompanied by all their subjects—nomadic, like themselves, and living all alike, either in caves of the rocks, or in cabins of the earth.

"In the time of Confucius (B. C. 551), the whole of China south of the Blue River was still a desert. Nothing in the Chinese annals of that period affords any evidence of a great nation. There is no authentic monument to attest the power of those who erected it. Their books, written on very brittle paper, and very frequently re-copied, can give no information worthy of our confidence. And we further know that, two centuries before the Christian era, a barbarous monarch caused all the writings then in existence to be destroyed. We must, then, with the learned among the Chinese, give the history of China no further extension than eight or nine centuries, at most, before Christ. The hypothesis which finds it entitled to any higher antiquity, owes its origin to the caprice of some modern literati, and the vanity of the emperors.

"But we may be told that astronomical observations, allowed by M. de la Place to be exact, are as ancient as 1100 years before Christ. Laying aside the objections to which the authenticity of these observations is liable, admitting that they are not composed by modern Chinese, they only prove that, 1100 years before Christ, a civilised tribe and town existed, which produced men of science. Eastern Asia may, like Europe, have had her Greeks and her Athenians: there is a great difference between that and the formation of an immense empire. From 1100 to 2300, there is also a long space of time. A shorter interval witnessed the rise, the civilisation, and the extinction of Greece and Rome.

But whatever was the origin of the Chinese, or the period of the commencement of their nationality, China was very well known to the ancient nations of the west. Ptolemy says that caravans penetrated from Bactriana, into the heart of China. The Roman poets make especial reference to the Chinese as the Seres, the inhabitants of Serica, the country of the silk-worm. Virgil expressly mentions the soft wool which the Seres combed from their trees. In the third century of our era, the Chinese court received a Roman embassy. And we are informed that in those ages the Chinese kept a garrison at Kashgar, and one of their generals, about the time of Trajan, marched as far as the Caspian Sea. In the reign of Justinian the eggs of the Chinese worm were introduced into Europe, and the Romans taught to emulate the natives of that remote country in the education of the insect and the manufacture of silk. So that there can be no doubt that the early Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans were acquainted with the existence of China; but the commercial intercourse between the east and the west, except as regards India, must have been very limited: hence, when the Roman empire fell to pieces, China and the Chinese had faded into a very dim tradition, which, when revived by the works of the famous Marco Polo and Sir John De Mandeville, in the early part of the thirteenth century, was treated as a romance, until it seized upon the vivid imagination of Columbus, who nursed it through a weary pilgrimage, from court to court, until Isabella pawned her jewels, and enabled him to go and discover America, and, through that circumstance, caused to be opened new worlds to the enterprise of Europe. China was one of these worlds; and at this distance of time it is curious to note that, as regards the works of the Venetian, Marco Polo, and the Englishman, Sir John De Mandeville, we

are authorised by facts to remark, that mankind were formerly, and probably are still, as incredulous with respect to statements they could not reconcile with their limited stock of information, as they were credulous to receive anything that savoured of the unreal, or which found access to the imagination through the muddy channel of superstition.

China, throughout the whole of the fifteenth century, was denounced as a delusion; and it was not until the Portuguese navigators who succeeded Vasco De Gama, had crossed the Indian seas, that Europe first received any information on which it thought proper to rely, of the situation, extent, and resources of China; and some generations passed away before it was admitted to be the same country as the Cathay of Marco Polo and Sir John De Mandeville.

Since then the commercial relations established with the Chinese by the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, and the Americans, have afforded us some more concise knowledge of their history and institutions; but the information that has been accumulated is still very meagre and unsatisfactory. All we know is, that the Chinese are a branch of the Great Mongol family, and that they are progenitally allied to the Mongol conquerors of Hindostan, to the Asiatic Russians, and the Turks, whose position in Europe is now so critical. Their religion appears anciently to have been a species of Sabianism, but it has been smothered under the numerous 'sects' which have been grafted upon it. Buddhism, under the name of the religion of Foh, was introduced from India about A.D. 65, and has become the creed of the majority of the Chinese. The religion of the Mantchoo dynasty is that of the Tartar Lama. The government is a complete Oriental despotism, and China has been governed, until the present outbreak, much in the same manner as the provinces of Turkey are—by pachas or mandarins—a title equivalent to that of count in the middle ages of our own history.

Such a people could scarcely have failed to have excited the most ardent curiosity among nations distinguished for research and enterprise. The English have taken the lead in these explorations, and our warlike exploits on the coast of China contributed more to the unravelling of the Chinese mystery than anything which had previously occurred in the annals of commerce or missionary zeal. But, independent of some acquaintance with Chinese manners, customs, and morals, all the political knowledge we have obtained may be comprised in the statement that we discovered a population of one hundred and fifty millions ruled over by an intruding dynasty of scarcely two centuries' existence; and that there was a marked distinction between the rulers and the ruled, although both owed their origin to a common source. Since then we have been introduced to the circumstance that the ruled have rebelled against the rulers—that China Proper has, like another Behemoth, upheaved its vastness, and made a brilliant effort to drive the Mantchoo Tartars back to the fertile plains and frozen deserts which lie between the Great Wall and the remote southern boundary of Asiatic Russia. This contest has been raging for two years, and, from the latest accounts received, the patriots have subdued, or rather restored, the native Chinese authority in more than one half of Southern China—that is, China Proper. They have already obtained possession of Nankin, and what renders this struggle the more remarkable is, that its leaders profess to maintain the doctrine of Christianity, and that in a most ultra-Protestant form. They unmistakeably profess to be worshippers of Jesus Christ.

They circulate tracts, not copied from missionary tracts, but drawn from the Scriptures by themselves, and written in a far superior style of Chinese to that current, or perhaps possible, to foreigners.

They are iconoclasts, and destroy every vestige of idol worship.

They adopt the Ten Commandments, translated by themselves, to which they have appended annotations: thus they state, under the seventh commandment, that smoking opium is always associated with the sin mentioned there, and must be discontinued.

They behead for smoking opium, and bamboo for smoking tobacco.

They have the Bible complete, and, adopting the Jewish theory, believe they have a mission from heaven to kill all the Mantchoos—and they certainly put this in execution as far as they can; and, without attempting to justify this practice, we believe that nothing short of driving them out of the country can make civilisation progressive in China.

They state that their king was taken up into heaven, and there invested with power to reign; but this is mixed up with that which must be figurative, and therefore may mean no more than is said of all Chinese emperors—that they are empowered by heaven to rule.

They say that their king has received revelations from time to time from God; but it is to be observed that these are all respecting temporal things, and do not refer to the rule of life: that they refer to things of temporary import.

Their leader, who is carrying everything before him with a magnificent hand, is called Huen-su Chuen, or the Tae-Ping-Wang, which, being interpreted, means the "Prince of Universal Peace." His designs have at least the sympathy of all the Christian world; and should he and his followers succeed, there cannot be a doubt but that China—hitherto the great sealed book among nations—will be opened to light, life, and civilisation, all of which will be thrown, with all their importance and influences, into the Anglo-Saxon scale.

We shall, as a matter of duty, watch the progress of this momentous struggle for the enjoyment of a purer spiritual and political dispensation; but must observe, that

we are not at all surprised at the revolution having taken place. Christianity, or at least its iconoclastic expositions, are no strangers to the soil of China. Authenticated history informs us that:

The first attempts to make known the truths of Christianity in China, were by the Nestorians—who, from the fifth century, when the sect arose, to the end of the seventh century, penetrated through the various countries eastward of Constantinople, to Tartary, where they spread their doctrines, and instituted Christian societies. In the end of the seventh century they came into China, where, also, they established churches. Little more notice is taken of their proceedings for nearly five hundred years. In the thirteenth century, they are said to have had a flourishing church in the north of China, where it still continued to exist in the beginning of the fifteenth century, after it was nearly extinguished in Tartary. In the fifteenth century and the commencement of the sixteenth, Nestorianism is thought to have entirely died away in China; but this was an erroneous supposition, as proved by subsequent disclosures of facts. There is in the 'Shin-seen-tung-keen'—a Chinese mythological history—a brief account of the birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and disciples of Christ. These circumstances are the more remarkable, inasmuch as the Chinese notice every other foreign sect which has entered their country. The Buddhists, the Mahomedans, and the Christians are all particularly noticed by them.

In the thirteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church first extended its efforts, rather indirectly, to China. An embassy, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, at whose head was Johannes a Monte Corvino, was sent from Pope Nicholas IV. to Kublai, Emperor of the Tartars. Their object seems principally to have regarded Tartary; yet they are said to have erected churches in China, also. In the year 1307, the gospel is reported to have made so great progress in China, that Pope Clement V. erected Cambalu—which some think to be Pekin—into an archbishopric, which was conferred on Johannes a Monte Corvino, above-mentioned.

Francis Xavier, the celebrated Jesuit, had contemplated the conversion of China to the Christian faith; but, in the midst of his benevolent plans, he was called away by death, while off the coast of that country, in the year 1552. Matthew Ricci, an Italian, of the same order, after the death of Xavier, penetrated into China, preached the Catholic faith, and laid the foundation of the Romish Church there. Much stress cannot be laid on anything done for the Gospel in China before the days of Ricci. In the commencement of the seventeenth century, numbers of Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Capuchins entered China, and published part of the Gospel, mixed with the superstitions of the Romish Church and the peculiarities of their respective orders.

During the reign of the Emperor Kang-he, the missionaries had less to contend with, and enjoyed more freedom in their work, than either before or since. Several hundreds of Catholic missionaries, including natives and foreigners, have at different times laboured in China; and it is but justice to say, that many of them appear to have been sincere and single-hearted in their work. With respect to the doctrines and ceremonies which they taught in China, a fair specimen of the best of these is contained in the Chinese writings of the missionaries. The style of their publications is generally perspicuous, sometimes elegant; but the doctrines which they communicate are mostly such as were propagated in Europe, in what Protestants call 'the darkest periods of the Church.' Here and there a beautiful sentiment occurs, well expressed, and supported by appropriate quotations from the Fathers of the Latin Church, but often in close connection with some traditional absurdity. Their ritual has certainly lost nothing by being transported to the East. The fictions of Chinese paganism, and the legends of the priests of Foh and Taou, together with imported relations of miracles and wonders, wrought at the shrines of saints, at the tombs of martyrs, or in the caves of hermits, have all contributed to produce considerable additions to the ceremonies of the church.

So that it is quite manifest that Christianity early penetrated into China, and was never wholly extirpated, although all the barbarous bigotry of despotism was brought to bear upon it. We may accept it as fact, that it slumbered in remote places, and among certain classes of the population, for centuries. Buddhism rather predisposes its followers to the doctrines of Christianity. The real Buddha was a pious, religious reformer, who taught that there was a Supreme Being, omniscient and ever present in the world; that human sacrifices were obnoxious to the Deity, and persuaded the people among whom he preached to substitute for them the innocent oblations of flowers. This simple creed in course of time became perverted and disfigured, but the original principle remained; and when we come to consider that the Chinese, from the earliest period, were familiar with the precepts of the Christian religion, there is nothing very wonderful in their hastening into the bosom of a church whose doors are always open to the afflicted and oppressed, or rallying under the banner of a leader who, with a new and more promising faith in one hand, and a sword in the other, leads them not only to liberty, but to the gratification of a long-cherished revenge against their tyrannical Tartar governors.

They have already obtained possession of Nankin, the second city in the empire, of which we give an illustration; and it is probable that long ere this they will have commenced driving the Tartars to that Great Wall originally built to restrain their incursions.

Nankin, except in size, differs little from other Chinese cities. Its ornamental architecture is remarkable for its airiness and singularity. Some of the pagodas are from eighty to one hundred and sixty feet in height, and have

as many as nine storeys, but always an uneven number. They seem to be intended merely for ornament; and though occasionally attached to temples, are never, it is said, used as places of worship. The Great Tower of Nankin is the finest specimen of this class of building. The numerous triumphal archways have all the same form, and seldom exceed twenty-five feet in height.

SCIENCE.

NEW INVENTIONS, ETC.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—Mr. Thomas Symes Prideaux has patented some improvements in the manufacture of iron. The system employed is to distil coal in retorts, as in the manufacture of gas, and afterwards conveying the product to reverberatory furnaces employed in the manufacture of iron, and burning the same with atmospheric air. The inventor has also an improvement in preparing coke used in the manufacture of iron: he employs lime-water mixed with common salt, or carbonate of soda, instead of simple water, in the process of cooling the heated coke.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.—The Sixteenth Annual Report of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, for 1851, in England and Wales, was printed by order of the House of Commons, and of which the following is a digest: Births, 615,865; illegitimates, 42,000; marriages, 154,206 deaths, 397,174.

ELECTRIC GAS AS A MOTIVE POWER.—The application of electric gas as a motive power has been discovered to possess extraordinary advantages: a machine appended to a steam-engine will generate gas sufficient to supply as much power as the ordinary furnaces. An extraordinary fact we may mention, as an evidence of the appreciation of its value by practical men, is, that the London and North-Western and the South-Eastern Railway Companies have already entered into contracts with the Electric Gas Company, to which they have affixed their respective common seals, for the use of the discovery for their locomotives.

POTATO CULTURE.—As your journal contains all the most useful and economical hints to cottagers and others in the cultivation of their produce, I venture to send you the result of an experiment—although, perhaps, already known and employed—with regard to early potatoes. I dug the walnut-leaved, and an early round potato, somewhat like "Foxes," the beginning of July, grown in the open but sheltered ground, and instead of throwing away the haulms I re-planted them—i. e., those which had even the most minute tuber, say the size of a pea, left upon them. I simply laid them in the trench formed between the two adjoining rows of potatoes, and threw the earth over them: they remained about three weeks, when, on taking them up, I found a very fair crop of tubers had been re-produced, many fully equal in size to the largest taken on the first digging. I am not prepared to say that in a very dry season this result would have been attained, but this year I have undoubtedly had a most successful harvest from the replanted haulms. Your cottage friends who sell, perhaps, their earliest sorts of potatoes, would find it worth the trial, as they could keep up, by this means, a second supply for their own table.—*Cottage Gardener.*

HATCHING FISH.—Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface, the spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell, which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water (warmed by the heat of the sun.) The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by trolls, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Martin's China.*

IMPROVED STEAM GENERATOR.—Mr. G. A. Huddart, of Brynkr, Carnarvonshire, has patented a plan for expediting the generating of steam, by assisting the globules to rise and emerge as soon as formed. For this purpose, rotating curved blades are introduced into the boiler, or tubes of tubular boilers, worked by any motive-power, and a pump is employed to draw water from the upper level of the water, and force it at a lower one.

PREVENTION OF THE DEPOSIT IN STEAM BOILERS.—Referring to the plan for this object, as proposed by Mr. Ira Hill, Mr. J. Bevan, of the Bellfield Print Works, Rochdale, in the Glasgow *Practical Mechanics' Journal*, says: "I can vouch for the value of the preventive, having practised a similar method for some years with perfect success. Our water here, when used clean from the reservoirs, deposits a very fine coating of sulphate of lime. A few years ago we put up a new steam-engine, and this caused us to make entirely new arrangements for our boiler-water supply. We then took the water from the clean reservoir, as well as from some catch-water, after being used for washing prints. This washing-water was, of course, more or less charged with colouring matter or dye drugs—such as madder, sumach, logwood, and quercitron bark; and we now find, after using this coloured water for several years, that the boilers are as free from deposit, and as beautifully clean, as the first day of working; in fact, I think they are now in better order than ever, as the plates are quite smooth and black. Of course we require to blow off and clear from time to time, as a flocky precipitate forms in the boiler bottom but this is easily swept out with a common

broom. This deposit is, I presume, a partly chemical and partly mechanical combination of the colouring matter with sulphate of lime. I was led to this idea from having some years ago pumped up the wash-wheel water from the dye-house, and mixed it with a mineral water pumped from a coal-mine, expecting to improve the quality by the mixture; the water was afterwards filtered. I was glad to find a marked improvement from this combination of the two impure waters—the one charged with colour, and the other with sulphate of iron and sulphate of lime. There was an immense deposit in the reservoir, where the mixture was left to settle.

GAS AND STEAM BOILER.—Mr. H. M. Lefroy, R.N., proposes a plan of constructing a boiler and furnaces in which all the gaseous products of the combustion of the fuel will be discharged into the bottom of the boiler, and thence pass, rising through the water (in which all the impurities they may carry from the furnace will be deposited), saturated with steam, through the steam chest into the steam cylinders; the molecules of the gases serving as the conductors of the calorific into the water, instead of radiating it, as at present, through the plates and tubes of the boiler, into the same body. The advantages attributed to this form of boiler and furnaces are: 1st. A great economy of fuel, resulting in two ways—namely, in an absolutely greater quantity of calorific being generated from a given quantity of fuel, and in the saving of that portion of it which at present passes up the funnel in combination with the gases, both in the latent and sensible form. 2ndly. A saving in the cost of the apparatus, due to a reduction of its weight and size, and to its increased durability. The size will be diminished from the smaller quantity of coal to be burnt, and from the greater rapidity of its combustion, which probably will vary with some power of the density of the supporter of combustion; and the durability will be much increased from no part whatever of the boiler being exposed to the direct action of the furnaces: and since probably nine-tenths of the whole elastic bodies which pass through the cylinders will be steam, condensation will still be applicable with advantage, on the condition of using a larger air-pump with the condenser than at present is necessary.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA PERCHA.—Dr. Riddell, officiating superintending surgeon of the Nizam's army, in making experiments on the Muddar plant of India (*Asclepias gigantea*), had occasion to collect the milky juice, and found that, as it gradually dried, it became tough and hard, like gutta percha. He was induced to treat the juice in the same manner as that of the gutta percha tree, and the result has been the obtaining a substance precisely analogous to gutta percha. Sulphuric acid chars it; nitric acid converts it into a yellow resinous substance; muriatic acid has but little effect upon it; acetic acid has no effect, nor has alcohol. Spirit of turpentine dissolves it into a viscid glue, which, when taken between the finger and thumb, pressed together, and then separated, shows numberless minute and separated threads. The foregoing chemical tests correspond exactly with the established results of gutta percha. It becomes plastic in hot water, and has been moulded into cups and vessels. It will unite with the true gutta percha. The muddar also produces an excellent fibre, useful in the place of hemp and flax. An acre of cultivation of it would produce a large quantity of both fibre and juice. The poorest land suffices for its growth, and no doubt, if well cultivated, there would be a large yield of juice, and a finer fibre. A nearly similar substance is procurable from the juice of the *Euphorbia Tirucalli*, only when it hardens after boiling it becomes brittle. The subject is most important: and if common hedge plants like the foregoing can yield a product so valuable, the demand for which is so certain quickly to outrun supply, a material addition will have been made to the productive resources of the country.—*Journal of the Society of Arts.*

BEATRICE D'ESTE.

In one of the apartments of the palace of Versailles, in the suite immediately under, and in communication with, that occupied by Louis XIII. himself, reposed a man, enfeebled in health but of a giant mind, who had just achieved the greatest triumph of his life. Armand Jean du Plessis, better known in history and romance as the Cardinal Richelieu, had just beaten down every barrier between himself and Power—had succeeded, by a bold and adroit manoeuvre, in persuading the king to banish Mary De Medici, the queen-mother, to Compeigne—and had obtained the royal promise that, thenceforth, without his will, nothing of moment should be executed by the ministry. It was, in short, the evening of the famous Tenth of November, ever afterwards known—from the manner in which the wily Cardinal had made his enemies' plots turn against themselves—as "The Day of the Dupes."

That day had been a stormy one, as far as the passions were concerned; and he, whose part it had been to "ride on the whirlwind," now lay, in deep repose, upon a couch which was placed before the ample and well-planned fire-place. No light in the apartment, save that fitfully cast up from the fire—not a sound. All was hushed, while the cardinal enjoyed the first slumber which his unquiet spirit had allowed him for a long time. It was the deep slumber of exhaustion. Mind and body had alike been overworked, and the quiet and dreamless sleep was alike grateful to both.

Even in the ante-chamber, where there usually is whispering, at least, all was hushed. The pages held their

breath. The armed guards stood, sat, or lay at listless lengths, as if they were so many mutes. Every one there knew how necessary it was for their master's health that he should enjoy the refreshment of repose—more than one physician had solemnly declared as much—and as, albeit harsh to the many, Richelieu was generous, gentle, and even kind, to the few who tended on him in the household or on guard, good care was taken by all that their master should remain undisturbed.

Two or three times, with stealthy steps, a youth named Jean De Lisle went into the room wherein the cardinal reposed. Now he adjusted the cushion, so as to raise the sleeper's head; anon he arranged the fire so as to divert its glow from the face to the person of the cardinal. Silently did he glide into and from the apartment, and "He sleeps," given in the lowest of all possible whispers, was the only response he deemed it necessary to make to the questionings, more of looks than language, of his companions in the outer room.

Meantime, in the king's apartments, preparations had been made for a sumptuous banquet—one of the gorgeous entertainments which the thirteenth Louis had a passion for giving. Expectation was high on this occasion, for Cardinal Richelieu, who had just secured the proud position which he quitted but when he quitted life, was known to be one of the invited guests; and, while many were preparing, at the earliest opportunity, to pay homage to his greatness, all were curious to note how he should bear himself in that new position which made him virtual ruler of his country.

The hour had arrived. The guests had assembled. The king himself had entered. Richelieu was not there to receive him. The royal brow became clouded. Happily, St. Simon, the favourite, was at hand, and blandly suggested, that perhaps the cardinal had been detained by state affairs. A messenger was dispatched to summon him, and returned, in a few minutes, with his gay plumage somewhat ruffled. Inquiry was made as to the cause, and the answer was, that, on repairing to the cardinal's apartments, a malapert attendant, known to the complainant as Jean De Lisle, had not only forbidden personal access to his eminence, but had absolutely refused to convey any message to him. The king, amused rather than annoyed at this report, whispered to St. Simon that he was half inclined to go to Richelieu's rooms, and personally assure himself of the real cause of his absence. A monarch's wish is speedily in course of fulfilment. The king and the courtier stepped out of the gay saloon. Each threw a cloak over his rich dress, and immediately afterwards both had descended the stairs, and were at the door which opened from the main corridor into the suite of rooms occupied by Richelieu.

They met with exactly the same reception as De Lisle had given to the palace servant—no actual want of courtesy, but a firm refusal to admit any one into the privacy of his eminence, the cardinal, or even to convey any message to him.

"Not even from the king?" asked Louis.

"No," replied De Lisle; "not even from the king."

There was something at once exciting and inexplicable in this pertinacity, and Louis determined to solve the riddle.

"You will admit me?" said he, allowing his regal apparel and adornments to be seen from beneath the long roquelaire which covered him.

But the young man, albeit he bent his knee, as he recognised the monarch still declared that he dared not give admittance even to him.

What might have followed is uncertain—for sovereigns, like many of their subjects, do not become milder for being opposed—but at this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and Richelieu stood opposite to the king. To him Louis turned, and, in a tone of anger, and with an air of chagrin, asked wherefore access to him had been refused? Jean De Lisle was called on to explain, and justified his conduct by stating that, seeing how much the health of the cardinal his master had been injured by want of needful repose he had ventured—on some small skill in medicine, and backed by the opinion of the physicians, that sleep must be obtained by some means, if health were to be preserved—he had ventured to mingle an opiate with his drink for the afternoon repast, and was unwilling, at any risk, to allow the slumber thus obtained to be disturbed. The cardinal, thanking De Lisle for the good he had wrought, and acknowledging how much he felt recruited by the repose he had obtained, entreated the king to pardon one whose fault had arisen out of the best motives.

Louis, whose fortune it had ever been to know many flatterers and but few friends, replied that, for his own part, he freely forgave what had been solely caused by regard for a minister whose life was so essential to the glory of France and the honour of her king.

"But," added he, "if this servitor of yours, thus faithful, affectionate, and bold, will enter our service, we may show him, better than by mere words how much we esteem such fidelity, affection, and courage."

Jean De Lisle looked at Richelieu, who motioned him to kneel before the king. The jewelled hand of the monarch was graciously extended, and reverently kissed.

"Next to our own person," said Louis. "Ever at hand, and as vigilant for us as thou hast been for the cardinal."

Thus, in a moment, the page of Richelieu was made one of the gentlemen of the king. This done, Louis and the cardinal, followed by St. Simon and De Lisle, proceeded to the presence-chamber, where, of course, all proper homage was paid to the nominal and the actual possessor of power.

Thus ended the famous "Journées des Dupes." The

king lost his mother, and gained a page. The cardinal obtained sovereign sway and a sound sleep.

Jean De Lisle was fortunate in having, from his childhood, been favoured with the protection of Cardinal Richelieu. When, at the age of two-and-twenty, Armand Jean du Plessis was made Bishop of Luçon, his elevation was attributable, in some degree, to the friendship of the Count De Lisle, then in the service and honoured with the confidence of Henry IV. He had known Armand's family, had received kindness from them, and was happy in being able to return it, in some degree, by recommending his friend as well qualified, from ability, no less than a taste for letters, for the vacant see. In doing this, he had given the first impetus to the fortunes of him who, as Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu, fills many a page in the annals of France. But the elder De Lisle died suddenly—even before his royal master fell under the knife of the fanatic, Ravallac—and bequeathed his only son to the friendship of Richelieu. The trust had been faithfully executed. The best education of the time had been bestowed upon Jean De Lisle, and for some years past he had occupied a place in the confidence and near the person of his patron. He had been page, until he had outgrown all appearance of such an office, and had latterly been more of an aide-de-camp—for, like the king, the cardinal affected the protective state of a body-guard of his own—and his skill in all warlike exercises well qualified him for a post at once so important and confidential. It has already been told with what devotedness he showed himself in the service of the cardinal.

The change which had taken place in his position, while it placed him immediately in attendance on the king, did not weaken his attachment to the cardinal. Grateful for the notice constantly and kindly taken of him by the king, a warm attachment for his majesty sprang into De Lisle's mind; and when Louis perceived this—his *amour propre* somewhat flattered by the constant evidence of such affection—he, in turn, began to feel an interest in the young cavalier. Is that wonderful? Is it not much to know, that even *one* heart cherishes esteem, regard, and love for you? The confidence which Louis placed in De Lisle was great, as may be judged from a circumstance which is now to be related.

After the queen-mother's enforced departure, some of her suite remained in Paris; but, when the cardinal had reason to believe that some of them so remained as spies, he peremptorily named a day before which each and all of them should quit Paris, and determined that, without any exception, such as were not natives of France should return to their proper birth-land.

Beatrice D'Este, a maiden of exalted rank and extreme beauty, was one of the ladies thus destined, by the cardinal's supreme will, to return home. She had been sent on a visit to Mary De Medici, about two years before, and by her had been treated as a friend and equal.

The retinue which was to escort her was placed under the command of Jean De Lisle. It was part of the king's policy, as counselled by Richelieu, to maintain the appearance of perfect respect towards the banished queen-mother; and he well knew that she would be pleased to learn that her favourite friend, the young Beatrice, had been sent back to her Italian home under the protection of the trustiest and most confidential of all his younger men-at-arms.

They left Paris. The power of Richelieu, which few dared dispute, had obtained a safe conduct for the party through Germany and the Italian States. Pleasant enough was the journey, made in easy stages, from a desire not to fatigue the lady. Soon, thrown into constant, hourly communion with her, as the leader of her escort, De Lisle had learned how powerful are the bonds which association forges. Had he seen Beatrice at the court of King Louis, he might have passed her by without notice; for who, amid a galaxy, will single out one "bright, particular star?"—but here, and thus, ever at her side, vigilant for her safety, careful for her comforts, anxious to amuse her, he had opportunity for learning that the maiden had greater beauty than that of form or feature—that her mind was bright with intelligence—that she was a being to be loved, even, though, he feared, she was too far above him for hope, the castle-builder, to fancy as within his reach. With the damsel the case was not very dissimilar. Beatrice D'Este had unconsciously permitted the young cavalier to have an interest in her heart, had accustomed herself to take pleasure in his society, was pleased to see with what grace he sat his horse, was charmed with the frankness of his conversation, was puzzled at thinking whether she had seen any other young noble of such manifold merits, and did not care to meditate on the improbability that, this journey ended, she might never again behold him.

Forward they went. Through France, into Germany. Soon was imperial Innsbruck left behind—next the Julian Alps were passed—and then they went down by Treviso, and through learned Padua. At last they were within the territory of Ferrara, where the journey was to terminate. Scarcely had the little cavalcade entered that territory, when an event of some importance took place.

Beatrice D'Este, niece to Alfonso II., of Ferrara—the prince whose harsh treatment of Torquato Tasso has given him an infamous memory—had been sent to Paris, by desire of certain of the nobility most devoted to the house of Este, in order to obtain the influence of Mary De Medici in her favour. On Alfonso's death, without a male heir, Pope Clement VIII. had declared that the papal fiefs held by the house of Este had lapsed to the church. Duke Cesar, who had succeeded Alfonso, surrendered the ecclesiastical fiefs, but retained possession of those which were held under the Empire. The nobility of Ferrara, who disliked him for his illegitimate birth, submitted

to his retention of Modena and Regio, but were much disinclined to allow him to rule over themselves. On the other hand, they objected to being transferred to the dominion of the Church, and had secretly solicited Mary De Medici to assert the claims of Beatrice D'Este to the fiefs of Ferrara, which her family had held so long. Before Mary was exiled to Compeigne, she had not been able to bring the subject, as its importance required, before the favourable notice of her son, Louis XIII. Far and near as his espionage extended, Richelieu could not remain ignorant of the pretensions of Beatrice. While they were not asserted for her, or by her, he saw no cause for interference. It happened, rather singularly, that the person most interested cared little for the honours which her friends wished to restore to her. Beatrice D'Este would have much preferred the quietude of retirement to the gilded pomps of such a sovereignty as that of Ferrara.

The Castle of Este, not very far from Padua, was still held for Beatrice, as portion of the property which had been the dowry of her mother. Thither the travelling party were now speeding—two of them rather mournful, it must be confessed, at the thought that *there* would terminate the acquaintance and companionship which both had found so pleasant. However, they were not destined to part quite so soon.

Italy was overrun at that time by gangs of robbers, who had pretty good information respecting travellers of note, the course they meant to take, and the property they carried with them. In the vicinity of Este, one of these lawless gangs had located. The little party commanded by De Lisle had scarcely entered the defile leading to the castle, when it was suddenly attacked by these armed ruffians. The assailants were superior in numbers; but the gallantry of the French men-at-arms prevailed, and the robbers were beaten off, with heavy loss. Jean De Lisle was seriously wounded in the *melee*, and it was fortunate for him that the Castle of Este was so near the place of contest.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that within those walls De Lisle received every attention which his sufferings required. Months elapsed ere he was convalescent; and the French escort under his command had long since been dismissed. Beatrice D'Este certainly did not neglect the young champion who had suffered so much in her cause. But latterly, as his strength became renewed, and it was evident that he would be able to return to Paris before long, the maiden grew unusually thoughtful; more addicted to solitary musings than of yore, and evidently making efforts—not always very successfully—to give as little of her society to De Lisle as strict courtesy could warrant. Love, without her having dreamed of such a thing, had become the inmate of her bosom. Her female attendants, with the natural shrewdness and sympathy of their sex and age, had observed this long before she had even a suspicion how the case stood; but then "the lookers-on see more of the game than the players."

The day of departure was named. Beatrice, heart-weary with the tumult of conflicting feelings, had withdrawn from all human observation, and had taken a favourite seat on the flat roof of her habitation. It was in the soft and gentle twilight; and hither, at that hour, she had long been wont to come, with her embroidery, her lute, her pencil, or her book. But now they were all neglected. The impassioned lines of poetry were in her hand; page after page had been turned over and gazed at, but she knew not what the pages said. Her abstraction was so great, that she neither heard nor heeded the familiar footstep by her side. The whispered "Beatrice!" awakened her from her soft day-dream, and she startled, with a blush and a quickened pulse, when she saw that her solitude was disturbed by him of whom she had been thinking.

Silence for a season—oh, who will say that such silence is voiceless? Then came the hurried words of thanks for kindnesses given and received; last of all, the "Farewell!" To speak that word, De Lisle had now sought this audience. The morrow's eve was to see him far away from Este and all it contained. She knew it. Still she made no answer. Listlessly did the fair hand droop, as it held the volume which had been unread that evening. The volume dropped from that little hand. De Lisle took it up, saw that her name was written in it, pressed his lips to that dear name and delicate writing, and put the volume into his bosom. Paler grew the lady's cheek—softer became the gentle beauty of those dark eyes, at once liquid and lustrous. And then, in flattering words, De Lisle repeated the thanks he had already spoken for all the courtesy he had received. Last came the "Farewell!"

"You will think of Este—sometimes?" said the princess.

"As Adam remembered the Eden he had quitted, and never hoped to see again!"

"You will think of those whom you have known in Este?—you have many friends within these walls."

"It is impossible that I can forget. The time I have so happily passed here will stand in my memory, amid the wastes of future days, a green spot which no sirocco can destroy."

"Ah!" said she, with a gentle smile, "you will some day return hither, if it be only for an hour, to let me know that the wounds you received in my defence have not seriously injured you?"

"Never!" he exclaimed. "I dare not return. I look upon Este and its mistress for the last time."

He approached her. Not to crowned empress could he have bent a lowlier knee. He took the white hand which hung by her side, and raised it to his lips. Marble-cold was the touch. He looked anxiously upon the maiden's face—it was white and rigid as the Parian bust. She had fainted. By degrees the colour returned, and those coral lips and sunny cheeks once again flushed up with life—

the eyes resumed their light—a rosy hue suffused brow, face, and neck—the little hand, now warm and flexible, made an effort for release. But in that brief time De Lisle had been thrilled with impulsive hope—sudden, but strong. He still knelt by her side. The hand which he retained in his ventured to press—the pressure was not reproved—perhaps it was returned. A flood of tears relieved the concentrated passion of the maiden's heart. Her head reclined upon his shoulder—she raised it, and looked into his eyes. What soft confession in that look! Then—but who can describe the indescribable?

Jean De Lisle did not quit the Castle of Este on the morrow, as he had proposed.

But how answer to King Louis for the default?

Cardinal Richelieu sat in the very apartment in which, some months before, he had reposed on "The Day of the Dupes," when Jean De Lisle had prevented the King's entrance. Before him was a newly-arrived letter. The king occupied a chair opposite to his minister.

The cardinal cut the silken floss which encircled the missive, broke the seal, and silently read the letter. He smiled. The king said:

"Good news, my lord?"

"As your majesty may take it," answered Richelieu. "From this letter, which has reached me within the hour, I learn that our *protégé*, De Lisle, has relieved us of the trouble of caring further for his fortunes. He has wooed and won the Princess Beatrice D'Este, and acquaints me that he solicits, and awaits your royal permission to wed her. If I know him well, as I think I do, he will wed her whether that permission be given or withheld. Rome, as I learn from these other dispatches, is most anxious to retain the fief Ferrara, which it resumed on the death of Duke Alfonso without legitimate male heir. Methinks that by permitting Jean De Lisle to wed the daughter of Este, which would for ever annihilate her claims to the sovereignty, we may please the Holy See, and, by representing the union as of our own suggestion, with a view to thus securing the continued possession of the fief to the Church, we may gain as an equivalent the concession we have so long sought in the matter of nominating to the French Seas."

"Be it so," answered the king. "But what will the newly-wedded have to live upon?"

"The Princess Beatrice," said Richelieu, "has the rich dowry of her mother, equal to the estates of any Duke in France."

"I am glad of it," said the king; "but we must not send a barren message to De Lisle. We must retain him as a subject of France, by giving him a Huguenot's confiscation. And should he bring his bride to Paris, assure her of a favourable reception."

"No doubt!" observed the cardinal. "Your majesty has a paternal regard for youth and beauty!"

The Count De Lisle never returned to France. He and his Beatrice lived and died at Este. They were happy in their lives, and it is recorded that their death took place, even as they desired, on one and the same day.

ESSAYS.

No. OXOVIL.—THE ALOE BLOOMS BUT ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

TAKING a stroll one day in the outskirts of this wonderful metropolis, we arrived opposite a quaint-looking house. It was one of those solid, brick-built mansions, the taste for which came in with the assumption of the throne of these realms by a Dutchman, his successor, the last of the Stuart sovereigns—and the Act of Parliament imported Georges I. and II. It was massive, but heavy and dismal—quite a type of the Teutonic dispensation with which we were favoured at the expiration of one era and the commencement of another. Between a pair of ponderous wooden gates ran some iron railings, carefully interlaced with wire breast-high, to keep out the dogs; and on peering through this remarkably ugly fence, we perceived a patch of sullen-looking grass, and in the centre of the plot a dingy aloe plant. We could not help thinking that the cheerless symbol of grief harmonised with the sullen appearance of the habitation. King William, Queen Anne, and the two Georges, and the substantial people who had occupied the house, and who, no doubt, had a voice in the politics of the time, were all dead—and here was this aloe, attached to the soil by very feeble roots, surviving to tell us that the apple of life but holds the ashes of bitterness and sorrow. This melancholy feeling was heightened by our knowledge that this unsocial-looking plant delights to grow upon rocks, in dry sand, and amidst a burning atmosphere breathed by lions and tigers. It also flourishes in deserted cities, and creeps snake-like through deserts where once the cheerful voice of man was heard in rich cadence. While thus meditating, the old gardener approached, and said, through the railings:

"That is an American aloe, sir; it was in bloom last year."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. It was quite a curiosity; thousands came to see it, for you see, sir, the American aloe don't bloom but once in a hundred years."

After a little more gossip we went on our way, headfull of speculations upon the early history of America, the Aztec Lilliputians, and the probable origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of that vast continent. In a little while we calmed down a little, and began to repeat to ourselves the remark which had fixed our attention: "The American aloe blooms but once in a hundred years." The information was not new to us, but having just seen a specimen of the plant invested with such an extraordinary property, the impression it had created was more than casual—it was profound. We immediately thought, what will be the

aspect of the world in 1952, when this bitter-tasting plant may be expected to again shoot up, from the centre of its thick leaves, tender stems covered with flowers. What the world was when it last put forth emblems of vitality, we all well know. We are perfectly aware that in those days Turkey and France were the greatest powers in Europe; Spain ranked above Britain, and that our own dear land was convulsed with agitation, and the Hanoverian dynasty scarce worth a year's purchase.

The people, also, were sunk in ignorance and barbarism, they had no political rights, corruption reigned paramount in high quarters, and the nation, struggling as it was, under a load of internal difficulties, through the family ties of its sovereign, became fatally and ruinously involved in the affairs of the continent. The American republic had not then been established, the British possessions in India were limited to the sea-coast, and at home we had a population of not more than seven millions. In 1852, Great Britain and Ireland had an aggregate population of not less than twenty-seven millions, and in the whole empire there were at least two hundred millions—a fifth of the population of the earth. Great Britain stood confessedly at the head of nations—Russia, which in 1742 played no serious part in the politics of Europe, had been advanced to the second position—France occupied the third place, Austria the fourth, and Turkey the last. Besides all these powers, one had sprung up in the west, with a promise of being, at some time or another—probably not a very distant one—the mistress of the destinies of mankind, not only for generations, but centuries. Therefore, with all our knowledge of the past, and intimate acquaintance with the present, dare we ask ourselves what we think will be the condition of the political world and of society in 1952—when that aloe, so lately decked with flowers, will again put forth its scentless columns of bloom, to excite in the sensitive and reflecting far more awe than admiration?

This is not the age of vaticination, but it is essentially that of speculation. And as the doctrine of probabilities is capable of mathematical demonstration, we may be allowed—or so might any one similarly influenced—to fall into a half-musing, half-dreaming frame of mind, and endeavour to fancy what description of year that 1952 is likely to be?

It is just a century hence. Few living now will be in existence then; but there *will* be a few—for, as now almost every year we are informed of a centenarian taking his or her farewell of the pains or pleasures of this life, so there is a strong probability that, a hundred years hence, many babes living now, will be living men and women then; but as an average generation among the inhabitants of these islands is only thirty-three years, it follows that, before that time shall have arrived, three generations of the aggregate population of this kingdom will have passed away—child, grandchild, and great grandchild, will have all been gathered in the tomb—before the opening of that inscrutable 1952. But notwithstanding this repelling fact, with the experiences of the past before us, and narrowly observing the indications of the present, we may consistently place ourselves on the centre of the bridge of passing time, and attempt to discern some of the hues of that future, stretching illimitably beyond the horizon, built up like a huge wall, to prevent our peering too curiously into a territory in which our vested interest will be dust and ashes, and, for every nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand of us, oblivion.

A poet to whom some glimpses of futurity were permitted, has said that

Coming events cast their shadows before.

We believe it—for the law of sequences may be laid down with precision, and what the sceptical would place in the category of guesses, are really well-founded anticipations. So that it is not unreasonable to speculate upon the aspect of the world a hundred years hence. In the first place, then, what, probably, will be the territorial divisions of the earth at the end of that period? Turkey, most assuredly, will have long ceased to exist. Already she is staggering under the weight of many crimes. Her rude strength and barbaric valour are exhausted. Having despised the arts and sciences, she must now fall before the sweep of their avenging scythes. Besides, the mission of the Turks in Europe was accomplished, when they swept away the last remnants of the old Roman empire. Ever afterwards they were intruders, aliens in blood, language, and social discipline, to the soil of Europe. But who, in 1952, will reign at Constantinople in their stead—the Russians, or some new and intermediate power? The twelve millions of Christians at present in Turkey desire the latter; but Russia is too powerful to permit a new enemy to take up a dangerous position on its southern frontier, and thus effectually arrest its march to the shores of the Mediterranean, and prevent the realisation of the ambitious dream of centuries. No! Destiny and circumstances, visible as the stars flashing in beauty on a cloudless night, point to Russia as the destroyer of the Turkish empire, and the creator of new and startling conditions in the history of mankind. The spirit of aggrandisement in Russia is not local—it is national. It is not confined to the Czar and the nobles, but pervades all classes of the Russian community: priests, tradesmen, and peasants are as much inspired by it as the army—which, after the ancient fashion, marches to battle under the cross, and to music breathing the conviction that "God commands it." The advance of such a people is natural and inevitable. *They are rushing to the sea, the element on which the future destinies of the world are to be decided.* Whatever nation has the empire of the sea, has virtually the whole earth for its empire. This Russia instinctively understands.

As the roll of civilisation is westward, the ocean must for ages be the great highway of nations. In time—perhaps in 1952—the sea must certainly yield precedence to the air; ballooning to the coming mode of transit is

what the humble tea-kettle was to the fertile brain of the improver of the steam-engine. But until that time arrives, the sea must be considered as the magnetised link between the east and the west—the azure main on whose bosom will occur the events that will determine the character of future human experiences. Russia has accepted this doctrine in its full significance, and it is instructive to dwell on the fact, that the whole course of Muscovite history has been a frantic struggle to reach the sea.

So late as the middle of the sixteenth century, the Russians had no ports except Archangel, in the White Sea, which the English had discovered for them. They were shut out from the rest of the world. Ivan IV. first broke through this isolation, by descending to the mouths of the Volga, and establishing himself on the shores of the Caspian Sea. Peter the Great, at the opposite extremity of the Russian dominions, founded St. Petersburg, and so brought his empire in communication with the seas of the western world. The great Catherine made a splendid march southward, and Russia was mistress of the Black Sea. In short, the whole course of Russian policy has been to devour all the land which lay between Moscow and the sea—so that, by a consecutive series of occupations, the empire might be extended in all directions, but more especially towards Constantinople, the Mediterranean, and the East Indies.

Upon a dispassionate review of all these achievements, and a calm consideration of present appearances and tendencies, it may safely be predicted, that in 1952 Russia will be one of the mightiest nations the world ever saw. By the conquest of Turkey, her southern capital will be at Constantinople—her northern will still remain at St. Petersburg. By the subjugation of Persia—another worn-out Mussulman nation—she will have acquired the Persian Gulf, and thus be enabled, not only to participate in the commerce of the East, but send war fleets to the shores of India, and through the passes of Cabul pour prodigious armies on the plains of India, where unquestionably the contest for the empire of the Old World will eventually be determined. But in this diffusion of her enormous strength will be found Russia's greatest weakness. She will become enervated by success. While basking in the luxuriant regions of the south and east, she will be apt to forget the dreary north from which she sprang; and thus there will be presented once more to the world, the spectacle of an empire with two capitals, and, consequently, divided interests, being first separated into moieties, and then each part gradually crumbling away into many distinct nationalities.

However, a century hence we anticipate for Russia the most astounding greatness. She will be in antagonism with the other half of the earth, and no less than four-fifths of the aggregate population of that period. But when she has purged the world of Mahomedanism—a mission she has accepted, and to which she seems to have been appointed—she will be encountered by influences stronger, purer, and more spiritual, than those which inspired her to go forth to conquer and to obtain dominion. In the East she will be met by a people who, emancipated from the forms of centuries, will, for the first time in their career, have fairly and cheerfully entered into the bosom of the great human family. The recent revolutions in China must create a tremendous revolution in the affairs of the East. The circumstance of two hundred millions of people springing, as it were, from the grave, must thrill through all nations like an electric shock. It must quicken the pulse of human energy, and if it has gone fast before, make it go inconceivably faster. And when we come to consider that China has a sea-coast of three thousand six hundred miles in length, we are introduced to the suggestion, that a new commerce of vast extent is on the eve of being inaugurated, and that, a century hence, it is probable that it will only be second to that enjoyed by those superb maritime communities who have not only changed the face of the world, but made it look more beautiful and heavenly. China renovated and China Christianised will, therefore, present to Russia an insurmountable barrier in the East: it will be the great wall against which all her prowess will be exerted in vain. If to this new power we add the large islands in the Eastern seas—the Japan group, for instance, all highly susceptible to the truths of Christianity—which will have been brought within the pale of civilisation, we can easily imagine a gigantic array of interests totally irreconcilable with, and impervious to, the ambitious designs of Russia, in those fruitful and densely-populated regions of the East which have so long been the wonder and mystery of the rest of the inhabitants of the world.

The tendencies of politics, and the movements of races and nations, then, seem to demonstrate that the conquests of Russia would strictly be confined to Europe and Western Asia. Now, for England and civilisation, the question arises—Will she, in the year 1952, have menaced or occupied any portion of India? Being in possession of the Cabul passes—those gates through which so many ruthless conquerors have passed—she may have invaded India, *d la Tamerlane*; but unless she had the sovereignty of the seas, she would not be in a condition for retaining permanent possession of any place east of the Indus. Now, as we shall presently show that in 1952 another power will be undisputed mistress of the oceans of the globe, it follows, that as India cannot be retained by any power whose sole supremacy is on the land, it must inevitably belong to that nation, or that community of interests, whose march—to quote the language of poetry—"is on the wave, whose home is on the deep." For the future, therefore, the greatest maritime power of the age must be at the head of all the empires of that age—in fact, be the arbiter-general of the affairs of the whole human race. India being essentially a link in that naval supremacy, can never belong to Russia, until

she has established for herself a commerce superior in point of importance to that of Western Europe and America combined. That, even our limited powers of vaticination enable us to say will never happen; for, before the Russians could possibly have a superior command at sea, the Anglo-Saxon race must have long ago been exterminated: that it at present is the most vigorous, healthful, and promising, it needs no ghost from the grave to tell us.

It being conceded that Russia, a century hence, will be a mighty nation, our thoughts naturally turn with fond affection to those states of Western Europe, which have created modern civilisation, and are brilliantly contributing to the advancement of the whole of the human family.

There is Austria, rich in numbers but poor in character. Oppressed with bigotry and ignorance, she cannot possibly survive another century. Her political and moral soil are volcanic. The eruption even now is imminent; and when it does come, we have a strong impression that out of the ashes of Austrian authority, there will spring an empire extending from the Rhine to the Vistula, and embracing within its limits not only the modern kingdoms and principalities of Germany, but Hungary and what are now termed the Danubian provinces of Turkey—so as to oppose in the West an impassable barrier to the march of Russia. This great empire would be a Germany, instinct with the highest intelligence, the loftiest patriotism, and the best developments of which the age would be capable. It is only allowed us to pray for its realisation; but we nevertheless think it not only possible, but very probable. Then, upon the dismemberment of the Austrian federation, there would be Italy to be disposed of. Now, though that beautiful land is invested with a thousand glorious traditions—though its soil teems with countless stirring memoirs of the past—we cannot shut our eyes to the impression that its regeneration is hopeless under Italian rule. Its very traditions are to it an Old Man of the Mountain, which it would scarcely attempt to shake off its shoulders. No—Italy appears destined to be incorporated with another state, its people fused with another people. And here geography and circumstances indicate France as its future mistress.

The populations of Spain and Portugal are in a similar position. Their institutions are an incubus, and no better fate could befall them than an incorporation in a federation, including Belgium and Holland, of which the more youthful, energetic, and largest state—France—should be the head. This would give France—the natural guardian of the Mediterranean—a position which would more than counterbalance the conquests of Russia in Europe and Asia Minor. At all events, it would neutralise its power on the waters of the Mediterranean, and relieve England from a guardianship more costly than beneficial to her vital interests. Should Russia persevere in her ulterior views of aggrandisement—as there is not the slightest doubt she will—some such arrangement will be necessary and inevitable. The moment Russia has seized upon Constantinople, England, in sheer self-defence, will pounce upon Egypt—and then France, in the *mêlée* that will ensue, will develop her schemes of conquest; so that, a hundred years hence, the probabilities are all in favour of the map of Europe being strangely altered, and France ranking as the first of the continental powers. There would be nothing unnatural in this—for France, as regards its resources in population and mere physical material, is still a young country. As an organised state, it is not so old as England; and on all hands it must be admitted that, owing to her wretched government, her ruinous wars, and the recent date of her commercial relations with other countries, she has not had that fair share of prosperity and of dominion among the nations of the world to which she is entitled by her genius, activity, and splendid position. Such an union would be less powerful, as affecting England, than the Spanish empire was under Charles V.; and, considering the exigencies which are fast arising, it could not be considered in any other light than an immense advantage. England and France are each rapidly discarding their old and insane ideas of rivalry and enmity. They are beginning mutually to feel that in the political world their interests are identical, and that all rancour, grudges, and jealousies between them are nothing more than outrages of the law of Providence and the gospel common to both, which teaches them to know and do better. We may reasonably conclude, then, that in 1952 France and England will be in close and loving alliance—that France will be quite as great as Russia in the extended circumference of the politics denominated European—and that England will be—ay, what will England be—what will that astonishing year we are doomed never to see, exhibit England as being? That is the question.

Now we must frankly contend that such a question neither puzzles the will nor makes fools of any of the other senses. The lamp that lights Russia on her mission, must also light England; and no sentiment of national vanity dictates the assertion, that we are prepared to prove, by a very common-sense working of the rule of probabilities, that in 1952 England will not only continue to be the foremost nation of the earth, but, through her family connections spread all over the world, as supremely grand and magnificent then, as she is great and majestic now. The current of destiny which runs through all nations, through all society—barbarous as well as civilised—through races, individuals, and circumstances, cannot be turned from its course, except by a decree from a Power on High. Therefore, seeing how the current is running, and whither it is tending, we are justified in anticipating for England an ultimate condition as magnificent as the mind of the largest-brained and best-educated man could imagine.

But, as the American also that suggested this article will bloom a hundred years hence, we must confine ourselves to the probable England of that period—being con-

tent with the remark, that we do not believe that then she will have attained the culminating point in her greatness; for, travel as fast as she may, she has more work to accomplish than she could conveniently cram into five hundred years. The speculation, therefore, to be entertained is, what is it likely the England of 1952 will be? The population claims the first attention.

The natural rate of increase of population in these islands is about one per cent. per annum: so that, if allowed to accumulate without interruption for a century, it would not be less, in 1952, than sixty millions; but, inasmuch as emigration, and a variety of causes incidental to commerce and manufactures, lessen that rate by almost one half, assuming the population now to be twenty-seven millions, at the end of the century it would be about forty millions. The money value of these twenty-seven millions is represented by a capital of four thousand millions of pounds—which gives about £148 per head as the average value of every man, woman, and child at present in the United Kingdom. Now, if we suppose that this capital accumulates at the rate of five per cent. per annum, at simple interest alone, at the end of another century the money value of the forty millions would not be less than twenty-four thousand millions of pounds—which would give, as the average value of each and every inhabitant, the sum of five hundred pounds: thus showing that it is practicable, in the course of one hundred years—supposing the permanency of the present rate of prosperity—to improve the condition of every individual in the proportion of three and a half to one. The majority would not be benefited to that extent; but, as the working classes of that day would have a clearer knowledge of themselves and their interests, they would be in a position to command a more adequate share of the profits of labour and production, than those of the present day receive. Owing to the increase of population, and the consequent rise in the prices of commodities all over the world, the forty thousand millions might not be much richer—or, we should say, be worth more—than the present twenty-seven millions are; but, as there is no precedent for provisions being more than trebled in price in the course of a hundred years, and in the presence of the fact, that every year the facilities for the production of manufactures are wonderfully multiplied—and of course the cost lessened in proportion—it is only reasonable to expect, that every one of the forty millions will be worth just double what every one of the present twenty-seven millions is—or, in round numbers, be valued at just £300 per head: so that the wealth of the country, measured by the prices of the day, would be not less than £12,000,000,000! which, at five per cent., would yield a yearly income of six hundred millions of pounds.

But for the sake of our argument, we must take the previous figures, and say, that in the year 1952 it is quite possible and probable for England to have a population of forty millions, represented by a money value of twenty-four thousand millions—or just double the amount of the value of all Europe in the present year. What a prodigious array of figures! What a stupendous mass of accumulations to be garnered up in one little nook of the earth! But that would be only the gross material results. Piled behind them, like a rampart of metal purer than virgin gold, would be the men and women of the United Kingdom—the valour, the beauty, the energy, the virtue, the genius, and soul-reaching and ennobling purposes of the bravest and fairest of that indomitable Anglo-Saxon race, to whom the Almighty seems to have delegated the task of putting round the globe a girdle of human beings matchless for bone, sinew, and nerve, volume of brain, and bold, unshrinking resolve of heart. Then there would be the English settlements in both hemispheres. Many of them, most likely, would not be colonies—they would be large independent states; but the bonds of affection and interest would be only drawn the closer, and the connection with the mother country, as with the United States of the present day, be more extended and more reciprocally advantageous.

Verily the England of 1952 will be a splendid marvel. She will be the blooming mother of a hundred nations; but the greatest marvel of that year will be found on the continent of America, along the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and amid those lovely islands of the Southern Seas, which the enterprise of English navigators opened up to the knowledge of the western world. In those vast regions, the Anglo-Saxon race will be found in their meridian glory—the most numerous, the most compact, the most civilised of the human family.

There are in the world, in this year, not less than sixty millions of Anglo-Saxons. Now, as they are doubled in number in half a century, in 1952 they will have swelled to the enormous amount of two hundred and forty millions! Two hundred and forty millions of human beings, all speaking one language, borrowing inspiration from one literature, contributing equally to the store-house of science, animated by kindred sentiments, worshipping at the same shrine, and all and each of them indefatigably contributing to the fulfilment of the mission specially given to the race, to renovate, consolidate, enlighten, strengthen, and Christianise the sons and daughters of Adam, so that, in the appointed time, they would be indeed the sons and daughters of the bright and heavenly morning!

What a prodigious family! The mind staggers under the bare conception of its magnificence, and we pause to glance at some of its coming incidents, in their sober entirety. Upon a moderate computation, one hundred and fifty millions of this population will be located on the continent of America. A vast proportion of it will be a maritime population, situated on the shores of the Pacific, where Liverpools and New Yorks will send out their ships to trade with the islands of the Pacific Ocean, with Australia and New Zealand, and, further westward, with Japan, China, Burmah, India, and even Persia, although a Russian province. From these promises of a future

which has already peered above the horizon, it is quite manifest that the British and the Anglo-Saxons in America and our present Australasian group of colonies, will be lords of the seas in the southern world; and that, whether India be independent—which is very unlikely—or British or American, it can never possibly be Russian. So that, as regards that apprehension, it is very remote; the aspect of the present guarantees to posterity that it will never be realised.

And now, having travelled the world round to find a character for that certain-to-be grand and extraordinary year 1952, we may consistently conclude with the exclamation, that in its practical, moral, and intellectual aspects, its promises give—even to us, so remote from it—distinct, though prophetic views of its unparalleled grandeur. In the physical regions created and controlled by man, there will undoubtedly be many stupendous revelations. In travelling, whether on land or water, the people of that day will call us slow, as we call those who lived a century ago slow. The voyage to New York will probably be effected in two days; to India or Australia in eleven; which would be just at the rate of about sixty miles an hour—the present speed attainable on an English railway. Fresh powers will have been brought into requisition, and probably, instead of travelling by steam, it will be by electricity. The resources of science are inexhaustible; and even the present generation may live long enough to see a motive power that pervades the universe made more serviceable to humanity than it is in transmitting messages or precipitating metals.

But whatever the agent employed may be, the law of deduction applied to the realisations of the present authorises us to pronounce in favour of the opinion, that a hundred years hence all the families of the earth will have been drawn closer together; and, as a consequence, those interests, ideas, and sentiments which are now local, made to contribute to a common fund, which shall in time produce the true cosmopolitan idea which philosophers have dreamed about, and poets, in their noble ardour, eulogised. The ægis of a purer wisdom will be extended over at least Europe and America, and the press on both continents, in its action, be a mutual exposition of a wide-spread determination to approach nearer to that Divine universal law which, sooner or later, must regulate the conduct of all mankind. The arts, sciences, and literature will be developed to a condition of Titanic magnificence—the life of man prolonged far beyond the meagre limits of threescore and ten years—the outer and inner existence of every member of the human circle of intelligence have become purer, more spiritualised—and the Christianity which first laid the foundations, and whose charitableness object is to conduct modern civilisation to its utmost developments, be purged of all differences of opinion, relieved of all hideous excrescences, and so perfected in its discipline, as to shine throughout the whole earth as brightly and sweetly as doth the generous sun on hearts that can hymn gratefully, and beat to none but God-like impulses, whether their earthly lots be lowly or exalted.

J. P. H.

JULLIEN'S EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

JULLIEN was first noticed as leader of the concerts at the Jardin Turc, at Paris, since built over. A large house now stands where he once stood, as we have also so often seen him in London, with primrose gloves and shirt-cuffs turned up to the elbow, wielding the sceptre of king of the orchestra. It was during his reign at the Jardin Turc that, according to M. Lecomte, the following accident happened to him: "He had an extraordinary duel, unprecedented, save among Ariosto's fabulous heroes. One of his musicians, who had been fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound; and his antagonist having naturally let go his sword, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow, after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards, Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris. The circumstances which decided him to quit Paris were, like everything in his life, singular and out of the common way. Having some cause of complaint against the authorities, he revenged himself by the composition of an old posting bill, in which a combination of letters, put in larger type than the others, formed, when seen from a distance, a word offensive to the police. He had to run for it, and then it was he went to England."

FOOLHARDINESS.—At Fort Puntales, a cannon-shot from the enemy buried itself in the sand-bags in front of one of the buildings, and a second followed exactly in the same direction, not even widening the opening the first had made. A soldier belonging to a fatigue party of the 88th regiment, on seeing this, put the side of his head against the hole, simply saying to his comrades, "Now you shall see if they are good marksmen;" but the next shot that was fired, and every succeeding one for several minutes, went wide of the mark.

FACTIAL.

FISHING FOR A COMPLIMENT.—Dr. EMMONS ON PREACHING.—A young man having preached for the doctor one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labour of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either!" The young man was silent.

A fellow who was being led to execution told the officers they must not take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt.

Dr. ROYLE tells us that the poor native of India smokes upon the bosom of his mother earth, by digging with his finger two small holes in a clay soil, and boring a tunnel between them with a piece of stick. He puts tobacco into one hole, lights it, and, lying down upon the ground, applies his mouth over the other.

"I guess you mean to bring up that are young one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing with all her might to a "little responsibility." "Why?" said she. "Cause you keep bawling 'By low baby, by low baby,' into his ears all the time."

A FATAL REGION.—A couple of friends met near the Custom House one day, when, after the usual salutations, one said to the other: "Well, poor Horton is dead!"—alluding to one of their acquaintances who died suddenly. "Oh, yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died here this year that never died before!"

A celebrated writer of vaudevilles, being caught in a shower, took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and, after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent out a servant to him with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming, and, as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a souvenir, and, purchasing a new one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella, evidently without remarking the change, and, after listening, with curious gravity, to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was enamoured of her, and forthwith *naively* explained, that as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come to see her, unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off the front steps!

An English writer tells of an enthusiastic disciple of Walton, who, chiding him on account of his vexation at not realising so much sport as he expected from angling, coolly told him that "he would never make an angler, if he could not fish a whole day in a bucket of water without showing impatience!"

A boy who was troubled with the toothache, determined to have it extracted; but there being no dentist living near, he resolved to do the job himself—whereupon he filled the cavity with powder, but, being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, and ran.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?—Females are called the weaker sex—but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half-cover their heads with straw-bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open carriage, facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco-smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been greater than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Hers is a state of endurance which man could not bear.

CATECHISM FOR YOUNG GIRLS WHO WISH TO BE MARRIED.—A few weeks since two Paris booksellers appeared before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of that city, to dispute the ownership of a singular morsel of literature, entitled "Instructions to Grown Girls who wish to be Married." In the course of the proceedings some passages of the catechism were read, which caused great amusement. The following is a specimen: "What is the most useful of all things for grown girls?—Matrimony. At what age ought girls to marry?—According as they are pretty. At what age ought the prettiest girls to marry?—At 16 or 18 years. But if they are not pretty, at what age?—Whenever they can get a lover; they must not lose an opportunity. When a girl has not a lover, what must she do to get one?—There are many means. What are those means?—First, she must have prudence and modesty; second, she must show herself industrious and a good manager; third, she must always be very neat in her dress; and, fourth, she must not dress above her station—for that will drive away lovers rather than attract them. When a girl has a lover to her taste, what must she do not to lose him?—She must love him

truly, speak to him kindly, be always in good humour before him, and not coquette too much with his rivals. When a girl is demanded in marriage what ought she to say?—She ought to appear very much surprised, and then to say that she was not aware that a person for whom she had so much respect had ever thought of her."

A house painter in London grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

FANNY FERN ON HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—"If your husband looks grave, let him alone; don't disturb or annoy him." Oh, pshaw! when I'm married, the soberer my husband looked, the more fun I'd rattle about his ears. "Don't disturb him!" I guess so! I'd salt his coffee, and pepper his tea, and sugar his beefsteak, and tread on his toes, and hide his newspaper, and sew up his pockets, and wouldn't stop for the Great Mogul, till I had shortened his face to my liking. Certainly he'd "get vexed"—there wouldn't be any fun in teasing him if he didn't—and that would give his melancholy blood a good healthful start, and his eyes would snap and sparkle, and he'd say: "Fanny, will you be quiet or not?" and I should laugh and pull his whiskers, and say, decidedly, "Not!" and then I should tell him I hadn't the slightest idea how handsome he looked when he was vexed—and then he would pretend not to hear the compliment, but would pull up his dickey, and take a sly peep in the glass (for all that!) and then he'd begin to grow amiable, and get off his stilts, and be just as agreeable all the rest of the evening as if he wasn't my husband—and all because I didn't follow that stupid advice, "to let him alone." Just as if I didn't know! Just imagine me, Fanny, sitting down on a cricket in the corner, with my forefinger in my mouth, looking out of the sides of my eyes, and waiting till that man got ready to speak to me! You can see at once it would be—be. Well, the amount of it is, I shouldn't do it.

AN UNINTENTIONAL LISTENER.—Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village called "The Centre." Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a "dance"—and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux." One interesting young man having "imbibed" rather too freely, became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to "retire for a short rest." A door ajar near the dancing-hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession, with the prospect of an undisturbed "snooze." It so happened, however, that this was the "ladies' withdrawing-room"—and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their "seck") which ran on in this wise: "What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?" "La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me?" "About you? Why sartin; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room." Whereupon the dear things chuckled, "fixed up" a little more, and made off towards the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door, when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired: "Have you heard anything about me, gals?"

HOW THE WIDOW TOLD THE BACHELOR, AND THE BACHELOR TOLLED THE WIDOW.—Snow had fallen; the young of the village had got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe as myself. "Oh—oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked; "I'm not going to do anything." "Well, but I thought you were going to 'take toll,'" replied Mrs. Lambkin. "Toll!" I rejoined; "what's that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells; "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is!" "Indeed, I don't, then!" I said, laughing in turn. "Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll, when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!" When next we came to a bridge, and I claimed toll, the struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it; and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotting on himself, toll was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge; but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

THE BEST METHOD OF DISPENSING MEDICINE.—Dispensing with it altogether.—Punch.

THE DOOM OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—The Act has at length passed for the total destruction of Westminster Bridge, and another bridge is to succeed, which, if it is really to succeed, must be as unlike as possible to the existing bridge, which has been a complete failure. The career of this bridge has been downward from the first, and its continuance has been a phenomenon similar to that which is illustrated by the old saying, that "a creaking door hangs long upon the hinges." Westminster Bridge

has been, as long as we can remember, "going, going, going;" and it has been a matter of constant wonder that it had never yet "gone." We have never, on traversing it, been able to look back upon it with the respect due to "the bridge that carries us safely over;" for we have always felt that the safety was due rather to good fortune than to any merit the bridge itself had to rest upon. We cannot help feeling delight that an Act of Parliament will at last put this unhappy old bridge out of its misery, instead of sanctioning the further infliction of the painful operations to which it has been subjected. The poor old bridge is no longer to be maimed and mutilated, but it is to be made away with once and for ever. It has already undergone the process of trepanning, by having something removed from its crown, and it has long ago been able to boast of nothing better than wooden legs, by the process of giving it timbers to stand upon, as well as wooden arms, by the substitution of wood-work for its old original balustrades. We are delighted that the old nuisance will not be suffered to die in its bed, or rather in the bed of the river, into which it daily threatened to tumble. Westminster Bridge has, indeed, had a fair trial, for it has been tried by its piers, and its condemnation has been the inevitable result, for its piers have been, perhaps, the chief cause of its downfall.—*Ibid.*

SCREAMING.—A term generally applied to refractory children, and Adelphi farces!—*Ibid.*

CURE FOR A CUT.—Buy a new suit of clothes.—*Ibid.*

THE FASHIONABLE EPIDEMIC.—There is a curious epidemic flying about—we hardly know what it is—but it attacks principally the highest and the middle classes. So very contagious is it, and so certain in its effects, that, to our knowledge alone, no less than 5632 families, principally residing, at the West End, have been ordered by their physicians to leave town immediately, for "change of air."—*Ibid.*

WALLS HAVE TEARS.—A complaint against damp houses has been recently made by a letter-writer in the *Times*, who says he has suffered severely from wet walls. We are happy in suggesting an efficient remedy, by recommending that the walls of new houses should be papered with Parliamentary speeches, the usual dryness of which would, we are convinced, render any little dampness impossible.—*Ibid.*

PASSPORTS IMPROVED.—There was a talk of passports being issued with photographic portraits. Men may not object to this plan, as they do not care so much for a little disfigurement; but we doubt strongly if ladies will ever give their countenances to it. It is well known that photographic portraits do not improve the beauty of any one. They give the features of the "human face divine," but without the slightest touch of flattery. Worse than this, if there should be any little defect, the cruel metal does not trouble itself in the least to conceal it, but has the vulgarity to render it in all its staring obliquity or deformity. We have our fears, therefore, that this very unfashionable system of portrait painting will never suit the ladies. It goes upon the Antipodean theory of making the pretty faces appear ugly, and the ugly ones still uglier. We are confident that no lady who has any respect for herself, or her husband, will face such an ordeal. Some other plan must be invented by the police, or else there will be an end to all travelling on the part of our ladies. Where is the woman who would care about going abroad, when she was liable to be stopped at every minute, and forced to produce, for the amusement of some coarse gendarme, an ugly photographic portrait of herself? We propose, therefore, that the following system be adopted: Let M. Baugniet, or some other artist as clever in taking portraits, be constantly in attendance at the passport office. He would strike off a likeness in a very short time—such a likeness as delicately flattered, the lady herself would take a positive pleasure in producing every time she was asked for it. It would be an elegant work of art; which the lady would like, probably, to preserve by her, and the possession of which would also materially enhance the pleasures of travelling. All the expenses to be paid, of course, by the State—for it would be a most ungracious action to ask a lady to pay for her own portrait—or else to be defrayed by the railways, or steam-packets, of the country which the fair traveller intended to visit. The companies would be amply repaid by the influx of passengers, besides having the enviable privilege of claiming copies of all their female visitors. An ample profit, even, might be realised by selling the lithographs—for a lady might be allowed to claim as many copies of her likeness as she pleased, upon the understanding that all copies beyond the one which was given to her for the necessary police purposes of travelling, were to be paid for. A large revenue might be derived from this branch of the passport system—for what lady would hesitate to take a hundred copies of herself, if she was made extremely handsome?—*Ibid.*

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—The *Liverpool Mercury* states, that a Mr. Cooke, of Leicester, intends starting an excursion train to Scotland, which he intends shall stay sufficiently long at Gretna Green to allow of passengers being married. That Cooke is a genius no one will surely have the hardihood to deny: the result of this speculation will unhesitatingly attest the fact. A tremendous rush, such as has never before been witnessed, may be fairly anticipated; and numbers, no doubt, will be disappointed in obtaining tickets either for love or money, even though, in many instances, it may be a single fair. Obdurate guardians, also, and anxious mothers, may be expected to make overtures to a pretty tune to the originator of this scheme, to induce him to abandon the speculation which he has in train; and we prognosticate that the columns of the *Times* about that period will be re-

plete with cabalistic advertisements, imploring deluded relatives to return immediately by a return ticket. As we have not yet discovered any woman foolish enough to ally her fortune to ours, we entertain serious ideas of taking a ticket ourselves—so that, in the event of our remarking any young lady with a superabundant quantity of heavy luggage, we may be in a position to make a proposition *instantly* to lend her a hand. In order to render the undertaking complete, we understand that, upon nearing the Gretna Green Station, the railway officials have received instructions to cry "Gentlemen! get your wedding-rings ready!" and clergymen will be stationed in the refreshment room to provide the requisite spiritual consolation.—*Diogenes.*

A REAL CHINESE PUZZLE.—Many of our friends are acquainted with the Chinese puzzles, which are so difficult to put together, and which are generally considered the most ingenious and troublesome things ever invented. We were requested the other day to do for words what the Chinese mechanics had done for wooden forms, and to produce a riddle of Chinese origin which it should be utterly impossible to guess. After half a second's calm reflection, we came out with the following: Q. Why may it be supposed that the capital of China and a town in China belonging to the English, possess the finest selection of everything? A. Because they are always Peking and Chusan (which, being interpreted, means "picking and choosing").—*Ibid.*

Giv is not only a mockery and a delusion, but (as you will see in the Dictionary) also a snare.—*Ibid.*

MAXIMS FOR CARMEN.

If you want oats for your horses you must cease giving chaff to your passengers.

If you don't bate your charges you can't bait your chargers.

If you must no longer skin the public, you must go a mile for a tanner.—*Ibid.*

SOME people think that Czar Nicholas will, as regards the treaties of 1815, be himself the Arbitrator.—*Ibid.*

SIXPENCE is the allowance per mile of Ministers, and therefore it is called the Cabbie "net"-fare!—*Ibid.*

SONG OF THE HAT-TURNER.

All round the hat we form magnetic circles,—

All round the hat, for a great part of the day;

And if any one asks us the way in which we turn it,

It's done by pushing gently, if you all push one way.

Ibid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO GET OUT IF THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE.—In the course of a recent inquest in London, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, observed, that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact, that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils, they could effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest mode would be to envelope the head and face completely in the damp cloth.

A MONSTER TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.—A crowd of curious gazers was assembled on the Quai d'Orleans around a wagon, which, from its size and proportions, might well be called the Imperial wagon. It was neither more nor less than a residence, with every convenience, including a dining-room, a bedchamber, with its appurtenances, a kitchen, a cool cellar, in which fifty bottles of wine can be kept in iced water; in short, everything which can be desired in a comfortable residence. This caravan has been built to the order of M. le Comte de C—, who superintended its construction at the factory of M. Polincran. The proprietor intends it for his own use and that of his family, and will shortly set out on a tour of Europe. Its completion has cost 44,000 francs.

EXTRAORDINARY SITE OF A TREE.—At the village of Witherly, in Leicestershire, seven miles from Market Bosworth, a gooseberry tree, with a stalk as thick as a stout man's thumb, and the bush from four to five feet in diameter, may be seen springing out of the joint in the stone wall of the church tower, at a height of eighty-four feet from the ground. It has grown there for a century or more, thriving greatly in moist seasons, and dwindling and pining during the drought. The seed was probably dropped where it has germinated by a bird. Mr. W. Ward, of Hylton Street, who has known this curiously-situated tree for more than fifty years, has shown us a strong offshoot taken from it the other day, and some good sized gooseberries which it bore.—*Worcester Chronicle.*

THE SAXON SHILLING.—A recruiting sergeant of the Royal Marines was sent to this part of the country, a short time since, to enrol such tidy boys as he could pick up. He opened his batteries at Rostrevor, where he remained for six weeks, but during that time didn't get as much as one solitary offer. He next tried Newry, and, after ten days' marching and countermarching, it was worse luck with him: he couldn't even get a promising-looking spalpeen to bid him the time of day. As a last resource, he headed to Dundalk, but there he was, if possible, still more luckless. For eight weary days did he pace its rough-paved streets, cane in hand, and ribbons flying, but not as much as a "how do you do" could he extract from "the boys"—and so he left in disappointment and despair. This is one of the fruits of emigration—certainly not the worst—but when we know that for want of labour the land of Ireland is neglected—running to bog and wild common—people ought to think a little more than they do upon this question.

THE SWEARING ROOM.—A short time since, a genteelly-dressed man, and having all the appearance of a gentleman, walked into the bar-room of one of our most respectable hotels, and—perhaps by way of showing his consequence—strutted about the room, asking questions, and interlarding his language with an amount of oaths, especially annoying to the landlord and several other persons present. The landlord at last went to him, and, quietly calling him aside, told him that the language he was using was exceedingly disagreeable in that place; further, that there was a private room, particularly fitted up, which was called the "swearing room," and if he would only go there, he might swear to his heart's content. The stranger took the rebuke kindly, and no more swearing was heard from his lips at that time.—*Baltimore Sun.*

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.—An extraordinary accident occurred at Latton, near Cricklade, lately. It appears that the Rev. George Master, of Cirencester, had just arrived at the vicarage, accompanied by Lady Carteret and several children. Scarcely had her ladyship alighted from the carriage, when one of the horses, in throwing its head up and down, caught the bar of the bit in the pole of the carriage, and, not being able quickly to extricate itself, the mullin was slipped off in the struggle, which so frightened the horse that he started off at a furious rate—his companion joining in the race. At the end of the avenue the entrance-gate was closed; but both horses took it in a leap and cleared it, and the carriage wheels, coming immediately in contact, smashed the gate, but passed over it, without any damage of consequence to the vehicle. The horses were almost immediately stopped by the coolness and nerve of Mr. Master, who had all this time retained his seat and the reins, and thus miraculously escaped unhurt.—*Wilt's Mirror.*

CURIOUS SNAKE STORY.—Marie Janze, wife of a farmer of Tarascon, went a few days ago to wash her linen in the Ariège, taking her child with her. All at once she saw a snake a yard and a half long, which made a spring at her, attracted probably by the smell of milk from her breast, she being a wet-nurse. The reptile attempted to enter her mouth, but, not being able to do so, wound itself round her neck, and bit her severely. The terrified woman made efforts to pull it from her neck, and her son, uttering piercing cries, hastened to her assistance. At last she succeeded in casting the snake from her; but, instead of taking to flight, it looked furiously at her, and raised itself as if preparing to spring. The woman, dreadfully frightened, shrieked wildly. A young man came up, and, boldly attacking the reptile with a stick, succeeded in killing it. If the woman had been left to herself, she would probably have died from convulsions caused by fear. As it is, serious consequences may ensue. Her face bears the mark of the reptile's bite, and her neck is scratched by its folds.—*French Paper.*

A CHEAPER LIGHT THAN GAS.—On the road leading to the port, we were forcibly struck by a spectacle which our stay of two years, in the hottest part of the tropics, might have rendered familiar to us; but previously I had nowhere seen such an innumerable quantity of phosphorescent insects. The grass that overspread the ground, the branches and foliage of the trees, all shone with that reddish and moveable light, which varies in its intensity at the will of the animal by which it is produced. It seemed as though the starry firmament reposed on the savannah. In the hut of the poorest inhabitant of the country, fifteen cocuyos, placed in a calabash pierced with holes, afford sufficient light to search for anything during the night. To shake the calabash forcibly is all that is necessary to excite the animal to increase the intensity of the luminous discs situated on each side of its body. The people of the country remark, with a simple truth of expression, that calabashes filled with cocuyos are lanterns always ready lighted. They are, in fact, only extinguished by the sickness or death of the insects, which are easily fed with a little sugar-cane. A young woman at Trinidad de Cuba told us, that during a long and difficult passage from the main-land, she always made use of the phosphorescence of the cocuyos when she gave suck to her child at night. The captain of the ship would allow no other light on board, for fear of the corsairs.—*Humboldt's Travels.*

WONDERFUL MECHANISM IN THE EYES OF BIRDS.—A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are for these purposes furnished with a third eyelid—a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball, by two muscles placed in the back of the eyes. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw a thing towards any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and with the most convenience, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once. Tie a string to a stone, and draw it towards you with one hand; then make a loop on another string, and, running the first through it, draw one string in one hand, not towards you, but sideways, till both strings are in a straight line: you will see how much more easily the stone moves quickly than it did before, when pulled straight forward.—*Brougham's Miscellaneous.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TERRY.—According to the last census, the population of Bradford was 66,508; of Hull, 65,670.

H. B.—The wages of seamen in the merchant navy are reckoned by the month; but to the Australian ports, since the gold discoveries, it has become common to bargain for the run out and home.

JACOBUS.—A gentleman invited to a young lady's birthday party, is not necessarily expected to make her a present. That would depend on the nature of his acquaintanceship with the family. Were he an old and familiar friend he might take the liberty—not otherwise. Good handwriting.

W. Y. S.—Raspberry vinegar is easily made. Mix a quart of vinegar with a quart of red raspberries, mashed; let it stand nine days, or longer, if it has not fermented; then strain it through a fine sieve, and to every pint of liquid add three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar; simmer it gently, and finish by boiling quickly for twenty minutes.

REBEKAH.—Logwood and green copperas are commonly used to make a black dye, but the colour is improved by first boiling the article in a decoction of galls and alder bark. If previously dyed blue or brown, by means of walnut-park, it will be still better.

J. WILLIAMS.—The law of divorce remains in the same state. In the next session of Parliament some alterations may be attempted; but we are sorry to have to inform you that not one of the recommendations of the commissioners appointed to inquire into and report upon the subject, will be of the slightest utility to the working classes.

DROOPING LILY.—Lovers at college are rarely loyal to their boyish feelings or engagements. In a new world they acquire new thoughts and habits. Dissipation is one of the latter. You would do well to familiarise yourself with the idea that his affection has evaporated. It could only have been a boyish sentiment, and that, we all know, soon yields to circumstances and a more extended experience. Depend upon it, it will not be worth your while to think of him but as one dead to you.

W. H.—In walking in the streets of the metropolis, always keep to the right hand. Custom has firmly established the rule, which should be strictly obeyed by both sexes, and never broken, even when a lady is in the case.

W. O. S. has a sweetheart, who, in her letters and manner, is cold and constrained. His friend, on the contrary, corresponds with a girl who is warm and frank. He requests to know which we think the most likely to be true and tender in affection? We should say both would; but, after marriage, the cold sweetheart would probably be the most loving wife. Matrimony thaws the frostiest of hearts. Your frank, "true lover," like girls, not having much ice to thaw, are not so impressive in this respect. A good deal of the sentiment evaporates during courtship. The cold, haughty girl, on the contrary, when metamorphosed into a wife, steps into quite a new existence—her dormant susceptibilities are roused into action, and she becomes the most passionately attached spouse that the most anxious husband could desire. The mode in which the feelings find expression rests with the temperament; and, as a woman's education is not completed until she has been married and had a child, her behaviour and manner during courtship is not to be taken as an infallible index to her future character and disposition.

HARRIET asks in what way she can pass the dull evenings in the country? She requires something to enliven her spirits. The society of a lover would be a radical remedy; but as she appears in that respect to be a neglected and destitute young lady, we recommend some useful study. Drawing, music, and books, unless the temperament is sanguine, soon pall upon the taste. Needlework is also monotonous, but these occupations might be combined with some novel pursuits. A game of chess with an old bachelor would be a relief; but if there is not one at hand, why something else must be resorted to. We can think of nothing at present but the study of some science. Within the past few years, chemistry has been very popular with ladies who find time hanging heavily on their hands.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.—Every man must expect to be thwarted in love once in his life-time. This kind of disappointment seems designed by Providence for the development of his real character. So that you are only undergoing a natural experience. But for your comfort, we must inform you that first love is not always real love—it is more frequently only a sentiment, a passion, depending more on the imagination than anything else for sustenance. It is a storm sent to clear the sultry atmosphere of character of mists and delusions. By-and-bye you will see and reason with more distinctness.

AMY LAWRENCE.—An oath is an invocation to the Deity, to testify to the truth or falsehood of a statement, to witness a pledge, a promise, or an engagement. Its solemnity is only excelled by its awful responsibility. A promise or declaration not ratified by oath, is a matter that concerns the individual conscience. An oath, on the contrary, appeals to, and affects the universal conscience.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.—Your grief for the loss of your friend is ridiculous. A lover lamenting the perfidy of his mistress, could not be more hyperbolically nonsensical. Be a man. Return scorn for scorn. Reciprocate the "cut," and for the future do not be too hasty in forming friendships. A fine exterior often covers a black interior—"A goodly apple may be rotten at the core."

ROBERT MORRIS.—Dislike at first sight is quite as possible as love at first sight. Some temperaments repel—others attract. A nervous, bilious person will not be much disposed to like a red-haired, sanguine, bilious person—and the reverse. Their instincts will not fraternise, hence the sudden repugnance. But in this matter the moral qualities are brought to bear. Vice taints the whole constitution—it affects the manner, the voice, the tone—indeed, it peeps out in a thousand different ways. An honourable man brought into contact with this diseased moral organisation, feels that is so: his inner man consequently draws back from that of the other, and doubt and mistrust take possession of him. It is the same with frank natures having minds similarly disposed. They meet, and there is at once a mutual attraction. Their natures harmonise; but where there is no harmony, there must be repulsion.

ALICE DE BURGH.—Hatchments should correspond to the rank, sex, position, &c., of the deceased. When a bachelor dies, his arms and crest are painted single or quartered, but never impaled; the ground of the hatchment under the shield is all black. When a maiden dies, her arms (but no crest) must be placed in a lozenge, and may be single or quartered, with the ground under the escutcheon all black. When a married man dies, his arms are impaled with his wife's, the ground of the hatchment under his side of the shield is black, his wife's is white; the black side signifies the husband to be dead, and the white side that the wife is living. When a married woman dies, her arms are impaled with her husband's (but no crest), the ground of the hatchment under her side of the shield is black, that of the husband white, to denote that he is living. When a widower dies, his arms are impaled with those of his deceased wife, with his crest, the ground of the hatchment to be all black; the same in the case of a widow, with the exception of the crest. When the man or woman is the last of a family, the death's-head supplies the place of a crest. This is to signify that death has conquered all.

UNHAPPY EMMA must trust in the Providence which never deserts the true and faithful among her loving sex. The friend she pines for is a husband, and as she possesses beauty, talents, and amiability, she may be assured she will neither wish in vain, nor long. As the bright sunshine of a summer's morn brushes away the darkness of night, so does love, when once it has touched the heart, dispel the shadows which have gathered round it, and bestow upon it the celestial fire which turns all it touches to gold—the gold of everlasting life.

HARDWICKE GREEN.—Idleness is the greatest bane of society, as well as of individuals. It corrodes all it touches. The idle man produces nothing, yet he is always in mischief, always potent for evil, yet powerless for good. He is an incumbrance to himself and everybody else, until finally used up in the sheer exhaustion, the ashes of the false charity on which he has subsisted. To society at large, idleness is a cancer eating its way into the heart and soul, until the whole community is affected and ulcerated to the core. The crime—for in its consequences it is a great crime—is always found in the extremes of civilisation, among the very rich and the very poor. The middle and operative classes are never idle. If they were, productive organisation would soon come to an end—Europe would be one vast lazarus-house. Happily for civilisation and the world—indeed every great interest—idleness is the exception, and the countries afflicted with it are a curse and a warning to the rest of mankind.

MARY HOWARD.—You ask us, do we believe in the secret infidelity of men of genius? We do not. There is a certain class of minds which nourishes that plague to every kind of society—atheism—but they are only of the third-rate order, as regards intellectual development. They are generally imperfectly educated persons, with facilities out of which neither education nor circumstances could extract greatness. The man of undoubted genius cannot be an atheist. His soul is too large for suspicion, his capacity too ample for the low opinion, that the present life begins and ends the mission of mankind. It is the little, half-trained minds that doubt. They are neither the ignorant, nor the intellectual—but the half-breeds, the pious, who, like mules, are vicious and mischievous. Minds of majesty and power look beyond the narrow limits of this existence, into worlds upon worlds of beauty and excellence. To them is given visions of immortality, of graduated perfection ending in something inconceivably grand, as well as lovely. Sceptics are not gifted with this Divine power of perception. They grovel in their present nature, and really would seem to be unworthy of any other.

AMATOR asks what we think of the conduct of a young lady with whom he is on familiar terms, who blushes deeply every time they chance to meet, but who, nevertheless, has more than once wounded his feelings by publicly preferring another's society to his, notwithstanding his most urgent protest. Why, that the girl is not insensible to his merit—in fact, loves him—but is a bit of a coquette. Remonstrance with such giddy creatures is out of the question—for a coquette is as perverse as a certain animal. If you try to pull her back, she is sure to go on. Our advice is, to leave her to her girlish folly—it will cure itself. Assume quite a gay, buoyant manner towards her. Thorough indifference is the only dagger that will wound the heart of a flirt, and when once wounded, regrets mingle with its flutterings, and gradually a purer and more womanly feeling begins to pervade her nature.

ARNO.—In heraldry, the supporters are exterior ornaments, placed at the sides of the escutcheon, to support it. They are chiefly animals and birds. The royal supporters, since King James I., have been a lion and unicorn. But the sovereigns of England, from Edward III. to Queen Elizabeth, bore their supporters as follows:

Edward III.	A Lion and Eagle.
Richard II.	Not known.
Henry IV.	White Antelope and White Swan.
Henry V.	Lion and Antelope.
Henry VI.	The same.
Edward IV.	Lion and Black Bull.
Edward V.	Yellow Lion and White Lion.
Richard III.	Yellow Lion and White Boar.
Henry VII.	Lion and Red Dragon.
Henry VIII.	Lion and Silver Greyhound.
Mary	Lion and Greyhound
Elizabeth	The same.

W. WINDER.—To our surprise, we find that the Bishop's Court, at Manchester, does not yet possess testamentary jurisdiction. So that the will of a person dying at Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, would have to be proved before a surrogate of the Chancellor of Chester, and the probate would have to issue in his name and under his seal, from the court at Chester, as has been the custom for centuries past. But the will of a person dying at Bolton, near Lancaster, in Lancashire, would have to be proved before one of the surrogates of the commissary, and the probate issue in his name and under his seal, from the Consistory Court at Lancaster.

JOHN JARMAN, of Longsight, near Manchester, has patented an ingenious machine for measuring corn, seed, pulse, &c. The apparatus consists of a cylinder, round which is fixed external projections, on which revolves, by means of pins or screws, another cylinder, which forms the measure—the top of the bottom cylinder being the bottom of the measure—the projections being fixed at given distances: so that each rim, on which the top cylinder may rest, shows, on an index written in front, the exact measure contained. Large sizes are manufactured with the rims or projections on a graduated scale, the top cylinder revolving round instead of dropping into each. The apparatus is provided with a sliding door—so that the produce is at once transferred. The advantages claimed are, its accuracy, simplicity, and that any quantity can be measured by a single apparatus.

ROBERT THE WORKMAN.—On the subject of strikes, we have hesitated to pronounce an opinion, because, while our sympathy has been with the representatives of labour, we have felt that the representatives of capital had some claim to consideration: Certainly, if the question is looked at from without, the working classes are the principals, the capitalists the subordinates. But as both, *de facto* and *de jure*, the capitalists are the masters and the labourers the servants, it would be absurd to take so narrow a view of the conflicting claims of the rival parties as to say that, when the majority wills it, the minority must yield. That would not be sound political economy; but when we hear the City Police Commissioner contends that wages do not and ought not to rise and fall with the prices of provisions; we can turn round upon him, and not only question his judgment, but ask him what is it that does really regulate the wages remuneration? When a good goose could be bought for a groat, the wages of a labourer were a penny a day. Now, as the money value of everything is higher, wages are necessarily higher. The fact is, that labour is as marketable a commodity as any other—and as it falls with the exigencies of the time, so by the same rule it must rise. But the question is not thoroughly understood on either side, and until it is, its solution must be adjourned *sine die*. Our own impression is, that the scale of wages ought to be regulated by legal assessment. At present it is sought to be adjusted by combinations and strikes—a most unwise proceeding—for those are violent expedients which injure both parties. It will be a long time, however, before an equitable principle in the matter is established. The *laissez faire* principle is all-powerful in society just at present, and no one can see the end of its reign.

E. A. IRE.—You have mistaken friendship for love—an error very common among girls of susceptibility and retired habits. The best cure is to think yourself too good for such a shilly-shally nincompoop.

ELLEN AND HER BROTHER.—The classes to which plants belong, may easily be ascertained by an inspection of the stamens and pistils. The latter are in the centre of the flower, and the former surround the pistils. The terms used, are *andria* for stamens, and *gynia* for pistils. The little prefixes *Mon*, *Di*, *Tri*, *Tetr*, *Pent*, *Hex*, *Hept*, *Oct*, *Enne*, *Dec*, &c., are derived from the Greek numerals, and mean, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten: so that if the student finds a flower with one stamen and two pistils, the class to which it belongs will be *Monandria*, and the order *Digynia*; if with two stamens and three pistils, the class will be *Diandria*, and the order *Trigynia*; if with three stamens and two pistils, the class will be *Triandria*, and the order *Digynia*; if with four stamens and one pistil, the class will be *Tetrandria*, and the order *Monogynia*; if with five stamens and five pistils, the class will be *Pentandria*, and the order *Pentagynia*; if with six stamens and many pistils—*i.e.*, more than can be easily counted—the class will be *Hexandria*, and the order *Polygynia*, because *Poly* means many; if with seven stamens and four pistils, the class will be *Heptandria*, and the order *Tetragynia*; if with eight stamens and one pistil, the class will be *Octandria*, and the order *Monogynia*; if with nine stamens and six pistils, the class will be *Enneandria*, and the order *Hexagynia*; if with ten stamens and ten pistils, the class will be *Decandria*, and the order *Decagynia*.

JAMES REYNOLDS.—The expense of carrying out your suggestion would materially interfere with its practicability; but we think that if the state of the weather every day, in the large towns and the different places of resort for health and pleasure, were known at some central spot in the metropolis—Charing Cross for instance—it would be a great public convenience. To excursionists the information would be invaluable, and we think the railway companies would be materially benefited by such diurnal meteorological reports.

R. A. D.—Either the Aztecs—so called—are impostitions—children of the "What is it?" tribe, or they are abortions, picked up among the Mexican Indians. If they are neither, they are, as we contended in our article, not Aztecs, but descendants of a race that the Aztecs and Toltecs subjugated. In support of this view, we are presented with the fact, that the Mexican language is not generally spoken in Central America—or, we should say, Guatemala. There are no fewer than twenty dialects peculiar to Guatemala, and the difference between many of them is remarkable. Again, the Spanish historians never believed that this territory was ever subject to Mexico. They relate, that on one occasion the ambassadors of Mexico were dismissed, because the King of Quiche could not understand their language. Humboldt says: "When the Toltecs arrived in Guatemala, they found the country already inhabited by various tribes. The remains of these aboriginal tribes, who appear to have been driven southward, are probably still in existence" &c. so that, taking the statement put forth by the exhibitors on its *ex parte* merits, the theory advanced by us has an appearance of greater probability than the one which assigns them to the Aztec variety of the human family, of which there are millions still in existence.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—E. Travers (Write to the Horse Guards) G. Smith (Chew orris-root)—Ceil (Out of print)—G. Crawford (The master is entitled to the possession of the deed of apprenticeship, but the apprentice may have a copy)—G. D. D. (Well written, but dismal)—R. C. (Swedenborg, like Mahomet, only commenced preaching his doctrines after he had passed the middle age)—J. W. C. (The British army, when in battle, never retreats—it only retires to take up a more advantageous position)

—Barnett Nathan (First cousins may legally marry, but such unions are offensive, and discouraged by heads of families)—J. Green (The French Lessons commenced in No. 312 and were concluded in No. 402 of this Journal)—Abington (No! If you go on the stage, you will come to want and beggary)—An Apprentice (You must obey all your master's lawful commands. You cannot be compelled to do menial work)—John Gray (Declined, with thanks)—Red Ralph (The notice of marriage before the superintendent registrar may be published either in Lancaster or Bradford, but you and your intended wife must have lived fourteen clear days in one of these towns before the ceremony can be legally performed)—Minna Troll (The handwriting is good, but would not be the worse for a little more regularity)—Sarah Proctor (Use a pair of small tweezers)—S. M. (The husband is entitled to the property during his life. After his death, it will descend to his son, or, if he dies before attaining the age of twenty-one, to the heirs of his wife)—W. S. R. (Wilmington Square, Clerkenwell)—Yorick (Merely as a youthful attempt, it is worthy of praise. Good handwriting)—G. C. Williams (Is thanked for the trouble he has taken)—Mat Cows (The registration of the birth would cost you five shillings)—Arthur Gorman (The tongues of your friends run too fast)—A Flutist (Ask a musical instrument maker)—R. Hill (Chancery is a gulf—when once it has swallowed anything it cannot be recovered)—Jeffery Brown (A question for a clever solicitor)—G. B. S. (Advertise in the Liverpool papers)—Schoolmaster (You cannot legally leave until October 10)—Thoughtful (We cannot offer advice in cases of disease. It is not our business to do so—we do not follow the medical profession)—John Leonards (Artificial teeth, in place of the decayed natural ones, would rather improve than injure the general health, but the sinking of the cheeks and jaws could not be prevented)—Lizzie—Chas. Wingrove—Jane Agnes—R. C.—Edith and Alice—C. W.—A. Z. W.—Ellena—Ada Wilson—Eastman—Earnest—R. L. K.—E. G.—J. A. B.—T. H.—James—J. D. O.—J. P. C.—W. L. M.—A. E. H.—H. H. Smith—A. B., Camberwell—J. Boone—Eleanor Ashcroft—A. N. G.—W. Johnson.

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